



NY PUBLIC LIBRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES



3 3333 08124 9555

920 Brooke-Hunt

REFERENCE

6909 ³ Res

Prisoners of the tower of London

REFERENCE

C920

THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM
DONNELLY READING CENTER
20 WEST 83 STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

*



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/prisonersoftower00broo>

PRISONERS
OF THE
TOWER OF LONDON

First Edition 1899
Second Edition 1901

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

C L



Valentino, Dunder

The Tower of London

PRISONERS
OF THE
TOWER OF LONDON

Being an Account of some who at
divers times lay captive
within its Walls

BY
VIOLET BROOKE-HUNT

With many Portraits and
Illustrations

NEW YORK

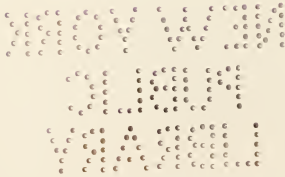
1901

LONDON

J. M. DENT & CO.

29 & 30 BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN

THE NEW
PUBLIC LIBRARY
6909
ACTON, LEYTON, AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
C L



Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co
At the Ballantyne Press

C920

H

This work is dedicated to

My Mother

*With grateful and affectionate memories
of my Grandfather*

W. P. P.

*“Books sweeten solitude itself with best
society: with the companionship of the
wise and good; with the beauty which
the eye cannot see, and the music heard
only in silence.”*

INTRODUCTION

IT would be quite impossible for me to personally mention every work from which I have received valuable help in the compilation and arrangement of these little sketches. Wherever direct quotations have been made I have endeavoured to mark the same, but if in any case I have omitted to do so, I crave forgiveness for such an unintentional error; and I gratefully acknowledge my indebtedness to a long list of writers, from the early chroniclers to the historians of our own day, including the authors of special works on the Tower of London. The shortcomings of this work are all too apparent; and, realising the greatness of the subject, I am conscious of my own inability to treat it worthily. My hope in sending it out is this, that, being simply written, it may reach those who have not yet realised all the romance which is to be found in our history, and so may

help to make the story of the Past more of a reality to those in whose hands lie the destinies of the Future.

To General Milman, Major of the Tower, I must make a special acknowledgment of my thanks. But for his kindness and ready help, the task would have been doubly difficult.

VIOLET BROOKE-HUNT.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PROLOGUE	I
THE BUILDERS OF THE TOWER	3
FLAMBARD, THE FIRST PRISONER	13
TWO ROYAL PRISONERS OF WALES	18
SCOTTISH PRISONERS	23
FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR	38
RICHARD II.	52
KING HENRY VI.	64
THE LITTLE PRINCES IN THE TOWER	74
SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE—THE GOOD LORD COBHAM	84
THE ADVENTURES OF PERKIN WARBECK	89
SIR THOMAS MORE	95
ANNE BOLEYN	112
THOMAS CROMWELL, EARL OF ESSEX	115
THE EARL OF SURREY	121
LADY JANE GREY	128
LADY KATHERINE GREY	140
PRINCESS ELIZABETH	147
THE MARTYRS OF QUEEN MARY	166
ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX	174

	PAGE
PRISONERS FOR A QUEEN	193
DUKE OF NORFOLK	206
SIR WALTER RALEIGH	221
ARABELLA STUART	238
GUNPOWDER PLOT	253
SIR JOHN ELIOT	264
THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD	275
ALGERNON SIDNEY	297
THE SEVEN BISHOPS	310
LORD NITHSDALE AND THE BAD LORD LOVAT	315
THE LAST PRISONERS	332
THE TREASURES OF THE TOWER	338

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE TOWER OF LONDON	<i>Frontispiece</i>
THE BYWARD TOWER	<i>To face page 3</i>
THE TRAITOR'S GATE	,, 10
QUEEN ELEANOR	,, 11
EDWARD III.	,, 23
WILLIAM WALLACE	,, 28
EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE	,, 38
RICHARD II.	,, 52
HENRY VI.	,, 64
RICHARD III.	,, 74
ELIZABETH OF YORK	,, 82
PERKIN WARBECK	,, 89
SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS FAMILY	,, 95
CARDINAL WOLSEY	,, 104
CROMWELL, EARL OF ESSEX	,, 115
EARL OF SURREY	,, 121
EDWARD VI.	,, 128
LADY JANE GREY	,, 133
QUEEN MARY	,, 166
HUGH LATIMER	,, 170

EARL OF ESSEX	<i>To face page</i>	174
EARL OF LEICESTER	”	176
MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS	”	193
THE GUNPOWDER PLOT CONSPIRATORS	”	253
THE BLOODY TOWER	”	261
SIR HARRY VANE, JUN.	”	289
ALGERNON SIDNEY	”	297
WILLIAM, LORD RUSSELL	”	304
JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH, K.G.	”	308
LORD LOVAT	”	315
A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD	”	332
CHANGING THE GUARD	”	344

Prisoners of the Tower

PROLOGUE

“Love thou thy land, with love far brought,
From out the storied Past, and used
With the Present, but transfused
Thro’ future time by power of thought.”

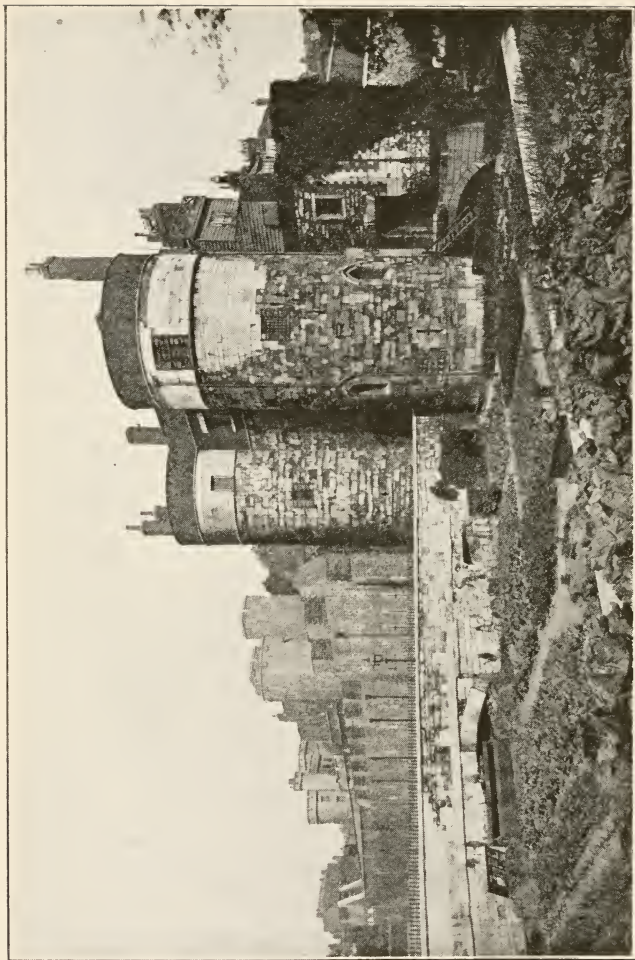
GEOFFREY had been taken for the first time to see the Tower of London. We had stood together on the Tower Hill, and looked down on the great pile of buildings below, on the turrets and battlements, the walls and the wards, now all of them white with age, but bearing no signs of crumbling or decay. And for the moment we wandered far away from London and the present hour, and lived for a short spell in those rough days of long ago, when battles and fighting were so much a part of life that every man built his house strong and secure, so that he might defend himself from the attacks of his neighbours and kinsmen. We had gone inside the gates, and wandered around places aglow with memories of men and women familiar to us because of the part they had played in the making of our England; and we had lingered, talking of the great army of prisoners whose sorrowful sighings had gone forth from these cells—sighings often indeed powerless to touch the hearts of earthly rulers, but surely never failing to bring back some measure of comfort and pity from the All-Loving Heart of the Great King. And what a procession of dim forms out of every age and time had unfolded itself to our eyes as we stood and gazed! Princes and nobles, states-

men and rulers, outlaws and warriors, patriots and traitors, adventurers and rebels, dreamers and thinkers, sages and saints, poets and preachers, men old and white-bearded, maidens in the first flush of their fresh young beauty, men in the very prime of their strength and power.

“Why, it is every one out of the history book,” said Geoffrey, awe-struck. “And I can’t remember everything about them all. Couldn’t you write it down from the very beginning, so that I could read it over and over again? You see it would be so much nicer than ordinary stories, because it would all be true, and it would be fifty times better than a history lesson, because that is nothing but a lot of stupid dates, and I always mix up the Edwards and the Henrys. But I should remember all the people, and then I should remember the rest quite well.”

When Geoffrey sets his heart on my doing a thing, it generally ends in his getting his way. For one thing, it is very hard to resist his coaxing voice and his persuasive powers, and then his way and my way are so very often the same. Because though there is thirty years and more between us, we both look out on life from a point of view very sympathetic to each other. We are both of us prone to be hero-worshippers, rather than cool critics of character. We both of us get weary of schemes and systems, periods and theories, and we love intensely men and women, as men and women in the moments of their humiliation as well as in the hour of their greatness. And loving them thus, we like to follow them through all those strangely varied and often inconsistent actions which, pieced together, make up that complex thing a human life, only to be fully understood by the One who holds in His hands the tangled threads.

So desiring to act as an interpreter between Geoffrey and the storied past, I set out on a task which is a veritable labour of love, and I shall strive to be faithful to my directions, which are very definite: “Please put in adventures and battles, and lots about the prisoners, people, and everything you can think of about the Tower, so that I can shut my eyes and see it happening all over again.”



Valentia, Dunder.

THE BYWARD TOWER.

THE BUILDERS OF THE TOWER

WHEN William the Conqueror marched from his victory over the English at Hastings, to take possession of London, almost one of the first things he did was to order a fortress to be built, which should command the city and overawe the citizens. He picked out a piece of ground which lay near the strong old wall built by the Romans seven hundred years before, and the work was begun by making a deep ditch and a palisade, which is, as you know, a very strong kind of fence. When this was done, he sent for Gundulph, the Bishop of Rochester, and entrusted him with the task of building a regular castle near these fortifications. Now Gundulph had been one of those Benedictine monks who for many years had lived in that wonderful monastery of Bec, from which so many famous men came forth. His teacher had been Lanfranc, his friend and fellow-worker none other than Anselm, who threw such a spirit of charity into all his labours, that the roughest and the hardest men loved him, and strove to do as he desired.

“Can you force your scholars to improve?” said this Anselm one day to a teacher who was using blows. “Did you ever see a craftsman fashion a fair image out of a golden plate by blows alone? Does he not now gently press it, and strike it with his tools, now with wise art yet more gently raise and shape it? You say your scholars seem only brutal? You have bad luck with a training that only turns men into beasts!” It is easy to understand how all the monks loved Anselm so dearly, that when they were ill no hand but his had power to soothe them, and there was no relish in any cooling drink save the one he prepared for them from the juice of the grape. It was with this man, as his

familiar friend, that Gundulph lived and worked, pondering over the beautiful things which revealed themselves unto his eyes. For he was ever an artist, with much understanding of forms and colours, so that in the monastery it was his task to arrange the gorgeous ceremonies which took place on feast days. Of so gentle and tender a nature was he, that men called him Gundulph the Weeper, because, if any one were in sorrow or pain, he could not keep from weeping for them out of the pity of his heart. From this home of beauty and peace he came over at the bidding of his old master, Lanfranc, now Archbishop of Canterbury, to be consecrated as Bishop of Rochester. It was here that he gained for himself fame as a builder in that strong military style of architecture so typical of the spirit of the age; and thus it was that William laid on him the task of designing and carrying out this great building, which was to be at the same time an impregnable fortress and a royal palace. Gradually the keep, which is now called the White Tower, arose, and no words can really make you understand its extraordinary strength. Surrounded by double walls, guarded with many towers and a deep moat, it stands to-day almost entirely as it came from Gundulph's hands; with its walls, fifteen feet thick, only becoming less massive high up where no battering-ram could reach them; its tiny loop-hole windows; its massive iron-clamped doors; its narrow winding stairs; altogether so wonderful in its strength, that an old writer speaks of it as "a fortress large and strong, walls and courts rising on the deepest foundations, built with mortar, tempered with the blood of beasts." So that when you stand in the banqueting-hall or the council-chamber, in which now all the armour is kept, you know you are standing on the very stones of the banqueting-hall where William and his Norman barons once feasted. On the walls there may have been some hangings of tapestry, round the stone fireplaces will have been plain, roughly-made seats; but these, with the tables, were probably all the furniture, for those were days when men cared more for the hardships of the camp than the comforts of the hearth.

Here, too, in the little Norman chapel, so entirely simple and unornamented, the Conqueror must have offered up on Sundays and holy days such devotions as were his custom, he coming from the state rooms into the gallery which led out of them, while his courtiers and servants would fill the places on the ground floor below.

Gundulph lived to be a very old man, and saw most of his plans completed. For many years he lived near to the Tower with his friend Ædmer Ahhoende, a worthy citizen of London, so that he could personally look after every detail in the building, and it is pleasant to remember that the monk who in his monastery had been always famous for the tenderness of his conscience, carried that same faithfulness with him through all that he undertook. It is recorded of him that when he had charge of the estates of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, he managed them so well and carefully that he was able to save large sums of money for the poor; and one winter, when there was much suffering among the people, he was thus able to keep many of them from starvation. And Gundulph, too, though he could be so gentle, could also be strong and fearless. When William Rufus was angered against Anselm, it was Gundulph only out of all the bishops who dared stand by his old friend. So it was full of honours, as well as full of years, that this fine old builder died, with his life-long companion Anselm to the last at his side; and he has left behind him as a monument a building which speaks of work joyfully undertaken and steadfastly performed. But it is easy to understand that a building on so mighty a scale was a very costly matter, and there was much anger and discontent among the people from whom the money for carrying out the work was extorted by Ralph Flambard, the much-hated minister of Rufus. However, those were days when might was stronger far than right; so the citizens were forced to find the money, and the building of the Tower went on. Both Rufus and Henry I. added greatly to it, and when Stephen came to the throne, it was a very important and powerful fortress, "reared to guard against

and curb the high-spirited and fickle citizens of the proud and populous city." During this reign it played an important part in the struggles which ensued. The people of London had elected as their king, Stephen, the nephew of Henry I., and had passed over Matilda, the widow of Henry's son Geoffrey, as her child was still but an infant, and they had no mind to have a woman as their queen and ruler. Stephen was generous, good-humoured, and much liked, and he swore to govern the country well and justly. But he was miserably weak; so never in our history was there more misrule and disorder than during his reign. "These were days when the land was full of castle-builders and works; when, as the castles were made, they filled them with devils and evil men; when wretched men starved of hunger; when some lived on alms that were somewhile rich men, and some fled out of the land. In these days the earth bare no corn, for the land was all fordone by such deeds, that men said openly that Christ slept."

Everywhere there was lawlessness and rebellion. Stephen, who wished to win the friendship of Geoffrey de Mandeville, a very powerful baron, made him keeper of the Tower; but Mandeville only proved a half-hearted supporter. A battle took place between the adherents of Matilda and those who still stood by the king, and when it ended in a victory for Matilda, who then entered London in triumph, Mandeville at once went over to her side. Stephen was a prisoner; but his wife, Queen Maud, who was valiant and true, gathered together forces on behalf of her husband, and meanwhile the citizens of London had revolted against Matilda, who had only given them stern looks and demanded more money from them when they had besought her to return to the laws of Edward the Confessor. They drove her out of the city, and then besieged De Mandeville in the Tower. But in vain; it was too strong and too well fortified, so that even when Stephen was restored to the throne, he does not seem to have attempted getting it back into his own hands. During the reign of Henry II. we hear very little about the Tower

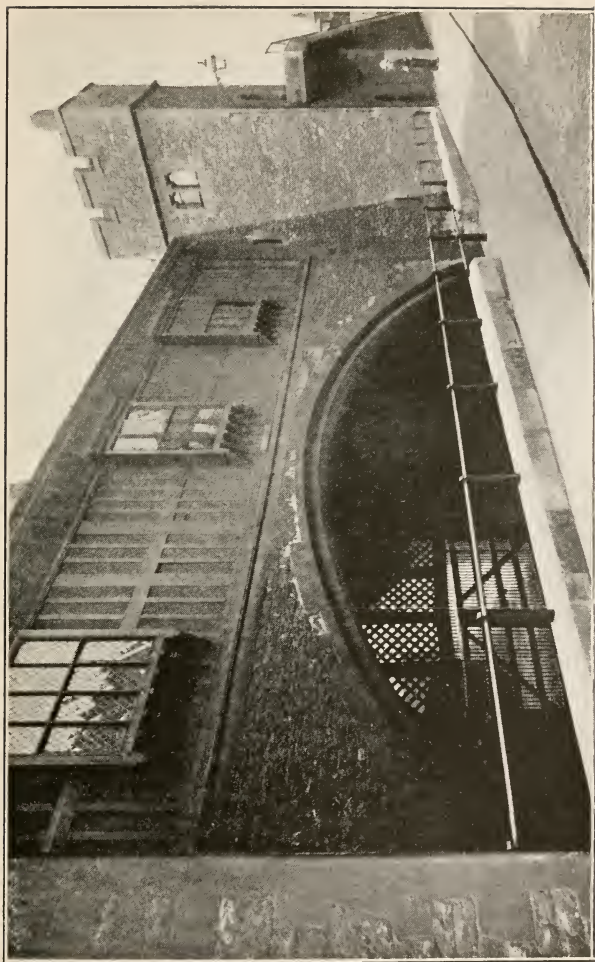
except that Thomas à Becket did some repairs to it and added to the fortifications. Apparently, too, it was the cause of some of the earliest quarrels between the archbishop and the king, for Becket assumed the custody of the building, and Henry was determined to keep so important a place in his own hands. When Richard Cœur de Lion left England without a king while he went forth to the Crusades, he appointed Longchamp, the Bishop of Durham, and Hugh, the Bishop of Lincoln, as the governors of the country, while to Longchamp he gave the charge of the Tower, with all its treasures. With this power in his hands, Longchamp, who was most overbearing in his character, began to tyrannise over the people in such an outrageous way, that the barons whom he had offended took up arms against him and besieged him in the Tower, led on by the Prince John and joined by the citizens. So bitter was the feeling of the whole country against him, that Longchamp, who, like many another tyrant, had a craven spirit underneath a bragging manner, very quickly yielded, and submitted to all the terms proposed, the most important of which was that he should at once give up all claims to the custody of the Tower. When John finally became king, he held his court here, and many and wild were the scenes witnessed within its walls through that turbulent reign, during which the struggle went on between the king and the barons, only to be ended when the great charter of liberty had been won, on which the whole government and constitution of our country has been built up. When feeling ran at its highest, the barons attacked the Tower, in which John was taking refuge, and though it held out at the time, it was given over to the barons after the signing of the charter as a kind of security that the king would observe the conditions to which he had set his seal. This, however, he had no intention of doing. On the other hand, he sent to Poitou for mercenaries, and these overran the country, burning, destroying, killing, and devastating in the most vindictive fashion. The barons, finding themselves power-

less against this host, also appealed to France for assistance ; and Prince Louis, whose wife was John's niece, came over to win for himself the crown offered him in despair by the English nobles. The Tower was given up to him, and from this he seems to have thought the whole kingdom was his already ; for he at once began to divide important properties among his followers, "and, forgetting all former promises, did many excessive outrages in spoiling and robbing the people of the country without pity or mercy." So his power was but short-lived ; and as just at this important moment King John died, the barons turned to his young son, Henry, who was crowned king, and who had as his adviser William Marshall, the Earl of Pembroke, a wise and a high-minded minister. After a short struggle, Louis gave up the Tower and the other castles he had acquired, and went back to France ; and under the rule of so good a statesman as Pembroke there was for a while peace in the land. It would have been well for England had he lived longer, for Henry was too weak and changeable to make a good king in those difficult times, and so one favourite after another held the upper hand. But, with all his faults, we owe Henry a debt of gratitude, as being the first of our kings who cared about what was beautiful and artistic, and during his reign he added greatly to the Tower. First of all, he strengthened it, and repaired the damage that had been done to it by the attacks on it in the last few years ; and in doing this he was his own architect, and lived there, so that he might watch the progress of the work, while his trusty master-mason was a certain Adam de Lamburn. But he was not content with making it a strong fortress only ; he wished to see it ornamented with all that was rich and magnificent ; and he sent to Caen for the best stone, and to Purbeck for four ship-loads of marble, and for workmen skilled in the art of producing frescoes and sculpture, carving and coloured glass, so that the "Chapel of St. John became splendid with saints, and the Chapel of St. Peter musical with bells." Henry thought out all these ornaments himself, and gave the strictest directions with

regard to what he wished done ; as, for instance, we find from the records “ that he commanded three glass windows should be made ; in one a little Mary holding her child, and in the others the Holy Trinity and St. John the Apostle. Also the rood and the cross to be well painted with good colours, and two fair images made and painted where it can most properly be done in the same Chapel of St. Edward presenting a ring to St. John.” This last refers to a legend, which was most firmly believed in at that time, about Edward the Confessor, who, having been out all day, so that his purse had become empty, was met by a beggar crying for alms in the name of St. John. Edward having nothing left to give him, took off his gold ring and handed him that. Now the beggar was St. John in disguise, and afterward the ring was sent back to the king from Paradise with a message telling him of the glory which awaited him as the reward of his mercy. In this chapel, now made so beautiful, Henry used to hold great religious services, and he also built a tiny chapel for his own private use in the Lantern Tower, in the making of which he spared neither skill nor gold. Later on, as he brought more and more treasures to the Tower, he began to build an extra line of fortifications ; and this roused the anger of the people, who now were already suffering from the weakness of his rule. Nothing but ill-fortune attended this new plan of the king’s. He had just completed the wall and the fine water-gate, when the whole thing fell suddenly, on St. George’s night. It was at once rebuilt with all possible speed, but the same thing happened, and again it lay, a ruined heap. But this time the people found a reason for its fall, for in the dark hours of the night before the event, a certain reverend priest declared that he saw a robed archbishop, cross in hand, who gazed sternly on the walls with which the king was girdling the Tower, and striking them, he asked, “ Why build ye these ? ” on which the newly-built walls fell down as though by an earthquake. Beside the archbishop stood another, and of him the frightened priest asked, “ Who, then, is the archbishop ? ” “ St. Thomas the Martyr,” was the reply, “ by birth a citizen,

who resents these works undertaken in scorn to the prejudice of the citizens, and destroys them beyond the power of restoration." "But see," said the priest, "what labour of hands he has also destroyed." "Had it been," answered the other, "simply that the starving and needy artificers thence promised themselves food, it had been tolerable; but seeing the works were undertaken to the hurt of the citizens, even had not St. Thomas destroyed them, they had been utterly swept away by St. Edmund and his successors."

However, in spite of the love which the citizens had unto Thomas à Becket, and their firm belief that he had come to their deliverance, Henry once more rebuilt his tower, and having learnt by experience the difficulty of building firmly on the bank of the river, profited by his former mistakes, so that this time he succeeded. To this tower he gave the name of St. Thomas, perhaps with the idea of turning away the wrath of the archbishop! At any rate, it still stands, strong and stately, though we hear less about it than about its wonderful water-gate, that archway called the Traitor's Gate, through which so many great prisoners walked as they were landed from the river. Another use to which Henry put the Tower was as a menagerie for some of the wild animals sent him as presents. Here he kept "lions, leopards, and other strange beasts," including a white bear, for whose food the sheriffs of London were commanded to pay fourpence a day, as well as to provide for him a muzzle, an iron chain, and a stout cord. There was also an elephant, a present from the king of France; and when this strange creature was led through the streets of London on his arrival, there was a general holiday, and people came from far and near to see the sight. We find from the records of the time that sixpence a day and a quarter of mutton was allowed for the food of the king's lion, while a penny a day was considered enough on which to feed the prisoners. During the last year of Henry's reign the old struggles broke out afresh between King and Barons, and the Tower saw one scene after another taking place within its walls; now rebellions and attacks, now



Valentine, Dundee.

THE TRAITOR'S GATE.



QUEEN ELEANOR.

treaties and councils; now it became a fortress within which the king had to hide for safety from the fury of his misgoverned people, now it was his court, in which he held with great pomp and magnificence those religious festivals he so dearly loved. The citizens of London grew still more bitter in their hatred of Henry, and when his queen, Eleanor of Provence, left the Tower in her barge, the building having passed into the hands of the barons, she being minded to travel by water to Windsor, a crowd, wild and savage, collected on London Bridge, attacked her with rude cries and reproaches, and endeavoured to sink the barge by throwing stones and heavy missiles, so that in fear of her life she had to go back to the Tower and throw herself on the mercy of the less violent barons. Altogether the end of this reign was a miserable one, as might be expected when the king cared more to surround himself with things of art and beauty than to rule aright the nation, which ought to have been his first consideration. But much of his work in the Tower still remains, and he was really the last of our kings who kept his court there for any length of time, or who in any sense could be called a builder of the Tower. From henceforth it became rather the state prison than the palace; and any work added to it took the form of fortifications, or some other means of increasing its strength. Here and there we find evidence of repairs and alterations, and entries of work done in the "King's Lodging," or the "Queen's Kitchen," or the "Waiters' Chambers;" of "flores made and redy framed for the Rounde Tower," and "towers finisshed with turrets and embattelments." But from that time, and during the long centuries which followed, the great building has stood there unaltered, strong and stern, the silent witness of many deeds which have played a leading part in shaping the history of our land. It became the field on which the battle of liberty was fought out, and we who live now secure in those rights won for us by our fathers at such a tremendous price, cannot but look with reverence on the place where so many of our greatest and noblest men, "the old stocks who

so long withstood the weathers and waves of time," laid down their lives rather than be false to the faiths they held sacred. If those grey walls could but speak and tell us all they know! Much of it would be sorrowful hearing, for they seldom saw men save in the days of their humiliation and suffering. But here and there they could tell us of heroism and greatness, of patience and constancy, of faith and hope, which shone forth from the darkness of those cells, and shed abroad a light by which wandering ships were able to guide their course in safety to the shore; of great causes which the pains of death could never altogether extinguish, but which burst out with irresistible force long after those who first had lit the taper lay sleeping in peace at last on the Tower Green; of glorious freedom won by men who, free in their souls, could soar on high even while here they were hemmed in by stone walls and iron bars from which they had no hope of escape. So do not, Geoffrey, think only of the Tower as a sad place, into which people were cast, justly or unjustly, for punishment, and where the work of brave or good men came to an end in failure or disgrace. Rather think of it as a place of beginnings, where individual men willingly suffered for the sake of the causes so dear to them. Sometimes the causes were not worthy of the men; sometimes the men did not understand the full signification of the causes, and were more victims than willing martyrs. But we to-day reap what they sowed in tears and solitude in those prison cells, and from them we learn a lesson which we need to remember very surely and very certainly if we are to live worthily of the traditions handed down to us—the great truth that, though for the moment right may seem to perish on the scaffold, it nevertheless cannot die, but will spring forth again in a place and at a moment when we least expect it; for

“Right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.”

FLAMBARD, THE FIRST PRISONER

I N the opening chapter I told you how the Tower was at first used as a royal palace and as a fortress, and now I want you to understand how gradually it became the great national prison, into which every one who offended the ruling powers of the day was cast. But you must not think that a man confined there was treated in the same way as if he were put into one of our prisons to-day. If he were of high degree or rich and powerful, he would be lodged either in the royal quarters, and an ample allowance made for himself and his attendants, or he would choose his own apartments, and by skilful bribes to the warders secure all he wanted in the way of meat and drink. The prisoner of highest rank was often placed in the house of the Lieutenant of the Tower, more as if he were a guest than anything else, and other prisoners would be lodged with the other officers and officials according to their station of life. In the course of time also, it became the custom for prisoners to pay for their own expenses—indeed, almost for their board and lodging, as if they were living in an hotel instead of in a prison ; and so it came to pass that a man who was rich or had rich friends could generally obtain all he desired except his freedom. But many hundreds of those who were brought inside these walls were poor, friendless, or disgraced, and it is terrible to think of their sufferings, left as they were to the mercy of the jailers, often herded together in the dungeons underneath the White Tower or the Wakefield Tower, into which even God's sunshine could not penetrate, and from which escape was hopeless. It was, too, on prisoners such as these, who were helpless and defence-

less, that such cruelties as the rack and the thumbscrew were practised, and especially were the unfortunate Jews so tortured. Men looked on them as a nation deserted by God for their sins, and therefore held that any treatment was good enough for them, so that often hundreds of them at a time would be sent to the Tower on the most ridiculous charges. Once there, they seldom, if ever, got free again. We still have much to learn in our methods of dealing with our fellow-men whose deeds have given them over into the hands of the law, but we recognise that justice and humanity must be meted out to each one of them, whatever their deeds or whatever their crime, and no one is subjected to any form of cruelty or torture.

It is curious that the first important prisoner who was sent to the Tower was none other than Ralph Flambard, who had so harshly and unjustly extorted money from the people in the reign of William Rufus to pay for the expenses of the building. He was one who had made his own way in the world, not on account of his merits, but because of a character capable of any treacherous or evil deeds by which he might attain the thing he wanted at the moment. Principles he had none. He was neither a great man nor a great scholar, but he had a ready wit, a comely person, and a certain lavish generosity when it suited his purpose, which gave him some measure of popularity among those of his own kind. Moreover, he was a very crafty courtier, but by the people he was hated. They looked on him as the mainspring of the king's iniquity, and there is a legend, firmly believed at the time, that the devil himself appeared to some Norman soldiers, and expressed his horror that one so evil as Flambard should live and prosper. For prosper he did, until at last he became the Bishop of Durham and the chief adviser to the king, to curry favour with whom he carried out what was nothing better than a great system of robbing the Church. He proposed that whenever a bishopric became vacant, the money belonging to it should be paid over to the king, so that whenever the royal coffers wanted money, Flambard, acting for Rufus,

instead of appointing some good and learned priest to the post in question, did nothing of the sort, and drew all the money for his own use. Sometimes he would put up a bishopric for sale, and whoever could pay most had it, whether he was a good man or evil. Altogether, in the words of an old writer, "God's churches he brought low, and on the day that he fell he had in his hands the money belonging to the archbishopric of Canterbury, the bishoprics of Salisbury and Winchester, and eleven abbacies. In truth, in him were the very dregs of wickedness." No one can feel sorry that at last a life so shamelessly wicked was checked in its course. When Rufus fell in the New Forest, struck dead by the blow which may have been the chance shot of a hunter or the aimed blow of an enemy, Flambard found that his day was over. As a man, the new king, Henry I., had many faults, but as a king he was just and anxious to rule rightly; so he at once sent Flambard to the Tower, and ordered that an allowance of two shillings a day should be paid for his keep there. He was not in any way treated harshly, but was placed in the White Tower, where he had plenty of room in which to move about, was permitted to keep his own servants, and also to send out and buy any food he fancied. As he had made himself one of the richest men in the country, we may be sure he fared well. Neither did he sit still and resign himself to his fate, but cast about to see how best he could once more become a free man. First of all he appealed to Anselm, now Archbishop of Canterbury, begging him to order his release, on the ground that as he was a priest he could not be held by the laws of the land. But Anselm, who was ever so tender that he has been described as "the friend of every living creature," could be stern and strong when it came to waging war against unrighteousness, and in Flambard he saw only the man under whose bad influence Rufus had so grievously sinned against the Church.

"I know him not, neither as priest nor brother," was the answer he gave to the messenger. So Flambard, who had had some experience of Anselm's independence of spirit, quickly

saw he need not expect any help from that quarter, and began to think out some other plan for his escape, and his next attempt was made on very different lines. He laid himself out to make friends with the Norman knights whose duty it was to act as his warders, and as he always had the happy power of attracting people to himself if he so chose, he was soon on the best of terms with them all. Moreover, being a rich man, he was able to procure the best viands and wines, and it became his custom to bid these soldiers to great feasts in the banqueting hall of the White Tower. And so, as they ate and drank of the good things he set before them, they became less vigilant and mindful of their duty. Flam-bard meanwhile was watching his opportunity. It is said that his mother was helping him from outside; at any rate, he had some friends who managed to send him a strong coil of rope hidden inside a case of wine. On an evening in February 1101, he as usual invited the knights to sup with him, and gave them wine so strong that in time they all fell heavily asleep on the floor. This was the Bishop's hour. His head was cool, his arm was steady, and there was no one to say him nay. So making secure at one end his coil of rope to the ballisters of the window, and fastening the other end round his body, he let himself out of the window and down a distance of over sixty feet. He must have passed through a few very anxious moments, for he was stout and heavy, and it seemed as if the rope could not bear his weight, as it swung round and round; and when at last he reached the ground, he was bruised and battered, besides having his arm badly injured. But still he was free. Awaiting him were some friends with horses, and they made in great haste for the coast, where a boat was in readiness to convey the Bishop to France. He was very warmly received by Robert of Normandy, who was always at open strife with his brothers in England, and at once given an important position, in return for which he proposed the invasion of England and devised all sorts of schemes for bribing the English sailors. "So he joined himself unto the king's enemies, and made himself lord of

the pirates, whom, as it is said, of a certainty he himself sent out to sea." However, the rebellion and the invasion both came to nothing in the end, and in a strange fit of generosity Henry pardoned Flambard, and even restored him to his bishopric, though never to his former power. He then turned his attention to building, raised the famous castle of Norham on the Tweed as a safeguard against Scotch invasion, threw a stone bridge across the Wear, and did a good deal of work to Durham Cathedral. "So passed he from one work to another, reckoning nothing finished unless he had some new project ready." At last his health began to fail, and then a great fear of death came upon him. There was little in his long life of treachery and dishonour on which he could look back with satisfaction now, nor had his deeds been such that he dared face the end calmly and trustfully.

In haste he paid his debts and distributed large sums of money to the poor, as if by so doing he could bring peace to his troubled mind. He also had himself carried into church, where in a long speech he moaned his evil doings, and placed his bishop's ring on the altar in token of his penitence. And so died one of whom it has been said by the writers of his own time that "he drank the very dregs of wickedness, and was as a ravaging lion over all the land."

TWO ROYAL PRISONERS OF WALES.

THE fiery Welshmen, with their long line of kings and their passionate love of their land, had always been a difficulty to the kings of England. At different times William the Conqueror, William Rufus, Henry the First, and John had been driven to face them in fight, but they never had obtained any lasting victory over them, though they had forced them in some measure to acknowledge the English supremacy. In that land of singers, the bards moved about among the people and kept alight in their hearts a deathless hatred of England, as they poured out with all the force of their natures, songs of war and battle. "Be of good courage in thy slaughter, cling to thy work, destroy England, and plunder its multitudes!" sang Elidir the Minstrel, and others followed him in the same warlike measures, and in vehement words of devotion to their country. The people themselves needed but little encouragement. "My people," said an old Welsh chieftain to Henry III., "may be weakened by your might, and even in some part be destroyed, but unless the wrath of God be on the side of our foe, we shall not perish. Nor deem I that any other race or other tongue will answer for this corner of the world before the Judge of all at the last day, save this people and tongue of Wales."

Llewellyn, the Lord of Snowdon, whose triumphs against the English had made him the hero of the land, died in the year 1242. "He was the Devastator of England, the Eagle of Men, whose coming was like the roar of the wave as it rushes to the shore, which can neither be stayed nor appeased. He was a prince of great courage and audacity, and had no less prudence in contriving than boldness in

executing any warlike adventure ; he was a great support to the Welsh, and no less a plague to the English." He had one son called David and one son called Gruffydh, whom his elder brother kept a close prisoner to his dying day. "Even before his death, such enmity existed between these two sons of Llewellyn, that the old warrior had been driven, 'being impotent because of a palsy and disquieted by his sons,' to send ambassadors to the king of England signifying to him that for as much as he had not long to live, he was desirous to lead the remainder of his days in peace and tranquillity, and therefore proposed to submit himself to the protection of the king." And directly David succeeded his father, "he showed such an unnatural hatred of his brother and detained him in such close custody, having fraudulently seized him under pretence of an amicable conference," that Richard, Bishop of Chester, excommunicated him, and Henry sent to him blaming him highly for so dealing with his brother, and requesting him to deliver him out of his prison. This David refused to do, declaring that so long as Gruffydh had liberty there could be no peace in Wales. Henry took this refusal as a good opportunity for marching with his army against Wales, especially as several great men of that land joined themselves to him, and "became suitors to him on behalf of Gruffydh, whose condition they desired him to commiserate." Nevertheless no battle was fought, for David made a full submission to the king, and managed to convince him that, after all, Gruffydh was a dangerous power in the land, for he was not only very valiant, but he had also many abettors of his cause. Henry therefore agreed to take Gruffydh back to England with him as a pledge that David would hold to the articles of treaty agreed upon, and it was of course to the Tower of London that the unfortunate prince was sent. How bitter must have been his feelings as he passed through the great gates, betrayed by his brother, and forsaken by the king he had once fondly believed would have won for him deliverance ! He had no cruelty to complain of, for he was lodged as Flambard had been in the White Tower, and a noble day was allowed to him for

the purchase of anything he needed. But from his boyhood he had lived in the open air, and had been used to many adventures as he went on his way free as a bird among the mountains of his home, and the sense of captivity was more than he could bear. Gradually he became desperate, and when he saw there was no hope of his release to be obtained from the king, he resolved to make a fight for it himself. He knew the story of Flambard and his escape; surely there was some chance that he might also thus win his freedom. But his friends were far away, and there was no one to bring him the stout rope which had been of such service to Flambard. He therefore tore the sheets and hangings of the rooms into strips and twisted them together into a coil, by which, reckless of danger, he determined to let himself down through the window. He was heavy and the coil was weak; it broke under his weight, and let him down headlong to the ground, by the greatness of which fall he was so crushed that he instantly died. The end of his sad life made a great impression on Matthew of Paris, who wrote the chronicles which give us so much information about those times, and he drew a picture of Gruffydh in the margin of his book trying to escape in this way. King Henry, when he heard what had happened, very severely punished the officers for their carelessness, and ordered that the young Llewellyn, the son of Gruffydh, who was also a prisoner in the Tower, should be very closely observed.

“Gruffydh,” writes a chronicler, “was a valorous and aspiring man, well-beloved of the Welsh, and if set at liberty he would bid fair to eject his brother out of the principality, which King Henry, too (who thought he might bring over David, a much milder man, to his own terms), was sensible of, when he would by no persuasion dismiss him from custody in the Tower of London. But this occasioned all the disturbances that happened in this time, the Welsh themselves, for the love they bore to Gruffydh, having invited the king of England to come to their country and correct the enmity their prince expressed to his brother.”

Young Llewellyn was but a child when he was first taken to the Tower, but the spirit of his race burned strong within him and no captivity could crush it out. On the death of his uncle, David, he seems somehow to have got his liberty, for we hear that he came to the Welsh nobility as they were assembled together for electing a prince, and, with his brother Owen, received the homage of the barons. Edward the First was now king of England, and he "never could abide Prince Llewellyn, though he thought it convenient to dissemble and conceal his displeasure for some time." He summoned Llewellyn to attend his coronation, but this he refused to do, on the ground that he was exempted from all homage, Edward himself having broken the peace by entertaining honourably some noblemen of Wales who were banished for their disloyalty. Edward thereon marched on North Wales to force Llewellyn into submission ; but, in the very beginning of the struggle, he obtained by chance such an advantage over him as to render much fighting unnecessary. Llewellyn was betrothed to the Lady Eleanor, daughter of Simon de Montfort, who had been living with her mother in France, and for her he had an extreme love. She now came over with her brother, Æmerike, to be married according to the agreement.

"But Æmerike, fearing to touch upon the coast of England, steered his course towards the islands of Scilly, where, by the way, they were all taken by four Bristol ships, and brought to King Edward, who received the lady very honourably, while her brother he committed to prison in the castle of Coff. He then fell upon Prince Llewellyn, who, being desirous to obtain the Lady Eleanor, sued for peace, and submitted to very intolerable conditions. But the power of love worked wonders, and in this case proved most irresistible, which to obtain Llewellyn did not think hard to forfeit his proper right to his inveterate enemies, and so easily accept such terms as would for ever exclude his posterity from succeeding to their proper inheritance." In the next year he was married to Eleonora at Worcester with great ceremony,

the king and queen and all the nobility honouring the wedding with their presence. But if love had induced Llewellyn for the moment to submit himself to the king of England, the old spirit soon broke out, and in four years the Welsh and the English were again waging war as fiercely as ever. About this time, though, there was a spirit of despondency hanging over the Welshmen. For Merlin, the great prophet of their race, had foretold that, when English money became round, the Prince of Wales would be crowned in London, and a new round coin had just been issued. This, to a superstitious people, filled them with a sense of despair. A battle was fought on the banks of the Wye, in which Llewellyn, who had got separated from the rest of his army, was killed; and though the Welsh gallantly maintained their ground in spite of the far greater number of the English, they were at last put to flight with much ado. "Thus fell a worthy prince, the greatest and the last of British blood, who, being dead, was most unworthily dealt with by the king of England, who, contrary to all precedents, treated a lawful prince like a traitor, and exposed his crown to the derision of the multitude by causing it to be placed on the loftiest pinnacle of the Tower of London."

And from this moment, too, the conquest of Wales was complete, for there was no man left in that land worthily to carry on the struggle.



EDWARD III.

SCOTTISH PRISONERS

TO really understand the history of the Tower during the years that followed the victory of the English over the Welsh, I must tell you something about Edward the First, the king of England at this time, and his ambitions. He was in many ways one of the most famous of our kings, for he was both a great soldier and a great ruler; and more than this, he had a great ideal before his eyes as to the future of his country. To build up a kingdom strong because united, which should take a worthy place among the powers of the world, was a dream as dear to him as it has been ever since to many other kings and statesmen. The people of England loved Edward because they understood him, and were one with him in his ambitions, and they felt that he was the first king since the Conquest in whose heart there glowed a true national spirit. On the whole, too, his character was great. Now and then he acted cruelly; now and then a rough savage instinct broke out and caused him to do deeds which left a deep stain on his record. But taking all into consideration, he was large-hearted and generous, just and moderate, so that at the end of a long life he could say with some truth, "No man ever asked mercy of me and was refused." His soldiers loved him for the way in which he shared with them all that was hard in a campaign. Once, after a battle, when all were suffering from a great thirst, one cask of wine taken from the enemy was brought to the camp, and Edward refused to drink of it. "It is I who have brought you to this strait," he said, "and I will have no advantage over you in meat or drink." And the wonderful love he bore to his wife, so that while she lived

he worshipped her, and when she died he raised crosses at each spot where her bier paused in the funeral procession, bound him and his people together in a sympathy stronger than any of his battle victories. The monument opposite Charing Cross Station shows where one of these crosses raised to the memory of his much-loved queen originally stood, and even now we are attracted to a king who, living in days when warlike traits were better understood in a man than love and tenderness, could write of his dead wife, "I loved her with a great love while she lived, and I cannot cease to love her now she is no more."

About the conquests of foreign countries Edward cared but little. It was over the countries close at hand that he wanted to rule. The story of Gruffydh and Llewellyn told you how he succeeded in Wales. The story of the struggle in Scotland is a much longer and sadder one, for no fewer than three Scottish kings and many of the greatest men in the land were led as prisoners to the Tower, their only crime being that they, too, loved their land with a passionate love, and would not willingly yield it into the hands of the English.

Up to this time Scotland had been an independent country with her own line of kings, and though, in a vague manner, the kings of England had always been acknowledged as the overlords, this was more a matter of form than anything else, and meant little except that either could claim help from the soldiers of the other in case of distress. From the reign of William the Conqueror a constant quarrel had been going on as to the question of the king of Scotland paying homage to the king of England, and Edward was determined to end this state of things by clearly making himself the overlord of the country and claiming certain rights. At first he did not mean to do this by force of arms. His own sister, Margaret, had married Alexander, king of Scotland, and it was their grand-daughter, Margaret of Norway, also the great-niece of Edward, who was now the heir to the Scottish throne. It was Edward's plan to marry her to his eldest son,

Edward, the Prince of Wales, and to this the people of Scotland were quite ready to agree on the understanding that they should still continue a free and independent nation. But all Edward's plans failed, for the Maid of Norway was too fragile to stand the rough passage and the stormy weather she had to face as she crossed the ocean on her way to her kingdom and her betrothed, and she died of exhaustion on the island of Orkney. After her death came the difficult question as to who should now rule Scotland; for there were at least three of her cousins, John Balliol, Robert Bruce, and John Hastings, who had clear rights in the matter. The feeling between their different supporters became so vehement on the subject that it looked as if nothing could settle matters between them but a civil war. Here, however, was another opportunity for Edward to step in, and he appointed a very fairly chosen body of men to sit and consider carefully to whom the crown should most justly be given. In the meantime he took possession of all the castles and fortresses, giving it as his reason that he did so in order that he might hand them at once over to the right heir when he should be declared. He also insisted that all the barons and bishops who were present at the assembly should make to him an oath of allegiance. In the course of time it was decided that John Balliol was the rightful heir, and he was crowned king after being forced into taking an oath by which he acknowledged Edward as his superior lord. But though Balliol submitted outwardly to this oath as his stepping-stone to the crown, he resented it bitterly in his heart, and resolutely made up his mind that at the first opportunity he would get free from the yoke of England. And when war broke out between Edward and Philip of France, instead of obeying Edward's summons to come to his aid, Balliol and his nobles called a Parliament together, and resolved, with the help of France, to resist him. Edward, as I have told you, cared much more about conquering Scotland than about anything else, and he at once got together a large army and marched to Berwick. At first the seaport held out bravely,

and the citizens defied the king; but it was impossible for them to withstand such a force, so that at last their ramparts were broken down, and terrible were the deeds of cruelty which followed. Some Flemish traders who had been bravely defending a factory which, by their charter, they were pledged to protect from the English, were burned alive inside it, and such horrors were committed by the soldiers that at last a procession of priests in their vestments forced their way into the king's presence, and implored him for mercy. Edward burst into tears at the story they told, and at once called off the troops. Still Balliol defied him, and still he refused to submit. "Ha ce fol felon," said Edward indignantly. "Quel folie fait il? S'il ne vu voutt venir a nous, nous viendrons a lui." (If he will not come to us, we will go to him.) And forward he went on his victorious march. At Dunbar a battle was fought in which the Scotch were hopelessly defeated and routed, and from that moment Balliol seems to have lost all heart. He submitted utterly, and was taken back to England as a prisoner and put in the White Tower. Many of his chief supporters were taken at the same time and placed there with him, and they lived together in the oak-beamed halls and the vaulted rooms of the White Tower, receiving all the consideration due to their rank. Balliol himself, who was at heart more defiant than brave, settled down quite contentedly to the life of a prisoner, caring for no other amusements than a game on the green, and troubling himself but little as to the fate of his country, which was now entirely subdued by Edward, who had destroyed all records in which anything had been said in favour of Scottish independence, and had even taken away to Westminster the famous Scone seat on which the kings of Scotland had been crowned from the very earliest days. But if Balliol could rest contented in an English prison, the Earl of Athol and other of his hard-fighting nobles were of a very different mind. A walk along the ramparts or a game in the Queen's gardens were but a poor exchange to these mountain chiefs for their liberty and the

life of adventure to which they had all been born. So they joyfully accepted an offer from Edward that they should serve in his army in his wars against France, and right gladly did they find themselves under arms once more. And Balliol "put down for ever from his kingrick," stayed in the Tower without making the smallest effort to get free, until, at the request of the Pope, he was released on the condition that he lived in banishment in France. To this, too, he made no objection, and it was in France that he died, having being crushed by defeat instead of having risen above it.

Thus it looked as if in Scotland too Edward's victory was complete. But no country is ever conquered so long as it contains men who, believing intensely in their mission, are prepared to take their lives in their hands, and go forth ready to live or die as the future may call on them to do. For it is such men as these who put new hope and enthusiasm into a whole people, so that where before they felt helpless and hopeless in their captivity, they now see flashing before their eyes a vision of deliverance, and in the strength of this they set out to battle fired alike with determination and courage. There are some fine words on this subject spoken recently by a late Prime Minister of England, himself a Scotchman, which I want to give you here, because though you may only understand them in part now, you will understand them more and more as you learn what are the really important things which have made history. "There are junctures in the affairs of men when what is wanted is a Man—not legions, not fleets, not treasures—but a Man; the Man of the moment, the Man of the occasion, the Man of destiny, whose spirit attracts, unites, and inspires, whose capacity is congenial to the crisis, whose powers are equal to the convulsion, the child and the outcome of the storm. We recognise in Wallace one of these men, a man of faith given to Scotland in the storms of the thirteenth century."

And it is about this Wallace, with his—

“Brown wavy hair on brows and eyebrows light,
Eyes clear and piercing like the diamond bright,”

at whose name

“What Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood?”

the Wallace who

“The Inglis owt of the lande
He gert be put with stalwart hand.”

that I want to tell you as one of the bravest prisoners who ever laid foot inside the Tower of London.

From his boyhood he was fearless, and from his boyhood too his soul was possessed with an undying hatred for the English, the conquerors of his country and the murderers of his kin. He lived with his mother near Dundee, and when he was but eighteen he began his adventurous life by fighting and killing the son of the English governor, who had taunted him rudely in the streets for wearing so gay a suit when it would become him better, as one of a conquered people, “to dress more plainly, and carry a whittle to cut his meat rather than a fine sheathed sword.” In the excitement which followed this fight in the streets Wallace managed in some extraordinary way to escape from the crowd, and getting back to his mother, told her with pride what he had done. But she realised at once into what a dangerous position her boy had placed himself, and so disguising both herself and him as pilgrims, they set out together to the shrine of St. Margaret at Linlithgow, near where her brother lived. While they were here the news came that his father and eldest brother had been killed in a skirmish with the English, and that he himself was named as an outlaw, with a price set on his head. Lady Wallace, broken hearted and “irk of war,” begged her brother to find her some place of safety, and to use his influence in getting the sentence passed on her only remaining son reversed. But young Wallace would hear nothing of this. He only waited to see his mother comfortably lodged, and



Valentine, Dundee.

WILLIAM WALLACE.



then set out to find his other uncle, Sir William Wallace of Richardson. "I will be careful, dear mother," he promised her as he left, "but not too careful," he was bound in honesty to add. He soon gathered round him a band of young men who, like himself, hated the state of submission to which their country was reduced, and were sworn to alter this state of things. Many were the plans they laid for the future, for all were young, brave, and determined. But Wallace, always impetuous and hasty, got himself entangled in a quarrel with some English followers of Lord Percy's over some fish he had caught in Irvine Water, and which they had tried to take from him by force. A sharp fight took place, and single-handed he killed three of them. After this his uncle, knowing well that this part of the country would no longer be a safe place for him, mounted him, provided him well with money, and sent him forth to a distant kinsman, one Sir Duncan Wallace. From this time forward we are told that wheresoever he found an Englishman there slew he him, and one adventure after another befell him. Once when he had been taken prisoner in Ayr for killing the steward of Lord Percy, he became so ill and weak that he fell into a deep swoon, and the jailer thinking he was dead, gave his body over to his old nurse, who had come in sorrow to beg for it. However, there was still much to be gone through before that fiery spirit could be quelled, and to the joy of the old woman he began soon to show some faint signs of life, and under her loving care he gradually recovered, until he became once more as sturdy and strong as ever. To prevent the English from becoming suspicious, the ceremony of a sham funeral was gone through, only a trusted few besides his mother and nurse knowing the true state of things, and directly it was safe he was taken to Lady Wallace at Ellerslie, who, up till then, had not been allowed to see him through his illness. While he was there, Thomas the Rhymer, then an old man, but one whose words carried great weight among the people, came to see for himself the young hero who was fast making for himself so great a name. He

found him a "youth of so comely a countenance and so vigorous a frame" that the old man loved him at first sight, and broke into song.

" Forsooth ere his decease
 Many thousand in field shall make their end,
 Off this region he shall the Southran send,
 And Scotland thrice shall he bring to the peace.
 So good of hand shall never again be kenned."

Directly he was well again, Wallace was back into the fray. Just at this time there was a famine in Scotland, so that food had to be brought over from Carlisle; and Wallace having found out that Fenwick, the man who had killed his father and brother at Loudon Hill, was in charge of one of these convoys "with men at arms nine score," waited for him with a little band of fifty knights and followers. He surprised and completely routed the English, so that scarce four score escaped; and he captured all the provisions, besides ten score of horses. But, above all, he felt that at last he had avenged his father's death, for Fenwick himself was killed on the very spot where Sir Malcolm Wallace had fallen. And all this while there was growing among the Scottish people a strong spirit of resistance. The English soldiers let loose in the country were almost savage in their cruelty; English priests were put into Scottish livings, and English nobles turned the old Scottish chieftains out of their castles. Among those who ought to have taken the lead there was so much quarrelling and jealousy that it ended in a disgraceful submission on their part, so that at last it was only the farmers of the Lowlands and the peasants of the villages who resolved to strike one blow for the freedom of their country. Who so fit to command such a band as young Wallace? With his cousins and other of his friends he began to organise his followers, and to train them by bugle-signals to assemble or disperse, to come forth or to go back into safe hiding, as the case might be. And thus it came to pass that whenever the bugle-horn sounded through the Lowlands,

its message was at once understood and obeyed, and from woodland and valley, from farm and cottage, the faithful band poured forth. Earl Percy himself was filled with admiration for this bold outlaw, who seemed able, as he said, "single-handed to cope with a score of his enemies," and he desired earnestly that some means could be found by which he might be drawn over to the king's side. He consulted with Sir Aylmer Vallance, who suggested that a truce should be made until they could hear from King Edward how they were to act. But Percy better understood the man he had to deal with, and declared that he would never come to terms in this way. Then Vallance conceived the idea of working on his feelings through his uncle, Sir Ranald Crawford, who had so greatly befriended him, by threatening the old man that they would lay bare his lands and accuse him of treason to Edward if he could not induce Wallace to keep the peace for a certain time. So Sir Ranald was sent for, and told what was expected of him. "The English killed his father and put himself in prison," he told Percy, "and he himself is exasperated against all them that bear the name of English." Still he promised to use his uttermost persuasion. The thought of even a truce with his enemy was hateful alike to Wallace and to his band, and they only consented to it at last lest evil should befall Sir Ranald. "Of a truth," remarked Wallace, "we have already suffered enow." Now Percy himself was a noble knight, fierce in battle, but generous of heart and faithful of word, so that when, the truce being still in force, Wallace, who was disguised, accepted the challenge of an English swordsman to meet him in encounter, slew him, and was taken prisoner by the enraged soldiers standing round, the English leader insisted on his being set free, saying he had killed the swordsman in fair combat, and he contented himself with sending a letter to Sir Ranald in which he begged him to keep his hot-headed young nephew out of the city until such time as the truce should have expired.

