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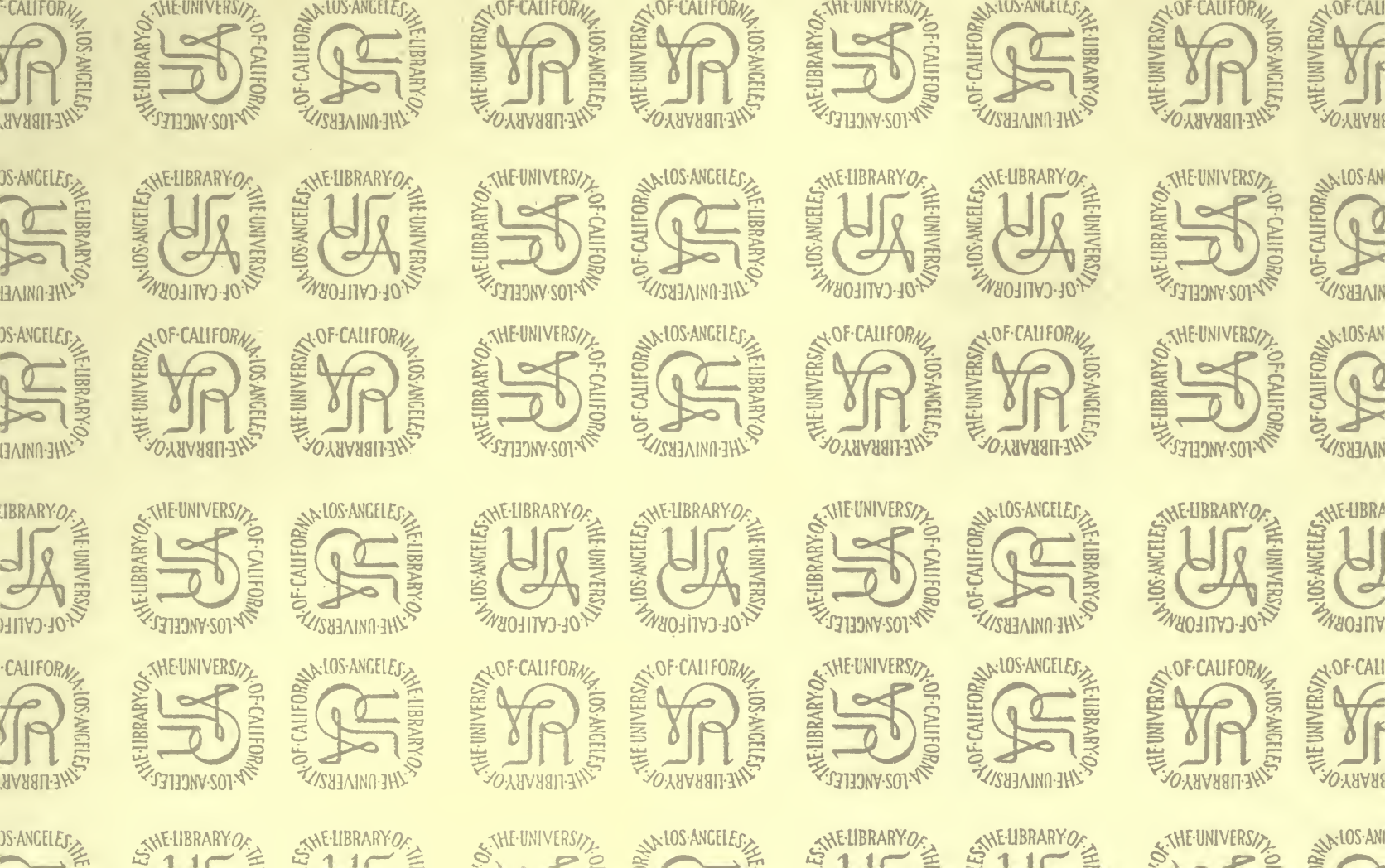
THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LOS ANGELES

Festival of Empire

SOUVENIR

. . OF THE . .

PAGEANT OF LONDON

Containing 29 Coloured Pictures

WITH HISTORICAL PRESENTMENT
OF THE SCENES EDITED BY

SOPHIE C. LOMAS, F.R.Hist.S.

Honorary Historical Secretary

Master of the Pageants:
FRANK LASCELLES, ESQ.

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THE hearty thanks of the Council are offered to the Historical Referees for the great amount of time and trouble which they have given to the compiling of their scenes; to Mr. K. H. Vickers for his work as last year's Honorary Secretary and Editor, and especially to Mrs. Lomas, whose help has been invaluable throughout, and who, on the recasting and enlarging of the scope of the Pageant, undertook the work of the Honorary Secretaryship and Editorship of this book.

Master of the Pageants:

FRANK LASCELLES, Esq.

THE SCENES, THEIR AUTHORS, AND LOCAL OFFICERS.

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Compiled by Sir Laurence Gomme.

,, II. Roman London. The Triumph of Carausius.
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Mistress of the Robes—Mrs. R. Wilkinson. *Master of the Robes*—J. F. Thrower, Esq.

,, III. King Alfred and London.
Compiled by Prof. Oman. Undertaken by the Borough of St. Pancras. *Chairman*—The Mayor (F. W. Avant, Esq.). *Hon. Secs.*—Stanley Leverton, Esq., and Mrs. Leverton. *Mistress of the Robes*—Mrs. G. Goodall.

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,, VI. Return of Richard I. from Captivity.
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,, VII. Edward I. and Dreams of Unity.
Compiled by G. J. Turner, Esq.

(*a*) Presentation of Edward of Carnarvon. Undertaken by the Borough of Hackney. *Chairman*—The Mayor (W. F. Jones, Esq.). *Hon. Secs.*—Moss Sterne, Esq., A. Fox, Esq., and Mrs. Fox. *Mistress of the Robes*—Mrs. Muriel Phillips.

(*b*) Translation of a Fragment of the Holy Cross. (*b2*) Bringing of the Coronation Stone.
Undertaken by Westminster Cathedral. *Chairman*—The Right Rev. Bishop Butt. *Hon. Sec.*—V. M. Dunford, Esq. *Mistress of the Robes*—Miss C. Lynch.

(*c*) Investiture of the Prince of Wales.
Undertaken by the Borough of Hackney. *Chairman*—The Mayor (W. F. Jones, Esq.). *Hon. Secs.*—Moss Sterne, Esq., A. Fox, Esq., and Mrs. Fox. *Mistress of the Robes*—Mrs. Muriel Phillips.

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SCENE VIII. DAYS OF CHIVALRY. TOURNAMENT IN SMITHFIELD.
Compiled by S. Armitage Smith, Esq. Undertaken by the Borough of St. Marylebone. *Hon. Secs.*—J. Wilson, Esq., T. Kennett, Esq. *Mistress of the Robes*—Mrs. Bokenham.

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(*b*) RICHARD II. AND WAT TYLER. Compiled by Prof. Oman. Undertaken by London Hospital Students.

,, II. RETURN OF HENRY V. AFTER AGINCOURT.
Compiled by Dr. J. H. Wylie. Undertaken by the City of Westminster. *Chairman*—S. Hoffnung Goldsmid, Esq. *Hon. Sec.*—Mrs. Kennedy. *Mistresses of the Robes*—Mrs. Hubert Hall, Mrs. Kingdon.

,, III. THE PASSING OF MEDIÆVALISM.
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,, IV. EARLY DISCOVERIES. RECEPTION OF JOHN CABOT.
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Compiled by Lady Gomme, Allan Gomme, Esq., and Cecil J. Sharp, Esq. Undertaken by the Borough of Lewisham. *Chairman*—J. G. Webb, Esq. *Hon. Secs.*—R. Steeden, Esq., Miss Duggan, Miss Finch. *Mistress of the Robes*—Mrs. Perry.

,, VI. FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.
Compiled by Dr. J. Gairdner, C.B., and Mrs. S. C. Lomas. *English side*, undertaken by the Borough of Holborn. *Chairman*—The Mayor (Horatio Porter, Esq.). *Hon. Secs.*—L. J. Walford, Esq., A. Hawke, Esq. *Mistress of the Robes*—Mrs. Dibdin. *French side*, undertaken by Sydenham. *Chairman*—A. H. Poyser, Esq. *Hon. Sec.*—E. Davies, Esq. *Mistress of the Robes*—Mrs. Colegrave.

,, VII. THE SPACIOUS DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.
Compiled by Julian S. Corbett, Esq.

(*a*) THE KNIGHTING OF DRAKE.
Undertaken by the Royal Borough of Kensington. *Chairman*—H. Harcourt Smith, Esq. *Hon. Secs.*—Miss Noel, Miss Staples Brown. *Mistress of the Robes*—Miss Templer.

(*b*) REVIEW AT TILBURY.
Undertaken by the Boroughs of Southwark and Ealing. *Chairmen*—the Mayor of Southwark (Albert Wilson, Esq.), and the Mayor of Ealing (J. Roose Francis, Esq.). *Hon. Secs.*—R. W. Mould, Esq., Miss Kenney Herbert. *Mistresses of the Robes*—Mrs. Smithers, Miss Pollock Hill.

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(*a*) TRADE WITH THE INDIES.

Compiled by Sir Richard Temple and Mrs. S. C. Lomas.

Undertaken by the Eastern Districts. *Chairmen*—The Mayor of East Ham (Ernest Edwards, Esq.), and Rev. W. T. Brown. *Hon. Secs.*—G. A. Webzell, Esq., E. Richardson, Esq., T. H. O. Justice, Esq. *Mistresses of the Robes*—Mrs. Stockwell, Mrs. Harrop, Mrs. Campbell.

(*b*) THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

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,, II. MEETING OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW. POCAHONTAS AT THE COURT OF JAMES I.

Compiled by Mrs. S. C. Lomas. Undertaken by Sydenham. *Chairman*—A. H. Poyser, Esq. *Hon. Secs.*—Miss E. Pearson, Miss Irene Poyser. *Mistress of the Robes*—Mrs. Colegrave. The Masque, undertaken by the Crystal Palace School of Art. *Hon. Sec.*—Miss Prosser. *Mistress of the Robes*—Miss M. Cull.

,, III. THE FALL OF THE MONARCHY.

Compiled by Mrs. S. C. Lomas. Undertaken by the Borough of Battersea. *Chairman*—The Mayor (J. E. Astill, Esq.). *Hon. Secs.*—Miss Clarke, Miss Graveney. *Mistresses of the Robes*—Miss Brown, Mrs. Parker.

,, IV. THE RESTORATION.

Compiled by H. B. Wheatley, Esq. Undertaken by the Boroughs of Greenwich and Islington. *Chairman for Greenwich*—H. S. A. Foy, Esq. *Hon. Sec.*—C. A. Dingle, Esq. *Mistresses of the Robes*—Mrs. Willes, S. Fretwell. *Chairman for Islington*—C. W. French, Esq. *Hon. Sec.*—C. E. Shepherd, Esq. *Mistress of the Robes*—Mrs. Shepherd.

,, V. A MOURNING TRIUMPH.

Compiled by I. S. Leadam, Esq. Undertaken by the Borough of Woolwich. *Chairman*—Captain Moors. *Hon. Secs.*—R. G. Thomas, Esq., E. Roberts, Esq., Miss W. Richardson. *Mistresses of the Robes*—Mrs. Bryceson, the Misses O'Dwyer, Mrs. Griffith Thomas, Mrs. Cuff.

,, VI. OLD CUSTOMS AND NEW ADVENTURES. (*a*) BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

Compiled by Mrs. S. C. LOMAS. Undertaken by Norwood. *Chairman*—F. J. Wall, Esq. *Hon. Secs.*—E. A. Weaire, Esq., C. S. Flanders, Esq., C. Cook, Esq. *Mistresses of the Robes*—Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Rutledge.

(*b*) CAPTAIN COOK SAILS FROM THE THAMES.

Compiled by J. G. Carr Laughton, Esq. Undertaken by Norwood. *Chairman*—F. J. Wall, Esq. *Hon. Secs.*—E. A. Weaire, Esq., C. S. Flanders, Esq., C. Cook, Esq. *Mistresses of the Robes*—Mrs. Shepherd, Mrs. Rutledge.

,, VII. THE GREAT WAR.

Compiled by Dr. J. Holland Rose. Undertaken by the Borough of Croydon. *Chairman*—The Mayor (Ald. James Trumble). *Hon. Sec.*—S. Jacobs, Esq. *Mistresses of the Robes*—Miss Peard, Mrs. Handford.

Part IV.

SCENE I. NEWFOUNDLAND. LANDING OF SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.

Compiled by Beckles Willson, Esq. Undertaken by Newfoundland Visitors. *Chairman*—Lady Northcliffe. *Hon. Sec.*—F. L. Marriott, Esq. *Mistresses of the Robes*—The Misses Beeton.

,, II. AUSTRALIA. CAPT. COOK LANDS IN BOTANY BAY.

Compiled by Frank Fox, Esq. Undertaken by Australian Visitors. *Chairman*—Frank Gibson, Esq. *Hon. Sec.*—Frank Fox, Esq. *Mistress of the Robes*—Miss Baxter.

,, III. SOUTH AFRICA. (*a*) THE LANDING OF VAN RIEBEECK. (*b*) THE SETTLERS OF 1820.

Compiled by Ian S. Colvin, Esq. Undertaken by South African Visitors. *Chairman*—J. Rapaport, Esq. *Hon. Sec.*—H. A. Herbert, Esq. *Mistress of the Robes*—Miss Dorothy Curry.

,, IV. NEW ZEALAND. THE TREATY OF WAITANGI.

Compiled by T. E. Donne, Esq. Undertaken by New Zealand Visitors. *Chairman*—Sir Wm. Russell. *Hon. Sec.*—G. H. Scholefield, Esq. *Mistress of the Robes*—Mrs. Herbert Alington.

,, V. CANADA. (*a*) THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS. (*b*) THE NEW NORTH WEST.

Compiled by Beckles Willson, Esq. Undertaken by Canadian Visitors. *Chairman*—P. F. Ridout, Esq. *Hon. Sec.*—W. T. Thorold, Esq. *Mistress of the Robes*—Mrs. Bruce Williams.

,, VI. INDIA.

Compiled by Col. T. H. Hendley. Undertaken by Indian Visitors. *Chairman*—Col. Hendley. *Hon. Secs.*—M. S. Kaderbhoy, Esq., B. B. Kanga, Esq. *Mistress of the Robes*—Mrs. Hendley.

THE MASQUE IMPERIAL.

Written by F. H. Markoe, Esq. Undertaken by Representatives of the Overseas Dominions. *Sec.*—Miss Kestor.

The Management reserve the right to omit or curtail any scene, as time or circumstance may necessitate.

MUSIC OF THE PAGEANT.

Master of the Music - - W. H. BELL, ESQ.

Part I.

WHEREVER possible contemporary music has been made use of by the composers for the various scenes, sometimes employed in the general texture of the music, sometimes performed in its original form and under as nearly as possible its original conditions.

The music for the various scenes is as follows, with the names of the composers or arrangers of the music:—

SCENE I.—(*a*)	Short Pastoral Opening	*W. H. Bell.*
(*b*)	Gorsedd Prayer and Druids' March	*Frank Tapp.*
„ II.—(*a*)	Prelude, Song to Diana, Soldiers' Song and Finale	*Frank Tapp.*
	Dance	*Edward German.*
„ III.	—Incidental Music	*Cecil Forsyth.*
	Psalm XXIV. to a Gregorian tone.	
„ IV.	—Battle Music, Raven Song, Biarkmal Song in Praise of Olaf	*Gustav Von Holst.*
„ V.—(*a*)	Harold's March to Hastings	*Paul Corder.*
(*b*)	William the Conqueror's Entry	
„ VI.—(*a*)	Incidental Music	*Haydn Wood.*
(*b*)	Summer is i' cumen in	*Ancient.*
„ VII.—(*a*)	Music founded on old Welsh Tune ("Ar Hyd y Nos")	*W. H. Bell.*
(*b*)	"Vexilla Regis" (*Ancient*)	
(*c*)	Choral March on "Vexilla Regis"	
(*d*)	Incidental Music and Finale	
„ VIII.	—Prelude, King's Entry and Knights' Entry, with Choral Finale "In Praise of Chivalry" ...	*W. H. Bell.*

MUSIC OF THE PAGEANT.

Part II.

WHEREVER possible contemporary music has been made use of by the composers for the various scenes, sometimes employed in the general texture of the music, sometimes performed in its original form and under as nearly as possible its original conditions.

The music for the various scenes is as follows, with the names of the composers or arrangers of the music:—

SCENE I.—(*a*) Canterbury Pilgrims		
(*b*) Social Upheaval, with Loyalist Anthem and Rebels' Song	*J. B. MacEwen.*	
„ II.—March	*J. B. MacEwen.*	
Dixit Dominus (Gregorian).		
Cantate Domino (founded on old antiphon "Montes et Colles").		
Nowell (Virgins)	*J. B. MacEwen.*	
Finale founded on old Agincourt song, "Oure Kynge went Forth."		
„ III.—March for Richard III.		
March for Henry VII.	*Frank Bridge.*	
„ IV.—Prelude and setting of lines from Seneca ...	*Frank Bridge.*	
Pavane and Galliard, arranged from ancient sources.		
„ V.—Music harmonised and arranged from Folk Songs	*Dr. Vaughan Williams, orchestrated by Cecil Forsyth.*	
„ VI.—Incidental Music	*Charles Macpherson.*	
„ VII.—(*a*) Incidental Music	*Hubert Bath.*	
(*b*) March and Chorus	*Edward German.*	

Festival of Empire

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MUSIC OF THE PAGEANT.

Part III.

WHEREVER possible contemporary music has been made use of by the composers for the various scenes, sometimes employed in the general texture of the music, sometimes performed in its original form and under as nearly as possible its original conditions.

The music for the various scenes is as follows, with the names of the composers or arrangers of the music:—

SCENE I.	Britannia Overture	*Sir Alexander Mackenzie.*
	Incidental Music, introducing "Golden Vanity" and "Angels' Song" (*Orlando Gibbons*)	*W. H. Bell.*
,, II.	From Contemporary sources:	
	"When Laura Smiles," by Philip Possiter (1601)	*Arranged by W. H. Bell.*
	Diaphenia (*F. Pilkington*, 1605) ...	*Arranged by W. H. Bell.*
	Coranto (*Orlando Gibbons*)	*Arranged by W. H. Bell.*
	La Volta (*W. Byrd*)	*Arranged by W. H. Bell.*
	Prelude: Pastoral Dance	*Edward German.*
,, III.	Pavane: "A Shepherd in the Shade"	*John Dowland* (1601).
,, IV.	(*a*) Music founded on "The King shall enjoy his own again" and "Old Sir Simon the King"	*Hubert Bath.*
	(*b*) Plague of London	*Balfour Gardiner.*
	(*c*) Music for Fire of London	*Balfour Gardiner.*
	(*d*) Music for Lord Mayor's Show, introducing "Cloth-Workers' Song" ...	*Balfour Gardiner.*
,, V.	Dettingen Te Deum (*Handel*) and "Dead March in Saul" (*Handel*).	
,, VI.	Incidental Music	*Frederick Austin.*
,, VII.	March: "The Spirit of Pageantry" ...	*Percy Fletcher.*

MUSIC OF THE PAGEANT.

Part IV.

The music for these Colonial scenes has been either composed especially by composers from the Colonies represented or arranged from already existing works.

CANADA		*Selected.*
AUSTRALIA		*Selected.*
SOUTH AFRICA...		*Selected.*
NEW ZEALAND...		*A. Alexander, of New Zealand.*
NEWFOUNDLAND		*A. Allen, of St. John's, Newfoundland.*
	(Introducing Choral Ode "Newfoundland," words by Sir Cavendish Boyle.)	
INDIA ...	Rhapsody on Indian Airs	*Lieut. Dr. Mackenzie Rogan, M.V.O.*

The Masque has been set to music by Frederick Corder, and includes:—

1.	OVERTURE	"The Golden Dawn."
2.	FULL CHORUS	"Mothers of Men's Desire."
3.	BOYS' CHORUS	"See, She Comes."
4.	CHORUS OF NYMPHS	"Water Reeds."
5.	FULL CHORUS	"Come, ye Heather-mantled Hills."
6.	INCIDENTAL MUSIC AND MARCH.	
7.	FINALE	"The Earth is the Lord's."

The music is performed by a band of fifty performers and chorus of five hundred voices, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Bell.

Part I., Scene I. THE DAWN OF BRITISH HISTORY.
A picture of primitive times. Some early inhabitants of London.

Part I., Scene II. (A.D. 287.) ROMAN LONDON. THE TRIUMPH OF CARAUSIUS.
Celebrating our first naval victories by a sacrifice to the Goddess Diana.

The Pageant of London.

PART I.

SCENE I.

THE DAWN OF BRITISH HISTORY.

PRIMITIVE LONDON.

Historical Referee - - SIR LAURENCE GOMME.

The opening scene of the Pageant is meant to reconstruct what we must imagine to have been the state of the first dwellers upon the London site. The whole arrangement is based upon the traditions which have come down to us and upon the remains of primitive civilisations in Britain. The advent of the Romans at the end of the scene signifies the transition from prehistoric to historic London.

SCENE :—The Fleet River at its mouth where it joins the Thames. The view is from the western bank. On the opposite or eastern bank are "pile dwellings," that is, timber logs driven into the bed of the river some twenty feet from the bank, and cross logs laid from the sloping bank to the mid-river piles, thus forming a platform. On this platform is a timber house, the home of a tribal family. Skulls of wild beasts hang up on the huts and adorn the entrance to the huts.

At the back of the platform rises the grass bank of a natural hillock, up which a pathway leads to the top. At the top is a palisade. This is the defensive stronghold of the tribe, to which in times of stress they retire, and where they defend themselves from attack.

This stronghold is the beginning of primitive London, the name London being derived from the Celtic language and meaning the "stronghold on the waters." The pathway up the bankside would be where Fleet Street now exists.

In the foreground, on the western side of the river, are a stone temple of the Stonehenge type and barrows. There is no historical evidence of this, but it is placed here for the purpose of the temple rite, and may perhaps have actually existed on Thorney Island, where Westminster Abbey now stands, which has always had a religious association.

The scene opens in peace. Women come on to the platform and children gambol about. Children are nearly naked, women very lightly clad. A few old men also appear. The old men appear anxious, and converse in whispers. The women look at them in apprehension. Children gambol and play, swimming and enjoying themselves ; and a coracle is seen in front containing a man fishing.

A shout from the opposite or western shore tells of the approach of a man weary and evidently long travelled. A coracle puts off from the platform and brings him on to the platform. There is much excitement, due to the news he brings. The old men look across the water as if expecting someone.

A great shout goes up from those assembled on the platform as the head of a procession appears. This procession consists of some of the returned tribesmen, driving before them deer, cattle, horses, goats and sheep. They bring with them also a dead bear, which they have caught and slung across a pole. This is done with great pride and rejoicing. They pass from the left by the side of the platform, and presently appear at the top of the stronghold, where they have arrived with their cattle, etc., from the back. Several of them now come down the pathway and join those assembled on the platform. The children are hushed and sent inside the house.

Great and anxious conversation ensues. The returned tribesmen are evidently tired, and some are wounded. One of them produces a human skull, and hangs it in front of the house on the platform, the others dancing around and showing their joy and pride, congratulating the owner.

The younger men constantly look out from the platform, and finally get into coracles and paddle to the western bank. The head of another procession now appears from the left. It is the tribal army of the Celts. They are wounded and travel worn. Their dress is awry, their arms broken. They march in no order, simply as they will. Some of them carry stone axes, are clad in skins, have shaggy heads, and look somewhat savage in appearance; others are better shaped and are dressed in the short skirt of Celtic times. The whole body marches along the entire left side and disappears on the left, reappearing on the top of the stronghold, holding up their spears and advancing their shields to indicate that they are on the defence.

At the end of the procession comes the warrior chieftain, Cassibellaunus. He is attended by his special clansmen, all with distinctive dress, but all showing much wear and tear. The chief is received with acclamation, and proceeds across the water to the platform.

From the right now appears a procession of Druids, headed by the priest and priestess of Ludd, the great Celtic god of the tribe located at this stronghold. All the priests and priestesses are dressed in white, and are garlanded with flowers and green. They carry white rods and are singing. They proceed to the western bank of the river in front of the platform, and are there joined by the warrior chieftain. The whole procession then makes its way across the scene to the temple on the left. They are there joined by the tribesmen coming from the left at the back of the stronghold.

Arrived at the temple, which is open to the heavens, they have a stag brought to them, which they receive at the entrance to the temple. The stag is solemnly killed by the priests, its blood being sprinkled on the stones and on the assembled tribesmen. Its head is struck off and is presented to the god at the great central stone or altar.

The procession again forms and disappears at the back on the left, reappearing at the front of the stronghold. The warrior chief in this procession is lifted on shields and carried shoulder high with acclamation. The chief appears at the top of the stronghold, surrounded by his tribesmen.

During all this ceremonial, anxiety is shown by scouts constantly looking out, going and returning with news to the chief. Presently great commotion is shown. The pile dwelling is burnt to the water's edge, after which the inhabitants swarm up the pathway into the stronghold. Presently the head of another procession is heralded. This is the Roman army headed by Julius Cæsar. The steady tread of the drilled army, armed and captained, is directly contrasted with the looseness of the Celtic army. It marches inexorably. It gets ready quickly a wooden plank-bridge, which it throws across the water. It marches across this, opposed by the arrows and missiles of the defending force. But it proceeds. Julius Cæsar himself leads the attack; Cassibellaunus defends the entrance. The stronghold is taken, and Celtic London ceases to exist.

SCENE II.

ROMAN LONDON.

THE TRIUMPH OF CARAUSIUS.

A.D. 287

Historical Referees - - Professor OMAN.
Professor HAVERFIELD.

The disasters which befell the Roman Empire during the second half of the third century after Christ affected all its provinces. In Britain they took the form of a series of piratical invasions by the Teutonic tribes of the North Sea coast, especially the Franks and Saxons. These raids had grown so persistent and dangerous that in 286 the Emperors Diocletian and Maximianus—the restorers and reorganisers of the Empire—were forced to take strong measures against them. To command a great fleet destined to cope with the pirates, the Emperors chose one Marcus Aurelius Carausius, an officer with much naval experience. He commenced his career with marked success, destroyed many of the marauding Teutons, and recovered much plunder from them. But he was presently accused before Maximianus of being less anxious to prevent the raids than to catch the raiders when they were laden with spoil: and the proceeds of his captures were said to benefit himself and his crews, rather than the imperial exchequer or the robbed provincials. Learning that the Emperor intended to arrest and probably to execute him, Carausius took the bold step of appealing to his seamen and marines to join him in rebellion. He proclaimed himself Emperor, and landed in Britain, where he was at once joined by a legion and many auxiliary cohorts. Ere long the whole province came over to his side, apparently with much enthusiasm. Some of the coins which he struck to commemorate his accession show emblems and inscriptions witnessing to the "Concord of the Army"; others represent Britannia herself welcoming Carausius, with the legend *Expectate Veni*, as if she had long been yearning for such a saviour.

Carausius reigned in Britain for over seven years (A.D. 286-293) with great success and undisputed sway. He increased his fleet by building many more galleys, raised new levies to strengthen it and his army, and defended himself and his realm most victoriously both against the Saxon and Frankish pirates,

and against the legitimate Emperors. After celebrating a triumph over the pirates—commemorated by his coins with the legend *Victoria Germanica* and a trophy of German arms—he asserted a complete predominance over them, and even took some of them into his pay as auxiliaries. The squadrons of Maximianus and his younger colleague, Constantius, were repeatedly defeated when they tried to put down the gallant usurper, and for the first time in history a British fleet dominated all the Northern Seas. While Carausius reigned, nothing could be accomplished by any foe against his insular realm. He thrice assumed the title of Consul, celebrated "Secular Games," reformed the coinage, and showed himself in every way worthy of the title and power that he had seized. But in the seventh year of his reign, he was basely murdered by one of his generals named Allectus, and with his death the British empire of the seas ceased—the traitor, Allectus, being shortly afterwards defeated and slain by the generals of Constantius.

Carausius, it seems, looked on London with favour, for he had his chief mint there, and this scene reproduces one of the many visits that he must have paid to the flourishing city.

C. W. C. O.

SCENE :—An open space above the river.

On one side the Roman citadel; on the other, the temple of Diana, set high upon steps, with the statue of the Goddess visible. On the base of the statue is the inscription "DIANAE CONSERVATRICI AUGUSTI."

Before the temple stands the Altar of Diana. Tombs and small altars line the way up from the river.

The scene opens upon a sacrifice to Diana (the victim being a stag) in the presence of the Duumvirs of London, and a crowd of Romano-British citizens. Attendants with flambeaux surround the sacrificer. Priestesses come out from the Temple, chanting the hymn to Diana:—

HYMN.

O, lady of the silver bow,
Whose shafts fly straight and far,
Guide thou the shaft of Britain's fate
In these hard days of war.

Where'er our arrow-flight
Beats on the battle-field,
Guide thou the aim aright—
Straight through the Pictish shield,
Straight through the Saxon mail,
Home let it strike!

O, lady of the silver moon,
Whose lamp is lit on high,
Guide thou the course of Britain's fleet,
Light her to victory.

Where'er our galleys go
Over the stormy sea,
Northward or eastward-ho,
Show them their enemy,
Show them the pirate bands;
Home let them strike!

O, lady of the moon and bow,
Goddess of London town,
Guide thou our gallant Emperor
To hunt the rovers down.

Where'er his banner flies
Flouting the tempest's roar,
North in the Pictish skies,
South by the Saxon shore,
Grant him thy benison,
Home let him strike!

A solemn dance by virgins dressed in white, accompanied by flute and lute players, follows.

As the sacrifice concludes, the people, watching by the river, come and give news.

An officer arrives in a small, swift boat; he disembarks, salutes the magistrates, and announces the impending return of the victorious Emperor. The garrison of the city pours out at sight of the messenger. The populace hastily erect two triumphal arches in his honour, and wreathe the temple with garlands.

The Emperor Carausius, in triumphal attire, arrives in his Praetorian galley, surrounded by his officers; he disembarks and takes his seat in a chariot, drawn by four white horses, led by grooms. Pages standing in the chariot hold a wreath over his head.

The rowers of the imperial galley remain by the river.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Trumpeters.

Maidens bearing boughs of laurel.

Lictors
(in red tunics, with axeless fasces wreathed with laurels).

THE EMPEROR IN HIS CHARIOT.

Lictors.

Officers of Emperor's staff.

Marine troops, and detachments from the 2nd, 6th, 20th legions, each with standard.

Frankish and Saxon captive chiefs in bonds, some in mail shirts and winged helms, some in rude armour of hides.

Guards for the prisoners.

Trophy bearers (trophies carried by bearers wreathed with laurels; beaks and dragon heads of Saxon galleys, stands of arms, trumpets, shields, etc.).

As the procession comes on, the Marines sing their marching song :—

MARCHING SONG OF CARAUSIUS'S MARINES.

Now citizens all, both great and small, who hear our brazen
trumpets' call,
Get ready your lamps and garlands gay, and deck your streets
this glorious day,
For we've brought the pride of the pirates down, and we bear
their spoils to London town.

So say that you're glad to greet
The boys that are bad to beat—
Century A of Cohort 1,
From your Emperor's North Sea fleet.

You sent us out to settle the job of all the tribes that rive
and rob,
And here we come safely home again, and your slippery foes
are caught or slain ;
No Frank or Saxon yet we've seen that can face the sword
of the bold marine.

They've grown most uncommonly cautious,
They find it decidedly nauseous
To try their luck with the jolly boys
Of Marcus Aurelius Carausius.

So butcher your beasts, your tables spread, for we're heartily
sick of ration bread :
And broach the good red wine of the South, for our throats are
dry with a healthy drouth,
The cymbals may clash and the lyres may thrum—and we'll not
object if your girls should come,

And tell us they're glad to greet
The boys that are bad to beat—
Century A of Cohort 1,
From your Emperor's North Sea fleet.

The Emperor, received with acclamation by the crowd, ascends the steps of the temple and is there presented by the magistrates with a "naval crown." From the highest step he makes a short oration to the people.

CARAUSIUS :

I take the crown your loyal hands hold forth,
Decked with its mimic sails and prows of gold,
And place it on my brow : not in vain pride—
Carausius is no pageant-emperor—
Nor as the symbol of past victory,
But as the emblem of great things to be.
I dreamed a dream, when first you hailed me Cæsar,
And bade me save your island from her foes,
The restless children of the wild North Sea.
And in my dream Britannia stood before me,

PART I., SCENE III. (A.D. 886.) KING ALFRED AND LONDON.

Alfred superintends the re-fortifying of the city, and receives the explorers and envoys whom he had sent to distant lands.

PART I., SCENE IV. (A.D. 1014.) DANISH INVASION.

The Norsemen under Olaf have sailed up the Thames to aid the English King against the Danes, London is attacked, and "London Bridge is broken down."

A mighty form, a radiant deity,
With Neptune's trident and Minerva's helm,
She clasped my hand, and greeted me: "All hail
Thou who shalt make me mistress of the sea."
Such was her prophecy—you see its first-fruits
These eastern trophies—but there's more to do.
We'll sweep Maximian's squadrons from the Channel,
And teach him Britain is as good as Rome.
We'll crush the Frank and Saxon—if needs be
For every German galley I'll build two.
We'll scour the Ocean, till it's all our own
From Thule to the furthest cape of Spain.
And make our Britain, as my dream foretold,
Mother of fleets and Empress of the main.

He then descends from the temple, and goes in triumphant procession into the Citadel.

APPENDIX.

That Carausius set up German trophies and claimed the empire of the sea for Britain is sufficiently shown from his coins. The *Expectate Veni* pieces, in which Britannia greets Carausius and clasps his hand, must refer to some such dream as this.

It is a pity that the stirring career of the first sea-king of the northern waters is only recorded in the meagre epitomes of Aurelius Victor and Orosius, and that the few additional details to be collected about him come from the rhetoricians, Mamertinus and Eumenius, the slavish panegyrists of his foes, Maximianus and Constantius. But we gain much information of an incidental sort from his lavish and often beautiful coinage, from which one splendid gold piece, struck at London, has been selected for illustration in the Pageant Book.

SCENE III.

KING ALFRED AND LONDON.

A.D. 886.

Historical Referee - - Professor OMAN.

Alfred, the conqueror of the Danes, the founder of the English navy, the patron not only of scholarship but of commerce and exploration, has his special connection with London. The English city, which had risen again on the old Roman site in the sixth century, had been a possession first of the petty kings of Essex, then of the greater monarchs of Mercia. But the Mercian realm had been dashed to pieces by the Danes, and London, apparently in a very desolate and dilapidated condition, was still in the hands of the invaders when Alfred *post incendia urbium stragesque populorum* took it from them in 886, apparently after much fighting. On gaining it, the great King "honorably restored it and

made it habitable," patching up the old Roman walls, rebuilding churches and other ruined buildings, and introducing a new body of English inhabitants, the *burhware*, or military settlers, who did him good service in the later Danish wars of the end of his reign. After this, he handed it over to be kept by his son-in-law, the great fighting Ealdorman Aethelred, who had saved Western Mercia from the Danish yoke. It was about this time, or not long before, that Aethelred married his even more famous spouse, Aethelflaed, Alfred's daughter, who was associated in all his deeds of war, and continued after his death in 910-11 to direct the armies of his aldermanry with splendid success against the Danes and the Welsh. She is, therefore, introduced in the Pageant as participating with her husband in taking over the charge of the restored London from her father.

In addition to Aethelred and Aethelflaed, other famous figures appear in the scene—Grimbald the Frank and John the Old Saxon, Alfred's scholar-chaplains, whom he made abbots of his new foundations at Winchester and Athelney; Sigehelm, the much-travelled Kentish ealdorman; and the two explorers Ohthere the Norseman and Wulfstan, whose reports Alfred carefully noted down and incorporated in the geographical chapters of his translation of Orosius's *General History*. Ohthere had rounded the North Cape and discovered the White Sea, and "Biarmaland," with whose sub-Arctic inhabitants he had dealings. Wulfstan had explored the east end of the Baltic, and could tell of the Prussians and Esthonians. They are represented as bringing the wares of the distant lands which they had visited to lay at the King's feet. He recompenses them with great gifts, and orders his scribes to take down their tales for literary use.

Sigehelm the ealdorman and Aethelstan the priest had, according to *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, under the year 883, "carried King Alfred's alms to Rome, and also to India, to St. Thomas and St. Bartholomew." Three summers after, this scene shows them presenting to the King gifts sent in return by the Indian "Christians of St. Thomas." It is not likely that Sigehelm himself went any further than Rome, though William of Malmesbury declares that he had seen (more than two centuries later) jewels brought back from the Far East by a bishop of Sherborne, who had voyaged to India. He is under the impression that Sigehelm the ambassador is the same as Sigehelm bishop of Sherborne. But the latter was dead forty years back, and his namesake was a layman and a man of war. Aethelstan, his colleague in the embassy, was one of Alfred's learned chaplains, and is much more likely to have made the long journey. Whether Alfred's own messengers visited India or no, it is certain that he corresponded with Elias, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who begged for charity to ransom certain captive bishops and monks of Cappadocia, and no doubt received a favourable answer. Since the providence of the King extended to the Levant, there is no reason to doubt that it reached as far as India.

C. W. C. O.

SCENE :—Ludgate Hill, with St. Paul's Church in centre half burnt and scaffolded for repair. Houses to right and left under repair and showing marks of fire. Small pavilion for King in centre of space.

From London comes a procession representing the rulers and people of the restored London.

Guards on foot.

Aethelred the Ealdorman. Aethelflaed, Lady of the Mercians.

(Both on horseback, and both armed and mailed.)

Mounted and armed Thanes.

The Sheriff and Port Reeve.

The Guild and its Officials.

Guards on foot.

Ladies, Citizens, Craftsmen and Workmen, with timber, ladders, etc.

This procession forms up to greet the King. City folk to right and left, and Aethelred and Aethelflaed in centre, with the two Reeves.

The second procession comes from London Bridge.

Mounted Guards.

Thanes and Ladies of the Court, mounted.

Trumpeters.

Queen Ealhswith in litter. King Alfred in State Robes, mounted.

Three Sons of Alfred.

Alfred's sister-in-law, the widow of Athelred I., in litter.

Eahlstan, Bishop of London, and Chaplains.

Grimbald of St. Omer, and John the Old Saxon, with scribes bearing books, etc.

Thanes and Ladies, mounted.

Guards, mounted.

Aethelred greets the King, both mounted. The Sheriff presents the keys of the City to the King, who commits them with the charge of the City to Aethelred, after which the Court dismounts, and the King and Queen sit in the door of the pavilion. Eahlstan introduces Grimbald and John, with scribes.

Alfred (indicating with his sword the plans laid before him):

"We praise the draughtsman and the builder both. Thus London stands, girt in her stony armour, Walls, Tower, and Gate, the wardress of the Thames." [Handing the keys to the Ealdorman.] "Son Aethelred, to you we give her keys—see that her gates be closed against the stranger, but ever open to true Englishmen."

Grimbald and John and scribes retire with the Bishop to the rear of the King. Enter from below London Bridge, and presented by the Port Reeve, Ohthere followed by Norse seamen bearing Arctic produce. (White bear, white fox, and ermine skins. Walrus skins and tusks. Mammoth ivory. Laplanders and Samoyedes with a Kayak.) The goods are laid at the feet of the King. Alfred calls forward the scribes to take down the words of Ohthere.

The Port Reeve presents Wulfstan, followed by seamen bearing Baltic and Central European produce (brown bear skins, aurochs, and bison skins and horns, wolf skins, mail and weapons, etc.). Other scribes are called forward to take down the words of Wulfstan. Alfred speaks as follows:

"We thank you both, good shipmen, for your gifts, the furry spoils of the far North and East. Our treasurer shall deal with you anon, and with no niggard measure, for we prize the first bold mariners who lay their wares upon the new-built wharf of London Town."

Meanwhile comes across London Bridge procession of the return of the Embassy to India (chanting Psalm xxiv., "Domini est Terra").

Monk (Benedictine) bearing Cross.

Monks, three abreast.

Acolytes, with lights.

Acolytes, with censers.

Ealdorman Sigehelm and the priest Aethelstan, the former on a horse, the latter on a mule led by two monks.

Chaplains and warriors of their suite and embassy.

Lay-brothers bearing presents from India (ivory, porcelain jars of spicery, silken fabrics, peacocks and apes, tiger and leopard skins, brass work, etc.). With these, two native Christians of St. Thomas.

Alfred and Court rise to greet Sigehelm and Aethelstan. Presentation of gifts, etc., after which Ealhstan and Chaplains join the procession of the ambassadors, and the train of Clergy precedes the King's procession (chanting Psalm cxv., "Non nobis Domine"). Ohthere and Wulfstan join the King's Thanes.

APPENDIX.

The scene is drawn from items mentioned by Asser, *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, and Ethelweard; it is the last-named author only who distinctly says that London had been besieged before it was taken from the Danes, though Alfred's contemporary and panegyrist, Asser, mentions that much fighting took place before the "honorable restoration" of the city. The stories of Ohthere and Wulfstan are given by Alfred himself in his translation, or rather revision, of Orosius's "History." *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, or rather certain texts of it, is responsible for the interesting story of the gifts sent to India in 883; for commentary thereon see the notes to Stevenson's "Asser," pp. 287-90. The passage runs, under 883: "And in the same year Sigehelm and Aethelstan took the alms to Rome that King Alfred had promised, and also to St. Thomas in India, and to Saint Bartholomew, at the time when they besieged the Danish army in London, and they were very successful, thanks be to God, according to the promise." The chronology implied by "when they besieged the Danish army in London" is puzzling, for we have no record of such a siege in 883, or earlier in Alfred's reign, while there seems to have been one in 886. In the scene as represented it is taken for granted that the embassy had been sent in 883, as the chronicle states, and that the return was in 886, at the time of the rebuilding of London.

SCENE IV.

DANISH INVASION.

THE BREAKING DOWN OF LONDON BRIDGE.

Circa 1014.

Historical Referees - - Mrs. Sigridr E. Magnússon.
Albany F. Major.
Professor Collingwood.

During the Danish Invasions that ended in Canute becoming King of England, London was constantly attacked, but almost alone among the towns of England was able to maintain the proud boast that the Danes never subdued it by force of arms. Twice, indeed, it was forced to make terms with the enemy, once when King Ethelred the Unready abandoned alike the struggle and his kingdom in despair in the year 1013, and finally, in 1016, after the English power had been broken at the battle of Assandun. According to the Icelandic Sagas, its recovery by King Ethelred after the first submission to the Danes was signalised by a remarkable victory, and by a striking incident, the breaking of London Bridge, which has perhaps come down in tradition to our own day in the children's game, "London Bridge is broken down." It is this incident, unrecorded in the English chronicles, which has been chosen for illustration in this scene.

English and continental writers merely record that after the death of King Svein, father of Canute, in 1014, King Ethelred learned that the Witan were ready to receive him back, and, returning in Lent, was gladly welcomed by all. London is not specially mentioned, but as the city must almost certainly have been held by a Danish garrison, we need not hesitate to accept the accounts of the Icelandic historians that it was not recovered from the Danes without a struggle.

The scene here depicted follows the account which is best known and most generally accepted, that, namely, given by the great Icelandic historian, Snorri Sturluson, in his *Heimskringla*, a chronicle of the early kings of Norway. There was, however, another version of the story current in the twelfth century, according to which the breaking of London Bridge took place during Canute's siege of London in 1016. But all versions of the story ascribe the feat to King Olaf Haraldsson, afterwards known as "the Saint" (the Saint Olave to whom so many London churches were dedicated), and historians are agreed that he had returned to Norway before this latter date.

The accounts in the Sagas name no leader on the English side save King Ethelred. The King certainly would not have led the attack in person, and it is safe to assume that this duty would devolve on his son, Edmund Ironside. For the purpose of the Pageant, the action of the scene is represented as continuous. Actually, at least twelve, and more probably twenty-four, hours must have elapsed between the first unsuccessful attack and the second attempt. Of the songs, "Biarkamál" is a very ancient and famous song, which was actually sung on the field before the battle of Stiklestad in Norway, where King Olaf was killed in 1030. It was probably the custom of that time for "Biarkamál" to be sung before battle. The song has not come down to us complete. The second song is from "Olaf's Drapa," a poem in praise of King Olaf, by Ottar the Black, who was a contemporary of the King, and lived for some time at his Court. The

two verses here introduced are quoted by Snorri Sturluson and other Saga-writers as one of the authorities for their account of the battle, but the poem was not actually written till some years after the event. The version used is by the Rev. C. W. Whistler.