Directly Wallace was once more free, he instantly began his task of rousing the people, and now he sought to

do in the north what he had accomplished in the south. The Earl of Lennox joined him with all his men, as did many other nobles, among them one called Stephen of Ireland, a person of most melancholy disposition, who never once was known to smile, but who nevertheless remained to the end a most faithful friend and follower. To tell you all the adventures and hair-breadth escapes which Wallace went through at this time would be impossible, but here is one which will show you how little care he had for his life. With seven men only he made his way to Perth, and asked to see the mayor, saying that his name was Malcolmson ; that he had been living for a while in Ettrick Forest, but was anxious to seek in the north a dwelling-place more pleasing to him. The mayor received him in a friendly way as a stranger, got for him lodgings at an inn, and in the course of conversation asked him if he had heard of one William Wallace, an outlaw, with a band of marauders, on whose head a price was set, could any be found who was able to master him. "Alas!" replied Wallace, "I have no tidings to give you of him! He is, I reckon, anxious enough to stay you from getting the mastery over him!"

While he was in Perth he discovered many things, among them the fact that a number of English soldiers were about to depart from the town to garrison Kingleven Castle, close at hand. So leaving the inn, he went back to the woods, by his bugle-call gathered his men around him, and making themselves quickly ready for the fight, they fell on the English soldiers, conquered them, pushed on to Kingleven, and took possession of the castle. This victory aroused Edward to the knowledge that Wallace was no mere outlaw who could easily be put down, but a dangerous power in the land, so he determined to take arms against him, and Warenne, Earl of Surrey, with a large force marched north. The armies met near Stirling, and at the last moment Warenne sent two friars to the Scottish camp to see if anything could persuade Wallace to lay down his arms and come to terms. "Go, tell your master, that we are not here to treat, but to assert our rights and to set Scotland free," was the only

answer Wallace would give. "Let them advance. We are ready."

And in truth he swept down on the English army and destroyed it, though his victory was in some degree due to the fact that his enemies through a blunder tried to cross a bridge which gave way, it having probably already been tampered with, and thus divided their strength.

For the moment Scotland was free, and Wallace, acting in the name of the captive king, John Balliol, called himself Guardian of the Realm. But Edward himself now came on, with a greater army than before, and at Falkirk another desperate battle was fought. In vain did the sturdy squares of the Scottish foot-soldiers struggle against the ranks of the English archers and the charges of cavalry which were hurled on them. The slaughter was terrible, and those Scotchmen who escaped with their lives fled from the field panic-stricken and disorganised. To Wallace the hardest blow of all came when he saw his most faithful friend, Sir John Graham, killed before his eyes, and the story goes that he wandered back to the battlefield at night to seek his body and bury it. When he at last found it, he fell on his knees in bitter tears, and the words he spoke are almost as touching as those in which David of old mourned him whose love unto him had been wonderful, passing the love of women. "Thou wast my friend when I was in need of friendship; thou wast my pride, my delight, my constant support. In thee I beheld true valour, independence, and manliness; in thee I saw truth, honour, and nobility of mind. Thou couldst govern thyself and govern others; thou wast firm, just, and kind. My only comfort now as I gaze on thy dead body is that thou hast died the noblest of deaths in defence of thy country." Later on a monument was put up to this brave soldier in the churchyard of Falkirk, with this inscription:—

"Here lies Sir John Grahame,
A man of strong mind and body,
The faithful friend of William Wallace.
He was killed by the English July 22, 1298."

It looked now as if nothing was left to Wallace but the sense that he had utterly failed, for after this battle Edward remained master of the ground he had won, and before long Wallace himself was taken by treachery and thrown into prison. Never has the Tower held a prisoner of more dauntless determination. No rebuff or failure could quell his spirit, and "never could he, by fair means or force, be drawn to look with a patient eye on the reign of the English over his country." When he was on his trial at Westminster, he proudly denied that he had ever been a traitor. "I never was traitor to the King of England," he said, "being no subject of his." But as to the other things of which he was accused, that he had slain many Englishmen and destroyed towns, he readily admitted their truth. He had faced death so often, that he met it now calmly and fearlessly, though many an insult was heaped upon him, and Edward acted with unpardonable brutality towards his fallen foe. "With fetters on him, and a garland of the last fashion on his head, he was led from the Tower of London, with great numbers of men and women wondering at him, on to his death. And thus perished he whom Edward could never subdue." But his work did not end with the sacrifice of his life :—

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won!"

"Oh, desolate Scotland!" Wallace had cried at the end bitterly, when he stood almost alone and forsaken, "you were ever credulous of deceptive speeches, and little foreseeing the calamities that are coming upon you. If you were to judge as I do, you would not readily place your neck under a foreign yoke. When I was a youth I learnt from my uncle, a priest, this saying: 'I tell thee truly that freedom is of all things the most glorious, and it is shameful to bow thine head under a servile yoke.' Therefore, in a word I declare that if all Scotland together yield obedience to the King of England, or part each one with his own liberty,

yet I and my comrades will stand for the freedom of the realm, and with God's help we will obey no man but our king or his lieutenant." The cry had not been in vain.

Even though Scotland was for the time defeated, she was still unconquered. For Wallace had roused his country to new life, and infused her with a new spirit, and a whole nation reaped what one man had sown at the price of his life. Only a few months after Wallace had perished, Robert Bruce was crowned King of Scotland.

Wallace was no faultless hero, and in his moments of victory he did many things which strike us as cruel and unworthy. But in judging him, we must remember that he lived in a day when men were more savage and relentless in war than they are now, and also that the iron of revenge had entered his soul from his childhood. Cruelty, oppression, and the memory of wrongs done to a man's best beloved, are bad teachers, and he who learns his lessons of life in that school must be forgiven if he again metes out the measure that has been given to him. It is only under the sunshine of love and justice that a strong character can learn also to be tender and pitiful. But in spite of his faults Wallace was a great man, and as the old chronicle says, "His country hath by common consent chosen him as her Defender and Captain General, and for his deserts towards her hath placed him in a Glory far above the Stars."

The remaining Scottish lords who had stood faithful to their cause to the end, among them the Earl of Athol, Sir Simon Fraser, and Sir Charles Setoun, were all kept for some time prisoners in the Tower, and finally executed there. In the year 1307 Edward the First died, having directed that on his tomb should be placed the words, "The Scourge of the Scots," followed by the warning, "Keep the Covenant." However, Edward II. was far too weak a king to hold the position won for him by his father. The smouldering fire in Scotland broke out once more, and Robert

Bruce, who had at one time played a rather vacillating part, now rose to the occasion, and showed that trouble had taught him many great lessons, and fitted him for the work that lay before. He became a king indeed, and so successful was he, that Edward could no longer claim to be even overlord of Scotland. But the people of the once humiliated country now in their turn wanted revenge—victory was not enough for them. Edward II. ended a disastrous life in Berkeley Castle, undoubtedly murdered; his son was a mere child. The Scots crossed the Border in 1327, and carried all before them, even being able to insist that the crown jewels should be restored to them. Just at that moment of triumph Robert Bruce died, in the height of his strength and activity, leaving to his country a great example, and to his friend Black Douglas his heart, which he charged him to carry to the Holy Land, so that in death he might accomplish that which had been impossible to him in life—a crusade to that one sacred spot of the earth round which was gathered all that was most chivalrous and noble. Left without a strong leader, Scotland became once more a country divided against itself. Balliol seized the opportunity to march into the land, supported by Edward, to whom he took an oath of fealty, and the young King David Bruce, with his girl wife Joan, had to flee to France. For a time there was peace, but David and the followers of the house of Bruce were only waiting their opportunity. When Edward was in the midst of his wars with France, David Bruce collected an army, and undertook to help the French king by invading England, so as to divide Edward's fighting force. The Queen Philippa, however, had all the courage and resource of her husband. She aroused the English, and she sent messengers to all the prelates, and barons, and all who could give aid, to bring their men-at-arms, their archers, and their footmen to a muster-place near the city of Durham, and all came in the best plight they could. A battle was fought at Neville's Cross, which ended in a victory for the English. David Bruce with many lords was taken a prisoner, and at once led to the Tower of

London. "He rode into the city on a little black charger, and the streets of London, as he pressed on to the Tower, were lined with all the companies of the day clad in their liveries." And there he remained a royal prisoner for eleven years, until at last he was redeemed by a ransom of a hundred thousand marks, and the sons of many Scottish nobles were given as pledges that the sum would be paid. So at last he returned to his kingdom, which he was really now at liberty to rule in peace, for Edward the Third, unlike his grandfather, was much more absorbed in his war with France than with the endless struggles in Scotland, and as he did not try to force his authority over that country, the spirit of bitter resistance at last died down. An English song-writer called Minot wrote some patriotic verses on this last battle of Neville's Cross, directly after it had been fought, which were naturally very popular in England. Here are two of the verses as put into more modern English by Sir Edward Creasy :—

"Sir David the Bruse, Said he would dare
To ride through England, For naught he would care.
At the Westminster Hall should his steeds stand
Whiles our Kinge Edward was out of the Land.
But now has Sir David, Missed of his mark,
And Philip the Valoys, with all his great clerks."

And this ends the part of the conflict between England and Scotland, in which the Tower played an important part as the prison of so many Scotsmen of royal and noble blood.

FRENCH PRISONERS OF WAR

EDWARD the Third was a boy of fourteen when he became King of England ; and it may fairly be said that he began life with everything against him. He could only remember his father as despised, deposed, and murdered ; his mother had proved herself false and dishonoured, and when he first was crowned, he felt himself to be nothing but a tool in the hands of the queen and of Mortimer. When he was sixteen he married, and a year after, his son was born. Gradually there grew upon him the determination to be king in reality, as well as in name, and to rule rightly his country, in which the national spirit was at that moment ripe for action, and needing only a leader to guide its enthusiasms. Sometimes circumstances create the man ; sometimes the man takes the circumstances and, in conquering them, creates himself ; and sometimes the man and the circumstances meet each other half-way, and together make an epoch. It was as in this latter case with Edward. At the end of the last chapter I took you on into this reign, that you might see how the young king acted towards Scotland, winning back there the ground his father had lost, yet refraining from forcing his rule on the people even when he had subdued them, and allowing them their own King David. In this chapter I have to tell you of battles fought and won in that spirit of the new chivalry, of which the king and his eldest son, the Black Prince, stand out as the finest types ; and of prisoners of war brought to the Tower from over the seas—kings and nobles, princes and governors, who, even while they were captives, could find nothing but praise for a conqueror so generous and



EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

C

L

noble in the hour of his victory. The story of Edward the Third is the story of England's war with France, and this war sprang from two causes. In the first place, the Scottish war had been kept up by the help given to Bruce and his followers by Philip of Valois, in the shape of men, arms, and money. The English temper then was very much what it is now. The interference of any foreign power in matters relating to these three kingdoms, "set in a silver sea," has never been a thing we were able to tolerate, and the whole nation eagerly longed for a war with France. Indeed, war was urged by the Parliament and Edward was persuaded into claiming for himself the crown of France. But the claim was a poor one, as it rested on the rights of his mother, Isabella; and in France a law, called the Salic law, made it impossible for a woman to inherit the crown.

So Edward had no real rights in the matter, and what he wanted was an excuse for a war with a king who, it must be owned, had most persistently provoked him. In 1343, Parliament granted Edward a liberal supply of money, and the king then set himself to the task of raising an army. He ordered the sheriffs throughout the country to call together every man-at-arms in the kingdom, and command them either to appear themselves or send a substitute. And to every landowner the order was given that he should furnish such a number of men-at-arms and light cavalry as he could afford. With the money which those had to give as a fine who could not offer personal service, the hired soldiers were to be paid. Three different classes of men, therefore, made up the army. There were the knights, with their esquires and followers; these last being, as a rule, the young men who were thus serving their country until they, in their turn, having proved themselves worthy by deeds of prowess, became knights. They wore very magnificent armour, and altogether they must have formed a brilliant company. Then came the cavalry, or hobblers, as they were called, who carried far less armour, and so were able to move much more easily and quickly. And

lastly, there were the archers, the real strength of the army,

“ England’s peculiar and appropriate sons,
Known in no other land ! ”

These were the men who from their boyhood had learnt to use with skill the mighty bow ; the sturdy yeomen from the hills and from the dales, whose aim was steady and true, and who could fight long and hard when their country needed them. Besides these three divisions, there was a motley crew, made up of labourers and men of many degrees, most of whom had been pressed against their wills into the service, and who were there to do anything that might be required, from the building of bridges to the shoeing of horses.

This host brought together by Edward must have numbered about thirty thousand men, and among them all, the king could feel with truth that none was more fair to behold or more full of promise than his own young son, the Black Prince, then just sixteen. You know well the story of how the Prince of Wales won his spurs in the great battle of Crecy, with what valour he fought in the midst of the fray, and how, when all was over and the English victory complete, his father joyfully embraced him in the midst of the whole army, saying proudly, “ My son, my fair son, God give you grace to go on as you have begun.”

More than all else the English desired to get possession of Calais, which was an important seaport, and the headquarters of the pirates who had so long interfered with our commerce. It was a city strongly fortified, and Edward resolved to besiege it so closely as to starve its inhabitants into surrender. Its governor was one Jean de Viennes, loyal as he was courageous, and he determined at all cost to hold out. Month after month passed by, and great were the sufferings of those inside the beleaguered walls, though they bravely refused to surrender, believing that King Philip would speedily come to their succour. Jean de Viennes sent him a piteous appeal, telling him of their

desperate situation. "Remember, sire," he wrote, "that there now remains nothing uneaten in the town, not a dog, a cat, or a horse, so that of provisions we can find none in the place." Philip unfurled the "Oriflamme," called together his knights, and marched to the deliverance of his good town Calais. But when he drew near and saw the English army entrenched round in such numbers, he feared another battle, and though he was "much incensed thereat," he nevertheless struck his tents and marched away, leaving the city to its fate. From the walls of the town, where he was keeping his anxious watch, Jean de Viennes saw his only hope of succour disappear, and nothing now was left to him but to surrender. He made a sign that he wished to hold a parley, and when Sir Walter Manny reached him from the English camp, he said sadly: "Good sire, you see our hope has failed. Beg your king that he will have mercy upon us, and let us walk out as we are; he will find enough of goods in the castle and the town." At first the king was inclined to deal hardly with the city which had by this long resistance given him so much trouble, but at last his own good heart and the counsels of his knights prevailed, and he modified his conditions. "Go back," he said to Sir Walter Manny, "and say there shall issue forth from Calais six of the most distinguished citizens bareheaded and barefooted, with halters round their necks and the keys of the town and the castle in their hands. With these I will do as I please, but to the others I will show full mercy."

The inhabitants were all assembled in the market-place awaiting the king's message, and when they heard it from the lips of Sir Walter Manny, they wept bitterly, "even Jean de Viennes conceiving such pity that he cried most tenderly." Then up rose Eustache de Saint Pierre, the foremost citizen of the town, determined to be foremost in treading the road of self-sacrifice, that thereby the people might be saved.

"Great pity and wrong would it be," said he, "to leave so great a number to perish when some other means can here

be found. And I have such hope of receiving forgiveness through our Lord Christ if I die to save this people, that I willingly place myself bareheaded and barefooted with a halter round my head at the mercy of the King of England."

When he had thus spoken, all that heard him wept so bitterly that no heart, however hard, could fail to be touched at the sight of such sorrow, and immediately five other citizens declared that they would willingly follow his example. So the little procession set out, Jean de Viennes, who was too weak to walk after his sufferings of the last few months, riding on a little pony. They were led to the king, who was surrounded by his nobles, and at his side was his much-loved Queen Philippa. But his wrath was again kindled at the sight of the citizens from the town, for the great damage done to his ships in bygone days, and though all others were moved to pity at the sight of them, he sternly ordered that they should be beheaded. Then Queen Philippa came forward and threw herself on her knees at his feet.

"Ah, gentle sire," she pleaded, "since I crossed the sea amid much peril to come to you, I have asked no favour of you. Now I entreat you for the sake of the Holy Son of Mary, and because of the love you bear to me, that you will have mercy on these six men."

The king gazed on her for some moments in silence, while his love for her struggled with his anger, but at last he spoke thus: "Lady, I earnestly wish you had not been here. But I cannot refuse you anything, and hard though it is to me, behold I give them to you. Do with them what you will." Then had the queen great joy because her petition had been granted, and she led them away that they might be fed and clothed, and sent forth in safety from the camp. Sir Walter Manny then went into the city to take possession of it, "and thus," says Froissart, who wrote the best account of these wars which we have, "was the strong town of Calais taken by Edward the Third of England in the year of grace 1347." Jean de Viennes and some of the

chief citizens gave themselves up as prisoners of war, and were sent over to the Tower, but they were not closely kept in confinement. Rather were they allowed much freedom, and permitted to converse with those members of their families who had followed them and who were lodged outside the gates. In the Tower they found another French prisoner, Charles de Blois, who was here for the part he had taken in Brittany, where he had made war and disturbance in support of his wife's claim to the dukedom. And here also was David Bruce of Scotland. The Frenchmen do not seem to have languished during the time of their captivity in the Tower, for we are told that they were "so comely to behold, and of such gay demeanour, that the ladies of England made a great account of them." Still, we are glad to know that Jean de Viennes, who had so nobly defended the town committed to his trust, was set free after a short imprisonment, and returned to his own country with no bitter memories of his captivity in the Tower.

About this time Philip, King of France, died, and was succeeded by his son John. At one period it looked as if peace, at any rate for a time, would be made between the two countries; but the French nobles would not accept Edward's terms. The Black Prince therefore kept on the warfare, and ravaged the country in a manner which caused great suffering to the people, and is hard to understand as coming from one who on most occasions was so merciful. But at last, after this sort of thing had been going on for some length of time, the two armies found themselves facing each other, prepared for a decisive battle. Round King John and his sons were gathered nearly fifty thousand men, all the flower of France, while the Black Prince had only a small force of about six thousand archers and two thousand men-at-arms. The disparity in strength and numbers between the two armies was so great that when the Cardinal of Perigord arrived on the scene, he begged King John that he might be allowed to go to the English camp and endeavour to make some terms with them, that so terrible a slaughter of their force might be averted.

“Saving my honour and that of my men,” replied the Black Prince, on hearing what was the mission the Cardinal had undertaken, “I am ready to listen to anything in reason.”

All day long the kind-hearted cardinal galloped between the two armies, but no agreement could be arrived at, for though the English were willing to restore many of the towns and castles, to release all the prisoners, and to accept a seven years' truce, they indignantly refused to deliver up their beloved prince with a hundred of his knights, a condition on which the French insisted. In vain the cardinal tried to act the part of peacemaker. The Frenchmen, conscious of their superior strength, would have none of it. “Get you to Poitiers, or where you will,” they said rudely to him; “but never more speak of treaty, lest you give great offence.”

As he left the field, the cardinal passed the Black Prince.

“My gallant son,” he said, “do as you are able. You must fight, for I can discover no inclination for concord or peace in the King of France.”

And the prince replied, “That is the intention of us and ours. God defend the right!”

Then he arranged his little force with great skill in the best position, and thus addressed his knights and men: “If we are few against the might of our enemies, let us not thereat be downcast, for victory belongeth not to great numbers, but where God will bestow it. If through fortune we should win the day, great honour will be ours. I therefore pray you may this day fight well, for, if it please God and St. George, you shall find in me a good knight.”

And once more was the steady, unflinching aim of the English archers too good for all the cavalry of France. The arrows whistled along with deadly effect, the battalions were routed, the wounded horses became restive and could not be controlled, and among the French was the wildest panic and confusion. Slowly the English men-at-arms advanced, while the shower of arrows never ceased.

“Sir,” said gallant Sir John Chandos, who refused to leave the side of the Black Prince, “let us make for the King of France. Where he is will be the greatest part of the day’s fight, for I know well, by reason of his valour, he will never fly.”

“And indeed,” says the chronicler, “King John did prove himself a worthy knight ; so that, if one-fourth of his people had behaved as well, the day would have been his own.” With his battle-axe in hand, he stood in the front rank, beneath the “Oriflamme,” and urged on to the assault those who fought near him. His three elder sons seem to have fled early in the day, but his youngest boy, his “dear little Philip,” though wounded, refused to leave him. He was too young and too weak to fight himself, so he stood close to his father, and called out to him which way he should strike next, or from what quarter he was to expect attack. Years after, in making him Duke of Burgundy, King John reminded him of this day, and spoke of him as “he who faced death with us, and, wounded as he was, remained fearlessly at our side throughout the battle of Poitiers.” He well earned his surname of Philip the Brave.

But it was a desperate fight which was carried on round the king, and many were the heavy blows given and received. Still, however, the English archers swept all before them with irresistible force, and at last King John, now also wounded, was bound to yield. “Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales ?” he asked. “If I could see him, I would speak with him.” Then Sir Denys Morbeque, a young knight exiled from France, stepped forward, and said he would lead the king to Prince Edward ; but so great was the crowd of warriors who gathered round, that it was impossible to move more than one pace at a time. At last Lord Cobham and Lord Warwick rescued the two royal prisoners from out this confusion, and as Prince Edward saw them approaching his tent, he met the king at the entrance with a low obeisance, and used all means by which he might comfort him for being in so sorry a plight. Moreover, when in the evening he gave a great

supper in his pavilion, he placed King John and his son at the highest table, and waited on them with his own hands, with great humility, saying, "It did not become him to seat himself at the table with one who had shown himself so valiant a man as the king."

"In my opinion, sire," he continued, seeing the king was very sorrowful, "you ought to be of good cheer even though the fortunes of the day have gone against you, for you have won the greatest glory by your prowess, and in your valiant demeanour have outshone all the bravest knights of your host. I know well my father will show you all honour in his power, and will so arrange your ransom that henceforth you will be friends."

At the end of these words there was much applause, so that the French said the prince had spoken nobly, and that he would become the greatest prince in Christendom did God grant him life. And all the English nobles vied with each other in their generous treatment of their prisoners, and only took from them in ransom just what each one declared himself able to pay. Thus was no man dealt with unjustly, or so burdened with his ransom that he was henceforward prevented from advancing his fortune. Actions such as these, in all the flush and excitement of victory, show us the bright side of the chivalry which held that courage without generosity was brutal, war without honour degrading, and that courtesy was due alike to friend and to foe. At the same time, that chivalry had another side to it which must not be forgotten, even while we like best to remember all the romance and glory which surrounded the knights of bygone days. For the same men, who could be so generous and considerate to their fallen enemies, if such were their fellow-knights, could be very cruel and oppressive to the people of humble birth; and their passion for war, while it brought honour to themselves, brought great suffering in its train to those who were already heavily burdened. Perhaps nowadays we are just beginning to understand something of a new chivalry, which comes not with the clang of swords and lances, or with

the spectacle of knights in shining armour going forth under a blaze of banners to win glories in the field for the honour of their ladies ; but which nevertheless requires from those of its order, deeds as valiant and true as ever were done by those of old. For the chivalry which, in a spirit of reverence for all that is weak, oppressed, or suffering, sets out, determined to contend against the evils and the wrongs around, resolved to conquer them, or at least to spend its best in the endeavour, is the chivalry which will shed a great undying glory over the pages of our history, and will make for the full realisation of that ideal of which the mediæval knight only caught a glimpse.

Wonderful indeed must have been the sight of the London streets on the day when the Black Prince made his triumphant entry into the city. All the rich guilds of London, each guild with its own magnificent banner, turned out to receive the victorious prince ; every house was decorated with hangings of tapestry and other beautiful things, and so thick was the crowd that it took nine hours for the procession to make its way from London Bridge to Westminster. King John rode on a white charger covered with costly trappings, and his brave little son was at his side mounted as became a Prince. But Edward himself rode a little black pony, "and had nothing save his own glory to attract attention towards himself." The French nobles who accompanied their king were lodged in the Tower, but John and Prince Philip were led with ceremony to the Savoy Palace, where "they kept house for a long season, oftentimes visited by the king and queen, who made them great feast and cheer," while the nobles from the Tower were allowed to come and go as they would, being received only on their faith. France was now so poor as the result of the war, that no money could be found for the ransom of King John, so that eventually he too went to the Tower, where apartments were specially fitted up for him, and where he had all his own servants to attend him. It was many a long day since the stern old

Tower had been the scene of so much life and gaiety. In the day-time there were games, and at night "carrol-lying and dansynge," while French and English mingled one with the other, there being nothing but good-will between them. At last, after the treaty of Bretigny, terms were come to by which John was restored to his throne, after three years' captivity; and his two elder sons, the Duke of Anjou and the Duke of Berry, were given as hostages until the ransom could be paid. They too, though placed in the Tower, were free to go about at will; they hunted and hawked according to their pleasure, and rode out to visit the ladies, for "the King of England was unto them right courteous and amiable." Indeed, after a time he complied with their request that they might go to Calais, on their promise not to be absent for more than three days. But the Duke of Anjou broke his word thus given, and went back to Paris. So grieved was King John at this breach of trust, that he himself at once set out to England and gave himself up as prisoner. "If honour be banished from all other places, yet must it find sanctuary in the breast of kings," were his noble words. The English knew how to appreciate this high-minded deed, and he was received with great honour and respect. But his captivity was not for long, for a grievous sickness overtook him three months later, and despite all care he died. Throughout his life he had been forced by circumstances to be the enemy of England; but he was a noble foe, and both Edward and the queen sincerely mourned one they had learnt to reverence and love.

I must now take you on for a space of fifty years to tell you of one more famous French prisoner, who with many others was brought to the Tower after the battle of Agincourt, in the reign of Henry the Fifth. This is Charles, Duke of Orleans, a prisoner deemed so important by Henry that he wrote to the Bishop of Durham, then Chancellor: "We trust you as ye looke to have our good lordship ye seyne and ordayne that good heed be taken

unto the secure keeping of oure French prisoners in especial for the Duke of Orliens, for their eschaping might never have been so harmful nor prejudicial unto us as hit might be now, if any of them eschaped, namely, the said Duke of Orliens, which God forbid.”

The grandson of Charles V., accounted as the leader of French chivalry, a brave soldier, and a poet, Charles of Orleans was a prisoner of whom Henry V. had good cause to be proud. For years these two young princes had been rivals. Both had claimed the French crown, both had loved the same woman, Isabella de Valois, who had chosen Charles for her husband in preference to Henry, and loved him devotedly through their married life, all, alas, too short, for she died little more than a year after her wedding, leaving a baby girl and a broken-hearted lover. When after the battle of Agincourt Charles was found wounded on the field, Henry brought him back to England and set him in the fine rooms of the White Tower, till his ransom of 300,000 crowns should be paid. For twenty-five years he remained there, only removed now and then for a while to some other strong castle, such as Bolingbroke, Wingfield, or Windsor. All the sorrows of his heart he poured out in song. Sometimes he thought of the wife he had loved and lost, and many of his most beautiful sonnets are written to her memory, and in her praise. This is but one out of a great number :—

“ My hartly love is in your governauns
 And ever shall be while that I lyve may.
 I pray to God I may see that day,
 That we be knyght with trowth full olyauns.
 Ye shall not find feynyn nor varyauns
 As in my part that wyl I trewly say
 My hartly love is in your governauns.”

Sometimes his heart would dance for joy as he dreamed of the freedom he longed for, the fair land of France where his thoughts for ever dwelt, the glories of the

spring-time and the sunshine in which so often he had revelled. Then he would remember himself to be but a prisoner, far from home and friends, and the dainty ballad would give place to a sadder song :—

“ Oh thou fortune which has the gouernance
Of all things kyndly waning to and fro
Them to demean after thyn ordonnance,
Right as thou list to grant us weal or wo.
Why wylt thou not withstand myn hevyness ?

Methinks thou art unkynde as in this case
To suffer me so long awhile endure
So great a payne, without mercy and grace
Which grieveth me right sore I thee ensure.
Why wylt thou not withstand myn hevyness ?

What causeth thee to bee my adverserie ?
I have not done that which should thee displease,
And yet thou art to mine intent contrarie
Which maketh alway my sorrows to increase.
Why wylt thou not withstand myn hevyness ?

To thee alone by this complaynt I make,
For thou art cause of all mine adversitie ;
I have no cause to blame, no wight but thee,
For thys thou dost of very wilfulness.
Why wylt thou not withstand myn hevyness ? ”

There is in the British Museum a volume of all these poems, most beautifully illuminated, with here and there drawings which show the sort of life Charles lived in the Tower. There is a picture of him writing, his guards close at hand ; another shows him looking out of a tiny window into the wide free world outside. Or we see him falling on the neck of him who brought his ransom, mounting his horse, and setting out once more for France. For at last, when, thanks to Jeanne d'Arc, France had won

back her independence, the enormous ransom was paid, and Charles of Orleans was set at liberty. He found the little daughter he had left a child now a woman of thirty, and most of his old friends were no more. But fortune had some pleasures in store for him : he married again, and his son became the king who, as Louis XII., ruled France so well.

THE PRISONERS OF RICHARD II.

WHEN Edward the Black Prince lay dying, surrounded by those who loved him, all weeping bitterly, he called his little son to his side, and then turning to his nobles and friends who were at hand, he summoned up his failing strength and earnestly besought them thus: "I commend to you my son who is yet but young and small, and pray that as you have served me, so from your heart you will serve him." Then, having prayed God to forgive him those sins he had wrought against Him, and having begged also pardon from all men whom he had knowingly or unknowingly offended, he sank back and died. For five years he had suffered much with great patience and humility, and had lived conscious that he stood on the threshold of the valley of the shadow of death. All his plans had been made, and he had even written the epitaph to be placed on his tomb, which he desired should be set up in Canterbury Cathedral, near to that of St. Thomas à Becket. These are the words he chose:—

"On earth I had great riches,
Of which I made great nobless,
Lands, houses, and great wealth.
But now I am poor and wretched,
With me nought but truth remains.
For God's sake pray the heavenly King
That He have mercy on my soul.
All they who pray for me
Or make accord to God for me,
God give them His Paradise,
Where no men sorrow."



RICHARD II.

*

E

Great was the mourning at his death, not only because all who knew him loved him, but because those were dark days for England, and he alone, even during his last illness, had devoted all the strength he had left to him to his country that he might protect it from the tyranny of his brother John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, and from the weakness of his father, now old and feeble-minded. To understand better the miserable ending of a reign which once had been so brilliant, I must tell you of some of those evils which had befallen the people and had roused them to their present state of angry discontent. In the first place, the terrible plague, known as the Black Death, had raged through England between the years 1348 and 1375, sweeping away with it so many hundreds of thousands that the population of the country, which had been between four and five millions (less than London to-day), was soon reduced to half that number. It was the peasants who suffered most. They lived in a wretched condition in close, dirty huts, without any light or any attempt at cleanliness. In fact, no animal of to-day exists under more wretched conditions. But, strange to say, it was this very plague, awful as it was in its means, which at last brought deliverance to these sons of the soil. Before that time they had been slaves bound to their lord, without whose leave they might not give their daughters in marriage, nor apprentice their sons, nor go away from the village. Now, so few of them were left to till the earth that they could refuse to work save for those who would pay them the wages they demanded. It was in vain that Acts of Parliament were passed ordaining that on pain of imprisonment these men should ask only such wages as had been usual before the plague. The labourers for the first time knew the power lay in their own hands, and with sullen but resolute determination they resolved to use it, and break through the oppression which had chained them down. The Church in those days had fallen far away from the teaching of the Christ Who, as He walked among the golden corn-fields or by the lakeside of Galilee, among the country people and fishermen,

had ever declared it to be His Work and His Will to proclaim release to the captives, to preach good tidings to the poor, and to set at liberty them that were oppressed. If only the clergy had contented themselves with teaching men, both rich and poor, the lessons of love one towards the other as befits those who are brothers, because all alike are the sons of the Most High God, how many dark pages of history would never have been written! As it was, the clergy cared only for the rich and powerful, for costly clothes and luxurious living, so that when they beheld men lying wounded and robbed by the roadway, they made as though they saw not and passed over on the other side. There was one priest whose heart broke within him at this state of things, and he was powerful enough to make his influence mightily felt throughout the land. John Wyclif organised a band of preachers, Simple Priests they were called, who, barefooted and wearing long russet gowns, moved from village to village, telling the peasants that in the end truth and right should surely prevail, for it was against the law of God that they should be dragged back to their old serfdom, and that better were it for them to die fighting rather than return to the slavery out of which, through God's providence, a way of deliverance had been made for them. Among these men, one especially, Jack Ball, the crazy priest he has been called, was as a firebrand, and he was put into prison by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury. But stern action such as this could not calm the storm which had been brewing for the last fifty years. A boy king was on the throne, young Richard was but fourteen, and those who ruled in his name laid on the country a heavy poll-tax, by which every person in the realm, male or female, of whatever state or condition, above the age of fifteen years, had to pay a tax of three groats. Everywhere was this resisted. The tax-collectors in the town of Dartford, in Kent, made their way to the house of one Wat, or Walter, Tyler, and treated with great brutality his little daughter. Wat killed the man on the

spot, the whole countryside was soon in arms, the men of Kent chose Tyler as their leader, they marched to Maidstone, broke open the jail, set Jack Ball at liberty, and then moved on towards London, joined as they made their way by peasants from all the places through which they passed. The young king was hastily taken to the Tower, where it was thought he could best be kept in safety. And in London raged the wildest riot and disorder. Houses were plundered, the prisons thrown open, the Temple was destroyed, and the palace of the Duke of Lancaster burnt. The peasants, savage and uncontrolled, thirsted only for blood and for revenge, demanding that they should be brought face to face with their king. Now Richard, in those days of his boyhood, seems to have been worthy of his father, for in no wise was he frightened at this wild crowd. He commanded them to retreat to Mile End, promising to come to them there that he might hear all their grievances. So he rode forth with his brothers, and with but few attendants, and going boldly into the midst of the rebels, of whom there were about sixty thousand, he asked them what they wanted. Perhaps it was that their English sense of honour was touched at the way in which a young king thus came into their midst practically unprotected ; perhaps it was that they admired a boy so fearless. At any rate they treated him with all respect, and only besought him thus : " We will that you make us free for ever, ourselves, our heirs, and our lands, and that we be no more slaves, and thus reputed." The king readily promised that it should be as they asked, and bade them at once disperse, leaving behind them two men from each village, who should shortly follow, bringing back with them this royal charter of freedom. And to assure them of his good faith, he at once appointed thirty clerks to write and seal the deeds. Most of the peasants were satisfied with this, and forthwith returned to their homes. But Wat Tyler and the men of Kent were not so easily appeased ; it was revenge rather than justice that they desired. So they fell on the Tower, " that ship into which all climbed who could not live in

the raging sea," and seizing many of the councillors, who were there seeking refuge, they beheaded them on the spot, and even burst into the room of the king's mother, whom, though they did not injure, they greatly alarmed. Altogether, they did great damage to the place before they retired to Smithfield. On the morrow Richard repeated his brave experiment of the previous day, and as before rode out to face the angry rebels. Tyler insolently came close to him, so that the heads of their horses touched each other. "Sir King," he said, "see you those men yonder?" "I do," replied Richard, without a shade of fear in his voice. "They are at my disposal," continued Tyler in a threatening manner, "ready to do as I bid them." Then he caught hold of Richard's bridle, and began shaking before him his dagger, at the same time making some mocking remark to one of the king's esquires. The Lord Mayor of London, thinking there was treachery, and that Tyler meant injury to Richard, rode forward and struck him, so that he fell back dead. The crowd became wildly excited, and made ready their bows and arrows, shouting, "Kill, kill, for they have slain our captain." Once again Richard saved the situation by his cool courage. "What do you say, my friends?" he asked, as he rode right into the ranks of the bowmen, "Tyler was a traitor! It is I who am your captain and your king. Follow me." The peasants were quickly won; they crowded round the king, asking his pardon, and the rebellion was over. Some of Richard's followers would have had the rebels slaughtered in a mass, but the king would not consent thereto. "I will be even with them on another occasion," he said; "in which," adds Froissart, "he did not fail." I wish Richard had possessed other qualities besides the calm, almost defiant, courage he showed at this crisis; that there had been in him some sense of that honour which would have made his word his bond. But he was untrue to his troth, and cruel in his revenge. Supported by Parliament, he refused to give the peasants the freedom he had promised them, a freedom

which the barons declared they would never have granted, even had they all been compelled to perish on the same day. At the same time, the Commons had something to say on the causes which had led up to this outbreak, and they said it very clearly. They spoke of the bad character and corrupt practices of those in the king's household and about his person, of the unjust taxation, of the disgraceful way in which the law was administered, of the calamities which oppressed the people, "wasted by the enemy year after year by sea and by land." They told the king that still further evils would prevail if some timely remedy were not provided against the wrongs aforesaid. They concluded thus: "For God's sake, let it not be forgotten that there be seen about the king and his council the best lords and the best knights that can be found in the land." But very few of the reforms suggested were seriously undertaken, and the cause of the peasants apparently shared the fate of other causes, for it seemed as if might and not right had prevailed. Still one blow had been struck for a lawful freedom, which cleared the path, and gradually, in that slow, almost imperceptible manner by which reforms in this country are generally wrought, the peasants became men and not mere slaves. They were paid wages in money, they were not bound to one place, and in many instances their right to independence, too, was recognised. It was not the king they had to thank for this. Many influences had worked together, and not the least was the life and labour of John Wyclif himself, who relied not on the force of arms but on the power of righteousness. Far away in the country village of Lutterworth, he set himself to the great task of translating the Bible into the English tongue, so that all men might read it for themselves. "I will that all men shall know the truth," he said, "for the truth shall make them free."

I should like to tell you about another man who lived at this time, who wrote a wonderful poem called "The Vision of Piers Ploughman," for William Longland was a poet of the people, and it is of their sufferings that he sang.

But as neither he nor Wyclif ever came to the Tower, I must pass them by, and turn instead to Richard the Second. His boyhood is the only part of his life which it is in the least possible to admire, for as he grew older he became tyrannical, extravagant, and dishonourable. No sense of right or duty ever weighed with him, and so far from being really strong or firm in his character, he showed himself to be abjectly weak and foolish. "He had council meet for his appetite, who exhorted him to do what he list, and he had in his pay ten thousand archers who guarded him by night and by day." His uncles, the Duke of Lancaster and the Duke of Gloucester, he pushed on one side, and he banished his cousin, Henry Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk, on account of some trifling quarrel between themselves which offended his Majesty. Norfolk, broken-hearted, got as far as Venice, and there—

"He gave his body to that pleasant country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his Captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long!"

Bolingbroke was made of sterner and more ambitious stuff. He gauged the feeling of dislike against Richard, which was steadily gaining ground in England, and he waited near at hand in France, watching his opportunity. Personally, he had good cause to hate the king, for when his father, the Duke of Lancaster, had died, Richard had confiscated all his lands and money, so that he was robbed as well as exiled. His chance soon came. Richard had set out on one of his ill-timed expeditions against Ireland, when Bolingbroke landed at Ravenspur in Yorkshire, bringing with him in all a following of about thirty men. He came, he said, to claim the inheritance left him by his father and taken from him by the king. The people, disgusted with Richard and his government, seized any excuse to put their grievances into action, so they gathered round Bolingbroke in such numbers that he marched towards London with an army of 50,000 men.

His uncle, the Duke of York, left in charge of the kingdom, readily went over to his side, as did most of the nobles and great men of the land, and in a short time both Richard and his brothers fell into his hands. Richard himself showed no trace of the spirit of his boyhood. "Good cousin of Lancaster," he said to Bolingbroke, when led into his presence, "you are welcome." "My lord," replied the conqueror, "I have come before my time, but I will tell you the reason. Your people complain that you have governed them harshly for twenty-three years; if it please God, I will help you to rule them better." "Since it pleases you, it pleases me also," answered Richard weakly, and then, mounted on a wretched charger, he was led to London and thrown into the Tower, where he was treated with great severity. Soon afterwards a deputation came to him from Parliament, and brought him a deed to sign, in which he confessed he was incapable of reigning, worthy to be deposed, and ready to renounce his rights to the throne. To all of this he agreed with much cheerfulness and calmness, as if he had gladly parted with the burden, and not the honour, of a crown. On the following day the deed was read aloud to the House. The two Houses of Parliament then assembled, and thirty-two charges were also read out against Richard, giving ample reasons why he was manifestly worthy to be deprived of his royal authority and dignity. Then the sentence of deposition being pronounced, the councillors resigned all their homage and fealty unto King Richard which at one time they had made unto him, so that he was wholly stripped of his regal power and kingdom. There was only one in the whole of that assembly who raised a voice in protest, and that was the good Bishop of Carlisle. He stands out as a brave, upright man who loved justice above all else, and though conscious of Richard's shortcomings, he resented bitterly the way in which he was deposed without being given even a hearing or an opportunity of defending himself. But the only result of his daring to say one word in favour of the king, now in the lowest depths of shame and humilia-

tion, was that he himself was at once sent as a prisoner to the Tower, where he was kept for many months in a dungeon, and only, says an old history, "prevented his shameful execution by dying of grief and trouble in prison, a man of learning and integrity, who scorned his life and estate in respect of what he deemed right." Directly Richard was declared deposed, before any person could be mentioned, Henry, Duke of Lancaster, rose from his seat, and having crossed himself on the forehead and on the breast, put forward his claim to the crown in these words, "I, Henry, Duke of Lancaster, do claim as my right the crown and the realm of England, being legally descended from Edmund, eldest son of our good Lord, Henry the Third, and through that right which God of His grace has sent me by His assistance and the help of my ready kindred and friends who have adventured with me to recover the same, being at the point of destruction for want of good government and the orderly distribution of justice." Then the archbishop, pausing a while, asked the assembly whether they would have the Duke of Lancaster for their king. They answered three times, "We will have him and none else." After that the archbishop offered him the crown in the name of the people, and he replied that the kingdom having devolved on him by God's will, he dared not refuse it. Of course, Henry was not the lawful heir, nor can we imagine that it was only because of his love for England, and his desire to see the land well governed, that he had thus brought about the deposition of Richard and the setting up of himself as king in his stead. He was, indeed, a man of ambitious and grasping character, who thought very much more about his own advancement than about his country's good. But in spite of this he was popular with the people, who admired his courage and high spirits, for they felt he had been most unjustly dealt with during his banishment. Richard took the news of his deposition very calmly, and seemed little concerned, only saying, "that he hoped the new king would show him the greater kindness for his willing resignation." He was soon after taken

from the Tower, lest he might in future be any trouble to the king and the nation, and imprisoned first in Leeds and then in Yorkshire at Pontefract Castle. But before long there was a rising in his favour, and Henry had to realise how slender was his hold over a crown which did not belong to him by right. The rising he put down at once with a strong hand, sending most of the nobles who had taken part in it to the Tower, where they were executed, among them being his own brother-in-law, the Earl of Huntingdon. But so long as Richard lived, there would always be danger. Suddenly the news spread abroad that the prisoner king had died in the castle at Pontefract. Over the ending of his life there hung a mystery which has never yet been cleared. Some said he was stricken with a grievous sickness. Others declared that he had been starved to death. But those most likely to know averred that one day King Henry, sitting at table very sad and melancholy, burst out into these words, "How miserable is my condition, who live in continual fears and dangers from but one cause, and yet have no man so much my friend as to free me from them." Sir Pierce Exton, hearing these words, eagerly guessed what the king meant, and believing it would be more acceptable to carry out his wish without receiving an express order to do so, at once went to Pontefract. The result of the visit was that Richard lived no more. By order of Henry his body was brought in much state to London, there being a great funeral service both at St. Paul's and the Abbey, at which the king and all the chief magistrates were present. The burying actually took place at Langley; but years after, Henry V. ordered the body to be removed to Westminster Abbey, there to be buried in royal state, "that he might by this pious deed expiate his father's injustice and the cruelty done to King Richard." "Alas, poor Richard!" says Shakespeare, and it is easy to think of him with feelings of pity. For, left as a mere child in a position of great difficulty and danger, he was, "by want of age and experience, exposed to the flattery and insinuations of those about him, and humoured in his

desires for pleasure, which he loved over much, so that meeting with ambitions in the great ones and discontents in the people, he not having judgment enough to keep his kingdom, hastened to his own undoing."

Henry IV. found but little peace or enjoyment in the crown he had thus won. Many were the rebellions which broke out in his reign, many were the attempts made to take his life, wars and conflicts were his inheritance, and he died of an illness brought on by worry and increasing anxieties. I must tell you of one prisoner taken to the Tower during his reign—young Prince James of Scotland. Robert III., King of Scotland, was a well-meaning man, but very indolent, and entirely in the hands of his half-brother, the Duke of Albany, who was scheming and disloyal. The eldest son of Robert, and the heir to the crown, was the Duke of Rothesay, a young man so wild and troublesome that it was thought wise to keep a strict watch over him for some time. This his uncle, the Duke of Albany, promised to do, and took him to his own castle at Falkland, in Fife, where he starved him to death. In terror as to what might happen next, and broken-hearted, the king hurriedly decided to send his younger son, Prince James, somewhere for safety, and it was arranged that he should go for his education to the court of Charles VI. of France. So he set sail under the care of the Earl of Orkney, but rough weather drove the ship on the English coast at Flamborough Head, and though a truce existed between England and Scotland, the prince's companions were taken prisoners by some sailors and led to Henry, who determined to keep them. "If the King of Scotland," he said, "had been really friendly, he would have sent his son to the English court, and not to the French court to be educated." Poor old King Robert could not stand against this new blow. Three days after he heard what had happened to his son he died, and the Duke of Albany becoming king, but little notice was taken of the imprisonment of Prince James in the Tower. I am glad to say the young prince was most honourably treated and given the best possible

education, for not only was he clever, but he loved above all else to learn and ponder over such books as were obtainable. As he grew older, he set himself carefully to study the laws and means by which a kingdom can best be governed. For nine years he remained a captive in England, but in reality he enjoyed much freedom, though most of his time was spent either in the Tower or at Windsor Castle. It was while he was at Windsor that, looking out from the windows of his prison he saw walking in the garden the beautiful Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset. He fell in love with her on the spot, and wrote many charming poems in her honour. After a time they met. She, too, loved this handsome and interesting captive. They were married, and the year after he was set free to return to his country as its ruler, his wife being a cousin of Henry VI., now on the English throne. So, having gained much learning and experience, and withal a beautiful and devoted wife, he went back to Scotland, where he reigned over his people wisely and well, and showed them the example of a man who with right kingly courage had refused to be crushed by any adverse fortune.

KING HENRY VI.

“THE troublous season of King Henry VI.”—thus runs the description given of this man and his times by one who lived while the memory of them all was still fresh and vivid. In the same way as the Black Prince, who had led England to such victories in France, died, leaving a little son to the mercy and guidance of strangers, so Henry V., just as he had reached the crowning point of his triumphs, and had practically compelled the French king to set aside his own son and adopt him as his heir, was called away by that swift messenger from God at whose voice even kings must lay down all their glory. And he too left behind a baby boy of nine months old, who was solemnly pronounced King Henry VI.

Of course the two brothers of Henry V. actually took charge of the little king and the country. The Duke of Bedford, a man “as politic in peace, as hardy in warre, and yet no more hardy in warre than he was merciful when he had the victory,” was made Regent of France; and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, was appointed to act with a council of Lords and Commons, and to summon or dissolve Parliament in the king’s name. I find that a certain Dame Joan Astley was appointed as nurse to little Henry, at a salary of £40 a year, and that one Dame Alice Butler was also chosen to wait on him and to chastise his person reasonably from time to time. When he was three years old he made his first public appearance at Westminster, and, “coming to the city he was conveyed through the streets on a white courser with great triumph, the child being judged of all men not only to have the very image of the lovely countenance of his father, but also likely to be his



HENRY VI.



heir in all moral virtues, martial policies, and princely feats." How it was possible to discover the martial policies in a child of three we are not told ! I am glad to say, though, that the little king was allowed to be a child sometimes ; and we hear of him the next year spending his Christmas at Eltham, where he was highly pleased at being given some coloured beads which had belonged to Edward III., and where a certain Jack Travaille with a company of musicians and merry mummers amused him with their frolics. Soon afterwards the Earl of Warwick was appointed to teach him "to love, worship, and dread God, to draw him to virtue by ways and means convenable, to teach him literature, language, and other arts of cunning, to chastise him should he do amiss, and to remove persons not behoveful and expedient from his presence."

When he was eight years old Henry was publicly crowned King of England with much pomp and ceremony. It was a bright clear day, on which before the gaze of the loyal folk assembled there the Earl of Warwick led the child up the high scaffold which had been raised at Westminster, from whence "very sadly and gravely the King beheld all the people round about him, at the sight of which he showed great humility." "At which coronation," says the historian, "to rehearse the costly fare, the delicate meate, the multitude of people, the estates of lords, the beauties of ladies, the riches of apparel, the curious devices, and the solemn banquettes, it would take me a long time, and weary you." But even with all this ceremony the coronation was not yet complete. By the treaty of Troyes Henry was now also the King of France, and it was considered wise that he with a new army should visit that country, partly to make himself known to his subjects there, and partly because it was believed that "a child of his age and beauty would allure to himself the heartes of elder persons, and thus cause the Frenchmen to continue in their due obeisance towards him." So accompanied by a great host he took ship at Dover, and after staying some time at Rouen and St. Denis he was brought to Paris that he might there receive the sceptre and

crown of his country. This second coronation was also a long and magnificent ceremony, during which the Duke of Bedford made an oration telling of the love which the little king bore towards these his people, and asking in his name that they should remain faithful and true subjects, living in mutual friendship and brotherly concord one with the other, remembering always that good old proverb which declared that inward discord bringeth ever realms to ruin. After which the people all shouted joyously, "Long live King Henry!" The nobles did him homage, and the common folk swore to him fealty, to whom all he gave pleasant looks and fair words with hearty thanks, to the great admiration of the French people.

But in spite of this outward appearance to the contrary, the power of England in France had received its death-blow, and that from the hands of a simple village maiden, Jeanne d'Arc. She grieved sorely in her heart and had great pity for the fair realm of France, now devastated by strange soldiers and entirely held under a foreign yoke, and as she pondered on all these things she saw visions and dreamed dreams in which it was declared to her that she should be the deliverer of her country. She went to seek an audience with the captain of Vaucouleurs.

"I must go to the king," she told him earnestly, so soon as, at last, she found herself in his presence. "I must go to him however hard may be the way. Far rather would I rest and spin by my mother's side, for this is nought of my choosing, but I must go through with it. So wills my Lord."

"And who is your Lord?" asked the captain, half mockingly, half pityingly, as he looked curiously at the girl, who must surely, he thought, be quite bereft of her senses.

"It is God," she answered in a low voice, yet with such calm conviction, that the rough captain could no longer resist her, and promised to lead her to Charles the Dauphin.

"Sire," she said simply, as she stood before him whom she deemed her rightful king, "my name is Jeanne, and my God sends me to tell you that you shall indeed be crowned

at Rheims, and shall be the lieutenant of the heavenly King who in truth reigns over France."

So, dressed from head to foot in shining white armour, holding in her hand the banner of France embroidered with the fleur-de-lys, she placed herself at the head of the army, and the soldiers believing her to be "a thing divine, whether to see or to hear," were filled once again with hope and courage, and there arose in them anew the determination to break the spell of the English in their land. Jeanne faithfully accomplished the task to which she had set herself, never faltering or turning aside from the way, despite the terrible scenes through which she was forced to go, and as a result of her victories Charles was crowned King of France at Rheims. But the "white maiden" herself fell into the hands of the English, nor did the man whose crown and kingdom she had saved stretch out a hand to help her. She was tried as a witch and a sorceress, and burnt at Rouen, clasping in her hands a rough cross which was handed to her by a pitying soldier.

"My voices were of God, they have never deceived me," she declared with her dying breath. And as the flames did their ghastly work, the English soldiers said one to another, "We are lost! We have this day destroyed a saint of God."

This cruel treatment of the fearless girl is an ugly blot on the career of the Duke of Bedford, who was generally held to be a merciful foe, and it was the final blow to the English power. The war dragged on in a feeble half-hearted manner, but before the Duke of Bedford died he had sorrowfully realised that the work of his life was being fast undone, and "the sunne which of old had shone in France faire and beautifully on the Englishmen now began to be cloudie, and daily to wax darker."

You can easily understand that Henry, as he grew up, showed himself to be over-old for his years. Not only had many responsibilities been laid upon him when he should have been playing his games and learning his lessons, but he was by nature a very serious and thoughtful boy. His

great amusement seems to have been fencing, at which he was reckoned to be very skilful, and there is an entry in an old record of "a little harness made for the king by the Earl of Warwick, all garnished with gold." He spent much of his time at the Abbey at Bury St. Edmunds, where he was greatly loved by all the monks; and often he would tell them how gladly he would have chosen to be one of them in their quiet home of peace rather than be the King of England. When he was but twelve years old he presided at a meeting of his council, and astonished all those who were present by the clever manner in which he endeavoured to make peace between his uncle Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, and his great-uncle Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester. For there was much jealousy and strife between these two men. On the whole Henry leant to Beaufort, more so than ever when it was found that the Duchess of Gloucester, whose life had been very evil, had leagued herself with some witches and magicians who had undertaken so to work their evil arts on Henry, so that he would fade away and die, and thus the Duke of Gloucester become in his stead King of England. There seems no reason to believe that the duke himself knew anything of his wife's designs, but it certainly made Henry distrust him. Directly he was of an age, much anxious consultation took place as to who should be a suitable bride for the young king, and it was decided to open negotiations with John d'Armagnac, who had three charming daughters. Sir Ralph Roos was sent out on a mission to inquire into the matter, and with him was despatched an artist who was commanded to paint a portrait of each of the three young ladies. Henry himself took a great interest in the matter, and wrote with his own hand a letter to Sir Ralph Roos, bidding him make a good and careful choice. However, the frost froze up the colours of the artist, so that no pictures could be taken, and altogether the arrangements fell through. Finally Henry was married to Margaret of Anjou, who possessed great wit and beauty, and a courage so strong that she was held to be more like a man than a

woman. She soon got great power over Henry, who was never able to stand by himself, but was always the tool of one person or another. Sweet and gentle by nature he loved peace, and dreamt much more gladly of the heavenly crown he hoped one day to gain, than of the earthly crown God had called upon him to wear faithfully. "In him there reigned a patience to be marvelled at, taking and suffering all losses, chances, and displeasures in so meek a manner as though they had been his own fault. Yet was he governed of them he should have ruled, and bridled of such whom sharply he should have spurned." Queen Margaret, on the other hand, was a woman of great character, desirous of glory, covetous of honour: of diligence and business she lacked nothing, yet had she one point of a woman, for "like a weathercock she was mutable and turning." Her first plan was to get rid of the Duke of Gloucester, and to take upon herself the control both of the king and of the kingdom. Her favourite was the Duke of Suffolk; his counsels therefore prevailed, and when the Duke of Gloucester died in his lodging in such a suspicious way as to point to the fact that somehow Suffolk was connected with his sudden end, while shortly after old Cardinal Beaufort died also, the queen congratulated herself that now she held all the strings in her own hands. In reality she only stood on the threshold of terrible times to follow, and I think the events of those times will be best explained to you in the words of the chronicle from which we get a full account of all that happened. "In the twenty-sixth yeare of the reigne of this kynge, but in the first yeare of the rule of the queen, I fynde nothing worthye to be rehearsed in this realme of England. But Richard, Duke of York, being allied by his wyfe to the great peers and potentates of the realme over and beside his own near kinship, perceiving the kynge to be a ruler, not ruling, and the whole burden of the realme to depend upon the ordinances of the queen and the Duke of Suffolk, began secretly to allure to his friends, and privately declare to them his right and title to the crown, which attempt was so politicly hand-

led and so secretly kept that his provision was ready before his purpose was openly declared, the time revealed the truth, and the old hidden hatred sprang out." In France the English were fast losing the possessions they had won; in England everywhere signs of discontent and rebellion were to be found. The Duke of York, who had been sent to a post in Ireland that he might be kept out of the way, landed in Wales, gathered together a force, and marched to London, where he insisted on seeing the king. He indignantly denied that he had been disloyal, and after having spoken of the bad government and the many injustices meted out to the people, he so far worked on Henry's feelings as to make him promise to appoint a new council, he himself, of course, to be included in it. For some time constant and bitter quarrels continued between the Duke of York and the Duke of Somerset, the former being the man loved and trusted by the people, while the latter was now in such favour both with the king and queen that his words only ruled, and his voice only was listened to. Just at this point Henry was suddenly seized with a serious illness: he could neither walk nor talk, and so lost all power of mind that he could not even understand when he was told that the queen had at last borne him a son, who had been christened by the name of Edward. This illness lasted some years, though at times he became better for a few months. But gradually York got more and more power into his hands, and Somerset was sent to the Tower for more than a year; and though he was finally released, he was killed soon after in the battle of St. Alban's. For now it had come to a civil war, the terrible war of the Roses, between the Duke of York and his party, who took as their emblem a White Rose, and the queen acting for the king, whose badge was a Red Rose. Victory rested first with one side, then with the other. At the battle of Wakefield the Duke of York himself was killed, and his little son, the Earl of Rutland, who was "a beautiful boy with a maiden-like face," was overtaken by Lord Clifford as he was making his escape with a faithful

priest from the battle-field, and cruelly stabbed to death. But the Yorkist party was far from being beaten, for Richard's eldest son, Edward, the Earl of March, now Duke of York, was a clever soldier, and a skilful leader, who was spurred on not only by ambition, but by the stronger desire to revenge his father and his brother. At Mortimer's Cross and at Towton Field he utterly beat the queen's party. The number of killed and wounded was appalling: it is said that over 40,000 men were left dead on the battle-field of Towton. Edward was declared to be king. Margaret, with her little son, wandered about on the Borders, trying in vain to raise a new force, with whose help she hoped to win back her rights; while poor Henry, now quite weak-minded and childish, lived about in the farms and cottages of Westmoreland, no one being willing to injure one so harmless and forlorn. But at last he was betrayed by a monk into the hands of his enemies; his feet were tied to the stirrups, he was led round the pillory, and then publicly taken to the Tower as a prisoner. With that slavish submission which had been his ruin as a king, Henry humbly accepted all the humiliations which were heaped upon him. Many were the adversities and insults which he suffered, but he only prayed that because of them he might be forgiven any sins he had committed, and that God would give him grace that he might bear no ill-will towards his enemies. No one had more powerfully helped Edward to win the crown than the Earl of Warwick, who thought to find in him a willing tool. But Edward was strong and determined, able to rule himself and his country; and gradually differences arose between the two men, which ended in Warwick, who was as unscrupulous as he was scheming, going over to the side of Queen Margaret, now in France, on the promise that her son should marry his daughter Anne. Choosing a time when Edward was in the north of England putting down a rebellion there, Warwick, with the help given to him by the King of France, landed in England. He went at once to the Tower, where he found Henry in a very neglected

state, a shadow to behold, and "as mute as a crowned calf." He was taken from his prison and led through the streets of London, but he was so dazed and frightened that he seemed as one in a dream, who neither saw nor understood what passed before his eyes.

It was impossible to rouse any popular enthusiasm on behalf of so helpless a king. In less than six months Edward had once more carried all before him. Warwick fell in the battle of Barnet; Queen Margaret was taken prisoner at Tewkesbury; her son, Prince Edward, was either killed on that battlefield, or murdered directly after; and Henry was sent back to the Tower. But the days of his captivity were numbered. On the night when Edward made his triumphal entry into London, on a Tuesday, between eleven and twelve of the clock, King Henry died suddenly, the Duke of Gloucester being in the Tower at the time. It was said he died of melancholy, and his body was laid in state in St. Paul's, carefully watched, which was then removed to Chertsey and there buried "without priest or clearke, torch or taper, singing or saving." But another story, and one more readily believed, told how the King as he kneeled at his evening prayers in the Wakefield Tower, had been stabbed in the back by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, who thought by this means to rid his brother of a source of danger. Almost at once there were seen signs of a strong reaction in favour of Henry. People forgot his shortcomings as a king, and his utter inability to grapple with the difficulties of his life. Still they remembered and glorified the goodness of his private character. It was told how he wore always a rough hair shirt as a reminder to himself that he must ever subdue and keep under his body; how gentle he was, how he harboured no thoughts of bitterness or revenge, but held fast through all his adversities to the simple faith of a little child. And it was remembered, too, how warmly he had helped on the cause of education, for he had formed a school in Eton, "where a great number of children were frankly and freely taught at his cost the rules of grammar," and at Cambridge

he had built a princely college and called it the King's College, designed for the further education of those who came on from Eton. The scholars themselves had loved the king, and they also told many stories of his kindly care for them, and the persuasive manner in which he talked to them, bidding them set their affections not on riches or greatness, but on those things which pertain to the kingdom of God and His righteousness. So it came to pass in time that Henry was accounted as a saint, and Henry VII. applied to the Pope for permission to canonise him. But the making of a new saint, especially if he happened to be a king, was found to be so costly an affair, that Henry VII. deemed it more prudent to keep the money in his own land, and spend it on something which would benefit his own people.

THE LITTLE PRINCES IN THE TOWER

YET another boy king, and though the story of his life is a short one we may well describe it, as it was described at the time as the "Pitiful Life of King Edward V."

When Edward IV. died, he left as guardian to his children the Duke of Gloucester, a man whose life has always been supposed to be one long story of dark deeds. Whether he was indeed the quite inhuman monster he has always been declared, there is some doubt. A few good points at least he had, for he had stood by his brother Edward IV. faithfully through all his varied fortunes; he had proved himself a clever and brave soldier, and when he had been called upon to govern he had ruled justly, and in such a manner as made himself loved by the people. Certainly he was not repulsive to look at, for though he was small, and one of his shoulders was higher than the other, his face still, like that of his brother's, was comely, and those who observed him closely as he listened to the music to which he was so devoted, declared that he seemed tender as a woman. What ruined him was his love of power. He became the slave of ambition instead of remaining its master, so that when temptation faced him he gave way before it, and went on from one sin to another till at last he became the murderer of the two innocent children he had sworn to care for and protect. Besides the rumour that he had been in the Tower on the night when Henry VI. died, another ugly story was told about the way in which he had treated his brother, the Duke of Clarence, who had been a prisoner in the Tower, and had also now come to a sudden end, drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine by orders



RICHARD III.

of the Duke of Gloucester, so it was said. Still Edward IV. appeared to trust him fully, though his wife, Queen Elizabeth, with a woman's instinct, always feared him. Her eldest boy was at Ludlow when his father died, having been sent there as Prince of Wales to hold a court under the care of his mother's brother Anthony, Earl Rivers. It was at once decided that he must come to London, and with this intent he set out, Rivers, and his half-brother Sir Richard Grey, being in charge of him. At Northampton they were joined by the Duke of Gloucester, also on his way to London; but as the town was too small for all their followers the king was sent a few miles on to Stony Stratford, and Richard begged Lord Rivers to spend the night with him, that he might enjoy his company and talk over plans for the future. To this Rivers readily consented, and nothing could have been more cordial or friendly than the manner in which Richard entertained him that evening, giving him full assurance of his loyalty to the king, his nephew, and his love and friendship to himself. But when morning came Rivers found he had been caught in a trap, and was a fast prisoner. Not being conscious of any wrong he had done, he forced his way into the presence of the Duke of Gloucester, and demanded some reason for this treatment. He was only told with insolence that "he was one of those who had laboured all he could to alienate the king's mind from the duke, and to stir up dissension between them, but that now they would take good care that it did not so lie in his power." In vain Rivers calmly and coolly tried to defend himself from these charges; he was allowed no hearing, and his brother was led in as a prisoner to bear him company. Richard hurried on to his nephew, and told him a plot had been discovered by which Rivers had been trying to gain the crown for himself. Poor Edward, who had nothing but kindly remembrances of his uncle, burst into tears, so much troubled was he at these dealings, while he knew he had not the power to defend his friends. But Richard would not soften his heart. Rivers and Grey were sent to a castle in Yorkshire, and Edward, frightened

and subdued, went on his way towards London, the Duke of Gloucester never leaving his side. Directly the queen heard what had happened she feared the worst, and hurriedly at midnight she called her servants to get what help might be had, that she with her other son and her daughters might remove with all speed into the Abbot's lodgings at Westminster, which being held as sanctuary would be a safe resting-place from their enemies. Meanwhile Edward made his entrance into London with a solemn cavalcade, and all men noticed the behaviour of Richard, how he rode bareheaded before the king, constantly saying in a loud voice to the people, "Behold your prince and your sovereign!" setting to all an example of respect and loyalty. In this way he completely won over the people to his side, and they began to say that surely the stories they had heard had all been malice. Who so fit to act as Protector to the little king as one so nearly related to him, and who by his actions seemed likely to most faithfully fulfil that post? One there was whom Richard knew still to mistrust him, and this was Lord Hastings, the Chamberlain, who from the first was anxious to get Edward away from the clutches of his uncle. So the Protector made up his mind to be rid of this man. The council appointed to govern the country met at the Tower, and they were summoned by Richard to attend there on Friday, the 13th June, under the pretence of making the final arrangements for the coronation, which was immediately to take place, food being already prepared for the feasts, and the workmen busy night and day at Westminster making ready for the ceremony. Sir Thomas More thus described the council meeting: "The Protector came in about nine, and having saluted all the lords very courteously, excused himself for having come to them so late, saying that he had played the sluggard that morning." Then he sat down and discoursed with them about the business in hand, being very pleasant and jocose in all his speeches. Among other things more serious he said to the Bishop of Ely, "My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn; I de-

sire you to let us have a dish to dinner." "Gladly, my lord, will I do that," said the bishop; "I wish I had some better things as ready for your services as they." And therefore he sent his servant in all haste for a dish of strawberries. A little while after this the Protector obliging them to go on with their counsels requested them to dispense with his presence for a while, and so departed. In the space of little more than an hour he returned again, but with such an angry countenance, knitting his brows, and frowning and biting his lips that the whole council were amazed at the sudden change. "What do traitors who plot for our destruction deserve?" he asked. The lords of the council were much startled at this question, and thinking within themselves of whom he meant, returned no answer. The Lord Hastings, who was always familiar with him, and thought this general silence not respectful, replied, "They deserved to be punished as heinous traitors, whoever they were." "Then," said the Protector, "that sorceress my brother's wife, and that other sorceress who is always with her, Madam Jane Shore, deserve this. They have no aim but to rid themselves of me. See how with these enchantments they have already consumed and destroyed my body, and they would by degrees have succeeded had they not been discovered and prevented." And unbuttoning his left sleeve Richard showed his arm withered to the elbow. Now, the council knew that he had been born with his arm thus deformed, and this convinced them that he had openly a mind to quarrel with them. Turning to Hastings, Richard again repeated his question. "In faith," answered Hastings, "if they have indeed done any such thing they deserve to be severely punished." "If indeed?" said the Protector in great anger, "do you answer me with ifs and ands as if I charged them falsely? I tell you they have done it, and thou hast joined them in this villainy." Therewith he clapped his fists down hard upon the board, at which sign several men-at-arms rushed into the room crying, "Treason, treason." The Protector seeing them come in, said to Lord Hastings, "I arrest thee, traitor." "What, me, my lord?" said Hast-

ings. "Yes, thou, traitor," said the Protector. Whereupon he was taken into custody, and ordered forthwith to confess and prepare himself for his death, for the Protector had sworn by St. Paul that he would not dine until his head was off. So he was hurried to the green by the chapel within the Tower, and immediately executed. But he was buried at Windsor, close to his master, King Edward IV., it being seemly that he should have a place next him in death, for he had assuredly lost his life by his immovable loyalty to his children.

It was about this time that the Protector went to Westminster and demanded that the little Duke of York should be taken from his mother, that he might come with his brother and share with him the honours of the coronation day. "The king," he said, "leads a melancholy life, which doubtless if not timely prevented may destroy his health. It would be a great comfort to his Majesty to have his brother in company with him, nor would it be of less advantage to the young duke, because it would confirm and strengthen their lives to be brought up together, both at their books and in their games. Besides, the coronation of the king being now at hand, how can we proceed with it while the Duke of York is in sanctuary? What sort of men shall we be thought who at the same time while we crown one brother, so terrify the other that he is forced to abide at the altar at the same church for his safety? Let me perish for ever if it be not my greatest, my continual care to promote the happiness and welfare of the king, my nephew, and of all my brother's family." But if these fair words impressed the council, they did not deceive the queen.

"Ah," she said, sharply, to the cardinal who came on the errand. "Has the Protector, his uncle, such care unto my son that he fears nothing more than that he should escape from his hands? To be plain, my lord, I fear to put him in Richard's hands because he hath his brother already, and since he pretends to be the next heir to the crown after them, if they in any way miscarry, his way to

the throne lies plain and easy to him. Experience convinces us all that the desire for a kingdom knoweth no kindred. Each of these children is the other's defence if they are asunder, but being both together they are in great danger. Therefore, as a wise merchant will not adventure all his goods in one ship, so will not I put them both under the same hazard. I know that the Protector and council have power enough if they have will to take him and me from this place, but whosoever he shall be that dares to do it, I pray God send him shortly need of sanctuary with no possibility to come to it." But she soon realised that all her prayers and arguments could avail nothing. From her room she could see the workmen engaged on the coronation preparations, and hear the hammer of their tools, while in her heart there was a great nameless fear of a danger which hung over the lives of her two little boys. The Duke of York was practically wrenched from her. "I deliver him and his brother into your keeping, my lord," the poor mother said at last amid her tears, "of whom I shall ask them again at all times before God and the world; and I pray you, for the trust which their father reposed in you, that as you think I fear too much, so you would be cautious that in this case you fear not too little." Then she turned to her child and covered him with kisses. "Farewell, my own sweet son," she said, "the Almighty be thy protector; let me kiss thee once again before we part, for God knows when we shall kiss again." And then having caressed him fondly she blessed him, and turned from him in great grief, the child also weeping as he was taken away. The Duke of Gloucester received him before the lords with great kindness, taking him in his arms and blessing him as he said, "Now welcome, my lord, with all my heart." A few days later he moved both boys to the Tower with much state and ceremony, that they might start from there in grand procession on the coronation day. Richard had now the game all in his own hands, and he began to give out that the little princes were not indeed the lawful sons of Edward IV., and therefore had no right

to inherit the crown. He succeeded in making both Parliament, and the mayor and aldermen of London, believe him, so that they begged him as the next heir to accept the crown. Richard hesitated for a moment, pretending he did so on account of his affection for the two little boys who were his very dear nephews. But he did not hold out long. And there was no one strong enough to raise a voice in defence of the two children who were indeed princes of royal blood, and now lay as prisoners in the Tower. So Richard was declared king, and the preparations made for the coronation of Edward were turned to another account. In a little while the injustice of this seemed to strike the people of London. An agitation was got up in favour of the young princes, their healths were drunk at secret meetings, and hope came to the heart of their poor mother, and her friends rallied round her. But by-and-by the story got noised abroad that it was too late now to do anything, for within the dark Tower the lawful king and his brother had met their death. And the rumour soon grew to be certainty. Gradually stories crept out how the horrible deed had been done. Richard, men said, felt that so long as his nephews were alive his right to the crown would be called in question. He therefore had sent letters to Sir John Brackenbury, Constable of the Tower, in which he had bidden him carry out the ghastly order. Brackenbury, so the story went, was on his knees before the altar in the little Norman Chapel, praying that God and His holy angels would watch over them through the night, when the messenger from Richard reached him. He read the letter, and at once refused to obey the order. Better far, he thought, offend the ruling king, better even risk losing fortune, or life itself, than do a deed so horrible in the sight of God as to murder two harmless and helpless children. Nothing could shake him in his determination, and Richard's messenger, one John Green, had to return, having failed in his mission. But Richard now would stand no check ; all sense of right as well as all sense of pity had left him ; nothing but a guilty, hardened conscience remained,

He at once sent off Sir James Tyrrel to the Tower with a warrant to Brackenbury by which he was to surrender the keys, the command, and the password for that night. Tyrrel liked not the errand, but he feared the king. With Brackenbury safely out of the way all was easy. The little princes lived in the Gatehouse, the prison part of the Tower, for it opened into a garden, and from its windows there were views of the river and the wharf. It is said that when Edward heard how his uncle Richard was crowned in his stead, he sighed, and said, "Ah, would he let me have my life and my freedom he might take the kingdom." After that, in great fear as to what would be their fate, both the king and his brother gave themselves over to sorrow and despair. On this particular night they lay sleeping soundly. Tyrrel had with him two men, John Dykewood and Miles Forrest, and these he sent up into the princes' room. In a few minutes they came stealthily down. The deed had been done, and the little princes now slept so soundly that there was no fear of their waking at the sound of any voice, or further troubling Richard. But Sir James must see for himself, so that he might carry the news to the king. A priest also was summoned, and a place hastily made between the stone staircase, and a hurried funeral took place. Later on the chaplain to Sir John Brackenbury, acting under Richard's orders, had the bodies removed to a more worthy place, but no man knew where he had laid them. It was not for two hundred years that the mystery was cleared up. And then, in the reign of Charles II., some workmen making alterations found the bodies of two boys. A full inquiry was made, and it was considered certain that these could be none other than the bodies of the little princes, so they were removed to Westminster Abbey, and laid at last, where alone was their fitting resting-place, among the kings of England. To Richard the punishment he deserved came quickly enough. "I have heard by creditable report from such as were secret with his chambermen," wrote Sir Thomas More, "that after this abominable deed he never had quiet

in his mind. He never thought himself sure. When he went abroad his eyes whirled about, his limbs trembled, and his hand was always on his dagger. He lay long waking and musing, his sleep was ever disturbed by frightful dreams, so that he dared not stay alone in his chamber, and thus was his restless heart continually tossed with the remembrance of his sin." Nor did the people of England rest quietly as Richard's subjects when they realised what he had done. He became the most hated man in the kingdom, and a movement was set on foot by which Henry, Earl of Richmond, the heir through his mother of the House of Lancaster, then a refugee in France, should marry the Princess Elizabeth, who, as the daughter of Edward IV., was heiress by the House of York, so that the White Rose and the Red Rose being thus joined, Henry should become King of England, and Richard be deposed. On August 1, 1485, Henry Richmond landed at Milford Haven, and on August 21st he and Richard met at Bosworth, near Leicester. Richard through the night had dreamed horrible dreams, but he went on the field of battle wearing his crown, and made a stirring speech to his soldiers. "Though at my coronation," he said, "I was indeed guilty of a wicked and detested crime, yet my repentance of it has been so severe and so sure that I pray you to forgive it, knowing I shall never cease to deplore and lament it. As for the Earl of Richmond, captain of the rebels, a Welsh boy of little courage and less experience of war, bred up in the court of the Duke of Beaufort like a bird in a cage, he never saw an army, and consequently is not capable to lead one. What can you hope from him? Come on, my friends. Come on, my captains and my chamberlains! Remember as I have promised those who do well riches and honour, so shall I severely punish such as deserve it by their cowardice or treachery. And now, in the name of St. George, let us meet our enemies." Henry Richmond too had something to say to his men. "We have, through the grace of Jesus our Saviour, come through many treasons and snares. We have crossed the seas and traversed a spacious

ELIZABETHA
HENRICI ·

VXOR
VII



ELIZABETH OF YORK.

country in search of a wild boar we have now found. Let us not therefore fear to begin the chase! Let us put confidence in God, and believe that this is the hour for which we have longed and prayed. Let courage supply the want of our numbers, and as for me, I purpose to live with honour hereafter, or to die with honour here. In the name of God and St. George let us fight and prosper." Then came a shower of arrows, and the battle began. From the first it went against Richard, and he learned in that day a lesson it would have been well for him if he had remembered before—that a man surely reaps what he has sown, and when the seeds have been the seeds of cruelty and treachery, nothing but a crop of the same can be his when the harvest time has come. For God is not mocked. So, beaten and betrayed, Richard fell dead on the battle-field in the midst of his enemies, and Lord Stanley, seizing his crown, which was found amidst the spoils, placed it on the head of Henry Richmond, while the army with one accord clapped their hands and saluted him, shouting, "Long live King Henry!"

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE—THE GOOD LORD COBHAM

WHEN Henry V. was Madcap Prince Hal, there was one of his friends whom he loved and respected above all the others, Sir John Oldcastle, a brave knight and true, pitiful to the poor and suffering, stern to the proud; one who each day read kneeling the Word of God, and strove in all his doings to carry out the lessons he learned therein. He married Joan, last heiress of the Earl of Cobham, whose name he took, and he held a post in the royal household greatly trusted and valued by the prince, who, when he came to the throne as Henry V., laid aside the careless follies and conduct of his youth, and sought only those friends whose counsels were wise and thoughtful. I have told you before something about John Wyclif and his desire to see the clergy following more faithfully in the steps of Christ, their Master, caring not to become great men of the earth, seekers after power and riches, but striving rather to be holy and humble servants of God. He earnestly contended against the pride and false teaching of the Church, and all over the country he found people who thought as he did, especially as his translation of the Bible was copied and re-copied, and was carried about from village to village by his travelling poor priests, who read in secret indeed for fear of punishment, but still read and pondered over it. After Wyclif himself had died, the seed he had sown still lived and flourished, and so powerful was the number of his followers that the bishops and clergy became alarmed, and demanded that the king should take steps to put an end to these things. They

gave the name of Lollards to these reformers, calling them the weeds or the tares sown by the Evil One, which infested the true vineyard of the Lord; and they hoped by vigorous persecution and punishment, if necessary even by death itself, that the men who spread these views could easily be wiped out. "I believe in the end truth will conquer," Wyclif said, when he saw how bitterly he was opposed because he dared point to Christ and His teaching as something widely different from that set forth by the Pope and his clergy. So it came to pass, in spite of cruel persecutions and much suffering, the Lollards continued to increase both in numbers and in influence. For no persecutions can kill the spirit of truth, and though hundreds of these men lay in the underground dungeons of the Tower for the sake of their belief, while their leaders were burnt alive at Smithfield, this new teaching had taken such a root in England that it could not be torn up, and the crop it brought forth in later years changed the whole religious life of the country. Now, Henry IV., just because he knew his right to the kingdom was a poor one, depending on the good-will of Parliament and the Bishops, was almost obliged to yield to the clergy, and pass the laws they desired for the punishment of the Lollards, and Henry V. seemed likely to be as stern in this matter as his father. But his friend and adviser, good Lord Cobham, was a staunch follower of Wyclif, for he not only listened to the sermons of the Lollards, but threw open his castle to them, and declared to the Archbishop Arundel that his policy of burning men alive for no offence, save that they spoke as their conscience bade them, was a devilish device, and one of which he ought to be greatly ashamed. Arundel at once drew up a charge against Sir John, declaring him to be untrue to the holy Church, and this he laid before the king, who undertook to talk with his friend on the subject, and convince him of the mistake he was making. But Sir John was learned and had a ready wit, and Henry could find nothing to say in answer to his arguments. So he left him in sorrow, and the archbishop continued to work his will.

Just at this time there was a rising among the Lollards, many of whom had been made very bitter by the cruelties heaped upon them, and some of the more violent among them, anxious to meet force with force, posted notices on the church doors, saying that a hundred thousand armed men were ready to rise in defence of their faith if the king still continued to persecute them. Certainly Sir John had nothing to do with this, but his enemies eagerly jumped at the chance, prevailed upon the king, and had him taken to the Tower as a traitor to the Church and State. He was lodged with the governor, Sir Robert Morley, and here, in a chamber which soon got the name of Cobham's Tower, he was visited by numbers of monks and friars, who endeavoured to confound him or make him deny the truths he held. But Sir John answered them all so readily, and so firmly stood by what he had before declared, that they could do nothing with him, and at last he was led to take his trial before a body of priests, over whom presided the archbishop. Like many another court of judgment of the same kind, it gave him a trial in name only, for the priests had long ago made up their minds as to what they would do with this dangerous enemy, and they condemned him to be burnt with fire till he died. "Ye judge the body, which is but a wretched thing," Cobham declared stoutly, when asked if he had anything to say, "yet I am certain and sure ye can do no harm to my soul. He who created that, will of His own mercy save and watch over it. As to my faiths, I must stand by them, even to the very death, by the grace of my Eternal God." Sir John was led back to the Tower, and great crowds of people followed him, weeping, while the brave words he had spoken were repeated from mouth to mouth. Either because of the king's old friendship for him, or because the taking of his life would have been so unpopular that a serious rising might have followed, a respite was granted to Sir John, and after a time his enemies spread abroad the rumour that since being condemned he had changed his opinions. Sir John at once, on hearing this, wrote a letter from his prison, which his friends posted

up on the church walls and on the city gates, in which he begged it should be made known to all the world that he had not varied in one single point. All this time, too, his friends had been working for his escape, and one dark October night William Fisher, a dealer in skins, with others managed to get into the Beauchamp Tower without being detected, and took away with them the prisoner they loved. The king at heart was glad when he heard this, for he knew Sir John to be a good man, and had it not been for the danger which he fancied the Lollards threatened to his throne, he would willingly have let him altogether go free. But Arundel was of a different mind, and fearing that the king would hesitate to proceed further against this brave soldier, he thought how Henry best might be so alarmed as to force him into action. And one day the Lollards, through their very devotion to Sir John, brought about his undoing, for they held a great meeting, in which they spoke of him as their general and leader, just as though they were making ready for war. All of this Arundel reported, with many additions, to Henry, then keeping Christmas at Eltham, and then the king, though hot-headed and angry, showed with how strong a hand he could act if needs be. He removed to Westminster, called his barons and men-at-arms to his side, caused the city gates to be shut, so that none could go in or out, and then rode into St. Giles' Field, where the Lollards were assembled. Unprepared for combat or resistance, they fell easily into his hands, numbers of them killed, others taken prisoners and committed to the Tower dungeons. But Oldcastle was not to be found; whether even he had been there nobody knew. The king set a price of a thousand marks upon his head, and yet so popular was he that no one could be found to betray him. For four years he wandered about, sometimes near London, sometimes afar in the country, hearing everywhere of the thousand marks and of the privileges to be won by his arrest, finding everywhere men and women eager to brave ruin and court death in his defence. Once, the story goes, he was nearly taken. Lodging in a farm-house near St. Albans,

on a manor belonging to the abbey, he was seen by some of the abbot's men, who quickly ran to inform their lord, and came back with a force to arrest him in his bedchamber. But a mysterious warning had been given; Sir John had vanished, and only his books remained to be seized. Those who had given him shelter, however, were taken by the abbot's men and hanged, as an example to others. At last, after four years, some priors prevailed on a Welshman called Powis, who had won the friendship of Sir John by pretending to share his beliefs, to betray him for a sum of money, as in like manner Judas of old betrayed his Master. Even then Sir John, brave soldier to the last, did not thus allow himself treacherously to be taken without fighting hard for his life, but there were too many against him, and he was dragged in triumph to the Tower. The king was in France, and fearing lest again, for old sake's sake, he might be willing to spare the life of his friend, the Church party acted on the former sentence of death which had been passed, and ordered that as a traitor he should be hanged in chains with a fire kindled at his feet to show that he was a heretic. Sir John met death calmly and bravely, knowing that he had but spoken as seemed true to him, and scorning to buy his life at the price of his faith. "Every man on this earth is a pilgrim," said he, "and he that knoweth the holy commandments of God, and keepeth them to the end, shall surely be saved, even though he never goeth a pilgrimage to Canterbury, or to Rome, or to any other place." And so without flinching for a moment, he faced the flames.



ray
for

perkin warbeck nant le Tournay supp. pour Richard
 Duc d'York jeune fils d'Edouard IV Roy d'Angleterre l'an 149
 fut perdu a Londres par la fin de l'an 1499

PERKIN WARBECK.

THE ADVENTURES OF PERKIN WARBECK

AS Henry VII. became King of England through the right of his wife, the Princess Elizabeth, as well as through the victory he had won on Bosworth Field, a right royal coronation was given to the young queen. On Friday, 23rd November 1487, "beauteously apparelled and accompanied by many lords and ladies of great estate, she came forward unto the coronation. At the coming from Greenwich by water, there was attending upon her there the Mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen of the city, with diverse worshipful commoners chosen out of every craft, wearing their liveries, voyaging in barges freshly furnished with banners and streamers of silk richly beaten with the arms and badges of their crafts, and especially noticeable was a barge called "the Batchelors' barge," wherein were many gentlemanly pageants well and curiously devised to give her Highness pleasure. "The young queen came by river to the Tower, and here she was received by the king, who was attended by his nobles and surrounded by all the great officers of state, and together the king and queen went to the royal apartments, where they kept open house to all the court."

"On the morrow, Elizabeth left the Tower in state to go on her way to Westminster, clothed in white cloth of gold, her fair yellow hair flowing loose down her back and around her face, only kept in its place by a circlet of gold shining with precious stones. The streets, too, were dressed gaily in her honour, hung with tapestry arras, velvet and silk and cloth of gold, and in divers places were ordained singing children,

some arrayed like angels and some like virgins, to sing sweet songs to her as she passed by." I do not think that Queen Elizabeth had a very happy life. Henry was jealous, often sulky, and never a loving husband, and the queen made it her habit to spend much time in the Tower, which she used as a royal residence, remaining there with her ladies. It was in the Tower, too, that she died nine years later, and with her died at the same time her baby, Princess Catherine, who had been born and christened in the old fortress. Henry lived in so great fear of being deprived of the crown, for the history of the last few reigns had showed him how little trust could be placed in the shouts of the people, that he kept as a fast prisoner young Edward, Earl of Warwick, the only son of the Duke of Clarence. From the time he was four years old this poor boy had been shut up, first in a Yorkshire castle, and then in the Tower, and treated so harshly that he had grown up to be quite childish, knowing nothing of the most ordinary affairs of men. By-and-by a report was spread about that he had escaped from his prison, and there being much joy expressed thereat among the people, a certain crafty priest, named Richard Simnel, produced a comely youth of about fifteen years of age, who had great grace and dignity of bearing, whom he declared to be Edward Plantagenet. He sailed with his pupil, who was in reality a certain Lambert Simnel, the son of a baker, to Ireland, where he was well received, and so many people believed him to be what he professed, that he was actually crowned king in Dublin Castle. Henry, therefore, had the real Edward Plantagenet brought out of the Tower and led in a procession through the streets of London, so that all who would, might see him and talk with him. Just this one sight of life for poor Edward, who was too dazed to know what it all meant, and then he was taken back to the Tower to live on in the old monotonous way. Still, in spite of this, Lambert Simnel found those who believed in him, and he landed in England with his followers. A slight battle was fought at Stoke. Lambert was taken prisoner on the field, and from that time quite contentedly accepted

a position in the royal kitchen, thankful to escape with his life, while his tutor was imprisoned and none heard of him more ! But a much more dangerous pretender than Lambert Simnel was Perkin Warbeck, who came forward in 1492, declaring himself to be none other than Richard, Duke of York, who had not been murdered in the Tower with his brother, but had escaped by a miracle, and had since wandered about the world. There was still living Margaret of Burgundy, the sister of Edward IV. and Richard III., who so intensely hated Henry and all the House of Lancaster that she was ever ready to put her influence on the side of his enemies, and constantly sought how by some new plot she might disturb him. To her was brought young Perkin, really the son of a certain John Warbeck, attorney, and "she espying in him a young man of visage beautiful, of countenance demure, and of wit subtle and crafty," thought she had now found the piece of marble out of which she might carve the image of the Duke of York. So she kept him with her and taught him well all the story of her family, and all the pretended history of his childhood, also how to answer any questions which were put to him, setting before him the glory and fortune of a crown if things went well, and a sure refuge at her court if the worst should happen. And he learned his lesson so readily, displayed such a nimble wit, and showed so princely a countenance, that all those around the duchess believed in him, especially as she treated him always as a prince, called him the White Rose of England, and declared that in a short time he would surely come into his own. He, too, at last set sail for Ireland, and, in spite of the knowledge that they had been deceived by Lambert Simnel, the warm-hearted and impulsive Irish nation received him at once as the cruelly-wronged son of King Edward, and promised to fight in his just cause to the death. The King of France also invited him to his court, and there entertained him in a royal manner. But it was in Flanders that Perkin gained most adherents, and when he was here many men and noblemen stole away from England to join his standard, while messages were

sent to Margaret asking how soon Richard, Duke of York, could come to England, to the intent that the army might be in readiness to help and fight for him so soon as he arrived. All this time Henry was not idle. He had the seaports guarded, suppressed meetings and gatherings in England, sent messengers into Flanders to discover the real truth about Perkin and his parents, and had two or three of those he discovered to be conspiring executed, even though one of them was Sir William Stanley, who had done so much for him in the past.

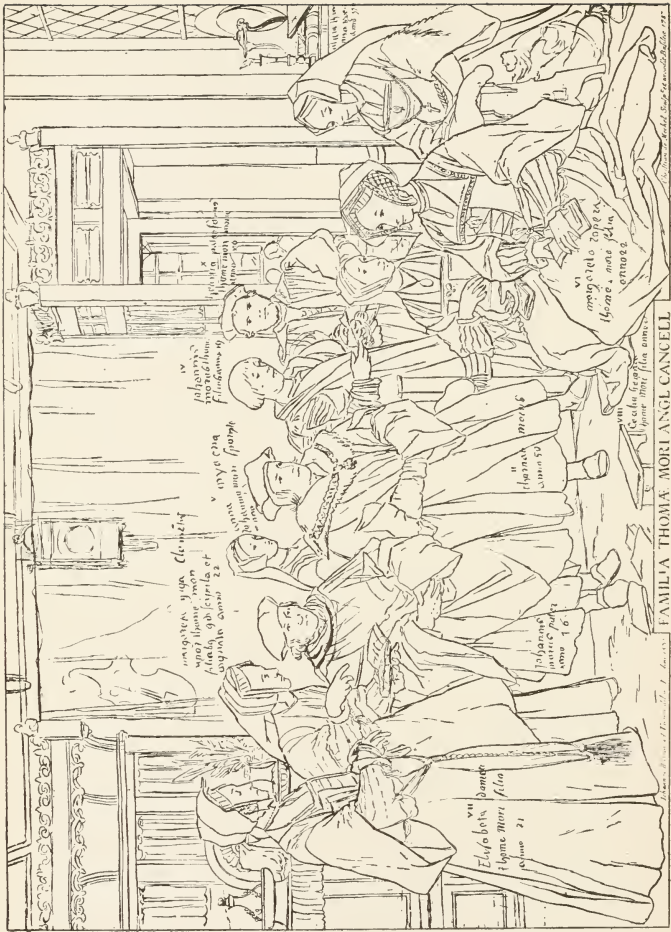
In July 1495, Perkin landed in England with about five hundred men, all of them exiles, and more or less desperate characters; but the people of Kent rose against them, fought them with sticks and pitchforks, and Perkin himself had a narrow escape from being taken prisoner. However, he got safely to Scotland, and here he was made welcome by James III., who called him his good cousin York, gave great tournaments and feasts in his honour, and finally arranged a marriage between him and the beautiful Lady Katherine Gordon, a near relation to the royal house. Whether James really believed in Perkin, or whether what he wanted was an excuse to quarrel with Henry, I cannot say. At any rate, when Henry offered him a hundred thousand crowns if he would deliver up this dangerous pretender, he indignantly refused. "I have melted up my plate for him, and I will not betray him," he said. Perkin then published a letter, in which he gave an exciting account of his supposed escape from the Tower, and the adventurous life he since had led, ending with a passionate appeal to the people of England to rally round him, and help him to win back the crown of which he had so long been robbed. "But," says an historian, "Perkin's proclamation did little edify the people of England, neither was he better welcomed for the company in which he came. For the King of Scotland, seeing none stirred in his favour, turned his expedition into a raid, and wasted and destroyed Northumberland with fire and sword. Then, hearing there were forces coming against him, and not

willing they should find his men heavy laden with booty, he returned to Scotland with great spoils."

Perkin, when he saw the damage being done by the Scottish soldiers, cleverly kept up his character. He went to James, with tears in his eyes, and declared with great feeling, that "No crown was so dear to his mind that he would purchase it with the blood and ruin of his country." To which James replied, with a laugh, "That he doubted much if Perkin was not too careful of that which was not his." Seeing this plan had not answered, Perkin, never daunted, tried another. The men of Cornwall, having been for some time agitated on the subject of taxes which had been levied, he landed with his wife at Whitsand Bay, in Cornwall, gathered together an army of malcontents, and marched on Exeter, calling himself Richard the Fourth, King of England. He left his wife in safety in the strong fortress of Saint Michael, and she, dearly loving him through all his fortunes, waited anxiously for news of him. The citizens of Exeter, stout and loyal subjects, determined to make a good defence, and they let down with cords, by the walls, several trusty messengers, who had orders to go with all haste to the king, and tell him of the state of things in the town during the day. The king, when he heard of Perkin's siege, took it rather as a joke, saying, "That his Majesty of the rake bells was landed in the west, and he therefore hoped to have the honour to see him, which he never yet had been able to do." However, he sent help to the city, and Perkin, comparing the king's strong force with his own rough band, thought it prudent to get on his fleetest horse and fly in the night, leaving his supporters to get on as best they could. So it was a leaderless band who placed themselves at the mercy of the king, and he, "caring to save life rather than spill it, and never cruel when he was secure," seeing the danger was past, pardoned nearly all of them.

Perkin was at once pursued, but he had taken refuge in a church, and Henry dared not violate the sanctuary. So he only surrounded the church with royal troops, till at last

Perkin surrendered. The Lady Katherine had already been taken prisoner, but directly Henry saw her, he was so touched by her beauty and her sorrow, that he received her with great kindness, and sent her to his queen, who, from the first moment, loved her, showed her all affectionate treatment, and told her that she, indeed, was the White Rose of England, so fair was she of face. When Henry re-entered London, Perkin was in his train, and he was led slowly through the streets of London, that the citizens might see him. Then he found a resting-place in the Tower, and for a while there was peace. But Perkin was like quicksilver. Once he escaped from the Tower and took refuge with the Prior of Sheen House, at Richmond, who only gave him back to Henry on a promise from the king to spare his life. It was at this time that Perkin confessed the truth as to the whole of his strange pretences. A short time elapsed, and then another plot was discovered, in which it was shown that Perkin and one of his jailers were in league to help his escape, to murder the governor, and to proclaim the prisoner as king; and into this latter conspiracy they had drawn Edward Plantagenet, who was a mere tool in his hands, and had no understanding of what was involved. This decided Henry to take strong measures, and both Perkin and the Earl of Warwick were executed on Tower Hill, Perkin to the last assuming the jaunty air which so well became his adventurous spirit.



FAMILIA THOMAE MORI ANGL CANCELL

SIR THOMAS MORE AND HIS FAMILY.

SIR THOMAS MORE

I AM going to tell you now about one of the noblest and greatest men who ever was brought as a prisoner to the Tower of London, a man who all through a long life, in which he held a high position and possessed much power, never failed to crown conscience as his king, and joyfully chose to die rather than be untrue to what he held to be just and righteous. He was born in the days when England was still in the midst of the storms. Wars at home and abroad ; kings winning the crown by plot and bloodshed, only in their turn to be deposed or murdered ; the Church seeking for wealth and power, and altogether forgetting to bear witness to her Master ; the people weary of strife and tyranny, longing earnestly for a day to dawn in which peace and order should once more reign in the land—all this was what prevailed in England at the time when young Thomas More began his life. Yet already a new hope was dawning.

“ For while the tired waves vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back through creeks and inlets making
Comes silent, flooding in the main.
And not by eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward look, the land is bright.”

On the one side, Columbus had found America, the new world ; and what a range of fresh possibilities this opened out to a people who were, above all else, sons of the sea, adventurers and discoverers !

On the other side, in Italy all learning and art flourished as never before, and from England student-pilgrims went out to learn, and came back kindled with high hopes and great enthusiasms to sow the seed at home. Just as Wallace of Scotland was a child of the storm, so was More a child of the dawn, and in him lay all the fresh beauty and purity which foretold a glorious day. He was sent to a school kept by a certain Nicholas Holt, in Threadneedle Street, and there, having been brought up in the Latin tongue, he was, when only eleven years old, received into the house of Archbishop Morton, a man gentle yet earnest and sage, so that the king put much trust in his counsel, and the people also idolised him. It was not long before the archbishop noticed More. "This child here," he said often to those great men who dined with him, "whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man." And with the desire to give him all possible help, he sent him to Oxford, where he might the better become instructed in the Greek and Latin tongues. More was then but fourteen, and his father seems to have been determined that his life should not be made easy for him, for he would scarcely give him enough money into his own hands as would pay for the mending of his clothes, "and of everything he received he had to give a very strict account." From Oxford the boy brought away much learning, but something also even more important, the friendship of John Colet, just returned from Italy to lecture to the students at Oxford on St. Paul's Epistles, who fell in love with More, as indeed did all who came to know him, and who remained from henceforth his great friend, and one of the influences of his life. More's father wanted his son to be a lawyer, and he became afraid lest his love of learning should become so strong as would lead him also to go abroad in search of more knowledge; so, after two years, he took him away from Oxford, entered him as a law student at New Inn, and had the satisfaction of seeing him called to the Bar in the shortest possible time. Just then there came to England Erasmus, a poor scholar of Rotterdam, whose name already was famous, a man scarce thirty years of age,

yet with a thin white face and sunken eyes, which told of labour night and day amid great difficulty and suffering. He could not speak English ; but he had made his way to Oxford, there to learn Greek, and he was warmly welcomed by the Prior of St. Mary's, who introduced him to Colet, and he at once wrote him a kind letter, giving him a cordial greeting, and saying he hoped soon they two would become good friends. Erasmus wrote back to say that he was a man of no fortune, timid, and of few words, yet warm and open-hearted ; but that if Colet thought him worthy of his friendship, he might then count him as his own. Colet did think so, and thus began a friendship only ended by death. It was but natural that Colet should talk to him of his other friend, young Thomas More, "the one genius in England," as he called him ; and before long he had brought about a meeting between them. Erasmus at once loved him, "the most pleasant and dear of friends," he once wrote of him. "If any man desire the perfect pattern of friendship, there is none better than Thomas More. Where did nature mould a character more gentle, endearing, and happy?" For a time these three were constantly together, dreaming happy dreams of the future as they talked and read in full understanding of each other—Erasmus, the scholar, restless of mind, yearning for yet wider knowledge ; Colet, the wise and the loving, whose life was as pure as that of a little child ; and More, brilliant and lively, strong of spirit, yet tender as a woman. There came all too soon a day when different paths stretched out before them. Erasmus felt bound to return to Paris, Colet stayed on at Oxford to teach the scholars there, and More worked at the Bar, making such a name for himself among all men that when he was only twenty-five he was elected a member of Parliament. So far everything he touched had prospered. He had won for himself a great reputation and many friends, and best of all, perhaps, he possessed that sunny happy nature which found a full delight in even the simplest pleasures. Yet More was something else besides a brilliant, light-hearted young lawyer. "Above all things," he wrote, "I desire

to prepare myself for the life everlasting." And feeling thus, he resolved that in all his dealings he would first of all be true to the light within him, be the consequences whatever they would. He opposed vigorously in Parliament an unjust demand for money, made by Henry VII., with so much wit and argument, that as the result of his speech the king's party were completely beaten, and word was brought to Henry that out of his Parliament House a beardless boy had disappointed all his purpose. By way of showing his displeasure, the king picked a quarrel with old Sir John More, threw him into the Tower, and fined him £100, while Thomas only escaped because, possessing little, he had but little to lose. He was obliged, however, to live for a time quietly and out of sight, and he naturally turned to his books as his chief occupation and delight. Amongst other work he translated into English the *Life of Pico della Mirandola*, the friend of the great Italian reformer and martyr Savonarola, and his heart was stirred with enthusiasm and admiration as he wrote of one who, through the grace of God, thought nobly and lived truly in the midst of many and great temptations. Before he had begun this work, he had had some idea of becoming a monk, so well-nigh impossible did it seem to him to live the life he longed after in the busy world; but as he worked at this translation he changed his mind. Pico, with a crucifix in his hand, had walked about the world barefoot as he made his way through villages and towns, cottages and castles, telling all whom he met how, "on the piteous cross Christ had won redemption for them, and what shame it was to them that they did make Him lose what he so dear had bought." On More the result of carefully reading this story of Pico and his life was, that he resolved the more fervently to live worthily in the world instead of seeking the easier and more sheltered life of a monastery. About this time he married the eldest daughter of John Colt and then settled down close by where his father was living. It is said of him that he was more taken with the second daughter, thinking her fairer

and better favoured than her sister ; but that, fearing lest it might seem as a slight to the elder if he passed her over, "he framed his pity towards her and married her." Certain it is, however, that the two lived together in great happiness. In the year 1509 Henry VIII. became king. In his boyhood he had played with Thomas More ; since then he had learnt to respect him. At once he sought him out, and made him Under-Sheriff of the City of London, so that once more More found himself in the midst of prosperity, in favour with the king, with a wide practice at the Bar, beloved by all who knew him in London, and happy beyond words in his home with his baby boy and his three little daughters, Margaret, Elizabeth, and Cicely. To this home came Erasmus when he landed in England, weary and ill after having been away nine years, and he found it a very haven of pleasure and peace. Indeed, both here and later on in the quaint old house at Chelsea, this household of Sir Thomas More was "a very school of Christian religion" to all who entered it.

One cannot imagine a more happy family. Religion and learning were its guiding principles, yet there was nothing narrow or severe in the religion Sir Thomas taught his children by his deeds as well as by his words. He taught them to prepare for troubles and for difficulties, "seeing," as he said, "that we may not look at our pleasure to go to heaven in feather beds, it being not the way. For our Lord Himself went thither with great pain and by many tribulations, and the servant may not look to be in better case than his master." But he taught them also the delights of learning and knowledge, and all the innocent pleasures which God surely willed should be theirs, while he won them to his ways of thinking by his love. Here is a letter he wrote to "his sweetest children, Margaret, Elizabeth, Cicely, and John," when he was away from them : "Kisses enough have I given you, forsooth, but stripes hardly ever. If I have flogged you at all it has been with the tail of a peacock. Go on, for you can, my children, in winning your father's affection so that as now

your goodness has made me to feel as though never I had really so loved you before, you may on some future occasion make me to love you so much that my present love may seem nothing." In everything he made himself their companion, and took as much pleasure as they did in all their animals—the monkey, the rabbits, the fox, the ferret, and the weasel—while they, in their turn, loved nothing so much as to talk to him about his coins and his curiosities or his books. All manner of learned men came to stay for a while at this house in Chelsea, and they also, following the example of their host, would draw the children round them and tell them in simple words the meaning of great things. For their sakes Erasmus forgot to be the dry scholar; and Colet, who so loved children that he had founded a school at St. Paul's, over the door of which he had set an image of the holy child Jesus, and the words, "Hear ye Him," gathered these happy children around him, and taught them out of his great store of knowledge. "Commend this little treatise to your memories and learn it gladly," Colet had written in a "lyttel proheme to a treatise on Latin grammar" he had prepared, "that trusting in this beginning ye shall proceed and grow to perfect literature, and come at last to be grate clerkes, and lift up your lyttel white hands for me which prayeth for you to God." I think that of all the children he knew, Colet must have loved best these children of his dear friend Thomas More. Gradually the household increased in size. The daughters all married, but with their husbands lived on in the old home, and there came besides the daughters of More's second wife and an orphan girl called Margaret Griggs. There was also More's father, now a very old man, and in time there were eleven grandchildren, all living the same happy life under the same roof. "In this family," wrote Erasmus, "there is none, men or women, but readeth or studieth the liberal arts, yet is their chief care of piety. There is never one seen idle. The head of the house governs it not by lofty carriage and frequent rebukes, but by loving gentleness and amiable manners."

Of all that household it was Margaret, his eldest daughter, who was most closely bound to More. She was his "darling little Meg," with a mind so well stored that men wondered at her knowledge, and a heart full of loving sympathy and understanding which brought great comfort to her father. We hear of her getting up in the dark hours of the night and poring over her books till her face grew pale, and at the back of her head there was "ever somewhat throbbing and twisting." Once More came upon her thus unawares. "Has this then been thy toy?" he asked, "and hast thou stolen from the night, sweet Meg, and prevented the morning watch, most dearest, thine father's own loved child?" Then seeing how pale she was, and how she was setting herself to tasks much above her strength, he went on tenderly, "There are some things, dear one, that woman if she will may do as well as man, and some she cannot, and some she had better not. Now, I tell thee, despite the genius here shown, that this is work thou hadst better not do for a while; but judge for thyself, and if thou persist thou shalt have leisure and quiet and a chamber in mine new building, and all the help my gallery of books may afford. But thy father says—Forbear." "My father never speaks to me in vain," Meg answered. Then More gathered up the papers and said, "I shall take the temptation out of your way for a time, sweetheart. They are as dear to me as they are to you." Throughout all this time More was in high favour with the king, who used frequently to send for him that he might converse with him on all sorts of matters. Constantly, too, Henry came without any State to the house at Chelsea, making himself highly pleasant to all, for the pleasure he had in More's company, walking round the fair garden for the space of an hour with him holding his arm round his neck. But More was never dazzled by all this honour. "I tell thee, son Roger," he said to Roper, the husband of Margaret, "that I have no cause to be proud thereof, for if my head would win him a castle in France it should not fail to go." Still favour was heaped upon him, and the man "who had

tried as hard to get out of Court as most men try to get in to it," was made Lord Chancellor of England, the highest honour which could be bestowed on him. And he took the office humbly with the high resolve "first to look unto God, and after God to the king." How honourably and justly he carried out the work which fell to him we know, as he sat every afternoon in open hall to the intent that if any person had any suit unto him they might the more boldly come into his presence and there open complaints before him."

"When More had sometime Chancellor been,
No more suits did remain ;
The like will never more be seen,
Till More be there again."