[*The other Referees wish to acknowledge the very valuable assistance given them by Professor Collingwood in this Scene.*]

A. F. M.

SCENE:—The South bank of the Thames below Southwark, at the end of March or early in April.

In the background is the river with London Bridge crossing it. The south end of the bridge is defended by a work thrown up by the Danes, the South-work.

The bridge is so broad that two wagons can pass each other. On its down-stream side are breast-works, both battlements and panelling above the height of a man's waist. The bridge rests on piles, driven into the river.

The bridge and south-work are strongly held by Danes, as many armed men being crowded on the bridge as can find standing room. On it is a large store of arms and heaps of stones.

An English force under Edmund Ironside is attacking Southwark, while Norse and English ships are assailing the bridge. Olaf's ships had gilt figure-heads, dragon heads and twisted dragon tails astern. Masts are down, shields (painted) ranged along the gunwales outside, crews hardly seen behind them. Both forces are wavering under galling flights of arrows, showers of stones, etc.

In the foreground, Ethelred the Unready, with a group of Athelings, members of the Witan, Churchmen and followers, is anxiously watching the fight.

Loud shouts of triumph are heard from the Danes on the bridge and in Southwark, and cries of dismay are heard from the group round the King as the assailants fall back from the bridge and Southwark.

A Danish warrior breaks into a song; cries of derision as the ships row away.

The troops who have been attacking Southwark come back gloomy and dispirited. The Norse and English ships come back, and the chiefs and crews come ashore.

King Ethelred summons the captains of the host to take counsel with him as to how they may win the bridge and capture the city. Edmund Ironside, King Olaf, Hrani his foster-father, Thorkel the Tall, and other chiefs attend.

King Olaf tells the King that he has a plan to win the bridge, if others will support him. They decide on a renewal of the attack.

While the council is proceeding, King Olaf calls on his skald to sing a song to put fresh heart into the dispirited forces.

BIARKAMÁL.

Day is uprisen:
The cock's feathers rustle.
Time, O ye toilers,
To take up your labour.
Waken! O waken
True comrades and trusty,
You who are foremost
That follow King Adils.

Har, of the hard grip!
Hrolf, of the shooting!
Men of high kindred
Who flee not from battle!
Wake not to wine, nor
To women's soft whispers;
I wake you for rough play,
The hard game of Hilda.*

When the council of war breaks up, King Olaf and Edmund Ironside, with the other chiefs, land all the Englishmen and Norsemen, who are not needed for the renewed attack on the bridge, to reinforce the assault on Southwark.

A messenger comes to King Olaf, and he and his crew say farewell to King Ethelred, and march off to embark.

Edmund draws up his array, advances towards Southwark, opens fire on the Danes, and threatens an instant assault.

King Olaf has had ships prepared for the attack on the bridge by covering them with open sheds with high-pitched roofs of wattle-work, projecting outboard upheld by strong posts. They are lofty enough for men to row and shoot from under, and strong enough to protect the crew from arrows and stones.

As the ships advance upstream the Danes raise shouts of derision, and again break into a defiant song.

The roofed ships row right up to the bridge, regardless of the hail of stones and heavy missiles showered upon them. The other ships lie off at a little distance, and open fire on the Danes.

After a short pause the ships drift down from the bridge. The Danes raise a yell of triumph, turning into cries of dismay and rage as they see that the Norsemen have lashed their cables to the centre piles of the bridge. Olaf gives the word of command, the rowers bend to the oars with a shout of "Aoi!" and the bridge totters and comes down with a crash into the swirling stream.

During the panic caused by the fall of the bridge, the land force under Edmund storms Southwark, almost without resistance, amid shouts of "Out! Out!" They bring back the "Raven" banner and lay it at King Ethelred's feet.

King Olaf lands and is welcomed by Ethelred, and the skald breaks out into a song of praise. While it is in progress, a tumult is seen in London as the citizens rise upon the Danes, who are shortly seen in flight from the city.

THE PRAISE OF KING OLAF.†

Bold in the battle!
Bravest in sword play!
Thou wert the breaker
Of London's broad bridge.
Wild waxed the warfare,
When thou gold wonnest

---

* Goddess of War.

† This poem was not written till 1022, but it is here introduced as typical of the Norse of the time, written as it was in praise of Olaf, the hero of the incident here depicted.

Where the shields splintered
'Neath the stones crashing.
When the war-byrnies broke,
Beaten beneath them.

Thine was the strong arm
That Ethelred sought for:
Back to his lost land
Thou the King leddest.
Then was the war-storm
Waged when thou camest,
Safe to his high seat,
Leading that King's son,
Throned by thy help
On the throne of his fathers.

As the song draws to a close, citizens of London cross in boats to bid Ethelred enter the city.

King Ethelred gives the skald a bracelet, and King Olaf gives him a sword in return for his song.

The soldiers rush up to King Olaf, lift him on a shield, shouting, "Hail to the bridge breaker! Hail to the Sea-king!" and carry him down to the strand.

King Ethelred and the Athelings and chieftains follow and go on board ship, and landing on the opposite bank, enter the city amid the shouts of the people, who crowd on to the London end of the broken bridge to welcome them.

APPENDIX.

The attack on London Bridge by King Olaf is described as follows by Snorri Sturluson, in *The Heimskringla*, written early in the thirteenth century. The translation is by W. Morris and Eiríkr Magnússon, in "The Saga Library," Vol. IV., pp. 12-15:—

Chapter XI.

The Death of Svein Twibeard.

"Then sailed King Olaf west to England. This was the tidings there, that Svein Twibeard the Dane-king was that time in England with the Dane-host, and had then sat there for a while and harried the land of King Æthelred. At that time the Danes had gone wide over England, and things had come to such a pass that King Æthelred had fled from the land and fared south into Valland. The same autumn that King Olaf came to England it betid there that King Svein, the son of Harald, died suddenly anight in his bed; and it is the say of Englishmen that Edmund the Holy did slay him after the manner in which the holy Mercury slew Julian the Apostate. Now when King Æthelred learned these tidings in Flanders, he turned straightway back to England; and when he came

back into the land, he sent word to all men who would take fee hereto, to wit, for conquering the land with him. Then drifted to him a great multitude of folk; and withal thither came to his aid King Olaf with a great following of Northmen.

"Now first they made for London, and went up the Thames with the host of the ships, but the Danes held the city. On the other side of the river there is a great cheaping-town called Southwark; there the Danes had great arrayal; they had dug great dykes, on the inner side whereof they had built a wall of wood and turf and stone, and therewithin they had a great host. King Æthelred let make a hard onset, but the Danes warded them, and King Æthelred might do naught against them. A bridge was there across the river, betwixt the city and Southwark, so broad that waggons might be driven past each other thereover. On the bridge were made strongholds, both castles and bulwarks looking down stream, so high that they reached a man above his waist; but under the bridge were pales stuck into the bottom of the river. And when an onset was made the host stood on the bridge all along it and warded it. King Æthelred was mickle mind-sick, how he was to win the bridge. He called together for a parley all the captains of the host, seeking counsel of them how they should bring the bridge down. Then King Olaf said he would risk laying his men on to it, if other captains were willing to set on also. At this meeting it was settled that they should lay their host up under the bridge. Then each one set about arraying his men and ships."

Chapter XII.

The Sixth Battle.

"King Olaf had great flake-hurdles made of willow-twigs and green wood, and let sheds of wicker work be taken to pieces, and all these he let lay over his ships, so widely that they went right out-board. Thereunder he let set staves so thick together and so high that it was both handy to fight from under, and it was full stout enough against stones if they were cast down thereon. Now, when the host was arrayed they fell on a-rowing up the river; and when they came near to the bridge, there was cast down on them both shot and stones so great that nought might hold, neither helms nor shields; and the ships themselves were wondrous broken thereby, and many withal backed out. But King Olaf and the host of the Northmen rowed right up under the bridge and lashed cables round the pales that upheld the bridge, and then they fell to their oars and rowed all the ships down stream as hard as they might. The pales dragged along the ground even until they were loosened under the bridge. But inasmuch as an host under weapons stood thickly arrayed on the bridge, there were on it both a many stones and many war-weapons, and the pales having broken from under it, the bridge broke down by reason thereof, and many of the folk fell into the river, but all the rest thereof fled from the bridge, some into the city, some into Southwark.

"And after this they made an onset on Southwark, and won it.

"And when the townsfolk saw that the river Thames was won, so that they might not hinder the ships from faring up into the land, they were afeard, and gave up the town and took King Æthelred in. So says Ottar the Swart:—

"O battle-bold, the cunning
Of Ygg's storm! Yet thou brakest
Down London Bridge: it happed thee
To win the land of snakes there.
Hard shields be-craved had roar there;
There too they sprang asunder,
Hard iron-rings of the war-coats,
Therewith the battle waxed.

"And still he sang this:—

"Thou broughtest to land, and landedst,
King Æthelred, O Landward,
Strengthened by might! That folk-friend
Such wise of thee availed.
Hard was the meeting soothly,
When Edmund's son thou broughtest
Back to his land made peaceful,
Which erst that kin-stem ruled.

"Yet again thus saith Sigvat:—

"True is it that the sixth fight
Was whereas fell on Olaf
At London Bridge: the swift king
Bade Ygg's brunt to the English.
There were the Welsh swords biting,
Their dyke the Vikings warded.
But some deal of the war-host
Held booths in level Southwark."

SCENE V.

THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

(A) THE GOING OUT OF HAROLD.
(B) THE ENTRY OF WILLIAM.
OCTOBER-DECEMBER, 1066.

Historical Referees - - G. J. TURNER.
THOMAS SECCOMBE.

The great battle fought by the English King at Stamford Bridge against the Northmen was on 25th September, and Tostig, the King's traitor brother, lay dead upon the field. The victorious Harold marched south on 1st October, gathering men to his standard on the way. He reached London on the 5th, and went for the last time to pray at the church at Waltham, which he had rebuilt and endowed. On the 12th, without waiting for further rest or reinforcement, he marched out to meet the enemy. The chroniclers are strangely silent about that momentous

march. The King's brother, Gyrth, earl of the East Angles, was there, and begged, so we are told, that he might lead the host while Harold harried the land between London and the sea, so that William might be without means to maintain his troops. But Harold said, "Never will I burn a village or a house, never will I plunder my men." He spurned the counsel of his mother, still mourning over the death of her son Tostig. Two great abbots are likely to have been by his side, Leofric of Peterborough, and Aelfwig of Hyde-by-Winchester, the latter of whom fought with twelve of his monks and died with Harold. Esegar the Staller must have been another striking figure, for he was in command of the London contingent, which had secured the privilege of guarding the royal standard. We cannot doubt that the men of London were cheered by the great victory over Tostig, and their joy is shewn in this scene by the shouts raised at each successive arrival of batches of spoil from the north. Their exultation emphasises the sudden alteration in Harold's fortune—acclaimed as a victorious leader at London on October 5th, and lying dead on the field of Hastings just nine days later.

After his victory at Hastings William the Bastard marched slowly upon London through Dover and Canterbury. He routed a body of citizens who opposed his advance, and then burned Southwark. Turning aside, he marched to Wallingford, where Archbishop Stigand surrendered. Thence he proceeded to Great Berkhampstead, where Edwine, Morkere, and other magnates made submission. Meanwhile within London, Esegar, though wounded at the battle of Hastings, was carried about in a litter, directing preparations for the defence of the city. The Londoners soon saw that resistance was out of the question, and so they abandoned the cause of the Atheling Edgar, who had been nominated King in Harold's stead, and sent a deputation to William at Berkhampstead offering him the crown. The exact date of William's entry into London is not known, though the ceremonies which take place in this scene are all of them based on contemporary accounts. The presenting of gifts to William, and the kissing of his feet, are drawn from the account of the surrender of Canterbury a short time before. The banner sent to the Pope was, in a sense, a return for the consecrated banner which William had received from the Holy Father, and which had given to his invasion the aspect of a Crusade. The last portion of the scene in which William grants his Charter to London is introduced as showing how the conquest bore immediately upon the destiny of the City. The date of its promulgation is not known, but it was almost certainly early in the reign. By it the Londoners' position in regard to the throne was definitely settled; the old liberties of London were taken into the King's hand, and restored, not of right, but of the royal bounty. G. J. T.

SCENE:—An open space. London Bridge in the background.

(A) THE GOING OUT OF HAROLD.

Trumpets sound. Esegar, the Staller, leads on the men of London under their banner.

The men of Kent come across the Bridge from the south side of the river, with their banner of the White Horse, followed by other county contingents with their banners.

Harold enters, with his brothers Gyrth and Leofwine, Leofric Abbot of Peterborough, and Aelfwig Abbot of Hyde, and monks, Harold's personal retainers, principal citizens, gate-keepers, trumpeters, banner-bearers (carrying the Dragon of Wessex and the standard of the Fighting Man).

Harold and his friends advance to the centre. Gyrth pleads with Harold to stay in London, and let the army proceed south without him. Gytha (who has entered with her ladies) does likewise. Harold refuses to yield, but kneels for his mother's blessing. She gives it, and goes off weeping.

The banner-bearers come forward, and the abbots advance with attendant monks and thurifers with censers, and bless the banners.

Four carts, heaped up with spoil from the victory at Stamford Bridge, approach, amidst the shouts of the crowd. They halt in front of Harold, and the officer in charge of the carts takes one of the Norse swords and gives it to Harold, who passes it on to the Dean of the church of Waltham, to be offered up in his church. He then beckons forward the gate-keepers, and gives a wagon in charge of each of them.

Attendants lead on horses for Harold and his chiefs, who mount.

The army marches in front of Harold, and then going down to the river, crosses the bridge and disappears, in the following order :—

Sheriff.
Men of Kent.
Sheriff.
Men of Essex.
Sheriff.
Men of Hampshire.
Other contingents.
Housecarls.
Harold and his retinue.
Esegar, the Staller.
Men of London.

The women and children watch them off, then turn and go back through gateway, weeping.

The trumpets sound in the distance.

(B) THE ENTRY OF WILLIAM.

Citizens enter expectantly, led by the custodians of the City gates, with the keys. They go down to meet William. Esegar appears in a litter, accompanied by the Bishop of London, the Abbot of Westminster, and other magnates.

William the Bastard's troops approach in three divisions.

(1) BRETONS.

(2) NORMANS.

(3) PICARDS, FLEMINGS, and other soldiers of the Norman army. (Each division consists of bowmen and other infantry, and horsemen.)

There now enter through the distant gateway, trumpeters, banner-bearers, William on horseback, with his half-brothers (Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, and Robert, Count of Mortain); Edgar Atheling, the Earls Edwin and Morkere; Ealdred, Archbishop of York; Norman nobles, and rank and file. The people are curious, but without enthusiasm.

William's banner-bearer (Toustain fitz Rou of Bec) brings forward the Pope's consecrated banner. William takes it and gives it to the Abbot of Westminster to be offered in his church.

Two men-at-arms bring Harold's banners trailing in the dust; they give them to two of the monks to carry to Rome.

The citizens bring gifts—purses, hawks, horses, and greyhounds—which they offer to William.

The gate-keepers present the keys on bended knees, and kiss William's feet.

Esegar in his litter is brought up to William, and asks him to grant the Charter. William summons a clerk, who reads the words of the Charter as follows:—

> "William king greets William bishop and Godfrey portreeve and all the burgesses within London French and English friendly. And I make known to you that I will that ye be of all that law worthy of which ye were worthy in the days of Edward king. And I will that every boy be his father's heir after his father's day. And I will not suffer that any man do you wrong. God keep you."
>
> (Translated from the alleged original Saxon document preserved at the Guildhall and printed in *Liber Custumarum* (Rolls Series), p. 504.)

William and his procession ride off. The citizens follow, discussing these events.

APPENDIX.

The following extracts, translated from original authorities, are the basis of the scene:—

> "And Count William went afterwards again to Hastings and there awaited whether the nation would submit to him; but when he perceived that they would not come to him, he went up with all his army which was left to him, and what had afterwards come over the sea to him, and harried all that part which he passed over until he came to Berkhampstead. And there came to meet him archbishop Ealdred and Edgar child and earl Eadwine and earl Morkere and all the best men of London and then from necessity submitted when the greatest harm had been done." (B. Thorpe's translation of *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, II., 168.)

> "I have heard tell that Gyrth, one of Harold's brothers, reasoned thus with him: 'Fair brother, remain here, but give me your troops; I will take the adventure upon me and will fight William. . . . . Whilst I go and fight the Normans, do you scour the country, burn the houses, destroy the villages, and carry off all stores and provisions, swine and goats and cattle;

that they may find no food nor anything whatever to subsist upon. Thus you may alarm and drive them back, for the Duke must return to his own country if provisions for his army shall fail him.'" (Edgar Taylor's translation of Wace's *Roman de Rou*, p. 142.)

"His mother Gytha, who was much afflicted by the death of her son Tostig, and his other faithful friends dissuaded him from engaging in battle with the Normans." (*Orderici Vitalis Historia Ecclesiastica*, in Migne's *Patrologia Latina*, Vol. 188, p. 296.)

"He (William) sent to him (the Pope) also the famous standard of Harold bearing the image woven in the purest gold of an armed man, to repay with that spoil the gift sent to him by the grace of the Pope, and to announce at the same time a triumph over the tyrant enemy of Rome and to give a proof by this beautiful gift of his triumph over a tyrant, which had been so much desired at Rome and beyond." (William of Poitiers, *Gesta Willelmi*, in Migne's *Patrologia Latina*, Vol. 149, p. 1260.)

SCENE VI.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION RETURNS FROM CAPTIVITY.

Historical Referee - - G. J. Turner.

Richard I., returning from his captivity in Germany, landed at Sandwich on March 13th, 1194. He made it his first business to visit the shrines of the English saints whom he revered—St. Thomas at Canterbury, St. Edward at Westminster, and St. Edmond at Bury. On his way from Canterbury to Westminster he passed through the city of London, and attended a service in St. Paul's Cathedral. This was the first great reception of a king of England by the citizens of London. A brief account of the event, by the chronicler Ralph of Coggeshall, is printed below.

No detailed description of Richard's arrival in London exists, and it is not known how many of the great men of the realm came to welcome him. Fortunately we know who were with him at his second coronation at Winchester a few weeks later, and it has been assumed that they were for the most part with him on this occasion.

The banner of the Emperor of Cyprus has been made a conspicuous object in this procession. Isaac Comnenus, nephew of the Emperor at Constantinople, had taken possession of the island and assumed the title of Emperor. To avenge the robbery and imprisonment of some of the pilgrims, Richard forced a landing, unhorsed Isaac with his own hands, and after a short campaign subdued the island, and flung the pseudo-Emperor into silver chains. Richard soon afterwards granted the island to Guy of Lusignan, whose descendants held it for some generations as a Christian stronghold against Turkish aggression. It was at Cyprus that our national hero Richard Cœur de Lion married Berengaria of Navarre; it was there that she was crowned Queen of England; and Richard's brief occupation of the island will always be remembered by our race; for it was, as it were, the morning star of our Empire in the East.

Part I., Scene VI. (A.D. 1191.) CIVIC FREEDOM.
London secures from Prince John the first royal confirmation of its liberties and privileges as a Corporation.

Part I., Scene VII. EDWARD I. AND DREAMS OF UNITY. (*B*) (A.D. 1285.) TRANSLATION OF A FRAGMENT OF THE HOLY CROSS.
In solemn procession, attended by monks and warriors, the

The games which follow the King's arrival in London in this scene are based on the account given by William Fitzstephen in the preface to his biography of St. Thomas Becket, entitled "A Description of the very noble City of London."

G. J. T.

SCENE :—An open space outside the Guildhall of the City of London.

Craftsmen, Citizens, Citizens' wives, maids, serving men and chapmen rush out on hearing of the approach of the King.

Meanwhile, the mayor, sheriffs, aldermen (including the prior of the Holy Trinity, Aldgate, alderman of the Portsoken), chief bannerer, and leading citizens of London approach from different quarters a platform outside the Guildhall and await the arrival of the King. When the royal procession reaches London Bridge, the bells of the City churches begin to peal.

The procession advances in the following order:—

Crossbearer.

Monks.

Clerks.

Five bishops, two and three.

The Archbishop of Dublin. The Archbishop of Rouen.

Crossbearer.

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

(Two clerks in attendance on each bishop.)

Knights Templars.

Knights Hospitallers.

Earl Ferrers. Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk.

Earl of Arundel. Earl of Salisbury. Count d'Aumale.

Hamelin de Warenne, Earl of Surrey, the King's uncle. Ranulf, Earl of Chester.

A lady. Eleanor of Aquitaine, the Queen Mother. A lady.

Two knights bearing the banner of Isaac Comnenus, lately Emperor of Cyprus.

The Bishop of London (Treasurer). KING RICHARD. The Bishop of Ely (Chancellor).

Pages and gentlemen.

As the procession approaches, the clergy and nobles separate, the clergy to the right and the nobles to the left of the line of advance.

The mayors and sheriffs descend and greet the King, and escort him to the platform.

When the applause has subsided, the mayor offers the King two thousand marks of silver in a bowl covered with a rich cloth.

The King thanks the citizens.

The Mayor, on behalf of the citizens, then prays him to stay for awhile in England. He also produces the charter which John, Count of Mortain, the King's brother, had granted them, and prays that he will confirm it.

The King replies that he will say nothing now of his brother and his deeds, but assures them of his favour.

The procession advances towards St. Paul's, accompanied by the mayor and sheriffs, who form a group round the King.

Boys from St. Paul's School enter, playing at ball.

A company of young Londoners ride in and practise feats of arms and horsemanship, while others engage in dancing, leaping, shooting, and wrestling.

Gleemen, jugglers and jesters, mountebanks and tumblers disport themselves, to the admiration of the crowd.

On the water a party of youths are engaged at tilting at a shield fixed on a pole as practice for naval warfare. Girls and boys dance, and a lad walks about on stilts.

Men come in leading a bear for baiting; others lead hounds on their way to hunt outside the city.

APPENDIX.

The King was received by the citizens of London with the greatest pomp and rejoicing. All the city was decorated for his arrival with a variety of devices beyond number, and was made beautiful in every sort of way. Men of all classes, when they heard that he was at hand, rushed to meet him, yearning much to see, on his return from captivity, him whom they feared would come back no more. (Ralph of Coggeshall's *Chronicon Anglicanum*, No. 66 in the Rolls Series, p. 63.)

SCENE VII.

EDWARD I. AND DREAMS OF UNITY.

(A) THE PRESENTATION OF EDWARD OF CARNARVON.

MAY 1ST, 1284.

Historical Referee - - G. J. TURNER.

At the end of March, 1284, King Edward I. journeyed with his wife, Queen Eleanor of Castile, to the newly built castle at Carnarvon, and there she gave birth to a son on April 25th. The child was baptized seven days later, and was given the name of Edward. An ancient story which tells us that the King

had promised the Welsh a Prince who was born in Wales and could speak never a word of English has been rejected by modern critics. They point out that nothing is heard of the story before the reign of Elizabeth, and they even doubt whether the King would have named his son Edward Prince to the prejudice of Alfonso, his elder son, who was then living. The young Edward was the King's fourth son and thirteenth child, and his birth is said to have been a cause of great joy to the Londoners. Probably Alfonso was a delicate child, and already in the eyes of the citizens doomed, like his elder brothers, to an early death.

The first panel in this scene represents King Edward announcing the name of his child to the Welsh people in a brief speech which has been composed for the occasion. No particulars of the announcement are given by the chroniclers; but the christening must have been an event which deeply moved the populace. The names of the magnates who were with the King at Carnarvon have been obtained from the records. The presence of Stephen of Fulbourn, Bishop of Waterford, should be noticed; for Stephen was Edward's Justice of Ireland, an official whose duties closely resembled those of our modern viceroy. The fact that he was often with the King suggests that the latter was keenly interested in the affairs of the sister island: G. J. T.

SCENE:—An open space outside the gateway of the recently built Castle of Carnarvon.

Groups of Welshmen of all classes, with their wives and children, are standing expectantly on one side of the gateway.

Groups of Englishmen also stand expectantly on the other side.

A small body of armed men stand in front of the gateway. Some of them speak to the gate-keepers within the Castle; others answer the questions of the crowd. At intervals the Welsh sing softly.

Presently the gate opens. A few more armed men appear, who join those outside and fall back against the walls on either side of the gateway. The men are followed by King Edward and Eleanor of Castile, his queen, in a litter, holding her infant child. Close behind them come their other children, the little Alfonso and his sisters led by Eleanor of Provence, the Queen Mother. A small group of relatives and courtiers follow the children. While the group arranges itself outside the gate, the crowds, English and Welsh, applaud with restrained enthusiasm appropriate to the occasion.

The King comes forward, and, taking the child in his arms, presents it to the people. The King then speaks as follows—

"Heaven has heard our prayers; for now have we at last another son. My father, Henry, revered Saint Edward, King and Confessor; and in his honour he built anew the noble abbey at Westminster. Edward he called me, and Edward will we call our son. Here in Carnarvon Castle has your Queen rested now full many a week; here in this brave country have we assigned her land in

augment of her dower. Here when he comes to man's estate shall our son, Edward of Carnarvon, have a goodly portion and inheritance. And may all who bear the name of Edward be worthy of its glory in this our realm."

The crowd applauds. A Welsh child comes forward and offers flowers to the Queen, and the King kisses the child.

The Royal party withdraws, and the crowd begins to disperse.

As the last remnant of the crowd disappear the sound of music is heard in the distance, and a procession of monks and secular clergy comes into view. The procession halts in front of the castle gate to chant a psalm, and then goes off in another direction.

(BI) A FRAGMENT OF THE HOLY CROSS BROUGHT TO WESTMINSTER, 1285.

While King Edward was in Wales a certain secretary of Llewelyn, named Hugh ap Ithel, brought him a fragment of the Holy Cross, enclosed in a highly decorated cross known as the Cross of Neot or the Cros-Naith. The King was greatly pleased with the present, and rewarded Hugh by sending him to study at Oxford at the royal expense.

The story of the finding of the Holy Cross must be told here briefly and without criticism. St. Helena, the wife of the Emperor Constantine Chlorus and the mother of Constantine the Great, visited Jerusalem in her old age. Excavation by her direction led to the discovery of a cross which was believed to be the Cross of Christ. Fragments of it were sent from time to time to the different countries of Europe. Several of them found their way to Britain, but the Welsh fragment seems to have been especially valued, not only because of its size, but because it was supposed to have been the gift of St. Helena herself. In the Middle Ages English and Welsh alike believed that St. Helena was the daughter of our British but legendary King Cole.

The procession to Westminster represented in this panel was not so much an act of state as one of family devotion on the part of the royal family. Alfonso, the King's eldest son, had died at Windsor four months after the birth of Edward of Carnarvon, and was buried in Westminster Abbey near the shrine of St. Edward. Not long before his death the boy placed the crown of Llewelyn on this same shrine, near which his elder brothers and sisters had been buried. The King and Queen were in North Wales when Alfonso died, and owing to the great distance were unable to attend his funeral. Their first act on returning to London in the following spring was to visit his grave with their children and relatives. Some twelve bishops were in the procession, and the Archbishop of Canterbury carried the Cross of Neot, which was placed on the altar of St. Edward by the King himself. Three days afterwards the cross was taken in a second procession and placed on the altar of the nuns of St. Helen's, in the City of London. Its later history has not been traced, but it seems to have been treated as the private property of the Kings of England. Although

the chroniclers all state that Alfonso died on August 19th, it is certain that the King treated August 18th as the anniversary of his son's death. This latter date is important, as it no doubt led King Edward to pay special reverence to the supposed gift of St. Helena; for August 18th was celebrated as the festival of St. Helena by the Church of the West.

[*The Referee is indebted to Mr. Egerton Beck for much assistance in arranging the order of the procession and supplying information and particulars concerning the vestments in this panel.*]

G. J. T.

SCENE :—Large open space to the north-east of the Abbey Church at Westminster. To the right, gateway into the Abbey grounds.

There advances from the city a procession formed as follows :—

Acolyte, with candle. Sub-deacon, with processional cross. Acolyte, with candle.

Thurifer, with censer.

Grey Friars.

Black Friars (in white tunic and scapular, with black mantle and hood).

Canons regular of St. Mary of Bethlehem, or Bethlehemites (in same dress as the Black Friars, but with a red star on the mantle).

Canons regular of St. Mary Spital, St. Bartholomew's, St. Mary's Overie, and Holy Trinity, Aldgate (in surplice and black mantle with hood).

Rectors of London parishes (in surplice).

Canons and dignitaries of St. Paul's (in red cope).

Dean of St. Paul's (in red cope).

Bishops (in mitre, alb, stole and red cope, with crosier).

Bishop of London.

Chaplain (carrying the archbishop's cross).

The Archbishop of Canterbury carrying the relic, attended by two deacons (in alb and red dalmatic), all under a canopy, borne by four knights.

Chaplain (carrying the archbishop's crosier).

Official principal of the archbishop (in blue cope) attended by a clerk.

Knights and Barons.

Gilbert of Clare, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford.

Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln.

Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk.

Richard de Burgh, Earl of Ulster.

Edmond, Earl of Lancaster, the King's brother.

Edmond, Earl of Cornwall, the King's cousin.

Four young daughters of the King.

The infant Edward of Carnarvon.

QUEEN. KING.

They are met by the Abbey procession :—

Acolyte, with candle. Crossbearer. Acolyte, with candle.

Thurifer with censer.

Boys of the Abbey in albs.

Monks.

The Abbot of Westminster (in mitre, alb and red cope, carrying his crosier ; attended by two deacons in alb and red dalmatic).

The processions join and enter the Abbey Church.

(B2) BRINGING OF THE CORONATION STONE AND REGALIA OF SCOTLAND TO WESTMINSTER.

JUNE 18TH, 1297.

In the summer of 1296 King Edward seized the regalia of Scotland, and offered them on the 18th June of the following year to the shrine of St. Edward at Westminster. The objects which are known to have been offered by him on that date are the golden sceptre, the golden crown with the apple or orb of silver gilt, and the golden rose, all of which were affixed to the shrine, and a "pallium," probably the royal mantle of the King of Scotland, which was hung somewhere in the Abbey. To these one of the chroniclers adds the coronation stone, which he describes somewhat exceptionally by the word "tribunal." Other chroniclers say that King Edward having taken the "stone" which the kings of the Scots were wont to use at their coronations, transferred it to Westminster, and ordered that it should become the chair of the priests celebrating Mass. Later in his reign he appears to have directed that it should be used as the coronation stone of the kings of England. The regalia were in the possession of the Keeper of the Royal Wardrobe, and there is no reason for supposing that the great nobles or ecclesiastics were present in any considerable numbers when they were transferred to the Abbey. A massive body of legend grew round the stone. In its latest form it was supposed to have been the pillow on which the patriarch Jacob rested his head at Bethel. Gathelus, who married Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, brought it to Spain, where it became the stone on which the kings of Spain "of Scottish race" were wont to sit. Simon Breck, a younger son of a Spanish king, and descendant of Gathelus, brought it from Spain to Ireland, and was crowned upon it as king of that country at Tara, where it became known as the Lia Fail, or Stone of Destiny. Afterwards, so the legend continues, the stone of Gathelus was removed to Argyll, and found a resting-place in Dunstaffnage, where twenty-eight of the fabulous "forty kings" of Scotland were crowned. From Dunstaffnage it was taken to Scone. "There it remained," says Pennant, "and on it every Scottish monarch was inaugurated till the year 1296, when Edward I., to the mortification of North Britain, translated it to Westminster Abbey, and with it, according to ancient prophecy, the empire of Scotland." Modern criticism has dealt hardly with these legends, and

Mr. W. J. Skene, the great historian of the Celts, has declared that the Scottish stone never was anywhere but at Scone, and that the Lia Fail never was anywhere but at Tara. Nevertheless, much of this legendary history was believed in the reign of Edward I., and the removal of the stone in an age of credulity must have been an event of no little political significance.

It should be observed that at this period the kings of Scotland, though possessing the crown, the sceptre and the orb, in actual fact were neither anointed nor crowned, and the chief feature of their inauguration was their enthronement on the sacred stone. This is perhaps the reason why the ring, which seems to have been chiefly used in investitures of a purely ecclesiastical character, is not mentioned among the Scottish regalia offered at the shrine of St. Edward. The Golden Rose of Scotland, which has already been mentioned, was presented to William the Lion by Pope Lucius III. in 1182.

G. J. T.

A procession approaches the Abbey formed as follows:—

Soldiers.

Herald. Herald.

Soldiers.

Knights.

Nobles and Bishops.

Soldiers.	The Coronation Stone (carried by soldiers).	Soldiers.
Soldiers.	A Clerk of the Wardrobe carrying a "pallium."	Soldiers.
Soldiers.	Another carrying the golden apple.	Soldiers.
Soldiers.	Another carrying the golden rose.	Soldiers.
Soldiers.	Another Clerk carrying the golden sceptre of Scotland.	Soldiers.
Soldiers.	The Keeper of the Wardrobe carrying the Crown of Scotland.	Soldiers.
The Treasurer.	THE KING.	The Chancellor.
Soldiers.		Soldiers.

Pages and Servants of the Household.

Soldiers.

A second procession, consisting of:—

Acolyte, Crossbearer, Acolyte,

Boys of the Abbey,

Monks,

The Abbot of Westminster,

comes from the Abbey, and, joining the first procession, leads the way into the Church. The bells ring until the processions join, when the choir-boys begin to chant a psalm.

(c) THE INVESTITURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

February 7th, 1301.

On February 7th, 1301, Edward I., who was then staying with John of Dalderby, Bishop of Lincoln, at his manor of Nettleham, granted his son, Edward of Carnarvon, the earldom of Chester and the Principality of Wales, to hold to him and his heirs, being kings of England. This was not the grant of the titles of prince and earl only; it was a grant of the King's demesnes, revenues, and jurisdiction in Wales and Chester, within which the King's writs were no longer to run. At the same time, though the Letters Patent of delivery are not recorded, the King delivered to his son the counties of Ponthieu and Montreuil in France, which belonged to the boy as the heir of his mother Eleanor, daughter and heiress of Joan, the wife of Ferdinand III. of Castile. As it had been arranged that the King should hold the bailiwick of these counties during his son's minority, it is evident that Edward of Carnarvon, though not quite 17 years old, was declared to be of full age at this time, and that the event was celebrated by his investiture with the principality and earldom.

For want of any contemporary description of the ceremony, the representation in this pageant has been based as far as possible upon the full description of the investiture of Henry, the son of James I., on June 4th, 1610, given in the State Papers. Some important differences are inevitable, especially as Henry was invested in Parliament at Westminster, whereas Edward was almost certainly invested at Nettleham when Parliament was not in session. It is not unlikely that similar if not the same insignia of investment were used on this occasion as were used on the inauguration of the reigns of the Welsh princes of the native race. Unfortunately all that we know of their inauguration is that they were crowned and led to a seat of honour by the Welsh bishops. If the staff and the ring were not used when the Welsh princes were crowned, it is difficult to understand why they were used in the investiture of the Princes of Wales by the English kings; for the ring was not an ordinary emblem of royal investiture in England.

G. J. T.

SCENE:—An open space in the Courtyard of the Bishop of Lincoln at Nettleham, near the City of Lincoln.

From the house issues a Procession:—

Clerks.
Masters in Chancery.
Knights, Ladies.
Judges.
Nobles.
Bishops.
Keeper of the Privy Seal.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
The Chancellor of England (John of Langton).
Joan Countess of Gloucester, the King's daughter.

QUEEN. KING.

Steward of the Royal Household (Walter de Beauchamp).

Keeper of the Wardrobe (John of Drokensford).

The King and Queen take their seats on their thrones, the Queen on the King's left, the bishops on the King's right, the Archbishop nearest to him with the Lord Chancellor. The others in order group themselves in a semi-circle.

KING.	QUEEN.
Steward of Royal Household.	Keeper of Wardrobe.
Archbishop.	Keeper of Privy Seal.
Bishops.	John of Brittany.
Chancellor.	Countess of Gloucester.
Nobles.	Ladies.
Ladies	Nobles.
Knights	Knights.
Masters in Chancery.	Judges.
Clerks.	Masters in Chancery.
	Clerks.

Then enters from another side the following Procession :—

Trumpeters.

Heralds.

Companions of Prince Edward (walking four abreast).

A King-of-Arms bearing the Letters Patent by which the Counties of Ponthieu and Montreuil were delivered to the Prince, and the Charter by which he was invested with the Principality of Wales and Earldom of Chester.

Earl of Norfolk bearing a purple robe.

Earl of Surrey bearing a sword with girdle.

Earl of Gloucester holding a ring.

Earl of Warwick bearing a long silver staff.

Earl of Arundel bearing a coronet.

Prince Edward in a purple gown.

The trumpeters and heralds and the companions bow low to the King and turn off to right and left. The King-of-Arms, with those following, then approach, making three times a low bow, the last of which is made at the foot of the thrones; the Prince bows low to the King, then kneels before him on a white cushion and is invested by the King.

The King-at-Arms kisses the Letters Patent and presents them to the King, who bids a noble read them. They declare that the King has delivered to his dearest son Edward, who is now of age, the counties of Ponthieu and Montreuil, which are his by hereditary right.

The noble then again presents the Letters Patent to the King, who places them in the hands of his son. The King-of-Arms now kisses the Charter and presents it to the King, who bids a noble read it.

When the noble reads the words "we have made and created," the robes are delivered to the King, who rises and hands them to two nobles, who place them on the Prince; at the words "by girding the sword," the King girds his son with the sword of Chester. At the words "a coronet on his head," he sets a cap and a coronet on his son's head; at "a gold ring on his finger," he places a gold ring on the third finger of his left hand; and at the words "a rod of silver in his hand," he places the rod in his right hand. At the words "given by our hand at Nettleham," he gives to him the Charter, which the Prince takes in his left hand. The King holds out his hand for the Prince to kiss, and then kisses the Prince himself.

The King-of-Arms then proclaims the style of the Prince, and the whole assembly withdraws in procession.

APPENDIX.

(A) In the year of our Lord 1284, on the day of St. Mark the Evangelist, Edward, the son of King Edward, was born at Carnarvon, Snowdon; and many, especially the citizens of London, rejoiced at his birth. (*Annales Londonienses*, No. 76 in the Rolls Series, Vol. I., p. 91.)

At that time Eleanor the Queen bore to the King a son, whom he called Edward of Carnarvon, because he was born in that castle. The King, on his return to London, was received with great religious solemnity. (*Ecclesiæ de Bernewelle Liber Memorandorum*, p. 62.)

(B) At that time the cross called Neot was brought to the King by a certain secretary of the Prince (Llewelyn), containing a large portion of the wood of our Lord's Cross. (*Willelmi Rishanger Chronica et Annales*, No. 28 in the Rolls Series, Vol. II., p. 104.)

In the year of Grace 1285 . . . Edward, King of England, returned to London after the subjugation of Wales on the vigil of the Ascension, and on the Friday following he made a solemn procession on foot to Westminster from the Tower of London, together with Queen Eleanor and all the magnates of the land and fourteen bishops. The cross, which the King had acquired in Wales, was carried by John of Peckham, Archbishop of Canterbury. (*Historia Anglie Bartholomei Cotton*, No. 16 in the Rolls Series, p. 166.)

He also possessed himself of the ancient and secret treasures of that people [dating], as it is believed, from the time of Arthur; among which he found a most beautiful piece of the Holy Cross carved into a portable cross, which was the glory of their dominion and [carried] the presage of their doom. Which [cross], it is said, Helena kept, after the Invention, as a special portion, and brought with her when she returned to Britain with her husband. The Welsh had been accustomed to call it, after the fashion of their own language, Crosnaith.

PART I., SCENE V. (A.D. 1066.) THE NORMAN CONQUEST.
King Harold goes out to the fatal field of Hastings, and England passes into the hands of the Norman Conqueror.

PART I., SCENE VIII. (A.D. 1357.) THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY. A TOURNAMENT IN SMITHFIELD.
Of all mediæval scenes, none was so picturesque and stirring as the Tournament; none more characteristic of the days of Chivalry, so soon to pass away.

Thus the King returned from the said campaign about the Nativity of the Glorious Virgin, bringing with him as proof of the triumph the ensign of salvation of the human race, and with a great procession of nobles, bishops, and clergy brought that monument of our redemption to London to be adored by the citizens. (From Sir Herbert Maxwell's translation of the *Chronicle of Lanercost*, in the *Scottish Historical Review*, Vol. VI., p. 180.)

In the same year, on Friday, May 4th, Edward, King of England, presented the Holy Cross called Neit, which he found in Wales, to the nuns of St. Helen, and he went on foot there with the earls, barons and bishops. (*Annales Londonienses*, No. 76 in the Rolls Series, Vol. I., p. 93.)

N.B.—The dates given by the different chroniclers for these events are inconsistent. The correct dates are given above in the historical note.

(B2) On the morrow of St. Botolph [June 18th, 1297], approached Westminster and offered to the Blessed Edward, by whose merits he had acquired them, the regalia of the realm of Scotland, to wit, the seat (*tribunal*) and the golden sceptre with the crown. (*Flores Historiarum*, No. 95 in the Rolls Series, Vol. III., p. 101.)

On his return he passed through the Abbey of Scone, whence he took the stone which the kings of the Scots were wont to use as a throne at the time of their coronation, and transferred it to Westminster, ordering that it should be made the chair of the priests celebrating Mass. (*Nicholai Trivet Annales*, in English Historical Society Publications, p. 349.)

Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, brought this stone with her when she landed in Scotland and subdued the land. Moses prophesied that he who should take this stone with him should subdue wide lands to his sway. Hence the land which was previously called Albania, from Albanact, is called Scotland, from Scota. (*Vita Edwardi Secundi*, No. 76 in the Rolls Series, Vol. II., p. 277.)

At the same time the King made Sir Edward, his son and heir, Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. And when the Welsh heard this they rejoiced with a great joy, the greatest of them as well as the least, for they thought that he was their lawful lord because he was born in those parts. (*Willelmi Rishanger Gesta Edwardi*, No. 28 in Rolls Series, p. 464.)

SCENE VIII.

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

TOURNAMENT AT SMITHFIELD.

A.D. 1357.

Historical Referee - - S. ARMITAGE SMITH.

No feature of the Middle Ages is more attractive to the imagination than that which is conjured up by the word "chivalry." Seen through the mists of time, the knight "whose glory was redressing human wrong" seems an ideal personage, whose very existence must have elevated and softened the age in which he lived. And, in its earlier forms at any rate, chivalry must surely have

been a power for good. It took its rise probably in a thirst for individual honour. The first knight-errants of romance performed their exploits rather from love of glory than from desire to benefit mankind. Then came the Crusades, and to the desire for personal renown was joined the incentive of the defence of God's law and His Church; and to this was added the spirit of gallantry. Courtesy and protection of the weak became the attributes of knighthood; these were heightened to enthusiasm when woman was their object. The morals of chivalry were far from pure, yet it encouraged faithfulness and gentleness, and poured scorn upon falsehood and perjury. Valour, reverence, faithfulness, courtesy; a sense of justice, indignation against wrong, prevention or redress of injury: This was no bad creed in days when too often might was right. Some evil consequences were, however, inherent in its very nature; gallantry passing into dissoluteness; an undue thirst for military renown; last, but not least, the widening of class differences. The knight's rules of honour were for his fellows only; he acknowledged no such duties to the craftsman or the clown.

The gallantry of chivalry finds voice in the songs of the troubadours; its finer qualities perhaps reached their highest expression in England in the wonderful Arthurian cycle woven round the legend of the Holy Grail.

Of all means for keeping up chivalrous feeling probably none was more potent than the tournament. In this mimic scene of warfare the knights fought with every stimulus to valour. The jousts were attended by sovereign princes, knights of renown, all that was most distinguished for rank or beauty. The victor in a tournament achieved little less glory than the victor on the field of battle, and achieved it before many more witnesses. Minstrels chanted his prowess amidst the joyful sounds of warlike music as the conqueror advanced to receive the prize from the hands of Royal Princess or Queen of Beauty.

The wars of Edward III. show military chivalry at its best; show also its limitations. Very terrible is the account of the march of the English army, burning and plundering as it went, leaving ruin and desolation on every hand. Yet a knight vanquished in fair fight was ever treated with honour as well as courtesy, and nowhere was this more conspicuous than at the battle of Poictiers. Froissart describes what took place after the fight was over. The English and Gascon knights (he says), having entertained their prisoners, went home, each of them with the knights or squires he had taken, whom he then questioned upon their honour what ransom they could pay without inconvenience, and easily gave them credit; and it was common for men to say that they would not straiten any knight or squire so that he should not live well and keep up his honour. Everyone knows the pretty tale of the Black Prince's courtesy to his royal prisoner. In the summer of 1357 victor and vanquished rode into London side by side, and when, later in the year, the great Tournament which our episode depicts was held in Smithfield, it is not unlikely that some of the French nobles entered the lists and met in mimic warfare the knights whom they had formerly encountered on a sterner field. Nor was King John of France the only royal prisoner-guest present. King David of Scotland had been in honourable and apparently not unwilling captivity in England ever since the battle of Neville's Cross, and was with the royal party on this occasion. Very shortly after this he returned to his kingdom.

S. C. L.

SCENE:—Smithfield. Facing the spectators a scaffold or stand is erected for the King and Court. It is of wood, with elaborate towers and flights of steps, hung with crimson cloth and royal escutcheons to decorate it, and pennants and streamers of bright colours flying from its towers and roof.

Enter from all sides, singly and in groups, the people who have come to watch the tourney, *i.e.*, citizens, their wives and children, priests, monks and friars, pardoners, beggars, etc.

While they wait the arrival of the King and Court they amuse themselves by examining the lists of the tournament, by listening to the music of troupes of minstrels, and watching the antics of jugglers, acrobats, dancers, and men dressed as savages and beasts.

Then enters from one side, heralded by a blare of trumpets, the ROYAL PROCESSION :—

Trumpeters.

Archers.

Trumpeters.

Marshal's men.

Trumpeters of the Sheriffs.

Aldermen.

Sheriffs.

Sword-bearer.

The Mayor of London.

Gentlemen in attendance on the King of Scotland.

Gentlemen in attendance on the King of France.

Gentlemen in attendance on King Edward.

Pursuivants-of-Arms.

Barons in order.

Heralds.

Earls in order.

Kings-of-Arms.

The Lady Joan, Countess of Kent.

The Lady Elizabeth de Burgh, wife of Lionel (son of the King).

Pages and attendants.

Ladies in attendance.	The Lady Margaret, The Lady Mary, The Lady Isabella (daughters of the King).	Ladies in attendance.

Edmund of Langley.

Footmen.	John of Gaunt, Earl of Richmond.	Footmen.

Lionel, Earl of Ulster

Edward, the "Black Prince"
(sons of the King).

Pages and attendants.

The King of Scotland. The King of France.

The Principal King-of-Arms. The Marshal.

Footmen. A Lord with the Sword of State. Footmen.

THE QUEEN. THE KING.

Gentlemen in attendance.

The Captain of the Guard.

Marshal's men.

On reaching the Stand, all dismount and take up their places.

As they do so a band of the King's minstrels takes up its place at the foot of the stand, and plays music continuously, till the arrival of the knights.

Then enters from the other side the PROCESSION OF KNIGHTS, who will take part in the tourney. They are 30 in number, and enter unarmed and richly dressed, mounted on hackneys, each lady leading a knight, mounted on a hackney riding beside him, by a silver chain.

The knights are preceded by their squires, 60 in number, also mounted, bearing their masters' helmets and arms. After the squires come attendants leading the knights' chargers.

On arriving at the Royal Stand all salute the King and Queen. The ladies dismount and take their places on the stand. The knights retire to don their armour, return, mount their chargers, and then divide into two parties and withdraw one party to one, another to another side of the lists.

Trumpeters sound a blast, and the Marshal gives the signal for the Tourney to begin.

The Tourney consists of two parts :—

(1) Single combat. Six knights each in turn tilt against an adversary (three pairs, each pair running three courses).

(2) Then there follows a general mêlée between two groups of twelve each. Those unhorsed are dragged off the field by the captors and attendants, and when a sufficient number of captures has been effected, one side is declared winner, and the Marshal throws down his baton, and instantly each knight ceases.

The victors are escorted to the Queen's seat, then named by the King, and the Queen presents each with a prize—a gold chain, a falcon, etc.

The ROYAL PROCESSION reforms and goes off to blare of trumpets and the music of minstrels. The knights and ladies follow—the knights throwing largesse to the crowd, and especially to minstrels and heralds.

APPENDIX.

The foregoing tournament is recorded in *Walsingham's Chronicle* (Rolls Series), I., 285, in the following words, translated from the Latin original :—

"Jousts were held this year in London, the Kings of England, France, and Scotland, besides much people being present."

The *Brut Chronicle* (Early English Text Society), page 308, has the following :—

"And in this same yere was made solempne justes in Smethefeld, beying ther present, the King of Engelonde, the King of Fraunce & the King of Scotlond, & meny worthi noble lordes."

Fabyan also mentions it in his *Chronicles*, page 467, ed. 1811 :—

"In this xxxi. year . . . the noble prince Edward, then upon the age of 28 years, took shipping with his prisoners . . . and arrived in England shortly after . . .

"And in the winter following, were royal jousts holden in Smithfield of London, and many goodly and knightly feats of arms done to the great honour of the King and all his realm, and gladding of all beholders; at the which disport was present the King of England, the French King, and the King of Scots, with many noble estates of all the three provinces or kingdoms, whereof the more partie of the strangers were then prisoners."

The details of this scene are taken from the tournament held in London in 1331, according to the *Annales Paulini* in *Chronicles of Edward I. and Edward II.* (Rolls Series), Vol. I., page 354 (translated by Dr. Wylie) :—

September, 1331.—"This year there was a most noble tournament in Chepe in the heart of London City. It was cried by Lord William Montagu, a right strenuous knight, who bore the many different expenses. He had all the market space between the Queen's Cross and the Conduit where the combatants would ride fenced in with strong baulks and planks, and the whole pavement strewn with sand. Likewise he made great provision and many wondrous things in the Bishop of London's Palace, where he stayed. When the jousting time arrived the King, the Earls and Barons, and the Knighthood of the whole kingdom assembled in London and on Sunday, the morrow of St. Matthew the Apostle, the aforesaid William who was Captain of the ceremony was there with the King and certain chosen knights all dressed in splendid robes and masked like Tartars. With them came also a like number of ladies chosen from the noblest and fairest in the realm, all clad in red velvet tunics and cloaks of white cameline, and every knight had on his right a lady whom he led with a silver chain, the King having at his side the Lady Eleanor, his sister, a most beautiful girl. All these, both knights and ladies, came riding two and two through the midst of Chepe at vesper time, preceded by more than sixty squires dressed in suit. Next followed their chargers covered with fair trappings, and so they departed to their hostels with trumpets and other various kinds of instruments. Then on the morrow which was Monday, and on the Tuesday and the Wednesday those sixteen knights, which were in the inner side, defended themselves grandly from early morn till evening against all comers, whether from home or from abroad."

PART II.

SCENE I.

THE AGE OF CHAUCER.

(A) THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

EARLY IN THE REIGN OF RICHARD II.

Historical Referees - - A. W. POLLARD.
G. G. COULTON.

In the fourteenth century the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury was a favourite holiday for Londoners. For greater safety and pleasure the pilgrims travelled in companies; and, the roads being bad, usually took four days over the journey each way, amusing themselves with stories and jests as they rode at a footpace. The first great English poet after the Conquest, Geoffrey Chaucer, was thus led to put some of his finest and most characteristic tales into the mouths of a party of Canterbury pilgrims, and to link them together by talks on the road. He takes his pilgrims from all classes. There is a knight just returned from fighting the "heathen," and with him his son and an attendant yeoman. A Franklin, a country gentleman, doubtless attached himself to this party. The Church was represented at its best by a poor parson and an Oxford scholar, on its worldly side by a dainty Prioress (accompanied by another nun and an attendant priest) and a hunting monk; at its worst by a disreputable friar, a pardoner, and a summoner, who throve by threatening to drag helpless folk before the ecclesiastical courts. As members of lay professions we have a serjeant-at-law and a physician, while commerce and trade sent a merchant and five London guildsmen, who had provided themselves with a cook. With these must be reckoned, for her skill in cloth-making, a wife of Bath, now relieved of her fifth husband by death. An honest ploughman (a worthy brother of the parson) and four rogues, a reeve or farm-bailiff, miller, shipman, and manciple, and Chaucer himself, completed the company of twenty-nine pilgrims who had come to the Tabard Inn at Southwark one April evening, in order to make an early start for Canterbury the next day. At supper the pilgrims gladly accepted a proposal of their host, Harry Bailey, that there should be a story-telling competition, with a free supper as its prize, and that he should ride with them and act as judge. The scene shows the preparation for the start the next morning (the part played by Mrs. Harry Bailey being founded on one of her husband's confidences on the road), and a more or less collusive casting of lots by which the host contrived that the first tale should be told by the knight, the most distinguished member of the company.

A. W. P.

PART II., SCENE I. (A.D. 14th Century.) THE AGE OF CHAUCER. (*A*) THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.
In the bright spring morning the pilgrims gather at the Tabard Inn, and together wend their way to the great Shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury.

PART II., SCENE I. (A.D. 1381.) THE AGE OF CHAUCER. (*B*) RICHARD II. AND WAT TYLER.
No episode in the history of London can vie in turbulence with the hurly-burly of Wat Tyler's rebellion.

SCENE :—The Tabard Inn, at Southwark. Dawn. Dogs barking.

The Knight's Yeoman appears in the yard of the Tabard Inn, looking for the ostlers to bring out his master's horses.

His shouts rouse Mrs. Harry Bailey, the landlord's wife, who appears, looks round, and then drags on her husband, into whose hand she thrusts a great club, with which he drives the stablemen to work.

The Knight's Yeoman brings out the horses of the Knight and Squire.

Stablemen bring out horses for the Monk, the Franklin, the Serjeant-at-Law, the Doctor of Physic, the Wife of Bath, the Prioress and her Nun, and Chaucer.

Chaucer mounts early and takes up a position from which he can watch the cavalcade being formed.

The Host's horse is next brought out with two or three children on it.

The Squire helps the Knight to mount; the other pilgrims bring out their own horses, or catch hold of men to bring them out.

When all the Pilgrims are mounted, the Prioress comes out very leisurely. The Host himself helps her to mount. He then offers a stirrup-cup to the principal Pilgrims, kisses his wife, drives his children off his horse, and mounts himself.

The Miller rides to the front and begins playing a bagpipe.

They ride on a little way. The Host then silences the Miller. Lots are handed round in a hat. After everyone has drawn, the Knight holds up his, and there is a shout of applause. He begins tale-telling and they ride off.

ORDER IN RIDING OFF.

Miller, some way ahead, blowing bagpipe.

Host and Knight.

Monk. Franklin. Squire.

Yeoman (in attendance on Squire).

Physician. Prioress.

Prioress's Priests. Prioress's Nun-Chaplain.

Serjeant-at-Law. Chaucer.

Merchant. Wife of Bath.

Five Guildsmen.

Manciple. Shipman.

Clerk of Oxford. Parson. Ploughman.

Friar. Pardoner. Summoner.

Cook.

Reeve.

APPENDIX.

The Scene is founded throughout on Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, from the Prologue of which the following is taken.

Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabbard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Canturbury with ful devout corage,
At night was come into that hostelrie
Wel nyne and twenty in a companye,
Of sundry folk, by adventure i-falle
In felaschipe, and pilgryms were thei alle,
That toward Canturbury wolden ryde.
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esud atte beste.
And schortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,
That I was of here felawschipe anon,
And made forward erly to aryse,
To take oure weye ther as I yow devyse.
But natheles, whiles I have tyme and space,
Or that I ferthere is this tale pace,
Me thinketh it accordant to resoun,
To telle yow alle the condicioun
Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
And which they weren, and of what degre;
And eek in what array that they were inne:
And at a knight than wol I first bygynne.

(B) RICHARD II. AND WAT TYLER.

JUNE 13th, 14th, 15th, 1381.

Historical Referee - - Professor OMAN.

The history of mediæval London is sufficiently full of stirring scenes, but no episode, not even Jack Cade's entry in 1450, can vie in turbulence with the "hurling time" of Wat Tyler, the three famous June days in 1381, when the insurgent commons of Kent and Essex were in possession of the city, and wrought their will on great and small, till their domination became intolerable, and led to a reaction as violent as the rising which provoked it.

The insurrection had begun on a small scale in Essex on May 30th, in Kent on June 2nd. General discontent against the advisers of the boy-king for their mismanagement of the disastrous French War, an agrarian agitation against oppressive landlords, and urban grudges against rings of civic office-holders, all played their part in provoking the outburst. But the heavy poll-tax recently imposed on all adults above the age of fifteen was the last straw which broke down

the patience of the people. Starting with a local riot against a tax-collector in Essex, a wave of disorder swept all over Eastern England. The country-side took arms under chance leaders—most of them were adventurers of doubtful antecedents, like Wat Tyler; but a few were fanatics of the type of his famous colleague, John Ball, the "mad priest of Kent," who wished to bring mankind back to the days of primitive equality "when Adam delved and Eve span."

A mob of many thousand rioters, headed by Tyler and Ball, reached Blackheath on Wednesday, June 12th, clamouring for an interview with the King, and for vengeance on his incapable ministers. They were admitted into London next day by two discontented aldermen, Walter Sibley and William Tonge, of whom the former opened London Bridge to the Kentishmen, while the latter betrayed Aldgate to the Essex contingent. All the mob of London at once fraternized with the intruders, while the young King and his council shut themselves up in the Tower, with a few hundred followers. The first proceedings of the mob were marked with a certain system—there was an order in their disorder. They burnt the splendid palace of the Savoy, the home of John of Gaunt, the King's uncle, they sacked the Temple because it was the head-quarters of the lawyers, and they opened the prisons of the Fleet and Newgate. But they allowed no private plunder, and on the first day of their ascendency there was hardly any bloodshed. On the next morning (June 14th) the King and his advisers, dismayed at the universality of the revolt, opened negotiations with the rebels. At an interview held at Mile End, Richard was made to promise that serfdom should be abolished all over the realm, and that many other grievances should be redressed. But while the conference was still in progress, the rebels burst out into murderous violence; Wat Tyler, with a chosen band of followers, rushed into the Tower—its garrison not daring to resist, because the King was in the rebels' hands—and dragged out from it the chief ministers of the realm, the Chancellor, Archbishop Sudbury, and the Treasurer, Sir Robert Hales, whom they beheaded without trial on Tower Hill; with them three or four more of the King's servants were put to death.

This outrage was a signal for general riot and slaughter. Royal officials, lawyers, unpopular citizens, foreign merchants, were murdered by the hundred. Many perished because they had private enemies, not because they had given any public offence. Houses were fired and plundered on every side, and the criminal classes, who had joined in the rising with alacrity, worked their will unchecked. The records of the trials which followed the suppression of the insurrection show that every form of villainy was on foot upon that Black Friday, from unprovoked murder down to the extortion of shillings, by dreadful threats, from clergymen and old ladies.

But this outburst of anarchy worked its own cure. The main body of decent citizens had stood aloof on the two first days of the riot, because they thought that the government had been mismanaging the affairs of the realm: they had much sympathy with many of the grievances of the rebels. But when they found that the rule of Wat Tyler and his friends meant general plunder and wholesale bloodshed, they began to see that it was time for them to intervene in defence of their own lives and property. The Mayor, William Walworth, who had from the first opposed any negotiations with the rebels and advised armed resistance, put himself at the head of a rapidly organized "party of order."

On the morning of Saturday, June 15th, Tyler demanded another interview with the King, which was granted him in the open space of Smithfield. He is said to have brought forward a new and startling programme, which included

the abolition of all ranks and titles, "all men should be free and of one condition save the King alone," and the confiscation of all church property, which was to be divided among the poor. The young King replied that the Commons should have what he could legally grant, saving the regalities of the crown. This was practically no answer at all, for such things could not be conceded by the royal fiat without the consent of Parliament.

Tyler, taking the King's answer as a polite refusal, grew unmannerly and started a wrangle—it was afterwards said by one of his lieutenants, when on trial, that he had expected some such reply, and had come to the conference intending to provoke a scuffle, and then to seize the person of the King. After some hot words with Richard's suite, he drew his sword, on which the Mayor Walworth pushed across his path, and proposed to arrest him. Tyler stabbed at the Mayor, but Walworth wore mail under his gown and took no harm. He replied by drawing a cutlass and hewing down the rebel from his horse. Tyler fell mortally wounded in the sight of all his followers.

The rebels were preparing to bend their bows and shoot down the King and his retinue, when Richard, seizing the short moment of their hesitation, cantered towards them all alone, crying, "Sirs, will you shoot your King? I will be your chief and captain! You shall have from me what you seek!" The multitude, loth to hurt the lad, and fascinated by his courage, stood still, and presently consented to treat with him. Meanwhile, Walworth had ridden hastily into Aldersgate, to raise the "Party of Order" for the King's protection. He had evidently made his preparations before the conference, for within a few minutes he had several thousand armed men at his back, who issued from the city under the banner of the Twenty-four Wards, and headed by the loyal Aldermen.

They found Richard still parleying with his subjects, unhurt and unmolested. Pushing forward in two columns, the Mayor's men encircled the mass of rioters, while a chosen band arrayed itself behind the King. The tables were turned, and it is said that some of those at his side whispered to him that he could now avenge himself, and order the loyalists to fall upon his enemies. Richard nobly replied, "Three-fourths of them have been brought here by fear and threats, I will not let the innocent suffer with the guilty." He simply proclaimed to the multitude that he gave them leave to depart. Many of them, we are told, fell upon their knees and thanked him for his clemency. All dispersed in haste, and the King returned within the gates of London with the triumphant words, "Now let us rejoice and praise God, for to-day I have recovered my heritage that was lost, and the realm of England also." C. W. C. O.

PRELUDE.—The small figure of a boy [Richard Whittington] crosses the greensward. He has with him a cat, and stops every now and then to hearken to the bells of Bow, which are ringing out in the city below.

SCENE:—The streets of London.

Groups of the citizens of London enter in a state of high excitement, station themselves along the river front, and point out to each other the smoke across the water, in Lambeth and Southwark, where the Kentish rebels are burning and sacking Lambeth Palace, the Marshalsea, and other buildings. Some regard the approaching revolution with terror, some with mere curiosity, others with unconcealed joy.

Enter hastily William Walworth, the Mayor, who sets a small guard of armed citizens to protect the drawbridge and portcullis of London Bridge. He is hooted and pelted by many bystanders. When he is gone, two malcontents—the ruined litigant, Thomas Faringdon, and the jealous Alderman, Walter Sibley—mount on stones and begin to harangue the mob.

FARINGDON (*waving a handful of legal documents*): Justice, Sirs! Justice. Down with the lawyers who awarded my five goodly tenements to the knights of St. John. Down with judges and sergeants, sheriffs and questmongers, and let good men come to their own.

SIBLEY: Sirs, I would have you pay no heed to our Mayor, when he bids you hold London Bridge against the men of Kent. They come to destroy oppressors, and he is one of the worst of them.

The rebels from Southwark rush upon London Bridge. The guards set by Walworth make a feeble attempt to resist, but are set upon by Sibley and the London mob, who thrust them away. The gate is opened, and the Kentish men stream through; they are headed by WAT TYLER, in a battered helmet and an old coat of mail, riding upon a little white palfrey, and by JOHN BALL, a tattered priest on a mule. The London mob fraternize with them and give them drink, seized from alehouses hard by. They then burst out into the rebels' song:—

SONG OF WAT TYLER'S REBELS.

(*a*) JOHN BALL AND SEMI-CHORUS OF FANATICS (*to a melancholy tune*):

When first the sinful world began,
When Adam delved and Evé span,
Oh, where was then the gentleman?
There was, I trow, no serf, no lord,
And Adam's sons, in fair accord,
Were equal all and free;
A shame it is to see
The good old times forgot.

(*b*) WAT TYLER AND SEMI-CHORUS OF RIOTERS (*to a boisterous tune*):

Tremble ye now, lords of the land,
Baron and squire, abbot and prior,
Who double our boon-work and raise our rents higher.
Gone is your day, grovel and groan,
Now that the Commons have come to their own.

(*a*) BALL AND SEMI-CHORUS:

We come the poor of heart to greet,
To cast the mighty from their seat,
To purge the tares from out the wheat:
There shall not be or serf or lord,
And Englishmen, in fair accord,
Made equal all and free,
From this day forth shall see
The good old times brought back.

(*b*) TYLER AND SEMI-CHORUS :

Ye who the helm guide of this realm,
Primate and peer, hearken and fear !
Taxmongers, questmongers, vengeance is near !
Sheriff and judge, fly in dismay,
Know that the Commons have ended your day.

TOGETHER :

(*a*) BALL, etc.

We come arrayed with bow and sword
To cleanse the vineyard of the Lord,
To preach the way of life ;
Beware of the eternal fire,
All ye who hinder our desire
Or mar our work with strife !

Freedom for slaves,
Every man craves,
Publish abroad our glad message of joy !

Mercy and Peace are sisters twain,
They have met, and kissed each other ;
How fair is the day, for England's gain,
So give me your hand, good brother !

(*b*) TYLER, etc.

We come arrayed with bow and sword
To deal with every traitor lord,
To take each tyrant's life :
We'll give their mansions to the fire,
We'll drag their honour in the mire,
We'll conquer in the strife ;

Gallows for knaves,
Every man craves,
Tear down the Temple and burn the Savoy !

Fire and sword are sisters twain,
Each wholesome as the other ;
The tyrant's loss is the poor man's gain,
So on to the sack, good brother !

After finishing their song, they rush out to burn the Savoy and to sack the Temple. Smoke and tumultuous cries in the distance. Enter, from the Tower, King Richard (aged 14, a very pretty lad) and his counsellors—Archbishop Sudbury, the Chancellor, Sir Robert Hales, the Treasurer, (a Knight of St. John, in his appropriate dress,) the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, two old soldiers, Mayor Walworth, and a retinue of about twenty persons, all on horseback. They talk together, Sudbury and Hales offering themselves as victims to the mob, and counselling concession of the rebels' demands, Walworth advising a bold resistance.

SUDBURY cries :—

Let no man die that I may live. I have sinned against this nation though most unwittingly. Do not offer battle, my liege, for, if you fall, your blood is on my unhappy head.

While they are still debating, the mob returns, some bearing torches, others torn banners and other spoils of the Savoy, or law-books speared on pikes from the Temple. They close in a semi-circle round the King, who dismisses Sudbury and Hales, by a wave of his hand, into the Tower. The rioters sing :—

Fire and Sword are sisters twain—
We've given to fire her due !
But the hungry Sword asks traitors' heads,
And we come for them, King, to you !

Wat Tyler rides forward out of the press, and places himself opposite the King.

TYLER : Well met, King Richard ! You do wisely to come forth to greet your loyal Commons, who are here to deliver you from evil counsellors, and to get from you certain good laws, which it is their pleasure to enact. And first know that we would have all serfdom abolished in this realm of England, and no man shall any more do suit or service to any lord, but shall have from him the land that he tills at a rent of fourpence an acre. And you shall here and now give us charters under your royal seal confirming this gift.

RICHARD : We grant them, and our clerks shall draw up your charters this day.

TYLER : So far so good. But we must also have the heads of certain traitors, and first of your evil counsellors, Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury ; your false Chancellor ; and Robert Hales, Prior of St. John's, your greedy Treasurer.

RICHARD : They shall be duly tried for treason according to the law of the land.

TYLER : I know something better than law.

Thomas Faringdon seizes the King's bridle rein, and engages in an altercation with him, while Tyler and his lieutenant, Jack Straw, with part of the rioters dash into the open gate of the Tower. They return in a moment, dragging out Sudbury and Hales ; the mob shouts " Here are the traitors, the spoilers of England." Sudbury struggles forward and cries " No traitor am I, but your unworthy Archbishop." He is dragged away, Tyler shouting, " Off with their heads." A half minute later a shout of triumph announces that they have been slain. (*This is done behind a corner of the Tower.*)

During the tumult the King and his party dash away and ride off towards St. Paul's. Tyler pays them little attention, but takes the centre of the stage, and (still sitting on his horse) cries :—

TYLER : Now let all who are wronged, and all who are in distress, come to me, and they shall have good justice on their enemies. My sword is sharp (*waving it*) and my arm is long.

Scuffling ensues. All sorts of persons—lawyers, tax-collectors, foreign merchants, wealthy citizens—are dragged before Tyler; he orders some to be stripped, others to be flogged, some to be slain. The mob arrest all sorts of incongruous persons—especially an old lady (Dame Elizabeth Spigornel), who has been looking on from a high doorstep; and Robert, the Curate of Clapham, a simple priest. They are plundered and hooted, but allowed to run off. After a time—

TYLER: This justice-doing grows tame. It is the time of fire again, now that sword has done her part. (*To Faringdon*) Do you burn the Guildhall, the Mayor needs a warming. (*To Jack Straw*) And do you burn the Treasurer's great house at Highgate—it will serve as a bonfire to celebrate his release from this wicked world.

The mob go out in various directions, brandishing their torches.

When the mob is gone, the King and his party return cautiously from the direction of St. Paul's. They still debate in corners, and Walworth advises the use of arms. The King agrees, and Walworth rides off, and two or three others, in various directions. When they have gone, stray bands of the rebels begin to reappear, and presently Tyler, looking hot, exhausted, and obviously a little in liquor. When he perceives the King and his following, he makes toward them, and opens a second debate.

TYLER: Stand back, good fellows, and hearken once more while I parley with this misguided young King.

The rioters draw together in a semi-circle on the left of the scene, leaving Tyler, alone with a man who bears his banner, facing the King and his party.

TYLER: This is a fortunate meeting, my liege, for I have bethought me of many a grant more that you must make us, and they may as well be signed and sealed at once. First we will have full equality among all men, and there shall be no man that bears any title—save yourself, perhaps. And there shall be no outlawry, or any process of law, to oppress poor men. Moreover, there shall be only one bishop in England—and that shall be my friend John Ball here, and all church lands shall be divided among the good Commons, for wealthy clergy are an abomination to the Lord. Moreover—but this law-making is thirsty work, bring me a horn of ale. (*One of the rebels runs out with a horn of ale, which Tyler quaffs with gusto, before resuming his harangue.*)

Meanwhile, Mayor Walworth has ridden back to join the King's retinue; while Tyler is drinking, he whispers to the King, "Ten minutes more delay, and 3,000 good men of the Guilds will be at your back."

TYLER: To resume—We must have all laws abolished that let and hinder every man from taking game: The deer and coneys are for him that has the skill and strength to take them, as are all God's good gifts.

A VOICE FROM AMONG THE KING'S RETAINERS: Are other men's purses God's good gifts? I remember when you took mine on the Dover Road six months agone.

TYLER: I will have that scoffer's head. (*To his banner bearer*) Go in among them and slay him. (*The man holds back.*) What! Afraid? Then will I take his head myself. (*He draws his sword, and presses forward towards the King's party.*)

WALWORTH (*pushing in front of him*): Drawn swords before the King! As Mayor of London I arrest you for treason!

Tyler stabs at him, but the thrust is turned aside by the armour under Walworth's robe. The Mayor draws too, and cuts down Tyler by a blow on the shoulder. The rebel's horse gallops away with him a few yards, when he loses his stirrups and falls to the ground in the open space. The mob of rebels cry "Treason! Slay them all!" and are preparing to rush on the King's retinue, when Richard canters out alone, and cries: "Sirs, will you slay your King? I will be your chief and captain, and grant you what I can, but remember that all is not a King's to grant."

Confusion among the mob, some of whom cry "Hearken to the King," others "No parleying, but slay them all for their treachery." While they waver, loud shouts of "God save the King" are heard from behind, and a mass of armed men, under the banners of the London Wards, run in, and place themselves on each side of Richard, outflanking the rioters.

RICHARD (*to the rebels*): Save yourselves while you may. There are some few who must suffer for their outrageous deeds. The rest I pardon—let them depart unharmed.

The rebels throw themselves down on their knees, cry "God save King Richard!" and hurriedly disperse.

The King turns to his followers, and cries "Come forth William Walworth, Mayor of London." Walworth dismounts and bends before him. The King asks for his sword, and knights him with it, saying "Arise, Sir William Walworth! No man ever won knighthood more fairly than you who have saved your King."

Great cheers from the London armed levies. The King ends, "Now rejoice and praise God, for this day I have recovered my heritage that was lost, and the realm of England is delivered."

Triumphal exit with trumpets and banners. C. O.

APPENDIX.

The last scene in the Wat Tyler tragedy is thus described by an unknown contemporary. The original is in Anglo-French, and the translation is taken from Oman's *Great Revolt of* 1381, pages 200-202:—

"Then the King caused a proclamation to be made that all the commons of the country who were still in London should come to Smithfield to meet him there; and so they did.

"And when the King and his train had arrived there, they turned into the eastern meadow in front of St. Bartholomew's, which is a house of canons; and the Commons arrayed themselves on the west side in great battles. At this moment the Mayor of London, William Walworth, came up, and the King bade him go to the Commons, and ask their chieftain to come to him. And when he was summoned by the Mayor, by the name of Wat Tighler of Maidstone, he came to the King with great confidence, mounted on a little horse, that the Commons might see him. And he dismounted, holding in his hand a dagger which he had taken from another man, and when he had dismounted, he half bent his knee, and then took the King by the hand, and shook his arm forcibly and roughly, saying to him, 'Brother, be of good comfort and joyful, for you shall have in the fortnight that is to come, praises from the Commons even more that you have

yet had, and we shall be companions.' And the King said to Walter, 'Why will you not go back to your own country?' But the other answered with a great oath that neither he nor his followers would depart until they had got their charter such as they wished to have it, and had certain points rehearsed and added to their charter which they wished to demand. And he said in a threatening fashion that the lords of the realm would rue it bitterly if these points were not settled to their pleasure. Then the King asked him what were the points which he wished to have revised, and he should have them freely, without contradiction, written out and sealed. Thereupon the said Walter rehearsed the points which were to be demanded; and he asked that there should be no law within the realm save the law of Winchester, and that from henceforth there should be no outlawry in any process of law, and that no lord should have lordship save civilly (?), and that there should be equality among all people, save only the King, and that the goods of Holy Church should not remain in the hands of the religious, nor of parsons and vicars and other churchmen. But that clergy already in possession should have a sufficient sustenance from the endowments, and the rest of the goods should be divided among the people of the parish. And he demanded that there should be only one bishop in England and only one prelate, and all the lands and tenements now held by them should be confiscated, and divided among the Commons, only reserving for them a reasonable sustenance. And he demanded that there should be no more villeins in England, and no serfdom or villeinage, but that all men should be free, and of one condition. To this the King gave an easy answer, and said that he should have all that he could fairly grant, reserving only for himself the regality of the crown. And then he bade him go back to his home, without making further delay.

"During all this time that the King was speaking, no lord or counsellor dared or wished to give answer to the Commons in any place save the King himself. Presently Watt Tighler, in the presence of the King, sent for a flagon of water to rinse his mouth, because of the great heat that he was in, and when it was brought, he rinsed his mouth in a very rude and disgusting fashion before the King's face. And then he bade them bring him a jug of beer, and drank a great draught, and then, in the presence of the King, climbed on his horse again. At this time a certain valet from Kent, who was among the King's retinue, asked that the said Walter, the chief of the Commons, might be pointed out to him. And when he saw him, he said aloud that he knew him for the greatest robber and thief in all Kent. Watt heard these words, and bade him come out to him, wagging his head at him in sign of malice; but the valet refused to approach, for fear that he had of the mob. But at last the lords made him go out to him, to see what he (Watt) would do before the King. And when Watt saw him he ordered one of his followers, who was riding behind him carrying his banner displayed, to dismount and behead the said valet. But the valet answered that he had done nothing worthy of death, for what he had said was true, and he would not deny it, but he could not lawfully make debate in the presence of his liege-lord without leave, except in his own defence; but that he could do without reproof; for if he was struck he would strike back again. And for these words Watt tried to strike him with his dagger, and would have slain him in the King's presence; but because he strove to do so, the Mayor of London, William Walworth, reasoned with the said Watt for his violent behaviour and despite, done in the King's presence, and arrested him. And because he arrested him, the said Watt stabbed the Mayor with his dagger in the stomach in great wrath. But, as it pleased God, the Mayor was wearing

PART II., SCENE II. (A.D. 1415.) HENRY V.'s RETURN FROM AGINCOURT.

Crowned with the laurels of victory, the young King returns to his capital amidst the joyful acclamations of his people.

armour and took no harm, but like a hardy and vigorous man drew his cutlass, and struck back at the said Watt and gave him a deep cut on the neck, and then a great cut on the head. And during this scuffle one of the King's household drew his sword and ran Watt two or three times through the body, mortally wounding him. And he spurred his horse, crying to the Commons to avenge him, and the horse carried him some fourscore paces, and then he fell to the ground half dead. And when the Commons saw him fall, and knew not how for certain it was, they began to bend their bows and shoot, wherefore the King himself spurred his horse and rode out to meet them, commanding them that they could all come to him at Clerkenwell Fields."

SCENE II.

HENRY V.'s RETURN FROM AGINCOURT.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23RD, 1415.

Historical Referee - - DR. J. H. WYLIE.

On June 16th, 1415, the King left London to join his army at Southampton. He was escorted on his way by the Mayor, the Aldermen, and many of the citizens, and as he parted from them at Kingston, he cried, "Christ save London!" and charged the Mayor to keep his "Chamber" (meaning the City) till he should return. Setting sail from Southampton on August 11th, amidst gloomy omens of coming disaster, he landed on August 14th, without any opposition, on the north side of the estuary of the Seine, and proceeded to lay siege to Harfleur, which capitulated on September 22nd, by which time thousands of his men had died in the surrounding swamps, and thousands more had been invalided home. Leaving 900 men to garrison the place, he started from Harfleur on October 6th with a force of about 10,000 fighting men on his foolhardy march to Calais. News of his doings had been sent across to London, whose merchants, victuallers, and craftsmen had been invited to cross and settle in Harfleur, where free houses and special liberties were offered to all who would come over and make of it a second Calais. But after starting on his march all tidings of him ceased, except that it was expected that he would reach Calais by October 16th, so that no news of him could possibly be received in England till October 18th at the earliest. That date arrived, but still no tidings came; and as day after day passed by, an uneasy feeling got abroad in London, and rumours were in the air that a great battle had been fought, in which 6,000 Englishmen had been lost. Medicines had been sent across in the apprehension that they might be sorely needed, and on October 25th a message reached London from Calais that nothing had been heard there of the expected arrival, and a dismal foreboding seized the Londoners that the worst had happened to their King. On October 13th the citizens had elected their new Mayor, Nicholas Wotton, who took the oath in the Guildhall on October 28th, with the usual civic ceremonies, and on the day

following he was to ride to the Exchequer at Westminster to take his charge. But early in the morning of that day (Tuesday, October 29th), while men were yet in their beds, a royal pursuivant rode into London with letters for the Mayor containing the wondrous news that the King and his victorious army had come safely through to Calais, and forthwith all sadness was turned to boisterous joy. The bells rang out from every steeple; men flocked to the *Te Deum* in their parish churches, and by nine o'clock vast crowds, including Queen Joan and many nobles, had gathered round the steps of St. Paul's to hear Bishop Beaufort read out the news officially as Chancellor.

The battle had indeed been fought, on St. Crispin's Day (October 25th), and the army had marched unopposed to Calais, which the King entered on October 29th, and after a fortnight's delay he took ship in the morning of November 16th, and landed at Dover in the same evening in a blinding sleet-storm. The next day saw him at Canterbury, where he stayed for two nights, and then moved on for London, throngs of glad Englishmen gathering to acclaim him at every halting-place along the route. Eltham was reached on November 22nd, and the next day (St. Clement's Day, November 23rd) he made his joyous entry into London.

It took five hours for the procession to pass from London Bridge to Westminster, including many halts to hear explanations of the mumming, and a visit to St. Paul's to join in the great *Te Deum.* On the next day the Mayor and 200 citizens waited on him at the Palace at Westminster, bringing with them £1,000, which they presented in two silver-gilt basins; and when Christmas came the revelry broke out afresh, and all went mad again with music and merriment in honour of their "most victorious" King. "For never," says an eye-witness who had followed with him through the whole of the campaign, "had England known a king more manly, more unwearied, who shared his people's toil through such a march, fought at their head in such a fight, and led them back with so glorious a triumph and so quick a return." He had gone forth as the dawn to return as the noon-day; he had sailed as a king and come back as a conqueror whose own good strength had crushed the might of France, revived his country's old renown, and made her the queen of kingdoms and the terror of her foes.

J. H. W.

SCENE: The streets extending from London Bridge to St. Paul's being seen on one side.

The sides of the houses are decorated with tapestry, on which the achievements of the heroes of Antiquity as well as those of the Kings of England are represented.

From the left enters a civic procession:—

City Companies.

Chief citizens. Chief citizens.

Twelve aldermen. Twelve aldermen.

Sword-bearer (on foot). The Mayor (Nicholas Wotton). Mace-bearer (on foot).

They meet the King, and having greeted him, they return as follows :—

The Civic Procession.

Guards.

The King's Retinue
(members of his household).

THE KING
(dressed in purple).

Guards. The French prisoners. Guards.

At the head of the prisoners ride :—

The Duke of Orleans.	The Duke of Bourbon.
Marshal Boucicaut.	Count of Eu.
Count of Vendôme.	Count of Richmond.
Lord of Gaucourt.	Lord of Estouteville.

Guards.

The Mayor, on behalf of the citizens, offers the King two golden basins containing £100.

The whole body proceeds to :—

THE FIRST PAGEANT. On this stands a gigantic figure with an axe in his right hand, as if a champion, and in his left the keys on a staff as porter of the City. At his right side another figure to represent his wife, wearing a scarlet mantle and woman's ornaments. The tower on which he stands is adorned by banners bearing the Royal Arms, and bears in front the inscription, "*Civitas Regis Justicie.*"

On either side is a column made of wood and covered with linen cloth, painted like white marble and green jasper. On the right-hand column is the figure of an antelope with a shield of the Royal Arms hanging from his neck, and the sceptre held in his right foot. On the left-hand column is a lion erect, supporting in the claws of his right paw a staff with the Royal Standard. Under a pavilion a little further on stands the figure of St. George, armed, except the head, which has a laurel wreath round it. Behind him crimson tapestry covered with shields of his arms (argent, a cross gules). On his right hangs his helmet, and on the left his shield bearing his arms. His right hand rests on the sword with which he is girt, and his left holds a roll which reaches to the top of the pavilion, bearing the words, "*Soli Deo Honor et Gloria.*" Above, again, is this scroll, "*Fluminis Impetus Letificat Civitatem Dei.*"

Halberds, bearing the King's arms, hang from the awning.

The crowd surges round here. It was so dense that a horseman could not proceed along the streets. Some of the crowd are here seen carrying trumpets. Clarions and horns are used by the crowd to express their joy.

Thirty boys come forward, dressed in white, with glittering wings and wearing sprigs of laurel in their long hair to represent the angelic host, and sing the following English anthem :—

Owre Kynge went forth to Normandy,
With grace and myght of chivalry;
The God for hym wrought marvelously,
Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria!

He sette a sege, the sothe for to say,
To Harflue toune with ryal aray;
That toune he wan, and made a fray,
That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.
Deo gratias, etc.

Then went owre Kynge, with alle his oste,
Thorowe Fraunce for all the French boste;
He spared, for drede of lest, ne most,
Tyl he came to Agincourt coste.
Deo gratias, etc.

Than for sothe that Knyght comely,
In Agincourt feld he faught manly;
Thorow grace of God most myghty,
He had bothe the felde, and the victory.
Deo gratias, etc.

Ther Dukys, and Erlys, Lorde and Barone,
Were tak, and slayne, and that wel sone,
And some were led in to Lundone
With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.
Deo gratias, etc.

Now gracious God, He save oure Kynge,
His peple, and all his well wyllynge,
Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endynge,
That we with mirth mowe savely synge,
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.*

The procession passes to :—

THE CONDUIT ON CORNHILL. Around this is spread crimson cloth like a tent on poles. Round the Conduit are hung the arms of Saints George, Edward, and Edmund, of England, and the following inscription: *Quoniam Rex sperat in Domino et in misericordia altissimi non commovebitur.* Under the tent stands a company of prophets, dressed in coats and mantles of gold, with gold and crimson head coverings. These set at liberty a host of sparrows and other small birds, "as a sacrifice agreeable to God in return for the victory," and sing the Psalm, *Cantate Domino canticum novum, Alleluia, Quia mirabilia fecit, Alleluia.* (Psalm xcviii.)

* Of this song Sir Harris Nicolas writes:—"It is to be regretted that in every instance when the Chronicler alludes to the songs sung in honour of Henry's reception, he should have omitted to give a copy of them. . . . It has, however, been suggested . . . that the song introduced into Percy's *Ancient Reliques* (*i.e.*, the above), was in all probability one of those alluded to."—*Battle of Agincourt*, cccIxxxii., 1st ed.

Next the procession comes to :—

THE CONDUIT AT THE ENTRANCE TO CHEAP. This is hung with a green covering and escutcheons of the arms of the city. Beneath stand twelve venerable men bearing on their foreheads the names of the apostles, together with twelve kings, martyrs and confessors of the succession of England, having golden girdles, sceptres in their hands, and crowns on their heads. These chant at the King's approach, and throw before him round leaves of silver mixed with wafers, while wine pours out of the Conduit, to symbolize the bread and wine with which Melchisedec received Abraham returning with victory from the slaughter of the four kings.

Passing along, the King comes to :—

THE CROSS IN CHEAPSIDE. A fair castle is built round the cross, with an arch on either side, through which the procession rides. Over these arches or gates stands the inscription, *Gloriosa dicta sunt de te civitas Dei.* The castle is covered with a linen awning painted like white marble and green and crimson jasper. On the summit are the arms of St. George, and on the two side towers the King's and the Emperor's (quarterly 1st and 4th Argent, an Eagle displayed Sable, 2nd and 3rd gules, a Lion rampant Argent crowned Or). The arms of the Royal Family and the great peers of the realm hang from the lower turrets. A wooden bridge projects from the portals of the castle, and is covered with tapestry, with post and barriers planted on both sides to keep back the crowd. Over this bridge, a chorus of beautiful virgins, dressed in white, advance out of the castle to meet the King, singing, with Timbrel and Dance, "*Welcome, Henry the Fifth, Kinge of England and Fraunce.*" They kneel before the King, singing, "*Nowell! Nowell!*" The tower and arches are full of boys, intended to represent the angelic host, dressed in white, with shining wings, and gems in their hair. These shower golden coins and boughs of laurel on the King as he passes beneath the arches, and sing, *Te Deum Laudamus*, and this continues while the procession passes on to :—

THE CONDUIT AT THE WEST END OF CHEAP, where a tower is covered with a sky-blue canopy on which clouds are shown. Round the tower stand beautiful virgins wearing girdles of gold, crowned with laurel, and having each a golden cup in hand from which round leaves of gold are blown down on the King's head. Above stands the golden image of an Archangel, and the four posts of the canopy are borne each by an angel. Beneath, on a throne, is a majestic image representing the sun, with glittering rays. On the tower is written *Deo Gracias.*

At this moment an ecclesiastical procession enters headed by fourteen bishops in full canonicals, and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, all bearing censers. A joyful outburst of bells greets the King as he advances to meet them. He dismounts and follows the clergy into the Cathedral.

The bells cease, and the strains of the " Te Deum " being sung in St. Paul's are heard as the crowd disperses, some into the Cathedral and others in various directions.

APPENDIX.