This was a popular verse playing on his name, passed from one to another when after events led him to resign the chancellorship. In the midst of all this work More found time not only to read, but also to write ; and one of his books at least, "The Utopia," will for ever remain among the great works of our country. In it he tells of an ideal country, a new land governed by such laws of righteousness that happiness and wellbeing belonged as a right to all who lived there. One by one he pointed out in the form of a story the evils which at the time prevailed in England, and he desired to show far better things might be made. In his dreamland of Utopia all the streets were broad and clean, the health of the people was well considered, and all care was taken of the sick. All people, men and women, worked, neither were any allowed to be idle, but no one had need to work for more than six hours in the day, as by all taking their fair share there was no lack of the things that were necessary for life. Whole families lived together in a simple and happy state. When the Utopians traded, they gave one-seventh of their price they received to the poor of the country with whom they were dealing, while they despised such things as gold, silver, and jewels, finding

that only the folly of men had set these things in such high estimation. All people were well and carefully taught, and they learnt also to seek only those pleasures which were good and honest. Their rulers lived quietly and without pomp or state; their prince having only a sheaf of corn borne before him, and their bishop one waxen taper to show their high office when they walked abroad. Their laws were few and simple, having for their aim to produce a state in which a fair chance should be given to every class and to every individual. And all men worshipped God, the priests ever praying that He would show them the right way of life, the best government, and the true religion, and that He would take His servants to Himself at His will. Some day you will read this book for yourself, and you will see how many of the hopes and dreams which to More seemed so far off have been realised to-day, while more and more we are learning to become good citizens of our country, and to realise that in helping on the work of justice and good government we are also helping on the work of God's great plan, which is to establish even here below a land fit to be called the kingdom of heaven. But when More saw all this he stood alone. "Truly," he said sadly, "there be many things in this Utopia country which in our cities I must needs confess I may rather wish for than hope for." And then because he was too great a man merely to dream of what might be, he turned from his books, and all he loved best, to go back to his work, and to face the stern realities of the life unto which he had been called, and in which he laboured faithfully as ever "in the great Taskmaster's eye."

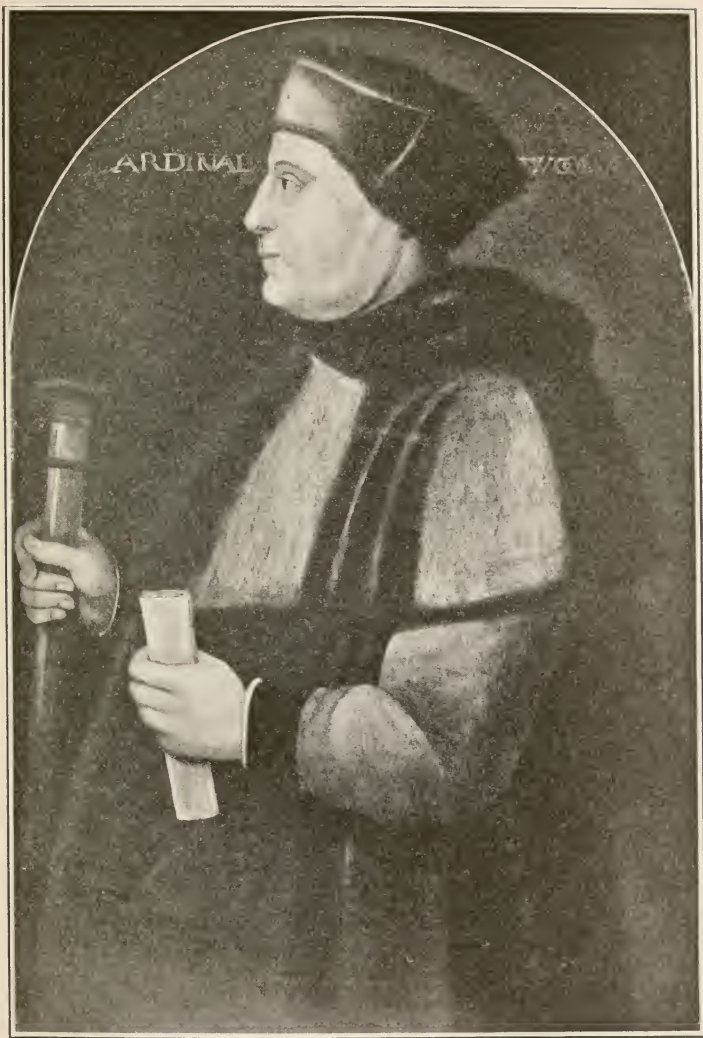
"Would to God, Roger," said he one day walking along the river-side with his arms thrown around Roger's neck, "that three things were accomplished: First, that whereas the most part of Christian princes are at variance, they were at universal peace. Next, that whereas the Church of Christ is at present sore afflicted with divers errors and heresies, it were all well settled in a godly understanding. Last, that this matter of the King's marriage

were, to the glory of God and the quietness of all parties, brought to a good conclusion."

It was indeed this last matter which most of all troubled More. Henry had married Katherine of Arragon, the widow of his brother Arthur; but being of a changeable and inconstant nature, he grew weary of her, and imagined himself to be greatly in love with Anne Boleyn, one of her ladies. He therefore took the line that he had sinned in marrying the widow of his brother, that such a marriage was not lawful, so that it became his duty to put away Katherine and marry Anne. There was no just man living who could imagine for a moment that the king had right on his side; but many there were who feared to speak out their minds, knowing that Henry was stubborn beyond all things in this matter, and that having taken the bit between his teeth none would dare stop him save at great peril to themselves. No one knew this better than More; but no one was more determined to stand by his resolve that "first he would serve God, and after that the king." Yet he took the matter greatly to heart.

"Yesterday," wrote Margaret Roper, "he put aside his favourite dish of brewis, saying, 'I know not how it is, but I have lost all appetite for my old relishes.' And this with a tear in his eye. But it was not the brewis which made it start. It is this matter of the king's marriage with which father is at issue with all the learned heads of Christendom. And yet for all that, I think father is in the right."

Wolsey, the other prime favourite of Henry, was now utterly disgraced, and had been sent to the Tower because indirectly the king fancied he was a hindrance to his wishes. As the old man lay dying, broken by the shame of his fall, he said truly to the Lieutenant of the Tower, "The king is of most royal courage. Sooner than miss any part of his will, he will endanger half his kingdom. And I do assure you I have often kneeled before him for hours at a time to persuade him from his will, and yet have failed. Had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs. But this



CARDINAL WOLSEY.

is my due reward for not regarding my service to God, but only my duty to the king."

More had tried in vain by all the powers of his friendship with Henry, and by every good argument, to dissuade him from the step he was determined to take. But it was useless, and the chancellor, knowing that he could not retain his office and remain true to his opinions, resigned the Great Seal. To his family he told nothing of this till all was done. Then next morning after church, instead of sending, as was his wont, an attendant to his wife to say, "Madame, my lord is gone," he came himself saying these words, and so at last made all comprehend by this joke that the Lord Chancellor indeed had gone, and only Sir Thomas More remained. And now was the household brought into great poverty, so that it became a hard task to find meat and drink and apparel, and all other necessary things. For lack of fuel More was compelled to cause a great bundle of ferns to be brought into his room, and with the blaze thereof to warm himself, his wife, and his children before going to bed. Yet was he most cheerful, though no hands out of the many he had helped were now stretched out to assist him. He wrote to Erasmus that "he had at last obtained what from a child he had continually wished, for being entirely free from business and all public affairs he was able to live for a time only to God and himself." Still, he was prepared for what lay before him. "I am thankful for this breathing-space, sweet Meg," he said. "But we shall have a thunder-clap by-and-by, and a lighting flash anon. Five days before the Passover all seemed as still and quiet as now, but Jesus knew His hour was at hand. Even while He spoke familiarly among the people, there came a sound from heaven, and they that stood by thought it thundered. But He knew it for the voice of His dear Father. Let us in like manner when the clap cometh recognise in it the Voice of God, and not be afraid with any amazement."

Sooner perhaps than even More thought, the clap came. The king had carried through his desire, and Anne Boleyn was to be crowned queen. He directed that More should be

invited to join in the procession, and sent him by the Bishops of Winchester and Bath twenty pounds wherewith to buy a fitting robe. As might have been known, More refused with courtesy to be present. Then various people seeing him to be out of favour with the king made all manner of charges against him, and more dangerous still was an accusation brought accusing More and Fisher, the Bishop of Rochester, of being the supporters of a certain nun, called the Maid of Kent, who prophesied evil concerning the king. Years before More had carefully examined this nun, and had declared her to be a hypocrite, speaking what was put into her mouth by the priests; so that when he found his name put in a bill to be introduced into the House of Lords, he knew at once it was due to the king's anger, and wrote both to him and to Thomas Cromwell, now the favourite, defending and clearing himself. For once Henry bethought of his old friend, and the good service he had for so many years rendered to him. More's name was struck out of the bill. But still he knew the conflict was only just begun, and it was in this wise that he turned to his darling Meg: "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us. Oh no—not worthy to be compared! I have lived, I have laboured, I have loved, and to love and to labour is the sum of living. Now the day is far spent, and the night is at hand, and the time draweth nigh when man shall rest from his labours. But still he shall love, and he shall enter into rest through Him Who is Life and Light and Love."

Thus he prepared himself for the last struggle. The king required an oath to be taken declaring allegiance to him and to any children of Anne Boleyn, passing over altogether the Princess Mary, daughter of Katherine of Arragon, and further he declared that any one refusing to take this oath would be held guilty of treason.

Cranmer and the Lord Chancellor were appointed to administer the oath, and on August the 13th they summoned More to come and take it before them.

He rose very early and received the Blessed Sacrament in Chelsea Church, and tenderly bade all his household farewell at the wicker-gate in the garden, not suffering them to come with him to the river-side, as was their wont when he went to London. Then as the boat pushed off from the stairs he whispered to Roper, whom alone he allowed to go with him, "I thank our Lord, the field is won." And so having, through the grace of God, resolved that no man should force him into taking an oath he believed to be unjust and unrighteous, he went forth in the spirit of a conqueror, lord of his fate, and captain of his soul.

How he faced the commissioners is simply described by Margaret, who had it all from her husband. "Having declared his inability to take the oath as it stood, they bade him take a turn in the garden while they administered it to others, affording him leisure for reconsideration. But they might have bidden the tide to turn before its hour. When called in again he was as firm as ever, so was given in charge of the abbot till the king was informed of the matter. And, indeed, it was in the king's mind to have mercy on his old servant and tender to him a qualifying oath, but Queen Anne by her importunate clamours did overrule his proper will, and at four days the full oath being again offered and rejected, father was again committed to the Tower."

As he landed by water at the river gate under St. Thomas's Tower, the lieutenant was there to receive him and led him to his lodging. He also called a certain John Wood, who could neither read nor write, and appointed him as his servant, telling More how gladly he would do more for his comfort and he so dare, but that he feared the king's anger.

"Master lieutenant," answered More smiling, "I verily believe you are my good friend, and would, as you say, with your best cheer entertain me, for the which I most humbly thank you!"

At first More was allowed his books, and both his wife and Margaret came to see him. Dame Alice burst into

tears at the sight of him, and asked him, "How he, a wise man, could be so foolish as to choose this cell when if he would only agree as the bishops and wisest men in the realm had done to the oath, he could quickly again be at liberty, and rejoice in the king's favour?"

For answer he only kissed her and said gently, "Is not this house, sweetheart, as near heaven as mine own?"

Meg understood him better.

"If it were possible," he told her sadly, "to do the thing that might content the king's grace and God therewith not be offended, there hath no man taken this oath more gladly than I would do. But since I cannot take it I have no remedy."

And she replied, "What hath been our comfort, dear father, since your departing from us? Surely the remembrance of your life, your words, and your example, and the knowledge that these shall be as ever to the end, so that by the goodness of God for this cause you shall have rest and gladness of heart."

But as time passed on his health began to fail, and often he was overcome with sadness as he thought of the once happy home now desolate. For the little money and the few lands he possessed had been seized, and his wife and children were almost penniless. A most pathetic appeal was made to the king on behalf of the family "of Sir Thomas More, who had for eight months been in the Tower in continual sickness of body and heaviness of heart, that his wife might be allowed to hold his land that some provision might be made for the poor prisoner, as now she had been obliged to sell her very clothes to pay the fifteen shillings a week charged for his keep." The petition was left unnoticed and unanswered. Truly, for the moment, this brave man lay in the valley of darkness. But his spirit rose above his sufferings.

"I cannot mistrust my God, Meg," he wrote with a bit of coal, "though I feel me faint. . . . Yea, and though I should feel my fear even at the point to overthrow me, yet shall I remember how St. Peter with a blast of wind

began to sink for his weak faith, and I shall do as he did, call on Christ to help me. And then I know He shall set His Holy hand upon me, and in the midst of the stormy sea hold me up from drowning. For, in good faith, Margaret, I trust His tender pity will keep my poor soul safe. Therefore, mine own good daughter, never trouble thine mind for anything that may happen to me in this world, for nothing can come save what God will. And if anything should happen to me, pray God for me. But trouble not yourself as I full heartily pray for us all that we may meet together once more in heaven, where we shall again make merry and have no trouble thereafter." From time to time Cromwell and other messengers from the king came to him urging him to alter his decision, for they had not yet given over all hope of winning him to their side. But More never faltered, even when he clearly saw what would be the end. He only the more spent his time in prayer, and kept his windows shut. "When all the wares are gone," he said laughingly to the lieutenant, "the shop windows are put up."

His family were no longer allowed to see him, and it was with difficulty that he was able with a piece of coal to write a few words to Margaret. On 11th July 1534, he was led, weak from his long imprisonment, to the Bar at Westminster, there to be tried by Cromwell and nine other lords, who included his bitter enemies the brother and father of Anne Boleyn. In front of them all he boldly stood by the course he had taken. "Your statute is illegal," he told them. "For one bishop of your opinion I have a hundred saints of mine, and for one kingdom of yours I have all the kingdoms of Christendom."

As he had known all along it must, this trial ended in the sentence of death. More was led back to the Tower by his old friend Sir William Kingston, the Constable, who wept bitterly. It was the prisoner himself who comforted him. "Be of good cheer, good Master Kingston," he said, "I will pray for you that we meet again in heaven, where we shall be merry for ever and ever."

One more dramatic scene took place on this journey of Sir Thomas More's back to the Tower. Margaret Roper, determined for a last glimpse of his face and a last sound of his voice, waited at the Tower Wharf for him to pass by, and when he came near enough, she forced her way through the crowd and through the guard, and throwing her arms round him kissed him lovingly and often.

"My Meg," he said, holding her close to his heart as he whispered words of comfort in her ear; "remember 'tis all done with the will of God. Possess your soul in patience, dear heart, and kiss them all at home for me thus and thus."

Then the procession moved on, but once more Margaret clung to him as though she could not let him go. Even the soldiers had pity on her sorrow, and stayed a moment. As for More himself, the tears fell fast from his eyes.

"Dear Meg," he said tenderly, "for Christ's sake do not unman me." And with that he loosened her arms.

"God's blessing be with you for ever," he whispered. Then he went on his way, his face so calm and steadfast that they who were with him declared he could see the glory of God opening out before him as a foretaste of all that should be revealed to him when the darkness of the moment was overpast.

For a week he lay in the Tower, and he contrived to send a letter to his faithful Meg in which he told her to her comfort, "I never liked your manner toward me so well as when you kissed me last. For I like when daughterly love and dear charity hath no leisure to look to worldly courtesy."

Then one day there came to him Sir Thomas Pope, saying it was the king's pleasure that he should be beheaded on the morrow. Furthermore, that his majesty graciously would allow any members of his family who so desired it to be present at his burying. More, as joyful as a man invited to a feast, changed himself into his best apparel. To the end his courage failed not. "Pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thy duty," were his

words to the executioner. And then, having knelt down and prayed, he passed out of this world to God.

It is said that when the Emperor Charles heard how Henry had put this faithful servant and wise grave councillor to death, he remarked to Sir John Elliot, the English ambassador, "Had we been master of such a servant of whose doings ourselves have had these many years no small experience, we would rather have lost the best city of our dominions than have lost so worthy a councillor."

Other men have died nobly for great causes; other men have lived blameless and upright lives. But I cannot call to mind any who more loyally crowned his conscience king than did Sir Thomas More, as, faithful to his ideal, he prepared himself for the life everlasting by living truly here below.

ANNE BOLEYN

“HOW goes Queen Anne?” asked Sir Thomas More, when a prisoner in the Tower, of his daughter Margaret.

“In good faith, father, never better,” answered she. “There is nothing in the Court but dancing and sporting!”

“Never better,” said More. “Alas, it pitieth me to remember unto what misery, poor soul! she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn our heads off like footballs. But it will not be long ere her head will dance the like dance.”

No one knew better than More how little trust could be placed in the king, or how unsafe it was for any man or woman to rely on his friendship or favour. One day he would move heaven and earth to get his latest fancy, and the next day, if he so willed, that fancy would be thrown aside without compunction to make room for some newer thing. For a time it seemed as if Anne Boleyn had obtained such a power over him that she could carry all before her. Katherine of Arragon had been humiliated and cast off, and when she died there were not wanting those who both publicly and privately declared that she had been skilfully poisoned, and that of this matter Queen Anne knew more than did any one else. The Princess Mary, though not actually imprisoned, was given but little freedom, treated with much harshness, and closely watched, while it is certain that an illness she had was also due to poison which had been given to her in her food, and her life was probably only saved by the intervention of Chapuis, the Spanish ambassador, who had remained throughout a firm friend to her mother and herself. If ever Henry showed

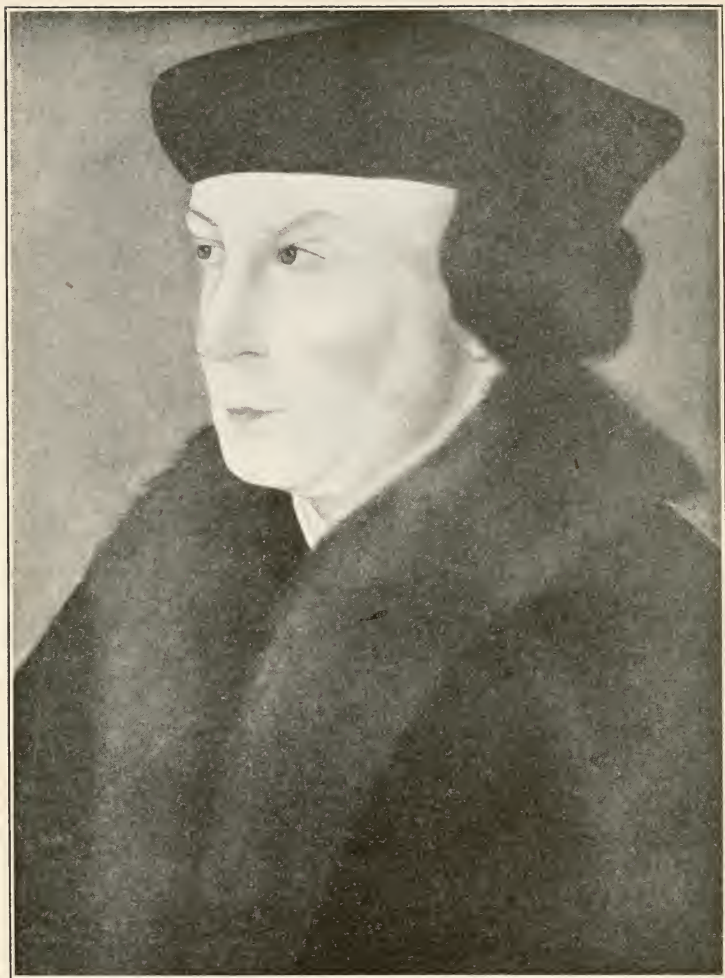
any signs of softening towards his daughter, or granting her any of the dignity which was her right, Queen Anne managed again to harden him, and to make the gulf still wider which separated father and daughter. She had been publicly crowned Queen, and had made her way in the barge of Katherine up the river to the Tower, followed by two hundred boats, where she had been received with the sound of trumpets and the roar of cannon. Afterwards she had gone from the Tower to Westminster with great display. At last the cup of her success seemed full to the brim, Wolsey and More, whom she had hated and feared, were both dead, the king was altogether in her hands. What more could she desire? But all this while she had been herself filling another cup. Power and success indeed she had won, but at what a price! Her castles had been built on such a worthless foundation that nothing save a crash and a heap of ruins could be the end thereof. As he had wearied of everything else Henry soon began to weary of her. Her temper alarmed him; he saw through her ambition, and disliked her overbearing way. At the root of all he resented the fact that she gave him no son. At first he did not exactly know how to get rid of her, but he was not long before he found an excuse. At a tournament held at Greenwich she dropt her handkerchief, harmlessly enough, to one of the courtiers, who picked it up and pressed it to his lips. This was enough for Henry. He declared that Anne had not behaved as should a true and faithful wife, and at once ordered that she should be sent to the Tower with her brother Lord Rochford and other courtiers. She vehemently declared that she was innocent of any wrong to the king, but he would neither see her nor hear her defence. So for the second time Anne went by water to the Tower, but in how different a manner! There were no bright barges on the Thames now, no sounds of music and rejoicing, no banners or streamers, no royal standard waving on the keep, no crowds of citizens dressed in their gayest to cheer her on her way. The few sailors and other folk who saw her only looked on with contemptuous and

scant pity. They knew the king and they knew her. She landed at the Traitor's Gate and was met by Sir William Kingston. Once inside the great walls she broke down, and bursting into tears, asked if she were to be shut up in a dungeon. "No, madam," replied Kingston, "in the chamber you occupied before your coronation."

"It is too good for me," she said. "Jesu have mercy upon me!"

At first she did not at all realise her danger, nor did she appear to feel any sorrow for the injury she had done to so many innocent people. But when she saw her fate was sealed her heart became softer, and she begged Lady Kingston to crave for her the forgiveness of the Princess Mary for the many wrongs and insults she had caused her to suffer. When the sentence of death was passed on her she received it calmly, only declaring that she was quite innocent of the charges brought against her. And at the same time the king was enjoying himself with all manner of amusements and making love to his new favourite Jane Seymour.

Anne, with all her faults, was more faithful than he, for when from the scaffold she was allowed to address the crowd, she merely asked them "to pray for the king, who was a right gentle prince, and had treated her as well as possible, and to pray for her that God would forgive her and receive her soul." She was buried without any ceremony, being laid in a chest made for holding bows and arrows, which was placed in S. Peter's Chapel. But a few years ago her bones were found and reverently reburied. At the same time, by the order of Queen Victoria, a simple brass plate was put up to her memory. In her life she had sinned, but she suffered for it, and knowing how carelessly she had been brought up from her childhood, and how she had been never taught to control her wild fancies and ambitious desires, or to set her affections on those things which are beautiful, pure, and holy, we may surely pity as well as blame her, and leave it to the Judge of all the earth to judge her with righteous judgment.



CROMWELL, EARL OF ESSEX.

THOMAS CROMWELL, EARL OF ESSEX

WHEN we remember the way in which Henry the Eighth turned against More and Anne Boleyn, the man he had once so honoured and trusted, and the woman he had for a time so violently loved, so that he had brought them both from their high places to their deaths for totally different reasons, it is easy to understand how it was that during his reign the Tower was crowded with prisoners, most of them men whose chief crime lay in the fact that they had fallen out of favour with the king. Sometimes, indeed, there were risings in the land as the people waxed furious at some special act of gross injustice; and once a serious rebellion broke out in the North, serious because the men who joined in it were roused to indignation at the treatment of the monasteries, and determined to make another great effort in defence of the old Catholic faith. When religion, whether it be a worthy religion or not, sends men out to fight in its cause, the struggle is always a keen one. From the abbeys and monasteries of the North the monks came forth, calling on the Yorkshiremen to join this Pilgrimage of Grace, to march on London, get rid of all the king's councillors, revive the religious houses, and see that the Pope had once more that power in the land which was his by right. The enthusiasm of the monks fired the people, and great numbers of them seizing the cross for their sign, and taking as their banner a scroll on which was worked the five sacred wounds of Christ, took an oath to fight till the death in defence of the Holy Church, and a force over thirty thousand strong set out for London. But the rising failed

utterly, and the leaders of it were for the most part executed, all the more important being first kept for some time in the Tower. In the Beauchamp Tower, in which most such prisoners were kept, there are still to be found traces of some of these Pilgrims of Grace. Next time you go there, look on the wall until you find cut in it the name "Ingram Percy, 1537," and the words, "I will be faithful," and remember that they were carved by the young brother of the Earl of Northumberland, who in spite of the tears and entreaties of his mother had ridden all flashing in his steel armour into the camp of the Pilgrims, and had thrown in his cause with theirs. Under a king like Henry, the man who stood in the height of his triumph one day might be preparing for his death the next. So that Thomas Cromwell, his favourite minister for the moment, under whose policy the task of suppressing the monasteries, which so roused the anger of the Pilgrims, was carried out, had also his hour of success, and then his day of humiliation. His, indeed, had been a life full of changes and chances. He was the son of a blacksmith, an adventurous boy with high spirits which soon led him into various broils and quarrels, "altogether a very young ruffian," the neighbours declared him to be. He had too much of the rover's disposition to settle down to his father's trade or the quiet humdrum village, and going abroad he seems to have tried many kinds of life; in fact he became almost a Jack of all trades. But wherever he was he made friends. Once in Florence, when he was in very low water, a merchant named Francis Frescobaldi, who was fond of the English as he did a great trade with them, came to the rescue of young Cromwell, gave him food and clothes, a horse, and sufficient money to take him home. Years after, Frescobaldi, now an almost ruined man, came to England and heard that the young man he had helped was rich, successful, and powerful. By chance, the two met. Cromwell at once remembered the face of the Florentine merchant, and got off his horse.

"Surely," he said, "you are Frescobaldi?"

"I am, indeed, my lord," answered the other; "and your very humble servant."

"My servant? Nay," replied Cromwell, warmly, "as you were not my servant in the time past, so will I not now count you as anything save as my dear and especial friend. And I desire you fail not to come this day to dinner at my house."

When there, he embraced him warmly in the presence of his many noble friends, telling them all how first they two had become acquainted, and having after some private talk found out how fortune had failed Frescobaldi, he made him accept the handsome present of sixteen hundred ducats.

Cardinal Wolsey, with his keen eye for men, soon picked out young Cromwell when he at last returned to England, and made him first his steward, then his man of business, and last of all his secretary. He also got him a seat in Parliament, where he quickly distinguished himself through a brilliant and statesmanlike speech which he made on the subject of war with France. The king, who was particularly pleased, caused Cromwell to be brought to him, and at once fell under the charm of his manner and appearance.

Cromwell has left an amusing account of his experiences in Parliament. "I have," he wrote, "endured for the space of seventeen weeks, during which time I have communed of peace, war, strife, contention, murmurs, grudges, riches, poverty, truth, falsehood, justice, equity, deceit, oppression, activity, force, treason, murder, felony, and how a Commonwealth might be governed." When Wolsey fell into disgrace, Cromwell defended him with great feeling and eloquence in the House of Commons, so that even the most bitter of the old man's enemies were touched. Perhaps, too, as he stood there in all his own success, his thoughts travelled forward, and he may have wondered if disgrace and shame of some kind were to be the lot of every servant of the king. Certainly he feared that his friendship with Wolsey might cost him the king's favour.

"It chanced me," says a writer of the day, "to come

into a great chamber and find Master Cromwell at the window saying Matins, and praying not more earnestly than the tears ran from his eyes.

“Why, Master Cromwell,” I asked, “what meaneth all this sorrow?”

“It is mine own unhappy adventure,” he said, “for I am like to lose all I have laboured for all the days of my life, for the doing of my master’s true and diligent service. I am now in disdain for my master’s sake, and an ill name once gotten is not easily put away. But I intend to ride to Court, and I will make me or mar me before I come again.”

What happened during that interview history does not say, but from that day Cromwell became more and more the favourite minister of the king. “A prudent councillor ought first in all things to study the will of his prince,” he wrote. And I am afraid one chief reason of Cromwell’s popularity with Henry was the fact that he used his clear mind and his many gifts to put in shape exactly the policy favoured by the king, while at the same time he encouraged Henry to take an altogether exaggerated view of his own power. Not that in all cases that policy was a bad one, for certainly Cromwell did more than any one at that time to build up the reformed Church of England, now freed from the domination of the Pope. He caused the Bible to be freely circulated among the people in the language they could understand, and in one of his proclamations to the clergy he ordered them carefully to preach the true Gospel of Christ, and to exhort the people to works of charity, mercy, and faith, instead of putting their trust in pilgrimages and other acts of idolatry and superstition. But on the other hand, spurred on by this strong minister, Henry became more and more absolutely ruthless and tyrannical. Justice and mercy might be preached to the people, but they were unknown qualities at Court. Henry claimed to be Head of the Church; he appropriated for himself or his friends most of its wealth; he changed its form of worship at his will, his word became law; even Parliament for a time bowed before him, and he ruled by

striking terror into the hearts of the people. Cromwell owed his position mainly to the fact that he had thus built up the absolute power of the king.

"In truth," declared Cranmer in later days, "he was one who loved the king no less as I ever thought than God."

It is difficult to understand, too, how a man of so much real cleverness could be content to tolerate the treatment Henry often meted out to him. "The king," it was openly declared at the time, "beknaveth him twice a week, and often knocks him about with a plate. Yet when he hath been well pomelled about the head, and shaken as if he were a dog, he comes out with as merry a countenance as though he ruled the whole roost."

Some there are who seem willing to buy power at any price, even though in so doing they have to forfeit all that independence of mind and character which alone gives to a man the glorious freedom without which the greatest tyrant who ever lived is as a slave fast bound in chains and irons. Greater far is he who chooses to remain "lord of himself," and cares little of the favour of kings or great men, if to purchase this he had to deliver up himself. Cromwell identified himself entirely with the wishes of the king, and even human life itself had but little value to him, except in so far as it affected Henry and his policy. As a man, and to his own friends, he was generous, kind-hearted, and constant; as a minister he had neither pity nor mercy. "Surely," cried the people, "he shall some day be judged by the laws he hath made himself." No man ever stood more alone, and when he brought the king's anger down on his head for having arranged his marriage with Anne of Cleves, a lady whose appearance did not meet with Henry's approval, his fall was quick and sure. His enemies soon made out a long list of charges against him, many of which were unjust and untrue, as for instance, that he had desired to marry the Princess Mary, and that he had received large sums of money in bribes. But behind all this lay the fact that the people hated him, and no voice was raised in his

defence. He was taken to the Tower, and he must have seen enough in all his experience to know well how short was the distance from the Tower to the scaffold. To Henry he wrote several times with "quaking hand and from the sorrowful heart of your most sorrowful subject." He declared that his love for the king and his person had been his ruling passion, and that his one desire had been the advantage and the honour of his Majesty. "I, a woeful prisoner," he said, "am ready to take death whenever it pleases God and your Majesty, and yet this frail flesh incites me continually to call to you for mercy. Most gracious Prince, I cry mercy, mercy, mercy!"

But though Henry appeared much touched by this letter, and caused it to be read to him three times, he did nothing, and after hasty trial Cromwell was condemned as a traitor and sentenced to death. So fell a man who had played many parts in his life, and there were but few who mourned him. For, possessing great and magnificent powers, he cared more for the favour of the king than the weal of the people, and though indeed he slavishly carried out the wishes of his royal master, and scrupulously in all things consulted his desires, he has not left a name among English statesmen to be either greatly honoured or truly loved.



EARL OF SURREY.

THE EARL OF SURREY

AMONG the noble families who have played an important part in the history of England none have been greater than the lords of Norfolk. It is said that, even before the days of the Conqueror, the Howards had been a power in the land, and certain it is that on account of the services they had rendered to the different kings under whom they had lived, and through their high rank, they stood the first family in the kingdom. Indeed it was thought no dishonour for a princess of blood royal to become the wife of a Howard. I am going to tell you now about the Earl of Surrey, eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk, who, though he died in the Tower while he was still but a young man, another victim of King Henry, has left behind him a name which will never be forgotten on account of the beautiful sonnets and verses he wrote.

“He was,” says Sir Walter Raleigh, “a youth no less valiant than learned, and of excellent hopes, whose deservings the king knew not how to value.” As a boy, Surrey spent much of his time at Windsor Castle with the little Duke of Richmond, an illegitimate son of Henry, and was made much of by Anne Boleyn. Years afterwards, when in great sorrow, he wrote a memory of those happy days of his childhood, and this is how he described them :—

“The large green courts where we were wont to have,
With eyes cast up into the Maiden’s Tower,
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight,
The tennis court, where, despoiled for the game
With dazed eyes oft, by gleams of love
Have missed the ball.

The gravelled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm
 On foaming horse with swords and friendly hearts
 Where we have fought and chased oft with darts,
 With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth
 In active games of nimbleness and strength,
 Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
 Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length.
 The secret groves which oft we made resound
 Of pleasant plaint and of our ladies' praise,
 Recording oft what grace each one had found,
 What hope of speed, what dread of long delays!
 The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
 With reins ahaled (slackened) and swiftly-breathed horse,
 With cry of hounds and merry blasts between,
 Where we did chase the fearful hart by force.
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,
 Wherewith we passed the winter nights away.
 Oh place of bliss, renewer of my woes!
 Give me a court where is my noble fere (companion),
 Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose,
 To others lief, but unto me most dear!
 Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue
 Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
 Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
 In prison pine, in bondage and restraint,
 And with remembrance of the greater grief,
 To banish the less I find my great relief."

And there are other verses much in the same strain written by Surrey, as, resting his head on his hand, he gazed out of his prison window, and forgetting for the moment the gloomy walls around, he dreamed once again of the flowered meads and the blossomed boughs of his boyhood's home.

His tutor for a time was a certain John Clarke, who cared little for Latin or Greek, but was a great lover of the Italian writers, and he must have fired his pupil with the same taste, for Surrey eagerly read the songs of the poets, and drank deep of their romances and tales.

Anne Boleyn was then at the height of her influence,

and her great plan was to marry the Duke of Richmond to Surrey's sister, the Lady Mary Howard, while she desired to see Surrey himself married to no less a person than the Princess Mary. In her first plan she was successful, but Henry, always inclined to be jealous of the power possessed already by the Norfolks, feared what might happen should he have no son, and the Princess Mary stand next in succession. So other difficulties arising, this proposed marriage came to nothing. But when Surrey was about fourteen years of age, his father betrothed him to the Lady Francis Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford, "a stupid girl possessing but little beauty and but few talents," though perhaps her large dowry made up for this in the eyes of the duke. As might have been expected, the marriage did not turn out very happily; Surrey was too young to have taken such a step, and almost directly after the wedding he went with the king and the Duke of Richmond to France, where eventually the two boys were left behind that they might learn at the court of Francis the First those charms and graces of a courtier which were but little considered in England. "Here are my two new sons," said Francis affectionately, as he kissed the English boys and introduced them to his own three sons. The five lads seem to have spent a happy time together. In later years, the French princes talked often of Surrey, his cleverness, his charms, and his affectionate nature, while Francis, when he heard of his disgrace, declared "that the opinion King Henry had formed of him accorded but ill with the memory all others had regarding him."

We hear of Surrey acting as the King's Sword-bearer, in the great public procession on the day of Anne Boleyn's coronation, and but a short time after, he had to be present at her trial and hear her condemned to death. Although he had no special love for her he was of so sensitive a nature that the thought of her sufferings cast a great gloom over him, and he was horrified to see the heartless manner in which the king behaved. Another blow, too, was the death of his favourite uncle, Lord Thomas Howard, who

had been sent to the Tower because he had dared to marry the woman of his love, Lady Margaret Douglas, without having first asked the king's consent, and who died there, it is said, of a broken heart after having been kept prisoner for two years. Of this incident Surrey wrote thus :—

“ For you yourself have heard, it is not long ago,
Sith that for Love one of this race did end his life in woe,
In Tower strong and high, for his assurèd truth,
Whereas in tears he spent his breath, alas! the more the ruth.
This gentle one so died, whom nothing could remove
But willingly to lose his life, for loss of his true love.”

And then came a third great trouble. The Duke of Richmond, to whom Surrey was bound by the closest ties of affection and association, died when he was but seventeen years of age.

“ But Wyatt said true—the scar doth aye endure,” he wrote, and later on the sight of spring-time all around made him sing—

“ The soft season that bud and bloom forth brings
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale,
The nightingale with feathers new she sings,
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale,
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings,
The fishes fleet, with new repaired scale,
The adder all her slough away she flings,
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small,
The busy bee her honey now she mings,
The winter is worn that was the flowers' bale.
And thus I see among these pleasant things,
Each care decays and *yet my sorrow springs.*”

We know but little about Surrey's life at this time. There is a mention of him “ richly arrayed in all his knightly splendour,” acquitting himself with great prowess at a tournament held on May Day 1540, in celebration of the

king's marriage with Anne of Cleves. And again we hear of his being brought before the Privy Council to answer to two charges, one of having eaten meat in Lent, and the other of having, with some companions, behaved in an unseemly and uproarious manner in the streets of London, breaking windows with his crossbow, and disturbing peaceful citizens. For these offences he was committed to Fleet Street prison, although but a short time before the king had conferred on him the highest honour possible, by making him a Knight of the Garter. Surrey declared in his defence, that he had meant no lawless outrage on the citizens; rather was it his desire to break in on them suddenly as a reminder to them how the Day of Judgment would surely come, that through this means they might be led to repentance and reformation. But I fancy what really happened was that Surrey's high spirits and romantic imagination ran away with him, for I find him described as "a very heady youth." Another episode in his life is recorded. He had a violent quarrel with Sir Edmund Knevett, a man of great influence at Court, for having struck one Thomas Clere, a faithful attendant of Surrey's, who would not let the matter drop till Knevett had owned his fault and humbly apologised. After coming out of Fleet Street prison, Surrey volunteered to go to the wars in France, for he said he would fain learn the science of fighting in so good a school. He soon won for himself great glory as a brave soldier. The king professed to be delighted with him, and gave him command of an expedition sent to cut off a convoy to Boulogne. Through no fault of the young officer, this expedition was not the success Henry had expected, and from that moment he fell in the royal favour, "for in the king's eyes a moment could cancel an age of services." Henry had now married Lady Jane Seymour, and her brother, the Earl of Hertford, had long been very jealous of Surrey, so that he used his influence to get for himself the appointment as the King's Lieutenant-General in France. Surrey, who was very proud, resented this extremely, taking it as an insult to himself that he should

be removed from the command, and expected to serve under one whom he considered to be in every way his inferior, and being impetuous, he said a great many hasty and indignant words which were repeated by spies to Hertford, who in his turn repeated them to the king. Henry was growing old, his son Prince Edward was but a child, and Hertford pointed out that both the Duke of Norfolk and Surrey were greatly to be feared because of the power they undoubtedly held in the country. Moreover, they were suspected of leaning towards the Church of Rome, and if they should get Prince Edward into their hands, they would, he urged, quickly undo all the work of the Reformation. Most unfortunately for himself at this moment Surrey quartered the arms of Edward the Confessor with his own, and though it was shown on excellent authority that he had through his ancestors a right to do so, it was like flourishing a red rag to Henry. Both the duke and his son were sent to the Tower, and Surrey, not being a peer, was brought for trial before the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Mayor, and other Commissioners at the Guildhall, where he stood from nine in the morning till five at night. Absurd charges were brought against him. A certain Mrs. Holland stated that "he had spoken with warmth, as though he did not love them, of the new nobility, and that at times he had seemed disposed towards the Roman Catholic religion." Sir Edmund Knevett declared that Surrey was fond of the company of foreigners, and that he kept Italian servants whom some suspected to be spies. To her shame also be it said that his own sister, the Duchess of Richmond, the widow of his best friend, came forward to declare that he bore on his arms, instead of a duke's coronet, something which seemed to her judgment much like a close crown, with a cipher which she took to be the king's cipher; also that he had spoken harshly of Hertford, and had tried to persuade her from reading too far into the Scriptures. In vain Surrey earnestly and simply declared his innocence of any thought of disloyalty to the king. He had not been brought there to be cleared,

but to be condemned, and he was sentenced to death on the charge of high treason. Directly he knew his fate, he prepared himself to meet it with the high courage worthy of one of his race.

“At first,” he wrote, “my sudden ruin overwhelmed me, and for the moment my faith failed me, but now, dear friend, thanks to the light which came to me as I thought over the psalms of David, the darkness passed away and I see aright.”

So greatly was he beloved by the people, that he was executed privately, lest there should be a demonstration, and so no account of the ending of this brilliant young life was allowed to get about. Some day, when you are older, you will read the poetry he wrote, and also the works of the great men like Chaucer, Dante, and Petrarch, whose writings had so deep an influence over him. And in reading, you must remember that it was Surrey who was among the very first in England of all the poets and singers who since then have spoken to us so sweetly about Love, and the other beautiful things of this world, making us also to hear the music and see the glory which lies around us.

The Duke of Norfolk would have shared the same fate as his son, but on the night before he was to have been beheaded, the king himself, who might have been a great and worthy king had he but known how to rule his own passions, and how to use justly his responsibilities as well as his rights, died, and went forth, with nothing but the character he had himself built up, to answer for his life and deeds before the one just Tribunal. And the Council, appointed to rule for the young King Edward, thought it not well to commence by allowing the death of one who in no sense had done anything deserving of it. So that a most rare thing happened, and the big Tower gates were opened for Norfolk that he might go out from thence, not as a condemned prisoner being led to his death, but as a free man with his life once more before him.

LADY JANE GREY

KING EDWARD'S reign began with a triumphant journey from the Tower to the Abbey. All that could make the ceremony grand and impressive was there, and besides, many wonderful pageants and amusing shows took place in the streets to amuse the waiting crowds of people. Among them was "a sailor, who came from the battlements of St. Paul's Church upon a cable, being made fast to an anchor at the Dean's door, lying upon his breast, aiding himself neither with hand nor foot; who after ascended to the middies of the same cable, tumbled and played with many pretty toys, at which the King laughed heartily with other nobles of the realm." Hertford, now Duke of Somerset, became the Protector of England, and was immensely popular in the country. But as had always happened when the king was too young or too weak to rule, the members of the Council struggled among themselves for the supremacy, and it was the ambitious Duke of Northumberland who with great craftiness worked up such a case against Somerset, that he was sent with his wife to the Tower, charged with treason, and with having "held the king's person, taken on himself the government, and formed a design to imprison Northumberland."

There is still an old list to be seen of things which the duke and duchess begged to be allowed to have while they were in the Tower, which shows that the duchess certainly had no idea of wearing sackcloth and ashes in her prison. "A gown of black velvet edged with genet, a gown of black satine, a waistcoat of velvet wrought, a piece of scarlet for a stomacher, seven plain smocks, seven high-collared patletts and ruffles, some crimson satine, and the laces Mrs.



EDWARD VI.

Pursrailes had in keeping," formed but a few of her requirements. The duke prayed for "one gowne, one velvet cap, one night-cap, three shirts, a pair of velvet shoes, and a little money to pay for his washing and other necessaries." On the day when Somerset was to be executed, crowds of people assembled at the Tower Hill, to show their love for him, and their horror at the deed. "Suddenly," says one who was present, "came a wondrous fear upon all the people, by a great sound which appeared unto many about in the elements, as if it had been the sound of gunpowder set on fire in the armouries of the Tower, and by another sound as it had been the flight of a great number of galloping horses. So great was the sound of this, that the people fell down upon one another, and some ran this way and some ran that way crying aloud, 'Jesus, save us.' Then did the people espy Sir Anthony Bowen riding towards the scaffold on a little nag, and therewith they shouted with one voice, 'It is a pardon, a pardon. God save the King.'"

But they were mistaken, and a few minutes after Somerset died, desiring all that were present to keep him with their prayers.

The Duchess remained some time longer as a prisoner, but she was allowed every comfort, and we even have still some of the bills for her "daily diett," which show that she lived well. On her bill of fare are mentioned mutton stewed with pottage, beef boiled, mutton boiled, roast veal, roast capon, coneyes and larks, with vinegar, mustard, onions, and various others in addition. In time she was released.

Northumberland, now possessing unbridled power, plotted and planned for the carrying out of his schemes. He had married one of his sons, Lord Guilford Dudley, to the Lady Jane Grey, a great-niece, through her mother, of Henry the Eighth, and so a first cousin once removed to Edward. It now became his object so to work on the young king, who was evidently dying, that he should by will declare the Lady Jane to be his lawful successor, and the true upholder of the reformed religion in the land. We hear so much at

this time of men and women who were willing to sell their honour, and to resort to any means, if by so doing they might win for themselves rank or greatness, that it is like turning away from the glare of artificial light into the sunshine and spring air, to leave all these schemers and read about Lady Jane Grey. Beautiful, clever, and good, we love her as we pity her. She cared but little for hunting or any other amusement, and found her happiness in her books. One day her tutor, Robert Ascham, finding her alone reading her Plato in Greek, while all her family were enjoying themselves in the park, asked her, "How it was that she cared not to join them?"

"I wisse," she answered with a smile, "that all their sport in the park is but a shadow of the pleasure I find in Plato. Alas, good folk, they never know what true pleasure means!"

"And how, madam, came you to this deep knowledge of pleasure, seeing that not many women and but few men have attained thereto?" inquired he.

"I will tell you," she replied, "and tell you a truth which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that God ever gave me, is that He sent me so sharp and severe parents and so gentle a schoolmaster. For whether I am in the presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it as it were in such weight, measure, and manner even so perfectly as God made the world. Or else I am so sharply treated, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways so disordered that I think myself in hell, till the time comes when I must go to good Mr. Elmer, who teaches me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him; and when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because, whatsoever I do else but learning is full of great trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. Thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and brought daily to me more pleasure."

Katharine Parr, the wife who had survived Henry, herself a clever woman, was greatly attracted to this grave, gentle girl, and at her desire, Lady Jane spent much time with her, the two reading long and deeply together into the books they both loved so well. It was while she lived thus, either at Chelsea or at Sudely Castle, that a romance first crept into her life, and the boy and girl friendship which had for some time existed between her and the handsome young Lord Hertford showed signs of deepening into a strong attachment. But all through her short, sad life Lady Jane was treated as a figure on a chess-board, to be moved here and there as seemed good to those who were controlling the game, so that when her father told her that both he and the king desired that she should marry Lord Guilford Dudley, though at first she earnestly begged for freedom to choose as her husband the man who had won her love, she at last gave in submissively, "took her wedding as it were a lesson, bowed her sweet head," and declared that she would dutifully obey the wishes of her father and her cousin the king. Her only request was that, being still so young, she might, as was then the custom, return to her mother after the marriage for a time. On Whitsunday in the year 1553 her wedding took place. The king himself was too ill to be present, but the secret of how near he was unto death was carefully guarded, particularly from Lady Jane herself.

It was not long, however, before she heard tidings which struck terror to her heart. She tells the story in her own words thus: "The Duchess of Northumberland promised me, at my nuptials with her son, that she would be contented if I remained at home with my mother. Soon afterwards, my husband being present, she declared it was publicly said there was no hope for the king's life, this being the first time I had heard of the matter. And, further, she observed to her husband that I ought not to leave her house, adding, 'that when it pleased God to call King Edward to His mercy I ought to hold myself in readiness, as I might be required to go to the Tower, since his Majesty had made me heir to his dominion.'

These words told me off-hand, and without preparation, agitated my soul within me, and for the time seemed to stupefy me. Yet afterwards they seemed to me exaggerated, and to mean nothing but boasting, and by no means of consequence sufficient to hinder me from going to my mother. But the Duchess of Northumberland was enraged against my mother and me, and answered, 'that she resolved to detain me, insisting that it was my duty to remain near my husband, from whom I should not go.' Not venturing to disobey, I remained in her house four or five days, and at last I got permission to go to Chelsea, where I soon fell very ill." On the night of July the 6th King Edward died at Greenwich Palace, and a few days before the letters patent, which declared Lady Jane, and any children she might have, as the true heirs to the crown, had been drawn out and passed under the Great Seal, subscribed to by a number of Peers, the Secretary of State, judges and officers of the household. In many cases, it is true, the signatures of these last had been given most unwillingly, for there could be no doubt that first the Princess Mary and then the Princess Elizabeth had the just right to succeed their brother. But Northumberland was satisfied that all would be well with his schemes. In one respect he met with a rebuff. He had intended to take the Princess Mary prisoner, and to place her in the Tower so soon as the king was really dead. But a horseman had galloped through the darkness of the night to Hunsdon, where the princess was staying, to bid her flee, and she, having been already warned, was ready to set out at a moment's notice, and riding day and night for the distance of a hundred miles, she found a safe resting-place at Kenninghall Castle, which belonged to the faithful Howards. As she rode along she declared herself to be the queen, and called on all true Englishmen to rise up in her defence. Of all these moves Lady Jane knew nothing until there came to her at Chelsea another daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, who told her that Edward had been dead three days, and that she was sent by the Council



LADY JANE GREY.

to lead her to Sion House to receive that ordained for her by the King. By river, therefore, they came to the appointed place, and once at Sion House the great lords came in, bending the knee, and making deferential speeches to Lady Jane, while both the Duke of Northumberland and the Duke of Suffolk did homage to her. She fainted and wept bitterly, as she heard of Edward's death, for she had loved him as a brother, and she begged earnestly that she might be allowed to decline the honours laid upon her. In the first place she, too, felt that right lay on the side of the Princess Mary, and then she knew full well the temptations and the dangers which the crown of England would bring to its wearer. "I am not so young nor so little read in the guiles of Fortune as to suffer myself to be taken by them," she declared pathetically. "If Fortune await any it is but to make them the subjects of her spoil. If she raise others it is but to pleasure herself with their ruin. And if now I permit her to crown me, she will to-morrow crush me and tear me in pieces. My liberty is better than the chain you proffer me, with what precious stones soever it be adorned. And if you love me sincerely you will rather wish me a secured and quiet fortune, though mean, than an exalted condition exposed to the wind and followed by a dismal fall."

But she was told that to refuse the dignity was impossible. Besides, they said, had not King Edward died a good death, drawing comfort from the fact that he had made provision for the care of his kingdom and freed it from the evil of his sisters? And then Lady Jane, "weeping piteously and dolefully, lamenting not only her own insufficiency, but the death of the King, fell on her knees and prayed to God that, if to succeed to the throne were indeed her duty and her right, He would aid her to govern the realm to His glory."

The following day she went to the Tower to prepare for her coronation. She landed in the royal barge at the Queen's Stair in the afternoon, the river being crowded with boats and galleys all gay with colours and bunting;

the cannons pouring forth their welcome from the batteries of the royal fortress. As she passed from the landing-place to the great hall, she wore royal robes and circlet; her mother bore her train, her husband walked at her side, cap in hand, while all the lords and ladies near London did reverence to their uncrowned queen. Weak as she still was from her illness, and overcome by the thought of all that lay before her, she was glad at length to get free from this ceremony, and have some little time alone. How much, think you, did she guess of the future as she looked out from the window over the river, now quiet and still in the moonlight? We cannot tell. We only know that from the first moment, no thought of pleasure came at the prospect that lay before her, no longing save that she might be allowed her old simple life with her books for her counsellors and her familiar friends. The next day her troubles began. The Lord Treasurer brought her the private jewels and the crown, which he requested her to try on. "It will do," she answered wearily. To which he replied he would have another made for her husband, since he was to be crowned with her as king. But she knew full well that she had no right of herself to make her husband a king. Parliament alone could do this, if it were thought well in the interests of the country, and she plainly said she would do nothing but make him a duke. Dudley, who acted all through very much like a spoilt boy, began to whimper, saying he would be King of England, and no duke, and went off to his mother to complain. The duchess flew into a passion, declaring Jane to be a wicked girl and an ungrateful wife, and altogether acted in such a way as to force from her the remark, "Not only was I deluded by the duke and the Council, but maltreated by my husband and his mother." Almost at once the feeling of the country began to show itself. In spite of the fact that some feared lest Mary would in all things be ruled by those of her own religion, and that Lady Jane herself had few enemies, the idea gained ground that Edward's sister was the lawful heir to the throne, and that Northumberland had worked all for

the personal advantage to himself and his family. And besides there was the fear lest a civil war as awful as that which had convulsed England during the Wars of the Roses should again break out, it being well known that both the pope and Spain were prepared to stand by Mary. A verse sung about the streets at the time exactly expressed what great numbers of the people thought—

“Although I love not the religion
Which all her life Queen Mary hath professed,
Yet in my mind that wicked notion,
Right heir for to displace, I do detest!”

From every quarter there came news that the people were siding with the princess, who was brought by the Howards to Framlingham. One great noble after another threw in his lot with hers, and report said Lord Derby had already a force of twenty thousand men ready to fight in her defence. Northumberland at once resolved to use force, and appointed the Duke of Suffolk to lead an expedition against Mary. But Jane was terrified at the thought of being left alone with her husband and mother-in-law, “and with weeping tears made request to the whole Council that her father might be left at home in her company.” In the end Northumberland himself took charge of the expedition, and rode forth from the Tower with a body of six hundred men. As he passed along the streets, his quick eye saw the true state of things. “The people press to see us,” he remarked to Lord Grey, “but no man cries God speed you.” The days that followed brought no good news. Lady Jane was so violently ill as to suggest the idea that she had been poisoned. Northumberland had to tell a story of many desertions, and to beg for more troops. The Lords in the Tower grew faint-hearted, and anxious as to what would be the ending to all this, and a widely read notice was circulated in which it was announced that the Princess Mary had been declared queen in every town and city in England, London only excepted. The end came suddenly. Lady Jane had promised to stand godmother to the baby son of

Edward Underhill, born in the Tower during the few days of her reign, but being too weak to go herself to the christening, she sent Lady Throckmorton in her place. When this lady returned she was told that the Lady Jane was a prisoner for high treason, and that her presence was required as attendant to her late mistress. For Mary had been proclaimed queen in London, and a body of men had demanded the keys of the Tower in her name. The Duke of Suffolk brought the news to his daughter, who heard it with intense relief. "Sir," she said, "I better brook this message than my advancement to royalty. Out of obedience to you and my mother I offered violence to myself; now I do willingly, and obeying the motions of my own soul, relinquish the crown, and endeavour to solve those faults committed by others, if indeed so great faults can be solved, by a willing and humble acknowledgment of them." She then begged that she might be allowed to leave the Tower and go peacefully home. But her comings were no longer her own to choose, and there was but one way for her as for many another which led out of those gloomy prison walls. She was taken to the house of the deputy-lieutenant; the Duke of Northumberland was placed in the Garden Tower, and so many prisoners had to be provided for that the lieutenant had to use all kinds of chambers for the purpose of cells. Lord Guilford Dudley and his brothers appear to have been put in the Beauchamp Tower, and you will find on the wall there, a curious carving made by John Dudley, which has been a puzzle to many people. In the middle stand a lion and a bear, holding to a ragged staff, the crest of his family, and round and round there is a border of Acorns, Roses, Honeysuckles, and Geraniums, standing for the names of his brothers Ambrose, Robert, Henry, and Guilford, while underneath are the lines, most of which are still clear enough to be read:—

“ You that these beasts do well behold and see
 May deem with ease wherefore here made they be,
 With borders eke wherein they may be found,
 Four brothers' names who list to serche the ground.”

Guilford Dudley himself seems to have thought of his wife's name, for the word "Jane" is roughly cut on the wall of the same room.

Mary was inclined to be merciful; but she was ruled by the crafty Spaniard Renard, and he was obdurate. All those who had committed high treason must die. Even the fact that Northumberland and his eldest son veered round at the last and declared themselves good Catholics could not save them. Jane heard with indignation of her father-in-law's endeavour to protect himself. "Woe to him!" she said to Bridges. "He hath brought me and our stock into miserable calamity by his exceeding ambition. Hoped he for his life by that turning? Though others may be of that opinion I am not. What man is there living, I pray you, that would hope for life in that case, being in the field against the Queen in person? Should I, who am young and in my teens, forsake my faith for the love of life? Nay, God forbid. But life is sweet."

In the middle of November Lady Jane and her husband were brought to the Guildhall charged with high treason, and both condemned to death. Yet Mary hesitated to have the sentence carried out. Indeed it seems almost certain that she would have saved her cousin's life, but for a foolish attempt on the part of the Duke of Suffolk to rouse the people in his daughter's favour. The queen sent Feckenham, her own Confessor, to Jane, to tell her that she must prepare to die, and to endeavour by all means in his power to win her to his faith. She heard him patiently, told him all fear of death was past, and that she had no wish to disturb her mind now with controversy, being anxious to spend what time she had left in prayer. In vain did he and other priests force themselves into her presence. She answered them all with dignity and learning, but their words had no power to shake her faith. The night before she died, she wrote two letters, which reflect her strong, pure mind. The one is a farewell letter to her sister, the Lady Katharine, written on the blank pages of her Greek Testament:—

“I have sent you, good sister Katharine,” she said, “a Boke which though not outwardly rimed with gold, yet inwardly it is more worth than precious stones. It is the Boke, dear sister, of the laws of the Lord, which shall lead you to the path of eternal joy, and if you with a good mind read it, and with an earnest desire follow, it shall bring you to an immortal and everlasting life. It will teach you to live, and learn you to die. Dear sister, seeing that ye have the Name of Christian, as near as ye can follow the steps of your Master, Christ, and take up your Cross. And touching my death believe as I do, for I am assured that in the losing of mortal life I shall find an immortal felicity. Farewell, good sister. Put your only trust in Him who only can uphold you.—Your loving sister,
JAN DUDLEY.”

To her father she said :—

“The Lord comfort your Grace, and that in His Word wherein all creatures only are to be comforted. And though it hath pleased God to take away two of your children, yet think not, I most humbly beseech your Grace, that you have lost them, but trust that we by leaving this mortal life have won immortal life. And I, for my part, as I have honoured your Grace in this life, will pray for you in another life.—Your Grace’s loving daughter,
“JANE DUDLEY.”

All this time Jane had not seen her husband, but he having told one of the officers who guarded him how much he desired to say farewell to her in person, the queen sent word “that if it would be any consolation to them they might see each other on the morning of their death. It was Jane who refused this offer. An interview, she said, would only disturb in them both the holy tranquillity with which they had prepared themselves for death. She feared lest her presence would only weaken him, and that it would be better for them to wait till they met in a happier world where friends were eternal and lasting. Her

influence over her husband had so much weight in these last hours that he faced the end bravely, and young though he was, played the part of a strong man. From her rooms, Lady Jane saw him led out to die. Shortly after, she followed him. Never for a moment did her serene courage forsake her. Even the executioner fell at her feet, begging her forgiveness for the deed he was commanded to do. "I only pray you despatch me quickly," she answered him. And then with the words on her lips of Him who had Himself faced all the bitterness of death, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," she died as peacefully as a little child might have lain down to sleep.

"If my fault deserved punishment, my youth at least, and my imprudence, were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will show me favour." So had this queen of but a few troubled days written when they were ended. And we who see how, child as she was, she was forced into a position she neither sought nor desired—a position which nevertheless she would certainly have filled nobly and wisely—feel for her only a deep pity and a reverence which she has won for herself by her upright, innocent life, her royal courage, and her beautiful character.

LADY KATHARINE GREY

AFTER the death of Lady Jane Grey, the queen, whether actuated by pity or remorse, I know not, took her sister, the Lady Katharine, into her own household as one of her maids of honour, and treated her with great kindness. Among other of her maids was the Lady Jane Seymour, a very beautiful and clever girl, sister to the Lord Hertford, who had been the first love of Lady Jane Grey. Between these two girls there sprang up a strong and romantic friendship, so that they became as dear as sisters to each other, sharing together all the pleasures and trials of court life. Lady Katharine was gentle and clinging, old before her years, for she had been through an eventful and sorrowful girlhood; Lady Jane, on the other hand, was bright and sprightly, very generous and warm-hearted, anxious to bring to her friend any happiness that lay in her power. So she gladly listened to her brother when he told her that although he and Lady Katharine had been drawn together in the first place by the love they both bore to Lady Jane Grey, and their grief at the terrible fate that had overtaken her, yet that now he loved her for her own sweet sake, and longed to make her his wife. She promised him all the help she could give in the matter. The Lady Katharine herself said, "she was very willing to love Hertford," and Queen Mary showed her approval by letting the lovers be together constantly. But when Elizabeth became queen matters altered. For some reason or another she cordially disliked the Lady Katharine, perhaps because she looked on her as a possible successor, and an attempt was made to betroth her to Don Carlos, a son of Philip of Spain. The English ambassador in Spain declared

that Lady Katharine would certainly be glad enough to agree to this, "being most uncomfortably situated in the English Court, with the queen, who could not abide the sight of her, so that she lived in very great despair." But nevertheless, the proposed marriage came to nothing.

Just at this time, too, the poor girl lost her mother, while stories were brought to her that Lord Hertford had changed in his feelings towards her, and was making love to a daughter of Sir Peter Mewtas. So altogether she became very unhappy, and felt that there was nothing but trouble for her. It was Lady Jane who made peace between her friend and her brother, telling Katharine that they were but idle tales she had heard, that Hertford loved her now as ever, and only wanted to see her that he might explain all. So the two lovers met at Hampton Court, where they plighted their troth to each other, and agreed to be married so soon as the queen's consent could be obtained. It was this royal consent which was the sole difficulty, and without it they dared not marry. For there was a law which inflicted severe punishment on any one who ventured to marry a kinswoman of the Crown without the Crown's leave, and in this case both felt that Elizabeth would be obdurate. Time passed on, Hertford fell ill, and was weary of waiting. At last he contrived a meeting with Lady Katharine in his sister's room, when he entreated her to marry him secretly without further delay. She told him she would do so the next time the queen went away, leaving her and Lady Jane behind; and as fortune would have it, Elizabeth decided shortly after that she needed a change at Eltham. The fact that she ordered the two girls to accompany her did not frustrate their plans. Katharine complained that she was suffering from severe toothache, kept her face tied up, and declared it was greatly swollen. Jane made some other excuse, and it ended in their being both left behind as they had wished. Hertford arranged that most of his servants should be sent out on various pretexts, and thus it was that few saw the Lady Katharine and Lady Jane as they landed at the Water Gate stairs, and came to his house in Cannon

Street. It was a quiet wedding, no one present save those three and the clergyman, who got ten pounds for his trouble. For a wedding ring, Hertford gave his bride a gold one of five links, with these words engraved upon it :

“ As circles five by art compressed
 Show but one ring to sight,
 So trust uniteth faithful minds
 With knot of secret might,
 Whose force to break (but greedy death)
 No wight possesseth power,
 As time and sequel well can prove.
 My ring can say no more.”

Poor Katharine ! In the days to come she must often have wished that the ring had prophesied to her more truly.

For a few short weeks she was happy in the love which was now her own, all the sweeter perhaps because of the stolen meetings and secret talks with her husband, which had to be arranged as best could be. Then came the first blow. Lady Jane, more dear than words could tell to them both, the sister who had smoothed their difficulties, the friend who had been always ready with some happy thought or bright suggestion, the favourite of the queen, who had undertaken to brave her wrath at some opportune moment, and tell her what had taken place, died after a very short illness when she was just nineteen. Almost directly afterwards, the queen still, knowing nothing, sent Hertford to France on a mission, and Katharine was left with no one to comfort or help her, just at a time when she most needed both. In her despair, she told her story to the Countess of Shrewsbury, and to Lord Robert Dudley ; but instead of pitying her they blamed her so cruelly that she became quite delirious from fright and grief. Next morning she was informed that the queen had heard all, and in the afternoon she was hurried off to the Tower. In a short time Hertford was also brought there, and both were summoned to appear before a number of lords and lawyers to answer for their “infamous proceed-

ings." Both told the same story simply enough. The unfortunate thing was that neither remembered the name of the priest who had married them, though Hertford described him as a "man of fair complexion, with an auburn beard, and of middling stature, who wore no surplice, but was attired in a long gown of black cloth, faced with fur." Still no trace of him could be found. Probably he truly guessed that he too would come in for a share of the queen's wrath, if his whereabouts became known, so that he prudently kept silent. In the midst of the trial, a baby son was born to Katharine, and christened by the name of Edward, in the chapel close to the Tower Green where so many of his race had ended their lives. Hertford declared the child to be his lawful son and heir, and Katharine, now seriously ill from all the troubles of the last few months, clung to the ring put on her finger at her wedding, and begged that she might be allowed to see her husband. But even this was denied her. Elizabeth showed no trace of the pity which might have been looked for in the dealings of one woman with another, and that one her nearest kinswoman, an orphan, and friendless. So "neither messages nor letters passed between these two prisoners, save that the earl would send to inquire how the Lady Katharine did, and would also send her a posy or some such thing." After the trial had dragged on for more than three years, to the great indignation of those who knew the true facts of the case, the Commissioners announced "that there had been no marriage between the two." Both were left inside the Tower walls, but the governor, Sir Edward Warner, was so certain that they had spoken truly, and so touched at the sad straits to which they were brought through having committed no other crime than that of being privately married, that he contrived for them to meet, and Katharine was much comforted by this kindness. However, news of this reached the queen, and urged on by Sir John Mason, she caused Hertford to be summoned before the Star Chamber and accused of various crimes, among them being

that he had dared to visit the Lady Katharine. He in no wise denied this. "She is my true and lawful wife," he declared; "and finding her prison door unbarred I went in to comfort her in her sadness, of which I do in no wise repent." But any appeal to justice was useless where the Star Chamber was concerned. Hertford was fined fifteen thousand marks, and many of his lands were sold to make up this sum, while the kind-hearted Sir Edward Warner was himself committed as a prisoner in the Tower of which he was the governor, for having taken pity on this luckless couple. When the plague broke out in London, it raged so violently round the Tower, that the queen was advised by Cecil to have these noble prisoners removed into the country, for already there was much sympathy shown for them by the people, and should evil befall them it might lead to trouble. So Hertford with his eldest boy was sent to his mother, the Duchess of Somerset, who was in high favour with the queen for having written blaming her son severely for his action, and denying that the marriage had ever really taken place; while Katharine, with her second boy, who had also been born in the Tower, was sent to her uncle, Lord John Grey. Almost in rags and tatters she arrived at his house, for such poor clothes as she had been allowed she had worn full two years, and, moreover, her dogs and monkeys, her one amusement during her captivity, had so torn her gowns and stuffs that they were now for the most part quite useless. "I can assure you, good counsellor Cecil," wrote Lord John Grey, "that she is a very sorrowful woman, and I do humbly desire you to finish what your friendship began, and obtain the queen's favour for the full remission of her fault." One letter after another did both Lord John and Lady Katharine write to Cecil full of the most piteous entreaties to the queen. "I do assure you," wrote Grey, earnestly, "that, before God, she will not live long like this. For she eateth not above six morsels in the day. I say to her, 'Good Katharine, eat something to comfort yourself.' She falls a-weeping and goeth up to her chamber; and if I ask

her why she useth herself in this sort, she answers me, 'Alas, uncle, what a life is this to me! But for my lord and my children I would that I were buried.'"

Still Elizabeth refused to be touched, though in her heart she must have known that Katharine and Hertford were man and wife indeed, for she commanded Hertford to pay the expenses of the clothes, and other things, which Grey had requested might be provided. Even the Duchess of Somerset had changed her opinion, and wrote to Cecil "that surely the displeasure of the queen was too lasting, for it is unmeet that this young couple should wax old in prison when it were better far for them to be abroad and learning to serve the queen." In spite of all, though, matters only became steadily worse. One John Hale had made a book in which he declared that he had obtained the opinion of lawyers beyond the sea who maintained, without doubt, the lawfulness of the marriage between Katharine and Hertford, and this, Cecil said, had offended the queen's majesty very much. As the crowning point of all her troubles at this time, kind old John Grey died, and Katharine was sent about from one guardian to another, till at last she was placed under the charge of Sir Owen Hopton at Cockfield Hall. On her arrival there he deemed her so ill that he at once summoned the queen's own doctor. But it was evident that no doctor could help the poor girl now. The rough usage to which she had been forced to submit during her imprisonment, and the way in which she had grieved over her sorrows had at last worn her out in body and spirit. Both Sir Owen and his wife were very good to her, and tried to cheer her, bidding her hope that happier times were in store for her when her health did mend. But she was too crushed even to hope.

"Good Sir Owen," she said, "I beseech you to promise me one thing, that you yourself, with your own mouth, will make this request unto the queen's majesty, which shall be the last suit or request I shall ever make to Her Highness, that she shall forgive her displeasure towards me,

as I hope she hath done. I must needs confess that I may have offended her in that I made my choice without her knowledge, otherwise I take God to witness I did no wrong against her Majesty. And that she will be good unto my children, and not impute my fault unto them, whom I give wholly to her Majesty; for in my life they have had few friends, and fewer shall they have when I am dead, except her Majesty be gracious unto them. And I desire her Highness to be good to my lord, for I know that my death will be heavy news to him, and that her Grace will be so good as to send liberty to glad his sorrowful heart withal."

Then she sent to her husband many loving messages, the ring he had given her on her wedding day, and a ring of her own as a keepsake, on which were these words, "While I lyve, yours."

And shortly after, she passed away. She was buried in the village churchyard, and there was one living thing at least who followed her to mourn her truly. For her little spaniel dog, who had been her friend and companion ever since she had been cast into the Tower, lay on her new-made grave and refused to leave it while he lived. Hertford was at last released from prison crushed and heart-broken beside being almost ruined by the enormous fines laid upon him. In time he married again, but Katharine was the wife of his love, and if you ever go to Salisbury Cathedral, you will there find his tombstone bearing only his name and that of Katharine, his most dear and loved consort. "Having experienced alternate changes of fortune, here they at length rest together in the same concord in which they lived." So runs the inscription round the stone. And we may surely believe that these two, whose love for each other had brought them such great sorrow and so many tears, met at last in that better country where the love that is stronger than death finds its abiding resting-place.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

WHEN Katharine Parr lay dying she bequeathed in her will half her jewels and a heavy chain of gold to the Princess Elizabeth, then a fair-haired girl, very highly educated, and sedate beyond her years by reason of her strict and curious upbringing. "God has given you great qualities," said the older woman affectionately. "Cultivate them always and labour to improve them, for I believe that you are destined to become queen of England." But in those days the road to the crown was a dangerous one, and required wary going even to those who had every right to walk in it, and none found this more surely than the princess. Between her and her sister Mary there had never been any pretence of affection. This is hardly to be wondered at, for Mary, who had a jealous and vindictive nature, was not the one to forget how she and her mother had been slighted and insulted by Anne Boleyn, the mother of Elizabeth, and all through her girlhood the feeling of resentment grew, till it became nothing short of violent hatred. "Never," she said, when she was queen, "if she could help it, should Elizabeth succeed. Catholic or no Catholic, she resolved to take every step in her power to prevent her sister from ever reigning in England. She was a heretic, a hypocrite, and a traitor, and now she should suffer for the sins of her mother." While Edward lived Elizabeth was safe, for he was truly fond of her, and she loved him with a motherly kind of protecting love. When she was only six years old she worked for him with her own hands a little cambric shirt, and there are several letters preserved which passed between them as both grew older, showing how gladly the young king would have kept his sister by his side had

he been allowed to do so. Once he wrote asking her for her portrait, and she answered him thus in her most polished style :

“Like a rich man that gathereth daily riches to riches, and to one bag of money layeth a great sort till it come to infinite, so methinks your majesty, not being sufficed with the much gentleness showed to me afore, doth now increase your benefits in asking where you might command, desiring a thing not worthy the desiring in itself, but made worthy by your request. My picture I mean, in which, if the inward good mind towards your Grace might as well be declared as the outward countenance shall be seen, I would not have tarried the commandment, but prevented it, and have been the first to offer it. For the face I might blush to offer, but the mind I shall never be ashamed to present. For though from the picture the colour may fade by time, may give by weather, may be spotted by chance, yet the other neither time with her swift wings shall overtake, nor the misty clouds with their lowerings darken, nor chance with her slippery foot overthrow. And further, I beseech your Majesty, when you look on my picture, you will vouchsafe to think that as you have but the outward shadow of my body before you, so my inward mind wishes it were oftener in your presence, because my being so could, I think, do your Majesty a little pleasure and myself great good, though I see not as yet the time agreeing thereunto. Beseeching God long to preserve to His honour and to my great joy, your Majesty’s most humble sister,
ELIZABETH.”

Edward’s answer to her was equally polite and courtly :

“From your learning, dear sister,” he wrote, “you know what you ought to do, and from your prudence and piety you perform what your learning causes you to know.”

When he was stricken with his last illness, Elizabeth tried by every means to see him, but she was carefully prevented, it being no part of Northumberland’s plan that

Edward should come under his sister's influence, and she was at Hatfield House when the news was privately brought to her that the king was dead, and had appointed the Lady Jane Grey as his successor. Now Elizabeth was always cautious, so she wisely remained at Hatfield, giving illness as her excuse, and took no part in the events which followed during the next few days, refusing even to express any opinion which might be used against her. Moreover when Mary stepped into her rights Elizabeth rode by her sister's side through London, and won all hearts as she smiled right and left, and bowed graciously to the people who lined the way, in great contrast to Mary, who was reserved and shy. On the coronation day also, Elizabeth rode in her right place as next heir to the throne, dressed in a fine robe of white, embroidered with silver, and seated in a chariot drawn by white horses, trapped with silver. But from the moment when Mary made it known that she intended to re-introduce the Roman Catholic form of religion, the Protestants became alarmed and their thoughts at once turned to Elizabeth, who was known never to attend Mass, as their hope of deliverance from this new danger. The air became full of ominous reports and plots, though to her honour be it said that Elizabeth behaved with entire loyalty to her sister. "In all the storms and tempests through which she passed she behaved herself with great discretion, was marvellous patient, and showed herself to be without any desire of revenge." It was those at heart her too zealous friends who brought her, through their rash deeds, to within an ace of her death, and foremost among those must be counted Sir Thomas Wyatt, the son of Surrey's friend; a dashing country gentleman who hated the Spaniards as though they were devils, and who declared vehemently to his friends that he would prevent the talked-of marriage between Mary and Philip of Spain. He soon gathered together a goodly company of gentlemen and horsemen, declaring to them he meant no ill-will to the queen, but only refused to bow his head to the rule of a Spaniard in England, and even the soldiers who had been sent under

the Duke of Norfolk to crush this rising went over to the side of the enemy, crying, "Wyatt for our leader; we are all Englishmen!" Had Mary fled in fear from London, as some advised her to do when the news came that Wyatt and his followers were marching towards her capital, she would certainly have lost her crown. As it was, with the spirit of her race she rose to the occasion, and mounting her horse went down with but a small company to the Guildhall, where she addressed the citizens in her deep manly voice. "She was quite ready, she told them, to hear and consider the opinions of her subjects with regard to her marriage with Philip of Spain, which marriage she had indeed thought would have been most agreeable and advantageous to this country. But if Parliament, which she would call to discuss the subject in all its bearings, should hold otherwise, her people would find her ready to drop all idea of the marriage, as she only wished to consider the interests of her country. This marriage, however, was not the sole cause of the rebellion headed by Wyatt, who boasted that he would obtain possession of the Tower and of her own person. She therefore, as their lawful queen, appealed to her citizens to protect her from this traitor, who under fair promises intended to subdue the laws to his will, to give scope to rascals and to make general havoc and spoil." Her words made a good impression on the orderly citizens, who admired her courage and believed she would really give up the hated Spanish alliance, and they readily promised to support her, raising for her defence in a very few hours a force of nearly thirty thousand men. Wyatt was proclaimed traitor, and the sum of one hundred pounds offered to whosoever would take him dead or alive, but so far from being subdued by this he wrote his name in large letters on his cap and rode about more recklessly than ever. After all, whatever the more staid citizens of London might do or think, the humbler folk rallied round Wyatt and his dashing men of Kent. At court all was confusion, and the queen, so far from standing by what she had said at the Guildhall, passionately declared to her council, "Whatever

happens, I am the wife of the King of Spain. Crown, rank, life, all shall go before I wed any other husband." Near the Tower, Wyatt and his men were assembled, and the actual fight was opened when some shots were fired on a Tower boat by the rebel sentries, killing a waterman who had refused to stop. The next day the news went round that the Lieutenant of the Tower, a hard soldier and a staunch Catholic, had loaded the guns of the White Tower, and was about to open fire on the quarter where he knew his enemies lay waiting. The people came in terror to Wyatt and implored him to save them from this by withdrawing himself and his men.

"We shall be undone for your sake if you stay," they said. "Our houses will be ruined and our children slain. For the love of God take pity on us." It was a hard moment for Wyatt. He held a strong position, to leave which would almost certainly mean defeat. But he was chivalrous and tender-hearted. "God forbid," he replied, "that the smallest child here should suffer aught for my sake. Good people, ease your minds, I will rid you of this threatened evil." Paying up all his debts, he and his men made their way to Brentford, and the next day, few in numbers but stout of heart, they rode to what is now Hyde Park Corner and up Piccadilly. Even then no one could be found to take Wyatt prisoner; but near Charing Cross there was some sharp fighting, Lord Pembroke with a force of nearly eight thousand men, commanding the queen's forces. "Down with the draggles!" the queen's soldiers cried, mocking the Kentish men, whose appearance was somewhat dirty from their long night march. "A Wyatt to the rescue!" answered the rebels boldly as, greatly reduced in numbers, they still pressed on towards the city. But at Temple Bar Wyatt himself saw the game was up, and that he could avail nothing against the force assembled there under Lord William Howard. "I have kept touch," he said as his sword was taken from him, and he was promptly carried off to the Tower. At the gate he was greeted tauntingly by the lieutenant with the words, "Oh

thou wretched traitor ! I would slay thee gladly with mine own hands, were it not that the law shall be passed upon thee." "It is no mastery now," replied the prisoner contemptuously as he was marched off to his cell ; so fine a figure in his coat of mail and his velvet hat ornamented with costly lace, that his very warders loved him on the spot. Within a few hours many of his followers joined him in the Tower, among them one Edward Courtenay, to whom these prison walls were already too well known. His father, a grandson of Edward IV., had brought down on his head the jealousy of Henry, for no other reason than that he was of blood royal and greatly favoured by the old Catholic nobility, and according to his usual custom of making short work of any one whom he disliked, the king had thrown both Courtenay and his little son into the Tower, the older man being very soon afterwards executed on a ridiculous charge of treachery. The boy, however, was left to grow up within the walls of the building, at first allowed to play about in the gardens with the Lieutenant's children, later on guarded much more strictly and kept closely confined in the Belfrey Tower. From its windows he had a fine view over the river, for it was the tower in which the bell was hung which gave warning to ships on dark or foggy nights, close by the Lantern Tower, from which a bright light streamed. Courtenay was allowed but one servant, fed poorly, and almost his only amusement was watching the boats as they went up and down the river. Small wonder, then, that he remained very childish, and grew up to be extremely vain of his good looks, his sole possession. It was Queen Mary who first took pity on him and set him free.

"You are my prisoner," she said as she rode into the Tower, and kissing her kinsman she led him away with her amid the cheers of the crowd. Very little was known about Courtenay save that he had been greatly wronged, and was unusually handsome. Why should not some amends be made to him ? He was young and of royal birth ; let him marry the queen and fill the position to

which he was born. So talked the people, who would dearly have liked this romantic ending to Courtenay's long imprisonment. Some of the Council even were in favour of the marriage, which had a good English flavour about it; but Mary would have none of it, and insisted on treating her young cousin as if he were a mere child. True, she created him Earl of Devon, and ordered for him a suit of velvet and gold, but she insisted on being informed of all his comings and goings, and would not even allow him to dine out of her house without her permission. And when she fixed her affections on Philip of Spain it was an unlucky moment for Courtenay, as Renard at once began to fill her mind with suggestions that now the young Yorkist Prince would wed the Princess Elizabeth, and become a very dangerous power in the realm. If Courtenay had possessed a little more sense he might still have lived on in the queen's favour, for she was certainly fond of him, and looked on him as a pretty plaything. But his education in the Tower had not been such as to develop in him much reason or judgment. He was excitable, easily led away, given to very big and rash talking, fond of frequenting the City taverns, and ready to be flattered by any one who got hold of him. Whether or not he really was party to any plot by which he was to wed the Princess Elizabeth and depose Mary is doubtful. It is much more likely that he was merely a tool, and a clumsy one too. Still his actions were so suspicious that Renard overcame any scruples Mary might have had, and after Wyatt's rising Courtenay was once more made safe within the Tower.

"You here again, my lord?" said Sir John Bridges, as the boat landed at the Traitor's Gate. "Why, what meaneth this?"

"Truly I know not," replied the prisoner. "There is nought of which I can accuse myself. Let the world judge whether or not I have committed any offence."

He was given rooms in the Garden Tower, and it was greatly hoped that Wyatt at his trial would tell a long story of plots and schemes in which Courtenay would be involved,

and not Courtenay alone. Renard was determined that Elizabeth should be drawn into the web he was weaving, and Mary, already suspicious and jealous, was only too willing that her sister should be found out in some act of treachery. A letter fell into her hands purporting to be from Wyatt to Elizabeth; and though the princess herself solemnly denied all knowledge of it, the evidence was considered strong enough against her to excuse, or rather demand, strong action. Lord Howard, with a company of horsemen, rode off to Ashridge where she was staying ill in bed, and sent one of her ladies to tell her "that certain Lords were come from the Court with a message for her from the queen." Elizabeth replied, that it being now late at night, and she herself very sick, she begged they would excuse her coming to receive the message until the morning. But they only said, "They must needs see her at once in whatsoever case she were in." And fitting their actions to their words they pushed aside the lady in waiting and rushed into the chamber of the Princess, who was naturally both frightened and angry at their intrusion. Howard soon explained his errand.

"We come from the queen's Majesty," he said, "to do her pleasure and our duty, which is to the effect that her Majesty desireth your presence in London on the next day without fail."

"My lord," answered Elizabeth, "no creature can be more willing than I am to come to her Majesty. But I am not now in case to wait upon her, as you yourself can see and testify."

"Indeed I see it," returned Howard, "and am sorry for your condition. But I would bid you understand that our commission is such that we must needs bring you with us alive or dead."

And without further ado he bade her be ready to start with them at nine on the following morning in the queen's own litter which they had brought for her. Nothing that the princess, her ladies, or her doctor could say in remonstrance was heeded, and in the morning the cavalcade set

out, yet so seriously ill was Elizabeth that they could make but slow progress with their journey. When at last she reached London, she was closely guarded at Whitehall for a fortnight, till one day the Bishop of Winchester with other members of the Council, came to her and told her that she was charged with being a party to Wyatt's rebellion, and that it was the queen's will and pleasure that she should be placed in the Tower while the matter was further gone into.

At hearing this the princess was amazed and aghast, declaring with great vehemence that she was innocent in all these matters wherein they had burdened her, and praying them to intercede with the queen, her sister, that she, being a true woman in thought, word, and deed towards her Majesty, should not be committed to such a doleful and notorious place. Should it be proved that she had consented to any of the matters laid to her charge, she was willing to undergo any punishment, and would neither expect nor deserve mercy; but she implored their lordships to think of her as she was, and not to deal so harshly with one who was altogether innocent. But she was told that protests were useless, for the queen's Majesty was fully determined she should go to the Tower. And, as if to add insult to injury, the Councillors departed without so much as doffing their caps. Her own attendants were removed, and a guard of a hundred soldiers in white coats watched and warded her residence by day and night.

In the morning the lords of Winchester and Sussex came to her to tell her she must come forthwith to the Tower as the barge was prepared for her, and the tide, which waited for nobody, was ready. Again she pleaded for delay, again she only got the curt reply that "Neither time nor tide can be delayed." The very name of the Tower had a horrible sound to Elizabeth. Too well she knew how many entered its gates who never again came forth. In her despair she begged that at least she might be allowed to write to her sister so that the queen might know the truth; and Suffolk, the more considerate of the two lords,

declared that she should have liberty to write, and that as he was a true man he himself would deliver the letter, bringing an answer to the same, whatsoever came thereof. So Elizabeth wrote as follows :—

“If ever any one did try this old saying that a king’s word was more than another man’s oath, I most humbly beseech your Majesty to verify it in me, and to remember your last promise and my last demand, that I be not condemned without answer and due proof, which it seems that I now am: for that without cause proved I am by your Council from you commanded to go unto the Tower, a place more wonted for a false traitor than a true subject: which though I know I deserve it not yet in the face of all this realm appears that it is proved; which I pray God that I may die the shamefullest death that any died afore I may mean any such thing: and to this present hour I protest afore God, who shall judge my truth whatsoever malice shall devise, that I never practised, counselled, nor consented to anything that might be prejudicial to your person in any way or dangerous to the State by any means. Let conscience move your Highness to take some better way with me than to make me be condemned in all men’s sight afore my deserts be known. I have heard in my time of many cast away for want of coming to the presence of their prince; and in late days I heard my lord of Somerset declare that if his brother had been suffered to speak with him he had never suffered; but the persuasions were made to him so great that he was brought in belief that he could not live safely if the admiral lived, and that made him give his consent to his death. Therefore once again kneeling with all humbleness of my heart because I am not suffered to bow the knees of my body, I humbly crave to speak with your Highness which I would not be so bold to desire if I knew not myself most clear as I know myself most true. And as for the traitor Wyatt, he might peradventure write me a letter, but on my faith I never received any from him; and for the copy of my letter sent to the French king I pray

God confound me eternally if I ever sent him word, message, token, or letter by any means: and to this my truth I will stand to my death.—Your Highness's most faithful subject,

“ELIZABETH.

“I humbly crave but one word of answer from yourself.”

By the time she had finished the letter the tide had turned, and it was now out of the question that she could go by river that day, for Lord Winchester was afraid of a demonstration did they attempt to take her through the streets. So she had a short respite and waited anxiously, hoping to have some communication from the queen. Suffolk had kept his word, though by delivering the letter he had brought down on his head a storm of anger for so doing.

“You are going no good way,” said Mary angrily. “For your life you durst not have acted so in my father's time. I would that he were alive and among you if but for a single month.”

So the next day, being Palm Sunday, choosing a time when all the good citizens were at church, the two lords returned to Elizabeth, saying it was now all ready for her to depart.

“If there be, indeed, no remedy, I must be contented,” she answered sadly. Then as she left the palace, she remarked, “I marvel much how the nobility of the realm mean that they so suffer me to be led forth into captivity, the Lord only knows where, for I do not.”

As they neared the Tower by the river she begged that she might not be called upon to land at the stairs by the Water Gate where all traitors and offenders were usually brought. But again she was told by the lords “that it was past their remedy, as otherwise they had it in commandment.” Stepping out of the boat she placed her foot firmly on the stairs, and in her most vigorous manner said, “Here landeth as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and before Thee, O God, I say it, having no other friends than Thee.”

Both her girlish freshness and her look of conscious

innocence must have appealed to the two men who were leading her to prison.

"This is no time in which to try the truth," muttered the Lord Winchester.

"You are right, my lord," she retorted, "I am sorry to have troubled you." As she passed on, she noticed a great company of men in armour, guards and warders, drawn up on either side.

"If it be," she said, "that these harnessed men are here on my account, I pray you have them discharged." Whereat the soldiers knelt down and with one voice prayed that God would preserve her from all danger, for which they were all the next day dismissed. It was a damp, cold day, and everything served to make the gloomy prison look more gloomy than usual. The sight of it all, in its unflinching severity, overcame for a moment the princess, who until now had preserved her high spirits, and sitting down on a stone she burst into tears.

"Madam," said the lieutenant, "you were best to come in out of the rain, for you sit unwholesomely."

"Better sit here than in a worse place," she answered bitterly. "God knows where they will lead me." Then seeing that her gentleman usher was weeping at her sorry plight, she pulled herself together.

"I take you to be my comforter, and you must not dismay me," she said to him reprovingly, "especially as I know my truth to be such as no man shall have cause to weep for me." She was then shown her cell, the doors of which were bolted and barred on her and her attendants.

"Let us pray God," she said, "that we build our foundation not upon the sands, but upon the rocks, whereby all blasts of blustering weather shall have no power against us."

Outside her chamber a hurried conference took place as to how best she could be watched and kept secure.

"Let us take heed," declared Sussex, "and let us do no more than our commission will bear us. We must consider well that she was the daughter of the king's own

Majesty, and therefore let us use such dealing as we may be able to answer for well hereafter if it shall so happen. For just dealing is always answerable."

Nevertheless Elizabeth was very strictly guarded, and when at last she got permission for her health's sake to take a daily walk in the Queen's Garden, it was always in the company of the Lieutenant of the Tower and the Lord Chamberlain, while all the gates were carefully locked, and the windows which looked out over the Green were fastened up that the princess might not see or be seen by any others. By all means in their power certain members of the Council strove to entrap the rebel prisoners into statements which should prove Elizabeth's guilt in the matter, and yet were they entirely frustrated.

"You do sift me very narrowly," remarked the princess to them one day, "and you examine mean prisoners about me as if to do me injury. But you cannot find ought against me, so God forgive you all."

One tiny gleam of brightness from the outer world pierced through the prison walls to the poor princess. A little boy of four years old, the son of one of the officials, used to find his way up to her rooms bringing with him posies of flowers. Some one started the rumour that he brought also love-letters and tokens from Edward Courtenay, who was still kept in the Gate Tower, and the child was promised figs and apples if he would tell when he last saw the Lord of Devon.

The boy answered that he would go thither by-and-by.

They next asked him when he was with the Lady Elizabeth.

"Every day," said the child unhesitatingly.

"And what do you carry from the Lord Devonshire to her Grace?" was the next question.

"I will go and see what he will give me to carry to her," he replied. "And now, I pray you, give me the figs you promised me."

"This same is a very crafty child," said the Lord Chamberlain. "Now list you well, for you shall be

whipped if you come any more to the Lord Courtenay or the Lady Elizabeth."

"But I will bring flowers to the lady, my mistress," the child declared as he was taken away.

The next morning, as Elizabeth was walking in the garden, he peeped in at a hole in the door and said to her, "Mistress, I may bring you no more flowers." Whereat she smiled but said nothing, for she knew well thereby what they had done.

And the Lord Chamberlain, declaring this four-year-old child to be "a crafty knave," ordered his father to send him away from his house or lose his post!

It seems much more likely that if the child had been used to carry messages from the Princess to any one in the Tower it was to Robert Dudley, still a prisoner there for the part he had taken in aiding his brother's wife, Lady Jane Grey, to become queen, for whom Elizabeth most certainly had a great regard. But no one suspected this, and experience as well as necessity had made the princess very crafty.

Every effort continued to be made to bribe or persuade Wyatt into saying something which would so implicate the Princess Elizabeth and Courtenay in his plot as to make it possible for both of them to be impeached and condemned as traitors. But when he was on the scaffold he declared on his oath as a dying man, that whereas it was stated abroad that he would accuse the Lady Elizabeth's Grace and the Lord Courtenay, he could assure them that neither they nor any other now yonder in hold or durance had been privy of his rising before he began.

"Believe him not, good people," shouted the priest standing there, who desired nothing so much as to obtain sufficient evidence against Elizabeth to enable her to be put to death.

"That which I now say is true," retorted Wyatt stoutly with his last breath.

Even Renard could do nothing to the two prisoners against such a statement as this, but he wrote to Philip:

—“What one counsels, the other contradicts. One advises to save Courtenay, another Elizabeth, and such confusion prevails that all we expect is to see these disputes end in war and dismay. As for Elizabeth, the lawyers can find no matter for her condemnation. Already she hath liberty to walk in the Tower Garden, and if they had proof they would not dare proceed against her, for the fear of the Admiral Howard, her kinsman, who espouses her quarrel, and has at present all the ships of England in his power. If, however, she is released, I doubt not that the heretics will proclaim her queen.” In the end Courtenay was taken from the Tower to Fotheringay Castle, where he remained till Mary was married to Philip, after which he was put on to a ship and sent abroad. He travelled about Europe for two years, and died suddenly at Padua, when he was only twenty-nine, it being generally thought at the time that he had been poisoned. As for the Princess Elizabeth, she was sent under a strong escort to Woodstock, “where,” says Foxe, “she was here enclosed as in the Tower of London, the soldiers guarding and warding both within and without the walls, every day to the number of three-score, and in the night forty. There were gardens appointed for her walks which were very comfortable to her Grace; but always, when she did recreate herself therein, the doors were fast locked up, there being at least five or six locks between her lodging and her walks. Sir Henry Beddingfield, her governor, did himself keep the keys, trusting no man therewith. Whereupon she called him ‘her jailer’; and he kneeling down desired her Grace not to call him so, for he was appointed here to be one of her officers. ‘From such officers,’ quoth she, ‘Good Lord deliver me.’” More than once, attempts of a most mysterious kind were made against her life, her own servants were removed from her, and she became really ill both in mind and body. “Would that I could change places with yon milkmaid,” she said wistfully, as she watched the rosy-cheeked, light-hearted girl tripping along the meadow with her pail. “Her lot is happier than mine, and her life merrier.” In the Bodleian Library at

Oxford, there is a volume of St. Paul's Epistles, with a cover beautifully worked by Elizabeth, and inside the words written on a blank page: "August—I walk many times into the pleasant fields of Holy Scripture, where I plucke up the goodlisome herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memory by gathering them together, so that having tasted their sweetness I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life." And legend declares that some lines cut with a diamond on a window at Woodstock were also her work. "Much suspected by me; nothing proved can be," quoth E. the prisoner." Her freedom came from a quarter most unexpected. England was full of Spaniards present at the marriage of their king, and they strongly represented to Philip how popular an act it would be on his part, if he were to obtain the deliverance of the princess out of prison. Bearing this in mind, as well as the fact that Elizabeth stood next in succession, and that, failing her, the crown would go to Mary Stuart, now wife of the Dauphin of France, Philip pleaded on her behalf, and she was invited to Hampton Court to take part in the Christmas festivities there.

At ten o'clock in the evening the queen sent for Elizabeth to speak to her, not having seen her for two years. The princess, so soon as she was come into her sister's presence, knelt down and said that her Majesty should not find in her anything but a true and loyal subject, whatever false reports may have rumoured.

"What?" said the queen, "you still persevere in your truth? Belike you will declare that you have been wrongly punished?"

"I must not say so to your Majesty," answered Elizabeth prudently.

"Why, then," said the queen, "belike you will to others?"

"No," quoth she, "I have borne the burden, and must bear it. I humbly beseech your Majesty to have a good opinion of me, and to think of me as your true subject; not

only from the beginning hitherto, but for ever, as long as life lasteth." "And so they departed with a few comfortable words."

After this, Elizabeth made her home at Hatfield House, where she gathered round herself her old governess, Mrs. Astley, her tutor, Roger Ascham, and several servants whom she knew and trusted. True it was that Sir Thomas Pope had been placed as governor of her household by Queen Mary, with the express purpose of seeing that she did not join in any plots or intrigues, but he was both an honourable and learned gentleman, who did not play the jailer to her. On the other hand he took real pleasure in giving her such amusements as were possible, and "at Shrovetide made for her at his own cost a grand and rich masking in the great hall at Hatfield, where the pageants were marvellously furnished. There were there twelve minstrels antiquely disguised, with forty-six or more ladies and gentlemen, many knights, nobles, and leaders of honour, apparelled in crimson satin, embroidered with wreaths of gold, and garnished with borders of hanging pearls. There was the device of a castle, of cloth of gold, set with pomegranates about the battlements, with shields of knights hanging therefrom, and six knights in harness tourneyed. At night there was a banquet of seventy dishes, all at the charge of Sir Thomas Pope."

Both Philip and Mary now interested themselves in the marriage of the princess, and there were several suitors for her hand, including Philibert, Prince of Savoy, Prince Christian of Denmark, and Prince Eric of Sweden. But Elizabeth was hard to please. She would have none of them. "I desire to remain in the state in which I am, which best of all pleaseth me," she assured Sir Thomas Pope. And whatever else her hard life had done for Elizabeth, it had developed in her a will so strong that when she made up her mind on a subject, she was not easily moved to change it. "She is a woman," said Ferie, another Spaniard, "of extreme vanity, but acute. She seems greatly to admire her father's system of government, but I fear that in religion she will not go right, for she

favours the heretics. She is much attached to the people, and is very confident that they are all on her side. In fact she declares it is they that have placed her in the position she now holds as the declared successor to the crown." Already, for all knew that Mary was dying, courtiers and others found their way to Hatfield to make themselves known to the princess, and to pay her their respects. It was at Hatfield that the news was brought to her of her sister's death, and from the gates of this place she was proclaimed queen. With all possible haste she went to the Tower, but how differently now! For a time it became her court, and on her coronation day she passed out in all her glory by the water steps, where such a short time before she had landed in so sad a plight. The wonders of that coronation day lingered for ever in the minds of those who saw the old city of London "in a delirium of joy." Such pageants, such brave shows, such brilliant sights had never before been known. It was a welcome from the heart of the nation to their queen. Elizabeth was deeply touched at the affection and loyalty poured out upon her. "God," she whispered, "I give Thee thanks that Thou hast been so merciful as to spare me to behold this joyful day. Thou has dealt wonderfully and mercifully with me, for I was overwhelmed, and only by Thee delivered."

And in the fulness of her heart she showed to even the humblest of her subjects the good feeling she bore towards them. She held in her hand the bunch of rosemary thrown into her carriage by a poor woman, and when in Cheapside the Corporation gave her an English Bible, she kissed it, thanking the city for their goodly gift, and saying she would diligently read therein, after which she laid it to her breast, to the great comfort of the lookers-on.

"Be ye well assured," she said at Temple Bar, as she took leave of her people, "I will stand to you a good queen." And in this respect she nobly kept her word. As a woman we cannot always admire her character, but as a queen she never failed in her duty to her country. For her ministers she chose men worthy of the confidence she placed in them.

Burghley, Sir Francis Walsingham, Sir Nicholas Bacon, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Robert Cecil are but some names among those great spirits of the age who laid their best at the feet of their queen. She ascended the throne to find her people fighting out a great religious struggle, beset by varied and bitter enemies at Rome, in France, Spain, and Scotland, and with little or no means of protecting themselves against foreign attacks. And she so played the part of a wise and patriotic sovereign, that she left England the most prosperous, most progressive, and best-ruled country of Europe. If on the one hand she was vain, easily touched by flattery, exacting to a degree, and jealous beyond words, on the other hand, where her people were concerned, she showed none of these weaknesses. For their sakes she could be strong, fearless, and capable of any self-sacrifice. Far more than for her own ease, happiness, or advantage she cared for the well-being of the nation. "No worldly thing under the sun is so dear to me as the love and good-will of my subjects," she said with all sincerity. And it is just because she loved England so truly and so well that she lived in the hearts of her people as their Good Queen Bess, and lives still in the pages of history as among the greatest and most powerful of the rulers who have influenced the destinies of our land.

THE MARTYRS OF QUEEN MARY

WHEN Mary became queen, the nation was prepared to love and welcome her with all loyalty. The insults and indignities which had been heaped on her and on her mother were fresh in the memory of all, and were an additional reason in the eyes of the people why, from a sense of justice alone, fortune should smile upon her. Besides, she was beyond all doubt the lawful successor to the throne, and Englishmen, loving then as now old institutions and old names, liked to feel that it was a Tudor princess of pure blood who was to be crowned their queen. Yet with all this warm national feeling in her favour Mary only reigned five years, and long before those years had elapsed the country hated her with a hatred beyond all words. She only died in time to prevent a general rebellion, and her death was hailed with the ringing of joy bells, the thanksgivings of her people, and widespread rejoicings. Those five years had been a terrible record of cruelty and persecution, carried out by the queen in a spirit of relentless determination to uphold the Catholic faith, which was to her the most vital object of existence. She laid upon herself the task of undoing the Reformation, and establishing once more in the land the faith through which she genuinely believed salvation alone could be found. And when she realised the stubborn independent spirit of the English people, who refused to be won back to a religion they had rejected, she resolved that they should pay for their obstinacy with their lives. "A few men and women burnt at the stake, a few prisoners cast into the dungeons of the Tower," she argued, "and the rest would



QUEEN MARY.

surely be subdued, and go back as willing penitents to the Catholic faith, so that England would once more be received into the fold of the Holy Church."

Mary had forgotten that the cause which can find martyrs ready and glad to die for it, is a cause destined to spring up into life. She had forgotten, too, that a God of love can never be rightly served by any form of cruelty and tyranny. So, hardening her heart as a woman, blindly shutting her eyes to all but a bigoted belief in her own form of religion, she carried on unshrinkingly her work of persecution, from which even her advisers would oftentimes have held her back. In the Lollards' Tower, and into every other available space, these prisoners for their faith were crowded, starved, beaten, kept in irons, tortured by every conceivable means. The merest pretext was sufficient excuse for cruelty. A lad named John Hunter, an apprentice of London, was found by a priest to be reading his Bible. "It was a bad day for the land when that book was put forth in England," said the priest. And he at once marked Hunter as one of those heretics who, with many others of his kind, should "broil for it before all was over." The boy said he had no thought of preaching abroad what he found in the Bible, or in any way stirring up people against the queen; he read the book for his own solace, and because he desired to live by its teaching. Nevertheless he was sent to prison, and kept, probably in the Lollards' Tower for several months. Then Bonner, Bishop of London, the arch-persecutor, had him brought up for trial, and, pitying his youth, said he should be set at liberty, be made a freeman of the city, and have a gift of forty pounds if he would return to the Catholic faith.

"It cannot be," said the boy firmly. "I must stand to what I deem to be the truth."

No power could shake him, and his parents encouraged him to be firm.

"I am proud of a son who can find it in his heart to lay down his life for Christ's sake," his mother whispered through her tears.

“God be with thee, son,” said his old father as he saw him walk with steady steps to the stake.

“I will never recant,” Hunter declared again firmly. “Good people, I ask you all to pray for me.”

“Pray for thee?” sneered the magistrate who had committed him. “I will no more pray for thee than for a dog.”

“Son of God, shine on me,” prayed the boy.

And at that moment the sun shone out from behind the clouds, as if to throw a glory round the last moments of the young martyr.

“I am not afraid. Good Lord, receive my spirit,” he cried exultingly as the flames crept round him. And he was but one of many hundreds who thus died for the sake of the religion which they loved with all the warm devotion of the early Christian Church. Neither imprisonment nor fire could quench this spirit. Men and women, boys and girls, showed to the world the triumph of faith and conscience over all else. Like those of old they sang triumphantly—

“Be it flood or blood the path that’s trod,
All the same it leads home to God.
Be it furnace like voluminous,
One like God’s Son will walk with us.
Death is short, and life is long;
Satan is strong, but Christ is more strong;
Yet one pang searching and sore,
And then heaven for evermore.
Yet one moment, awful and dark,
Then safety within the veil and the ark.
Yet one effort by Christ His Grace,
Then—Christ for ever face to face.”

The queen and her counsellors could make no headway in the face of this spirit, but Mary was goaded on to pursue her course, with the fatal blindness of those who persist in fighting for a dead cause. She was unhappy in her private life. Her husband, Philip of Spain, never hesitated to show his indifference to her, and she had no child of her own to

succeed her. The Pope's legate, Cardinal Pole, persuaded her that God was still angry with England for having deserted the true faith, and in her despair she resolved to strike yet harder blows at the heretics, for whose sins she believed she was being visited. Hooper, the beloved Bishop of Gloucester, was one of her first victims of high position. In his palace at Gloucester he was wont to feed every day numbers of the poor in the city, waiting on them with his own hands, and out of his own income giving large sums in charity. He was put into Fleet prison with the lowest prisoners, and after being left there for months he was told that if he desired his life he must declare his allegiance to that form of religion which the queen willed should be again set up in the land. Of course he refused without a moment's hesitation, and was sent back to his own town stripped of his rights as a priest, and sentenced to be burnt under the shadow of the old cathedral. "Beware," wrote the old man, "of beholding too much the felicity or misery of this world. Imprisonment is painful, yet liberty upon evil conditions is still more painful. I am a poor simple preacher, and cannot tell how to answer before learned men ; but this I know, that he is blessed who loseth his life to find Life Everlasting." As he was led to the stake a priest advanced bearing a box, in which was a pardon ready signed for the bishop if he would recant. "Away with it, away with it !" he cried, as though it were some evil thing ; and a few minutes later the flames had done their work.

Cranmer, the Archbishop of Canterbury, lay in the Gate House opposite St. Thomas's Tower, and also within the same walls were Ridley, Bishop of London, and the sturdy-hearted old Latimer, who knew so well the fate awaiting him. Being of a great age, and feeling the intense cold, Latimer sent a joking message to the Governor saying, "I am aware they mean to burn me, but unless you give me some wood in my chamber I shall die and give them the slip." The eyes of the whole nation were turned on Cranmer. If the archbishop himself could be imprisoned and martyred, for whom was there any chance of escape ?

Then came the news that Cranmer had failed at the crisis, that his courage had given way, and that he had recanted. This was the moment of triumph for Mary, the moment of shame for the English Church. Still it was but the event of a moment. Cranmer at the last redeemed himself, and faced death bravely. Great crowds had gathered round St. Mary's at Oxford, hoping to hear his declaration. "With his face bedewed with tears, his eyes sometimes lifted to heaven in hope, sometimes cast down to earth in shame, the sorrow of his heart bursting out into his eyes, he ended his exhortation thus: "And now I come to the great thing that troubleth my conscience more than anything that ever I said or did in my life. That is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth, which I here renounce and refuse as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart, and written for fear of death. And forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand therefore shall first be punished, for if I come to the fire it shall be the first to burn." But he was not allowed to speak further. He was dragged from the church to the stake, followed by monks and priests furious at this unexpected ending to the day on which they had hoped to see the Archbishop of Canterbury acknowledge before the assembled crowd his submission to Rome. For such a man they determined there should be instant death.

"This was the hand that wrote it, this shall the first suffer punishment," said Cranmer true to his resolve, his weakness now gone for ever. And plunging his right hand into the flames he neither stirred nor cried till death ended his suffering.

It was at Oxford also that Ridley and Latimer died. It may have been on account of his great age that Latimer especially commanded the sympathy of the people as he marched to the stake dressed in a long threadbare gown of Bristol frieze, a leather belt round his waist to which a Testament was attached, or it may have been the memory of those stirring sermons of his which had always drawn such crowds to hear his fearless words.



HUGH LATIMER.

“Be of good cheer, Master Ridley,” he said as he stood in his place. “Play the man, for we shall this day light such a candle in England as by God’s grace I trust shall never be put out.”

And already signs were not wanting that the light was shining brightly as it was handed from village to village, from town to town, a light clearer far than any which burst from the flames of Smithfield. These three years of persecution had brought life and not death to the Church in England. Now, as always out of suffering and self-sacrifice, there came forth the truest and most certain victory. Mary in her ignorance had struck the deathblow to the power of her Church in England. She had given to the nation a glimpse of what might be expected under the name of religion, should she succeed in her design. Here are a few verses written at the time by a certain Thomas Bryce, called the Register of the Martyrs, in which he talks of “divers, although not all, who for the profession of Christ their Captain have been most miserably afflicted, tormented, and imprisoned, and in fine either died by some occasion in prison or else gone to heaven in the fiery chariot of Elias, since the 4th of February 1555 to the 17th day of November 1558, wherein our long-wished-for and noble Queen Elizabeth was placed queen to the great comfort of all true English hearts.