The following is a description of King Henry's entry into London, written by one of his chaplains, translated from the original Latin in *Henrici quinti Angliæ Regis Gesta* (edited by Benjamin Williams, London, 1859, pp. 61-68) by Sir Harris Nicolas in "The Battle of Agincourt" :—

"The King, having enjoyed one day's rest in the aforesaid port (Dover), proceeded through Canterbury, over the holy thresholds of the churches of that metropolis, and of St. Augustine, to his manor of Eltham; proposing on the following Saturday to honor the City of London with his presence. Now the citizens, having heard the most desirable, yea, most delightful, reports of his arrival, in the meantime prepared themselves and the city as much as time permitted, for the reception of their most loving and beloved Prince, whom God had so magnificently and miraculously of His grace led back with triumph to his own country from a rebellious and intractable people. And when the wished-for Saturday dawned, the citizens went forth to meet the King, as far as the heights of Blackheath: viz., the Mayor and twenty-four aldermen in scarlet, and the rest of the inferior citizens in red suits, with party-coloured hoods, red and white, on about twenty thousand horses, all of whom, according to their crafts, had certain finely contrived devices, which notably distinguished each craft from the other. And when about the tenth hour of day, the King had come through the middle of them, and the citizens had given glory and honor to God, and congratulations and thanks to the King for the victory obtained and for his labours for the state, the citizens advanced forward towards the city, the King following with his own but small retinue. And that the pen may record something of the praise and embellishment of the city, and the splendid entertainments of so many noble citizens, when they had come to the tower at the approach to the bridge, as it were at the entrance to the authorities of the city, there was erected on the top of the tower a gigantic statue of amazing magnitude, which, looking upon the King, bore, as if a champion, a great axe in his right hand, but held in his left, as porter, the keys of the city hanging on a staff, and at his right side stood a female not much less in size, clad in a scarlet mantle and a woman's ornaments, as if man and wife, who, arrayed in fine apparel, might see the venerated face of their lord, and receive him with full praise. Around them, banners of the royal arms adorned the tower, elevated on the turrets; and trumpets, clarions, and horns sounded in various melody. And in front there was this elegant and suitable inscription upon the wall, *Civitas Regis Justicie.* And as they advanced further to the draw-bridge there was found on each side, a little before it, a lofty column, in imitation of a little tower, no less ingenious than elegant, built of wood, which was covered with linen cloth, painted the colour of white marble and green jasper, as though of stones squared and cut by a stone cutter. On the top of the right-hand column stood an erect figure of an antelope, having a shield with the splendid royal arms suspended from his neck, and holding the royal sceptre extended in his right foot; and on the top of the other column was an image of a lion, erect, bearing on high in his right claws a staff with the royal standard unfurled. Over the foot of the bridge across the road was raised a tower, worked and painted like the said columns, in the middle of which, under a splendid pavilion, stood a most beautiful image of St. George, armed, excepting his head, which was adorned with a laurel wreath, studded with gems, shining with what

seemed precious stones, having behind his back a crimson tapestry, glittering with his arms on a multitude of scutcheons. And on his right, hung his triumphal helmet, and on his left a shield of his arms of suitable size. In his right hand he held the hilt of the sword with which he was girded, and in his left a roll, which extended along the turrets, containing these words, *Soli Deo Honor et Gloria* (To God alone honor and glory). And this prophetical congratulation was placed in front of the tower, *Fluminis Impetus Letificat Civitatem Dei* (The stream of the river maketh glad the city of God), with halberds bearing the King's arms displayed, adorned as above, projecting at the awning and turrets. And in an adjoining house behind the tower were innumerable boys, representing the angelic host, arrayed in white, and with countenances shining with gold, and glittering wings, and virgin locks, set with precious sprigs of laurel, who at the King's approach sang with melodious voices, and with organs, this English anthem. [Not given in the chronicle.]

"And when they were come as far as the tower of the Conduit in Cornhill, that tower was found draped above with crimson cloth, spread out after the fashion of a tent upon poles covered with the same cloth. The middle of the tower below was surrounded with the arms of Saints George, Edward, and Edmund, and of England, in four elevated places, with intermediate escutcheons of the royal arms, amongst which was inserted this inscription of pious import, *Quoniam Rex sperat in Domino et in misericordia Altissimi non commovebitur* (Because the King hopeth in the Lord, and in the mercy of the Most High, he shall not be moved). But higher, on the turrets the arms of the royal family were raised for ornament on halberds. Under the pavilion was a company of prophets, of venerable hoariness, dressed in golden coats and mantles, with their heads covered and wrapped in gold and crimson, who, when the King passed by them, sent forth a great quantity of sparrows and other small birds, as a sacrifice agreeable to God, in return for the victory, and of which some alighted on the King's breast, some rested on his shoulders, and some fluttered round about him. And the prophets sang with music accompanying the words, bowing to the ground, this psalm of thanksgiving, *Cantate Domino Canticum Novum, Alleluia. Quia Mirabilia Fecit, Alleluia. Salvavit, etc.* (Sing unto the Lord a new song, hallelujah! For He hath done wondrous things, hallelujah; He hath saved, etc.). Thence they advanced to the tower of the Conduit, in the entrance of the street of Cheap, which was hung with a green covering with escutcheons of the city arms, inserted and interwoven in gay assemblage upon posts covered with the same colour, resembling a building. And the turrets above the tower were ornamented with halberds of arms, projecting as in the other places, also its middle round about . . . . And beneath the covering were men of venerable old age, in apostolic array and number, having the names of the twelve apostles written on their foreheads, together with twelve kings, martyrs and confessors of the succession of England, their loins girded with golden girdles, sceptres in their hands, and crowns on their head, the express emblems of sanctity, who chaunted with one accord at the King's approach, in a sweet tune, as follows . . . .

"And they sent forth upon him, round leaves of silver mixed with obleys, equally thin and round, with wine out of the pipes of the conduit, that they might receive him with bread and wine, as Melchisedec received Abraham, returning with victory from the slaughter of the four kings. Then having proceeded further to the cross of Cheap, the cross was not to be seen, but as it were, a very fair castle

around it, which, constructed of wood with no less ingenuity than elegance, was ornamented with towers, beautiful columns, and bastions in elegant assemblage; having on each side vaulted arches of good height each of which at one extremity supported the castle, and at the other extending forth over the street immerged into the neighbouring buildings, as if it grew out of them; under which in a sufficiently ample space, to the breadth of one spear's length, the people rode as through two gates. And there was written on the fronts of the gates on each side, *Gloriosa dicta sunt de te Civitas Dei* (Glorious things are spoken of thee, O City of God). Its covering consisted of a linen awning, and painting of the colours of white marble and of green and crimson jasper, as if the whole had been cemented together of squared and well-polished stones. The arms of Saint George adorned the summit of the castle and the upper tower, and on one part were the King's arms, and on the other the Emperor's, on halberds, and the lower turrets had the arms of the royal family, and of the greater peers of the realm. From the middle of the castle towards the King, a fair portal projected, not less ingeniously constructed, from which was extended a wooden bridge, as it were fifteen *stadia* of good breadth, and reaching from the ground to a man's waist, for the purpose of seeing, covered and decked with tapestry, with posts and barriers on each side, ornamentally and securely enough, for avoiding the pressure of the people; and upon this bridge there proceeded out of the castle to meet the King, a chorus of most beautiful virgin girls, elegantly attired in white and virgin dress, singing, with timbrel and dance, as to a second David coming from the slaughter of Goliath, who might be supposed to be represented by the haughtiness of the French, this song of congratulation, *Welcome Henry the Fifte, Kynge of Englond and of Fraunce.* From the top to the bottom of the castle, in the towers, bastions, and columns, were innumerable boys, as it were the archangelic and angelic multitude, decked with celestial gracefulness, white apparel, shining wings, virgin locks studded with gems and other resplendent and most elegant array, who sent forth upon the head of the King passing beneath, besants of gold, with boughs of laurel; singing with one accord to the honor of Almighty God, with sweet melody of voice and with organs, this angelic hymn, *Te Deum Laudamus, Te Dominum Confitemur, etc.* (We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord). And having come to the tower of the conduit in the going out of Cheap towards St. Paul's, there surrounded that tower about the middle, many artificial pavilions, and in each pavilion was a most beautiful virgin girl, like a statue decorated with very elegant ornaments of modesty, all of them being crowned with laurel, girt with golden girdles, and having cups of gold in their hands, from which they blew, with gentle breath, scarcely perceptible, round leaves of gold upon the King's head, when he passed beneath them. But the tower was covered above with a canopy of the colour of the sky, with clouds interwoven and heaped up with much art; the summit of which was ornamented with the image of an archangel, as if of lucid gold, with other more brilliant colours, resplendently variegated; and the four posts which supported the canopy were borne by four angels, of not inferior workmanship. Beneath the canopy, on a throne, was a majestic image representing the sun, which with the shining rays it emitted, glittered above all things; round about which angels shone with celestial gracefulness, chaunting sweetly, and with all sorts of music . . . . .

"And there ornamented the bastions of the tower . . . . projecting on posts. And that the tower in its inscription might seem to conform with the preceding praises of the inscriptions to the honor and glory of God, not of men, it bore to the view of the passers-by this conclusion of praise, *Deo Gracias* (Thanks to God). And besides the pressure in the standing places, and of men crowding the streets, and the multitude of both sexes looking out of windows and apertures, however narrow, along the way from the bridge, so great was the pressure of the people in Cheap, from one end to the other, that the horsemen could scarce ride through them. And the solars and windows on both sides were filled with the more noble ladies and women of the realm, and with honorable and honored men, who flocked together to the pleasing sight, and were so very gracefully and elegantly dressed, in garments of gold, fine linen, and crimson, and various other apparel, that a greater assembly, or a nobler spectacle, was not recollected to have been ever before in London. The King himself, amidst these public expressions of praise, and the bravery of the citizens, passed along clad in a purple robe, not with lofty looks, pompous horses, or great multitude, but with a solid aspect, a reverend demeanour, and a few of his most faithful domestics attendant on him; the Dukes, the Earls, and the Marshal, his prisoners, following him with a guard of soldiers. From the taciturnity of his countenance, his unassuming deportment, and sober step, it might be gathered that the King, secretly revolving the affair in his breast, was giving thanks and glory to God alone, and not to men. And when he had visited the churches of the apostles Peter and Paul, he turned aside to his palace of Westminster, the citizens conducting him along."

The following description is taken from a contemporary poem attributed at one time to John Lydgate, but now not believed to be by him. It is printed in Nicolas's *The Battle of Agincourt*, page 329:—

To London brigge, thanne rood oure Kyng,
The processions there they mette hym ryght,
"Ave Rex Anglor" thei gan syng
"Flos mundi" thei seyde Goddys knyght
To London brigge whan he com ryght,
Upon the gate ther stode on hy,
A gyaunt that was full grym of syght,
To teche the Frensshmen curtesye.

And at the drawe brigge, that is faste by,
To toures there were upright;
An antelope and a lyon stondyng hym by,
Above them Seynt George oure Ladye knyght,
Besyde hym an angell bright,
"Benedictus" thei gan synge,
"Qui venit in nomine Domin" Goddes knyght,
"Gracia Dei," with yow doth sprynge.

Into London thane rood oure Kyng,
Full goodly there thei gonnen hym grete;
Thorugh out the town thanne gonne they syng,
For joy and merthe y yow behete;
Men and women for joye they alle,
Of his comyng thei waren so fayn,
That the Condyd bothe grete and smalle,
Ran wyn ich on as y herde sayn.

The tour of Cornhill that is so shene,
I may well say now as y know,
It was full of Patriarkes alle be dene,
"Cantate" thei songe upon a rowe;
There bryddes thei gon down throwe,
An hundred there flewe aboughte oure Kyng,
"Laus ejus" bothe hyghe and lowe
"In ecclesia sanctorum" thei dyd syng.

Unto the Chepe thanne rood oure Kyng;
To the Condyt whanne he com tho,
The xij apostelys thei gon syng,
"Benedict anima domino."
XII Kynges there were on a rowe,
They knelyd doun be on asent,
And obles aboughte oure Kyng gan throwe,
And welcomyd hym with good entent.

The cros in Chepe verrament,
It was gret joy it for to beholds;
It was araied full reverent,
With a castell right as God wolde,
With baners brighte beten with gold.
And angelys senssyd hym that tyde,
With besaunts riche many a fold,
They strowed oure Kyng on every syde.

Virgynes out of the castell gon glyde,
For joye of hym they were daunsyng,
They knelyd a doun alle in that tyde,
"Nowell," "Nowell," alle thei gon syng.
Unto Poules thanne rood oure Kyng,
XIIII Bysshopes hym mette there right,
The grete bellys thanne did they ryng,
Upon his feet full faire he light.

PART II., SCENE III. (A.D. 1485.) THE PASSING OF MEDIÆVALISM. (*B*) HENRY VII. CROWNED ON BOSWORTH FIELD.

The battle has been won and lost, and Richard lies dead upon the field, where his battered crown is placed upon his rival's head.

And to the heighe auter he went right,
"Te Deum" for joye thanne thei gon syng;
And there he offred to God Almyght,
And thanne to Westminster he went withoute dwellyng.
In xv wokes forsothe, he wroughte al this,
Conquered Harfleu and Agincourt;
Crist brynge there soules all to blys,
That in that day were mort.

Crist that is oure hevene Kyng,
His body and soul save and se;
Now all Inglelond may say and syng,
"Blyssyd mote be the Trinite:"
This jornay have ye herd now alle be dene,
The date of Crist I wot it was,
A thousand foure hundred and fyftene.
Gloria tibi Trinitas.

SCENE III.

THE PASSING OF MEDIÆVALISM.

Historical Referee - - HUBERT HALL.

This scene displays the resources of the mediæval household, both royal and baronial, on the eve of the dissolution of feudalism under the new régime of personal monarchy and a standing army. For whilst the Statute of Liveries in 1503 put an end to the feudal retainers of the Wars of the Roses, the nucleus of the royal "Guards," in the shape of the salaried corps of "Yeomen of the Guard" and "Gentlemen Pensioners," was established to supplement the existing provincial "Garrisons."

In the first part of the scene the array of the *Maison du Roi*, though by no means exhaustive, may perhaps be regarded as fairly typical of the feudal "retinue" combined with the official element of the Royal Household in its usual progress from one royal castle to another. King Richard the Third, who had occupied the palace of Westminster since the preceding November, is represented in the act of leaving the City which he was never again to enter. As the King transacted business at Westminster on May 11th, and at Windsor on May 13th, the former date is indicated for this visit to the City, where new fortifications were in progress at the Tower. Again, Ludgate Hill, adjoining the Wardrobe in Blackfriars, a favourite Yorkist palace as well as an important department of the mediæval State, would be a suitable point for the concentration of the cortège. Owing to the wholesale destruction of the official Records of this period of the reign, the

order of the royal procession indicated here must be regarded as purely academic, though several details have been recovered, and all have been carefully reconstructed from the nearest contemporary authorities.

In surveying the attitude of the London crowd on this occasion, notice should be taken of a marked antagonism existing between the Italian merchants in London and the native silkworkers. This industry was largely occupied by women, and it was undoubtedly harassed by foreign competition, denounced in vain by consecutive Acts of Parliament. Moreover, the revenue rolls of the period show that these alien merchants were at this moment advancing large sums to the King in return, apparently, for concessions which secured their trade from statutory penalties. To the natural discontent of the traders there was added the concern occasioned by the rumour of the King's projected marriage with his niece, Elizabeth of York. In spite of the recent proclamations for the punishment of those who should spread this libel by word of mouth or post bills affirming it, a spirit of unrest is visible in the crowd.

The incidental spectacle of the transmission of Chancery enrolments from the Rolls Chapel to the Tower reminds us that a man and horse were maintained by the mediæval State for this purpose, whilst we know that the Master of the Rolls was following the King as one of his most trusted advisers. In connection with the sale of Indulgences, it may be remarked that in this period certificates were frequently issued stating that contributors were entitled to participate in the benefit of the prayers of certain religious bodies. The general impression conveyed by Richard the Third's *entourage* is that of an administration supported by legal process and official intimidation rather than by a show of armed force. In the companion scene we look for the last time upon the feudal presentment of mediæval warfare. Here again our authorities fail us in respect of much desired detail. Even heraldic tradition is at fault, and the devices of banners and badges must be recovered from sixteenth-century legends or memoranda, though the use of artillery, which ushers in the new political era, has been confirmed by antiquarian researches on the field of Bosworth.

In another aspect this scene illustrates once more "the sad vicissitudes of kings." Although the broad fact of Richard III.'s betrayal by those whom he had trusted, even generously pardoned and loaded with benefits, could scarcely be disputed, the circumstances of this betrayal and the attitude of individual courtiers have often been questioned, and are still in doubt. At the same time, we are justified in assuming that many of those who supported Richard's cause in May of 1485 swelled the ranks of his rival's victorious army when it entered London a few months later.

The date of this entry is again obscure, and the introduction of the sweating sickness by the French mercenaries (as indicated by the collapse of one of their number in this scene) is merely a learned speculation. Again, in respect of the appearance of the civic procession we have no details beyond the number and clothing of the city magistrates and liverymen. Bernard André's ode is, however, preserved, though the procedure of the ecclesiastical ceremony at St. Paul's is not recorded in any existing source of information, whilst the presentation of a purse of 1,000 marks probably took place at Shoreditch. H. H.

(A) DEPARTURE OF RICHARD III. FROM LONDON.

MAY 11TH, 1485.

SCENE :—Ludgate Hill.

The Mayor of London, Thomas (or Robert) Hill, supported by several aldermen, the sheriffs (Richard Chester and Thomas Brittaine) and City officers are discovered in the foreground on the north side. Opposite to them, on the south side, in the background, the Queen Dowager and her ladies with the Princesses of York and Lady Margaret Percy.

Both sides of the street are lined by citizens and others, amongst whom the following groups are noticeable :—

1.—Officials newly appointed in connection with the measures taken for the defence of the city and realm against invasion or sedition, namely, Commissioners of Array and Justices of the Peace, with several Sheriffs, Escheators, etc.

2.—Local Officials : the Master of the Mint and Keeper of the Exchange, the Comptroller of Customs in the Port of London, the Clerk of the Wardrobe, the Ulnager, Coroner, etc.

3.—Foreign Merchants, divided into :—

(*a*) Venetians with their Consul.
(*b*) Genoese.
(*c*) Hansards.

These alien competitors are regarded askance by the citizens, owing to the recent attitude of the Crown towards the protection of native industries, and with openly expressed disfavour by a group of :—

4.—Women-workers, whose English silk is being driven out of favour by the fashionable "Venice Silk," patronised by the well-dressed King and his foppish courtiers.

In the crowd, citizens may be seen listening eagerly to one who is relating the latest scandal touching the King's intended marriage with his niece "the Lady Bessie" (Elizabeth of York), and a citizen who is attempting to post a bill containing this libel is arrested in accordance with the King's recent injunctions to the City magnates.

In another direction some interest is shown in the efforts of a Pardoner to sell Indulgences to the guild-brethren.

A general gloom pervades the assembled crowd, and distrustful glances are directed towards the royal officials in the street.

The sound of trumpets is heard, and the Royal Procession makes its appearance proceeding from east to west down Ludgate Hill in the following order :—

Trumpeters with Banners.

Messengers.

Knights Harbingers.

Royal Purveyors.

Clerks of the Marshal.

Knight Marshal (Master of the Henchmen).

Henchmen of the court.

Pages of the Chamber.

Servers.

Grooms of the Chamber.

Gentlemen Ushers of the Chamber.

Esquires of the Household.

Steward of the Household. Treasurer of the Household.

Comptroller of the Household. Chief Butler of England.

Squires, abreast.

Royal Physician. Royal Surgeon.

Royal Apothecary. Royal Barber.

Knights Bachelor of the Household.

Keeper of the Privy Seal.

Secretary with the Signet.

Clerk of the Council.

Chaplains (with relics).

Clerks (with records).

John ap Morgan of Kidwelly (Attorney). T. Lynam (Solicitor).

T. Barowe (Master of the Rolls). Sir Wm. Hussey (Chief Justice King's Bench).

Sir Humphrey Starky (Chief Baron of Exchequer). Sir T. Bryan (Chief Justice Common Pleas).

Men-at-arms, abreast.

Bishop of Leon
(Ambassador from the Court of Brittany).

Bishop's Suite, abreast.

Sir William Parker with Royal Standard.

Esquire with Standard (White Lion). Esquire with Standard (White Boar).

Esquire with Banner (Image of Our Lady).

Esquire with Banner (St. Edward's Arms). Esquire with Banner (Image of the Trinity).

Esquire with Banner (St. Cuthbert's Arms). Esquire with Banner (St. George's Arms).

Sir Ralph Ashton (Vice-Constable). Dr. Robert Rydon (Vice-Constable).

Sir T. Stanley, of Stanley, K.G. (Lord Steward). Sir John Zouche, of Zouche. Sir Henry Grey. Lord Grey.

Sir Richard Hastings. Sir John Wingfield.

Sir John Catesby. Sir John Savage.

Sir T. Bourchier. Sir Walter Hungerford.

Poursuivant (Blanc Sanglier). Poursuivant (Blue Mantle).

Poursuivant (Rose Blanche). Poursuivant (Falcon).

The Earl of Surrey, K.G.

The Earl of Huntingdon.

The Earl of Northumberland.

Herald (York). Herald (Chester). Herald (Windsor).

Gentleman with leading-rein. Horse-chair conveying The Lady Elizabeth of York and her lady. Gentleman with leading-rein.

King-of-arms (Norroy). King-of-arms (Gloucester).

The Duke of Norfolk (Earl Marshal).

KING RICHARD.

Sir R. Brackenbury (Constable of Tower). Viscount Lovel, K.G. (Chamberlain).

Sir R. Ratcliffe, K.G. William Catesby (Chancellor of Exchequer).

Sumpter-horses and Yeomen.

Carts and Grooms.

Serjeants.

Farriers.

As the Royal Procession passes, the sumpter-horse of the Chancery, laden with Rolls from the Chapel at Fetter Lane, is seen approaching on its way to the Tower, in charge of a yeoman.

The household officers in the rear of the Procession exchange greetings and pleasantries with their fellows in the crowd. All these servitors are distinguished by the King's badge of the Boar's Head.

The crowd closes in and disperses in different directions as the Procession disappears, the officials and City magistrates talking earnestly together.

(B) HENRY VII. CROWNED ON BOSWORTH FIELD.

AUGUST 22ND, 1485.

1.—RICHARD'S ARMY. The same as in Scene (A), without those who had already deserted the King, but with some additional leaders.

Northumberland and men with Badges and Banners.

King Richard with the Royal Standard and men (with the White Boar Badge), attended by Ratcliffe, Catesby, Lovel, Brackenbury, Ferrers, Zouche, and others. Lord Strange (in rear) guarded.

Norfolk and Surrey and men with Badges and Banners.

The Stanleys, nominally on the King's side, but really inactive (on the wings), and finally hostile.

2.—HENRY'S ARMY :—

Oxford and men with Badges and Banners.

Henry with Red Dragon, St. George and Dun Cow. Banners and followers (with the Tudor Rose Badge), supported by Ap Thomas and Welsh contingents, French Mercenaries, Talbot, &c.

Lord Stanley and Sir W. Stanley with the Savages.

NOTE.—3 Groups in general action, viz.: (1) Richard's Army, (2) Henry's Army, (3) The Stanleys' flanking force.

MOVEMENTS :—

1.—Oxford engages Norfolk. They press in turn, then halt. Norfolk is slain, and the van gives way.

2.—Northumberland and the Stanleys remain stationary watching each other.

3.—Richard, failing to induce the Stanleys to engage and perceiving treachery, orders Lord Strange (Stanley's heir and hostage) off for execution and makes a desperate attack on Henry.

4.—The Stanleys close in and fall upon the Yorkist flanks. Richard falls after slaying Henry's banner-bearer, and his army gives ground and takes to sudden flight. Surrey and Northumberland are taken prisoners, also Catesby.

5.—Stanley presents Richard's battered Circlet Crown to Henry with acclamation.

(C) THE ENTRY OF HENRY VII.

SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1485.

SCENE :—As before, but the Procession is from West to East, as it defiles in front of St. Paul's.

The Mayor and citizens have met the King at Shoreditch, and are bringing him in triumph to St. Paul's, where an Ecclesiastical Procession awaits him.

A nondescript crowd of tradesmen and tradeswomen, clerks, officials, and foreigners line the street, which is kept by men-at-arms raised in the City for the occasion.

The Dowager Queen Elizabeth and her ladies are seen again, on the side towards the Wardrobe.

The Procession is headed by the citizens who have been selected to meet the King. These are followed by the Royal Cortège, the whole Procession being arranged as follows :—

City Men-at-arms.
City Trumpeters, with trumpets.
Minstrels.

(*Interval.*)

Serjeants.
City Guilds and Crafts.
Alderman.
Serjeant.
Serjeant. Serjeant.
Alderman.
Serjeant.
Serjeant. Serjeant.
Alderman.
Serjeant. Serjeant.
Alderman.
Serjeant. Serjeant.
Alderman.
Serjeant. Serjeant.
Four Aldermen.
Serjeant. Serjeant.
Alderman.
Serjeant.
Serjeant. Serjeant.
Two Sheriffs.
Mayor's Sword-bearer.
Mayor.
Men-at-arms.
Banner-bearer
(Black Raven).
Sir Rees ap Thomas.
Sir Davy Owen.
Thirty Welsh Spears, two abreast
(wearing the badge of Black Raven).

Banner-bearer
(Leopard).

Sir Philibert de Chaunde.

Thirty French mercenaries, two abreast.

A sick soldier.

Banner-bearer
(Talbot).

Sir Gilbert Talbot.

Twenty retainers (wearing Talbot badge), two abreast.

Twelve mounted gunners dragging six serpentines, two abreast.

One ammunition cart, horses, and driver
(with powder-casks and balls).

Two men-at-arms guarding
The Earl of Surrey and other prisoners.

Two men-at-arms.

Sir Robert Willoughby
escorting
The Earl of Warwick
(mounted and unarmed).

Cheshire and Lancashire Archers.

Banner-bearer (Blue Boar).

Fifty retainers, wearing Oxford's Badge, two abreast.

The Earl of Oxford.

Four Serjeants, two abreast.

Four clerks of Chancery, two abreast.

Four chaplains, two abreast.

Christopher Urswik. Richard Fox. Dr. Savage.
(Chaplains and Doctors of Laws.)

Thomas Barowe
(Master of the Rolls).

Stanley Banner-bearer (Eagle's Foot). Stanley Banner-bearer (the Hart).

Twenty in green (Eagle's Foot on breast), two abreast.

Twenty in scarlet (Hart on breast), two abreast.

Sir William Stanley.

Sir Edward Stanley. Sir Humphrey Stanley.

Savage banner. (Holy Pix.)

Ten of Savage's retainers, two abreast
(white friese coats, white hoods,
and Unicorn badge on sleeves).

Sir John Savage (the elder). Sir John Savage (the younger).

Christopher Savage. James Savage.
Edward Savage.

Richard Nanfan (with King's helmet). Humphrey Brereton.

Sir Richard Hastings. Sir William Brandon (the elder).

Sir Walter Hungerford. Sir T. Bourchier.

Sir E. Poynings. Sir James Blount.

Sir Richard Guildford.

KING HENRY.

Poursuivant (Rouge Dragon). Poursuivant (Blue Mantle).

Jasper Tudor (Earl of Pembroke). Henry, Earl of Northumberland.

Thomas, Lord Stanley. Lord Strange.

Bishop of Ely. Bishop of Exeter.

Poursuivant (Rose Blanche). Poursuivant (Falcon).

Blanc Sanglier, with arms defaced.

Lady. Lady.

The Countess of Richmond.

Herald (Chester). Herald (York).

Gloucester King-of-Arms.

The Lady Elizabeth of York (mounted en crouppe).

Thomas Brandon, with votive banner (the Red Dragon of Wales).

Sir John Cheyne, with votive banner (St. George of England).

Sir John Risley, with votive banner (the Dun Cow of Warwick).

King-of-arms (Garter).

Captain of men-at-arms followed by his men.

As the procession rounds St. Paul's, the Mayor and aldermen join the official group (*c*) in front of St. Paul's, and the rest of the civic procession defiles towards the south and lines the roadway from west to east. The Royal procession wheels and halts facing the west front of St. Paul's, and the troops mass towards the west of Ludgate Hill, the prisoners being led off towards the Tower, to the south-east. A sick Frenchman falls off here. Facing the smaller Royal Procession, as it approaches the Church to alight, are seen three groups :—

(*a*) THE ECCLESIASTICAL PROCESSION :—

Cross-bearer.
Choir.
Canon.
Canon.
Canon.

Two acolytes. Two acolytes.

Bishop.

Two acolytes. Two acolytes.

Bishop.

Two acolytes. Two acolytes.

Bishop.

Two acolytes. Two acolytes.

Dean of St. Paul's.

Two acolytes. Two acolytes.

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

Ready to precede the King in procession to the choir.

(*b*) THE LEGAL PROCESSION :—

Sir William Hussey
(Chief Justice).
Sir H. Starky
(Chief Baron of Exchequer).
Eight judges and barons, two abreast
(in their robes).
Four serjeants-at-law, two abreast.
Four ushers, two abreast.

(*c*) THE CITY PROCESSION (in the foreground) :—

Bernard André, led by
a page.
Four City officers, two abreast.
The Common Crier.
A common clerk.
The Recorder of London.

The Royal Procession halts, the City officers present the King with a red leather bag containing £1,000; André makes an obeisance, and silence having been proclaimed by the Common Crier, he recites his Ode of Victory.

This ended, the King presents the poet with a ring from his own finger, and having dismounted, the nobles and barons in attendance on the King, with the Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Judges, follow the clergy in procession into the church, preceded by the three banners, to the sound of *Te Deum*, sung by the Choir. The citizens and troops remain outside waving caps, kerchiefs, swords, etc., and cheering lustily.

APPENDIX.

BERNARD ANDRÉ'S ODE TO HENRY VII.

The following is taken from *Historia Regis Henrici VII. a Bernardo Andrea* (Ed. by James Gairdner, Rolls Series, 1858).

De Regia Coronatione.

Arrives in London, A.D. 1485.

Rex ipse Richemundiae comes Saturni luce, quo etiam die de hostibus triumpharat, urbem Londinum magna procernum comitante caterva laetantes ingressus est. Ad cujus adventum ego etsi oculis captus, amore jampridem sui ac desiderio inflammatus astiti, laetusque poetico furore afflatus palam hoc carmen cecini :—

De Prima Regis Victoria Carmen Sapphicum.

The Author's verses on the victory.

Musa, praeclaros age dic triumphos,
Regis Henrici decus ac trophaeum
Septimi, lentis fidibus canora
Dic age, Clio.

Dicat arguta chorus ille sacro
Voce cum Phaebo, cythara canente
Grande certamen, ferat huncque regem
Semper ad astra.

Hujus adventum recinant jocosa
Fronte laetantes pueri et puellae;
Civitas gaude velut uxor uno
Laeta Marito.

Ecce nunc omnes cecidere venti
Murmuris praeter zephyrum tepentem,
Hic rosas nutrit nitidosque flores
Veris amoeni.

Quando ceu longus tenuit colonos
Imber, et nubes resoluta fluxit,
Et diu pendens aratrum reliquit
Tristis arator;

Aurens tunc si roseis Apollo
Nubis obscurae tenebras quadrigis
Vectus exsolvat referatque lucem,
Cantat arator.

Sic dies atras religat querelas
Quo suos princeps repetit Penates,
Et nitent soles melius potenti
Rege sub isto.

Navitae vastum revolent per aequor
Caspium, et nullas metuant procellas.
Ultimos jamjam videat Gelonos
Anglica pinus.

Ergo jucundis hodie camoenis
Gaudeat late regio tumultu
Tota, nec post hoc metuat tenente
Rege coronam.

In hoc jucundissimo ingressu voces omnium audisses angelicum principis vultum prœdicando benedicendoque, regium nomen Henrici ad sidera tollentes. Rex deinde longo fessus fatigatusque itinere (ex Sancto Albano quidem profectus erat) in palatio episcopali Londini illa nocte quievit. Deinceps de coronatione consulitur, et die a regiis consiliariis instituta arcem Londiniam rex adiit. Et quid inibi rerum gesserit insignes viros decorans honoribus militaribus atque heroicis hic narrare perlongum esset. Verum ubi de hujusmodi rebus certior factus fuero prolixius scribam. Quare hic spatium quoque prœtermittere consilium fuit.

BANNERS AND BADGES IN EARLY TUDOR BALLADS.

"Then the *blew bore* the vanward had.
He was both warry and wise of witt."

. . . . . .

"
. . . . . .
The *talbott* he bitt wonderous sore,
Soe well the *unicorne* did him quite."

"And then came in the *Hart's head;*
A worthy sight itt was to see,
The jacketts that were of *white and redd,*
How they laid about them lustilye."

Ballad of *The Rose of England.*
[Ed. Child, III., 332.]

"Hele make a thousand men of might,
And give them wages ffor monthes three,
And thyselfe [Lord Stanley] a thousand *eagles* fitt to ffight,
That is a goodlye sight to see."

"Then to Sir William Stanley with ten thousand cotes,
In an hower's warning readye to be,
They were all *as red as blood,*
There they *hart's head* is sett full hye."

"Sir Gilbert Talbott ten thousand *doggs*
In an hower's warning readye to bee;
Sir John Savage fifteen hundred *white hoods*
ffor they will ffight and never fflee."
. . . . . .

"He giveth the *pickes* on his banner bright,
Upon a field backed was never hee,
. . . . . ."

"
. . . . . .
Rice ap Thomas with the *blacke gowne* [raven],
Shortlye he brake the[ir] [ar]ray."

Ballad of *The Ladye Bessye.*
[Ed. Hales and Furnivale, III., 233.]

"Every bearne had on his brest bordered full fayre,
A foot of the *fay[res]t fowle* that ever flew on winge."

The ballad of *The Scottish Field.*
[Ed. Hales and Furnivale, I., 199.]

"They had seven scores *sarpendines*, without dout,
That were locked and chained uppon a row;
As many *bombards* that were stout;
Like blasts of thunder they did blow."

Ballad of *The Battle of Bosworth Field.*
[Bishop Percy's MS. Ed. Hales, III., p. 225.]

THE CIVIC PROCESSION, SEPTEMBER 3RD, 1485.

"Also it was agreed in the same Common Council that watches should be kept at the same entry [of the King] with as great a number of men-at-arms as might be. Also it was agreed by the Mayor and Aldermen that the said Mayor and Aldermen shall ride in gowns of *Scarlet* and that the said Mayor should have five serving men with him besides his swordbearer, and that the Sheriffs should have twenty serving men with him and that all the said serving men should be clad in gowns of *Tawny*.

"Also it was agreed that every Alderman who had been formerly a Mayor should have three *Serving men*, and that every Alderman who had not been formerly a Mayor should have two serving men; and that the same serving men should be clad in gowns of *Tawny Medley* . . . ."

Journal of the City of London.
[*Memorials of Henry VII.* (Rolls), 1, 5.]

SCENE IV.

EARLY DISCOVERIES.

HENRY VII. RECEIVES JOHN CABOT AT WESTMINSTER.

1497.

Historical Referees - - Professor EGERTON.
Professor BEAZLEY.

Although several centuries were to pass before the English Colonial Empire took actual embodiment, a general opinion has recognised in the Letters Patents given by Henry VII. to John Cabot and his three sons, "to discover and conquer in his name and under his banner unknown regions," the beginning of English colonization. John Cabot, like Columbus, was probably a Genoese by birth, though he was naturalized in Venice. With his wife and family he removed to England, and became domiciled in Bristol. The Letters Patents were granted in March, 1496, and in the following May he started on his first expedition. After sailing 700 leagues he discovered land on June 24th, which he supposed to be the "territory of the Grand Cham." What this land exactly was is still matter of controversy, but whether Newfoundland, Cape Breton Island or the Coast of Labrador, it represents equally for us the future British North America. In the May of 1498, Cabot started on a second expedition, in which he seems to have been lost. In any case, he vanishes from the page of history, and so completely did his memory, for the time being, die out, that his son Sebastian in later life seems to have arrogated to himself the credit of his father's achievements.

H.E.E.

SCENE:—A Hall in Westminster Palace, hung with handsome tapestry.

Enter ladies and gentlemen of the Court. Trumpets announce the coming of the King and Queen.

Yeomen of the Guard, two abreast.

Lord Chamberlain.

Attendant ladies and courtiers.

Bishop of London, attended by Chaplain.

The Earls of Derby and Northumberland.

Attendant.

Ambassador of Venice.

Attendant.

Ambassador of Spain.

Duke of Buckingham.

Cardinal Morton (Archbishop of Canterbury).

Chaplain.

Part II., Scene IV. (A.D. 1497.) EARLY DISCOVERIES.
Cabot, the first explorer sent out from England "to discover and conquer unknown regions," tells the tale of his voyage to the King.

Part II., Scene V. (A.D. 1515.) MERRIE ENGLAND.
King Henry VIII. takes part in the May Day revels of his people.

Princess Margaret.

A page.

Prince Henry. Prince Arthur.

The Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond
(The Queen Mother).

A lady.

THE QUEEN. KING HENRY VII.

The Queen's pages.

Duchess of Bedford.

Maids of honour and pages.

The King and Queen proceed towards their chairs, and beside the King is seated his mother, the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond. The Ambassadors sit on stools on either side.

The Lords and courtiers stand in groups on each side.

After the entrance of the King and Court a stately pavane is danced.

Then enter John Cabot carrying a chart and globe, with his three sons, Louis, Sebastian, and Sancio. The substance of charter granted the preceding year is read, and King confirms grant, at the same time conferring a pension of £20 per annum. Cabot shows to the King a map and globe and snares used by natives for hunting, and needle for making nets.

A galliard is then danced.

The scene closes with the singing of the following lines from "Seneca" by the Court Minstrels :—

Venient annis saecula seris
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus
Tiphysque novos detegat orbes
Nec sit terris ultima Thule.

APPENDIX.

The scene, being purely hypothetical, though probably founded on fact, is arranged on the basis of the following documents :—

From *Calendar of Venetian State Papers*, Vol. I., pp. 260-263.
Letter dated August 24th, 1497.

"Some months ago His Majesty sent out a Venetian (John Cabot), who is a very good mariner, ... and he has returned safe, and has found two very large and fertile islands."

Letter from Lorenzo Pasqualigo, October 11th, 1497.

"The Venetian, our countryman, who went with a ship from Bristol in quest of new islands, is returned . . . . He coasted for 300 leagues and landed; saw no human beings, but he has brought hither to the King certain snares which had been set to catch game, and a needle for making nets . . . . The King of England is much pleased with this intelligence

. . . . The King has given him money wherewith to amuse himself till he starts again, and he is now at Bristol with his wife, who is also Venetian, and with his sons. His name is Juan Cabot, and he is styled the great Admiral. Vast honour is paid him. He dresses in silk, and these English run after him like mad people . . . "

Letter from the Venetian Ambassador, Andrea Trevisano, dated October 11th, 1497, giving an account of a reception by Henry VII. in this same year.

"The King received him in a small hall, hung with very handsome tapestry, leaning against a tall gilt chair, covered with cloth of gold. His Majesty wore a violet-coloured gown, lined with cloth of gold, and a collar of many jewels, and on his cap was a large diamond, and a most beautiful pearl. . . . . Besides the King and the Prince, his eldest son, by name Arthur, 12 years old, were the Duke of Bucks, the Chancellor, Cardinal Morton, and other Lords and prelates. . . . .

"The King is gracious, grave, and a very worthy person.

"He then visited the Queen, whom he found dressed in cloth of gold, by her side the King's mother. The Queen is a handsome woman. He spoke in Italian; she answered him thro' the Bishop of London."

The lines from Seneca are quoted at the end of Mr. Payne's chapter on "Renaissance Exploration" in Vol. I. of the *Cambridge Modern History*.

SCENE V.

THE LONDON OF MERRIE ENGLAND.

MAY DAY REVELS IN THE DAYS OF HENRY VIII.

Historical Referees - - Lady Gomme.
Allan Gomme.
Cecil J. Sharp.

The place suggested for this scene is that of a village green, or a large open space (the common fields) adjacent to a town or village between London and Greenwich in the early years of Henry VIII.

In the reign of Henry VIII. the May Day festivities must have occupied a prominent place in the sports of the citizens of London. Hall, in his *Chronicle*, records, as a matter of course, an account of the King's doings on several May Days in the early years of his reign, when he rode with his nobles, gorgeously attired, "to the woods to fetch home the May." He held many of his jousts and tournaments at this time of the year—sports were practised, and people resorted to the woods and open fields round London as a matter of course. These were the regular places where the citizens assembled for sports and pastimes, and the King, his Court and attendants, who practised archery in the woods, would have been constantly in touch with the citizens who practised the same sport in the same places.

It is, I think, desirable, before depicting a May Day festival, to suggest the idea from which it originated. That idea is the rejoicing of the people at the presence

in their midst of the spirit of fertilization. It was probably thought that a tree contained the fertilizing spirit from its power of putting forth new leaves each spring. One was therefore brought from the woods into the fields to fertilize them; to make the newly sown seed germinate and grow. It would also be deemed necessary to indicate by outward show the belief of the people that winter must go and spring must come. A spring festival is therefore a rejoicing by the people in the departure of winter—the enemy of agriculture—and the return of spring; the giving of fresh life and energy to the earth through something—a tree in this instance—in which the spirit has taken rest.

The ceremonies in old time probably lasted some time, and "May Day" would come at the end of the more serious ceremonies, and was the rejoicing at the knowledge that the disappearance of winter was an accomplished fact.

May Day now means the first day of May. It is certain, however, that the old festival lasted three and more days, and rejoicings and feastings lasted many more. The people did all they could to welcome the return of spring and renewed life. They wore the freshly budded green, decorated their houses with it, brought the young tree or May-pole and planted it because it symbolised the strength, beauty, and vitality, not only of the vegetable world, but of their own human world.

It is for this reason that the May Day scene opens with a conflict between winter and spring, in which possession of the ball symbolises victory. For the purpose of pageantry much must be compressed, and the conflict has immediately to precede the rejoicings of May Day.

May Day, without a reason for its ceremony and festivity, does not appeal to me, but with that reason made apparent it becomes a beautiful and poetical festival, and the loss of its teaching is to be regretted. It is for this that I discard the usual May-pole, with its numerous ribbon streamers and conventional dancing, which has no meaning for its performers, and I substitute the trunk or pole of the young tree, decorate this with garlands, and set it up. I have, too, arranged a simple dance on the lines of traditions of tree-worship, which indicates something of the attitude of worship and rejoicing. There is no existing dance like it, but there are survivals of tree-worship preserved in fragments of children's singing games.

Amongst the dances given are included Morris dances, evidence of which in Henry VIII.'s reign is given by Hall. The origin of some of these Morris dances is also to be found in the ceremonial dances of agricultural festivals. Those given in this scene, as also the country dances and singing games, are traditional.

A. B. G.

First Movement.

WINTER AND SPRING. FOOTBALL CONTEST.

"Winter" enters from the woods and lies down on the ground with a ball. "Spring" enters from another part of the woods and approaches "Winter," running and shouting.

"Winter" rises and forms a group round the ball, somewhat like a Rugby "scrimmage."

"Spring" forms round the "Scrimmage" group and attempts to get the ball away. As soon as the ball is "clear" it is kicked about by both sides; "Spring" endeavouring to force it towards the water, and "Winter" to keep it back. Two men, one dressed as "Frost" and one as "Sun," are on respective sides. Each runs among those of his side to encourage them, but does not take part in the actual contest. "Sun" becomes more vigorous and brilliant as "Spring" grows stronger.

Then gradually, by twos and threes, men come in and join "Spring." "Winter" is thus weakened, and is forced back, and eventually a "Spring" man seizes the ball, holds it on high for all to see, and runs towards the water, all following him, "Winter" somewhat behind. The holder of the ball stands in a conspicuous position near, and with ceremony throws the ball into the water.

The seizure of the ball is the signal for some village girls to come on the scene from the town, and these watch the "drowning" of the ball, and then join "Spring" in hunting "Winter" off back to the woods.

Second Movement.

Men enter from the woods, young men carrying short staffs, on top of which are fastened branches of green and ribbons. They go to the houses, stand in front of them, and sing the song—"A branch of May I've brought you." At this summons a number of girls come out of the houses, and are greeted by the young men.

Third Movement.

PROCESSION TO FETCH THE MAY-POLE ENTERS FROM THE TOWN.

A wagon drawn by several yoke of oxen, the wagon and oxen decorated with green and ribbons, the oxen having their horns tipped or decorated with flowers. Carters walk beside; these have ribbon on their goads and whips and on their hats.

Ploughmen with a decorated plough; sowers with grain baskets; reapers with their hooks; and the binders. The ploughmen wear white smocks having on them figures in red or black, representing animals associated with farm life—cattle, sheep, pigs, dogs, men and women, and a plough.

Two Jack o' Greens,
dressed in green, with green leaves and twigs
on their heads and hands.

Two men, carrying on their heads salvers
containing emblems of plate, representing milk pans,
dishes for cream and butter.

Milkmaids, wearing yokes and pails.

Blacksmiths, with their implements of trade
(they sing "Here's a health to the jolly Blacksmith").

Wheelwrights,
with their implements, carrying or rolling wheels.

Butchers, in blue blouses,
carrying marrow bones and cleavers
(they clash these as they march).

Shoemakers.

Numbers of townspeople and villagers and children come in during the procession, and accompany it out of sight to the woods.