“When Richard Smith in Lollards’ Tower,
Andrews and King by sickness died,
In fair fields they had their bower
Where earth and clay doth still abide,
When they in their wise did die the death,
We wished for our Elizabeth.

When learned Ridley and Latimer
Without regard were swiftly slain,
When furious foes could not confer
But with revenge and mortal pain,
When these two fathers were put to death,
We wished for our Elizabeth.

When goodly Gore in prison died,
 And Wiseman in the Lollards' Tower,
 When Master Philpot, duly tried,
 Ended his life with peace and power,
 When he kissed the chain at his death,
 We wished for our Elizabeth.

When William Timmes, Ambrose, and Drake,
 Spurge, Mase, and Cavell duly died,
 Confessing that for Christes sake
 They were content thus to be tried,
 When London Little Grace put them to death,
 We wished for our Elizabeth.

When John Davy and eke his brother
 With Philip Humphrey kissed the Cross,
 When they did comfort one another
 Against all fear and worldly loss,
 When these at Bury were put to death,
 We wished for our Elizabeth."

"How long tarriest Thou, O Lord, holy and true, to judge?"

The answer came sooner than men thought. The queen had been ill for some time, and her illness took a fatal turn. Almost beside herself with grief at the loss of Calais, knowing full well that she had failed in all her plans—for she was too clever a woman not to realise in her own heart the feelings of her people towards her—she died a lonely and miserable death. Foxe who has written long volumes on this reign, thus describes the end: "Some declare Queen Mary died of dropsy, some suppose that she died of thought and sorrow. Whereupon her council seeing her sighing, and desirous to know the cause that they might minister consolation to her, feared as they said that she took thought for the King's Majesty, her husband, which was gone from her.

"Indeed," replied she, 'that may be one cause, but that

is not the greatest wound which pierceth my oppressed heart.”

“ Thus she died in whose reign so many men, women, and children were burned, many imprisoned and starved, divers exiled, some spoiled of goods and possessions, a great number driven from house and home. So many weeping eyes, so many sobbing hearts, so many vexed in conscience, so many children fatherless, as shall be left in story for a perpetual memorial or epitaph for all kings and queens which shall succeed her.”

ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX

“FOR mine eldest son upon whom the continuance of my house remaineth, I make my humble suit to your Majesty, knowing he shall lead a life unworthy of his calling and most obscurely, if he be not holpen by your Majesty’s bounty and favour. For the smallness of his living, the greatness of my debt, and the dowries that go out of my land, make the remainder little or nothing towards the reputation of an earl’s estate. But he is my son, and may be fit for more in his life than his unfortunate father hath in his possession at his death. I must end, as I think, both my letters and my life together, and therefore it is enough that to your Majesty I commit him with humble petition, that my Lord Treasurer and my Lord Chamberlain may direct his education.” So wrote Walter, Earl of Essex, on his deathbed concerning his little son Robert, then nine years old, described by Waterhouse, who had been sent to escort him to his father’s funeral, as “able to express his mind in Latin and French as well as in English, very courteous and modest, greatly given to learning, weak and tender, but very comely.” And in writing to Lord Burghley some particulars as to his ward, this same Waterhouse added, “I think your lordship will take well of him as of any that ever came within your charge.” Burghley at once received him into his family, and his extreme youth notwithstanding, entered him as a scholar at Trinity College, Cambridge. Essex, it seems, was soon known there as “the poorest earl in the land,” and so short was he of money that his tutor had to write and solicit the Lord Treasurer for help, “lest my lord shall not only be threadbare but ragged.” There was badly wanting, he declared, “a fair gown for



EARL OF ESSEX.

holidays, two doublets, three pair of hose, two pair of nether stocks, a velvet cap, a basin and ewer, some plate, and some pots." History does not relate how many of these wants were supplied, but there is a letter written a little later by Essex himself to Burghley in which he says, "I hope your lordship in courtesy will pardon my youth if I have, through want of experience, in some sort passed the bounds of frugality, and I do beseech your good lordship, notwithstanding the lapse of my youth, still to continue a loving friend unto me." Queen Elizabeth, from the high regard she had for his father, sent for Essex to spend Christmas at court with her when he was but ten years old, and made much of him. "On his coming," we are told, "the queen meeting with him offered to kiss him, which he humbly altogether refused. Upon her Majesty bringing him through the great chamber into the chamber of presence, her Majesty would have him put on his hat, which no wise he would, offering himself in all things at her Majesty's commandment. She then replied that if he would be at her commandment then he should put on his hat; he expounded that it should be in all things saving in things to his reproach." Child as he was, he seems to have been as accomplished a courtier as any of the gallant gentlemen who surrounded Queen Bess, but when he grew older he showed a great liking for a quiet country life at his seat in Pembrokeshire; and it was only after many and long entreaties from his mother that he gave in to her wishes, overcame his own "stiff aversation" and appeared once more at court, where "his goodly person and innate courtesy won for him the hearts of all people." For some reason hard to explain the queen fixed upon his house at Chortley as a suitable prison for Mary Stuart when she was removed from Tutbury, and to this Essex, who was never able to conceal his feelings, objected loudly and strongly. "I am so much moved to think that my poor and only house should be used against my will," he wrote to his grandfather, Sir Francis Knollys, "that I will make all the means I can to prevent any such inconvenience. The place which should be for the Queen of Scots is neither of

strength nor pleasure, nor can it in any way fitly serve that turn. And one reason which may persuade it to be spared is that it is the only house of him which must, if that be taken, live at borrowed lodgings of his neighbours. I being wished to so many ill turns as the foregoing, of the use of my house, the spoil of my wood, and the marring of my little furniture, cannot but entreat my good friends to be a means to the contrary, and as a chief of them your honourable self, whose help herein I humbly crave." But though Sir Frances pleaded his cause with Walsingham, and told him plainly "that it was no policy for her Majesty to lodge the Queen of Scots in so young a man's house as he," Mary was sent to Chortley in 1586, and from there worked out the details of the Babington conspiracy. It was just at this time that Elizabeth resolved to check the power of Spain, to avenge the horrible cruelties perpetrated in the Netherlands by the Spaniards through the Inquisition, and to accept the earnest offer of the States that she would come to their assistance on any terms she liked to make. It was the age of adventure in England, and directly an expedition under the queen's prime favourite, Robin, Earl of Leicester, was planned, numbers of young men came forward eager to join him. Of these none was more enthusiastic than Essex, who, not content with being made Master of the Horse, spent the little money he had in equipping a band of his own, for which piece of extravagance Sir Francis Knollys read him a sound lecture. "You must give me leave to say unto you," wrote the old man, "that wasteful prodigality hath devoured and will consume all noble men that be wilful in expenses before they have of their ordinary living to bear out such wilful and wasteful expenses. Now for you to put yourself to a £1000 charges by levying and carrying with you a furnished band of men is needless and causeless; if I should flatter you in respect of this wasteful spoiling of yourself, then I should justly be accounted guilty of your ruinous race. I do like well your desire to see the wars for your learning; and do like your desire much the better that you take the opportunity of serving



EARL OF LEICESTER.

under my Lord of Leicester ; but this might have been done without any wasteful charge to yourself, for my Lord of Leicester doth set much by your company, but he delighteth nothing in your wasteful consumption. I will say no more, and only trust that youthful wilfulness and wasteful youth do not consume you before experienced wisdom shall have reformed you." The expedition, though it began most brilliantly and amidst the greatest enthusiasm in the States, did not accomplish much. At no time was Leicester a great general, his hands were somewhat closely tied, his officers quarrelled bitterly among themselves, and Elizabeth gave him but little support or encouragement. A skirmish took place at Zutphen, in which the Spaniards were routed, but this was a victory dearly bought, for Sir Philip Sidney, the best-loved man of his day, who in his person combined all that was fascinating, great, and good, fell on the field of battle, his thigh shattered by a musket ball ; courageous and chivalrous even in the moment of his death, as he passed on to a wounded soldier the cup of cold water which had been brought to him by his friends. And the expedition came to an abrupt end with no particular result having been obtained. Essex had, however, won for himself a high reputation, and he daily grew in the queen's favour, more especially after he was appointed Master of the Horse, an office which required his close attendance on her person, he having to walk at her bridle rein whenever she went out in state. "When she is abroad nobody near her but my Lord of Essex, and at night my lord is at cards or one game or another with her, that he cometh not to his own lodging till birds sing in the morning," wrote Anthony Bagot, a firm friend to Essex, to his father.

But Essex had too much fire and impetuosity about him to care for a court life, and to be petted or ordered about by Queen Elizabeth was by no means to his liking. Especially did he show this to be the case in regard to Raleigh, for whom he had the greatest aversion, while the queen was determined to force them into a friendship. So he made up his mind to

escape from it all and go to Sluys. "If I return," he said to the one friend in whom he confided, "I will be welcome home; if not, '*un bel morire*' is better than a disquiet life. This course may seem strange, but this dealing with me drives me into it. My friends will make the best of it; mine enemies cannot say it is dishonest. The danger is mine, and I am content to abide the worst." He was not allowed to slip away so easily though, and Sir Robert Cary was sent to overtake him and fetch him back to his royal mistress, who seemed to like him all the better for his testy temper and his impulsive ways. She created him a Knight of the Garter, and tried by all means in her power to attach him to the life of her court, though all the while he was as a bird beating its wings against the doors of its cage and struggling to get free once more into the air and the wide skies. Quite a commotion was caused by a quarrel he had with Sir Charles Blount, a good-looking young man, also much fancied by the queen, who had given him a chess queen in gold to wear on his arm as a reward for his successes in the tilting yard. Blount, rather proud of this favour, walked about with his cloak thrown over his arm the better to show off the token. "How now!" remarked Essex, scornfully, "I perceive every fool must wear a favour." Blount, indignant, challenged him to a duel which was fought in Marylebone Park, Essex getting slightly the worst of it. The queen was secretly flattered that jealousy of her favour should have led to the quarrel, but she scolded Essex roundly and told him "it were fitting some one should take him down and teach him better manners, or there were no rule with him." He was destined, however, soon afterwards to offend her in a much more serious way. An expedition of twenty-six ships, with a force of eleven thousand soldiers, was about to set out under Sir John Norreys and Sir Francis Drake, to the rescue of Don Antonio of Portugal, who had been driven out of his land and robbed of his rights by Philip of Spain. This was just the thing to attract Essex, and he begged that he might be allowed to join the party, but the queen would not hear of it. Nothing daunted, Essex made

up his mind, that as permission was refused him, he would go without it. He made a second escape, rode at great rate from London to Plymouth, got on to one of the ships unknown to Drake and Norreys, who had received strict and urgent orders that he was to be sent back, sailed from Falmouth, and rejoiced greatly in his liberty. When at last the generals overtook the *Swiftsure*, in which Essex had been as far as Cape St. Vincent, they did their uttermost to prevail on him to return, but when it came to the point they could not bring themselves to spare out of the fleet a ship of so good service as the *Swiftsure*, and so Essex got his own way. True to his character, he was the first to set foot on Portuguese soil, wading to the shore up to his neck in water, and "full of high spirits and hot youthful blood," he led his men to victory in a short time. At Lisbon he challenged any Spaniard therein who liked to come out and fight him single-handed, "but those gallants thought it safer to court their ladies with loving discourses than to have their loves written on their breasts with the point of his English spear." In the midst of his triumphs, some English ships brought out an indignant letter from the queen, which even he did not dare to disregard, and much against his will he sailed for England on the 4th of June; and once more Elizabeth forgave him in the delight of seeing him safe and sound, and took him back into the sunshine of her favour. Indeed, it seemed as if Essex could not seriously offend her, though, unlike most of her other courtiers, he did exactly as he himself wished without consulting her in the matter, and his next act of independence was to marry secretly the widow of Sir Philip Sidney. Of course when the queen found it out she was furious, and equally of course, in a very short time she had forgiven Essex, though she had so far prevailed on him as to insist that his wife should live "very retired" in her mother's house. But married life had no more charm for Essex than court life: he was a man of action, always on the lookout for some new adventure or enterprise, and he lived at a time full of possibilities for such a daring spirit. A new opening came for him when Henry IV. of France, the champion of the

Protestants, sent the Vicomte Turenne to England to beg for help against the attack of the Spanish army, which under the Duke of Parma was besieging Paris. No sooner did Essex hear of this than he was restless to be gone, and by some means or other, half by coaxing and half by cajoling, he got the necessary permission from Elizabeth, after having been on his knees to her for three hours. The following letter, written to his friend Bagot, shows how enthusiastically he set out on his quest :—

“I am commanded into France for the establishing of the brave king in quiet possession of Normandy. I carry a company of horse, and do say to my friends in all places, ‘If you know any, or can stir up any, that will either send tall men with horses, or good horses or geldings, they shall be very welcome to me. I would have them to be here by the 10th of July at furthest.’” The commission under which Essex was sent out stated that, “although the queen has great cause to forbear at this time sending valiant and experimented captains and soldiers out of the realm, yet the thing required has been so importune, and her regard for him so great, that she has yielded so to do ; and sends 4000 footmen under the earl’s guidance for the space of two months after landing ;” and there followed various commands as to what he might and might not do, it being especially insisted that “he is to have regard to his honourable calling by birth, and his estimation with the queen, that he may return with increased estimation.”

He was so far schooled in the ways of a courtier, as to write so soon as he had started to the queen in the strain which he knew well always delighted her, and the letter certainly makes up in politeness for what it lacks in truthfulness.

“MY DEAR LADY,—I must not let this second day pass without complaining to your Majesty of the misery of absence. I shall think my life very unpleasant till I have rid myself of this French action, that I may once again enjoy the honour, the pleasure, the sweetness which your

presence is accompanied with. By those that I meet upon the way, I hear that our action ripens apace. I hope your Majesty shall presently have great honour by the service of your little troop, and I, as a reward of my service, to be soon at home at your Majesty's feet, whence nothing but death, or your inconstancy, can drive me. Never be it heard or seen that your Majesty be less than the greatest, the healthfullest, or the happiest, or other than a most gracious, kind lady to your Majesty's humblest, faithfullest, and most affectionate servant,

ROBERT ESSEX."

No sooner had Essex really set out than the queen repented at having allowed him to go out of her presence, and though King Henry of France wrote cordially to her, thanking her for having sent one so gallant and brave to his rescue, she was in that humour that she took exception to everything which was done. In a skirmish before Rouen Essex lost his "only and dearest brother Walter"; he himself fell ill with an attack of ague and fever, and became most perplexed and afflicted at being found faulty in all things because he was not fortunate to please. When the queen wrote threatening to recall him, for no reason except to gratify her own unreasonable caprice, his just indignation was roused. "Of matter in state I will say nothing," he wrote to her, "my words and actions being all condemned; but this every man that is here doth see, that when your Majesty withdraweth your succour and countenance the king loseth his hope and state. For myself, I crave this grace as the last I shall live to enjoy, that even if your Majesty revoke your army, I may have your Majesty's leave to stay here for a month or six weeks with mine own horses. For to come home without doing anything would utterly overthrow my poor reputation, and make me—before God I speak it—like never to see your Majesty's face again. To go out of action when all other men come into action were to wear the note of perpetual infamy. I am left alone of my poor house to maintain the reputation that it hath hitherto lived in; your Majesty, in honour and

justice, will not force me to be the first that shall embase it." After changing her mind several times, Elizabeth allowed her eager warrior to stay on and accomplish part of what he desired, so that when at last he returned to England it was with much prestige and renown.

He next began to plunge himself into political life with all its intrigues and complications, and his friend Anthony Bagot tells how, when once sworn a member of the Privy Council, "his Lordship became a new man, clean forgetting all his former youthful tricks, carrying himself with gravity, and singularly liked both at the Council table and in Parliament for his speeches and judgment." He became greatly attached to Francis Bacon and his brother Anthony, and by all means in his power sought to get them advancement. But Francis was in the queen's black books for a speech he had made in Parliament, and she sternly refused to do anything for either of them. Essex was a very staunch if an indiscreet friend, and when he had failed to get any of the posts he had sued for, he wrote to Francis: "You fare ill, because you have chosen me for your mean and dependence; you have spent your time and thoughts in my matters: I die, if I do not somewhat towards your fortune; you shall not deny to accept a piece of land which I shall bestow on you." The piece of land, which was at Twickenham, was readily accepted by Bacon, who was always more willing to receive than to give, and eventually he sold it for a good sum. Nothing stands out so well in the many-sided character of Essex as the generous way in which he behaved to his friends, though they in their turn did but little for him, and were in many cases bitterly jealous of his power and position. One indeed, Sir Roger Williams, left all he had to "my lord of Essex, who had saved his soul, for none but he could make him take a feeling of his end." But most of this legacy was spent in giving a very costly funeral at St. Paul's to Sir Roger. To another young friend, Lord Rutland, who was going on some travels, he found time to write a long letter of most excellent advice, showing how much deep thought underlay a nature which

to those who knew not seemed to be merely careless and impulsive. Still, on the whole, I think Bacon did well when he advised him not to meddle too deeply in politics. His was not the grave, cautious nature of a statesman, and there was a party, of which Robert Cecil was the chief, ready to work his ruin when the opportunity came in their way. When, in 1596, an expedition against Spain was determined, Essex threw all else to the winds, and once more forced the queen into allowing him to go with it as the commander of a squadron, Howard being Lord Admiral, and Raleigh in charge of the fourth squadron. The fleet sailed on the 1st of June, and at break of day on the 20th, they found themselves within half a league of Cadiz, where lay the Spanish ships. It was resolved to attack them next day, and the Lord Admiral, who had been strictly commanded by Elizabeth to prevent Essex from exposing himself to danger, tried to keep him at his side, and not allow him to advance with the attacking part of the fleet. But all in vain. No sooner did the fight begin than he pushed his ship into the very forefront of the battle, and when, the victory won, preparations were made for landing, he so infected the men with his own magnificent, if reckless, courage, being himself the first to leap on shore, that within an hour a force of 3000 had followed him. The Spaniards seemed as though they were struck helpless as they watched this advance of the English under their fearless leader, and Cadiz soon fell, Essex being the earliest to force his way into the town and float his standard on the castle. "Verily," wrote home Lord Howard in his account of the victory, "there is not a braver man in the world than the Earl is, and I protest, in my poor judgment, a great soldier." When he returned to England he became the hero of the campaign, and a most flattering verse was composed in his honour :—

“ Alcides yields to Devereux ; he did see
Thy beauties, Cadiz, Devereux conquered thee.”

Devereux being the family name of Essex.

The glory of these victories did not satisfy Elizabeth, who considered the plunder taken was insufficient, and she became quite jealous of the extraordinary popularity of Essex. Although she was ready to load him with regards and favours she had no mind to see him the darling of the army and the nation, and she tried to hold in with a heavy rough hand this man who was mettlesome and sensitive as a highly bred horse. The end could only be disastrous. Bacon, ever cautious and worldly wise, implored him "at all costs to keep in the queen's favour, to give up military ambition, to remove the general opinion that he was headstrong, to learn how to disguise his feelings, and to please the queen by apparently yielding his will to hers." All of which was very sound advice, but he might as well have expected to stay the waves, as to turn Essex into a clever scheming courtier. And meanwhile there seems no reason to doubt that Robert Cecil and his friends were skilfully doing all in their power to widen any breach there already existed between Essex and the queen. In 1597 another Spanish expedition was planned, it being publicly known that the King of Spain was preparing a force to assist the rebels in Ireland and to invade England, and Lord Howard declaring himself too old and too ill in health for the command, it fell as a matter of course on Essex. But nothing save ill luck and bad weather went with the fleet, the Spanish ships of treasure escaped, the crews fell ill, and though Essex declared "they had failed in nothing that God gave them means to do," and besought her Majesty in judging them to remember the painful days, careful nights, evil diet, and many other hazards, the queen received him coldly on his return, blamed him for all the misadventures, bemoaned the expenses of the expedition, and altogether was so angered that Essex thought it wisest to go quietly into the country and remain there till the storm had passed over. He felt more at his ease with the whole Spanish fleet against him than when he had to face the queen's displeasure. But her anger notwithstanding, she still kept a sharp lookout on the doings of her favourite. Rumour had it, that he

admired one of her maidens, Lady Mary Howard, who had a velvet dress so beautifully embroidered with pearls and gold, that all who saw it raved about it. Elizabeth determined that if Essex were attracted by such finery she alone would be the wearer of it. So she sent privately for the dress and put it on. But she was so much taller and larger than Lady Mary that it ill became her, and she was obliged to give up the idea of wearing it. "If it become not me, as being too stout, I am minded it shall never become thee, as being too fine; so it fitted neither well," she said indignantly to Lady Mary. And forthwith she had the dress put away out of sight. The death of Burghley, her faithful minister for forty years, was a very real blow to her, and when news came to her that Essex was grievously ill at Wansted, fearful of losing him also, she sent her doctor to him, and on his recovery called him to court, and set him as high as ever in her favour, although he had committed another of his most indiscreet actions by helping his friend Lord Southampton to marry his cousin Elizabeth Vernon, without the queen's knowledge or consent, and had so far forgotten his manners on the occasion of a quarrel he had with Elizabeth as to who should be appointed governor of Ireland, "that he had turned his back on her," and told her in a rage, "that her mind was as crooked as her body." Within a short time, Essex himself was appointed as the queen's deputy in Ireland to crush the rebellion there which was causing serious anxiety, he being universally deemed the most suitable man. Even his enemies agreed to this, for it would at least remove his person from the court and from the queen's presence, and Francis Bacon, still professedly his friend, wrote to him, "that these affairs in Ireland would prove the aptest stage for him to purchase honour upon; and for three reasons, that it was ingenerate in his house in consequence of his noble father's attempts; that of all State affairs it was at present the most important, and that he could set a comparison between those who brought it out of frame, and those who brought it into frame, greatly to the honour of the last." Essex himself

never had a great liking for this new post, which nevertheless he felt he could not in honour refuse. But he went unwillingly, as though foreboding that some evil would come out of it. "What body and mind will suffice to, I will by God's grace discharge with industry and faith," he said to the council. "But neither can a rheumatic body promise itself much health in a moist rotten country, nor a sad mind vigour and quickness in a discomfortable voyage." He never had a really fair chance in Ireland. From the moment he landed he was constantly annoyed and hampered by letters and instructions which it was quite impossible for him to carry out, and for failing to do so, he brought down the queen's most unreasoning anger on his head. At court nothing was known about the true condition of things in Ireland, and Essex was quick to see the only policy which could be pursued with any hope of success, but he was disheartened by the "continual discomforts and soul's wounds" he received from home. To Elizabeth he wrote as follows, at the end of a far-seeing report he made to her on the whole campaign: "If it please your Majesty to compare your advantages and your disadvantages together, you shall find that though the rebels are more in number than your Majesty's army, and have, though I do unwillingly confess it, better bodies and perfecter use of their arms than those men which your Majesty sends over, yet your Majesty commanding the walled towns and holds, and having a brave nobility and gentry, a better discipline than they, and such means to keep from them the maintenance of their life, and to waste the country which should nourish them; your Majesty may promise yourself that this action will in the end be successful though costly, and that your victory will be certain, though many of us, your honest servants, must sacrifice ourselves in the quarrel. But why do I talk of victory or success? Is it not spoken in the army that your Majesty's favour is diverted from me, and that already you do bode ill both to me and it? Is it not believed by the rebels that those whom you favour most do more hate me out of faction than those out of duty and conscience? Yes,

yes, I see both my own destiny and your Majesty's decree, and do willingly embrace the one and obey the other. Let me bear the brunt and die meritoriously. Let others achieve and finish the work, and live to erect trophies. But my prayer shall be that when my sovereign loseth me, her army may not lose courage, or this kingdom want physic, or her dearest self miss Essex. Then I can never go in a better time or in a fairer way."

On the 9th of September 1599, Essex concluded a six weeks' truce with the Earl of Tyrone, leader of the rebels, which greatly incensed the queen, who declared that, "to trust this traitor upon his oath, is to trust a devil upon his religion." Cuffe, who had taken over to Ireland an angry letter from the queen, seems also to have enlightened the deputy as to the reports accusing him of treachery which were freely circulated in London, for in great indignation, and with his usual impetuosity, Essex gave over the command of the troops to the Earl of Ormonde, and set off in wild haste to England, resolved, whatever happened, to see the queen, and clear his character. "One Michaelmas Eve, about ten o'clock in the morning, my Lord of Essex lighted at Court Gate in post, and made all haste up to the presence, and so to the privy chamber, and staid not till he came to the queen's bed-chamber, where he found the queen newly up, with her hair about her face. He kneeled unto her, and kissed her hands, and had some private speech with her, which seemed to give him great contentment; for, coming from her Majesty to go shift himself in his chamber, he was very pleasant, and thanked God, though he had suffered much trouble and storms abroad, he found a sweet calm at home." Later on in the morning, he had another conference with the queen, who was very gracious to him; but in the evening, when he went to her again, he found her much changed in that short time. She blamed him for his return, and appointed a council to hear his case. Before this council, Essex was charged with having contemptuously disobeyed her Majesty's will and letters by returning to England; with

having written presumptuous letters from Ireland, and with having acted there contrary to the manner which had been resolved on. He replied to all these charges quietly, and with dignity, but he was nevertheless sent to York House more or less as a prisoner, and kept there, though the council recommended her majesty to set him free, his reasons for his proceedings in Ireland being so good, and his submission to the queen for his offence in returning so humble, while great indignation was felt and expressed throughout the country at the treatment he was receiving. His serious illness roused still more the public pity. When at last his wife was allowed to go to him, she found him so weak that she had no hope for his recovery, and the eight doctors whom Elizabeth sent in a fit of remorse, gave it as their opinion that he would not improve till his mind was quieted, and he could have change of air. But he did rally, and with his improved health, Elizabeth's softer mood passed away. In February he was to have been brought before the Star Chamber, and when there was a delay in arranging this, it came to the queen's ears that common talk said the proceedings had been stopped because no offence could be proved against the prisoner. This decided Elizabeth. She had a long conversation with Francis Bacon, who behaved in this matter most meanly and dishonourably to the man whom once he had called his dearest friend, and who, at least, had acted as a friend to him on every possible occasion. Certainly he wrote to the queen, saying that if she permitted, he hoped she would spare him from appearing in this case; but he added, that if she did not permit, he would do her pleasure in the matter. And on the 5th of June, Essex was called on to face another trial before a court especially appointed. The old charges were gone into, with the same result. Essex acknowledged that he had made a mistake in so hastily leaving his post, but he added, "I shall do God great wrong, and mine own conscience, if I do not justify myself an honest man, and this hand shall pull out this heart when any disloyal thought shall enter it." The sentence, as pro-

nounced by the Lord Keeper, was that, "he was not to execute the office of a councillor, nor to hold himself for a councillor of estate, nor to execute the office of Earl Marshal of England, but to return to his own house, there to continue a prisoner as before, till it shall please her Majesty to release him." So he remained on in somewhat modified captivity, not knowing what should befall him, and he spent his time in reading and studying, for he had always delighted in books, though his busy life had left him but little leisure for anything besides action. He had always been a good friend to all scholars and men of letters; Shakespeare, Spenser, Chapman, and Drayton were but a few of those he had liberally helped, and now in his solitary hours he too poured forth his thoughts in song. Here is one of his sonnets :

"The ways on earth have paths and turnings known,
The ways on sea are gone by needle's light,
The birds of heaven the nearest ways have flown,
And under earth the moles do cast aright :
A way more hard then those I needs must take,
Where none can teach, nor no man can direct,
Where no man's good for me example makes,
But all men's faults do teach her to suspect.
Her thoughts and mine such disproportion have :
All strength of love is infinite in me ;
She useth the advantage time and fortune gave
Of worth and power to get the liberty.
Earth, sea, heaven, hell, are subject unto laws :
But I, poor I, must suffer, and know no cause."

Francis Bacon wrote him a letter, in which he sought to explain away his own disloyal behaviour, and Essex answered him with a quiet dignity more effective than bitter words or reproaches. "I can neither expound nor censure your late actions," he said, "being ignorant of them all save one ; and having directed my sight inward only, to examine myself. . . . But this I must say, that I never flew with other wings than to desire to merit my sovereign's favour ; and when one

of these wings failed me, I would light nowhere but at my sovereign's feet, though she suffered me to be bruised with my fall. And till her Majesty, that knows I was never bird of prey, finds it to agree with her will and service that my wings should be impeded again, I have committed myself to the mew." As time passed on, and no hope came to him, he resented bitterly the injustice of the treatment meted out to him, and became at times so violent, at other times so moody, that those nearest to him feared he would lose his reason. "The queen well knoweth how to humble the haughty spirit," said Sir John Harrington, "but the haughty spirit knoweth not how to yield, and the man's soul seemeth tossed to and fro, like the waves of a troubled sea." A certain amount of freedom having been allowed to him, he made Essex House a meeting-place for all sorts of discontented people, old soldiers and various adventurers, and as a curious contrast, it was here that the Puritan divines assembled on Sundays, and preached to large congregations of the citizens. Nothing could have been more unwise than for Essex to countenance such proceedings, but he was desperate now, and at times almost beside himself. His one desire was to see the queen, and she persistently refused to give him an audience. It was then that some of his friends, among them Lord Southampton, who stood by him through thick and thin, persuaded him into the mad plan of attempting to seize the Tower and the Palace, and by these means to force a way into the queen's presence, so that he might humbly entreat her to remove his enemies from her person, and call a Parliament. Of course, such a wild project could only end in utter failure, and Essex, with Southampton, Rutland, and other of his friends, found themselves landed in the Tower. Almost at once they were brought up for trial at Westminster Hall, and Francis Bacon not only prosecuted them, but used all his powers against them, hoping in this way to gain the queen's favour. Perhaps in the days to come, when he himself was disgraced, humiliated, and deprived of all he had enjoyed, he remembered with shame and sorrow this

day's work in his life, and realised that in sowing the wind he had reaped the whirlwind. Essex and his friends were found guilty, and sentenced to death. "I do not speak for my life," said Essex, "for that I see were vain. I owe God a death, which shall be welcome, how soon so ever it pleaseth her Majesty. And my only request shall be this, that it will please her highness that my Lord Thomas Howard and the Lieutenant of the Tower may be partakers with me in receiving the Sacrament, and be witness of it, in token of what I have protested in this life, for my loyalty, religion, and peace of conscience. Then, whensoever it shall please her Majesty to call me, I shall be ready to seal the same with my blood." I think up to the last moment Essex had some faint hope that the queen, remembering her old affection for him, would pity and pardon him, and there seems no reason to doubt that, as the old story goes, he did send her as a token, a ring which she had given him in the days gone by. But the ring never reached her. It fell not into the hand of Lady Scrope, one of Elizabeth's ladies, for whom it was intended, but into the possession of her sister, Lady Nottingham, who, acting on her husband's advice, kept it without saying a word about it, till on her deathbed she unburdened her soul to the queen. "God may forgive you, but I never can," was Elizabeth's answer, when she heard this confession. She had changed and wavered many times before she had brought herself to sign the death warrant of him to whom she had been so devotedly attached; and now, as she looked back on it all, she must have thought regretfully of how the sight of that token might have turned the scale in his favour. Then, however, it was too late, for Essex, with his splendid record of courageous deeds and single-hearted service, had been robbed of his life in the private execution ground of the Tower. "My good friends," he had said to the guards the night before his death—for soldier like, these men had shown him all the sympathy they dared—"to-morrow, I shall leave an example behind me you all shall remember. You shall see in me a strong God in a weak man. I have nothing to give you,

for I have nothing left but that which I must pay to the queen to-morrow in the morning." The haughty spirit had been tamed at last, and it was as a little child that Robert Essex prepared himself to meet his God. "Give me true humility and patience to endure to the end, and pray for me that, when the stroke is ready to be given, it will please the ever-living God to send down His angels, to carry my soul before His mercy-seat." This was his last prayer. Essex was no faultless hero, but his faults were those of a great-hearted, generous-minded man, whose every action was transparent and open. His mistakes, like everything else about him, were great and obvious, and he seems to have delighted in being unnecessarily daring and reckless under all circumstances. But still there is something very attractive in this adventure-loving soul, who rose above the petty squabbles and intrigues of those who surrounded the Court, and whose courage never failed him when it was put to the test. Small wonder that, after having signed his death warrant, Elizabeth was never the same woman again. If his name was mentioned in her hearing, she wept, and to those around her she said she was tired of life, for nothing now contented her spirit or gave her any enjoyment. As she became more ill, she refused all remedies, in spite of anything her doctors could say to her, and she so fretted herself with remorse, that those about her declared her grief hastened her end. Not that Essex himself would have wished one word of reproach to be uttered to her. Loyal in life, he was loyal to the end, and revenge was a passion which found no response in his generous heart.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

PRISONERS FOR A QUEEN

I HAVE told you that Elizabeth came to the throne to find a great task laid before her. From every quarter of Europe, enemies and opposition confronted her ; plots and counter-plots filled the air, and though in the end she came triumphantly through all these dangers, thanks to the fine statesmanship of her ministers, and to her own force of character, yet for many years she lived surrounded by so many and great perils as would have crushed a woman of less dauntless spirit. And it was a woman, a queen, her nearest of kin, who caused her the greatest anxiety, and the most continual dangers. The story of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, is so bound up with that of Queen Elizabeth, and with the history of the Tower during this reign, that I must tell you, in as few words as possible, something of her life and adventures, though more books have been written about her than about any other queen in the world. Her father, James V. of Scotland, died when she was but a few days old, and as she lay a tiny child in her nurse's arms, the peers of the realm came to do her homage as their queen, even then making suggestions as to who should wed her in years to come. Henry VIII. was her great-uncle, and he at once resolved that she should marry his son, Prince Edward, proposing at the same time that he should be her guardian during her minority, and that all the strongest fortresses of the country should be put into his hands. His demands found but little favour, as it was strongly suspected that he meant no good towards Scotland, and so, though the betrothal of the baby princess to Edward was somewhat half-heartedly agreed to, it was stipulated that Mary should stay where she was with

those of her own country for her protectors, until she was old enough to marry the Prince of Wales, and should Edward die meanwhile, she was to be free, and not held as betrothed to any other person. Those arrangements were drawn up, signed and sealed, when Mary was eight months old. But Henry, who was determined, in spite of any agreements, to get Scotland into his hands, pursued such a policy as to force the guardians of the little queen into a treaty with France, much to the relief of the queen's mother, Mary of Lorraine, who naturally turned to her own nation for protection and support. Some fighting followed this move on the part of Scotland, but no harm came to Mary, who flourished and throve in the healthy air of Stirling, carefully watched by the faithful Lord Lindsay, and blissfully unconscious of all the commotion she created. After the deaths of Henry and Edward, everything pointed to a closer alliance with France, and one fair day a French fleet sailed up the Clyde, received on board the little golden-haired queen, now six years old, with her "four Maries" for her companions, and carried her away to the court of Henry II. of France, who received her as his own daughter. Before long she was betrothed to the Dauphin. Very wide was the contrast between the serious and somewhat rigid life of the Scottish Court and the gay, brilliant, careless surroundings of the French Court, and there is no doubt as to which of the two homes Mary preferred. With French blood in her veins, beautiful, high spirited, witty and clever, she grew up in exactly the atmosphere she enjoyed. Her uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, wrote thus of her to her mother, who as queen regent had remained behind in Scotland: "Your daughter increases daily in height, goodness, beauty, wisdom, and virtue, and is so perfect and accomplished in all things possible for her to be, that there is no one to be found like her in this kingdom among noble ladies or others of whatever quality they may be. She governs both the king and the queen, and I am constrained to tell you, madam, that the king takes such a liking to her, that he often passes his time in chatting with her for the space of an hour, and she knows quite well

how to entertain him with good and wise conversation as if she were a woman twenty-five years of age." She was married to the Dauphin when she was fifteen, having signed a secret treaty, by which, in the event of her leaving no children, she made over her kingdom of Scotland to the kings of France, "in consideration of the services those monarchs had at all times rendered to Scotland by defending her against the English, her ancient and inveterate enemies, and especially for the assistance which she had received from King Henry II., who had so long maintained her at his own expense."

Still the ambition of the French king was unsatisfied. It had been decided that all future acts were to be published in the names of Francis and Mary, King and Queen of Scotland, Dauphin and Dauphiness of France. On the death of Queen Mary of England, Henry declared that both on account of her birth and her religion, Princess Elizabeth had no right to succeed to the throne, that the lawful heir was Mary Stuart. He even went so far as to order the Dauphin to quarter the arms of England with those of Scotland. But he little knew the woman he had to deal with in Elizabeth, nor did he read aright the signs of the times. The people of Scotland were gradually awakening to the fact that the hand of France lay as heavily on their country as had ever lain the hand of England, and the Protestant party, daily gaining ground, realised that in Elizabeth, rather than King Henry of France, lay their best hope of safety and toleration. John Knox, the stern, bold Reformer, was a great power in the land, though his effigy had been burnt at Edinburgh, and he himself had withdrawn for a while to Geneva; and when it became evident that a design was on foot to restore the Catholic religion unconditionally both in England and Scotland, the Protestants revolted, calling on Elizabeth to come to their rescue. After some fighting, a treaty was signed, by which the French troops undertook to leave Scotland, and the king of France promised to refrain from bearing the arms of England; while it was further agreed that for the future the government of the

country was to be carried on by a council of twelve members, and not again to be left to French dignitaries and soldiers. "This treaty," said Cecil, as one of Elizabeth's commissioners, to his sovereign, "will be no small augmentation to your honour, for it procured that conquest of Scotland which none of your forefathers, with all their battles, ever obtained, namely, the whole hearts and goodwill of the people, which surely is better than the revenue of the Crown."

For Mary, events moved with painful rapidity. Within a short time her mother, the king of France, and her husband all died. Though he was greatly her inferior, Mary was devoted to Francis, and nursed him to the end most lovingly. Almost his last words were to bless her for her goodness and tenderness to him, the angel of his life he called her, and such she had certainly been to him. Years afterwards, when looking at Mary's portrait, Charles IX. exclaimed, "Oh Francis, happy brother! though your life and reign were so short, you are to be envied in this, that through it all, you were the object of her love," which words were promptly reported to Queen Elizabeth by her ambassador.

Mary remained for some weeks in the deepest mourning, though she went through all the strain of the state funeral, and there is no doubt that for the time she was quite overwhelmed by her sorrow. She had a little medal designed as a memorial of her grief, on which was engraved a liquorice plant, bending towards its root, and underneath the words "Earth hides my sweetness." And well she might feel her desolate position. She was only eighteen, with no near kith or kin of her own, almost a stranger to her country and people, conscious of the feelings entertained against her by Elizabeth and the whole Protestant party in both England and Scotland, and the object of all the horror and hatred which John Knox could thunder out in his vehement way. Still it was towards Scotland that her thoughts now turned. The Catholic party there had sent over Leslie, the Bishop of Ross, to assure their

queen of their unchanging loyalty and devotion, and Lord James Stuart came from the Parliament bearing their message. Mary decided to return to her dominion, but she was made very indignant by the refusal of Elizabeth to give her a safe conduct through England. "It will surely be deemed very strange, Monsieur," she said to Throckmorton, the English Ambassador, "that your mistress should first animate my subjects against me, and then, being a widow, seek to prevent my going to my own country. I ask of her nothing but friendship; I do not trouble her state. I trust the wind will be so favourable that I shall not come to the coast of England, but if I do, then the queen, your mistress, will have me in her hands to do as she list with me, and if she be so hard hearted as to desire my end, she may then do her pleasure and make sacrifice of me. Peradventure even that might be a better thing for me than to live!"

So it was with a sense of danger that she set sail. Brantôme, one of those who went with her, described the start. "The galley," he said, "having left port, and a slight breeze having sprung up, we set sail. She, with both arms resting on the poop of the galley near the helm, began to shed floods of tears, continually casting her beautiful eyes towards the port and the country she had left, uttering these mournful words, 'Farewell, beloved France!' When night fell, she would not go down to the cabin, so a bed was prepared for her on deck. She commanded the steersman so soon as it was day, if he could still discern the coast of France, to wake her and not fear to call her; in which fortune favoured her, for the wind having ceased, and recourse being had to the oars, very little progress was made during the night; so that when day appeared the coast of France was still visible, and then began to look on it as long as she could, still saying, 'Farewell, France, farewell! I think I shall never see thee more.'"

Thanks to a fog she escaped the English ships which Elizabeth had sent out to seek her, and landed safely at Leith. Her people came to meet her, and in their sober fashion gave

her a welcome, but the very simplicity of their manners and customs depressed her. The ladies and gentlemen of her suite had to ride on little rough ponies harnessed to match, and for music, all that the citizens of Edinburgh could provide was a band made up of a few three-stringed violins, and some singers who chanted in doleful measure the Psalms of David. "Where is the splendour of France?" she asked with a sigh when she arrived in her chambers at Holyrood Palace. And then she fell to weeping bitterly. Despite the fact that she was only just a widow, suitors from every country came forward to seek her hand. She was known to be radiantly beautiful and clever, and besides possessing her own kingdom, to stand next in succession to the throne of England. Small wonder, then, that every European sovereign had something to say on the question of her marriage. Even Elizabeth interested herself in the matter, and the statesmen in England put their heads together in grave consultation. But Mary declined one lover after another, and showed no disposition to do as she was bidden. All at once the astonishing news was made known that Mary had privately married her cousin, Lord Darnley, the eldest son of the Earl of Lennox, and after herself, next heir to the English crown, his mother being a first-cousin to Queen Elizabeth. It was the Countess of Lennox who had brought about this match, and had sent her young, handsome, but penniless son to win the heart of Queen Mary, and the only reward she got for her pains was a long period of imprisonment in the Tower by Elizabeth's command. But the Tower was no strange place to her; it was too indissolubly bound up with the events of her life. It was here that her first lover, Lord Thomas Howard, had been confined for having dared to seek her hand; here he had pined and died; here, too, that her husband, Lord Lennox, had been brought when the first suggestion of a match between Darnley and Mary came to Elizabeth's ears. The Bell Tower was the prison now chosen for the Countess of Lennox, and on the walls is still to be found cut this notice—

“ Ypon the twenty daie of June XX
 In the yere of our Lord, a thosande
 Five hundred, three scor and five
 The Right Honorable Countess of
 Lennox Grace, comytted Prysner
 To this logying, for the Marage
 Of her sonne, My Lord Henry Darnle
 And the Queen of Scotlande.
 Here is there names that do wayte
 Upon her noble Grace, in this plase—
 Elizabeth Husey Then Bailey
 Elizabeth Chambrlen. Robert Portynger.
 Edward C. Veyne. Anno Domini, 1566.

As . God . Preserved . Christ . His . Son
 In . Trouble . And . In . Thrall,
 So . When . We . Call . Upon . The . Lord
 He . Will . Preserve . Us . All.”

While Margaret lay almost forgotten in the Tower, her son disported himself at Holyrood. Quite unable to bear the dulness of her Court, Mary had surrounded herself with many of her French friends, and the walls of the old Palace resounded with dancing, music, and other amusements. All this John Knox noted, and when it came to his turn to preach in St. Giles, he poured forth his wrath: “For the sins of Scotland,” he told the people, “God had set a woman and a boy to reign over them. Princes had become more exercised in flinging and fiddling than in the heeding of God’s word. Fiddlers and flatterers were more precious in their eyes than men of wisdom and gravity, who by wholesome admonition might beat down in them some part of that vanity and pride whereunto all were born, but which especially take deep root in princes.” Darnley, we hear, “was crabbit at such words, and discharged John Knox from preaching.” But John Knox was not the man to be silenced, and he lost no opportunity of speaking out his mind with most unpalatable frankness. The charms and beauties of the young Queen had no power to soften either

his opinions or his language, and he was made doubly angry when he observed how the Members of Parliament were struck with admiration for Mary when she went there one day wearing all her royal robes and her diadem, so that through the hall there rang cries of "God save that sweet face!" "No pleasing face of a fair gentlewoman shall effray me!" he declared contemptuously, as he went on with his forcible denunciations. From the moment Darnley first came to Edinburgh, he had attached to his service a certain David Riccio, who by his cleverness had become a great power at the Court, and was entirely in the confidence of the queen. But she had not been married many months before Mary found out that her husband cared little about her, that he drank heavily and neglected her, and contrived by all means in his power to get the government of the country into his own hands. Either because she had lost all her love for him, or because she saw that he was unfit to rule a country, she refused to give him the privileges he demanded. At once Darnley put down the queen's determination to the influence of Riccio, and he began to work out a plan by which the minister was to be murdered and the crown won for himself by force. Lord Ruthven, who knew of this plot, wrote to Leicester: "I know for certain that the queen repenteth her marriage; that she hateth Darnley and all his kin. I know that he knoweth himself that he hath a partaker in play and game with him. I know that there are practices in hand to come by the crown against her will. I know that if that take effect which is intended, David Riccio, with the consent of Darnley, shall have his throat cut within ten days. Many things, grievouser and worse than these are brought to my ears; yea, of things intended against her own person, which I think better to keep secret than to write."

All of these things came to pass. Riccio was brutally murdered before the queen's eyes, and Darnley won favour with the citizens by telling them he had caused this deed to be done because he had found out that the Italian was in league with the Pope and the King of Spain to bring

foreign troops into the country and restore it to the old religion. Mary's dislike of her husband increased to horror as she came to know all the part he had played in this act. Even when soon afterwards her son was born and Darnley came to her side, she showed him the state of her feelings.

"This is the Prince which I hope shall first unite the two kingdoms of England and Scotland," she said to one who had come into the room with Darnley.

"Why, madam," answered Sir William, "he shall not succeed before you and his father."

"Alas!" she replied, "his father has broken to me!"

"Cannot you forget and forgive, sweet madam?" asked the king.

"I have forgiven," she said sadly, "but I cannot forget."

A short time elapsed, and then early one morning a great explosion took place in Edinburgh, in the neighbourhood of the King's house at Kirk of Field, which now lay in ruins. The alarm was given, and Bothwell, for whom it was known the queen had a liking, and who had gained complete ascendancy over her, rode hurriedly up with a band of soldiers. The King's body was found, but those who saw it noticed with suspicion that it was not by the explosion of gunpowder that he had come by his death. An old woman came forward and said she had seen eight men coming away from the house quite early in the morning, just after the noise of the explosion. They wore armour, and ran hastily. Tongues were soon set busy talking, and it came to be generally believed that Bothwell had murdered Darnley and his servant, who slept with him, and had then caused the house to be blown up, to hide every trace of the crime, all this being done with the knowledge of Mary, who that same night had been at a ball at Holyrood, and had previously arranged not to sleep at Kirk of Field. Although the queen appeared quite overwhelmed with grief, and issued a proclamation offering a reward of £2000 and a free pardon to any one who should give information whereby the author of this wicked deed might be found out and worthily punished, no one believed

that she really was innocent. And the fact that she kept Bothwell at her side, loaded him with honours, and in three months married him, outraged public opinion both at home and abroad. Lord Herries, one of her most honourable and courageous nobles, threw himself at her feet, and implored her "not to marry the man known by all her subjects to be the murderer of her husband, or she would endanger her son's life and ruin her own." Craig, in the absence of Knox, declared from the pulpit, "I take heaven and earth to witness that I abhor and detest this marriage as odious;" and the French ambassador refused to attend the ceremony. The people turned in horror from their queen; the nobles openly revolted, not against Mary, they declared, but against that murderer Bothwell. So intense was the feeling that it came to a question of arms. The nobles carried a banner through Edinburgh, on which was a picture of Darnley lying murdered, and beside him the little prince kneeling, supposed to be saying the words, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord." The sight of this stirred up the citizens even more decidedly than before, and there were but few men of any sort or rank who flocked to protect the queen. Du Croc, the French ambassador, rode from one army to the other hoping to make peace. The nobles assured him that if the queen would leave Bothwell, the wretch who held her captive, she would find them ready to acknowledge her faithfully and remain her very true subjects. This proposal at first Mary refused even to discuss, but at last, when nearly all her little force had deserted her, even Bothwell feared what might befall them unless some compromise were made. He mounted his horse, and, with a dozen of his friends, rode off in a gallop towards Dunbar, very speedily afterwards taking ship to Denmark, as for his life's sake he dared not linger longer in Scotland. Mary gave herself up to the Lords; but no sooner had Bothwell gone than she began to scream and cry like a maniac, declaring she would follow her husband, make war on the traitors, and so soon as she regained her power execute them who had dared so treat her. The Lords in dismay

felt that indescribable confusion would reign in the kingdom, and the most dire results ensue, if the queen were left free to carry out her will, so they removed her to Lochleven Castle, and put her under the charge of three nobles, who were commissioned to see "that she did not pass forth, nor have intelligence from any manner of persons, nor send directions for intelligence with any living persons." The Castle was grim and gloomy, standing in the middle of a lake, surrounded only by water and woods for some distance, and hardly more severe was the mistress of it, Margaret Erskine, a rigid old Presbyterian, who hated Mary with all the strength of her nature. Truly the queen had brought a heavy punishment on her own head, but so bitter was the general feeling against her that no one thought of pitying her. Parliament was summoned in her son's name, and she was terrified into signing a deed by which she abdicated her kingdom, authorised the coronation of Prince James, and appointed Murray as regent during his long minority, with a council to assist him. This is not the place in which to tell of Mary's captivity in Lochleven Castle and all that happened to her within its walls. Enough here to say that a certain George Douglas fell deeply in love with her, and began to plot for her escape. Once he had actually got her outside the walls disguised as the laundress, and into a boat waiting for her, when one of the boatmen, seeing her so muffled up, said merrily, "Let us see what manner of maid this is!" Therewith he essayed to pull down her muffler, the which to defend she put up her hands, and so white were they and fair that therewith they entered into suspicion whom she was. She was taken back to the Castle, and so strictly watched that she gave up all hope of escape. She wrote piteous letters to Catherine de Medici in France, and to Elizabeth in England, begging them to come to her assistance, and to the latter she cleverly pointed out how dangerous would be the example to all subjects if they found they could imprison their queen with impunity. But in the end it was her faithful lover who rescued her. With the help of one of his mother's pages, a little lad also

bearing the name of Douglas, a lad of sixteen, he got the keys of the castle one Sunday night, and smuggled the queen outside the walls in the dress of one of her serving-women. Little Douglas locked the gates after them to delay those who would pursue them. The boat was waiting, and on the other side horses were ready to bear her at full speed to Lord Seton's castle at Niddry. Had she at that time shown any right feeling, she would probably have been put back to her former state and position, for her beauty always softened the hearts of those who saw her, and Murray was proving a stern ruler. But with the fatal recklessness as to consequences which she always showed, she at once sent to Bothwell in Denmark to tell him she was free, and before long would have recovered all her lost authority, and to France asking for men and arms. It was not long before she was flying as fast as her horse could take her towards England, with a tiny band of men still faithful to her lost cause, Lord Herries among the number. She would not even wait to hear how Elizabeth felt inclined to receive her, but insisted on at once crossing Solway Firth in a fisherman's boat, and landed on the coast of Cumberland in a very sorry plight. If she had expected generosity, or "the love of a right dear sister" from Elizabeth, she soon found out her mistake. The Queen of England was not the woman to be touched or easily moved at any sign of weakness. Three courses seemed open to her—she might side with her, take her back to Scotland in triumph, and teach Scotland that a queen's Majesty could not be tampered with, but then there was always the fear that she might ally herself to some of the Catholic princes of Europe, overthrow the Protestant party in Scotland, and even try to do the same thing in England. Or she might in a friendly way give her a home as she desired, which would be to run a great risk of plots undertaken by the old Catholic nobles in her favour. Or, lastly, she might help the fugitive queen to make her way in safety to France, though once there who could tell what she might not attempt by the help and advice of her uncles? So Elizabeth resolved to act on none

of these suggestions, but to keep under her own eyes, very strictly watched and guarded, her impulsive and troublesome cousin. Accordingly Mary Stuart was put under the care of Lord Shrewsbury at Tutbury, allowed a household of ten ladies, fifty other persons, and ten horses, and it was understood that she was to be treated with all the honour due to her high rank. But from the day she set foot on English soil she and her friends never ceased to plot and intrigue, so that for the next few years the story of the Tower prisoners is the story of those who found themselves there for the sake of this fascinating and entirely unscrupulous young queen, in whose cause they had imperilled their reputations and their lives.

DUKE OF NORFOLK

FOREMOST among those drawn into the web by Mary Stuart stands Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, son of the Earl of Surrey. Though still but little over thirty he was at this time a widower, having been thrice married already, and stood very high in Elizabeth's favour. He was known to belong to a family who had always professed themselves to be staunch Catholics, but, however this may be, he always attended the services of the Reformed Church, and Elizabeth so trusted him that she gave him a seat in her privy council, made him a Knight of the Garter, and appointed him as her lieutenant-general in the North of England. In 1568 Mary Stuart had reluctantly consented that a conference should be held in which her position in regard to her country and her subjects should be thoroughly inquired into by a commission, with the object of putting an end to the present state of things. Certain of the commissioners were chosen by herself, others by the Regent, Lord Murray, and Queen Elizabeth sent as her representatives the Earl of Sussex, Sir Ralph Sadler, and the Duke of Norfolk, the latter being finally appointed president.

It was at York, where the conference was held, that the idea of a marriage between the Duke and the queen was first discussed, and Norfolk, who was ambitious, was flattered at the suggestion. Bothwell, his friends told him, could easily be got rid of, and as Queen Elizabeth showed no inclination to marry, it would greatly tend to the future welfare of England if Mary were safely wedded to one of so noble and powerful a family as himself, instead of to some foreign prince. It is always difficult to get at the

truth regarding the parts played by Mary Stuart in any of the events of her life, and this is no exception. It is impossible to say if she had really so changed in her feelings towards Bothwell that she could calmly discuss the means by which his life might be ended, or if it was to gain time and perhaps freedom, she was merely playing a clever game with the Duke. At all events she encouraged him in every way and professed to have the greatest affection for him. Directly the queen heard the rumour she sent for the Duke and lectured him severely as though he had been a naughty boy, insisting that he should at once give up an idea so foolish and distasteful to her Majesty. Norfolk, always weak and changeful, made light of the report, as though there were no truth in it. "Indeed," he said, "mine own estates in England are worth little less than the whole kingdom of Scotland, and when I am in mine own bowling alley I feel myself no whit inferior to a prince." His old tutor, John Fox, though, placed sufficient credence in what was now common gossip to write a very earnest letter of warning to the Duke. "Howbeit," he concluded, "since the noise and clamour of the people maketh me somewhat to muse, and because true love is always full of fear, I beseech you to let me say what I think in this matter, that in case you take this way to marry with this lady in our queen's days, it will in the end turn you to no great good. I beseech you, therefore, be circumspect and mark well what they be that set you at this work, and whereunto they shoot. There is no greater cunning in these days than to know who a man may trust. Examples you have enough within the compass of your own days, whereby you may learn what noblemen have been cast away by them whom they seemed most to trust." Norfolk still denied that he had any such intentions, but all the while the friends of Mary were busy at work, and even the French and Spanish ambassadors began to adopt a new and menacing line as they demanded her release. "The affairs of the Queen of Scotland," wrote an emissary of Catherine de Medici, "are obtaining great strength by

means of the Duke of Norfolk, who proposes to marry her, and even should the Queen of England still oppose the scheme, they will carry it out, so far are matters already advanced. And if she does not speedily resolve to procure the liberation of the Queen of Scotland, they will force her to do against her will." But no threats or persuasions could move Elizabeth on this point. "I am aware," she replied to the French ambassador, "of all the intrigues that have been carried on since she entered this kingdom. Princes have large ears which hear far and near. She has attempted to move the interior of this realm against me, by means of some of my subjects who promise her great things, but they are persons who conceive mountains and bring forth mole-hills. They thought I was so foolish that I would not perceive their doings."

Norfolk withdrew to the north, and there began to make preparations for a great revolt, which, had it been better led and directed, might have been very serious. As it was, every thing was discovered at a very early stage, and Elizabeth sent for Norfolk to appear in London within four days on the pain of treason. At first he made excuses, saying he was sick with fever, but Elizabeth commanded him to travel in a litter if he were too sick to travel on horse, and sent down a company of guards to force him into obedience. So, fearing the queen's anger, he resolved to go to Court, and on arriving in London he was promptly placed in the Tower. While there, he managed to keep up a correspondence in cipher with Mary, the letters being smuggled in and out of the prison by casks of wine and many other ways, and even when after a year he was released, he at once began to take up the threads where he had been forced to lay them down, though he had given a written promise, sealed with his arms, to Elizabeth, that he would hold no communication with the Queen of Scotland. Whatever were her real feelings towards him, Mary wrote in the most devoted and loving way, so that Norfolk, completely under her spell, cast all else to the winds. "You may have better, but never anything straighter bound to obey and

love you, mine own good constant lord, than yours faithfully till death, Mary," she wrote to him. And of course he could not resist her charms. The great card had yet to be played. Up till now Philip of Spain had done nothing in the way of an armed attack on behalf of Queen Mary. He knew England and the English people too well to rush into a fight with them, and moreover the Duke of Alba never failed to point out to him both the expense and the difficulties of an invasion. Now, however, a new plan was propounded by Ridolfi, a Florentine banker and the secret correspondent of the Pope, who declared that the time was come, when, with a little help from Spain and Rome, Mary might be delivered, marry Norfolk, and thus become the means of restoring the ancient religion in the land.

Ridolfi himself set out for the Continent to raise the men and arms required by Norfolk, who professed his willingness to place himself at the head of the rising, and Mary sent word to Philip that she would let her son be educated in Spain under Catholic influences, and would promise that this same religion should be restored in the country. The Duke of Alba was still cautious. "The plan of the Duke of Norfolk and Mary, Queen of Scotland, if properly carried out, would be the best method of remedying the evil," he wrote, "but if the enterprise should fall to the ground, the lives of both would be in danger, and the Queen of England find the opportunity she has so long sought, of getting rid of her and her partisans. But if the Queen of England should die, *either by a natural death or any other death*, then I perceive no further difficulty." The Pope and Ridolfi both seem to have thought alike, and the plot, as it finally was developed in Spain, included the proposed assassination of Elizabeth and the conquest of England. Ridolfi wrote letters of encouragement to Norfolk, told him of the support he might depend on, and urged him to at once put himself at the head of his forces, seize the Tower, and capture Queen Elizabeth. But Norfolk could never take a bold line of action; he delayed and shilly-shallied till it was too late to do anything. For the plot was dis-

covered. Charles Bailey, who was carrying cipher letters from Ridolfi to Mary and Norfolk, was arrested at Dover, taken to the Tower, and put on the rack till he gave the key to the communications he bore to Burghley. In the Beauchamp Tower, where he was kept, Bailey has left many words on the wall, the results, perhaps, of the experience he had gained in life. "Wise men," he cut, "ought circumspectly to see what they do; to examine before they speak; to prove before they take in hand; to beware whose company they use; and, above all things, to whom they truste. Charles Bailey." And again: "Be friend to one, be ennemys to none." "The most unhappy man in the world is he that is not pacient in adversity. For men are not killed with the adversities they have, but with ye impatience with which they suffer. Hope to the and and have patience." "Tout vient apoient quy peult attendre." "All comes at last to him who can wait." "These sighs are the true testimonies of my anguish." From his prison Bailey wrote to Lord Burghley, who had promised him his freedom if he would give up the desired cipher, "I, Charles Bailey, a poore prisoner and a stranger, do humbly beseech you to bend your merciful eyes towards me and take pity on me. For I do assure your lordship I will never serve any other Scottishman again, or stranger while I live, but only the Queen's Majesty and your lordship. For I have no frend to help me, not even with a a peny. I am bruised and torne, and all those who be touched by that which I have made known to your lordship, do laughe me to scorn for this my punishment." There seems no doubt that Burghley kept his word, and that Charles Bailey was set free soon afterwards. But, of course, from the moment these cipher letters fell into the hands of Elizabeth's ministers, Norfolk was a doomed man. In spite of all his protestations that he had never consented to any undertaking which might injure the Queen of England or her realm, he was sent back to the Tower, and shortly brought before a tribunal of peers at Westminster. The charges against him were: "That he had entered into a

treasonable conspiracy for deposing the Queen, taking away her life ; invading the kingdom ; raising war and bringing in a foreign power ; that though he knew for certain that Mary, late Queen of Scots, had usurped the crown, title, and arms of England, he had secretly treated about a marriage with her, and had lent her a sum of money contrary to what he had promised under his hand ; and that he had by letters craved the aid of the King of Spain, the Duke of Álva, and the Pope, to set the Queen of Scots at liberty, and restore the Popish religion in England." Norfolk made but little defence ; the letters he had written himself, which had been intercepted, were evidence too strong to be denied, and he was found guilty by his judges. He took his death sentence calmly. "My lords," he said, "seeing you have put me out of your company, I trust shortly to be in better company. I will not desire any of you all to make petition for my life ; I do not desire to live ; I am at a point. Only I beseech you, my lords, to be humble suitors to her Majesty for my poor children, that it will please her Majesty to be good to them, and to take order for the payment of my debts, and some consideration for my servants." From his prison cell he wrote to Elizabeth a letter of deepest penitence, again begging her to take pity on his children, "who, now they have neither father nor mother, will find but few friends." As for Mary, any affection he may ever have had for her, vanished when he saw the price he was to pay for it. "Nothing that anybody goeth about for her prospereth, nor that else she doth herself," he said bitterly. And he was only one of many who, when too late, realised the same thing. To his two sons and "his goode Nanna" Norfolk sent loving letters, which showed how his thoughts now were alone fixed on his children and their future, and then he died more bravely than he had lived, with the words, "I do not fear," on his lips. Leslie, Bishop of Ross, also in the Tower, daily expected that his would be the same fate, but, after two years' imprisonment, he was set free on the condition that he left England for ever ; and we hear but

little more of this man who, whatever his faults, followed the fortunes of his mistress, in all their changes, with unflinching loyalty and faithfulness. Perhaps this is the place to tell you of Edmund and Arthur Poole, descendants of the Duke of Clarence, who for years had been shut up as doleful captives in the Beauchamp Tower. Worked upon by an astrologer called Prestal, who foretold that Elizabeth would die within the year and be succeeded by Mary Stuart, these foolish boys had joined a conspiracy which, as usual, was discovered by the astute Lord Burghley. They were found guilty of treason, but Elizabeth spared their lives on account of their royal blood and their youth. Both were lads of high spirit, and both must have chafed against the monotonous prison life; but no release came to them, and year after year found them still in the Beauchamp Tower. On its walls they have left many traces of their sojourn there, some of them very pathetic. "A Passage Perillous maketh a Port Pleasant," Arthur Poole has written in one place, an idea, perhaps, which struck him as he watched from his prison window the ships coming up the river after their voyage over rough seas, and prayed that for him, too, there might be a port at last. Or, again, recalling his royal blood and the history of his family, he wrote in another place—

"Deo . servire . penitentiam . inire ; fato . obedire . regnare . est."
(To serve God, to endure suffering, to obey fate, this is to reign !)

Of Edmund's words, the most legible are the beautiful words, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy," to which he added his name and his age, twenty-one years. But the two brothers never seem to have left the Tower till kindly death itself threw open their prison gates and set them free.

Meanwhile the death of Norfolk and the imprisonment of Leslie did not stay the hand of either Mary or her party. They still plotted on with unshaken persistency in the hope of bringing about the invasion of England and the assassination of Elizabeth. Abroad, Philip of Spain was ready with help and encouragement; at home, all the old

Catholic families were prepared to give their best in the cause. The whole thing really resolved itself into a religious struggle. Those of her own religion declared Mary to be a martyr for her faith, a Christian heroine, for whose sake every step that might procure her freedom was lawful. And at the back of nearly every plot were the priests with their network of agents all over Europe. Numbers of these Jesuit priests were despatched to the Tower and treated with such cruelty that there was an outcry in the country, and Burghley had to issue a document denying that these men were otherwise than charitably used, and declaring "that none of them had been put on the rack or tortured unless he had first said expressly that he would not tell the truth." But whatever may have been officially declared to the contrary, there is no doubt that the very greatest cruelties were inflicted on these men, who rightly or wrongly believed that the cause of Mary Stuart was the cause of God and of His Holy Church, and the only possible excuse to be made for Elizabeth at this time is the fact that she was constantly in fear lest her life should be taken as the result of their plots. One among these priests, Francis Baker, deserves to be remembered, as he is supposed on very good authority to have written that beautiful hymn, "Jerusalem, my happy home," while he was suffering every conceivable anguish as a prisoner in the Tower. I give it you in its original form, and though we know little of the writer beyond his name, we cannot but be drawn to one who, in the midst of so much pain, could turn his thoughts away from the dungeon where he lay, and see opening out before his eyes so glorious a vision of that New Jerusalem whose Builder and Maker is God.

The full text is as follows:—

“A SONG MADE BY F. B. P.

Hierusalem my happie home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrowes haue an end?
Thy ioyes when shall I see?

O happie harbour of the saints,
 O sweete and pleasant soyle,
 In thee noe sorrow may be founde,
 Noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle.

Hierusalem : Hierusalem,
 God grant I once may see
 Thy endlesse ioyes, and of the same
 Partaker aye to bee.

Thy wales are made of precious stones,
 Thy bulwarkes Diamondes square ;
 Thy gates are of right orient pearle,
 Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy terrettes and thy pinacles
 With carbuncles doe shine,
 Thy verie streetes are paved with gould,
 Surpassinge cleare and fine.

Thy houses are of Ivorie,
 Thy windoes cristale cleare,
 Thy tyles are mad of beaten gould ;
 O God, that I were there !

Ah my sweete home, Hierusaleme,
 Would God I were in thee ;
 Would God my woes were at an end,
 Thy ioyes that I might see.

Wee that are heere in banishment
 Continuallie doe mourne ;
 We sighe and sobbe, we weepe and wail,
 Perpetually we groane.

Our sweete is mixed with bitter gaule,
 Our pleasure is but paine ;
 Our ioyes scarce last the looking on,
 Our sorrowes still remaine.

Thy viniardes and thy orchardes are
 Most beautifull and faire,
 Full furnishèd with trees and fruits
 Most wonderfull and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes
 Continually are greene,
 There groes such sweete and pleasant flowers
 As noe where eles are seene.

There trees for euermore beare fruite,
 And evermore doe springe,
 There euermore the Angels sit,
 And euermore doe singe.

There David standes with harpe in hand,
 As maister of the Queere ;
 Tenne thousand times that man were blest
 That might this musicke hear.

Our Ladie singes Magnificat,
 With tune surpassinge sweete ;
 And all the Virginns beare their parts,
 Sittinge aboue her feete.

Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose singe,
 Saint Augustine dothe like,
 Ould Simeon and Zacharie
 Haue not their songes to seeke.

Hierusalem, my happie home,
 Would God I were in thee ;
 Would God my woes were at an end,
 Thy ioyes that I might see.

Finis.

Finis."

The last great plot has been named the Babington plot, on account of the leading part played in it by Anthony Babington, a dashing young man with a handsome face and a good fortune, another devoted admirer of Mary, Queen of Scots. He with some of his friends met constantly at a tavern in London to make their secret plans, little dreaming that Walsingham, Elizabeth's minister, was watching them all the time, surrounding them with his spies, and intercepting their letters. With a rash confidence in their cause, letters passed between the conspirators in the most reckless

fashion. "I am not unoccupied, neither do I forget your Majesty's state," wrote one of them, Morgan, "and there be many means at hand to remove the beast that troubleth all the world." Mary dangled a new and tempting bait before the eyes of Philip of Spain, directly she discovered that her son James had made his own terms with Elizabeth. "Considering the perseverance of my son in heresy, which I assure you I have wept over and lamented day and night more than mine own calamities, and foreseeing the great injury which would arise to the Catholic Church if he came into the succession of this kingdom, I have deliberately determined, in case my son does not embrace the Catholic religion before my death, to yield and bestow my right to the succession of this crown, by will, to the king, your master, on condition that he will henceforward take me entirely under his protection. But I beseech you that this may be kept very secret, for if it were revealed it would lead in France to the loss of my dowry, in Scotland to a complete rupture with my son, and in this country to my total ruin and destruction." Thus she wrote to a Spanish minister, and of this Walsingham also knew. But he left Babington to mature his plans for some time yet, and six men swore to assassinate Elizabeth, while others undertook to raise a general insurrection in the country. Then the letter he had waited for fell into his hands, one in which Babington writing to "his very dear sovereign," explained to her the whole conspiracy and asked her to appoint persons to act as her lieutenants in Wales and Lancashire. Mary answered him by praising him for his zeal, approving of his plans, and going into full details of all that he had mentioned, besides discussing the forces which would be necessary for the invasion! But the plans came to an abrupt end. Babington and his five companions found themselves in the Tower; Mary was taken to a fresh prison; her secretary and attendants removed, and all her papers opened, read, and forwarded where necessary to head-quarters. Her indignation was intense. "Nevertheless there are two things which the Queen of England can

never take from me," she said proudly, when she found that even her jewels were gone, "and they be the blood royal which gives me a right to the succession of England, and the attachment which makes my heart beat for the religion of my fathers."

For some time Elizabeth hesitated about bringing Mary herself to trial, and even when she had given in on this point, and the Commission had found the Scottish Queen guilty, as indeed they could not fail to do, of plotting against the crown and country of England, she still held back from having the sentence carried out. It was not that she had any soft feelings towards Mary, but undoubtedly she shrank from taking the whole responsibility of her death on her shoulders. She even sent the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker to Parliament to ask if they could not devise some means by which her own safety might be secured, and the life of the Scottish Queen be spared. They answered deliberately and unanimously "that the life of Her Majesty would be in danger so long as Mary, Queen of Scotland, lived, because repentance on her part could neither be looked for, nor would it be sincere, and that, until just sentence were executed, the realm would be threatened with early and disastrous ruin." Elizabeth still appeared reluctant, but at last sent to Mary to inform her that the sentence of death would be carried out. Like most of the Stuart race, Mary was at her bravest and best when it came to the end of all things. She received the messengers Elizabeth had commissioned with a quiet dignity, and when they had read the warrant she only crossed herself and said, "In the name of God these tidings are welcome, and I bless and praise Him that the end of my sufferings is at hand. I did not think that the queen would ever have consented to my death, but God's will be done." She wrote a farewell letter to Elizabeth, in the same calm spirit, in which she declared, "I thank God with all my heart that it pleases Him to put an end, through your decree, to the weary pilgrimage of my life. I do not ask that it may be prolonged, having had but too long experience of its bitterness. I only beseech your Majesty that

I may receive from you, and you alone, the following favours. In the first place, that my body may be carried by my servants to some goodly land, especially France, where the bones of the queen, my honoured mother, repose, in order that this poor body, which has never known repose since it has been united to my soul, may at length find peace when separated from it. Secondly, that I may not be executed in any secret place, but in sight of my domestics and other persons who may be able to bear witness to my faith and obedience to the true Church. Thirdly, I request that my domestics who have served me through so many troubles, with so much fidelity, may be allowed to retire freely wherever they may wish to go, and to enjoy the small presents which my poverty has bequeathed them in my will." It is very doubtful if Elizabeth ever received this letter, and neither Lord Kent nor Lord Shrewsbury, the commissioners, would give Mary any assurance as to what they deemed might be the queen's pleasure in this matter, though Sir Amyas Paulet, her governor, remarked, "he thought her little furniture would be treated according to her disposition." All her servants wept and wailed most bitterly, but Mary comforted them with fine spirit. "Up, Jane Kennedy," she said smiling to the oldest of them, "leave weeping and be doing, for the time is short! It will avail nothing to weep or lament, but rejoice rather that you see me so near the end of my long troubles and afflictions. It seems I am to die on account of my religion. Most glorious thought that it should be for such a cause!"

Whatever she had been in her life she was noble and great in her death, and with her crucifix firmly clasped in her hand, surrounded by her little band of devoted attendants, she walked steadily to the scaffold with no trace of fear or trembling on her still fair face. Almost her last thought was for her son, who had shown but little care or anxiety for her. "Woe is me that ever it should be my hap to carry back such heavy tidings to Scotland, as that my good and gracious queen and mistress has been beheaded in

England!" cried staunch Sir Andrew Melville, throwing himself on his knees before her.

"Weep not, Melville," she answered kindly, "my good and faithful servant, thou shouldst rather rejoice that thou shalt now see the end of the long troubles of Mary Stuart. I only charge thee in the name of Christ to bear witness that I die firm to my religion, a true Scotchwoman and true to France. Commend me to my dearest and most sweet son. Tell him I have done nothing to prejudice him or disparage his dignity, and tell him from my example never to rely much on human aid, but to seek that which is from above."

When the executioner had done his work he said solemnly, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" to which the melancholy Earl of Kent added alone, Amen. In London the bells of the city were all set ringing and bonfires were lit to celebrate the fact that at last, after nineteen years, a great danger had been removed from out of England. But the deed weighed heavily upon Elizabeth. From all over Europe there was an outburst of feeling against her, and only after stooping to a good deal of insincerity and untruthfulness did she appease Henry of France, or James of Scotland. Philip of Spain was less easy to pacify: more than one feeling stirred him up to strike a blow at Elizabeth, and the Armada was the form his desire for vengeance took. It was thanks to the bold English seamen and the stout English hearts who manned our ships that the Spaniards were hopelessly defeated in that great fight which won for England her independence in Europe and made her queen of the seas.

The history of the years which had gone before is far too mixed up and complicated for any one, with truth, to tell who out of all these actors did well in the tragic drama. On Elizabeth's side we must freely admit that she had very great provocation, having to contend not alone with Mary Stuart, but with a powerful party which was spread over Europe as well as over England, and there seems no doubt

that had Mary been contented to hold herself clear of plots and intrigues, she would have been allowed to live peacefully and safely in this country. As it was, her ambitious restless mind, her wild love of scheming, her utter want of principle, and the reckless way in which she used her beauty and her wits, made the account against her a heavy one, such as could only be paid off with a great price. There is little in her life to be admired, but still it is well for us to think of her with that infinite pity for her misdeeds and her sufferings which should ever find a place in our judgments, and to hopefully believe that by her death she redeemed much of her past.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

“ So as the heart be right, it matters not which way the head lies.”

I N writing about this man and his great feats on the seas, as an explorer and a discoverer, you must try to understand something of that passion for adventure which swept over England in these days, and sent our sailors out to lay the foundations of the Greater Britain beyond the seas, which now is the pride and glory of our island race. While admitting to the full all the great qualities of Elizabeth as a queen, as well as the sagacity and wisdom of her ministers, we must still look below the surface, and realise that the defeat of the Armada, which won for England the supremacy of the ocean and her rightful position among the countries of Europe, was the work of men whom now we call the grand old sea-dogs; sailors, half-heroes and half-pirates, half-burning with a determination to save their country from those “devildoms of Spain,” half-fired by the desire to possess the Spanish gold and the Spanish treasures, who nevertheless, without much help from the Government, or much prospect of any clear advantage to themselves, went out badly equipped with anything save their own indomitable courage; and wherever they went, they won. Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, Howard, Seymour, and Granville with their hardy seamen—these are among the greatest names of those who have made our England, and they deserve more honour and a better remembrance than as yet we have given them. They were not faultless heroes. Their religion was summed up in a deathless hatred of Spain. To them to kill a Spaniard or to seize a treasure-ship was the whole duty of an Englishman, but it was over

their dead bodies, and through the might of their strong arms, that our country has passed along in the fulfilment of its high destiny. "Peace to them," says Carlyle. "Did they not in spite of all accomplish much for us? We walk smoothly over their great rough heroic lives; step over their bodies sunk in the ditch there. We need not spurn them. Let the heroes rest." How I wish it were possible now to tell you some of the thrilling adventures which befell these sea-dogs! of Greville, who with his little ship the *Revenge*, fought fifty-three great Spanish ships of war, and for fifteen hours held them at bay till, thrice wounded, he lay dying down below:

"And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard, caught at last,
And they praised him to his face, with their courtly Spanish grace;
But he rose upon their deck and he cried:
'I have fought for Queen and faith like a valiant man and true,
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Greville, die!
And he fell upon their deck and died."

Or of Frobisher who, with two tiny ships, reached a point farther north than almost any earlier explorer; and Gilbert, who refused to leave his sailors for a safer vessel. "We are as near to heaven by sea as by land," he said, and died with his crew in mid-Atlantic. You may search all through the pages of the world's history before you find stories half so romantic or half so thrilling! But I must keep to the life of Raleigh, for he was the only one among those explorers whose ship at last passed into the dim harbour of the Tower. He was a half-brother of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and most likely his first taste of the sea came from going with him on some of his expeditions. But we get very little reliable information about him until we hear of him going over to Ireland about the year 1580 to the assistance of his friend Sir Warham Sentleger, who, with a handful of men, was holding Cork against the rebels. For it was on Ireland that the Catholic powers of Europe had

fixed their hopes, as the country through which a blow might be struck at England. This Irish rebellion is a horrible story of massacre and cruelty. Lord Grey de Wilton, who was appointed to the command of the queen's forces, was a rigid Puritan, who considered that the rebels and their foreign allies were the enemies of God and queen, without hope of mercy in this world or the next, and not worthy of being treated with the humanity which would have been accorded to animals. Every prisoner who fell into his hands was killed, sometimes as many as five or six hundred at a time would be despatched, and no one raised a voice in protest. Indeed the queen herself wrote to Grey, soon after one of the most terrible massacres, and declared that "this late enterprise had been performed by him greatly to her lyking." Raleigh certainly, who never had an over-sensitive conscience, did not let any considerations of mercy stay his avenging hand. And yet there was in him something of a rough chivalry which is in great contradiction to many of his other acts, but which nevertheless so won for him the devotion of his men, that they were ready on all occasions to risk their lives for him. On one occasion we hear that "Raleigh the captaine, making his return from Dublin, and the same well knowne unto the Seneschall of Tenokellie, through whose countrie he was to pass, he (*i.e.* the Seneschall) laie in ambush for him to have entrapped him between Youghall and Cork, lieng at a foord which the said captaine must pass over with six horsemen and certain kerns. The captain, little mistrusting anie such matter, had in his companie onelie two horsemen and four shot on horseback, which was too small a force in so doubtfull and dangerous times. The captaine being come to the foord, the seneschal had spied him alone, his companie being scattered behind, and verie fiercely pursued him and crossed him as he was to ride over water, but yet he recovered the foord and passed over. The captain being thus over in safetie, one, Henry Moile, riding alone about a bowes shot before the rest of his companie, when he was in the middle of the foord his horse

founded and cast him down, and being afraid that the seneschall's men would have followed him and have killed him, cried out to the captain to come and save his life, who, not respecting the danger he himself was in, came unto him and recovered both him and his horse. And then Moile, wishing with all haste to leap up, did it with such haste and vehemency that he quite overlept the horse and fell into a mire fast by, and so his horse ran away and was taken by the enemy. The captaine nevertheless stayed still and did abide for the coming of the residue of his company, and sat upon his horse in the meanwhile, having his staff in one hand and his pistol charged in the other." After this we hear that the seneschal, though he had an advantage of twenty to one in point of numbers, would not attack this little band with Raleigh at its head, for he guessed rightly that a leader who would risk his life for his soldiers would be well served by them when it came to fighting.

It was in a great part owing to the good feeling existing between himself and his soldiers which made Raleigh's band to be accounted as quite invincible, though he himself, in writing of the events long afterwards, modestly declared that his success was due to the fact that his own men were well armed, while the Irish had nothing but darts, so that he with a hundred soldiers could have beaten all the forces of the strongest province. As the massacres continued, Lord Burghley began openly to show his dislike of this extremely brutal method of warfare, which consisted in putting every man, woman, and child to death, and he did not hesitate to say, "that the Flemings had not such cause to rebel against the oppression of the Spaniards as the Irish against the tyranny of England." But the distance between England and Ireland in those days gave all the advantages to the men on the spot, and these, without exception, were in favour of the hanging policy. So the warnings of Burghley were disregarded, with the fatal consequences which he alone was wise enough to foresee. In 1591 Raleigh was recalled to London, for the Queen was anxious

to see one of whose brilliant exploits she had heard many reports, and of whose doings she so highly approved. At once he sprang into her favour. Outwardly he possessed many advantages, "having a good presence in a handsome and well-compacted person; a strong natural wit and a better judgment, with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to the best advantage." He stood six feet high, had dark hair, and a bright colour, and possessed a very fine taste in dress, the jewels he wore being worth many thousand pounds. Never was man more gifted. In his one person he was a poet, a soldier, a sailor, an orator, a writer, and a statesman, and to all this he added a most winsome and gallant manner. There is no reason to doubt the old story that he threw down his costly velvet cloak as a carpet for the queen when she had to cross a specially muddy road, "whereon the queen trod gently over, rewarding him afterwards with many suits for his so free and seasonable a tender of so fair a footcloth;" or that with an audacity which never became him ill, he wrote on a glass to her with his diamond ring—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall."

To which she made answer—

"If thy heart fail thee, then climb not at all."

"Raleigh," wrote a court gossip, "hath gotten the Queen's ear at a trice. She began to be taken with his eloquence, and loved to hear his reasons to her demands; and the truth is, she took him for a kind of oracle which betters them all." But Raleigh, like Essex, found that court favours palled after a time, and in 1584 he persuaded Elizabeth to renew in his name the charter which had been made out to Humphrey Gilbert when he had sailed on his ill-fated expedition to found a settlement in North America. He was not allowed at that time himself to take part in a voyage so dangerous, but his ships had good success, and returned in a few months with news of land

they had annexed in the name of her Majesty, to which they had given the name of Virginia, bringing with them also "a string of pearls as large as great peas," for a sign of the wealth of the country. On a second expedition the ships captured a Spanish plate-ship, and this, with its cargo worth £50,000, they triumphantly brought back to Plymouth harbour. Although the desire to find gold and treasures played a great part in all Raleigh's undertakings, it is only fair to him to say that he spent by far the largest part of all the wealth which came to his share, in fitting up ships to discover all these unknown lands; and he always required full reports to be brought to him of the possibilities the new-found countries possessed. Indeed he was one of our first colonists, and what, as a nation, do we not owe to those of our sons who have carried our civilisation and our enterprise to the uttermost corners of the earth? The jealousy and bad feeling which existed between Raleigh and Essex, ended in a victory for the younger favourite, and Raleigh went back to Ireland, where he and Edmund Spenser spent many hours together, and planned out in part the romance of the "Fairy Queen." Of Raleigh's own poems, none is more charmingly turned than the one in which he laments the death of his friend Sir Philip Sidney:—

"England does hold thy limbs that bred the same;
 Flanders thy valour, where it last was tried;
 The camp thy sorrow, where thy body died;
 Thy friends thy want; the world thy virtue's fame."

He interested himself, too, in all kinds of schemes for introducing into Ireland some of the plants brought from far-off lands; cedar trees, bright yellow wallflowers, and the tobacco plant, all flourished in his garden, and the very spot is still shown where he planted the first potato. For these services he was highly commended by the Irish Parliament, and in many ways it would have been much better for him if he had remained busy with his books and his garden. But new dangers from Spain led to his being

called back to England. Then his marriage with Elizabeth Throckmorton, a maid of honour, got him still further into disgrace at court, and he found himself landed in the Tower for the space of two months, not a very long space of imprisonment, but enough to drive nearly frantic one who had always lived the most active and varied of lives. "I live to trouble you at this time, being become like a fish cast on dry land, gasping for breath, with lame legs and lamer lungs," he wrote. And he raved and stormed so in his cell that the governor was quite in despair, and felt certain his prisoner was going mad. Just at this time the ships he had sent out to the Azores came back to England, bearing with them the famous plate-ship, the *Madre de Dios*, which they had captured from Spain, and which was reported to be worth at least £500,000. "She was lined with glowing woven carpets, sarcenet quilts, and lengths of white silk and cyprus; she carried in chests of sandalwood and ebony such stores of rubies and pearls, such porcelain and ivory and chrystal, such planks of cinamon and such marvellous treasures as had never been seen before. Her hold seemed like a garden of spices, so laden was it with cloves, nutmeg, ambergris, and frankincense." When the news came that all this wealth was lying in Dartmouth harbour, the usurers and shopkeepers of London, together with a great company of people, set out to see what chance there was of picking up some of the booty, and soon the whole of Devonshire was in a ferment of excitement and disorder. Only Raleigh could deal with these men of Devon, and he was accordingly set free from the Tower for this purpose. Even Cecil was amazed to see his unbounded popularity. "I assure you," he wrote, "all his servants and all the mariners came to him with such shouts of joy as I never saw a man more troubled to quiet them in all my life. But his heart is broken, and whenever he is saluted with congratulation for liberty, he doth answer, "No, I am still the Queen of England's poor captive. But I vow to you his credit is greater among the mariners than I thought for."

After this he could not well be sent back to the Tower, and his own great wish was to go out himself on an expedition to America, but his young wife very strongly objected to this. "I hope for my sake," she said to Cecil, "you will rather draw Walter towards the East than help him forward towards the sunset, if any respect to me, or love to him, be not forgotten." For a while Raleigh gave into the wishes of his wife, and went to Bath with her to drink its waters for his health's sake, but he soon tired of this kind of existence. He was greatly drawn "towards the sunset," and declared he would serve as a private soldier or sailor if only he might be up and doing. And at last he was free to set out in search of the wonderful golden cities of Guiana. It is difficult to realise to-day the effect made on men's minds by the marvellous stories and legends which travellers spread abroad, as to the mines of gold only waiting to be discovered in that part of the world. The very bodies of the natives, it was said, gleamed with gold dust, magnificent jewels worth a king's ransom hung round their necks, diamonds and precious stones were as plentiful as pebbles, and could be had for the price of a few sheep. In 1594, a Captain Popham sailing in one of Raleigh's vessels got possession of certain letters being sent home to the King of Spain, in which it was stated that Berreo, the Spanish Governor of Trinidad, had annexed this land of treasure for his Majesty King Philip. However much Raleigh loved riches, the strongest passion in his nature was "an hatred of the tyrannous prosperity of Spain." The news that this wondrous El Dorado had been seized by that country made him determined to try and wrest it away. On February 6, 1595, he sailed from Plymouth with five ships, and "a handful of men, being in all about an hundred men, soldiers, rowers, boat-keepers, boys, and all sorts," on the pretence of visiting his old settlement in Virginia, but in reality he hoped to find out more definite and trustworthy facts about Guiana. He pushed far up into the country, in spite of many difficulties, and was enraptured with all he saw, though he seems to have been greatly

deceived as to the actual wealth to be found there. "I never imagined a more beautiful country, nor more lively prospects," he wrote; "hills so raised here and there over the valleys; the river winding into divers branches; the plains adjoining without bush or stubble, all fair green grass; the deer crossing in every path; the birds towards the evening singing on every tree with a thousand several tunes, cranes and herons of white, crimson, and carnation perching on the river's side; the air fresh with a gentle easterly wind, and every stone that we stooped to take up promised either gold or silver by his complexion."

When he reached England after this voyage of discovery he was enthusiastic as to the need of a really powerful expedition being sent out to Guiana, and was deeply hurt that Elizabeth looked so coldly on the plan. "I tell you," he said with reckless exaggeration, "the like fortune was never offered to any Christian prince, for in the city of Manoa alone there are stores of golden statues, not one of which is worth less than £100,000. Unless we do something at once, France and Spain will make it impossible for us to move." To his honour, he added, that he begged this enterprise, were it undertaken, might not be soiled with any deeds of cruelty, nor that those might be permitted to go to Guiana who only desired to plunder the Indians. Still, with the idea of further stirring up the interest of the general public, he published his famous book, "On the Discovery of the large, rich, and beautiful Empire of Guiana, with a relation of the Great and Golden City of Manoa, which the Spaniards call El Dorado, and the Provinces of Emeria, Arromaia, Amapaia, and other countries, with their rivers adjoining." In spite of its long and somewhat pompous title, the book is written in a delightful manner, and still remains as one of the best books on travels our literature possesses. The important Cadiz expedition about which you heard in the Life of Essex put all else out of men's minds for the time being, and Raleigh himself, willing to strike a blow at Spain from any quarter, was quite willing it should be so. Never did he show to such ad-

vantage either as a great sea-captain or as a private individual as on this occasion, and even Essex was won over to acknowledge his genius and his charm. On the 21st of June the English squadron swept into the harbour of Cadiz, Raleigh on board the *Water Sprite*, and in front of them lay seventeen huge Spanish galleys, which at once turned their fire on to the *Water Sprite*. Raleigh answered them with a defiant blare of trumpets, but he had a course clearly marked out in his own mind. Close to him were the *St. Philip* and the *St. Andrew*, the two ships foremost in that attack on the *Revenge*, where Raleigh's friend and kinsmen Sir Richard Greville had fallen after so brave a fight. "These," he said, "were the marks I shot at, being resolved to be revenged for the *Revenge*, or to second her with my own life." How he carried out his object his own words shall tell you. "Having no hope of my fly-boats to board, and the Earl and my Lord Thomas having both promised to second me, I laid out a way by the side of the *Philip* to shake hands with her, for with the wind we could not get aboard; which when she and the rest perceived, they all let slip and ran aground, tumbling into the sea heaps of soldiers, as thick as if coals had been poured out of a sack in many parts at once, some drowned and some sticking in the mud. The *Philip* burned itself; the *St. Andrew* and the *St. Matthew* were recovered by our boats ere they could get out to fire them. The spectacle was very lamentable on their side, for many drowned themselves, many half-burned leaped into the water; very many hanging by the rope's end by the ship's side, under the water even to the lips; many swimming with grievous wounds, and withal so huge a fire, and such a tearing of the ordnance in the great *Philip* and the rest when the fire came to them, as if a man had a desire to see hell itself, it was there most lively figured. Ourselves spared the lives of all after the victory, but the Flemings, who did little or nothing in the fight, used merciless slaughter, till they were by myself and after by the Lord Admiral beaten off." To Elizabeth this victory gave very little satisfaction, as it

brought only an insignificant amount of treasure to her, and she would not even see Raleigh when he returned to England, suffering grievously from wounds he had received. For the love of gold had become even a stronger passion with the queen than the love of power. But the nation was grateful, and knew how to idolise its heroes. It seems extraordinary that for a long time nothing was given to Raleigh as a reward for his splendid services, and it was not till 1600 that the quite trifling honour of being made Governor of Jersey was conferred upon him; and there is no doubt that the continual slights to which he was subjected, and the subordinate posts he was called on to fill, when there were few men at the time his equals, scarce one his superior, made him a somewhat bitter and disappointed man. Nor did fortune smile on him more kindly when James I. became King of England. He shared none of Raleigh's inveterate hatred of Spain; indeed, he was both willing and anxious to come to some peaceful terms with Philip, and he was soon told that the first thing his Majesty would demand was either the imprisonment or the death of Raleigh. James was a coward, and devoid of any fine feeling; he was more than ready to sacrifice his greatest subject, and he searched about for a pretext. He found it by implicating Raleigh in a foolish plot his friend Lord Cobham had set on foot, to bring Arabella Stuart to the throne, and on the most insignificant evidence he was sent to the Tower. His health and his spirits were sadly broken; this sudden and quite unexpected blow staggered him altogether.

In the Tower he tried to take his own life, and the letter he wrote as a farewell to his wife shows his utter agony of mind. "You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead, and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive or my words express, for your many travails and care taken of me, which, though they have not taken the effect you wished, yet is my debt to you not the less. That I can live never

to see thee and the child any more, that I cannot! That I can live to think how you are both left a spoil to my enemies, and that my name shall be a dishonour to my child, I cannot! I have desired God and disputed with my reason, but nature and compassion have the victory. For I am left of all men. All my services, hazards, and expenses for my country, my plantings, discoveries, fights, counsels, and whatsoever else I have done, are covered by the malice of my enemies. Woe, woe, woe to him by whose falsehood we are lost. But, my wife, forgive thou all as I do; live also, for thou hast but a time also. Bless my poor child, and let him know that his father was no traitor. Be bold of my innocence, for God, to whom I offer life and soul, knows it." But, after all, it was no coward's death by his own hand that Raleigh died, nor was the prison door to be thrown open to him yet awhile. He had to climb still further up that steep ascent of sorrow before he could leave below all the old arrogance and pride, and go forward into the new life made more fit by suffering for the vision of God. At Winchester there was a travesty of a trial, at which all connected with this plot were sentenced to death. From the window in his prison Raleigh saw all the other conspirators led out to the scaffold, then there was a delay, a conference among the officials, and finally the Sheriff announced, amid ringing cheers from the crowd, that the king had graciously decided to spare their lives. Then for Raleigh, most restless and most active of men, came those long twelve years of imprisonment in the Garden Tower, and who can fully realise the weariness of the weeks as one by one they rolled slowly along, bringing to him, alas! neither change nor hope? He was allowed the company of his wife and little son, but she, poor soul, distraught with anger and impatience, was endlessly presenting petitions and troubling the Court with the story of her wrongs, only to learn by one rebuff after another that her "brave Wat" lay a prisoner at the will of Philip of Spain. Bereft of his freedom, his money, his estates, and his health, Raleigh had one consolation left to him, for his active mind was still at

liberty to work, and he threw himself with all his heart into the writing of his "History of the World." It was a great project, like everything else he undertook, but only one volume was ever published, which took the reader from the Creation down to the conquest of Macedon by Rome, and was in itself a folio of nearly 1400 pages, so closely written that they would fill quite forty volumes of an ordinarily-sized history book. Another delight to him was the making of chemical experiments; and the lieutenant, a kindly man, let him set up his little still in his private gardens. Some of his remedies became most popular, the queen herself declaring that one of his mixtures had saved her life. His "lesser cordial," of strawberry water, was used by many great ladies; and he had a "greater cordial," guaranteed to contain "whatever is most choice and sovereign in the animal, vegetable, and mineral world." Nor was he without visitors. Crowds used to wait about to catch a glimpse of him walking up and down the terrace, now called Raleigh's Walk. Sailors in the ships cheered him from the distance; court ladies thought themselves lucky if, by the courtesy of the lieutenant, they were allowed a few words with him, or could draw him on to tell them of the wondrous sights he had seen in the far-off countries. What a fine figure he must have made, pacing up and down there like a lion in his den—tall and handsome still, dressed with all his old magnificence, sparkling with jewels, most commanding in his presence! The authorities at Court became quite alarmed, for their prisoner was fast becoming a great person in the eyes of all the people, who only remembered his gallant feats, and resented that he should be thus kept in a hateful bondage. One most powerful friend he had in Henry, the young Prince of Wales, who at heart was a keen sailor, and would stay with him for hours talking over matters of ships and navigation. To his mind there was no one half so wise in these matters as Raleigh, and he was at one with him in the feeling that England's greatest security for peace lay in her maintaining always a strong, efficient navy. "Though the

sword be put in the sheath," said the old sailor to the young Prince, "we must not suffer it to rust or to stick so fast that we could not draw it readily when need requires. If those powerful means whereby we reduced our enemies to the seeking of peace were neglected, so that we could not assume the use of them, those proud, mastering spirits would be more likely to shake us by the ears as enemies, than to take us by the hands as friends. Peace is a blessing of God, and therefore blessed are those means in which peace is gained and preserved. Our defence and safety is in our shipping and sea forces, which should be esteemed as His gifts, and then only available and beneficial when He vouchsafes us His grace to use them aright." The friendship was certainly a comfort to Raleigh, though it did not bring him freedom, in spite of all Prince Henry could say to his father. "No one else," he remarked bitterly, "would have shut up such a bird in a cage." Unhappily for England, the brilliant and attractive young life came all too early to a close. "I had written for him a Treatise on the Art of War by Sea," said Raleigh sadly, "but God hath spared me the labour of finishing it by his loss. I therefore leave him in the hands of God who hath him." With his dying breath Henry had obtained a promise from James that at Christmas Raleigh should be set free, but when the time came the promise was conveniently forgotten. What at last did touch the king was a proposal brought before him by one or two powerful men, urged on by the queen and others, that Raleigh should be sent out to Guiana to work the gold mines he had discovered there, the king to have no expense in connection with the expedition, but a goodly share of the gold it would undoubtedly secure. And on the condition that he would not attack any part of the Spanish possessions, Raleigh was set free to go on this enterprise. His wife and his friends found the money wherewith to fit up the ships, and on the *Destiny* he set sail, taking with him his son Walter, a veritable chip of the old block. But from the first it was a most disastrous undertaking. Fever

ravaged his crew ; from some source or another his plans had all been betrayed to the Spaniards, and they lay in force round the access from the river to the mine. Raleigh himself was laid low with a serious illness. He still believed in the gold mine on the Orinoco, and, too weak to go forward with a secret party himself, he sent his son and Captain Keymis. For a while no news was heard of them, and when at last it came it was bad news indeed. There had been a sharp encounter with the Spaniards, and in the struggle young Walter Raleigh had been killed, falling as he led on his men with the words, "Come on, lads ! this is the only mine you will ever find !" Not a trace of gold was to be discovered, and Keymis had nothing but failures to report, declaring that, "with a broken mind and a sick body, all the respects of this world had taken end in him." Still Raleigh would not give up hope ; the old lion-hearted spirit was as strong in him as ever. He would himself dash forward and find the gold mine, or die in the attempt ! But his men had less courage. They believed the Spaniards were bearing down on them ; they had no faith in the mine ; they mutinied and refused to do as they were bidden, and without them Raleigh was helpless. Utterly broken-hearted and disgraced, he made for England, knowing full well what awaited him there, but indifferent now as to how ended a life he felt had failed. At Plymouth his wife met him, and there came to greet him too the Vice-Admiral of Devon, with the news that he had the king's orders to arrest him. A few days later he was back in his old quarters at the Tower. Then there came a hasty trial ; he was found guilty of "abusing the confidence of King James, and of injuring the subjects of Spain," and condemned to death on the old sentence. Only one favour was granted to him, which was that Lady Raleigh received permission to bury him where she would. "It is well, Bess," he told her on the last night, as she lingered in the cell, braced up by his calmness ; "thou mayst dispose of that dead which thou hadst not always the disposing of when alive." When she had left him at last,

he got out his writing materials, and in the stillness of the night set down this verse—

“ Even such is Him that takes in trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with earth and dust ;
 Who in the dark and silent grave,
 Where we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days ;
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust.”

On the next morning he was so merry as quite to shock the good Dean of Westminster, who had come to be with him till the end. “ Indeed,” wrote an eye-witness, “ through all the time he was upon the scaffold and before, there was not the least alteration in him, either in his voice or countenance ; but he seemed as free from all manner of apprehension as if he had come thither rather to be a spectator than a sufferer. Nay, the beholders seemed much more sensible than he did ; so that he hath purchased here in the opinion of men such honour and reputation, as it is thought his greatest enemies are they that are most sorrowful for his death, which they see is likely to turn much to his advantage.” Dressed with his usual magnificence, smiling and eloquent, Sir Walter had never before seemed so great a hero as he appeared in this last hour to the throngs of people who crowded round the Old Palace Yard at Westminster. “ I thank God,” he said simply, “ that He hath brought me into the light to die, and hath not suffered me to die in the dark prison of the Tower, where I have known a great deal of misery and sickness. And I thank God that my fever hath not taken me at this time, as I prayed Him it might not, that I might clear myself of some accusations laid to my charge unjustly, and leave behind me the testimony of a true heart, both to my king and my country.” Then he went on to his own defence, and for nearly half-an-hour held the crowd spell-bound with sympathy and admiration. It was the moment in which he stood at the height of his

glory. Even when he had finished, no person moved ; all lingered round him as though they could not bear to say him farewell. He dismissed them himself. "I have a long journey to go," he said, "therefore must I take my leave of you." Then, when he was alone, he called for the axe, and passing his finger along the edge of it, remarked, "'Tis a sharp medicine, but one which will cure me of all my diseases." The Sheriff asked him which way he would lay himself on the block. "So as the heart be right, it matters not which way the head lies," was Raleigh's answer. "What dost thou fear ? Strike, man, strike !" he added, as the executioner trembled, fearing to do the deed which would deprive England of a courageous and valiant son. And so, with no sign of fear or regret, clasping his hands in prayer, he, who had oftentimes sailed victoriously over such dangerous seas, passed through the waters of the river of death into the peaceful haven beyond.

ARABELLA STUART

THERE are some families whose members, through one generation after another, seemingly were fated to find a dwelling-place in the chambers or dungeons of the Tower. Some with a reckless defiance of consequences would take no warnings from the past, nor guide their actions in the light of the experience, bought often enough at the price of their lives, by their ancestors; others, in themselves innocent and harmless, were the victims of their race, and suffered on account of the name they bore rather than for any misdeeds of their own. Arabella Stuart had the misfortune to have royal blood in her veins. Her great-grandmother had been the daughter of Henry VII., her grandmother was the Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, who had spent the best years of her life in the Tower, in the first place for becoming betrothed to Lord Thomas Howard, and on a second occasion for allowing her son Darnley to marry Mary, Queen of Scots; James was therefore her cousin. Her father, Charles Darnley, had been taken from his parents during their imprisonment in the Tower and put under the care of Lady Tweeddale, who, though she treated him kindly, had so neglected his education, that when the Countess of Lennox was at last set free and allowed to have her son again she wrote in despair to Cecil, asking his help in this matter of providing some suitable means of instruction for him, as he was grievously behind all other young men of his own age and rank. Cecil at once found her a worthy tutor named Mallet, and until he was nineteen Charles Stuart, as he was always called, lived very quietly with his mother at Hackney, a gentle, affectionate son to her, though lacking the

ambition and ability she would have wished to find in him. Under these circumstances it was only natural that she should be anxious for him to marry well, and with this end in view, having first obtained Elizabeth's permission, she set out with him on a visit to Scotland. But while travelling through Derbyshire a most pressing invitation came to them from that great lady the Countess of Shrewsbury, who had been married four times, inheriting from each of her husbands vast estates and great riches. In this letter she begged the Countess of Lennox and her son to stay for a while with her at Chatsworth. Once together, the two mothers began to hatch a little plot of their own, for the Countess of Shrewsbury had a pretty daughter, Elizabeth, well dowered, and ready to marry as she was bidden, and Charles Stuart was the husband her mother desired for her. Never was there a more successful match-maker, either for herself or for other people, than this Bess, Countess of Shrewsbury, and all happened as she wished. Her lord, who seems to have suffered somewhat from her ambitious designs, wrote to his friend, Lord Burghley, of the visit thus: "The Lady Lennox being, I am told, sickly, rested at Rufford five days, and kept her bed-chamber. And in that time the young man, her son, fell into liking with my wife's daughter, and such liking is between them that my wife tells me she makes no doubt of a match. The young man is so far in love, that belike he is sick without her. This taking effect, I shall well be quiet, for there is few noblemen's sons in England that she hath not prayed me to deal for at one time or another. And now this comes unlooked for, without thanks to me."

The determined Countess lost no time, and the young lovers were promptly married at Chatsworth, without waiting to consult the queen's views in this matter. Directly the news of the wedding reached Elizabeth, she sent a peremptory order for the bride and bridegroom, with their respective mothers, to return to London; and within a few days both the Countess of Lennox and the Countess of Shrewsbury were lodged in the Tower. "Thrice," said

Margaret indignantly, "have I been cast into prison, not for matters of treason, but for love matters. First for the love of Thomas Howard to myself, then for the love of my son Henry to the Queen of Scotland, and lastly for the love of my son Charles to Elizabeth Cavendish." Thanks to Lord Shrewsbury's friendship with Burghley, they were not left for long in prison; but before they were released, a baby had been born to Charles Stuart and his wife; a little girl, whom they christened Arabella, and before whom there lay an eventful and tragic life. Her troubles began early; when she was two years old, her father died; Elizabeth promptly took possession of all her English estates, and so little money had Charles Stuart left, that the Countess of Shrewsbury had to take her daughter and little grandchild back to Chatsworth, there to give them a home. Lord Shrewsbury had been appointed to the charge of Mary, Queen of Scots; and little Arabella, with her red hair and quaint face, became a great favourite with the imprisoned queen, though she was powerless to make her son James hand over to the child the property in Scotland, which belonged to her by right on the death of her grandmother, Margaret Douglas. After a good deal of representation, Queen Elizabeth decided to allow £400 a year to the widow of Charles Stuart, and £200 a year to Arabella, which was little enough, it is true, but still sufficient for their needs so long as they lived at Hardwick or Chatsworth. But when soon afterwards Arabella lost her mother, Elizabeth stoutly refused to give her anything but the £200 a year, in spite of all that the Countess of Shrewsbury could urge. "Good Mr. Secretary," she wrote to Walsingham, "I pray that it will please you to prefer my humble suit unto the queen's Majesty, in behalf of a poor infant, my jewel Arabella, who is to depend wholly upon her Majesty's bounty and goodness, being in her tender age deprived of both her parents. My humble suit is that her Highness, whose manifold and gracious favours and bounty have so much bound me as no subject can be more to a most worthy Sovereign, will vouchsafe to grant the same four

hundred pounds to Arabella for her maintenance during her minority. I do not like she should be now here as she was with her mother in her lifetime, neither can I be contented she be in any other place where I may not sometime see her and daily hear of her well-doing; and therefore I am at great charges to keep her in house with such as are fit to attend upon her, and being very well towards seven years old, she is of very great towardness to learn anything, and I very careful of her good education, as if she were my own and only child, and a great deal more for the consanguinity she is of to her Majesty."