Meanwhile, during the procession, green is fastened by the men over doors of houses. Young girls come in carrying May baskets and garlands, four girls to each basket or garland. The baskets are carried on poles; they are placed on the ground, and the girls dance round them and sing May songs, "All round my Hat," also "A Branch of May."

Young men with pipes and tabors and fiddles come in; other men with wallets to collect money. Two or three arbours, covered with green, are brought in. Numbers of children, boys and girls, with their parents, arrive. Young men and women and children play and sing, "Here we come up the green grass," "Nuts in May," "Oats and beans and barley," "Round and round the village." Boys have cowslips twined round their caps, and whitethorn and ribbons in button holes. Girls decorate the boys with ribbons, and boys present them with green, and kiss them under the "Green." Some young men and boys make balls of flowers and green, which they throw to any girls they choose. The girls call out to the boys, "Throw them here! Throw one here!" When the ball is caught by the girl, she is kissed and danced with.

The women and girls wear "knots of May" and ribbons, and flowers and leaves in their hair and on their hats.

Fourth Movement.

CHOOSING THE QUEEN OF THE MAY.

A "Queen of the May" is chosen informally by the men. A girl is selected who would be a "man's" girl, "jolly and of the romping kind." Two men go from group to group of men and ask their choice; then go to the selected girl and present her with a wreath of May blossom with ribbon streamers and rosettes for her dress. She is conducted to a raised bank of grass, where all can see her. She is kissed by the men; dances in the May-pole dance and country dances, and is "friends" with all the men, young and old; talks and laughs with all. She is saluted by the men, and kissed under the "Green."

The hobby-horses and their followers come in and give a dance. People come from all sides, and the hobby-horses are welcomed by the crowd.

Fools, each with a stick with an inflated bladder at one end and a fox's brush at the other, and men with wallets for collecting money, also cause fun. A fool clears a space for the dancers by dancing in and out, and striking the people with his bladder.

The Sweeps enter with a "Jack-in-the-Green," and a "Lord" and a "Lady of May," accompanied by a crowd. They dance, clashing their brooms and shovels together. The Sweeps have with them small boys (chimney boys), black and sooty, barefooted. They carry small brooms, dance and beg for money.

Morris dancers, and men with pipes and tabors, mummers, wrestlers, tumblers, cudgel players, children with May dolls, come in. The May dolls are shown to people in the crowd, and money is given to the children who show them. Men bring in stalls on which are sold cakes and ginger-bread; others bring in large baskets, with ginger-bread, cakes, figures of animals and kings and queens, castles and other figures, also stalls for sale of syllabub and other drinks.

Fifth Movement.

All dances, etc., stop when this movement begins, everyone looking on.

RETURN OF MAY-POLE.

Return of the procession with the May-pole. In front leading are the
"Green Man"
and a
"Wild Man."

Robin Hood. Maid Marian.

Friar Tuck. Little John.

Archers.

The Milkmaids' procession,
with cow decorated with ribbon.
All who went out to fetch the Pole
(the young men and maids carrying hawthorn and green).

The Pole is on the wagon (a tall and slender young tree shorn of its branches).

The "Green Man" and the "Wild Man" wind round the pole ivy and laurel in spiral form, and place on the top a crown or bush of green with coloured ribbons.

Sixth Movement.

ERECTION OF POLE.

The Pole is erected with great ceremony and in silence by the "Green Man," the "Wild Man," and other representatives. Wreaths are then hung upon it by a man or woman representing each occupation.

When the Pole is up and securely fixed, a great shout is raised by all the people, and repeated three times—"The Pole is up! The Pole is up!" Men get buckets and throw water over the Pole.

Seventh Movement.

After the Pole is erected and the shout has been given—"The Pole is up! Hey, hi, ho!"—the dance begins. It is taken part in by some of those who brought back the Pole—the "Wild Man," the "Man o' Green," and representatives of the various trades, Robin Hood, archers and some townspeople and villagers, the Queen of the May, milkmaids, Maid Marian, and other women and girls. One man stands close to and grasps the Pole, a woman takes his hand, and all the dancers, man and woman alternately, form a long line, tailing to the shortest. They start running round the May-pole in a circle, gradually closing up, until all are wedged closely round it, then unwind again. The leader leaves the Pole, and all join hands with the last dancer. They form a circle and dance round the Pole; then, still clasping hands, advance in a circle to the Pole, bow, and retire. This is done three times. They strike the ground three times with their right feet, clap their hands three times, all bow to the ground, then dance in a circle round or chain all round, break circle, and again wind round the Pole, unwind, run off, and break up. Men and women shake hands with the dancers. Dance tunes: "Joan to the May-pole" and "The May-pole is up." Country dances follow.

Eighth Movement.

ARRIVAL OF QUEEN KATHARINE.

After the formal May-pole dance, and during the dances which follow on, Queen Katharine arrives on horseback with several ladies of the Court and attendants. She comes from Greenwich to meet the King on his return from the woods. She watches the general dancing, and is saluted by the citizens and performers as they notice her arrival, and pass before her when dancing.

While the Queen's procession comes in, the ordinary townspeople and villagers go through the May-pole dance, and then a number of children (this is done while other dances are going on, and is informal).

A rope is stretched between two houses, as if across a street. On this is hung the large May garland. When it is hung, children throw "Easter balls" (party-coloured, dark one side and light the other) over the garland and through the hoops by which it is hung. The children also play with these balls against the houses and trees, and throw them to one another. All through the scene villagers and children must go and circle the Pole, and throw up pieces of green to touch the Pole, and also break off pieces of green, which they fasten in their dresses. Young men and boys look about them for those who are not wearing any "green." They say, "I've caught you without green," and throw water over them. Then follow Morris dances, Country dances, and others. Informal dancing is indulged in generally, and "Kiss in the Ring," and other singing games, are played by adults and children. All the trades eventually form dancing groups, and perform their own special dance.

Ninth Movement.

ARRIVAL OF THE KING.

Henry VIII., with nobles, attendants, and archers, arrives from the woods. He, like his citizen subjects, has been to "fetch the May" (his nobles and men have also been practising archery). The King, the nobles and attendants all wear a "sprig of green" in their caps, and carry bows and arrows.

The King hastens to the Queen, and salutes her "under the green." He carries a "sprig of green." This he holds over her head, kisses her, and presents her with it. She fastens this in her dress. Some of the courtiers salute some of the Queen's ladies in the same manner. All are merry, and not formal and ceremonious.

Tenth Movement.

Robin Hood approaches the King and asks him and the Queen to partake of a banquet, and to witness a display of archery by his men. The King and Queen consent, and Robin Hood leads them to a Green Bower—Robin Hood's Bower—where the feast is being laid. Some trestles of wood and boards are brought in, and a table formed. Wood seats or stalls are also brought in. This is done during Robin Hood's talk with the King. Various large dishes of venison, a barrel of ale, and mugs and tankards are placed on the table. This banquet must be of a rustic kind, rough and ready, as served in the woods.

The King and Queen drink to Robin Hood and all citizens.

Eleventh Movement.

Robin Hood requests the King to shoot the first arrow. The King consents, bends a bow, and shoots a "long shot." Applause from the archers, the King's men, and some of the citizens. The King returns to the Green Bower, seats himself by the Queen, and they eat and drink during the archery display. Robin Hood, Maid Marian, and some others also sit and form a group in front of the bower.

The archery is performed by Robin Hood's men with whistling arrows, in response to a whistle from Robin. This causes astonishment and delight among the people.

Twelfth Movement.

The King and Queen, with their lords, ladies, and attendants, leave the ground, saluting the citizens as they go. They return to Greenwich. The King and Queen throw money and pieces of ribbon to the people. They also present a purse to Robin Hood, and thank his men for their feast.

While the shooting is in progress, games and pastimes continue in the background behind "Robin Hood's Bower." A good many citizens and villagers witness the display, and applaud good shots, particularly some of the soldier onlookers and the King's archers. Many citizens leave the ground both before, during the performance, and immediately afterwards, to return to town.

The country people, those who have been in the processions, and the various performers join in general dancing and kissing before all leave the scene.

N.B.—It is important that the arrival of the King and Queen should be considered as an incident in the May Day proceedings, and not the principal event of the day. The King joins in the May Day of the people because it is a popular custom to do so. The May Day is not arranged by the King, nor as a performance before him. His presence is that of one participating in the scene in the same way as the citizens and country people, and he should, if time permits, join in a Morris or Country dance.

APPENDIX.

The Morris and Country dances have been collected by Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, and the singing games by Lady Gomme. The music for the scene has been specially arranged by Dr. R. Vaughan Williams.

The following authorities have been used as the basis of the scene :—

"On May daye the next following in the second year of his reign his grace being young and willing not to be idle rose in the morning very early to fetch May or green bows (boughs) himself fresh and richly appareyled and clothed all his Knights, Squires, and Gentlemen in white satin and all his garde and yeomen of the crown in white sarcenet, and so went every man with his bows and arrows shooting to the wood and so repaired again to the Court, every man with a green bough in his cap and at his returning, many hearing of his going 'a Maying' were desirous to see him shoot, for at that time his grace shotte as strong and as great a length as any of his garde."—Hall's *Chronicle*, page 515.

"The King and Queen accompanied with many lordes and ladies rode in the high ground of Shooter's Hill to take the open air and as they passed by the way they espied a company of tall yeomen clothed all in green with green whodes and bows and arrowes to the number of two hundred. Then one of them which called himself Robin Hood came to the King, desiring him to see his men shoot, and the King was content. Then he whistled and all the two hundred archers shot and losed at once and then he whistled again and they likewise shot again, their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and great and much pleased the company. All these archers were of the King's guard and had thus apparelled themselves to make solace to the King. Then Robin Hood desired the King and Queen to come into the green wood and to see how the outlaws live. The King demanded of the Queen and her ladies if they durst venture to go into the wood with so many outlawes. Then the Queen said that if it pleased him she was content, then the horns blew till they came to the wood under Shooter's Hill, and there was an arbour made of bows with a hall and a great chamber and an inner chamber very well made and covered with flowers and herbes which the King much praised. Then said Robin Hood, Sir, outlaw's breakfast is venison and therefore you must be content with such fare as we use. Then the King and Queen sat down and were served with venison and wine by Robin Hood and his men. Then the King departed and his company and Robin Hood and his men them conducted."—Hall's *Chronicle*, page 528 (seventh year of Henry VIII.).

"On the calends or first of May, commonly called May Day, the Juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after midnight and walk to some neighbouring wood accompanied with music and blowing of horns, where they break down branches of trees and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers; when this is done they return homewards about the rising of the sun and make their doors and windows to triumph with their flowery spoils and the after part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, called a May-pole and being placed in a convenient part of the village stands there, as it were consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers without the least violation being offered to it in the whole circle of the year."—*Bourne* (*Antique Vulgares*, ch. 25).

"In the month of May the citizens of London of all estates generally in every parish and in some instances two or three parishes joining together had their several *Mayings* and did fetch their May-poles with divers warlike shows; with good archers, morrice dancers and other devices for pastimes, all day long, and towards evening they had stage plays and bonfires in the streets. These great *Mayings* and May-games were made by the Governors and Masters of the City."—Stow's *Survey of London*, page 80 (the Author died in 1605).

Stubbs, writing in 1595 against the continuance of May games, says:—"Against May Day . . . . every parish, towne or village assemble themselves, both men, women and children and either all together or dividing themselves into companies, they goe some to the woods and groves some to the hills and mountains where they spend all the night in pleasant pastime and in the morning return bringing with them birch boughs and branches of trees to deck their assemblies withal. But their chiefest jewel they bring thence is the Maie pole which they bring home with great veneration as thus—they have twentie to fortie yoake of oxen, every oxe having a sweet nosegaie of flowers tied to the top of his horns, and these oxen draw home the Maypoale which they covered all over with flowers and herbes bound round with strings from the top to the bottome and sometimes

it was painted with colours having two or three hundred men, women, and children following in great devotion. And thus equipped it was reared with handkerchiefs and flagges streaming on the top, they strawe the ground round about it, they bind green bough about it, they set up summer halles bowers and arbours hard by it, and then fall they to banquetting and feasting, to leaping and dauncing about it, as heathen people did at the dedication of their idols."

"An old Lincolnshire peasant told me about 1820 to 1835 it was the custom to dress the lugs of milk-kits with leaves on May morning. In the evening, we danced and played kiss in the ring and such like games round a May garland set up in the cattle pasture. The garland was first dressed with a piece of mistletoe, sprigs of royal oak, and ribbons and then fixed up on an old stump there was in the open field. It was fixed flatway on, not lying in its rim."—*Lincoln County Folk Lore*, 24.

"It is likewise on this day, that we see the ruddy milkmaid exerting herself in a most sprightly fashion under a pyramid of silver tankards and salvers . . . . These decorations of silver cups and tankards, salvers were borrowed for the purpose and hung round the milk pails with the additions of flowers and ribbands which the maidens carried on their heads when they went to the houses of their customers and danced in order to obtain a small gratuity. In Tempest's *Cryes of London* there is a print. The milkmaid is dancing with the milk pail decorated as above on her head. Of late years the plate with other decorations were placed in a pyramidical form and carried by two chairmen upon a wooden horse. The maidens walked before it and danced without any encumbrance. They substituted a cow. . . . . The animal had her horns gilt and was nearly covered with ribbands of various colours formed into bows and roses and interspersed with green oaken leaves and bunches of flowers."—*The Spectator*, v. No. 365.

"It was the custom to select a Lord and Lady of the May who probably presided over the sports. On the 30th May, 1557, 'was a goodly May-game in Fenchurch Street, with drums, guns and pikes and with the nine worthies who rode, there was also a morice dance and an elephant and castle and the Lord and Lady of the May appearing to make up the show.' "—*Stryk's Eccles*, Mem. iii., cap. 49, page 377.

Extract from a letter of Pet. Pasqualigo, dated 3rd May, 1515, in Brewer's *Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.*, Vol. II., Part I., page 120 :—

"On the first were sent for by the King to Greenwich at a very early hour. Rode out with the Queen, who was richly attired in the Spanish fashion; found the King's guard dressed in green, with bows and arrows; next saw the King mounted on a bay Frieslander, sent him by the Marques of Mantua, dressed in green, shoes and all. Breakfasted in the bowers."

Letter of Nicolo Sagudino, Secretary of Sebastian Giustinian, Ambassador in England, to Alvise Foscari, in *Calendar of State Papers* (Venetian), Vol. II. (1509-1519), page 247 :—

"On the 1st of May the King sent two English lords to the ambassadors, who were taken by them to Greenwich, where the King was, for the purpose of celebrating May day. On the Ambassadors arriving there, they mounted on horseback, with many of the chief nobles of the kingdom, and accompanied the Queen into the country, to meet the King. She was very richly attired, and had with her twenty-five damsels mounted on white palfreys, with housings all of one fashion,

PART II., SCENE VI. (A.D 1520.) THE FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.
A Pageant of unprecedented splendour. The Middle Ages, with all their love of pomp and glitter, had never produced the like of it.

PART II., SCENE VII. THE SPACIOUS DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.
(*A*) (A.D. 1581.) THE KNIGHTING OF DRAKE.
The Queen visits the *Golden Hind* at Deptford, and confers knighthood on the brave commander of the first English ship which had gone round the world.

most beautifully embroidered with gold ; and all these damsels wore dresses slashed with gold lama in very costly trim, and were attended by a number of footmen in excellent order. With this retinue the Queen proceeded to a wood two miles from Greenwich, in which they found the King and his guard, all clad in a livery of green, with bows in their hands, and about one hundred noblemen on horseback all gorgeously arrayed. In this wood were bowers filled purposely with singing birds, which caroled most sweetly, and in one of these bastions or bowers were some triumphal cars, on which were singers and musicians, who played on an organ, lute and flutes for a good while, during a banquet which was served in this place. On the journey homewards some tall pasteboard giants, placed on cars and surrounded by the King's guard, were conducted in the greatest order to Greenwich, the musicians singing the whole way, and playing trumpets and other instruments. It was an extremely fine triumph and very pompous, and the King brought up the rear in great state, being followed by the Queen, and by such a crowd on foot as probably exceeded 25,000 people."

SCENE VI.

FIELD OF THE CLOTH OF GOLD.

JUNE 7TH, 1520.

Historical Referees - - Dr. JAMES GAIRDNER.
Mrs. S. C. LOMAS.

No subject could possibly be suggested for an historical pageant more appropriate than the "Field of the Cloth of Gold." For it was in itself a pageant of unprecedented splendour. The Middle Ages, with all their love of show and glitter, had never produced the like of it. True, it was, like other pageants, transitory. Splendid as it was with a lustre that outshone all other displays in an age when pomp was dearly loved, it vanished from the eye as suddenly as it appeared ; and anyone who saw it might have been pardoned for thinking that with the vision itself its significance had for ever passed away. Our great dramatist assuredly caught the truth of the matter in this when the very nobleman who at the beginning of the play knows not how to express his admiration of the gorgeous spectacle, admits in the same conversation, striking a note with which all agree, that the show was a hollow one after all, and the peace with France not worth the cost. Indeed, if the mere external observer was disposed to doubt the permanence of any real cordiality between Henry VIII. and Francis I., a politician who saw further into the secrets of the times would assuredly have doubted it still more.

The two Kings were both tolerably young ; Henry was in his twenty-ninth and Francis in his twenty-sixth year. But Henry had the advantage not merely in actual age, but in experience of rule ; for he had been on the throne eleven years, Francis only five. The English King, moreover, had been watching his rival from the first with feelings not merely of political, but of personal jealousy as well. It was a young world then, for the stage had been lately cleared of

old ungainly figures like Louis XII. of France, Ferdinand of Aragon, and the Emperor Maximilian—men of very different characters, certainly, but not one of them attractive. But Henry was tall and vigorous, the most handsome potentate the Venetian Ambassador had seen—far better looking than Francis; a first-rate horseman, jouster and tennis player. He could tire out eight or ten horses in a day's run, having new mounts arranged for him at different stations. He need hardly have been jealous of the personal attractions of Francis. Yet he was anxious to learn what he could by report of him. "Is the King of France as tall as I am?" he asked of Pasqualigo, the Venetian Ambassador. There was little difference, the Ambassador told him. "Is he as stout?" The Ambassador said he was not. "What sort of legs has he?" said the King. "Spare," was the reply. On which Henry opened the front of his doublet, and placing his hand on his thigh: "Look here," he said, "I have a good calf to my leg."

Francis was the most polite of sovereigns; Henry, among his contemporaries, the most vigorous, both in body and mind. And there was another young prince who had just entered the field of politics with a grander position, so far as externals went, than any King of England or of France could claim. Charles V., elected Emperor in the preceding year on the death of his grandfather, Maximilian, was not only ruler by inheritance of the Austrian Netherlands, of Spain and of Naples, but by his election as Emperor he was acknowledged as supreme lord over the whole of Germany. A splendid position, but not without serious drawbacks; and it concerned him, too, and concerned him very deeply, to know what his fellow sovereigns were about. If things were coming to an alliance between France and England, such a result to him was anything but agreeable, and he had wise councillors about him who were most anxious to spoil the specious amity to the very utmost of their power. What could be done? The interview had been talked of for years; but it was not popular in England, and the Queen, who was the Emperor's aunt, was very well known to dislike it. Henry, indeed, put it off as long as he possibly could, in order that the Emperor (elect) might pay him a visit in England before it took place; and Charles arrived at Dover on the 26th May. Next morning was Whit-Sunday, and the two Sovereigns met at Canterbury and celebrated the feast together. They had also much confidential talk, to which not even Cardinal Wolsey seems to have been a party; and on Thursday, the 31st, the Emperor embarked for Flanders, while Henry crossed to Calais for the interview with Francis. But before they separated, the Emperor and Henry had arranged to meet again at Gravelines after the French interview, and conclude the very secret business that they had been talking over at Canterbury.

But now, it may be asked, as the French interview was generally unpopular in England, and as even the Queen was against it, how did it ever come to be arranged? We know from Shakespeare who it was that devised the great display:—

> "All this was ordered by the good discretion
> Of the right reverend Cardinal of York."

It was the magnificent genius of Wolsey that did it all. But he not only devised the show with an inventive genius that was altogether his own, but he devised an Anglo-French policy also, that he was never allowed to carry out. Alone in the court of his master he felt convinced that a cordial alliance with

France, putting an end to old hostile feelings and giving a neighbouring nation some security against those invasions which Louis XI. and Charles VIII. had bought off with money tributes to England, would be really in the interest of both countries; and even if he could not permanently have his way, he had no doubt that it would give England greater power upon the Continent to make France feel and show before the face of Europe how very much she valued peace and unity with England.

His policy was thwarted by other councillors—it is a mistake to suppose that Wolsey was omnipotent at any time—the King's will was always supreme. Yet the great Cardinal did not labour altogether in vain. He inspired his master with clearer views of European policy, which Henry found out after a time. The glamour of an Imperial alliance faded; and for purposes which Wolsey himself would fain have thwarted, Henry found afterwards that the friendship of France was of very high importance to him. J. G.

[N.B.—In order to present a more complete picture of this great pageant, the action has been drawn a little nearer together, the visit of the Queens to the camp and the incident of the trees, which occurred rather later, being transferred to the first day of meeting.]

SCENE :—A valley between Ardres and Guisnes.

Background, to right, the "Palace" erected for the King of England. Behind it, the old Castle of Guisnes. Scattered along the field, multitudes of tents.

Foreground, centre, royal tent of cloth of gold, embroidered with the Arms of England.

French guards riding to and fro.

Crowds of country folk, "vagabonds, ploughmen, labourers, waggoners and beggars." As the royal processions approach, they are driven back by the guards.

Enter English Guard of Footmen, who take their stand in ranks, on the right side of the tent.

Shots are fired from Guisnes, instantly replied to from Ardres (where the French King is) to show that the processions have started.

From the Palace in the background

Enter—

THE KING OF ENGLAND'S PROCESSION.

Trumpeters with banners.

Archers.

Poursuivants (Blue Mantle, Rouge Croix, Rouge Dragon).

Esquire with Standard.

Knights and Gentlemen of the great nobles.

Servants of the Cardinal.

Gentlemen of the Cardinal.

Chaplains of the Cardinal.

Esquire with Standard.

Poursuivants (Portcullis, Guisnes, Calais).

Barons.

Ferrars.	Fitzwalter.
Ross.	Abergavenny.
Maltravers.	Montague.
Hastings.	Berners.
Leonard Grey.	Darcy.
Dawbeny.	Delaware.
Brooke.	John Grey.
Lumley.	Edmund Howard.
Herbert.	Dacres of the South.

Sir Thomas Docwra, Lord Prior of St. John of Jerusalem.
(Each with Chaplain and Gentleman.)

Bishops.

Ely. Chester. Exeter.
(Each with Chaplain and Gentleman.)
Heralds (Lancaster, Carlisle, Mont Orgeuil).
Knight with Royal Standard.

Earls.

Shrewsbury.	Stafford.
Devonshire.	Westmorland.
Kent.	Worcester.
Essex.	Northumberland.
Wiltshire.	Oxford.

(Each with Chaplain, Gentleman and Servant.)

Archbishop of Armagh.
Chaplains and Gentlemen.
Heralds (Windsor, Richmond, York).
Sir Edward Poynings, K.G. Sir Henry Marny, K.G.
Bishop of Durham (Cuthbert Tunstall), Lord Privy Seal.
Chaplains, Gentlemen and Servants.

Clarencieux King-at-Arms.	Norroy King-at-Arms.
Duke of Buckingham.	Imperial Ambassador.
Duke of Suffolk.	Venetian Ambassador.
Chaplains, Gentlemen and Servants.	Chaplains, Gentlemen and Servants.

Duke of Norfolk, Lord Admiral.
Chaplains, Gentlemen and Servants.

Archbishop of Canterbury.	Papal Nuncio.

Chaplains, Gentlemen and Servants.

Garter King-at-Arms.

The King's own Archers. Sergeants-at-Arms. Two Cross-bearers. Marquis of Dorset, Constable, with the sword. Sergeants-at-Arms. The King's own Archers.

CARDINAL WOLSEY. THE KING.

Sir Henry Guilford, Master of the Horse,
leading the King's spare horse.
Young Henchmen, on "Coursers of Naples."
Yeomen of the Guard.
Sir Henry Wyatt, Knight Marshal.

The King's Chaplains, viz.:

Dean of Sarum. Archdeacon of Richmond.
Dr. Taylor. Dr. Rawson.
Dr. Knight. Dr. Fell.
Master Secretary Pace. Master Almoner.
Master of the Rolls. Dean of the Chapel.

Chaplains and Servants.
John Meutys (French Secretary), Brian Tuke (Master of the Posts).
Clerks of the Signet.
Clerks of the Privy Seal.
Trumpets, Sackbuts, Clarions.
Footmen walking on either side of the Procession, "pace for pace."

Almost at the same instant, *enter* from the left (*i.e.*, from Ardres)—

THE FRENCH KING'S PROCESSION.

Trumpets.
Provost of the Household.
Archers.
Captains.
Mounted Archers.
Princes of Mallemont and La Roche sur Yon *leading*
The King's Pensioners.
Servants.
Gentlemen.
Chaplains.
M. de Fleurange *leading*
The King's Swiss Guard.
Trumpets, hautbois, clarions, &c.
King's Gentlemen and Chamberlains.

Noblemen and Gentlemen.
Heralds (Montjoie, Bretagne, Normandy).
Four Marshals of France.
M. de St. Vallière, Grand Seneschal.
Counts and Earls.
Bishops.
Chaplains, Gentlemen and Servants.
Maison du Roy.
Cardinal d'Albret. Cardinal de Lorraine.
Cardinal de Bourbon.
Chaplains, Gentlemen and Servants.

Princes of the Blood and Ambassadors, viz.:

Comte de St. Pol. Mantuan Ambassador.
Duc de Vendosme. Venetian Ambassador.
Duc de Lorraine. Imperial Ambassador.
Duc d'Alençon. Papal Legate.

King of Navarre.
Gentlemen and Servants.
Galeazzo di San Severino, Grand Ecuyer, bearing the royal sword.
Sieur de Bonnivet, Lord Admiral.
Duc de Bourbon, Constable, with naked sword upright.

THE KING.

Gentlemen and Chaplains.
Servants.
Archers of the Guard.

When the English King perceives that the French King's sword is borne naked, he gives orders to the Marquis of Dorset to do the like.

When the two processions are at a little distance from each other, they pause.

(Flourish of Trumpets.)

The French King's followers range themselves on the right of the tent.

Only the Duke of Bourbon, the Lord Admiral and the Grand Ecuyer go forward with the King.

The English King is followed by the Cardinal, the Constable and Admiral, and the Master of the Horse.

Then the two Kings spur their horses, and dash forward as if to engage with each other, but their hand goes not to the sword but to their bonnet, which they take off. As they meet, they embrace on horseback, then dismount and embrace again.

Squires lead away the horses.

Cardinal Wolsey and the French Admiral go into the tent and stand at each side, just inside the door.

The two Kings pass in arm in arm, each wishing the other to go first. The Constables of England and France stand on each side, outside the tent door, still with their swords drawn.

The Grand Ecuyer of France and the Admiral of England a little behind them. The two Kings seat themselves inside the open tent and are served with a "banquet of sweets and wine," which they partake of, with talk and mirth.

Outside, barrels of wine are tapped; the English officers run to and fro with bowls and pots. The English nobles and gentlemen remain firm in their places, as also the attendants, but the French break their guard, and come among the English in friendly fashion.

All drink together, repeating many times the toast, "Good friends, French and English" (also in French).

The two Kings "in open sight" come out of the tent; each beckons his chief lords to him, and presents them to his brother King, who embraces them.

GREAT FANFARE OF TRUMPETS.

Enter, from the right, the QUEEN OF ENGLAND and Mary of England, Queen Dowager of France, on horseback, accompanied by ladies in litters or on horses, with pages at their bridles, escorted by guards, archers and footmen.

Enter, from the left, the QUEEN OF FRANCE in like manner, with the Queen Mother (Louise of Savoy), accompanied by ladies in litters or on horses, with pages at their bridles, escorted by guards and archers.

Each King goes to meet his Queen, assists her to alight, and leads her by the hand to the centre, where the Queens embrace and are saluted by the other King. The Queen-Mother is escorted by the King of Navarre. The young Queen Dowager (Mary of England) is lifted from her horse by the Duke of Suffolk (to whom she is now married).

Seats are brought for the Queens, and wine and sweets offered them.

FANFARE OF TRUMPETS.

Enter Two Young Knights, escorted by squires, and bearing each a tree, artificially designed.

Aubespine (hawthorn) for King Henry, and Framboisier (raspberry) for King Francis.

These are erected in the foreground.

Enter Young Squires bearing shields with the arms of the two Kings and of their chief knights who are to take part in the tournaments—the shields are hung on their respective trees, the Kings' shields being hung by Garter King and Montjoie Herald.

A great salamander of "firework" sails across the sky, from Ardres to the castle of Guisnes.

The King of England escorts the French Queen to her horse, King Francis escorts Queen Katharine to hers.

There are cries of "Good friends, French and English, good friends all," in English and in French, as the processions ride away. Then fanfare of trumpets.

APPENDIX.

There is an immense amount of historic material for the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Our own historian, Edward Hall, is an authority of the highest value, and with his vivid powers of description, puts the scene before us with the utmost detail, evidently gathered from an eye-witness. On the French side, Fleurange, the gay captain of the King's Swiss guard, equally at home with sword or pen, was himself present at the meeting, and revels in portraying the gorgeous costumes of the followers of King Francis. The *Chronicle of Calais* and the old series of the *Rutland Papers* supply lists of those present on the English side, and other lists and many points of further detail are to be found in the *State Papers* (English and Venetian) of the time and other sources. The different accounts vary a good deal in detail, especially as to the orders of the Processions.

SCENE VII.

THE SPACIOUS DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Historical Referee - - JULIAN S. CORBETT.

(A) THE KNIGHTING OF DRAKE.

APRIL 4TH, 1581.

The significance of the knighting of Drake in the history of the Empire is that it marks Elizabeth's final decision to find for England a "place in the sun" in defiance of the Spanish pretensions—just as the execution of Raleigh marks the abandonment of that policy by her successor.

When at the end of September, 1580, Drake returned from his famous voyage round the world, he met with a mixed reception in government circles. Though his exploits against Spanish trade were kept as quiet as possible, there were rumours of piracy, and Mendoza, the Spanish Ambassador, "did burn with passion against him." The more prudent men of the Queen's councillors, who were in favour of a conciliatory attitude to Spain, inclined to think he should be disavowed and even sacrificed to peace. But he was a more successful politician than Raleigh, and had secured powerful support. Leicester, Walsyngham, Sir William Wynter, and John Hawkins were all shareholders in his venture, as well, possibly, as the Queen herself, and at the crisis of his voyage, when he had discovered a conspiracy to frustrate it, he had re-named his ship the "Golden Hind," which was the badge of the Queen's prime favourite and Captain of the Guard, Sir Christopher Hatton. He was also a shareholder, and his influence with the rest was sufficient to confirm the Queen's own inclinations.

There was plenty of excuse for a bold course, since a Spanish filibustering expedition had just landed in Ireland. Still, to knight Drake would be an open adoption of the policy he and his supporters advocated of disputing by force of arms the empire of the sea with Spain. It was full of danger. But the Queen

meant to have an ally. France, if possible, was to be dragged in. For some time past the Queen Mother Catherine de Medici had been playing *sub rosa* much the same game as Elizabeth. Le Testu, the Huguenot seaman, with whom Drake had consorted in the affair of the Panama mule trains in 1573, stood in the same relation to her as Drake did to Elizabeth. Elizabeth's idea then was to extract from France an open avowal like her own. She was at the moment pretending to be deep in the French marriage scheme. De Marchaumont, the envoy of her suitor, the Duc d'Anjou, was then at Court, and to further her end she induced him, with a very characteristic touch, to give Drake the accolade as though in the French Prince's name.

The ceremony was actually performed on board the "Golden Hind" on the occasion of the Queen's state visit to Deptford to see the world-renowned ship. Owing, however, to the obvious technical difficulties, it is represented as taking place at the banquet which preceded the inspection of the ship. The scene was thus described by Mendoza in a letter which he wrote two days later to Philip II.: "On the 4th instant the Queen went to a place a mile from Greenwich to see Drake's ship, where a grand banquet was given to her, finer than has ever been seen in England since the time of King Henry. She knighted Drake, and told him she had there a gilded sword to strike off his head. She handed the sword to M. de Marchaumont, telling him she authorised him to perform the ceremony for her, which he did. Drake therefore has the title of 'Sir' in consideration of the lands he has purchased. And he gave her a large silver coffer and a frog made of diamonds, distributing 1,200 crowns amongst the Queen's officers."—*Spanish Calendar*, 1580-6, p. 95.

Drake's queer choice of a present was quite in the spirit of the occasion. "Sir Frog" was the Queen's pet name for her political lover, the Duc d'Anjou.

J. S. C.

SCENE :—A Garden at Deptford.

Menservants prepare a banquet under a tree, with canopy and Chair of State for the Queen, bringing fruit, goblets, etc.

The populace enter, and cheer as the Ship comes into view, beyond the bridge.

Drake enters across the bridge, attended by his Negro, accompanied by Sir John Hawkins, followed by his Gentlemen, Officers and Crew, and preceded by fifes, drums, and trumpets. Halberdiers walk on either side. He is cheered by the populace, and approaches the table to give orders.

Trumpets announce approach of the Queen.

Drake and people move to meet her.

Queen Elizabeth comes in (carried, as in the Sherborne picture), with her attendant Lords, including the Earl of Leicester, Sir Francis Walsyngham (Secretary of State), Sir Christopher Hatton (Captain of the Guard, wearing his badge, a "Golden Hind"), Lord Howard of Effingham (Lord High Admiral), Sir Wm. Wynter (Master of Naval Ordnance), and the Sieur de Marchaumont (Anjou's envoy), and their Gentlemen and Ladies in Waiting; with Yeomen of the Guard and Trumpeters.

Drake advances; the Queen stops; Drake assists her to alight, and she goes to the table, leaning on Drake's arm.

Elizabeth is seated in the Chair of State, with Marchaumont on her right and Leicester on her left ; the other courtiers arrange themselves on either hand.

Cooks enter, with peacocks, boar's head, pasties representing a Tudor Dragon, Ship on a Globe Terrestrial, etc. Drake seats himself on a stool on the Queen's right, in front of the table, with his Negro behind him. Music. At a sign from Drake, the Negro signals Masquers to enter.

THE MASQUE.

Enter NEPTUNE, stepping over the waves of the sea, followed by an unruly rout of Tritons and Sea Nymphs. They dance wildly round him. He tries in vain to quiet them, and at last breaks through them to the foot of the daïs.

NEPTUNE sings (or declaims) :

My rebel seas insurgent grow,
  Each traitor gale new treason brings,
Through all the antres of my realm below,
  The name of Gloriana rings.
They cry for thy dominion sweet,
  They mock my ancient out-worn crown,
My reign is done, and at thy feet
  I lay my trident sceptre down.

(Tritons and Nymphs prostrate themselves.)

TRITONS AND NYMPHS sing :

Hail ! all hail ! great maid serene !
For none is worthy but the Virgin Queen.

Enter a band of 6 SAVAGE ISLAND KINGS and 6 QUEENS.

They sing :

The waning sun in furthest isles,
  Grows dim before a greater light,
No joy but where its radiance smiles,
And round the world's unnumbered miles,
  Thy ships have told us of thy might.

(They prostrate themselves.)

ALL sing :

Hail ! all hail ! etc.

Exeunt, dancing.

ELIZABETH : "My prince of navigators, 'tis a noble banquet. Since my royal father's time we never saw the like. Thy 'Golden Hind,' methinks, hath gathered in her hold the fruits of all the earth."

DRAKE : "Too poor, too poor, for her who deigns to taste them. And were they all, 'twere all too few for England's glorious Majesty. 'Tis but a poor first-fruit of what we mean to bring."

ELIZABETH : "In good time, Drake, in good time. But we must leave a little for my brother of Spain. Hungry dogs make ill neighbours. What ! more ? "

Gentlemen approach with casket.

(*Drake hands her a small Gold Casket.*)

DRAKE: "'Tis but a trifle, madam, and yet no trifle if your grace would have it so."

ELIZABETH (*opening the Casket*): "A jewelled frog. See, good Marchaumont, 'tis for thy master, Anjou, our dear frog, a token of my love."

MARCHAUMONT: "A Royal gift, fit even for your princely lover's hand."

(*Attendants approach with a large Silver Casket.*)

ELIZABETH: "Nay, Drake, what's this? We trust it be honestly gotten."

DRAKE (*presenting the Casket*): "'Tis but some toys from the sea, madam, and all the sea is yours or shall be an' you will let us have our way."

ELIZABETH (*opening the Casket*): "Plunder! Plunder! Thou little pirate! Then all they say is true. Where is my sword? My brother Philip would have thy head (*taking a sword from Leicester*). See, I have here a gilded sword, to strike it from thy shoulders. (*Rises and comes to front of table.*) Kneel, kneel, thou master thief of the unknown world. (*Drake kneels.*) Nay, but my poor woman's arm is all too weak for such a mighty work. Anjou, my good knight and lover, shall lend me strength. Good Monsieur de Marchaumont, I prythee, in thy sweet Master's name deal with this fellow as he deserves. So all the world shall know the sword of England is the sword of France as well!"

MARCHAUMONT: "Madam, right willingly. In France's name." (*He gives the accolade.*)

ELIZABETH: "Rise, Sir Francis, my good sea-knight! But I doubt you are impenitent."

DRAKE: "Madam, I can never rest till lands as yet without a name shall know the sweetness of your sway, and seas beyond the seas shall laugh in echoing your dear name. (*Kneels.*) My Queen of Queens." (*Kissing her hand.*)

ELIZABETH: "In good time, my Knight, if it be God's will. And now let's to thy golden ship."

DRAKE: "Good people. A lusty greeting for the Queen of all the Seas."

Queen resumes her carrying chair, and exit with music and cheers of the people, who will have crowded round banquet. As they go out a cry is raised of "Spaniard! Spaniard!" and the people chase him away riotously.

(B) THE REVIEW AT TILBURY.

The army which the Queen reviewed at Tilbury was one of three into which the Southern land forces were organized to resist the threatened Spanish invasion. It was expected to fall at two different points. The army of the Duke of Parma was known to be intended for the mouth of the Thames, and the troops which were on board the Armada, it was thought, would try to effect

a landing in the West, or on the Southern coast. An army therefore "To encounter the enemy" was formed from the West Country forces, which was to attack the troops coming from Spain, wherever they might land. It was assembled to the Westward and was to consist of about 2,000 horse, 27,000 foot, 4,600 pioneers, and 14 guns.

A second army, which was in effect an "Army of Reserve," was concentrated in London, and was known as "The Army for the defence of the Queen's person." It was drawn from the Home, Eastern and Midland Counties, London itself providing 10,000 men from the trained bands. It numbered 29,000 foot, 2,470 horse, 2,000 pioneers, and 81 guns.

The third was the army at Tilbury, drawn from the counties of Bedford, Bucks, Hertford, Surrey, Berks, Oxford, and Essex, and 1,000 foot from London. Its totals were 1,449 horse and 11,000 foot, and attached to it were 6,000 Kentish foot stationed at Sandwich. To it was assigned the duty of resisting Parma, and a bridge of boats was thrown over the Thames to enable it to act on whichever side the Spaniards landed. Professional soldiers, of whom there were plenty in England at the time, from the Low Countries, regarded the county levies as little better than rabble, but they were full of fight, and a good deal of special training under professional officers had been going on during the last year or two. Though the organisation and commissariat was very bad, the whole, as a fighting force, was probably not so black as the experts, after their manner, painted it. At all events, Parma, the most accomplished soldier of his time, did not at all like the prospect, and had no intention of attempting a landing with his motley polyglot army till the Spanish troops in the fleet were at his disposal. Even so, he saw little hope of conquest. "Even if the Armada," he wrote to the King, "supplies me with the 6,000 Spaniards as agreed, and they are the sinew of the undertaking, I shall still have too few troops. If I set foot on shore I shall have to fight battle after battle. I shall, of course, lose men. I must leave garrisons to keep open my communications, and in a very short time my force will thus be so reduced as to be quite inadequate to cope with the great multitude of enemies, and unable to push forward." It is a national habit in our historians to assume that, had Parma landed, our undisciplined troops would have been swept before him like dust, but this was certainly not the opinion of Parma himself, and he had every means of knowing, and every equipment for forming a just opinion on his knowledge. We may assume, therefore, with some safety, that the enthusiasm and confidence which was so loudly aroused by Elizabeth's visit to the camp, and her stirring speech, were not without justification. They were, of course, never put to the trial, for, as was always to happen in the numerous attempts to invade that followed, the hostile army could never even put to sea. J. S. C.

SCENE :—Open space outside Tilbury Fort.

People of the neighbourhood are lounging about and more flock in as the news spreads of what is about to happen.

The army enters :—

Footmen—including pikemen, archers, musketeers and halberdiers, with officers, led by the Colonel-General of Foot (Sir Thos. Leighton) and Sergt.-Major Capt. Nicholas Dawtrey.

Horsemen—Captain of the Lances (Sir Roger Williams) with 30 lances.

Lieutenant.

Ensign, with guidon.

Captain of the Light Horse (Sir Robert Sydney) with 30 light horse.

Lieutenant.

Ensign, with guidon.

Captain of the Petronels, with 30 petronels.

Lieutenant.

Ensign, with guidon.

Master of the Ordnance (Sir Thomas Knollys, jun.), with his Lieutenant (James Spencer) and 30 artillery-men, with sacres and waggon.

The Citizens enter with them.

Lord Lieut.-General the Earl of Leicester enters, on horse, with standard-bearer, guards, and the following officers of his staff :—

Sir John Norreys, Lord Marshal.

The Earl of Essex, General of Horse.

Four Corporals of the Field (Captain Wilson, Acres, and two others).

The Queen then rides on, preceded by a page on horse, bearing her helmet. She is followed by Yeomen of the Guard and the Royal Standard. "Mounted on a war horse, Bellona-like, with a general's truncheon in her hand, wearing a breastplate of burnished steel and attended by a page who bore her helmet, she rode bare-headed through the ranks." She is accompanied through the ranks by Leicester, Essex, Williams, Sydney, and the Corporals of the Field.

She addresses her troops.

ELIZABETH'S SPEECH.

My loving people. Under God I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and goodwill of my subjects, and therefore I am come among you at this time, being resolved in the midst of the heat of battle to live or die amongst you all; to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour and my blood even to the dust. I know 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 I think foul scorn that Parma or Spain, or any Prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm. To which, rather than any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms. I myself will be your general, judge and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. So God be with us all!

The people and soldiers cheer, the latter raising their hats on their muskets and pikes. The Queen leads off the Army.

Part III.

SCENE I.

EASTWARD AND WESTWARD HO.

(A) THE TRADE WITH THE INDIES.

Return Home of the First Expedition of the East India Company, June, 1603.

Historical Referees - - Sir Richard Temple, Bart.
Mrs. S. C. Lomas.

In the latter half of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the London merchants, wealthy, prosperous, and enterprising, began to look with longing eyes towards the wonderful "Indies," whose treasures had hitherto been brought to them by other nations, or captured from the rich carracks bound for Portugal or Spain. Confident in the strength of the English navy and the pluck of English seamen, they desired to send vessels to those far ports to make sale of their English cloth, and to bring back the silks, spices, precious stones, and other costly wares which those lands contained. During the last twenty years of the Queen's reign several small expeditions were sent out, some of which obtained rich booty, though with terrible loss of life.

In 1599, an association of London merchants was formed, and amongst the names of these "Adventurers" to the East Indies are found representatives of each of the twelve great City Companies except (natural omission!) the Fishmongers; representatives, too, of almost all the great mercantile families who played so great a part in the history of London during the seventeenth century.

Preparations for a voyage were begun; four ships—the *Red Dragon*, *Hector*, *Ascension*, and *Susan*—were made ready, Captain James Lancaster was appointed "General of the Fleet," and Captain John Davis (of North-West Passage fame) his second in command. Mr. Hakluyt, their histriographer, was frequently consulted, and on the last day of December, 1600, the royal sanction for which they were waiting was bestowed, when Queen Elizabeth signed the first charter of the East India Company.

Captain Lancaster sailed from Woolwich in February, 1601, and in June, 1602, reached Acheen. Here he was kindly received by the king of the country, who gave him a letter for Queen Elizabeth, together with a ruby ring and two vestures woven and embroidered with gold, in a box of china (*i.e.*, lacquer work). From

PART III., SCENE I. (A.D. 1603.) EASTWARD AND WESTWARD HO. (*A*) TRADE WITH THE INDIES.
Bringing home with them rich spices of the East, the voyagers to the far Indies are welcomed back to London Town.

PART III., SCENE II. (A.D. 1617.) MEETING OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.
The fair Indian Princess from the West is welcomed to the English Court by King James and his Queen.

Acheen, Lancaster sent home the *Ascension* and the *Susan*, laden with the precious spices which played so large a part in the cookery of that day ; and it is the happy return of these vessels to the Thames, under the charge of Master Roger Styles and Master Henry (afterwards Sir Henry) Middleton, which is depicted in our episode. S. C. L.

SCENE :—In the distance, in the river, below the bridge, the two ships, the "Ascension" and the "Susan," sent home by Captain Lancaster, the first ships to return from the first adventure of the East India Company.

In the foreground, the quayside at Queenhithe.

Gradually people gather from all sides as the news spreads that the ships from the Indies have come in ; grave citizens with their wives and children, 'prentices, beefeaters and soldiers from the Tower, men of law from the Inns, a few gallants from the Court ; sailors and the wives and children of the men who are returning to their homes after three years' absence. Fishermen come up from the river, and the citizens' wives bargain with them for their fish.

Pipes and tabors heard in the distance.

Boats come through the arches of the bridge, with the flag of St. George flying at the stern.

From the side of the City, enter on horseback :—

Alderman Campbell, Governor of the East India Company.

Sir Thomas Smythe. Sir John Hart.

Mr. Paul Bayning. Mr. Thomas Cordell.

Sir Richard Lee, Lord Mayor. Sir John Spencer.

Sir Thomas Lowe (afterwards first Governor of the Levant Company).

In the first of the boats are :—

Master Roger Styles, chief factor in charge of the *Ascension.*

Master Henry Middleton, who has brought home the *Susan.*

They advance up the quay, amidst the cheers of the people, and are welcomed by the Governor and his fellow Councillors.

Then come the crews of the two vessels, weather-worn and in shabby clothes. Some bear in hammocks their sick comrades ; others have parrots on their shoulders. They are quickly surrounded by friends, wives and children, with noisy greetings.

Next appear four men bearing on their shoulders the chest of " red china " (lacquer), containing the two cloth of gold garments sent by the King of Acheen to Queen Elizabeth.

Finally come the bearers of the precious spices, wearing long plain smocks, and accompanied by overseers appointed by the Company to guard against embezzlement. The pepper, cloves, and " gum lacre " are in bags ; the cinnamon in wicker basket " canisters."

As they come up the quay, one of the bags bursts, and the peppercorns are scattered in all directions and eagerly scrambled for by the crowd.

The overseers try to drive the people back, but many 'prentices get away with their pockets full. The bags are put into the three carts which are in waiting, and the carts are driven off to "the warehouses under the Exchange," the 'prentice boys running shouting after them, while the sailors, with their arms around their wives, and their children clinging round them, go back to their homes.

APPENDIX.

Extracts from the *Court Minutes of the East India Company*, Vol. I., fols. 101 to 104:—

"A Generall Courte holden the 6th of June, 1603.

"The generall Corte being called together uppon occasion of the receipt of letters received by a frenchemen which latelie departed at sea from one of our fleet the ship Assention, which letters were written the one from Roger Style, Cape Merchant, of the Assention, and the other from Ed. Highelord, purser of the same ship, bothe discoursing the state of the voyage bothe concerning the portes which have been visited for trade and howe many of our men are dead in the voyage. By which discourses this generall Assemblie doe conceive good hope that the voyage will fall out suche as may minister incoragement to sett out another voyage for the further discovery of the portes of the East Indies."

"A Generall Courte the 16th of June, 1603.

"The Assention retourned from the East Indies.

"Ther is propounded to this genneralyty the choice of a convenient place of receipte of the goodes retorned in the Assention, which is nowe come in to the Ryver, and for ther better Direction what places are likelie to be hired for that purpose, ther is nominated thes severall places or houses hereafter following, out of which the Committees may make ther choice uppon the viewe of the fittest.

"Warehouses

The Vault under the exchange
Sr. John Spencers Warehouse.
The great house in Sething Lane
Sr. Edward Osbornes house
The La: Barnes her house
Mr. Cartwrights house
Men to attende on boarde.

"At this Corte the generalyty have agreed that the Comytties according to the generall trust which is reposed in them for the managinge of the merchandize brought home in this voyage, shall appoint suche men as they shall thinke meet to goe aboarde the Assention and to attende ther from tyme to tyme untyll the ship be unladen. . . . "

"And besides the Committees who are to take ther tornes as occasion shall serve to goe aboard the ship thes persons of the generalyty hereundernamed are appointed to goe downe and to take ther tornes of warding aboard when they shall be appointed [sixteen names follow].

"Mr. Ferrers and Mr. Lynge are entreated by this assembly to provide 50 or 60 peeces of Pollduvies [polldavies, canvas] for the makinge of bagges for the bagging of the pepper brought home in the shippes and to putt them out to making and alsoe to provide 6 sewtes of Canves Dublett and hose without pocketts for 6 porters to be imploied in the fillinge of the pepper.

"It is ordered that an entrie shal be made in the Custome house of the goodes in the Assention consisting of the perticulers Viz.

Pepper loose in the ship	210000 lb.
Cloves 16 small bagges	1100 lb.
Synamon 87 Cannasters	6030 lb.
Gum Lacre 67 bagges	4080 lb.

"A Comittie the 21th of June, 1603.

"Mr. Bowles and Mr. Greenewell are appointed and intreated to see the seallerage or vautes under the exchaunge prepared and fytted to receave the said goodes and to see the floores plancked and boarded for that purpose.

"Mr. Wm. Grenewell and Mr Wyche and Mr Harryson and Mr Horton are appointed to be at the waterside uppon wensday and thursday to see the goodes taken up and sent to the warehouses at the Exchaunge and the bookeeper to be present with them to make ticketts for the Carrmen.

"Mr Bowles Mr Eldred Mr Lynge Mr Ferrers are apointed to attend at the warehouses at the exchaunge the same daies to receave in the goodes and to waighe them and to use the helpe of Th: White to keepe a note of the waight."

(B) DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

September 6th, 1620.

Historical Referee - - Mrs. S. C. Lomas.

The little band of Puritans to be afterwards known to history as the Pilgrim Fathers, had fled from England in 1608 and settled at Leyden. Here for twelve peaceful years they enjoyed free exercise of their religion, but they had to struggle hard for a livelihood, and they never ceased to dream of a home beyond the seas, where their little church might be the nucleus of a thriving colony, a new Christian commonwealth. They entered into negotiation with the East India Company, and in 1619 obtained a patent from it to make a settlement in New England. On the arrival of the patent at Leyden, they held a day of solemn prayer to seek the Lord's direction. About half the little band decided to go, the other half with their pastor, John Robinson, remaining in Holland. It was not until July, 1619, that preparations were complete: the *Mayflower*, a little vessel of 180 tons hired for the voyage, and a still smaller one, the *Speedwell*, purchased and sent to Holland for the emigrants. William Bradford, one of their leaders, gives a touching picture of the departure from "the goodly and pleasant city which had been their resting place near twelve years," and their embarkation on the little vessel, where "their reverend pastor falling on his knees, and they all with him, with watery cheeks, commended them with most fervent prayers to

the Lord and His blessing." And so, with embraces and many tears, they took their leave one of another and parted. In this little company, William Bradford and William Brewster represented the party who had left England in 1608; Edward Winslow, a gentleman by birth, had come to Leyden in his travels and thrown in his lot with them; Miles Standish, not a member of their Church at all, had offered to share their exile, and probably the stout and cheery soldier was welcomed as a very valuable addition to their company.

Twice the emigrants left the English shore, and twice were forced back by damage to the *Speedwell*. Finally, it was resolved to abandon her, and on September 6th the little band, numbering one hundred and two souls, embarked on board the *Mayflower*, and bade farewell for ever to their native land. Of the actual departure we have no details, but the Puritans must have had many friends in Plymouth town, and doubtless the scene would much resemble that at their embarkation from Holland. S. C. L.

SCENE :—Plymouth Quay. The "Mayflower" (180 tons) in the distance. A quay side, with boats, cordage, anchors, baskets of fish, lobster pots, etc.

Fishermen and boatmen going about their work. Children playing round the boats.

On the grass to the left, men playing bowls.

Enter Deacon Carver, Governor elect, with his wife and children, followed by their servants carrying cloaks, etc., and porters with bags and chests; and escorted by friends from the town. In the same way enter the other leaders—Elder William Brewster, Masters Edward Winslow, William Bradford, and Isaac Allerton, Dr. Samuel Fuller and Captain Miles Standish, with their families and servants.

The other pilgrims follow in groups, the poorer ones carrying baskets and bundles.

The people on the quay gather round, watching the scene curiously, and are joined by others from the town.

A Puritan Clergyman, in bands and gown, comes forward and addresses the pilgrims; then, as they all kneel, gives them his blessing.

Sailors come running up from the water-side, calling to the people that the boat is ready to sail, seize any baggage that they can lay hands on, and begin to carry it down to the ship. All is bustle and confusion; people hurrying up and down to find their things, friends bidding farewell, servant men wrapping round their mistresses the cloaks they have been carrying.

Miles Standish goes amongst the people, giving help to the feeble and cheering the faint-hearted.

Sadly and silently the pilgrims make their way down to the water side. Their friends stand watching them until they are out of sight; then slowly disperse.

APPENDIX.

The description of the farewell scene is taken from Bradford's *History of the Plymouth Plantation*. The complete "roll-call" of the Pilgrim Fathers, men, women and children, with their occupations and ages, is given in *The Mayflower and her log*, by Azel Ames, M.D.

SCENE II.

THE MEETING OF THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

JANUARY 6TH, 1617.

Historical Referee - - MRS. S. C. LOMAS.

Virginia, the first of England's colonies, was taken possession of by an expedition under Sir Richard Grenville in 1585. But the first attempts to colonise it ended in failure, and it was not until 1607 that the real settlement began. On April 10th, 1606, King James granted a charter to the Virginia Company of London, and in the following December, a little band—hardly more than a hundred souls—sailed from the Thames. Their early days were days of hardship and of suffering. Lack of food, toil and disease, pressed heavily upon them, and in a few short months half the colony was swept away. With occasional glimpses of better fortune, and some further recruit of men and provisions, they struggled on until in 1610, famine staring them in the face, they were on the point of forsaking the country, when the opportune arrival of Lord de la Warr, with a squadron from England, saved the settlement from ruin. This was the turning point in the history of Virginia, and from that time, though with many ups and downs of fortune, it pressed steadily on towards prosperity.

The man who of all others did most to promote the welfare of the infant colony was Captain John Smith, an Englishman, who, after a roving and adventurous youth, went out to Virginia with the settlers of 1607. In one of his exploring expeditions he was taken prisoner by the Indians, and (as he himself tells the tale) he was about to be put to death by the great chief Powhattan, when he was rescued by the interposition of Pocahontas, the ten-year-old daughter of the Chief; who "for feature, countenance and proportion" greatly exceeded all the rest of her countrywomen, and was indeed "the only non-pareil" of her nation.

A few years later, Pocahontas married Smith's friend and fellow colonist, John Rolfe, and in 1616, Sir Thomas Dale, Governor of Virginia, brought her and her husband to England, whither Captain Smith had already returned. She was graciously received by King James and Queen Anne, and was specially invited to be a guest at the Twelfth Night Masque about to be presented at the Court.

Of this Masque we have not only the text, but every detail of character and costume, so that it can be shown to our audience of to-day very much as it was seen by the Stuart Court three hundred years ago. It was written by Ben Jonson for the Twelfth Night revels at Whitehall, and fits well into our Pageant scheme, for the players were City lads all, "come out of the lanes of London."

The poor young "Princess Pocahontas" is said to have been so pleased with England that she did not wish to leave it; she was, however, on the point of returning with her husband to Virginia when she died at Gravesend, only a few weeks after her appearance at the Court.

S. C. L.

SCENE:—A large hall in Whitehall, hung with tapestry. Centre, royal seats for the King and Queen, under a canopy. To the Queen's left, a stool for the young Prince of Wales. Beyond this, stool for Pocahontas. On the King's right, three stools for Ambassadors. On either side of the throne, seats for the chief ladies of the Court.

Trumpets without. The halberdiers stand round.
The ladies and cavaliers come in and walk about, jesting and laughing.
The Lord Chamberlain (Earl of Pembroke) enters and stands near the door.

Enter:—

Master of the Ceremonies. French Ambassador and Lady. Lord Danvers.

Attendants.
Venetian Ambassador and Lady.
Attendants.
Savoy Ambassador and Lady.
Attendants.

They are met at the entrance by the Lord Chamberlain, holding his white staff, who precedes them into the hall. They are escorted to their seats by the Master of the Ceremonies and Lord Danvers, their attendants taking place behind them. Their ladies leave them and join the rest of the Court.

ROYAL PROCESSION.

Comptroller of the Household (Sir Thos. Edwards).	Countess of Exeter.
Lord Privy Seal (Earl of Worcester).	Countess of Bedford.
Lord Treasurer (Earl of Suffolk).	Countess of Arundel.
Lord High Admiral (Earl of Nottingham).	Countess of Tullibardine.
Lord Steward (Duke of Lennox).	Countess of Roxburgh.

Prince Charles.
Two of his gentlemen (Lord Clinton and Lord Beauchamp).

Trumpeters.
Lord Chamberlain.
The King leading the Queen.
Pages.
The Queen's maids of honour.

The trumpets play, and the Court remains standing until the King and Queen have seated themselves.

Enter:— Princess Pocahontas,
led by
The Master of the Ceremonies and Sir Thos. Dale (Governor of Virginia).
The Indian Chief, Uttamatomakkin.
Captain John Smith.
Lord and Lady De la Warr.

She is met at the door by the Lord Chamberlain, and conducted to the throne. She kisses the Queen's hand, the King greets her very courteously, and indicates a seat for her near the Prince. Prince Charles also greets her, and the Lord Chamberlain leads her to her place in a ceremonious manner.

When Pocahontas is seated, a group of cavaliers make their appearance, masqued, led by Prince Charles and the Earl of Buckingham.

The trumpets sound a fanfare.

The Masques make obeisance to the King and Queen, after which each knight takes his lady from those "ranked ready to dance," and leads her out into the middle of the hall; the "music" begins to play, and a coranto is danced.

Being well-nigh tired, they begin to lag; whereupon the King shouts aloud, "Why don't they dance? What did they make me come here for? Devil take you all, dance!" Upon this, they change to the sprightly "Volta," in which Lord Buckingham especially distinguishes himself. The others follow his example with various ladies, ending by lifting their goddesses from the ground, but none come up to the manner of Buckingham.

The dance being over, the Prince goes up to kiss the King's hand, who embraces him tenderly. He also embraces Buckingham.

Masque.*

Enter Christmas, attired in round hose, long stockings, a close doublet, a high-crowned hat with a brooch, a long, thin beard, a truncheon, little ruffs, white shoes, his scarfs and garters tied across, and his drum beaten before him. He is stopped by the Guard.

Christmas: Why, gentlemen, do you know what you do? Ha! Would you have kept me out? Christmas, old Christmas, Christmas of London, and Captain Christmas? Pray you let me not be brought before my Lord Chamberlain, I'll not be answered else; 'tis merry in hall when beards wag all.' I have seen the time you'd have wished for me, for a merry Christmas; and now you have me, they would not let me in: "I must come another time!" A good jest, as if I could come more than once a year. Why, I am no dangerous person; and so I told my friends of the Guard. I am old Gregory Christmas still, and though I come out of Pope's Head Alley, as good a Protestant as any in my parish. The truth is, I have brought a Masque here, out o' the City, of my own making, and do present it to be a set of my sons, that come out of the Lanes of London, good dancing boys all. It was intended, I confess, for Currier's Hall; but the weather has been open, and the Livery were not at leisure to see it till a frost came, that they cannot work, I thought it convenient with some little alteration, and the Groom of the Revels' hand to't, to fit it for a higher place; which I have done, and though I say it, another manner of device than your New Year's night. Bones o' bread, the King! Son Rowland! Son Clem! Be ready there in a trice; quick boys!

Enter his sons and daughters (10 in number), led in, in a string, by Cupid, who is attired in a flat cap and a 'prentice's coat, with wings at his shoulders.

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* "Christmas his Masque, as it was presented at Court, Jan. 6, 1616-17." (Written by Ben Jonson.)

MISRULE, in a velvet cap, with a sprig, a short cloak, great yellow ruff, like a reveller; with his torch-bearer* and his usher bearing a rope, a cheese, and a basket.

CAROL, a long tawny coat, with a red cap, and a flute at his girdle; his usher carrying a song-book open.

MINCED PIE, like a fine cook's wife, dressed neat; her man carrying a pie-dish and spoons.

GAMBOL, like a tumbler, with a hoop and bells; his usher armed with a colt-staff† and a binding cloth.

POST-AND-PAIR,‡ with a pair royal of Aces in his hat; his garments all done over with pairs and purs; his squire carrying his box, cards and counters.

NEW YEAR'S GIFT, in a blue coat, serving-man like, with an orange and a sprig of rosemary gilt on his head, his hat full of brooches, with a collar of gingerbread; his usher carrying a marchpane, with a bottle of wine on either arm.§

MUMMING, in a masquing pied suit, with a vizard; his usher carrying the box, and ringing it.

WASSEL, like a neat seamster and songster; her page bearing a brown bowl, dressed with ribbons and rosemary, before her.

OFFERING, in a short gown, with a porter's staff in his hand, a wyth‖ borne before him, and a bason by his usher.

BABY-CAKE, dressed like a boy, in a fine long coat, biggin, bib, muckinder, and a little dagger; his usher bearing a great cake, with a bean and a pease. They enter singing:—

Now God preserve, as you well deserve,
Your Majesties all, two there;
Your Highness small, with my good Lords all,
And Ladies, how do you there?

Give me leave to ask, for I bring you a Masque
From little, little, little, little London;
Which say the King likes, I have passed the pikes,
If not, old Christmas is undone.

(Noise and interruption as "one of Friday Street" wishes to come in, but is forbidden by Christmas, as also all from the Fish Streets, as not being Christmas creatures. "John Butter," of Milk Street, however, is allowed in as a torch-bearer.)

Our dance's freight is a matter of eight,
And two, the which are wenches;
In all they be ten, four cocks to a hen,
And will swim to the tune like tenches.

---

* Though not always mentioned, each Masquer was always attended by his torch-bearer, and sometimes, when, as in this case, there were "properties" to be carried, by an usher as well.

† A staff, on which a burden was carried by two on their shoulders.

‡ A game of cards. The pur is the knave or jack.

§ All these articles were used as New Year's presents.

‖ A name particularly applied to a child's cap, but sometimes to that of a man.

Each hath his knight for to carry his light,
Which some would say were torches;
To bring them here and to lead them there,
And home again to their porches.

Enter VENUS AS A DEAF TIREWOMAN.

(She clamours for a place to see her son Cupid act before the King and Queen, but is silenced by Christmas. The mummers complain that some of the properties have been forgotten, but they also are told to hold their peace, and the song proceeds.)

Now their intent, is above to present,
With all their appurtenances,
A right Christmas as of old it was,
To be gathered out of the dances.

Which do they bring and afore the King,
The Queen and the Prince as it were now.
Drawn here by Love, who over and above
Doth draw himself in the gear too.

(Here the drum and fife sound, and they march about once. In the second coming up, Christmas proceeds in his song.)

CHRISTMAS:

Hum drum, sauce for a coney;*
No more of your martial music;
E'en for the sake o' the next new Stake,
For there I do mean to use it.

And now to ye, who in place are to see
With roll and farthingale hooped;
I pray you know, though he want his bow,
By the wings that this is CUPID.

He might go back, for to cry, 'What you lack'?
But that were not so witty;
His cap and coat are enough to note
That he is the Love o' the City.

And he leads on, though he now be gone,
For that was only his rule;
But now comes in, Tom of Bosom's Inn,
And he presenteth MISRULE.

Which you may know by the very show,
Albeit you never ask it;
For there you may see what his ensigns be,
The rope, the cheese, and the basket.

This CAROL plays, and has been in his days
A chirping-boy and a Kill-pot;
Kit-cobler it is, I'm a father of his,
And he dwells in the lane called Fill-pot.

---

* Only a part of this song will be sung.

But who is this? Oh my daughter Cis,
MINCED-PIE; with her do not dally;
On pain of your life; she's an honest cook's wife,
And comes out of Scalding Alley.

Next in the trace, comes GAMBOL in place,
And to make my tale the shorter;
My son Hercules, ta'en out of Distaff Lane,
But an active man and a porter.

Now POST-AND-PAIR, old Christmas's heir,
Doth make, and a gingling sally
And wot you who, 'tis one of my two
Sons, card makers in Pur Alley.

Next in a trice, with his box and his dice,
MacPippin my son, but younger,
Brings MUMMING in and the knave will win
For all he's a costermonger.

But NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, of himself makes shift
To tell you what his name is;
With orange on head and his gingerbread,
Clem Waspe of Honey Lane 'tis.

This I you tell, is our jolly WASSELL
And for Twelfth Night more meet too,
She works by the ell, and her name is Nell,
And she dwells in Threadneedle Street too.

Then OFFERING, he, with his dish and his tree,
That in every great house keepeth,
Is by my son, young Littleworth, done
And in Penny-rich Street he sleepeth.

Last BABY-CAKE, that an end doth make,
Of Christmas' merry, merry vein-a,
Is child Rowlan, and a straight young man,
Tho' he come out of Crooked Lane-a.

There should have been and a dozen I ween,
But I could find but one more
Child of Christmas and a Log it was,
When I them all had gone o'er.

I prayed him, in a time so trim,
That he would make one to prance it;
And I myself would have been the twelfth,
Oh! but Log was too heavy to dance it.

"Now Cupid, come you on!"

CUPID:

You worthy wights, King, Lords, and Knights,
Or Queen and ladies bright,
Cupid invites you to the sights
He shall present to-night.

(At this point Cupid forgets his song, Venus urges him to have courage, but Christmas bids him to take him away and calls for the dance to begin.)

DANCE.

CHRISTMAS: Well done, boys, my fine boys, my bully boys.

EPILOGUE.

CHRISTMAS:

Nor do you think that their legs is all
The commendation of my sons,
For at the Artillery Garden they shall
As well forsooth use their guns.

And march as fine as the Muses Nine
Along the streets of London;
And in their brave tires, to give their false fires,
Especially Tom my son.

Now if the lanes and the alleys afford
Such acativity as this;
At Christmas next, if they keep their word,
Can the children of Cheapside miss?

Though, put the case, when they come in place,
They should not dance but hop;
Their very gold lace, with their silk, would 'em grace
Having so many knights o' the shop.

But were I so wise, I might seem to advise,
So great a potentate as yourself,
They should, Sir, I tell ye, spar't out of their belly,
And this way spend some of their pelf.

Ay, and come to the Court, for to make you some sport,
At the least once every year,
As Christmas hath done with his seventh or eighth son,
And his couple of daughters dear.

(*They all go out.*)

The King now rises from his chair, gives his hand to the Queen, and they pass out, followed by Princess Pocahontas, the Ambassadors and the rest of the company, the "music" playing the while.

APPENDIX.

"On Twelfth-night there was a Masque, wherein the new made Earl (of Buckingham) . . . danced with the Queen. . . . The Virginia woman, Pocahontas, with her father's counsellor, have been with the King, and graciously used; and both she and her assistant well placed at the Masque. She is upon her return, though sore against her will." (Mr. Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carleton, Jan. 18th, 1616-17, *Birch MS.* 4173, *British Museum.*)

The following extracts are from Captain John Smith's *History of Virginia* (ed. Arbor., page 529 *et seq.*):—

"The Lady Rebecca alias Pocahontas, by the diligent care of Master John Rolfe her husband and his friends, was taught to speak such English as might well bee understood, well instructed in Christianitie, and was become very formall and civill after the English manner . . . . and before she arrived at London, Captain Smith made her sivilities knowne to the Queene's most excellent Majestie and the Court, and writ a little booke to this effect to the Queene."

Pocahontas was also accompanied to England by one of the chief counsellors of King Powhattan, her father, whose name was Uttamatomakkin. "This salvage being amongst them held an understanding fellow, the King purposely sent him, so they say, to number the people here, and informe him well what wee were and our state. Arriving at Plimouth, according to his directions, he got a longe sticke, whereon by notches he did thinke to have kepte the number of all the men hee could see, but he was quickly wearie of that taske. . . . . The small time I staid in London, divers courtiers and others, my acquaintances, hath gone with mee to see her, that generally concluded . . . . they have seene many English ladies worse favoured, proportioned and behavioured; and as since I have heard, it pleased both the King and Queene's Majestie honourably to esteeme her, accompanied with that honourable Lady the Lady De la Warr and the honourable Lord, her husband, and divers other persons of good qualities, both publicly at the maskes and otherwise, to her great satisfaction and content."

Extract from a Letter of Sir Thomas Dale to a friend in London, June 18th, 1614 (*Purchas His Pilgrimes*, 1906 ed., xix., 106):—

"Powhattan's daughter I caused to be carefully instructed in Christian religion, who, after she had made some good progresse therein, renounced publikely her countrey idolatry, openly confessed her Christian faith, was, as she desired, baptized, and is since married to an English gentleman of good understanding. . . . . She will goe into England with me, and were it but the gaining of this one soule, I will thinke my time, toil and present stay well spent."

From *Purchas His Pilgrimes* (1906 ed., xix., 117):—

"Sir Thomas Dale . . . . arrived at Plimouth in May or June, 1616. . . . . Master Rolfe also, with Rebecca, his new convert and consort, and Uttamatamakin (commonly called Tomocomo) one of Powhattan's counsellors, came over at the same time . . . . [Pocahontas] did not only accustom her selfe to civilitie, but still carried her selfe as the daughter of a king, and was accordingly respected. . . . . I was present when my honourable and reverend patron, the Lord Bishop

PART III., SCENE III. FALL OF THE MONARCHY. (*A*) (A.D. 1637.) HAMPTON COURT.
Charles I. with his wife and children in the Gardens of Hampton Court.

PART III., SCENE III. (*B*) (A.D. 1649.) CHARLES I. ON THE WAY TO EXECUTION.

"He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene—
But bowed his comely head,
Down as upon a bed."—*A. Marvell.*

of London, Dr. King, entertained her with festivall state and pompe, beyond what I have seen in his great hospitalitie afforded to other ladies."

The data for the Court part of the scene are taken from the journal of the Master of the Ceremonies compiled by Sir John Finet (*MS. volume at the Public Record Office*), and from a description of festivities at the English Court (*Cal. Venetian State Papers*, 1617-19, p. 110), which, though strictly applicable to the following year, is very typical of the period.

SCENE III.

FALL OF THE MONARCHY.

Historical Referee - - Mrs. S. C. Lomas.

In this episode, only the passing of Charles I. to the scaffold is based on actual historic data. The first panel is merely a picture of what may often have taken place in the home-life of the Court, and reminds us that whatever were Charles I.'s faults as a ruler, his private character, as a husband and a father, was beyond reproach. No blot sullied the fair fame of the "White King."

Some licence in the matter of time has necessarily been taken at the end of panel B, and we must ask the spectators to imagine that two or three hours have elapsed between the passing of Charles and his execution. Again, Oliver Cromwell is brought upon the scene as typical of his real, rather than of his apparent power. At the beginning of 1649 he was not the titular head of the Army, nor did he take the leading part in the trial of the King. Fairfax was commander-in-chief of the forces of the Parliament; Bradshaw sat in the President's chair. Cromwell himself had only slowly and reluctantly come to believe that the execution of the King was necessary, and was actually absent from London when the vote for his death was passed. Yet the English nation has ever, and rightly, looked upon him as the proto-antagonist of the Stuart rule, and to him it was given, after the Commonwealth had been tried and failed, to bring back government by a "single person," and revive the monarchy in all but name. S. C. L.

(A) HAMPTON COURT.

SCENE :—The River-side at Hampton Court.

Courtiers and Ladies with Children by the river bank, with little dogs and monkeys.

The Duke of Lennox escorts the Duchess of Buckingham and Lady Mary Villiers (to whom he is betrothed).

The music of a lute is heard, and a barge appears. The Courtiers hasten to the water's edge. From the barge alight King Charles and Queen Henrietta Maria.

Princess Mary.
Princess Elizabeth, in her nurse's arms.
Lady Roxburgh, the Princesses' Governess.
Maids of Honour.
Pages.
The Queen's Confessor, Father Philips.
Harry Jermyn (the lute player).
The Marquis of Hamilton.
Geoffrey Hudson, the King's dwarf.

The ladies already on the scene gather round the Queen, foremost being Lady Denbigh (Mistress of the Robes), and Lady Carlisle.

The Children join their Royal playfellows.

Enter from the left, the two young Princes, Charles and James, with their Governor, the Earl of Newcastle, and attendants ; accompanied by Charles Lewis and Rupert, Princes Palatine, and the young Duke of Buckingham and his brother, Lord Francis Villiers.

They all kiss the hands of the King and Queen. The Duke of Buckingham and his brother also kiss their mother's hands. Hudson, the dwarf, struts about and teazes the people. The little Princess and Princes, under the guidance of Lady Roxburgh, their governess, with the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Francis Villiers, the two little pages, and some of their little playfellows, together with the Palatine Princes, older pages, and maids of honour, perform a dance before the King and Queen, while Harry Jermyn plays his lute and Will Murray a flute.

The Palatine Princes and the older pages join the maids of honour, laughing and coquetting with them.

The Mother of the Maids hovers round, keeping a sharp look-out on her young charges, and giving them raps with her fan if she thinks they are getting too hilarious.

As they sail away in their barge the courtiers wave to them from the bridge.

(B) KING CHARLES I. ON HIS WAY TO EXECUTION.

January 30th, 1649. *St. James' Park. A cold, frosty morning.*

People are going to and fro; citizens, their wives, apprentices, serving maids, children ; the ordinary crowd of a morning in London.

Files of foot-soldiers march in, with their drums and fifes, partly musketeers, partly pikemen, and line the roadway two deep on each side. The bystanders gather behind them in groups, all solemn and serious, the Puritans showing a grim satisfaction ; the Royalists in great distress. The clock of St. James' Palace strikes ten.

Enter:— Guard of Halberdiers, commanded by Col. Hacker.
Bishop Juxon. THE KING. Col. Tomlinson.
Thomas Herbert.
Guard of Halberdiers.

The King walks, as was his custom, "very fast."

The drums beat so loudly all the time that "one could hardly hear what another spoke." As the little procession passes, all the Royalists, and even some of the Commonwealth men, raise their hats. Many of the women are weeping. The drums can be heard when the procession is out of sight. The soldiers march off. Some of the crowd follow towards Whitehall. Others stand about in groups. Some of the children urge their mothers to go to see the execution, but the mothers, weeping, shake their heads and refuse to go.

There is a silent pause. Bell begins to toll.

Then troops begin to march back.

Three of the King's Judges ride by.

Lastly, Cromwell rides by, alone, very grave, not looking to right or left.

He is followed by half-a-dozen troopers.

The crowd quietly and silently disperses.

SCENE IV.

THE RESTORATION.

Historical Referee - - H. B. WHEATLEY.

The three tableaux of this episode deal with momentous incidents in the history of London. The first illustrates the delirious joy of a majority of the people which carried everything before it, and for a time silenced all opposition.

The second indicates the results of the last of the fearful plagues which devastated the city and the great fire which destroyed it. These great calamities ended in the resurrection of a healthier and more convenient London. The third shows the inhabitants restored to their orderly and festive life.

In the month of May, 1660, a wave of loyal enthusiasm swept over the country. On the 6th instant King Charles II. was proclaimed with much pomp and ceremony in London and Westminster, and from that time forward the most strenuous exertions were made to prepare for his triumphal entry on the 29th.

The King landed at Dover on Saturday, May 26th, and here presented the "George" to Lord General Monck, when his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, clothed his Excellency with the insignia of the Order of the Garter.

From Dover, escorted by a band of gentlemen, bareheaded, Charles rode to Canterbury, where he was met by the mayor and aldermen, conducted to the palace, and there "nobly entertained" until Monday.

On Tuesday, the 29th, at Blackheath, the King reviewed the Army, which was assembled there by the Lord General's order. The march was continued through dense crowds of people, collected from the surrounding country. At

St. George's Fields the procession was met by the Lord Mayor (Thomas Aleyne) and aldermen. Aleyne presented the city sword to the King, who knighted him with it, and then returned it. Refreshments had been provided in a magnificent tent, and, when the King had regaled himself, the procession was reformed, and proceeded over London Bridge and through the City.* The streets were richly hung with tapestry, and the windows and balconies were filled with spectators, mostly women. Young maidens "in rich clothing" strewed flowers along the roads. The liverymen of the City and the trained bands lined the streets, and the water conduits flowed with wine, which the people "could take in their hats or cups or glasses."

The position chosen for this scene is the site of Old Temple Bar, showing the Strand on the west side and Fleet Street on the east side. Temple Bar, the centre of the scene, is a reproduction of the Old Bar, burned in the Great Fire, after which it was replaced by Wren's building, removed only a few years ago.

When the King arrived at Whitehall, he officially invested Monck with the Order of the Garter. Thus the restorer of the monarchy obtained this coveted honour while he was still a commoner.

In the year 1665 the total deaths in the London area were 97,306 out of an estimated population of 460,000, and of this number 68,596 were Plague deaths. The worst week in the year was from the 12th to the 19th September, when 8,297 died. For a time the streets were deserted, and London was practically a city of the dead. Large numbers of the inhabitants fled to the country, but some public-spirited men stuck to their work. Amongst these Monck, now Duke of Albemarle, John Evelyn, and Samuel Pepys are worthy of special mention. The last of these three notes on May 1st, 1667, that he saw at Sir Robert Viner's "two or three great silver flagons made with inscriptions as gifts of the King to such and such persons of quality as did stay in town [during] the late great plague, for the keeping things in order in the town, which is a handsome thing." Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey received a tankard for services during the Plague, and was knighted in September, 1666, for his efforts to preserve order in the Great Fire.

Late on Saturday night, September 1st, 1666, a fire broke out in the house of Farryner, the King's Baker, in Pudding Lane, Eastcheap, which continued for five days, and destroyed London.

Some of Pepys's servants sat up late to prepare for a Sunday feast, and about three in the morning they awoke their master and mistress to tell them that there was a great fire near London Bridge. Pepys thought it was further off than it really was, and went to bed again. When he got up at seven o'clock he learnt that 300 houses had been burnt in the night. The fire is said to have been stopped at Pye Corner, West Smithfield, but William Hewer had to remove his mother to Islington on September 4th because her house in Pye Corner was burnt, and the fire continued after this; in fact, the cellars in the ruins of the City were burning for four months, and smoke came from some of these cellars for six months after the fire was stayed. In spite of all the destruction of houses, it is said that only eight deaths were reported as caused by the Fire.

* Dr. Sharpe (*London and the Kingdom*, Vol. II., p. 380) says that the sum of £30 was afterwards voted as compensation for damage done to private grounds by making a passage through them for the royal procession to pass on its way from St. George's and Walworth Fields to the City.

During all the time of the fire, barges filled with the furniture of the destroyed houses (amongst which were many musical instruments) were drawn up to safe landing-places on the river. The contents were then transferred to Westminster Hall and other empty buildings, but the largest portion was carried to Moorfields, where the wearied and houseless Londoners, who complained that their feet were "ready to burn," owing to walking in the streets among the hot coals, were engaged in watching their property and keeping it separate from that of others. Soon paved streets and two-storeyed houses were raised in Moorfields to accommodate these people. The conduct of the Londoners of all classes during the fire did them the greatest honour, and we have reason to be proud of our ancestors, for the manner in which the catastrophe was met affords material for one of the brightest pages in the history of London. During the period of the plague there was panic, for the sufferers were helpless, but all was changed when the fire abated. Naturally, when the flames first set up their march of destruction, the people were dazed, and the shrieks of women and children were heard on all sides. When, however, the people knew what was to be done, they set to work with a will, and the conduct of the homeless multitude was truly heroic. Order was preserved and means were provided to save the ruined crowds from starvation. From the King and his Court downwards every man and woman worked for the good of all. When the flames were quenched many people realised that an opportunity offered to rebuild London on a more spacious scale, and both the King and the authorities of the City appointed officers to survey the burnt area and to prepare plans for the rebuilding of the houses "with more decency and convenience than formerly."

Three of the great luminaries of the Royal Society—Dr. (afterwards Sir Christopher) Wren, England's greatest architect, Robert Hooke, the great philosopher and inventor, and John Evelyn, the most accomplished man of his time—all drew up plans for the rebuilding of the City, and in this scene they are shown presenting them to the King. The plans were not actually considered together, and Evelyn tells us that "Dr. Wren has got the start of me," but practically it may be said that they were prepared at the same time.

They were not carried out, although all had their good points, and Wren's especially would have given us fine avenues and convenient thoroughfares. Wren and Hooke were appointed surveyors to superintend the progress of the work of making London arise anew out of its ashes. The Act of Parliament passed to regulate the work of rebuilding was a very practical and excellent statute. In a comparatively short space of time the City was once more flourishing, and this is well illustrated by the genial pageantry of a Lord Mayor's Show not many years after the disaster.

In consequence of the ruined condition of the London streets the Lord Mayor's inauguration ceremony was for several years shorn of its chief glories. The first procession after the Fire, in 1671, was entitled "London's Resurrection to Joy and Triumph." The pageant here reproduced (London's Triumphs, 1677, when Sir Francis Chaplin was Lord Mayor) has been chosen as better suited to illustrate the period. Moreover, it is of special interest as being "the sole undertaking of the Ancient and Right Worshipful Society of Clothworkers" in the year that Samuel Pepys was master of that company.

H. B. W.

(A) THE RETURN OF THE KING.

MAY 29TH, 1660.

SCENE :—Old Temple Bar in Fleet Street. The Strand on one side and Fleet Street on the other.

From London Bridge to Temple Bar the streets are lined by the liverymen of the City and the trained bands; from Temple Bar to Whitehall there are the Militia forces and the trained bands of the Liberty of Westminster, and Sir John Stowall with his gallant officers belonging to his late Majesty, "who were called that day the poor cavaliers."

Waiting to meet the King at Temple Bar is a company of young and comely Londoners issuing from the Inn, handsomely dressed with white doublets, led by John Wadlow (son of the better known Simon Wadlow) the vintner and host of the "Devil Tavern" in Fleet Street, hard by Temple Bar; also a body of divers London maidens, "all clad in white waistcoats and crimson petticoats, and other ornaments of triumph and rejoicing," who had specially petitioned the Lord Mayor to be allowed as a body to meet the King on his return.

The people beguile the time by singing "Old Simon the King," and "The King will have his own again."

THE KING'S PROCESSION :—

A troop of Gentlemen, on horse, led by Major-General Brown.

Another troop, attended by footmen in liveries.

Alderman Robinson's troop in buff coats.

Another troop in blue uniform, attended by trumpets and footmen.

Footmen and trumpeters.

Another troop in grey uniform, with trumpeters.

Three troops, richly habited and gallantly mounted.

Trumpeters with the King's arms.

Sheriffs' men in red cloaks, with half pikes.

Liverymen of the City Companies, on horseback, in black velvet with gold chains, attended by footmen in livery carrying streamers.

Kettledrums and trumpets, with streamers.

His Majesty's Life Guards of horse, commanded by Lord Gerard.

City Marshal and footmen, attended by the City waits and officers, in due order.

The two sheriffs.

The ten aldermen, on horseback.

Four footmen, in red liveries.

Heralds and maces.

PART III., SCENE IV. THE RESTORATION. (*B*) (A.D. 1665.) THE PLAGUE CART.
Slowly the cart makes its way through the desolate streets. The bell rings, and the solemn call is heard, "Bring out your dead."

PART III., SCENE V. (A.D. 1759.) A MOURNING TRIUMPH.
News of the death of Wolfe and capture of Quebec brought to King George II.

The Lord Mayor, on horseback, carrying the sword bare,
supported by General Monck and the Duke of Buckingham,
on horseback (all three bare-headed).

Duke of Gloucester. THE KING. Duke of York.

The King's Pages.

Troop of horse, with white colours (bare-headed).

The General's Life Guards, led by Sir Philip Howard.

Another troop of gentry.

Five regiments of horse, with backs, breasts and head-pieces.

"All that day who wore swords had them drawn for the defence of His Majesty."

(B) THE PLAGUE AND THE FIRE.

1665, 1666.

SCENE :—The Streets of the City.

A naked child is handed out of a window, which is quickly closed again, and the child is carried away by a man and a woman. A Plague Cart comes slowly through the desolate, plague-stricken streets, headed by a man with a bell, who calls out as he rings, "Bring out your dead." The torch-bearers follow after. The door of one of the houses opens, and a dead man is carried out by the bearers. At the next house a child is carried out; at the next three bodies.

The fire of London is next seen in the distance. In the Gardens of Whitehall Palace, looking out upon the River Thames, are the King and Queen, with some of their Court.

Numerous barges filled with the household goods of the Londoners, who are flying from their burning houses, passing up the river. On a table are exposed three large plans for the rebuilding of London, presented to the King by Christopher Wren, John Evelyn, and Robert Hooke.

(C) THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION.

1677.

SCENE :—The Streets of the newly-built town from Cheapside to Guildhall.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

Four Wild Men.

Artillerymen.

Foot-Marshal.

Attendants.

Banner of the Company of Clothworkers.

Drums and fife.

Pensioners in gowns.

Drums and fife.

Pensioners in coats, with banners.

Trumpets.

Banners of the pelletted Griffins and Ram (the supporters and crest of the Company).

Gentlemen Ushers.

The Budge Bachelors.*

Trumpets.

Banner of the City. Banner of the Company.

Gentlemen Ushers.

The Foins Bachelors.*

King's Drum-Major.

King's drums and fife.

Banner of the King, borne by Gentleman Usher. Banner of the City, borne by Gentleman Usher.

Ten Gentlemen Ushers.

THE LIVERY.

Trumpets.

Banner of the City. Banner of Lord Mayor.

Twelve Gentlemen Ushers.

THE COURT OF ASSISTANTS.

The Serjeant Trumpet.

The King's trumpets and kettle drums.

The Duke of York's Banner. The King's Banner. St. George's Banner.

Fourteen Gentlemen Ushers.

Four Pages.

The Wardens.

THE MASTER OF THE COMPANY (SAMUEL PEPYS).

Trumpeters.

Aldermen.

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* The Budge Bachelors were the younger apprentices, so called because they wore gowns trimmed with budge or lamb's skin. The Foins Bachelors were the senior apprentices, whose gowns were trimmed with foins, the fur of a small animal like a weazel.

Two Sheriffs.
The old Lord Mayor.
His Retinue.
Sword Bearer.
THE LORD MAYOR (SIR FRANCIS CHAPLIN).
Footmen.
Torch-bearers.
Henchmen.
Artillerymen.

At the west end of Cheapside the Procession halts at

THE FIRST PAGEANT.

A ROMAN CHARIOT drawn by pelletted Griffins, on which are seated two boys, a European and an Indian. In the Chariot is FAME, surrounded by VICTORY, TRIUMPH, WISDOM, INDUSTRY, TRUTH, HOPE, EQUALITY, VIGILANCE, and PEACE. FAME makes a speech; then as the Procession moves on, the First Pageant falls in behind.

THE SECOND PAGEANT.

PARNASSUS, on which are seated APOLLO and the NINE MUSES.

Apollo having made a speech, the Procession moves on (the Second Pageant falling in behind the first) until it reaches Milk Street, where is stationed

THE THIRD PAGEANT.

The TEMPLE OF TIME, under which stands TIME, surrounded by SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, and WINTER, and by six other persons representing a MINUTE, HOUR, DAY, WEEK, MONTH, and YEAR.

TIME makes a speech, the Third Pageant falls in behind the Procession, and this again moves on until it reaches "a jocular scene of merry labourers," being a structure on which are several persons at work at the clothworkers' trade, carding and pulling wool, shearing cloth, etc.

In front sit PATIENCE, LABOUR, and DILIGENCE.

An old woman is standing at a wheel.

Rustics and shepherd-like persons pipe, dance, and sing, "Gambolling, tumbling and capering."

SONG.

I

Of the Clothworkers' trade
There much has been said,
Wherein there has nothing bin futil,
But all have set forth
Its excellent worth,
How good, and convenient, and util.

2

Then let each hand that doth
Appertain to good cloth,
Shearer, carder, with picker and spinner,
Weaver, rower, and dyer
With fuller conspire
And work till my lord goes to dinner.

3

The tentering I wot
Must not be forgot,
In stitching it is a prevailer,
The clothworker than
Is th' accomplishing man
For merchant, and draper, and taylor.

4

The Taylor, no doubt,
Designs and cuts out
In the best mode and fashion that may be,
Thus with working and wit
All at last is made fit
To be worn by my lord and my lady.

5

If when we have finished,
We may be replenish'd
With buyers to suit and to coat it,
We shall be all made,
And have a good trade,
If His Majesty please to promote it.

6

Thus industrial we
Do unite and agree,
Our labour all evil convinces;
We work, love and sing,
Serve God and the King,
And live as delightful as princes.

7

We hate to live idle—
Our trade is our bridle,
We are helpful to every poor neighbour,
We break no Love-Leagues,
Have no Plots or Intrigues,
But lawfully live by our labour.

8

Whilst my Lord is before us,
Let's all sing a Chorus
Containing a cordial prayer;
May God from His throne,
Shower His blessing upon
The King, Queen, Duke, and my Lord Mayor.

CHORUS BY ALL THE WORKERS :—

May God from His throne
Shower blessings upon
The King, Queen, Duke, and my Lord Mayor.

The song being ended, the Foot-Marshal—having placed the Assistants and Livery of the Company on both sides of King Street, and the pensioners with their targets hung on the tops of their javelins; in the rear of them the ensign bearers, drums and trumpets, and fifes in the front—hastens the foins bachelors and budge bachelors, together with the gentlemen ushers, to Guildhall, where his Lordship is again saluted by the Artillerymen with three volleys more, which conclude their duty. The Livery and Assistants pass through the gallery or lane so made into Guildhall. After which the Companies repair to the hall to dinner, and the several "triumphs" are conveyed into Blackwell Hall.

APPENDIX.

Thomas Rugge (in his MS. *Diurnal*) gives the following account of the preparations for the entry into London :—

> "The citizens are busy in the fittings of their several Halls, the Master of each Hall striving to outbrave the other. In several streets great bonfires were made at all the corners, two or three stories high, with pitched barrels, and on the top of some a streamer with a crown of Charles II. pictured thereon. These stood nearly a week before they were fired, and they needed not watchers to look after them for the boys of each street were night and day playing by them."

John Evelyn and Thomas Rugge both saw the procession from the Strand. The former wrote in his *Diary* :—

> "I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God. And all this was done without one drop of blood shed, and by that very army which rebelled against him, and it was the Lord's doing, for such a restoration was never mentioned in any history, ancient or modern, since the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, nor so joyful and so bright ever seen in this nation, this happening when to expect or effect it was past all human policy."

Rugge declared that he heard "such a shouting as the oldest man alive never heard the like." Pepys was at sea at the time, and therefore did not see the entry into London.

The nature of the Plague may be gathered from the following extract from a letter of Samuel Pepys to Lady Carteret, dated Woolwich, September 4, 1665 :—

"The absence of the Court and emptiness of the city takes away all occasion of news, save only such melancholy stories as would rather sadden than find your Ladyship any divertisement in the hearing; I have stayed in the city till above 7,400 died in one week, and of them above 6,000 of the plague, and little noise heard day or night but tolling of bells; till I could walk Lumber-street, and not meet twenty persons from one end to the other, and not 50 upon the Exchange; till whole families, 10 and 12 together, have been swept away; till my very physician, Dr. Burnet, who undertook to secure me against any infection, having survived the month of his own house being shut up, died himself of the plague; till the nights, though much lengthened, are grown too short to conceal the burials of those that died the day before, people being thereby constrained to borrow daylight for that service: lastly, till I could find neither meat nor drink safe, the butcheries being everywhere visited, my brewer's house shut up, and my baker, with his whole family, dead of the plague.

"Yet, Madam, through God's blessing, and the good humours begot in my attendance upon our late Amours (the marriage of Lady Carteret's son and Lord Sandwich's daughter—See *Diary*, 31st July, 1665), your poor servant is in a perfect state of health, as well as resolution of employing it as your Ladyship and family shall find work for it.

"How Deptford stands, your Ladyship is, I doubt not, informed from nearer hands.

"Greenwich begins apace to be sickly; but we are, by the command of the King, taking all the care we can to prevent its growth; and meeting to that purpose yesterday, after sermon, with the town officers, many doleful informations were brought us, and, among others, this, which I shall trouble your Ladyship with the telling :—Complaint was brought us against one in the town for receiving into his house a child newly brought from an infected house in London. Upon inquiry, we found that it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracious Street, who, having lost already all the rest of his children, and himself and wife being shut up and in despair of escaping, implored only the liberty of using the means for the saving of this only babe, which with difficulty was allowed, and they suffered to deliver it, stripped naked out at a window into the arms of a friend, who, shifting into fresh clothes, conveyed it thus to Greenwich, where, upon this information from Alderman Hooker (see *Diary*, 3rd September, 1665), we suffer it to remain.

"This I tell your Ladyship as one instance of the miserable straits our poor neighbours are reduced to.

"But, Madam, I'll go no further in this disagreeable discourse, hoping, from the coolness of the last 7 or 8 days, my next may bring you a more welcome account of the lessening of the disease, which God say Amen to."

The following are some *Extracts* from *Pepys' Diary*, in connection with the Fire :—

"Nobody to my sight endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods and leave all to the fire."

Pepys goes to Whitehall. "So I was called for and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw and that unless His Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire."

After the fire, Pepys noticed that in five or six miles' walk he did not see "one load of timber unconsum'd nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow."

Speaking of the share taken by the Royal Family in putting out the fire, Pepys writes: "The Duke of York hath won the hearts of the people with his continual and indefatigable pains day and night in helping to quench the fire, handing buckets of water with as much diligence as the poorest man that did assist."

The details of the Lord Mayor's procession are taken from the pamphlet entitled :—

A Lord Mayor's Show. Performed October 29th, 1677, for the Inauguration of the Right Hon. Sir Francis Chaplin Knight, being the sole undertaking of the ancient Right Worshipful Society of Clothworkers. Designed and Composed by Thomas Jordan, Gent.

SCENE V.

A MOURNING TRIUMPH

THE RECEPTION OF THE NEWS OF THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

A.D. 1759.

Historical Referee - - I. S. LEADAM.

"A Mourning Triumph." These are the words used by the *Annual Register* to describe the reception in London of the news of the capture of Quebec and the death of General Wolfe. In this scene the connexion between Canada and London is illustrated, and in addition certain contemporary incidents in London life are introduced. In 1759, the year of victories, the building of the Horse Guards, which had been begun in 1751, was completed. The occasion was celebrated by George II. riding in military procession through the archway. In June of the same year, Lady Coventry and Lady Waldegrave, the former one of the Misses Gunning, the latter a niece of Horace Walpole, who enjoyed the reputation of being the handsomest women in England, were so mobbed by a well-dressed crowd in the promenade of the Horse Guards' Parade that

George II., hearing of it, ordered that they should have the protection of a guard. This incident is introduced as preceding the arrival of the news of Wolfe's victory and death, which took place on the evening of 16th October, though, as a matter of fact, they did not occur on the same day.

I. S. LEADAM.

SCENE :—Horse Guards' Parade. The Regiment of the First Foot Guards (Grenadiers) drawn up on either side of the Horse Guards' Gate. Mixed crowd of fashionables and mob. Sedan bearers, black pages.

Enter the Duchess of Hamilton (Miss Elizabeth Gunning), Lady Coventry (Miss Maria Gunning), and Lady Waldegrave (Maria Walpole), escorted by the Earls of Pembroke and Coventry. They are ogled and pestered by the crowd.

Martial music and kettledrums are heard from the Parliament Street side of the Horse Guards, and George II. enters on horseback, accompanied by George, Prince of Wales, at the head of a

PROCESSION.

H.R.H. William Duke of Cumberland, K.G.
(in blue civilian dress).

Duke of Newcastle, K.G.	Admiral Lord Anson.
Admiral Boscawen, K.B.	General Viscount Ligonier, K.B.
William Pitt.	Hon. Horace Walpole.

The Band of the Horse Guards (Life Guards) playing Dettingen *Te Deum.*

A Troop of Horse Grenadiers.

The Sovereign's Troop of Horse Guards (Life Guards).

They all ride through the gate on to the Parade.

The King passes close to the two ladies and stops his horse to shake hands with them. He gives an order, by an aide-de-camp, to the officer commanding the Foot Guards, and twelve sergeants with spontoons step out and range themselves round the ladies.

Two officers (Captain James Douglas, R.N., and Lieut.-Colonel Hale, 47th Regiment) gallop up in a post-chaise and four, covered with mud, bringing dispatches, which they hand to the King. The King reads them; announces capture of Quebec and death of Wolfe.

The soldiers reverse muskets, and the Procession moves off in silence towards St. James's Palace, while the band of the Foot Guards plays the "Dead March in Saul."

The ladies, with their guard, move off towards Westminster.

"Fielding's men" arrest shouters who follow the ladies.*

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* "Fielding's men" were the new London police, so called after the novelist, Fielding, who had organized the force.

APPENDIX.

The incident with regard to Lady Coventry is thus described :—

"The only particular that is worth sending you is a very silly action of Lady Coventry, who having been insulted in the Park on Sunday was s'enight, the King heard of it, and said that to prevent the same for the future he would have a guard. Upon this foundation her ladyship ventured boldly again into the Park on Sunday evening, she was attended with two sergeants of the guard in front, with their halberds, and no less than twelve followed her. The whole guard was ready to have turned out if there had been occasion, and the Colonel of the guard in waiting kept at a proper distance. With this ridiculous parade she walked there from 8 of the clock till 10, and as all this could not prevent the mob from having curiosity some impertinent things were still uttered, though at some little distance, and some of Fielding's men that attended took up the most troublesome."

Mr. Jenkinson to George Grenville, 26th June, 1759.

"My Lady Coventry and my niece Waldegrave have been mobbed in the Park. I am sorry the people of England take their liberty out in insulting pretty women." *Letters of Horace Walpole*, Vol. III., 233.

"The officer on guard ordered twelve sergeants to march abreast before her, and the sergeant and twelve behind her."

Hon. J. West to Lord Nuneham, 26th June, 1759.

The *Annual Register* (Vol. II., p. 43) has the following with regard to the Capture of Quebec :—

1759. "When the news of this decisive action arrived in England, we all remember, though it is very difficult to describe, the various and mixed emotions with which everyone was affected. The two days before this came was received the express which General Wolfe had sent off after the affair of Montmorenci, when the General doubted, the public thought they had reason to despair. The whilst this gloom was fresh, and in the midst of the general despondency, a second express arrives, and brings all at once an account of the victory, the taking of Quebec, and the death of General Wolfe. The effect of so joyful news, immediately on such a dejection, and then the mixture of grief and pity which attended the public congratulations and applauses, was very singular and affecting. The sort of mourning triumph, that manifested itself on that occasion, did equal honour to the memory of the General, and to the humanity of the nation.

"A little circumstance was talked of at that time, and it deserves to be recorded, as it shows a fineness of sentiment and a justness of thinking, in the lower kind of people, that is rarely met with even amongst persons of education. The mother of General Wolfe was an object marked out for pity by great and peculiar distress ; the public wound pierced her mind with a particular affliction, who had experienced the dutiful son, the amiable domestic character, whilst the world admired the accomplished officer. Within a few months she had lost her husband ; she now lost this son, her only child. The populace of the village where she lived unanimously agreed to admit no illuminations or firings, or any other sign of rejoicing whatsoever near her house, lest they should seem by an ill-timed triumph, to insult her grief. There was a justness in this, and whoever knows the people, knows that they made no small sacrifice on this occasion."

SCENE VI.

OLD CUSTOMS AND NEW ADVENTURES.

(A) ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S FAIR.

AUGUST 27TH, 1762.

Historical Referee - - MRS. S. C. LOMAS.

In mediæval times the commerce of the country districts, and much of that of the great towns, was carried on at the annual fairs. Whether their origin was ecclesiastical (as was certainly the case with the wakes) may be doubted. In any case it was natural and convenient for them to be held at the time of one of the popular church festivals, which would bring together a large concourse of people. Their foundation is, for the most part, lost in antiquity, and the kings' charters were granted for the purpose of regulating, not of instituting them. Thus the first charter to Stourbridge (the most celebrated of all the English fairs) was given by King John, but tradition has it that it was instituted by the usurping Roman Emperor Carausius. To these fairs gathered people of all classes and from all parts. Hither came the foreign merchants, bringing silks and velvets from Italy, wine from France and Spain, fine cloth and linen from Flanders, furs from the Baltic; the English farmers from all the country round with their live stock and farm produce, and traders bringing merchandise from all parts of England. Hither, too, came the buyers—from the stewards and officers of great lords and abbots, laying in stores of all sorts for many months, down to the peasant folk of the country side, to whom it gave their one opportunity of supplying their household wants.

The fairs were supported and encouraged by the lords or corporations on whose lands they were held, and to whom they were a substantial source of income by their tolls and monopoly of trade. While they were proceeding, all unlicensed trading in the neighbourhood was forbidden, that the lords' profits might not be curtailed. The booths were arranged in streets, according to the calling of their owners, and courts of summary jurisdiction, called courts of pie powder, were established to determine any disputed questions that might arise.

But although they were thus strictly business institutions, from early times they were accompanied by feasting, revelry, and merriment; and as the centuries went on, and opportunities of buying and selling in other ways increased, the commercial importance of the fairs declined, until eventually, except in certain cases (notably that of the horse fairs), they degenerated into mere scenes of merry-making, and often of riotous behaviour.

St. Bartholomew's Fair received its first charter from Henry I., in 1133. In the first instance its chief commodity was cloth, brought for the most part by merchants from foreign parts. The merchants set out their wares within the precincts of the Priory. At night the gates were closed, keeping their often costly goods in safety; and the tolls were paid to the Prior. But as time went on, the borders of the fair were enlarged, and outside, in the great open space of Smithfield, long streets of booths were set up, where jewellery and trinkets, toys, hosiery, and eatables, in fact goods of every kind, were bought and sold. Raree shows, juggling, dancing, mumming, music and feasting, often, too,

Part III., Scene VI. (A.D. 1776.) OLD CUSTOMS AND NEW ADVENTURES.
(*B*) CAPTAIN COOK SAILS FROM THE THAMES.

Once more the brave discoverer sets out for the southern seas; the last fatal voyage, from which he was destined never to return.

Part III., Scene VII. (A.D. 1805-1814.) THE GREAT WAR.
(*B*) (A.D. 1814.) THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS IN LONDON.

Only the crowning victory of Waterloo remained to be added to their successes when the allied Sovereigns were joyfully welcomed by the people of London.

gambling and much drinking, became more and more the accompaniments of the fair, and by the middle of the eighteenth century it had become a mere survival and caricature of the ancient institution. From Ben Jonson's play we learn its humours at the beginning of the seventeenth century; Stevens' rhyming description and the Pugin-Rowlandson picture reproduced in our book show what it was in the middle of the eighteenth. For some years after this it went on merrily, but by the end of the century had caused such scandal that efforts were made to put an end to it. These were strongly resisted, however, and it lingered on for fifty years longer, not being finally abolished until 1855.

S. C. L.

SCENE :—Smithfield, 1762.

In the background, a theatre, decorated outside with green and pink hangings and yellow columns striped with red, and raised on several steps. Across the front a balcony.

To the right of this a rope stretched from the theatre to a building at the side, ready for rope dancing.

On the left side, wax-work show, etc., a wild beast show, with plain front decorated with large pictures of animals, that of an elephant being in the centre, over the door.

On the right side, coming towards the front, swings shaped like boats, in high wooden frames.

On the left side, front, a merry-go-round, pushed by men, with horses for the men, and sedan chairs for the women.

Behind, on each side, booths and stalls.

Chapmen are discovered, setting out their wares, chiefly cakes and ale.

Noise of laughing and shouting heard on all sides. People begin to pour in.

A woman with a roulette table takes up her place near the merry-go-round.

Another woman, with brazier, pan and strings of sausages over her arm, tries to get her place, but finally settles down near the centre.

Two apple women, with their barrow, take the other side and spread their fruit on trestle tables.

A woman comes in with a pack-horse laden with fruit, followed by a ballad singer, milk woman, and oyster woman. By this time the fair is getting full. A girl comes out to the front of the theatre with a tambourine, calling out the name of the piece they are going to act; the company appear on the balcony and walk about there.

People begin to crowd up the steps into the theatre. The tight-rope man begins his performance, and many people crowd to watch him. The wild beast man bawls out the names of his animals; the owner of the merry-go-round shouts out, "Come, who rides, come, who rides, Sir?" Barrow-girls and milkmaids call out their wares, a fiddler strikes up a tune, the men begin to dance, soldiers march across with fife and drum, followed by an officer with a drawn sword.

A girl comes across singing "Buy my sweet lavender." People sit at the booths drinking ale and eating cakes; others flock into the merry-go-rounds and swings; children run about, shout and dance; men begin fighting in a corner; all is noise, hilarity and confusion; and, all the time, the bells of St. Bartholomew are ringing merrily.

(B) CAPTAIN COOK SAILS FROM THE THAMES. JUNE 8TH, 1776.

Historical Referee - - L. G. CARR LAUGHTON.

Captain Cook's great voyages of discovery were undertaken during the lull which followed the Seven Years' War, but a new series of wars began before his work was ended. Save for an uneasy peace of little more than ten years, Great Britain was constantly engaged in war for more than a generation after Cook's death, and had therefore scant leisure to devote to the extension of her empire in the direction indicated by his discoveries. The amazing thoroughness of Cook's geographical work will be impressed on anyone who cares to glance at a track-chart of his voyages. The whole of the southern oceans are covered with a network of his courses; and in the Far North his tracks in Behring Straits show the persistence with which, shortly before his death, he sought for the elusive North-West Passage.

Almost every part of what is now the British Empire is closely associated with his name. He touched at the Cape on each of his voyages; in 1769 he reached New Zealand from the eastward, and took formal possession of it in the name of King George; he passed on to the dangerous waters off the east coast of Australia, and surveyed the Great Barrier Reef; he returned to New Zealand during his second, and again on his third and last voyages; he sailed along the whole of the west coast of what is now Canada; and he explored Pacific islands almost without number. It is well remembered that the River Thames in New Zealand received its name from Cook himself, who saw in it a resemblance to the old river from which each of his voyages was begun.

The scene presented is the departure of the *Resolution* for the final voyage. She had fitted out at Deptford, and, as was the custom, had then dropped further down the river to complete her preparations and to take on board her powder. When all was ready for a start, the Lords of the Admiralty paid her a friendly visit. This was no mere "official inspection," but was undoubtedly prompted by real interest.

Saturday afternoon, 2 p.m., June 8th, 1776.

Captain Cook enters with friends, and is greeted by the crowd. He is rowed in a boat to his ship, H.M.S. *Resolution*, riding in the Thames, in Longreach.

Enter from the westward the Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty, Rear-Admiral Sir H. Palliser, and other members of the Admiralty Board, dressed in uniform, coming from London.

Some come in a coach and some on horseback.

The guests proceed to the beach and embark in the launch from the *Resolution*, in which they are rowed to the ship.

The ship fires a salute of 17 guns, and the sailors give three cheers.

APPENDIX.

The following *Description of Bartholomew Fair in London*, by George Alexander Stevens, was written in the year 1762:—

While gentlefolks strut in their silver and sattins,
We poor folks are tramping in straw hats and pattens;
Yet as merrily old English ballads can sing-o,
As they at their opperores outlandish ling-o;
Calling out, bravo, ankcoro, and caro,
Tho'f I will sing nothing but Bartlemew fair-o.

Here was, first of all, crowds against other crowds driving,
Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary striving;
Shrill fiddling, sharp fighting, and shouting and shrieking,
Fifes, trumpets, drums, bagpipes, and barrow girls squeaking,
Come my rare round and sound, here's choice of fine ware-o,
Though all was not sound sold at Bartlemew fair-o.

There was drolls, hornpipe dancing, and showing of postures,
With frying black-puddings; and op'ning of oysters;
With salt-boxes solos, and gallery folks squalling;
The tap-house-guests roaring, and mouth-pieces bawling,
Pimps, pawn-brokers, strollers, fat landladies, sailors,
Bawds, bailiffs, jilts, jockies, thieves, tumblers, and taylors.

Here's Punch's whole play of the gun-powder plot, Sir,
With beasts all alive, and pease-porridge all hot, Sir;
Fine sausages fry'd, and the black on the wire,
The whole court of France, and nice pig at the fire.
Here's the up-and-downs; who'll take a seat in the chair-o?
Tho' there's more ups-and-downs than at Bartlemew fair-o.

Here's Whittington's cat, and the tall dromedary,
The chaise without horses, and queen of Hungary;
Here's the merry-go-rounds, come, who rides, come, who rides, Sir?
Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fine eating besides, Sir;
The fam'd learned dog that can tell all his letters,
And some men, as scholars, are not much his betters.

This world's a wide fair, where we ramble 'mong gay things;
Our passions, like children, are tempted by play-things;
By sound and by show, by trash and by trumpery,
The fal-lals of fashion and Frenchify'd frumpery.
What is life but a droll, rather wretched than rare-o?
And thus ends the ballad of Bartlemew fair-o.

SCENE VII.

THE GREAT WAR.

(A) THE FUNERAL OF NELSON.
JANUARY 8TH, 1806.

Historical Referee - - HON. ALEXANDER NELSON HOOD, DUKE OF BRONTE.

The love and reverence of his fellow-countrymen for Nelson, as man and hero, and their gratitude for his previous services, were increased by the manner of his death. And to these was added relief from a state of apprehension which the nation suffered during the time previous to 1805. Invasion by the French fleet was a feared and standing menace. The land-power of Napoleon was at its height, and he was freer to turn his thoughts to the realisation of his pet scheme for the annihilation of Britain by invasion. The English fleet was his obstacle, and its destruction was necessarily his chief aim.

Nelson's final victory over the fleets of France and Spain deprived Napoleon of the realisation of his hope. It restored to Britain the sense of security which it had lost. But Nelson's death was regarded as a national calamity and a larger price than the nation was willing to pay. Its grief was clearly manifest.

Trafalgar had been fought and won two months before the hero's remains were brought to the Nore by the "Victory," and conveyed up-river in Commander Grey's yacht "Chatham" to Greenwich. There they were received by Nelson's old friend and revered chief, Admiral Lord Hood, Governor of the Royal Hospital, and deposited in the Painted Hall.

The highest vied with the lowest in the land to show sorrow for the loss and respect for the memory of the hero.

"The King is desirous that under the circumstances which have attended the glorious death of the late Lord Nelson," the Secretary of State wrote to Nelson's brother and heir, "he should be buried with military honours in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul; and His Majesty has commanded me to communicate with your Lordship for the purpose of carrying His Majesty's intentions into effect in a manner suitable to the solemnity of the occasion."

The King personally interested himself in the order of the burial. "I have this day taken His Majesty's pleasure respecting the ceremonial of the funeral," Lord Hawkesbury wrote again, "and I have the honor to inform you that His Majesty has determined that the chief mourner and pall bearers should be Admirals of His Royal Navy . . . also that as it would be very difficult in consequence of the shortness of the days to go through the whole of the ceremony in one day in a manner suitable to the solemnity of the occasion, that the body should be brought on the first day by water from Greenwich to Whitehall Stairs and deposited in the Admiralty for the night and shall proceed on the ensuing day by land through the Strand and Fleet Street to St. Paul's."

The Prince of Wales expressed a wish to act as chief mourner, but the intention was relinquished as not in accordance with precedent, and the Admiral of the Fleet, Sir Peter Parker, took his place.

The body lay in state in the Painted Hall of Greenwich Hospital for three days, when the ceremonial appointed by the King was faithfully carried out.

On January 8th, 1806, "the crew of the 'Victory' having arrived the day before, and in presence of the Governor, Heralds, Naval Officers, the Lord Mayor of London, and Representatives of the City Companies, Life Guards, Volunteers and Pikemen, the body was carried through the Great Hall, out at the Eastern Portal, through the North Gate and lines of Volunteers to the river-side, where it was placed in the State Barge." This is the scene depicted in our episode.

The procession was composed of several barges. The third of these bore the remains of the hero. The water funeral moved slowly up-stream. All the flags of the shipping hung at half-mast. The decks, wharves, and shores were densely packed with people, who doffed every hat, and showed every sign of grief. Bells tolled and bands played funeral dirges. As the procession passed the Tower of London, minute guns were fired. These were answered by the guns of many gunboats.

The body was conveyed to the Admiralty, where it remained during the night in charge of Nelson's faithful friend and chaplain, Rev. Mr. Scott, in accordance with the hero's wish. The following morning the procession, now composed of all estates of the realm and swelled to enormous proportions, was formed anew and the coffin conveyed with much pomp and ceremony amidst signs of universal sorrow to its final resting-place at St. Paul's.

And there Nelson lies within his marble tomb directly beneath the cross of the Cathedral Church. Silently he lies in the very heart of the throbbing life of the British Empire for which he gave himself ungrudgingly, to raise it to greater glory. Yet his name speaks—and must ever speak—eloquently to all to whom devotion to duty is no mere catchword, to whom heroism is a living influence, and to whom love for King and country is before party-politics and sordid self-seeking.

A. N. H.

SCENE :—The Grounds of Greenwich Hospital.

To the extreme left, the Hospital buildings.

In the background, to the right, the "North Gate," leading to the river.

By the buildings, a party of the River Fencibles, armed with swords and pikes.

Greenwich and Deptford Volunteers march in and form a lane of guards from the Hospital to the North Gate. Spectators come in, but keep behind the guards.

The Fencibles fire minute guns throughout the scene.

Enter :—

Four fifes and four drums, playing the *Dead March in Saul.*

500 Greenwich Pensioners.

As they advance, these file off right and left, and form in front of the Volunteers, facing inward.

Six mourners, in scarves and bands.

Eight trumpeters, sounding the 104th Psalm.

Lieutenant	The Standard. borne by	Lieutenant
Wm. Collins Barker.	Capt. Sir Francis Laforey, Bart.	George Antram.

Two trumpeters, sounding as before.

Pursuivant (rouge croix). Pursuivant (blue mantle).

Lieutenant. The Guidon, Lieutenant.
borne by Capt. Baynton.*

Two trumpeters, sounding as before.

Pursuivant (rouge dragon).

Lieutenant. BANNER OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH, Lieutenant.
borne by Capt. Edward Rotherham.

Lieutenant David Keys. GREAT BANNER, borne by Capt. Robert Moorsom. Lieutenant Nicholas Tucker.

Four Pursuivants.

Two chaplains of Greenwich Hospital.

Six lieutenants of the Hospital.

Four mourners.

Lieutenant Andrew King. BANNER OF EMBLEMS, borne by Capt. Thos. Masterman Hardy. Lieutenant G. M. Bligh.

Norroy† King of Arms, bearing a Viscount's coronet on a black velvet cushion.

Six bearers. THE COFFIN Six bearers.
(covered with black velvet pall
on ornamental bier).

Vice-Admiral Whitshed. Admiral Sir J. Orde.
Vice-Admiral Thos. Taylor. Rear-Admiral Harvey.
(Supporters of the pall.)

Rear-Admiral Drury. Rear-Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.
,, Sir Wm. H. Douglas, Bart. ,, John Aylmer.
,, Thos. Wells. ,, Wm. Dornett.
(Supporters of the canopy.)

Admiral Lord Hood (supporter). Admiral Sir Peter Parker, Bart., chief mourner. Admiral Lord Radstock (supporter).

Hon. Captain Blackwood, train-bearer.

Six assistant mourners, viz. :

Vice-Admiral Caldwell. Vice-Admiral Hamilton.
,, Nugent. ,, Bligh.
,, Sir Roger Curtis. ,, Sir C. M. Pole.

Windsor Herald.

Lieutenant. EMBLEMATIC BANNER, Lieutenant.
borne by a captain.

Four captains.

Six lieutenants.

Seamen and marines of the "Victory"
(with two Union Jacks of the St. George's Ensign).

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* In the absence of Captain Durham, from indisposition.
† Norroy acted for Clarencieux, absent through indisposition. Windsor Herald acted for Norroy. Garter was also absent through indisposition.

The procession passes through the North Gate to the river, where four barges are waiting.

The drums and trumpets halt, and continue to play. Those in the procession enter the barges, the coffin being in the third one, and are rowed away up the river.

The drums and fifes march up the river, again playing the *Dead March* and followed by the Pensioners and men of the "Victory." The trumpets and the troops march away to the right.

APPENDIX.

Full details of the whole ceremonial of Lord Nelson's Funeral are to be found in "The Dispatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson," edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, Vol. VII., p. 399 *et seq.*, being taken from the "Naval Chronicle" of 1806 and the "London Gazette."

(B) THE ALLIED SOVEREIGNS IN LONDON.

JUNE 18TH, 1814.

Historical Referee - DR. J. HOLLAND ROSE.

The Great War was drawing to its close. The star of Napoleon was yet once more to blaze forth for a short space before its light was extinguished for ever on the field of Waterloo; but when, upon the capitulation of Paris, the allies made their triumphal entry into the city; when Louis XVIII. had been placed on the throne of his ancestors and when Napoleon had retired to his mimic kingdom in the island of Elba, the world believed that the war had come to an end.

The Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia accepted the Prince Regent's invitation to visit London, and were received with the utmost enthusiasm by the English people. They attended the great naval review at Portsmouth, went to Ascot races, received honorary degrees from Oxford University, and were feasted at Guildhall, whither they proceeded in great pomp and state; the first royal procession to Guildhall (it was said in the *Times* of the day) since the young King George III. with his Queen had visited the corporation shortly after their coronation, more than half a century before.

The King of Prussia was accompanied by his two eldest sons, both destined to ascend the Prussian throne, and the younger of them to become Emperor of Germany in 1871. With the Czar was his sister, the Duchess of Oldenburg, and riding with the English Generals, Lord Hill and Lord Beresford, were Field-Marshal Blücher (now created Prince of Wahlstadt) and Count Platoff. They both met with a most enthusiastic reception in England, and received honours from the city, while Blücher was also made a doctor of law at Oxford, amidst the ringing plaudits of the young members of the University.

One great figure was absent from the procession to Guildhall. The Duke of Wellington had not yet returned to England; but as he was solemnly entertained at Guildhall shortly afterwards, it has been considered permissible to include him on this occasion. S. C. L.

SCENE :—The approach to Guildhall.

The temporary entrance to the Guildhall is covered on the sides and top with green cloth, and the flooring with fine matting, and it is lighted by a number of glass globes. In this large porch are numbers of foreign shrubs and flowers in full bloom, raised one above another, and intermingled with variegated lamps.

The road is lined by Volunteers, Militia, and others.

Some of the Life Guards are parading the streets to keep the passage clear.

The Speaker of the Commons is the first person to arrive in State, followed by numbers of the nobility and gentry.

THE ROYAL PROCESSION.

Parties of the 11th Dragoons
and of
The Royal Horse Guards (Blue).

(Parties of the same Guards follow each carriage.)

State Carriage of the Prince of Orange
(servants in his liveries of blue and gold).

State Carriage of the Duke of Gloucester.

State Carriage of the Duke of Cambridge.

State Carriage of the Duke of Sussex.

State Carriage of the Duke of Clarence.

State Carriage of the Duke of Kent.

(In each of these there is one of the foreign guests, with officers of the Household and other distinguished persons. A groom walks at each horse's head, and three footmen in state liveries stand behind each carriage.)

State Carriage of the Duke of York.

Frederick William and William, sons of the King of Prussia, ride with the Duke.

Twelve Knights Marshalmen in full uniform.

Royal Heralds, wearing their tabards, etc.

Detachments of the King's Yeomen of the Guard
and of
The 10th (or Prince's) Light Dragoons.

Cambridge Undergraduates,*
bearing a medallion of Pitt (died 1806).

Bluejackets,*
bearing a medallion of Nelson (died 1805).

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* These were not actually in the procession, but are introduced to commemorate the achievements of two great Englishmen whose exertions helped to bring the struggle to a victorious issue.

Lord Mayor's State Coach,
in which is his chaplain, alone.

Carriages of the Aldermen—empty.

Party of Military.

Knights Marshalmen.

City Marshalmen, two and two.

Twenty Aldermen,
two and two, on horseback, in their state robes.

Two Horse Guards.

Town Crier, bearing the Mace.

Lord Mayor, in his state robes, on a beautiful charger,
uncovered, bearing the Sword of State.

State Carriage of the Prince Regent.
(This is drawn by eight cream-coloured horses ornamented with azure ribbons. Four footmen, almost covered with gold lace, stand behind.)

In the carriage are the Prince Regent and the King of Prussia (Frederick William III.).

The rest of the Horse Guards, with their trumpeters, etc., in full dress.

Then follow, on horse :—

Prince de Wahlstadt (*i.e.*, Blücher). Duke of Wellington.

Count Platoff. Lord Beresford. Lord Hill.

and many other noblemen and gentlemen.

Troop of 10th Light Dragoons, trumpeters, and kettle-drums.

Detachment of Cavalry.

The Emperor of Russia,
accompanied by his Sister
(The Duchess of Oldenburg),
in the Regent's state chariot, drawn by six fine Hanoverian horses, and attended by his usual guard.

APPENDIX.

This Scene is based upon an elaborate description of the festivities, contained in the *Times* of Monday, June 20th, 1814 :—

"The second civic banquet in honour of our illustrious visitors . . . was given on Saturday by the Corporation, at Guildhall.

"This was the first Royal Procession to Guildhall since their Majesties' visit shortly after their Coronation. It was truly a State Procession, and in magnificence exceeded that of His Majesty to St. Paul's on his recovery, or the Thanksgiving after the Peace of Amiens."—(Extract from the *Times*.)

PART IV.

[*Prof. H. E. Egerton (Beit Professor of Colonial History in Oxford University) has kindly read and "passed" the scenes in Part IV.*]

SCENE I.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE LANDING OF SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT.
1583.

Historical Referee - - BECKLES WILLSON.

As early as 1504 the hardy and adventurous fishermen of Brittany and Normandy were engaged off the Newfoundland shores. The Basque, Portuguese and Spanish mariners came closely in their wake, even making settlement on the shore. By and bye the English fishermen came to claim their own, at first in small numbers, but increasing until they had outdone their rivals, profiting thereby to such purpose that Sir Walter Ralegh was able to tell Parliament that the Newfoundland fishery was the "stay and support of the West Counties of England." It was Ralegh who now dreamt of fulfilling the English purpose of colonization in that New World which Columbus had discovered ninety years before. An expedition was dispatched under the command of Ralegh's half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and carrying the Royal Charter. The fleet entered the safe harbour of St. John's in August, 1583, and the leader and his men landed to take possession of what is therefore, to-day, Britain's Senior Colony. B. W.

SCENE :—A Tent in the open country, flying the Royal Tudor Ensign.

In front of the tent stands a herald, and four men-at-arms.

The herald sounds three long blasts on his trumpet, and after a lapse of a few moments there appear a body of "sea captains, masters, gentlemen and soldiers" to the number of forty, who group themselves about the door of the tent. In this group are many attired in rich Court costumes, with ruffs and armour, as well as swarthy West Country adventurers, with heavy ear-rings and with arsenals of cutlasses and pistols in their broad red and blue sashes. They engage in animated converse. The herald enters the tent and after a pause emerges. Behind him comes forth Sir Humphrey Gilbert and a page. Sir Humphrey is magnificently attired in lace and velvet. He salutes warmly the chief figures of the group, and they confer. The herald again sounds his summons and new figures appear on the scene, marching three abreast, merchants, sailors and fishermen of every

PART IV., SCENE I. NEWFOUNDLAND.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert was half-brother of Sir Walter Raleigh, and his fleet entered the safe harbour of St- John's in August, 1583, and took possession of what is now Britain's Senior Colony.

PART IV., SCENE II. AUSTRALIA.

When Captain Cook landed in Botany Bay, on April 29th, 1770, it was the decisive date in the destiny of Australia, the only British Continent.

nationality—English, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italians, dressed in all modes, divided into groups according to nation, and each group bearing a flag. Lastly come a body of Beothuk Indians.

When all are arrived, Sir Humphrey hands a scroll to the herald, who calls in a loud voice, "Oyez, oyez. We, Elizabeth, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, moved thereunto by our right trusty and well-beloved Sir Humphrey Gilbert," etc., etc.

When this royal commission has been read in English, a Spanish interpreter explains it to his fellow-countrymen, as do other interpreters among themselves. At the end of this consideration, an English soldier steps forth and hands a spade to Sir Humphrey, who solemnly takes it and digs up a turf. This, the leader of the merchants and fishermen—the "fishing admiral"—raises, and hands on bended knee to Sir Humphrey, together with a hazel wand, signifying that the land henceforward belongs to the realm of England. As Sir Humphrey receives it, a stand-bearer unfurls a huge Royal Standard, and instantly there is heard the salute of the distant guns of the fleet. There is great cheering by the English party.

Sir Humphrey then addresses the assembled multitude, reading from another scroll in his hand. At the close there is more shouting—a few Spaniards, however, protesting and making violent gestures. The company disperses to the sound of the guns and the trumpet. And just as the scene closes, the page hands to one of the English captains the Royal Arms engraved on wood. Two soldiers have driven in a stake and the arms are now set up on the stake. Sir Humphrey embraces his companions, and they retire conversing to the tent.

SCENE II.

AUSTRALIA.

CAPTAIN COOK HOISTS THE BRITISH FLAG.

1770.

Historical Referee - - FRANK FOX.

When Captain Cook landed from the barque "Endeavour" at Botany Bay, on April 29th, 1770, and hoisted the British flag, it was the decisive date in the destiny of Australia. Before, there had been exploration and discovery. The Spaniards, the Portuguese, the Dutch, the French, as well as the British, had come to some definite knowledge of a Continent which had been lost to the records of civilisation for many centuries after Greek soldiers, returning from India, had brought to Europe vague rumours of a great Southern land. But Providence kept Australia for the colonisation of the British race. Its shores had shown

dour and forbidding to all early discoverers, and had offered no temptation to colonisation; its people no invitation to trade. Indeed, it was many years after Captain Cook's landing that the British Government took definite steps to occupy a land which to-day provides the only example in the world of one nation holding one continent under one flag. It is the first hoisting of the British flag that this scene represents. F. F.

SCENE :—The shores of Botany Bay, New South Wales ; a fine curved beach, shelving gently ; on the shore low, scrubby vegetation, with great abundance of brilliant wild flowers.

Near a little clump of low trees—the foliage dark blue green—are eight mia-mias, grouped together without plan. Around them are natives, with their women and children. A woman makes a fire; the men bring fish and throw them down. The natives are black, with lank, black hair ; their limbs thin, but of fine, erect carriage. The men have bearded faces.

The chief of the natives gives a cry (" Bai ! ") and looks towards the sea ; as do others. The chief cries :—

Nowey (canoe) ?

Dibbin (bird) ?

Baiamai (Great spirit) !

He continues to look towards the sea. Then he calls " Cooee." The natives draw up in line and sing and dance in order, threatening with their spears and shields.

Kamai (spear) Elimang (shield).

Ballubundambirra (Kill).

They dance and repeat the chant.

Captain Cook comes up the beach, accompanied by Mr. Hicks, R.N. (Second Lieut.), Mr. Monkhouse, R.N., Dr. Solander, and Dr. Joseph Banks, and followed by Tupia (a Kanaka), Nicholas Young (a sailor lad), and the sailors and marines. The chief of the natives, with another, goes down towards them threatening with spears. The natives cry " Warra Warra Wai." Captain Cook turns to Tupia, who shakes his head, showing that he does not understand.

Captain Cook throws beads and nails towards the natives and makes motions as of peace. He stretches out his hands to show that he has no arms.

The natives are still threatening. Captain Cook gives a signal and a musket is fired over their heads by a marine. The natives run back to the mia-mias and then return with shields. Other natives come down with shields to join them.

Captain Cook gives a signal and a musket is fired with small shot at the legs of the natives. The natives all run back into the bush, but leave their children at the mia-mias.

Captain Cook and his men advance. They fondle the black children and give them bright cloth. Presents are displayed for the natives—mirrors, knives. The natives watch mistrustfully at a distance.

The British Flag is hoisted ; the men join in singing " God save the King." Natives then approach and fraternise.

PART IV., SCENE III. SOUTH AFRICA.

Nearly 5,000 people of all classes, from England and Scotland, sailed for South Africa in 1819 and 1820. They landed in Algoa Bay, now the site of Port Elizabeth.

PART IV., SCENE IV. NEW ZEALAND.

In 1840 was signed the Treaty of Waitangi, when the Maori ceded sovereign rights to Great Britain.

SCENE III.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Historical Referee - - IAN S. COLVIN.

(*a*) LANDING OF VAN RIEBEECK.
1652.

The Pageant shows us two scenes in the history of South Africa—the landing of the first Dutch and the first British settlers. With the former of these the history of the Cape of Good Hope may be said to have begun, for although Bartholomew Dias rounded the great Peninsula in 1487, the Portuguese confined their settlements to the East Coast of Africa, and after a disastrous fight with the Hottentots, gave Table Bay a wide berth. With the beginning of the seventeenth century, however, the Dutch and British navigators burst into the Indian Ocean, and failing to dislodge the Portuguese from Mozambique, used the pleasant though dangerous roadstead of Table Bay as a half-way house on the way to India. The sailors of both races saw the need for a settlement, and early in the seventeenth century two English captains actually annexed the country for King James, while several batches of English convicts were landed in the vain hope of starting an English Colony. But the settlement was not made effective, the English captains took to going to St. Helena instead, and the first real South African Colony was founded by the Dutch East India Company in 1652. Van Riebeeck left Amsterdam on December 14th, 1651, hoisting his flag on board the "Drommedaris," which, with the "Reijjer" and "Goede Hoop," formed his little squadron. On 5th April following, the Chief Officer of the Flagship received "four Spanish reals" for being the first to sight Table Mountain; on the 7th, Skipper Conenck went ashore and found some letters which had been left under a heap of stones by the return fleet. On the 8th, with a south-eastern wind blowing, a hundred men were sent ashore to work, and on the 9th, Van Riebeeck landed and set about marking the site of his fort, while the men of the "Drommedaris" and "Reijjer" were busy the whole day discharging cargo.

At that time Table Valley must have been overgrown with beautiful thickets of silver tree and protea, from which the great bulk of Table Mountain rose in sheer precipices. Hippopotamuses wallowed in the swamps formed by the brook in Table Valley, and lions haunted the mountain slopes. The human inhabitants were a wretched little tribe of Hottentots who had lost their cattle, and were called "beach-rangers" by the Dutch because they lived on the crabs and shell-fish they found on the seashore. They were almost of the lowest type in the human scale, eating wild roots or even carrion, knowing nothing of agriculture, and adorning themselves with bracelets made from the entrails of animals. The Hottentots who owned cattle had a feud with these "beach-rangers," and the Journal speaks of jealousies and conflicts by which the Europeans profited.

Van Riebeeck set to work with a will, building shelters and the walls of his fort, digging a garden and planting vegetables. The Cape winter, cold, wet and stormy, found the little settlement ill-prepared to meet it; food was running out, the tents leaked or were blown down, many died from privation and hard work together; but the Commander stuck to his work indomitably, and was rewarded in due time by a garden full of fine vegetables, and the appearance of Hottentots with vast herds of cattle. ——— I. S. C.

SCENE :—Table Bay. The ships in the bay, the boats on the beach.

The Hottentots in their karosses of sheepskin, with assegais in their hands, watch with mingled fear and curiosity the landing of the Dutch in South Africa. They are amazed at the approach of the ships.

The first of the boats to land contains sailors, who run up the beach to look for letters, which it was the custom for returning ships from India to leave under inscribed stones, specimens of which are still to be found in shore excavations. They wave the letters in the direction of the ships. The sick from scurvy, a fatal malady of the early voyagers, are brought ashore on stretchers and laid on the grass. Then groups of Dutch soldiers appear, sailors and officers in the seventeenth century costume we know so well from the paintings of the Flemish masters. Frau Van Riebeeck, clad in the Calvinist style of the seventeenth century—broad white collar and cuffs and gown of good Flanders cloth—lands and attends to the sick. Then there is the sound of cannon from the ship, and Van Riebeeck himself lands with a guard of soldiers. Advancing to his wife, he kisses her and bows to the sick. He and his company then kneel for a short space, bareheaded, and subsequently sing a Dutch hymn. The Hottentots surround the Europeans, and Van Riebeeck offers them trinkets and other gifts. He then leads the way up into the New Country. The colonisation of South Africa has begun.

(*b*) THE SETTLERS OF 1820.

The landing of the Albany settlers takes us on nearly two hundred years. The British had twice taken and then purchased South Africa from the Dutch and had been administering the country since 1806. The Eastern districts were constantly disturbed by the raids of the Kaffir tribes, who were usually at war with the Hottentots and the Boer farmers of the frontier, and large tracts of fine land were almost without inhabitant. In England the end of the Napoleonic wars opened a period of distress and unemployment, and British statesmen served two ends by encouraging the movement of emigration to the unsettled part of South Africa.

Nearly a hundred thousand people offered to go, and of these close on five thousand were selected. They were drawn from all classes—Scottish farmers, Somerset yeomen, old soldiers and sailors, mill-hands and artizans, fine ladies and gentlemen with their carriages and servants. The first of the transports sailed from the Downs on December 10th, 1819; about twenty others following as fast as they could get the people and stores on board. The chosen landing-place was Algoa Bay, the site of what is now the busy and enterprising town of Port Elizabeth. On the shore they were met by Lord Charles Somerset's officials, and the soldiers of a Highland regiment, who carried the Colonists through the surf on their brawny shoulders. Sir Rufane Donkin, who acted as Governor in the absence of Lord Charles Somerset, superintended operations, and Boer farmers were ready with their waggons and teams of oxen to convey the Colonists to the lands they were destined to occupy, and to turn, after many hard struggles with savages, wild beasts, and bad seasons, into one of the most prosperous parts of South Africa.

I. S. C.

SCENE :—Fort Frederick (now the site of Port Elizabeth), 1820.

This scene takes place nearly two hundred years after the last.

In the distance is seen the little fort of Fort Frederick, and around it are the marquees of the officers of the 72nd regiment. Below are pitched many canvas tents, and among them men, women and children are in busy motion, looking out across the bay. There are one or two small wooden houses visible, and three thatched cottages down by the water's edge. There appear around the point the boats from the fleet that brought out the 1820 settlers, filled with a motley crowd of representatives of every class of life, who sing as they come. The boats are hauled in with ropes by half-naked natives, and the settlers are carried ashore by a regiment of Highlanders, and eagerly separate their possessions.

All are in a state of high excitement ; there is shouting of sailors and bargemen, of soldiers and natives on the beach ; the talking and laughing of men and women who have struck up sudden friendship on landing ; the gambolling and shrieking delight of children ; the querulous demands of people whose luggage has gone astray ; the bawling of Colonial Dutch by the Dutch African farmers. Various incidents and contretemps occur before they are driven off in the various conveyances that were sent to meet them.

We see a varied collection of people, young and old, who have come across to make their homes in the new country. A Scotchman, whose bagpipes have been his solace on the voyage, plays some airs of bonnie Scotland. There is a general air of excitement and rejoicing at having at last reached dry land, after the long and trying voyage ; this delight expresses itself in many ways—the children run about gathering flowers and shells, and the settlers make the acquaintance of their new friends the Dutch. Soon the ox-waggons come into view and take away the settlers in their various parties amid shouts and farewells.

SCENE IV.

NEW ZEALAND.

THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY OF WAITANGI.

FEBRUARY 5TH, 1840.

THE MAORI CEDE THE SOVEREIGNTY OF NEW ZEALAND TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

"THE FREE GIFT OF A FREE PEOPLE."

Historical Referee - - T. E. DONNE.

The celebrated Maori race, who by this Treaty have been enabled to take their place on an equality with the Whites in New Zealand instead of succumbing to racial conflict, are supposed to have arrived in the Islands five hundred and fifty years ago. About the time when Edward III. was bestowing upon the people of England their first liberal parliamentary institutions, the Maori, ranging the

Pacific in their canoes in search of an abode of fruitfulness and security, saw what they took to be a long white cloud lying upon the ocean to the southward, and hence the name "Ao-tea-Roa," which they gave to New Zealand when they landed.

The name "New Zealand" was given by the States-General of Holland when its discovery in 1642 by the great Dutch navigator, Abel Tasman, was reported to them. Captain Cook, the first Englishman to see the country, landed on October 8th, 1769, near the site of the present town of Gisborne. At that very moment the French navigator, De Surville, was also on the coasts, but the two adventurers were unaware of each other's presence.

Early in the nineteenth century whalers of all nations commenced to frequent the northern coasts of New Zealand, and in 1814 the Rev. Samuel Marsden, the first and most courageous of many missionaries, landed there. The 200,000 Maori who then inhabited New Zealand were men of splendid physique, barbarous in their intertribal wars, but observing a code of chivalry which became the admiration of all Europeans with whom they came in contact or conflict.

The members of the Maori race who visited England in whaling ships in the early part of the century (among them the great Hongi and Te Pehi) were much impressed with the greatness and power of Great Britain, and, consequently, when the Maori realised that they must have some protection against the white invaders, and particularly against the French (whom they suspected of wishing to annex their country), they appealed to King William IV. for protection.

The Imperial Government having at this time firmly determined against any further extension of the British Empire, the petition of the Maori was not granted, but in 1833 a British Resident was appointed in the person of Mr. James Busby, who took up his abode at Waitangi ("Weeping Water") in the Bay of Islands.

In 1835 some of the chiefs made a declaration of Independence under the designation of the "United Tribes of New Zealand," and this was accepted by the British Government, who advised the Maori that "His Majesty will continue to be the parent of their infant State, and its protector from all attempts on its independence." (The Maori flag in the scene was presented by King William at this time, and conferred national rights on vessels built in New Zealand.)

In 1839 the New Zealand Company attracted considerable attention by preparing to send shiploads of British people to the land of the Maori, and this, in conjunction with local influences, caused the British Government to send Captain William Hobson, R.N., to New Zealand as Consul and eventual Lieutenant-Governor, the country being made an administrative dependency of New South Wales, the Mother Colony of Australia.

Meetings were held between Captain Hobson and a large assembly of important chiefs, and as a result the first Maori signatures were appended to the Treaty of Waitangi on February 6th, 1840.

This famous instrument, by which the Maori, at a time when they were apparently unconquerable, voluntarily ceded sovereign rights over their country to Queen Victoria, is practically the only compact between a civilised and an uncivilised race which has been regarded and honoured through generations of difficulties, distrust, and even warfare.

By guaranteeing to the Maori the absolute ownership of their patrimonial lands and the enjoyment of their ancestral rights and customs, it enabled them

to take their place as fully enfranchised citizens of the British Empire, and to present the solitary example of a dark race surviving contact with a white, and associating with it on terms of mutual regard, equality and unquestioned loyalty. The measure of this relationship is evident from the fact that Maori interests are represented by educated natives in both houses of the New Zealand Parliament and in the Ministry.

The strict observance of the Treaty of Waitangi is part and parcel of the national faith of the New Zealanders, and a glorious monument to the high qualities of one of the finest races of aboriginal peoples the world has ever seen.

T. E. D.

Flagpole with Union Jack flying; close by, a table with quill pens, ink and other necessary material.

Maori men and women sitting about in small groups smoking pipes and talking together; others arriving by canoe.

Guns are fired in the distance, indicating the arrival of H.M.S. "Herald."

Captain Hobson, R.N., accompanied by Captain Nias (commander of the "Herald"), Lieutenant Shortland, R.N., Lieutenant Fisher, R.N., and some Troopers (New South Wales Mounted Police), land from ship's boats, and are met on the shore by Mr. Busby, British Resident, and some civilians.

As they walk towards the flagpole a Maori trumpet (putara) is sounded. The Maori stand up and chant a song of welcome to Captain Hobson, who is accompanied by the Church of England missionaries and catechists (Rev. H. Williams, Rev. Richard Taylor, Rev. Mr. Davis, Messrs. Colenso, G. Clarke, and E. M. Williams) and some Wesleyan missionaries.

From another direction appears Bishop Pompallier, accompanied by a priest, and joins the party.

As soon as the party is in position on the platform, the Maori men move forward and seat themselves (on the ground) in front of the table, the women remaining apart, and also squatting on the ground.

The white people who were with the Maori in the opening scene remain at a distance from the flagpole, displaying themselves picturesquely.

Captain Hobson takes a seat.

At this point the Union Jack is lowered by the Resident Agent (Mr. Busby), the Maori flag is brought forward and hoisted by two Maori chiefs and saluted by the officers and by the Maori with acclamation.

The Treaty of Waitangi is placed on the table, the Maori making remarks when they notice it, such as "See the Treaty" (Tenei te Tiriti "Aue"), etc.

Captain Hobson makes a speech introducing the Treaty to the Maori, and saying: "What I wish to do is expressly for your own good. You have often asked the King of England (William IV.) to extend his protection to you. Her Majesty (Queen Victoria) now offers you that protection in this treaty."

A Chief (Kemara) throws off his robe and, pacing to and fro with a taiaha in his hand, declaims against the Treaty; he is followed by Marupo and several others in like manner.

Those sitting around interject "Kapai te Tiriti" (the Treaty is good), or "Whakakahore te Tiriti" (annul the Treaty).

A Maori rushes forward to Captain Hobson and, crossing his wrists, suggestive of captivity, says: "Shall it be thus, Governor? Say to me, speak, shall it be thus with the Maori, Governor?"

Captain Hobson smiles and says: "No! No! You are a free people and you will remain free."

Patuone and Tamati Waka Nene, two great chiefs, then speak in turn, making eloquent appeals in favour of the Treaty, after which all the Maori cry with unanimity: "Kapai te Tiriti," "Kapai te Kawana" (The Treaty is good, The Governor is good).

Bishop Pompallier steps forward and speaks to Captain Hobson; the latter enters into conversation with the Rev. Henry Williams (who throughout acted as interpreter and otherwise materially assisted in the negotiations which led up to the signing of the Treaty). Mr. Williams then makes the following announcement to the Maori on behalf of Captain Hobson: "The Bishop wishes it to be publicly stated to the natives that their religion will not be interfered with, and that free toleration will be allowed in matters of faith. I wish to say that I shall protect all creeds alike. The faiths of England, of the Wesleyans, of Rome, and also the Maori customs, shall be alike protected by me."

Cries of approval.

Honi Heke, a great chief, then steps forward and signs the Treaty, and others follow. Hobson shakes hands with each of them, with the remark: "He iwi tahi tatou" (We are one people now). The Maori flag is lowered, the Union Jack re-hoisted, guns are fired, and a Maori haka is danced.

SCENE V.

CANADA.

Historical Referee - - BECKLES WILLSON.

(*a*) THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

JUNE, 1783.

At the termination of the American War of the Revolution, in 1783, that portion of the inhabitants of the seceding States who remained loyal to the King and Empire resolved upon a voluntary exile. The territory to the North now forming the Dominion of Canada had been maintained intact for the Crown, and towards this territory the United Empire Loyalists now set forth in their thousands, some going by sea, some by land. Their numbers embraced the highest social class in America, including most of the clergy and Government officials. Their estates being confiscated and the greater part of their worldly goods, they were suddenly reduced to great poverty and destined to suffer severe hardship. But they took up the Canadian lands granted them by the King and ultimately repaired their shattered fortunes. B. W.

A procession of men, women, and children is seen slowly approaching; some on foot, some in carts, some on horseback. There is even one aged lady in a sedan chair. They are of all ages, but the dress of most proclaims them to be gentlefolk. Beneath their travelling cloaks, glimpses may be caught of rich silk dresses and laced coats. There are soldiers and clergymen and lawyers in the cavalcade. Heavy carts accompany them laden with baggage, with household furniture, with possessions of all kinds. By the side of the carts run children whose gay attire is somewhat bedraggled by the journey. This procession of exiles has travelled hundreds of miles over rough roads. Most of them had been reared in comfort and even luxury. Their women were tenderly nurtured and unaccustomed to hardship. But one spirit animated all, one hope fired their bosoms. Somewhere in the Northern lands, which Wolfe's victory had won for the British flag—in the virgin forests of pine and maple and hemlock, in the solitude of lake and river which no man of English blood had yet so much as seen, lay their heritage—the refuge that the Loyalists sought. These men and women travelling along, slowly and painfully but hopefully through the wilderness this sultry day in June, 1783, were the fathers of British Canada. Amidst all this grief at parting from homes and friends and life-long associations, they did not forget that this day was the birthday of their beloved sovereign King George. The borders of Canaan were passed; a halt is called under yonder spreading tree. There is much excitement preparing for the feast. The women descend from the carts, cloaks are doffed, chests and trunks are opened and articles of attire withdrawn, while ewers and basins are filled at a spring; hands and faces washed and hair powdered, the men of the party busily dispose the baggage to serve as chairs and tables. There is only one tablecloth, and that goes to the Squire's table—the overturned sedan chair. There is much hurrying to and fro with provisions, a meagre store of bread and cheese, and finally, amidst an impressive silence, a single jar of wine. Of this precious liquid each receives a few drops. "Gentlemen," cries the brave old Squire, erect in his red coat, "His most gracious Majesty, George of England. I give you the toast, 'The King!'" Instantly all upstand, many of the young men with their right foot planted on the trunks, which serve as tables, and one cry rends the air—"The King! God bless him!" But it is noticed that at the cry several of the women sink upon their knees with clasped hands, their gaze fervently upraised. Some of the children hardly knowing what is happening, pause in wonder, and then resume their play. Then the men grasp each other's hands, the women embrace, and the Squire points with his sword—"Onward! Courage. From this day forth we are Canadians!"

Two hardy youngsters have meanwhile ascended the tree, and now, with a great shout, from its topmost branch, unfurl a great silken banner. The Squire looks up in surprise, and then, deeply moved, leads off with

"God save our Gracious King."

At the close of the singing the baggage is repacked, the men and women resume their cloaks, the horses are untethered and mounted, the old dame enters her sedan chair, and the day's march is resumed. The heavily laden carts lumber along, the horses prance, the children scamper in front, and the procession gradually moves off the scene.

Lastly the pair of adventurous youths descend from the tree with the flag, which, fastened to an impromptu staff formed of a long branch, they bear off bravely, one carrying it, the other preceding his fellow playing a flute and both keeping step as if on parade. ———

(*b*) THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

1885.

In 1885, the French and Indian half-breeds settled on the banks of the Saskatchewan River and the far Saskatchewan Valley, resented the incoming of settlers into their region. They looked to their leader, Louis Riel, who had been driven into exile fifteen years before across the American border, to come and avenge the fancied wrongs done to them by the invading farmers and ranchers. Riel, under the imposing title of "Liberator," led the Indians and Bois-brulits against the Canadian forces dispatched by the Government to suppress the rebellion. Riel was defeated, and paid the penalty of his crime, together with several of the Indian chiefs.

The North-West, freed from disaffection, now witnessed the completion of the first trans-continental railway, the last spike being this year driven by Sir Donald Smith, the present Lord Strathcona, High Commissioner for Canada.

In the background is an Indian encampment.

Soldiers in uniform representing the first Canadian army regiments from six different Provinces, march upon the scene, preceded by their officers on horseback. There are the Midlanders, the Royal Grenadiers, the York and Simcoe Battalions, the London Fusiliers, the Montreal Garrison Artillery, the Quebec Voltigeurs, the Halifax Battalion, the Winnipeg Light Infantry, and the Mounted Police. Following these come two Red River carts. The Battle of Batoche Ferroy has just been fought and won. The North-West rebellion has been crushed and the chief rebels are either fugitives or prisoners. As a result of the rebellion came a widening and deepening of the Canadian national sentiment. In this fight for unity, Canadians from all parts of the Dominion have been shoulder to shoulder, and have "learnt to honour each other as brave men, learnt to love each other as comrades." Between two mounted policemen slowly stalks Poundmaker, the Indian chief who has surrendered. In the flush of victory the procession moves towards a point on the prairie, where a group of stalwart navvies are seen laying rails. From an opposite direction, upon other rails, a hand-car approaches. In the car is a group of railway officials who, when it stops, alight. The labourers laying the advancing opposite set of rails are now close at hand. Another half-dozen sleepers are placed in position, and the rails are spiked down. Then the leader of the official group steps forward. It is Sir Donald Smith. A hammer is handed to him, he raises it aloft, it descends, and the last spike of the great trans-continental railway connecting East and West, a true and practical bond of union between the long severed Provinces of the Dominion, a strategic highway between Britain and India, is driven home. *Finis coronat opus.* The soldiers raise a mighty cheer, and the trumpeters sound their trumpets. A loud whistle strikes the ear, and in the distance is seen a locomotive, decked with flags. As the band strikes up "The Maple Leaf," from the train behind emerge the Farmer, the Trader, the Builder, the Missionary, the Schoolmaster, and the Sportsman, each with his appropriate emblem. Onward they march in company with the Mounted Police and the Indians. The soldiers, at the word of command, take the opposite direction, the officials repair to their own car, and the scene closes.

SCENE VI.

INDIA.

1600—1858.

THE HONORABLE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

Historical Referee - - Colonel T. H. HENDLEY.

A number of London merchants held a meeting on the 24th September, 1599, and agreed to form an association for the purpose of trading directly with India. Some delay was caused by the negotiations then on foot for the conclusion of peace with Spain, but finally these were dropped.

On the 31st December, 1600, the English East India Company was incorporated by Royal Charter under the title of "The Governor and Company of Merchants of London trading into the East Indies." Its beginnings were small, but in due course it rose to be a mighty power, known throughout the East under the style of the Honorable East India Company. The direct Government of the vast empire of India, which devolved upon it, subsisted until 1858, when a Bill received the Royal assent under which the Government was transferred to the Crown.

On January 1st, 1877, Her Majesty Queen Victoria was proclaimed at Delhi as Empress of India.

In the following scene we see the reception of Sir Thomas Roe, the Ambassador of King James I., by the Mogul Emperor Jahangir.

Roe arrived at Ajmere in January, 1616, and for a whole year remained in attendance on the Mogul Court. When he took his leave, in January, 1617, he had practically accomplished all the objects of his mission, having obtained concessions and privileges for the factory at Surat which may be said to have laid the foundation of the greatness of the future British India. His journal, which is preserved at the British Museum, gives a very interesting account of the Indian Court. T. H. H.

THE RECEPTION OF SIR THOMAS ROE, AMBASSADOR OF KING JAMES I., BY THE MOGUL EMPEROR JAHANGIR,

WHO HELD HIS COURT AT AJMERE, IN THE CENTRE OF RAJPUTANA.

SCENE :—Gate of the Fort of Ajmere, January 10th, 1616.

The Courtyard fills up with a crowd of officials, citizens and strangers. On one side are a couple of elephants, one of which carries the banner of the Emperor. Near them are servants bearing the other insignia of the Sovereign. In the

back-ground stands the gate, and below the left window is a raised covered pavilion with throne for the Emperor's use. There are two great wooden elephants beside it, and a man stands on each of them in order that he may wave fly whisks over the Emperor.

From the pillars on the other side of the gate hangs a rope to which are attached some silver-gilt bells.

Below the Emperor's throne is a raised platform surrounded by a rail; three steps below this is another and larger platform, and beyond is the court.

Nobles, courtiers, and officials of high rank come through the gateway and take up their positions in the order of their rank, on the right and left of the throne. The relatives of the Sovereign stand nearest to the Emperor's seat. The Emperor enters from behind; the music plays and the drums beat, and he is saluted by the whole assembly in the most respectful manner.

Sir Thomas Roe is seen approaching—attended by a chaplain, a secretary, a surgeon, a Portuguese interpreter, and several attendants.

The Chief Minister of the Emperor, who stands nearest to him on the left of the platform, asks permission to introduce the Ambassador, and a short conversation follows, in which the Sovereign is informed that Sir Thomas Roe will not salute in the Oriental manner, but only in that which he follows at his own Court, because he is King James' representative, and not a commercial agent such as had on other occasions appeared before the Emperor and his father. Jahangir allows the claim; whereupon the Ambassador is admitted and is introduced by two Court officials who carry long staves, and after calling out the titles of their own Sovereigns, announce the style of King James and the name and rank of his Ambassador. Sir Thomas Roe makes a reverence just within the first rail, at the inside rail another, and when he comes near the Sovereign a third. The interpreter begins to speak; but, finding him dull, the Emperor puts him aside, and bids the Ambassador welcome, says Sir Thomas, "As to the brother of my Master."

The Ambassador delivers to His Majesty a letter from King James, together with a Persian translation, and afterwards his own Commission, which is looked at with curiosity and returned.

Attendants then bring in the presents of King James, the smaller of which are displayed in trays. These comprise broadcloth, English pictures, a scarf and sword, a clock, etc.

The chief present, viz., an English coach, driven by a European coachman, drives in and stops in the Courtyard. A large musical instrument is also brought in called a "virginal," and pointed out, and the Emperor expresses his satisfaction with it and with the European musician.

As Sir Thomas Roe has been ill, the Emperor asks about his health and offers him the services of his own physicians, one of whom is called forward and introduced. He says that Sir Thomas must keep to the house until he is well; and he is told that if he requires anything he must apply to the Emperor, who will freely help him.

At this moment a man rushes forward from the crowd, pulls the rope of bells, and demands the justice of the Sovereign. He is ordered to state his case. Pointing

to a well-dressed official on the lower platform, he says that he has turned him out of his home, has taken his land from him, and has beaten and wounded his sons and cruelly treated his family.

The official is called forward and examined, several witnesses are heard patiently, and he is sentenced. His dress is torn off him, he is degraded, and is flogged at the back of the Court, while a group of jugglers perform at a little distance.

After this example of summary justice, the Mogul Sovereign descends to the Court with Sir Thomas Roe's sword hanging from his neck, gets into the carriage, drives up and down several times, and is driven out of the Court through the gateway. The Ambassador, the Nobles, and the Courtiers afterwards withdraw, and finally the crowd disperses.

Part III., Scene VII. (A). It has been found necessary to omit this panel.

PART IV., SCENE VII. FINALE.

The final scene of the Pageant of London, the Empire City, shows the gathering of the Overseas Dominions round the Mother Country, a scene participated in by inhabitants of all parts of the Empire.

FINALE.

THE MASQUE IMPERIAL:

An Allegory of the Advantages of Empire.

BY

FRANCIS HARTMAN MARKOE.

THE scene shall represent a pleasant meadow, wood-bounden and trending down to a placid water, on one side of which rises a stately temple or portico in the Grecian mode. Many stairs lead up thereto, and in the middle a vast portal with dark doors. Over against it on the opposite side is a low rocky eminence, backed with sombre trees. Beyond the reed-bordered water, above its bosky banks, vague blue hills merge into the far distance.

After a little the World becomes audible. The hum of insects, the thin song of birds, the whisper-swaying of leaves, the sound-silences of running waters, a myriad vocal mysteries, and beneath them all the deep ceaseless bourdon of ocean.

Suddenly the GENIUS OF THE WORLD *is present.*

THE GENIUS:

Genius Mundi sum
Out of her heart I com
Part air, fire, water, earth,
When first terrestrial time began,
I attended at her birth,
And when in turn she brought forth Man.
The secret of her entity,
Her history,
Her prophecy,
Her destiny,

Are known to me.
That which she is,
I am.

But more. When the great Master-mind
Resolved that she should not remain inert,
A glorious death,
But, given breath,
Exert
Potential force, and find
Her power in Mankind,
He gave me charge of this small part
Of His Great Scheme; to guide her heart
And with The Seven,
Who speed
Her need,
Instruct her children in the Will of Heaven.

This I have done.
But since no mere chaotic phantasy,
Co-ordinate universe foresaw,
Evolving fitfully the theme
On an all-comprehending law,
All her progress
All her success,
Must based be
On equity,
Even as the celestial hierarchy.

This to achieve is the pure task of Empire.
Since first the inextinguishable fire,
Soul,
Made something more than brute content,
The goal
Of Man;
When he began
To desire
Government,
He sought to make this new erection
Achieve perfection.

Alas, progress is often pain,
Success
But weariness,

Yet as the waves of an incoming tide
Advance,
Subside,
And then once more
Advance,
Each time a little further up the shore,
So every victory in the strife
Of life
Must contain
A little less of loss than gain.

Thus when old Empires forgot
The virtue that established them,
And drunk with power, with pride besot,
Tinselled their tarnished diadem,
Soul remembered what had been,
And serene,
Separated false from real
In their mock apotheosis,
And ignored the necrosis
Of Ideal.

So I shall not fear to-day
When another Nation rises,
In her turn to essay
All the various exercises
Of the sway
Of opinion
And dominion,
She may falter on her way.

Herewith he approaches the Rocky Eminence

Therefore I am hither come,
Come to summon from their home
These Seven Queens who hold with me
Destiny's regency.

Then join me, vocal earth and air,
Deep depth and distance give me ear
That when I make my prayer,
Hearing, they may be here.

Then from all sides the VOICE OF THE WORLD *shall become audible in invocation.*

The VOICE OF THE WORLD and the GENIUS OF THE WORLD:

Mothers of men's desire,
Queens of the earth-born's need,
Who nourish with milk of fire
The heroes by whom we are freed
From the slough of indifference's mire,
From the quicksands of lust and of greed;
Come once again and inspire!

Come once again and inspire
The nation that rises anew,
To strive for the purer and higher,
The nobler and the more true;
Kindle the ultimate pyre
Of falsehood, of wrong and of rue,
Mothers of men's desire.

Then gradually there detach themselves from the rock seven forms of women, infinitely old, and with horns upon their foreheads.

These are their names:—QUEEN NEED OF NEED, QUEEN NEED OF STRENGTH, QUEEN NEED OF LAW, QUEEN NEED OF KNOWLEDGE, QUEEN NEED OF TRUTH, QUEEN NEED OF BROTHERHOOD, *and the* QUEEN OF WISDOM, *who is the* NEED OF GOD.

When they are fully emerged, the GENIUS OF THE WORLD *addresseth them.*

GENIUS OF THE WORLD:

Sisters, come at my behest
From your intramundal rest,
Anew a nation waits to prove
Her right to dominate and move
The peopled earth. Swift set her trial,
Who but attends your gracious charge,
And anxious stays the weary while
Until her fate be let at large.

THE SEVEN QUEENS:

We are here,
Let her appear!

Then shall the GENIUS OF THE WORLD *call her name softly.*

GENIUS OF THE WORLD:

Britannia!

And it shall echo softly into the distance and die away, and then grow great again and sound and resound as if all nature acclaimed her coming.

VOICES OF NATURE:

Britannia! Britannia!

Then all at once, beyond the placid water, she is present, attended by her NATURE SPIRITS. *And these are the* SPIRITS OF HER MEADOWS AND FORESTS; *and the* SPIRITS OF HER LAKES AND STREAMS; *the* SPIRITS OF HER MISTS AND SKIES; *the* SPIRITS OF HER CLIFFS AND MOUNTAINS; *and the* SPIRIT OF OCEAN. *Thus shall they hymn her as they ferry her across.*

THE SPIRITS OF HER MEADOWS AND FORESTS:

See, she comes, the Queen of meadows
And of sun-flecked forest glades,
Where the dancing leaf-laced shadows
Weave her tapestries of shade.

Swift, then, harbinger her coming,
Ye soft whispering woodland voices,
Show how nature at her coming
Universally rejoices.

THE SPIRITS OF HER LAKES AND STREAMS:

Water reeds,
River grasses,
Make obeisance
As she passes;
Willow, willow,
Bend you low!
And you sceptre-tipped bulrushes,
Line the path where she shall go;
How each sun-lipped wavelet shivers
With an awe,
Sweet and meet,
As they haste to kiss her feet!
Every reed shall bear a screed,
"This is she, the Queen of Rivers."

THE SPIRITS OF HER MISTS AND SKIES:

Constellate! Constellate!
All the canopy of sky;
And with gyves of rosy mist,
Let her hair be almost kissed,
Lo, Britannia passes by.

THE SPIRITS OF HER CLIFFS AND MOUNTAINS:

Come ye heather-mantled mountains,
Come ye peaks, and ye abiding
Cliffs, come boulder-dotted wastelands,
Where the shadows go a-hiding!
Bow ye down,
Bow ye down,
Ye high hills,
Ye green hills,
Form a crown
Fit for her whose majesty
Yours surpasses utterly.

THE SPIRIT OF OCEAN:

Come ye waves in glad commotion,
Bearing on your foaming crests
Myriads
Of Nereids
From their deep marinal rest
With the cadence of the sea
Droning dulcet diapasons
To the high world's harmony.
Hasten, dolphins,
Bear her over,
As they chaunt her who can vaunt
Every Ocean as her lover.

Now when they have brought her across, the GENIUS OF THE WORLD *forbiddeth them to accompany her further.*

GENIUS OF THE WORLD:

Attendant Spirits, get you gone,
Here must Britannia stand alone

During this BRITANNIA *maketh her obeisance to the* SEVEN QUEENS OF NEED.

Then shall the SPIRITS *retire, remembrancing her in their ritornel.*

Ritornel.

ALL THE SPIRITS:

Ladye from our memory
Learn our secret meaning:

LAKES AND STREAMS:

Our pellucid purity
Truthfulness revealing:

CLIFFS AND MOUNTAINS :

Strength our own exceeding,
Gather from our memory :

OCEAN :

Tireless activity,
Purposeful, unceasing :

MISTS AND SKIES :

Gentleness and Charity,
This our secret meaning :

FORESTS AND MEADOWS :

Field and forest gleaning,
Garner their felicity :

ALL :

Ladye from our memory
Learn our secret meaning.

When they have disappeared and BRITANNIA *hath made her obeisances, the* QUEEN OF WISDOM *thus addresseth her.*

QUEEN OF WISDOM :

Nation, before you go to prove
Your right to guide the world, and move
Mankind upon his upward way,
Hear what I have to say.

Always bear in memory
The accumulated lore
Of your sisters gone before,
Who fulfilled their destiny.

Until war shall come no more,
Wage it to bring peace, not pain,
Making failure and success,
Through the cause's nobleness,
Equi-glorious to gain.

When you conquer make your rule
As your war was, for the best
Of that nation's interest ;
Let them learn to love your school,
And to call your teachings blest.

Avoid arbitrariness,
And injustice cloaked as law;
Fear the all-rapacious maw
Of hypocrisy no less
Than routine's dry-rotting dust;
But be mercifully just,
Judge the little as the great,
Holding every man's estate
As God's temporary trust.

Dream high dreams both day and night,
Welding them to absolute
Firm belief, that can refute
Each small introspective fear;
Keep religion simply clear,
Yet indisputably right.

Now go forth, your time draws nigh,
Make your trial your victory.

BRITANNIA:

All your sweet counsel I will set within
My heart of hearts. Now let my trial begin.

GENIUS OF THE WORLD:

First you shall see the pageant of the Pain
That Empire brings, the immolating toil,
The holocaust of body and of brain
That patriots suffer, in the wild turmoil
Of nation-founding; when each foot of soil
Is bought with blood and dreams as ransom price.
There is, alas, no gain sans sacrifice!

Herewith shall appear from all sides little scattered bands of weary people. These are the men who gave their lives and dreams to the forwarding of their country's welfare. Soldiers, sailors, scholars, workers and thinkers, a legion of men of all types, women and children too, mothers who smiled at broken hopes, wives who smiled at broken hearts, girls who faced fever and famine without fear, children who sacrificed their childhood.

Behold they come, the host of hierodules,
Who gladly gave all their autonomy
Of life, and love, and thought, to become tools,
Used, blunted, cast aside, when history
Carved out their country's future. Willingly
They paid in pain all the appointed price.
There is, alas, no gain sans sacrifice!

Discoverer, explorer, scientist,
Warrior, politician, poet, priest,
Reformer, missionary, all who kissed
The rod that smote them, but who never ceased
Until they bought their motherland her peace
And honour at Fate's fixed price.
There is, alas, no gain sans sacrifice!

And this, all this, they give to you because
Of their belief in you; and you must be
All they believe. You dare not fail nor pause
Nor hesitating plead humility
Their only vindication, victory.
Then not in vain shall they have paid the price,
If you prove worthy of their sacrifice.

BRITANNIA:

Where lies my trial that I may prove
How much I do esteem their love?

GENIUS OF THE WORLD:

Go, lead them to the temple's gate.

BRITANNIA:

And is that all? What, do they wait
Only for me?
Soon they shall see
The crowning of their victory!

But as she approacheth the temple steps, immediately there appear from behind the columns the DAMOZELS OF DEATH, *who do forbid her further progress.*

BRITANNIA:

But who are these who bar my way,
Who bid my heroes stay,
Outside the temple of their dreams
In pitiful delay?

GENIUS OF THE WORLD:

These are the Damozels of Death,
Who make so much fine effort vain;
They sentinel with chilling breath
All the approaches to the fane,
So no man dares attempt to break
The barriers that they maintain.
This is your task, to undertake
The shattering of their sovereignty,
That these achieve the victory
Which is their due.

Here BRITANNIA *and the* GENIUS OF THE WORLD *approach the* DAMOZELS OF DEATH.

First Death of Youth with frightened eyes,
Then Death of Joy, with laughter spent,
Grasping Illusion's Death, who sighs,
That after her, Death of Content,
Follows too languid to lament.

Then Death of Health, whose drawn thin lips
Mock too too calm Death of Desire
While Death of Dreams despairing sips
An empty cup, her cheeks on fire,
With shame of being proven liar.

Next Death of Love with nervous hands
Beside Death of Belief, who bends
Towards Death of Mind. And last there stands
Grim Death of Body, who pretends
That with her coming man's life ends.

Look well if that you may discover
The secret of their awful power.

Herewith the GENIUS OF THE WORLD *leaveth her alone.*

Then gazing first on the DAMOZELS OF DEATH, *and after on the weary people,* BRITANNIA *speaketh.*

THE BALLAD OF THE BREAKING OF THE BARRIERS.

BRITANNIA :

This is my trial, to lead you through
These barriers, to set you free
Of the despair that must accrue
'Neath these dark damsels' durancy ?
Show me again your misery,
Until with pity of your plight
I grow so strong in righteous might
That I must gain the Victory.

It is enough ! Now let me to
My task. Despite your secrecy,
Dread Damozels, I'll find the clue
To your impregnability ;
I'll solve the potent mystery,
For I shall read deep in your eyes
Which is the Death that never dies.
Where lies the path to victory.

She approacheth closely, regarding each in turn.

No, not through you, nor you, nor you,
Nor you, nor you, nor you, Ah me,
Nor you, nor you, nor you, nor you,
Nor you, nor—Why, then where is She?
The twelfth, the Death of Hope? I see,
She lives but in the power you wield,
This is your secret! Yield then, yield,
And pass us on to Victory!

Envoi.

Oh, men, have I not justified
Your faith in me? No more concealed
By death, Hope's immortality
Symbols your own. Genius, to guide
Towards that which I anew revealed
Have I the right of victory?

GENIUS OF THE WORLD:

Nobly, Britannia, have you proved your worth
To rank among the glorious ones of earth,
And having metamorphosized its pain,
Behold, triumphant, the Imperial Gain.

Now suddenly from all sides shall sound forth peal after peal of silver trumpets; no longer are the DAMOZELS OF DEATH *dark and dreadful, but resplendent and beautiful; no longer are the* SEVEN NEED QUEENS *old, but young and glorious; no longer are the bands of people weary and wishful, but happy and triumphant.*

Then in the distance, wending nearer, appears

THE PAGEANT OF THE GAIN OF EMPIRE.

Twelve maidens in white, with silver palm-leaves.

Twelve women in white, bearing alternate gyves of golden oak and laurel leaves.

Three heralds in red and gold, with the arms of SCOTLAND, IRELAND, WALES.

A single herald with the arms of ENGLAND, in red and blue and gold.

CYPRUS. GIBRALTAR. MALTA.

THE NORTH.

CANADA. NEWFOUNDLAND.

ONTARIO. QUEBEC. NOVA SCOTIA. NEW BRUNSWICK. MANITOBA.

BRITISH COLUMBIA. PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND. SASKATCHEWAN.

ALBERTA. NORTH-WEST TERRITORY. YUKON.

THE SOUTH.

AUSTRALIA.

NEW SOUTH WALES. VICTORIA. QUEENSLAND. SOUTH AUSTRALIA.
WEST AUSTRALIA. TASMANIA. PAPUA.

NEW ZEALAND.

FIJI. NEW GEORGIA. PACIFIC ISLES.

SOUTH AFRICA.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE. NATAL. ORANGE FREE STATE. TRANSVAAL.
RHODESIA.
BASUTOLAND. BECHUANALAND. ZWAZILAND.

EAST AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

SOMALILAND. BRITISH EAST AFRICA. UGANDA. ZANZIBAR.
NYASALAND.

WEST AFRICA.

GAMBIA. GOLD COAST. SIERRA LEONE. SOUTHERN NIGERIA.
NORTHERN NIGERIA.

MAURITIUS. SEYCHELLES. ASCENSION. ST. HELENA.

THE EAST.

INDIA.

MADRAS. BOMBAY. BENGAL. EASTERN BENGAL and ASSAM. U.P.
C.P. PUNJAB. BURMAH.

CEYLON. STRAITS SETTLEMENTS AND FEDERATED MALAY STATES.
BORNEO. SARAWAK. WEIHAIWEI. HONG KONG.

THE WEST.

BRITISH GUIANA. BERMUDA. BRITISH HONDURAS.

JAMAICA. BAHAMAS. LEEWARD ISLES. WINDWARD ISLES. BARBADOS.
TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO.

FALKLAND ISLANDS.

SOLDIERS. SAILORS.

Passing slowly across the meadow, at length they gain the approaches to the temple, ascend them, and disappear within. Here shall they have reached the foot of the temple steps.

MEN'S VOICES:

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
The world, and they that dwell therein.
For He hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
And who shall stand in His holy place?

WOMEN'S VOICES:

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity,
And hath not sworn deceitfully,
He shall receive a blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his Salvation.
This is the generation that seek after Him,
That seek Thy face, O God.

WOMEN'S VOICES:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye ancient doors:
And the King of Glory shall come in.

CHILDREN WITHIN THE TEMPLE:

Who is the King of Glory?

ALL:

The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.

Here they shall pass into the Temple.

MEN'S VOICES:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Yea, lift them up, ye ancient doors:
And the King of Glory shall come in.

CHILDREN WITHIN THE TEMPLE:

Who is the King of Glory?

ALL:

The Lord of Hosts,
He is the King of Glory.

Then shall all the people have disappeared into the temple, from which shineth forth a great light.

There is a silence, and then the GENIUS OF THE WORLD, *who alone is left, kneels down, and so kneeling, gradually sinks from sight, while from within, continually growing softer, is heard the following litany :—*

O Lord, save the King.
And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee.

Endue Thy ministers with righteousness.
And make Thy chosen people joyful.

O Lord, save Thy people.
And bless Thine inheritance.

Give peace in our time, O Lord.
For it is Thou, Lord, only makes us dwell in safety.

O God, make clean our hearts within us.
And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.

Then there shall be silence.

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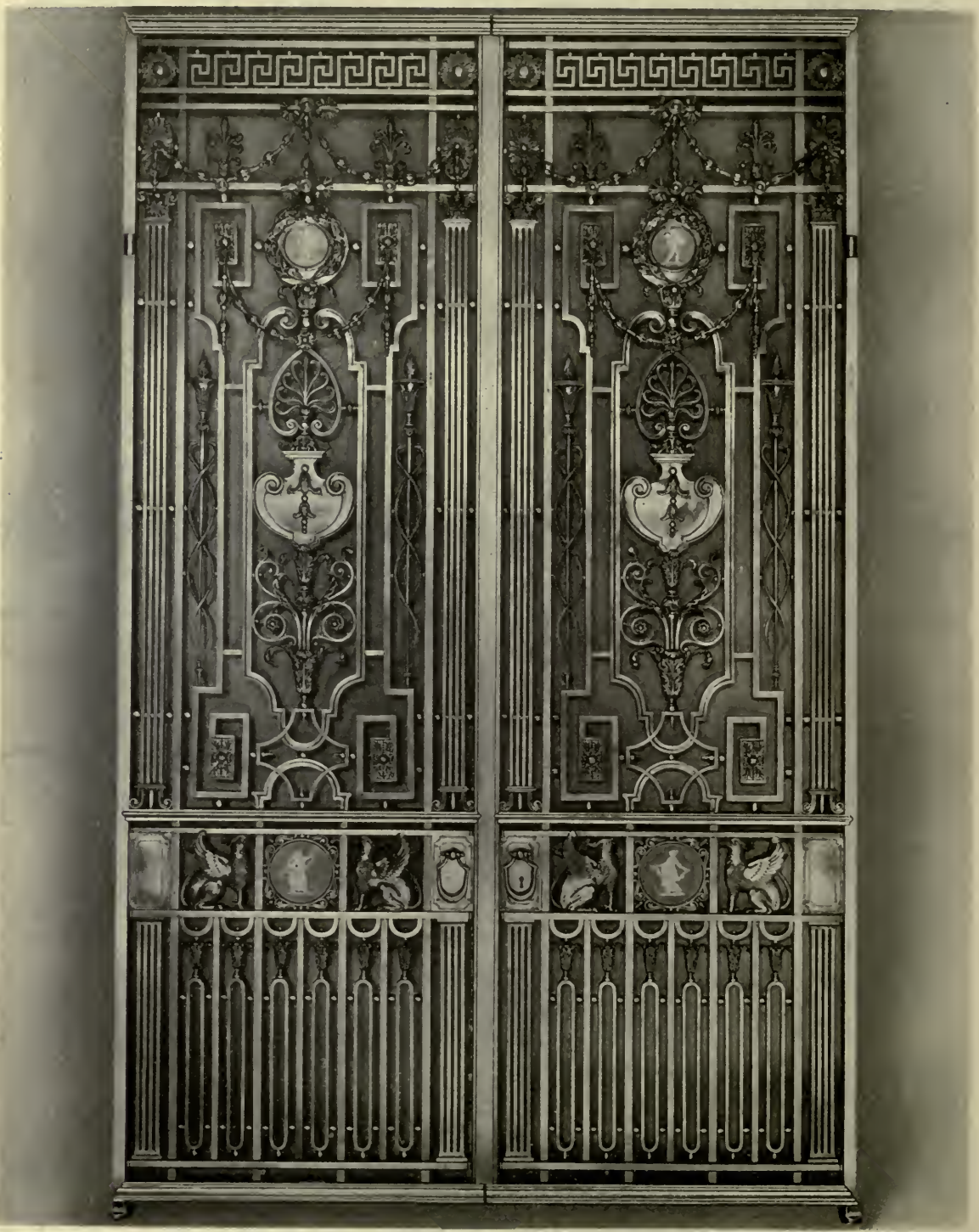

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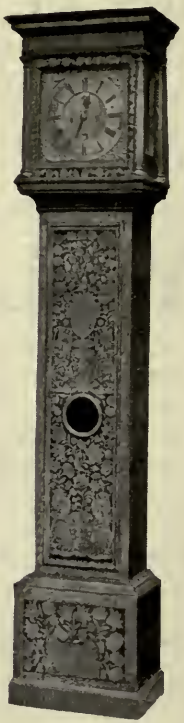
8-day clock, in inlaid mahogany, Sheraton case.



A rare 8-day clock, by Robert Player, in superb walnut and marqueterie case; *circa* 1700.

8-day clock in mahogany case, by Nathaniel Hedge.

An interesting 8-day clock, by Thomas Brown, Birmingham. The case is of English oak, and the clock has musical chimes which play 7 airs.

A very superior 8-day clock with repeating chime movement, by James Smith (clockmaker to George III.).

An 8-day clock, by Joseph Stephens. In English black and gold lacquer case.

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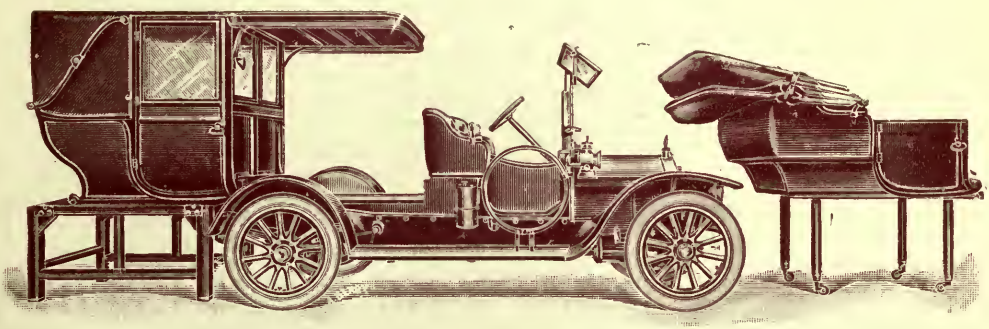

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