Her Majesty nevertheless, who loved not to part with her money, troubled but little as to how her little cousin was brought up or educated. By this time advances had been made by more than one noble lord who desired to arrange a marriage between his son and Lady Arabella, and most resolute of all was the Earl of Leicester. His little boy, Lord Denbigh, was even younger than Arabella, but the children were told of the plan, and their pictures were sent to each other, and no doubt they would speedily have been betrothed had not Denbigh died suddenly, while still little more than a baby. There is a curious monument set up to him in a church at Warwick, which says that "There resteth here the body of the noble imp, Robert Dudley, Baron of Denbigh, a child of great hope and towardness, taken from this transitory life unto everlasting life, and in this place laid up amongst his ancestors, in assured hope of the general resurrection." There can have been very little happiness for Arabella at home, for her grandmother and grandfather quarrelled violently among themselves, their children siding, some with the one and some with the other, till even the queen had to interfere and order the countess to be more obedient and humble, and the earl to be more courteous and liberal. Besides this, Arabella was continually being moved about, sent from one relation to another, and especially left often in London, that she might come before Elizabeth's notice. With it all she grew up to be an affectionate, clever girl, graceful in appearance, and charming in

her manners. "It is wonderful," wrote Charles Cavendish, "how she profiteth in her books, and I believe she will dance with exceeding good grace, and can behave herself with great proportion to every one in their degree." When she was twelve years old the queen sent for her to come to court, and as a great mark of favour had her to dine with her at the royal table. "Look well at her," Elizabeth said to the wife of the French ambassador, as she introduced her to the little girl. "She is not so unimportant as you may think. One day she will be even as I am, and will be lady mistress." For James was out of favour with her Majesty then, and she thought it well to bring him to a more humble frame of mind by such speeches as these. But there were no two opinions as to the pleasing impression which Arabella left on the minds of all who made her acquaintance. The French ambassador declared "she had much understanding, spoke Latin, French, and Italian well, and was sufficiently handsome in face"; while old Lord Burghley made "exceeding much of her," had her to supper with him, and so won her heart that she wrote him a charming little note in French, sending him her "best wishes for his good health and his good fortune." Elizabeth's favour soon began to wane as she discovered how popular Arabella became, and she was particularly angry at a marriage proposed for the girl with the Prince of Parma. Nor would she listen to a suggestion from James that she should wed his favourite Esmé Stuart, to whom he had given the earldom of Lennox. She made up her mind that the Catholics in England were making Arabella the centre of their plots now that Mary Stuart was dead, and she became mightily suspicious. Burghley wrote to warn the Countess of Shrewsbury of the sharp lookout kept on every action of hers and her granddaughter's by the queen's orders; and she answered him in these words, "My good lord, I was at first much troubled to think that so wicked and mischievous practices should be devised to entrap my poor Arbelle and me, but I will use such diligent care as I doubt not but to prevent whatever shall be intended by any wicked

persons against the poor child. I will not have any unknown or suspected person to come to my house. Upon the least suspicion that may happen here any way I shall give advertisement to your lordship. Arbell walks not late; at such time as she shall take the air it shall be near the house, and well attended on. She goeth not to anybody's house at all. I see her almost every hour in the day. She sleepeth in my bedchamber. If I can be more precise than I have been, I will be." And indeed nothing could have been more prudent than the behaviour of both Lady Arabella and her grandmother. But the Catholic faction, hating Elizabeth as they did, annoyed her in every way they could devise, and, among other things, Father Parsons, one of the leading Jesuits in England, published a pamphlet on the succession question, in which he brought forward the claims of Arabella in such a manner as to make her appear a most important personage, both in England and among the Catholic princes of Europe. This of course only served to bring down upon her head the vehement jealousy of both Elizabeth and James, and she was no more bidden to court, but still more closely watched on all sides, till in the year 1603 she was sent almost as a prisoner to Lord Kent's house, on the charge of having attempted to become betrothed to William Seymour, a grandson of Lady Katherine Grey, and therefore himself nearly allied to the throne. When James succeeded finally to the crown of England, Cecil persuaded him to act in a more friendly way towards his cousin, for the clever minister quite understood her high spirit, and felt that if she were provoked or restrained too much, she might lend herself to some of the plots sure to be planned on her behalf. "Deal tenderly with her," he advised the king, "for I think she would not go to any place as commanded thereto, for so she might think that she were still as under a kind of restraint; but send word to her that forasmuch as your Majesty hath spoken with her, and found her so well inclined, she may be left to the charge of her own good discretion." The king was so well satisfied at the reasonableness of this advice, that he not only agreed to act by it,

but went still further in appointing Lady Arabella to be the state governess to his daughter, a post which had to be held by a lady of royal blood.

At court she was treated with the greatest friendliness and respect ; her little charge, the Princess Elizabeth, was devoted to her, and she was happier than she had ever been before ; but in the midst of all her gaieties she found time to write regularly to her grandmother, who had so far done everything for her, and her letters show how natural and unspoilt she was. "I pray you let me always hear of my faults from you that I may mend them," she wrote in one, "for I am sure you shall hear of them, and, as a bystander, you may guide and direct me better than ever." Neither did she give herself up wholly to gaieties or society. Every day she read regularly for a certain time, and attended "lectures, the hearing of services, and preaching." "My Lady Arabella is both considerate and wise ; more beautiful than beauteous, true as truth itself," said one who saw her daily, and of lovers she had a goodly number. But in some cases they were not in any way to her liking, and in other cases there were State reasons why their proposals could not be entertained ; so the years passed on and still found Arabella unwedded, though she remained as attractive-looking as ever, full of wit, and merry-hearted. Once in the very early days of King James's reign she had been placed in a perilous position, from which nothing but her own entire innocence saved her. This was on account of the wild plot urged forward by the Jesuit priests, with Lord Brooke, his brother Cobham, and others, by which Spain and Austria were to assist the Catholics in England to get rid of James, and appoint Arabella in his stead, on condition that the old religion should be once more established in England. "There will never be a goode worlde in England till the king and his cubbes are taken away," Brooke was known to have said, and there is no doubt that he, being a disappointed man, at bitter enmity with Cecil, threw himself into the project with all earnestness. You will remember how Raleigh, from being his friend, was also implicated,

though most unjustly, in this affair, and I must here tell you of another young man whose life was ruined by being mixed up in the plot, though he knew little of the whole scheme proposed, and was made to believe that by placing Arabella Stuart on the throne he would be winning for his Puritan friends the right to worship God in their own way. This was Thomas, Lord Grey de Wilton, the son of that Arthur Grey, the Lord Deputy in Ireland, whom Spenser described in his "Faerie Queen" under the name of Artegal, the Knight of Justice. From his boyhood the young Lord Grey had had a bright and beautiful example set before him. His father taught him all that could make him a brave soldier and a fine chivalrous man; from his mother and his sister Bridget he learnt how to be tender as well as strong, constant, enduring, and high souled, as well as a brilliant man of the world. "Be a stout defender of your queen, and a true soldier of your Captain Christ," were the words Lady Grey often said to her handsome boy, and as he grew to manhood he showed all those qualities she most longed to find in him. As General of her Majesty's Horse he was to the front in the wars of that time, dashing, fearless, and brilliant, living in the midst of the world, yet keeping himself unspotted from it. "He loved his queen and country as he loved his mother," it has been said, "and above all he loved truth and liberty." How he came to have any dealings with this plan of Cobham's in the days of James is still an unexplained mystery; all we can be certain is that he was greatly misled as to its real aim, and was of too chivalrous a nature to turn round and denounce the conspirators in the moment of their humiliation. At Wilton Court the king lingered while the trial took place, and even he was fascinated by the spirit of young Grey. All the other prisoners begged for mercy when the sentence of death was passed on them; he alone refused to say a word in his defence. "Have you any reason why this sentence should not be passed on you?" he was asked. "None," he replied; and then he added, "yet one sentence of Tacitus comes into my mind, *Non eadem omnibus decore*. The

house of Wilton have spent many lives in their prince's service. Grey cannot beg his life." On the appointed day he was led out from Winchester Castle to die, and reaching the scaffold, knelt in prayer to God for the forgiveness of any wrongs he might have committed, though he would own no guilt in this last affair. Then he turned to the executioner, saying he was ready to die, and the young nobles who stood round him watched his quiet courage in awe-struck silence. There was a dramatic pause, and then the sheriff stepped forward to read a letter from the king, in which he declared it to be his gracious will and pleasure to spare the lives of Grey and the other prisoners, who were, however, at once to be taken to the Tower. It was in the Brick Tower that young Grey was lodged, a cheerless place, high and cold, and at first his lot was made doubly hard by the treatment he received from the lieutenant. Then Cecil interfered on his behalf, and obtained permission for him to have his books and a boy to write for him, for even in the midst of his active soldier's life Grey had never lost his love of reading, and had translated many Latin works, among them a discourse by St. Cyprian on Patience, which latter now became his daily reading. "Be not discouraged," he wrote to his mother, "I am in the Tower, but neither for thought or deed against king or country. I fear not evil. My heart is fixed. I trust in God." But conscious as he was of his innocence he suffered sorely, as nine long years passed by and still he was kept a close prisoner, he, for whom life held such endless attractions and possibilities. His health failed, and his heart was well-nigh broken, but he lived on, hoping and praying for freedom. In the world outside Arabella had established beyond all doubt the fact that she had been no party to the plot. "Here hath been a touch of Lady Arabella, a near kinswoman of the king's," Cecil had said boldly in open court during Cobham's trial at Winchester. "Let us not scandal the innocent by confusion of speech. She is as innocent of all these things as any man here; for when she received a letter from Lord Cobham

she only laughed at it and sent it immediately to the king." Even James could find no fault with her conduct, and she continued to enjoy court favour, riding next to the queen in a great procession through the city, and standing god-mother to the little Princess Mary, while still she turned a deaf ear to the many suitors who sought her hand. In her cousin, Prince Henry, she had a warm friend, and the two spent much time together among the books which they alone of all the court loved and understood.

But in spite of her oft-repeated statement that "she had no mind for marriage," Arabella at last was won by a man, in every respect her opposite, William Seymour, the lover for whom Elizabeth had suspected she had liking when she had put her under restraint in the last year of her reign. He was very much younger than Arabella, but extremely grave for his years, studious, caring nothing for the ordinary amusements of young men, and devoted above all else to his books. Besides, he had about him an air of sadness, as if the sufferings of his family had left their impress on him, and perhaps this was especially attractive to one who was peculiarly sympathetic and affectionate. James had one day told her in his blunt way that, at her age now, she was free to marry whom she would, and she took him at his word. But when the king heard of it all his old suspicions were roused. Seymour was himself allied to the throne. This marriage would bring him yet closer, and might on this account menace a danger to himself, so he put his foot down angrily and said he would have none of it. The Lady Arabella, however, though in all other respects his most loyal subject, refused to be dictated to in this matter, and, seeing the king obdurate, she was privately married at Greenwich, the result of which was that she quickly found herself a prisoner under the care of Sir Thomas Parry at Lambeth, while her husband was sent to the lieutenant of the Tower. All the love in this marriage lay on Arabella's side; Seymour was ambitious and extravagant, and this ending to an alliance which he had expected would do great things for him was not at all to his liking. He had no money of his own, so

he sent calmly to Arabella's house at Hackney to carry away an endless number of things he required for the decoration of his chambers when he was finally placed in St. Thomas's Tower, and he quarrelled with the lieutenant over the tapestries, silver, and other luxuries which he demanded should be provided for him. To the tender letters of his wife he replied not a word, but he let it be known to her that he was ill, as though he blamed her for having brought him to this. "I assure you, nothing the State can do with me can trouble me so much as news of your being ill doth," she wrote to him in reply. "And you see, when I am troubled, I trouble you with too tedious kindness, for so I think you will account so long a letter, yourself not having written to me so much as how you do; but, sweet sir, I speak not this to trouble you with writing but when you please, . . . for wheresoever you be, or in what state soever you are, it sufficeth me you are mine. Be well, and I shall account myself happy in being your faithful, loving wife."

As she was allowed considerable liberty, she, who had been so prudent all her life, flung caution to the winds where her love was concerned, and managed to go down the river in a barge to St. Thomas's Tower, where she could hold some conversation with her husband through the windows. Directly James heard of this adventure he decided to send her much farther off than Lambeth, and ordered the Bishop of Durham to make ready to receive her at his palace in the north, £200 being granted to him for the expenses he would be put to. "We charge you," said the king in his warrant to this trusty and well-beloved Father in God, "to take order for all things necessary, either for her health or otherwise; this being the difference between us and her, that whereas she hath abounded towards us in disobedience and ingratitude, we are on the contrary still apt to temper the severity of justice with grace and favour towards her, as may well appear by the course we have taken to commit her only to your custody, in whose house she may be well assured to receive all good

usage, and bear more fruit and exercise of religion and virtue than in many other places." But Arabella was terrified at the idea of being sent so far away. It meant entire separation from her husband, and in all probability lifelong imprisonment for herself. At that distance who would remember her, or come to her rescue? She appealed to the king, she appealed to the council, but no answer was vouchsafed to her, and she was told that her journey would commence at once. The strain was too great for her, and she became really ill, so that the doctor who was called in had to give her cordials continually to prevent her from fainting, and she seemed to sink into a state almost like death itself. The bishop soothed her kindly, spoke to her of resignation, and told her of the sweet day and air; the doctor took "careful and diligent pains about her," but nothing revived her; and though, as the king's orders were imperative, they had to make a start with Arabella in a litter, she was in such a serious condition when they reached East Barnet, that farther travelling was out of the question for the present. James sent down his own physician to find out if the illness were a real one, and this doctor also insisted on a pause being made "as the lady was in no state to proceed till restored to some better strength of mind or body." In the end, after piteous letters had been sent to James, so crossed, blotted, and tear-stained as to be almost unreadable, it was decided to give her a few weeks' grace, and she remained at Barnet. It seemed to her friends, foremost among whom now were her uncle and aunt, the new Lord and Lady of Shrewsbury, that unless she was to share the fate of Lady Katherine Grey, she must escape from her prison and fly with her husband across the seas. The young Lady Shrewsbury had her fair share of resource and wit, and she it was who made all the plans for this double flight. Money, she knew, was the first necessity; bribes to the keepers were the keys which alone could open the gates; so on pretext of sending Arabella a sum sufficient to pay up her debts before going north, and leaving her something over wherewith to purchase a portion of the

needlework done by Mary, Queen of Scots, she managed to convey to her, through her trusty servant Crampton, £1400. The other arrangements were made by this same Crampton, and on Sunday, 2nd June, the journey north having been fixed for next day, Arabella, disguised as a horseman wearing a cavalier's hat and cloak and a long sword at her side, got away to an inn in a lane near by, where horses were ready waiting. They galloped to London, Arabella arriving there so weak and ill, that the groom in the yard was moved to pity at this "poor young gentleman, who could not live long." It was here Seymour was to have met them, but when there was no sign of him her distress was great, and at first she refused to remove from the inn at Blackwall where she had arranged to wait for him. Only on the repeated assurances of those who were with her that he must have taken ship earlier and already got across to France could she be persuaded after much delay to follow, in the hope of finding him safe at Calais. This delay on her part, and her unselfish refusal to save herself till she knew her husband was safe, led to her undoing, for the French barque in which she sailed was quickly run down by the warship *Adventure*, sent out in her pursuit, and she was once more taken prisoner.

"Where is your husband?" demanded the captain, to whom she was obliged to yield herself.

"Alas!" she said, "I have not seen him. But I hope that he is safe, for then my joy at his escape will console me for my mishap."

And safe Seymour was, having landed at Ostend and made his way to Venice, where he had been warmly received by his friend the Archduke, who undertook to intercede for him with James.

Arabella was promptly brought back to England and committed to the Tower, in company with all who had in any way assisted her escape, the Countess of Shrewsbury being among the number. All her jewels were seized, and she was treated with as little dignity as though she had been a common

prisoner. Seymour took no notice of her. So long as it could be shown that he held no communication with her he was in safety, and his own safety was a great deal more important in his eyes than anything else. Even at the critical moment when he escaped from the Tower he had managed to carry off several costly silver articles, so that, as the lieutenant remarked, "The flown bird had left nothing behind him," since the best things in his rooms had been taken from Lady Arabella's house, and such few things as he had bought he had not paid for. Awakened at last to a knowledge of his utter selfishness, and overwhelmed at her own state of misery, all her bright spirits deserted her, and Arabella became unutterably melancholy. She could not sleep or eat; she wandered from room to room, becoming daily more thin and pale, and she rarely roused herself save to write most pathetic letters to the king, who remained deaf to all her pleadings. Once she sent him a piece of dainty embroidery she had worked with her own hands, but he refused even to look at it. As she became weaker she asked for medicine and such remedies as would have been allowed for the sake of charity to the very poorest of his subjects, but this also was denied her. And at last not only her health, but her mind gave way. She became as a little child, prattling of babyish things, humming the nursery songs of long ago, never in the least violent or dangerous, only lost to the present and all the piteous past. Perhaps it was a merciful ending to her life; at least it was a peaceful one. On the 25th of September 1615 she died, and was taken from the Tower to Westminster Abbey by dead of night, to be buried by stealth in a vault by Mary, Queen of Scots. The burial service was not read over her, for, "having died out of the king's favour, any great funeral would have reflected on the king's honour."

Seymour on hearing of her death came back to England, won a pardon from James, and attached himself to Charles when he became king. But careful also to make himself safe when he saw how the fortunes of war were going against his royal master, he married the sister of Lord Essex,

leader of the Parliamentary army, and so skilfully managed his affairs that when Charles II. was restored to the throne Seymour was made a duke as a reward for his loyalty. And poor Arabella was soon forgotten, save by a few of those who had loved her for her own sake, and not because of her high birth. No monument was raised to her memory, though the story of her unhappy love was made the subject of many ballads and songs, which won for her a large measure of pity in the country; and an epitaph, which I give you, was written in her honour, in spite of there being no tomb on which to set it forth—

“ Now do I thank thee, Death, and bless thy power,
 That I have passed the guard and 'scaped the Tower,
 And now my pardon is my epitaph ;
 And a small coffin my poor body hath ;
 For at thy charge both soul and body were
 Set free at last, secured from hope and fear,
 That amongst saints, this amongst kings is laid,
 And that my birth did claim my death hath paid.”

CONCILIVM SEPT-EM NOBILIVM ANGLORVM CONIVRANTIVM IN NECEM IACOBI - I -
MAGNAE BRITANNIAE REGIS TOTIVSQ ANGLICI CONVOCATI PARLEMENTI.



Vix Spectator honorifice hic expressas effigies septem Anglorum quae Regem
suum non forecupis Status Angliæ Præteritis ad Parliamentum vacant
convocatis pulvere tormentorum simul horrendo modo in vestra domo Parliamenti
euertere voluerunt. Cuius Coniurationis nefandæ Auctores fuerunt infamissimi
Robertus Catesby, et Thomas Percy. qui sic Locus admodum alias, Valde dicitur.
Thomas et Robertum Winter, Guidonem Fawkes, Johannem et Christophorum
Wright quibus demum accessit Bates Roberti Catesby, Fawkes. Sed coniuratione
hæc Diuina providentia Volentem deorum cunctis hinc servatam. Cæterum
Parlamentum detecta et Coniuratione perlocuta ex ut Robertus Catesby et Thomas
Percy sic huiusmodi perire et tunc Capta domo Parliamenti perpetuum rei
memoriae merito ceteris, cum multis alijs qui eodem in rem conseruissent ab hæc
capitui detineantur. dignam facere sententiam expectantes.

Icy se voient les effigies des Sept Seigneurs Anglois lesquels de façon ouuelle et fut
Horrible au uictor contre le Roy et son estât ainsi entrevous y avec et quoyte de
poudre de saire Sailler sa Maiesse avec les premiers Du Royaume et praprius offeris
es lieux en parlant a Westmynster les premiers auteurs de cette conijuration Sont,
Robert Catesby et Thomas Percy, lesquels depuis aduincle Thomas et Robert Winter
Guido Fawkes Jean et Christophe Wright, et depuis encor le Seruaeur dudit Catesby
appelle Bates Mais estant le Roy. Coniuratione decouuerte y luyra et prisonnerie
de Dieu, encor en heures deuant lessement et assiete dudit Westmynster et les dits
Coniureurs poursuivy lesdits premiers auteurs Catesby et Percy sont de se
attenté et tous de Harpachouale leurs testis captes et portees a Westmynster
et ystes le matin du parlement en memoire de Paict detes Table Resous sans plusieurs
dites trouues Coupables d'auis seul sont encor prisonniers, attendus l'arrest du
Parlement condigne a leurs merites.

Sie habt ihr anseffiger Leser, etliche nemlich der furnehmsten Engellender, Welche oblangst ihren König (Sont den gantzen Parloner) mit Puchste pulver stracklicher
Wris zuverfugigen sturgenommen nach dem leben abgethlet, und sind dinst: Robert Catesby, und Thomas Percy, so noch andere hernach zu secht erzogen, nemlich
Thomas und Robert Winter, Guido Fawkes, John und Christofo Wright, neben Bates Catesbys Diener, nachdem aber die Verratherey erindelt, sind Re Catesby und
Percy vnder dem so sie verfolet erschaffen, und ihre Haupter auff das Parlements hauff gestelt worden: die andere aber so nach gestelt, habe nach ihre verdiente lobn zu erwarten.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT CONSPIRATORS.

GUNPOWDER PLOT

WHEN James I. came to the throne there were great hopes among the Roman Catholics in England that their star would once more be in the ascendant, and that the Protestant religion which under Elizabeth had become so powerful, would now be extinguished altogether. But they very soon realised that no sympathy or encouragement would come from this shrewd, arrogant monarch, and in reckless annoyance some of the more zealous among them began to meet in the house of a certain Robert Catesby, and to talk over some plan by which they might strike a really great blow on behalf of their religion. Their idea was a comprehensive one, nothing less than to blow up with gunpowder the Houses of Parliament on such a day when the King, Prince Henry, and all the ministers would be there! Two or three of the confederates shrank for the moment from taking such a step; besides they feared lest "the scandal would be so great that the Catholic religion might hereby sustain, that not only their enemies, but their friends also, would with very good reason condemn them"; but Catesby, who lived at Lambeth, within full sight of Westminster, and who was all the more fanatical because he had twice changed his religion, was very sweet on this idea of his, which would, he said, "strike at the root," and being a man of determination and daring, he would listen to no objections. "God," he declared, "would certainly favour vengeance being taken on that accursed den, out of which had issued all the evils under which the country and the Church were suffering; there was no fear of failure; they got a man who knew his work to prepare the mine." And in his mind's eye he had already

picked out Guido Fawkes, a soldier of fortune, who had entered the Spanish service and fought against the Protestants in the Netherlands, as the one person who could carry out this deadly work. Word was sent to Guido by a trusty messenger that "some good friends of his desired his company in London," and after a chat with Father Owen, the Jesuit priest at Dunkerque, he set out for Catesby's house under the name of John Johnson. He found there Thomas Winter and John Wright, both gallant gentlemen of good family, and Thomas Percy, specially violent in his hatred of the king, as before Elizabeth's death he had been on a secret mission to Scotland, and James had promised him good treatment for the Catholics.

"Shall we always, gentlemen, talk and never do anything?" Percy was asking vehemently. Then Catesby propounded his scheme, and the five men received the Holy Communion from the hands of Father Gerard, a Jesuit priest, swearing an oath of secrecy and loyalty to each other, and pledging themselves to take no rest till their work was done. The next thing was to get at the cellars of the Houses of Parliament, and by an extraordinary chance Vinegar House, the official residence of old John Whynyard, the Yeoman of the Wardrobe, was empty, he being away most of his time at Court. It was adjoining Westminster, and just suited the conspirators. After some difficulty and a good bribe to Dame Susan Whynyard, Percy got possession and went there, taking with him Fawkes as his private secretary. They found that nearly twelve feet of solid masonry divided their cellar from the vaults below the Throne in the Houses of Parliament, but steadily they worked night and day for months, sprinkling the walls of the cellar with holy water that they might be kept free from danger! One night they were startled by hearing voices and much movement on the other side of the wall, which they had imagined contained nothing but great empty vaults, and they discovered that these were coal cellars, which had been sold by the late owner to a certain

Skinner of King Street. In some way or another they determined to get these cellars into their own possession; but how could Skinner be prevailed upon to give up his newly-acquired property without arousing suspicions? Percy hit upon a plan. He went to Dame Whynyard and told her that his wife wished to come up for some time from the country, but that there would not be room enough in Vinegar House for half the packages and boxes she would bring. If Dame Whynyard could manage to hire Skinner's cellars for a time he would give her something handsome for her trouble, and pay the year's rent in advance. The old lady called on Mr. Skinner, and between them they managed to accommodate Percy with the required vaults at the rent of seven pounds a year, little dreaming to what use they would be put. Meanwhile the bags of powder had been safely stowed away in Catesby's house at Lambeth, under the care of "an honest fellow" named Kay, and these they now began to bring across the river at night, when no one was about. Once in the cellars, they covered up the bags with a layer of coal, so as to hide them entirely.

The next move was to provide arms and ammunition, and for this it was necessary that two or three men of wealth should be let into the secret. Sir Everard Digby, Ambrose Rookwood, and Francis Tresham were the comrades chosen, and though at first all three hesitated when they heard the full significance of the plot, and shuddered at a deed which would injure so many innocent people, they were over-persuaded by Catesby and Percy, and ended by promising to help with money and with men. The idea was that, the King and the Prince of Wales being killed, Catesby should get possession of the little Prince Charles and the Duke of York, and Percy should seize Princess Elizabeth; but they were somewhat staggered by a rumour to the effect that Prince Henry did not intend to be present at the opening of Parliament on the 5th of November. What was the object of killing James if he was to be succeeded by a son who had shown great strength of

character and capabilities for ruling? The conspirators, who certainly were a most simple-minded, hopeful party, had taken it for granted that the King, the Prince, and all Parliament being destroyed, *they* would be called upon to form the Councils which would carry on the government of the country during the minority of Charles. Anything more foolish or impracticable than the idea of these men it is impossible to imagine; their violent religious enthusiasm blinded their eyes, so that they seemed incapable of looking forward. Their extraordinary whole-heartedness in what they believed to be their sacred cause is shown in the fact that a discussion arose among them as to whether it might not be possible to warn Catholic peers and members to stay away on the opening day; but it was decided that such a warning might easily lead to suspicions being roused, and that therefore these few good Catholics must be sacrificed in the wider interests of their Holy Church. Before November the 5th all was ready; Fawkes had undertaken to fire the mine at the right moment, and a boat was to be in waiting by which he could escape in the confusion which would follow the explosion. But at the last one heart failed, and there is little doubt that this was the heart of Francis Tresham, whose brothers-in-law, Lord Monteagle and Lord Stourton, were to be with the king on the eventful day. Tresham had already pleaded that in some way or another they might be spared from falling into this death trap, and when he found that the others were inexorable, he took the matter into his own hands.

A few days before the opening of Parliament an anonymous letter was brought up to Lord Monteagle as he sat at supper by one of his servants, who said it had been left by a stranger. It ran as follows:—

“My lord, out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care for your preservation, therefore I would advise you as you tender your life to devise some excuse to shift of your attendance at this Parliament, for God and man hath concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not lightly of this advertisement, but retire your-

self into your country, where you may expect the event in safety ; for though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say they shall receive a terrible blow this Parliament, and yet they shall not see who hurts them. The counsel is not to be condemned, because it may do you good, and can do you no harm, for the danger is past as soon as you have burnt the letter ; and I hope God will give you the grace to make good use of it, to Whose holy protection I commend you."

Lord Monteagle at once went to Whitehall and put the letter into the hands of Robert Cecil, who also had heard rumours of a rising among the Catholics. He called in Suffolk, the Lord Chamberlain, and all three seem to have guessed that a gunpowder plot was hinted at. So they agreed that the underground parts of the Houses of Parliament should be well searched, but that this should be delayed till as near the time as possible, that the conspirators should not be frightened away. To catch them red-handed, and make a public example of them, was the policy of the Government. On November 3rd the king was told, and he became greatly excited, though he took to himself the credit of discovering what was meant by the letter. At his command Suffolk, with whom, by his own request, went Monteagle, made a journey to Westminster that day, on the pretext that he wished to inquire about some goods of the king's which were in Whynyard's keeping. When they found out that the cellars were let to Percy their suspicions were so aroused that they no longer felt inclined to laugh at the letter or disregard its warning. Fawkes, acting as Percy's servant, had noted them well, and when Suffolk, pointing to the heaps of coal and faggots of wood, had said jestingly that "his master was making an early preparation for Christmas," he at once set out in search of Percy to tell him his fears that the discovery had been made. But Percy attached no importance to the news ; he was so sanguine that he refused to be dismayed or alarmed, and with Fawkes he walked round Westminster after dark to convince him that all was peaceful, and that no pre-

cautions were being taken by the Government. But before the night was over Fawkes at least knew that the game was up. At eleven o'clock Sir Thomas Knyvett and a band of men, armed with the king's warrant, entered the cellar and seized Fawkes as he was coming up the stairs, finding on his person a packet of slow matches. "Had you but taken me inside," said the prisoner, "I should have blown you up, the house, myself, and all." As it was, he made no attempt to deny what his original intentions had been, and Knyvett soon came upon the barrels of gunpowder in his search. Bound hand and foot, Fawkes was taken off to Salisbury's house, and very early in the morning the other chief conspirators were galloping away from London as fast as their horses could carry them, Percy and John Wryet even throwing off their cloaks as they rode in their haste. "Some of us may not look back," Catesby remarked to Winter. "I assure thee, Robin, there is none that knoweth of this action but shall perish." They got in safety to the house of their friend Stephen Littleton at Holbeach, in Staffordshire, but here an explosion occurred through a hot coal falling on the gunpowder they had laid out to dry. None of them were injured, but they were greatly alarmed, and thought they saw in this the hand of God uplifted against them in punishment for the deed they had planned. They knelt before a statue of the Virgin, acknowledged they had committed a great sin, and prayed for mercy. At midnight those who were in pursuit of them came up to the house and began firing. A short struggle took place, in which Wryet was shot at once, and his brother immediately after; Percy, Catesby, and Rookwood all fell, though Percy lingered on for a day or two in great suffering, and the rest, taken prisoners, were carried off to join Guy Fawkes, already in the Tower. Bigoted, misguided, almost crazy as they were, at least this much may be said for these conspirators, that this horrible plot was undertaken by them solely for the supposed advantage it would bring to their religion, and with no idea of reaping any benefits on their own account. They were ready to

risk their lives for what they truly believed to be the will of God, and our quarrel must be with the system which could so blind their eyes, rather than with the men who allowed themselves to become its instruments.

Once in the Tower, every means was resorted to in order that the Government might find out who were implicated in the plot, and especially how far the priests, as a whole, had been in the secret. Guy Fawkes at first refused to give any information, but by the king's orders he was daily tortured in such a cruel way that, broken and unnerved from the intense pain, he let out one fact after another, and in a trembling hand signed a confession. All the conspirators alike, however, were ready to swear away their lives to shield their priests. Fawkes declared that Father Gerard, who had administered the Sacrament to five of them on the day when they had resolved on their plot, knew nothing of their oath or their intentions; and Tresham, who was dying of a serious illness, dictated a letter to his wife, in which he solemnly asserted that Father Garnet had taken no part in the plot, and, moreover, had held no communication with him for sixteen years, a deliberate falsehood, which availed but little, as all the world knew that the priest and Mrs. Tresham met daily in her house. For themselves, all except Digby pleaded not guilty when they were brought into the fine oak-panelled room of the lieutenant's house to be judged by the commissioners whom the king had appointed, not so much because they had any hope of getting off, as because they desired the opportunity of defending themselves, and to some extent at least of clearing themselves in the eyes of the outside world. Guy Fawkes himself was the most interesting figure in the group that remained, "no more dismayed," as Cecil said, "than if he were taken for a poor robbery on the highway, having slept as a man void of trouble," in spite of all the horrible tortures he had undergone in one of the Tower cells. He was no lawless rebel, but a wild fanatic who held that it was his duty to kill men's bodies if, by so doing, he could save their souls

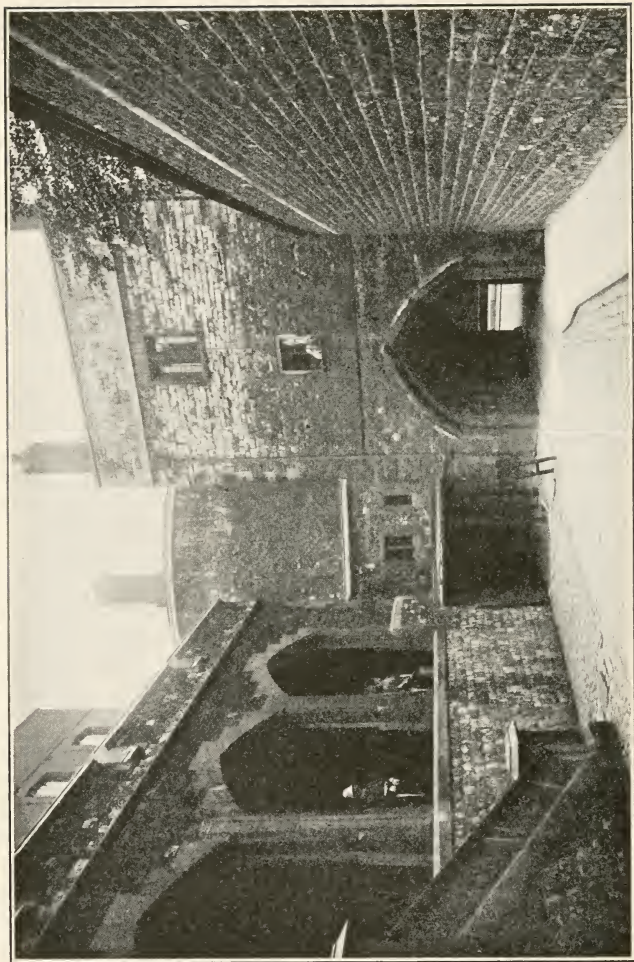
and avenge the wrongs which had been, as he considered, heaped upon his Church. That room still has a memorial of the important trial, for Sir William Ward, then lieutenant, had some marble slabs erected as monuments, which tell their story in very pompous language, thus: "To Almighty God, the Guardian, Arrester, and Avenger, Who has punished this great and incredible conspiracy against our most merciful Lord the King, our divinely disposed Prince, and the rest of our royal house; and against all persons of quality, our ancient nobility, our soldiers, prelates, and judges; the authors of which conspiracy, Jesuits of perfidious, Catholic, and serpent-like ungodliness, with others equally criminal and insane, were moved by the furious desire of destroying the true Christian religion, and by the treasonous hope of overthrowing the kingdom root and branch; which was suddenly, divinely, and wonderfully detected at the very moment when the ruin was impending, on the 5th of November, in the year of grace 1605, William Ward, whom the King has appointed his Lieutenant in the Tower, returns his great and everlasting thanks." After this comes a list of the commissioners, and the names of the conspirators, with various scraps of verses and other lines all in the same high-flown language.

Half of the prisoners were executed in St. Paul's Churchyard and half at Westminster, all led first through the streets to be objects of hatred and scorn to the crowds who watched them. Only one woman had a tender thought for them, and that was the brave wife of Rookwood, who stood to cheer her husband along the bitter way. "Pray for me, sweet wife," he said as he came near her. "I will, I will," she answered encouragingly. "And do you offer yourself with a good heart to God, for I yield you to Him with as full assurance that you will be accepted of Him, as when He gave you to me."

Father Garnet was known to be in hiding at Hendlip Hall, a house built as a place of concealment, full of trapdoors, secret stairs, hollow walls, and false ceilings. Even the chimneys had mysterious corners in them, and no one

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



Valentine, Dundee.

THE BLOODY TOWER.

except the Jesuits held the plan of the place. Sir Henry Bromley, the sheriff of the county, received orders to surround and search the place, to guard every door and allow no one to pass in or out till the priests were found. Both Mr. and Mrs. Abingdon, the owners of Hendlip, appeared greatly surprised, declared they knew nothing of Father Garnet and had not seen Father Gerard for years; but Bromley in his search had discovered that there were more beds which bore the appearance of being recently used than there were members of the household according to the list Mr. Abingdon had given him, and he waited for the moment when he should be able to pounce on the prisoners, whom he knew to be under his very hand if only he could find them. At last his patience was rewarded, and in a hollow in the wall one of his soldiers discovered the two priests, who had been fed all this while on soups and wines passed through a secret passage which led from Mrs. Abingdon's own rooms. "We have been very merry and content within," remarked Father Garnet, "and have heard the searchers every day most curious over us." He was taken to the Tower, and at first left in the underground dungeons, for the lieutenant bitterly hated all Jesuits, but in a day or two orders came that he was to be moved into a large chamber in the Bloody Tower, and he wrote to Mistress Ann Vaux, who had followed all his fortunes, that, "he was allowed every meal, and plenty of excellent claret wine." One day his keeper, whom he had freely bribed, told him that his fellow prisoner, Father Oldcorne, was in the next cell, and that by working a secret panel the two could talk together. All this Father Garnet found to be true, and at once began a long conversation with his friend, arranging that both should tell the same story at the trial, and little suspecting that the spies of the lieutenant lay in waiting to note down every word. "They charge me," said Garnet, "with some advice for blowing up the Parliament House with powder. I told them it was lawful, but wished them to save as many as they could that were innocent." This of course was just the evidence which was wanted, and with this Garnet was confronted at his

trial. To the end he protested that he knew nothing of the plot, except what had been told to him under the seal of confession, and that when Catesby had offered to tell him all, he had declined to hear it, for "his soul was so troubled with mislike of it all, that he was loth to listen to any more of it." No one believed him, and he was executed on the 3rd of May, after having being dragged on a hurdle from the Tower to St. Paul's. Father Gerard in some extraordinary way escaped from the Tower and got safely to Rome, but Father Oldcorne was racked five times and then hanged at Worcester. So fared all who had been connected with this wild Gunpowder Plot, and in London the bells rang and bonfires blazed as the thanksgiving of a nation that the traitors had failed in their design, and that one more blow had been struck against the Roman Catholic religion and the Spanish power. Of the noblemen upon whom suspicions rested none was more severely dealt with than Harry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, who had allowed his kinsman, the conspirator Percy, shelter at Sion House. Though no evidence could be found to show that he had any knowledge of the plot he was fined £30,000, and ordered to be imprisoned in the Tower at the king's pleasure. His wife, a sister of the Earl of Essex, refused to leave her husband, and with her four lovely children joined him, and made her home with him in the Tower. In the days of his prosperity the earl had been regarded by his friends as a little crazy; now in the hour of his disgrace he sought to forget his troubles, as did Raleigh, by the study of chemistry and astronomy, and he soon became known as the Wizard Earl. Of course these two fellow experimentalists became as fast friends as they were allowed, their two wives going almost daily together to the court to plead with the king for mercy and clemency, while Percy's daughters, the Lady Lucy and the Lady Dorothy, brought in books, globes, and phials from the outer world, to which they were allowed free access. So the years went by, and Percy became so absorbed in his studies that he was quite indifferent to his imprisonment. But his fiery old spirit

burst out when his daughter Dorothy, after waiting some time for his consent, married her lover James Hay without it, and though she had obtained from the king the promise of her father's release as a wedding gift to herself, for a long while he refused to accept it, declaring proudly he would take no favours from any one. In vain the lieutenant told him daily the doors were thrown open to him, and he had orders to announce his departure with saluting guns and great honour. The old earl heeded him not, but with his faithful companion, the astronomer Heriot, studied sun spots and the satellites of Jupiter. At last his health gave way, and Lady Lucy came with her young husband, and pleaded so prettily with him, that in the end he graciously consented to go with them to Bath, there to try the waters, though he grumbled mightily all the way. But when he reached his house and heard the talk about the newly-made Duke of Buckingham, who drove about town in six horses, all his old pride burst out, and his indifference to things of this world vanished. He, a Percy, was not going to be outdone by an upstart like that! He fumed and he swore, and finally decided to show his contempt by driving everywhere in a gorgeous coach drawn by eight horses. And having thus demonstrated to the world at large the superiority of the Percy race, he went back to his studies and his stars, living quietly for the rest of his days at his country seat at Petworth, until that hour when the messenger before whom even a Percy had to bow, bade him lay down his books and pass into the presence of Him who is Lord of all the Starry Hosts.

SIR JOHN ELIOT

“Life is only an inn to rest at, a lodging for the night, a hostelry in our travels, in our continual journey to the mansion of our Father. Death only is the haven where there is calmness and tranquillity—rest from all the storms and tempests.”—ELIOT, from “*The Monarchy of Man.*”

IF Henry VIII. had been determined to force his own views on his people and exact his rights as a king, his daughter Elizabeth had no less imperiously insisted in upholding what she held to be the lawful privileges of the Crown. But in spite of the outburst of patriotic feeling throughout the country during her reign ; in spite too of the hold she had over the affections of the nation, who trusted her because they knew she loved her land and served it well, there were not wanting those who desired less absolute power for the Crown and more freedom for the Parliament. And more than once a note of independence, if not defiance, was sounded in the faithful Commons, led usually by Mr. Peter Wendworth, a sturdy member with strong views. “Two things, Mr. Speaker,” he said warmly in the year 1575, “do great hurt in this place, of the which I do mean to speak. The one is a rumour which runneth about the House, and this it is : ‘Take heed what you do ; the queen’s Majesty liketh not such a matter ; whosoever preferreth it, she will be offended with him.’ On the contrary, her Majesty liketh of such a matter ; whosoever speaketh against it, she will be much offended with him. The other is, that sometimes a message is brought into the House, either of commending or inhibiting, very injurious to freedom of speech or freedom. I would to God, Mr. Speaker, that

these two were buried in hell ! I will show you a reason to prove it perilous always to follow a prince's mind. Many a time it falleth out that a prince may favour a cause perilous to himself and the whole state. What are we then if we follow the prince's mind ? Are we not unfaithful unto God, our prince, and state ? Yea, truly, for we are chosen of the whole realm, of a special trust and confidence by them reposed in us. Sir, I will discharge my duties to God, my conscience, and my country. Certain it is, Mr. Speaker, that none is without faults, no, not even our noble queen, sith her Majesty hath committed great and dangerous faults herself. No estate can stand where the prince will not be governed by advice." But these daring words of Peter Wentworth, all the more unpalatable because so full of sound common-sense, brought down upon his head the wrath of Elizabeth, and he was promptly sent off to the Tower, there to cool his heated feelings. The House of Commons, however loyal, could not see one of its members imprisoned as though he were a mere rebel, so that in less than a month they had obtained his freedom, the queen, with her usual good sense, giving in to their wishes in this matter ; and Wentworth, ever irrepressible, was back in his place as vehement as before, finding there a strong body among his fellow-members in sympathy with him. When in 1601 Elizabeth met her last Parliament, she could not fail to see that the old order was changing, and that the Commons sat there now determined to take their share in the government, and not remain as mere machines for the voting of money or the passing of acts at the sovereign's pleasure. "To be a king and wear a crown," she said addressing them, "is more glorious to them that see it than it is a pleasure to them that wear it. . . . There will never queen sit in my seat with more zeal to my country or more care to my subjects, and that will sooner, with willingness, yield and venture her life for your good and safety than myself. And though you have had, and may have, many princes more mighty and wise sitting in this seat, yet you never had, or shall have, one that will be more careful and loving.

And so I commit you all to your best fortunes and further councils. And I pray you, Mr. Comptroller, that before these gentlemen depart to their counties that you bring them all to kiss my hand."

A few months later James became King of England, and he from the first provoked the temper of Parliament. To him, the right of a king was a Divine right which no man dared, without sin, gainsay; he was stubborn to a provoking degree, grasping and mean, unable to attract people to his person, or to inspire either admiration or trust. It has been said of him by the historian of our own day who has most carefully studied his character and his times: "No true and lofty faith ever warmed the heart of James I. No pure reverence ever exalted his understanding. It fared with him as it will ever fare with such as he was. When the temple of a man's heart is empty, he becomes unconsciously a worshipper of himself." Though Wentworth still carried on his fight for the privileges of Parliament between his periods of imprisonment in the Tower, he had found a still more famous companion-at-arms in the person of Sir John Eliot. Born at Port Eliot in 1609, young John soon became known as a hot-headed, quarrelsome youth, very spoilt and wilful. When he was about seventeen a neighbour, Mr. Moyle, told his father some story of his folly and extravagance. In a fine rage Eliot rushed off to Moyle's house, had high words with him, and finally coming to blows, wounded him in the side with his sword. When he calmed down and began to think the matter over he was horrified at himself, and at once sent a letter of apology, which ran thus: "Mr. Moyle, I doe acknowledge I have done you a greate injury, which I wish I had never done, and beg you to remit it; and I desire that all unkindnesse may be forgiven and forgotten betwixt us, and henceforward I shall desire and deserve your love in all friendly offices, as I hope you will mine." Mr. Moyle being an equally generous foe, at once forgave, and between the two there sprang up a strong friendship, which nothing ever broke. But this incident was a turning-point in the

life of Eliot. He grew serious and grave; he went to Oxford, where he became a fine scholar, then on to one of the Inns of Court, where he became a barrister, and to educate himself still more thoroughly he travelled for some time on the Continent, where he made the acquaintance of young George Villiers, abroad for the same purpose. They became friends, though between no two men could there have been a greater contrast, and they spent some time together. On their return to England, Villiers at a single bound became the king's chief favourite and adviser. It has been said that "never any man, in any age, nor in any country or nation, rose in so short a time to so much greatness of honour, fame, or fortune upon no other advantage or recommendation than of the beauty or gracefulness of his person." Among other posts which he held was that of Lord High Admiral of England, and it falling to his duty to appoint deputies, he at once made Eliot Vice-Admiral for Devonshire. In 1624 Eliot was elected Member of Parliament for Newport in Cornwall, and on taking his seat he at once made a good impression by his maiden speech. Buckingham had done a popular thing by forcing James into a declaration of war against Spain at last, the king up to this time having been afraid to move against Philip, who had held out as a bribe to him the offer of a marriage between Prince Charles and the Spanish Infanta. Eliot was in favour of the war as "that which alone will repair and restore us," for he held "it was fitter to do than to speak." But he knew, too, that the country was in no condition to find the nine hundred thousand pounds demanded by the king, and he urged that if the war were kept to one definite object, that of destroying the slavish submission of James to Spain, a much smaller sum would be sufficient. Three hundred thousand pounds was granted, and there for the moment the matter stopped, as James died somewhat suddenly, and was succeeded by his son Charles, who was even more obstinate, more short-sighted, and more incapable of grasping the feeling of the nation. From the first he came into collision with his

Parliament, which before all things was Protestant to the core. His marriage with Henrietta Maria of France led him to make most unpopular concessions in favour of Roman Catholics ; he and Buckingham had foolishly, in the marriage treaty, agreed to lend France eight ships to be used against any enemy of that country except England, and now, Richelieu, the French minister, asked that these ships should be sent against La Rochelle, the stronghold of the French Protestants ; there was no disposition to prepare for the war against Spain, and to crown all, the king sent angry messages to his Parliament commanding them to supply him with large sums of money. Eliot, with some of his friends, went on a deputation to the king, and told him respectfully but firmly that before they granted him money there were certain grievances which they wished to see redressed. For too long already had it been a popular saying that the history of each Parliament might be summed up as follows :—

“Many faults complained of, few things mended,
A subsidy granted, the Parliament ended.”

“Hasten with your supply, or it will be the worse for yourselves,” the king answered threateningly, “for if any ill happen, I think I shall be the last to feel it.” Eliot had already resigned his post as Vice-Admiral, his confidence in Buckingham was gone, and he was far too honest and single-hearted a man to hold any office which would have tied his tongue, when the interests of the country or the rights of the Parliament he so highly honoured were concerned. He felt quite free, therefore, to raise his voice boldly against both the king and Buckingham, the latter of whom he charged with mispending the money already granted, and with what he considered a still more grave offence, the sending of the English ships against the French Protestants. He also blamed them bitterly for the way they had managed the expedition, at last feebly and unwillingly sent out against Spain, which had failed miserably. “We are weakened in our strength and safety ; our men and ships are lost. This last

action was the king's first action, and in this both the king and the kingdom have suffered dishonour," he said scornfully, in his clear unfaltering manner. And the House listened to him in deep sympathy, as he went on to ask, "Are not honours now sold and made despicable? Are not judicial places sold? And do they not then sell justice again?" Again the king interfered. "Remember," he declared, "that Parliaments are altogether in my power for their calling, sitting, and dissolution. Therefore as I find the fruits of them good or evil, they are, or continue to be." Undaunted, Eliot replied, "That they came not thither to do what the king should command them, or to abstain where he forbade them, and therefore they should continue to maintain their privileges, and not do more or less for what had been said unto them." The Commons then proceeded to impeach Buckingham, and Eliot made an eloquent speech against the man whom he believed to be the real enemy of all just and good government in the kingdom, and the cause of all those deeds by which the king had become so unpopular. In his passionate love for his country, and for Parliament as being the voice of that country, Eliot was hardly fair in all his accusations. Vain, incapable, and scheming Buckingham certainly was, but he, too, in his way, wished to serve England, and did not deserve all the blame laid upon him. Eliot, however, was nothing if not strong and vehement, ready also to take the responsibility of any words he uttered, and he carried the whole House with him. Charles was furious, he went down to the House of Lords to complain, and Eliot was committed to the Tower on May 11th, rooms being allotted to him in the Gate House. Still the Commons had matters in their own hands, for regarding the imprisonment of one of their members as an insult to the whole assembly, they sturdily refused to do any business or vote any supplies until Eliot was released. Feeling rose high in London itself, for the king had demanded that the city should provide him with a hundred and twenty thousand pounds, and had appointed commissioners to go throughout the kingdom raising money

on loan. From his cell Eliot vigorously protested against such acts of injustice, and on regaining his freedom he spoke as fearlessly as before. Parliament had been dissolved and another election had taken place, in which Eliot was again triumphantly returned along with every other member who had refused to agree to the loan. When the new Parliament met, Charles came before them with more threats and contemptuous treatment. "If you do not do your duty," he told them, "I must use those other means which God hath put into my hands to save that which your folly may otherwise hazard to lose. Take not this as threatening; I scorn to threaten any but my equals." The Commons heard this in silence; they knew their strength, and they were prepared to use it when the right moment came. Eliot was now looked on as their leader, and he with others devoted themselves to preparing the Petition of Right, which they meant the king to accept before they granted him the money he asked. In it they required him to promise that he would force no taxes on the country to which Parliament had not consented; that no subject should be imprisoned without good cause; that soldiers and sailors should not be billeted on the people against their will. At first Charles refused to give his assent, but want of money forced him into submission, and on June 7, 1678, he came down to the House and gave his consent in the usual words, "*Soit droit fait, comme il est désiré*" (Let the right be done, as it is so desired). Delighted at their victory, the Commons at once passed a vote granting the money; they also began to mend those grievances which had been condemned by the petition. Suddenly the king resolved to dissolve Parliament, and at the same time he made it clear that he intended still to levy the tax on tonnage and poundage, which meant claiming from two to three shillings on the value of every tun of wine or beer, and nearly a shilling on every pound of merchandise, which was brought into the country or sent from it. Heavy hearted, but prepared for a still more vigorous fight, Eliot went back into Cornwall, and here the news came that Buckingham had been assas-

sinated by a private enemy, Felton, who, by a curious coincidence, was sent to the same cell in the Tower as the one in which Eliot himself had been lodged. This was followed by tidings which stirred him even deeper, for he heard how a certain John Rolles, merchant and member of Parliament, having refused to pay the tonnage and poundage, had seen all his goods seized, and had been able to obtain no protection from the judges.

When in 1629 the house met again, Eliot insisted that the Sheriff of London, who had seized the articles in the king's name, should be summoned to the bar at Westminster, and having been there condemned, he was further committed to the Tower. Then the sturdy commoner went on with his fight. "The heart-blood of the commonwealth," he declared, "receiveth life from the privileges of this house. Buckingham is dead, but he lives in my Lord Treasurer. In his person all evil is contracted, for the innovation of religion and for the invasion of our liberties. He is the great enemy of this commonwealth. From fear, such men go about to break Parliament lest Parliament should break them. Against him and his policy I protest as I am a gentleman, and if my fortune be ever again to meet in this honourable assembly which I now leave, I will begin again!" He then walked up to the Speaker with the remonstrance he had written, asking him to read it out. The Speaker refused, and Eliot read it himself, now demanding as a right that it should be put to the vote. The Speaker said "he was otherwise commanded by the king," and prepared to leave his seat. Instantly a dozen members rushed forward to hold him in his place. All was in the wildest confusion and disorder, but above the sound of many voices Eliot's voice could clearly be heard. "I shall then express by my tongue what the paper should have done," and he went on to say, "It *shall* be declared by us that all that we suffer is the effect of new counsels to the ruin of the government of the state. Let us make protestation against those men that persuade the king to take tonnage or poundage without grant of Parlia-

ment. We declare them to be capital enemies to the king and the kingdom! And if any merchants pay those duties without consent of Parliament they are declared accessories to the rest." This was put to the house and carried with enthusiasm. In vain the king sent messengers; the doors of the House were firmly locked on the inside, so that no one could gain admission, and Charles in a rage went to the Lords, called the leaders of the Commons "vipers, who should have their reward," and dissolved Parliament. Eliot, with Denzil Hollis and seven other members, was brought up for judgment, both in the Star Chamber and at the King's Bench, for having spoken against the king in Parliament, and the sentence was passed on him "that he should be imprisoned during the king's pleasure, should not be released without making submission, and, as the ringleader and greatest offender, should be fined £2000." He was not in the least surprised at this, and sent a message to the lieutenant of the Tower "to provide him a convenient lodging, that he might send his upholsterer to trim it up." But the convenient lodging proved to be only "a dark and smoky room," and there Eliot spent the rest of his life, with no comfort save that his conscience was clear of evil, and that his mind was able to turn to books and study. An essay he wrote on "The Monarchy of Man" during his imprisonment is full of the noble thoughts which filled his mind. He had fought for freedom and justice, and all he had won was a prison cell. But he was not discouraged. "He that levels at a high mark, though he come short, yet shoots higher than he that aims but at a wall," he wrote, and he could rest on the consciousness of a high failure, greater far than much of that which others might deem success. In a letter to his sons, whom he had placed under the care of Hampden, he assured them that in all his trials, happiness had never left him. "The days have all been pleasant," he adds, "nor nights have ever been tedious, nor fears nor terrors have possessed me, but a constant peace and tranquillity of mind has been mine. I have the more enlarged on this that you might have a right view of my

condition." The whole county of Cornwall, and many friends throughout the country petitioned in vain for his release, especially as his health gave way. "I am wholly at a stand, and have been so for a fortnight," he wrote to a relation, "by reason of a sickness, which comes originally from my colds and cough, which hath weakened my outward strength and my appetite. The restraint and watch upon me bars much of my intercourse with my friends, their presence is denied me, while letters are soe dangerous and suspected, as it is little that way we exchange. My lodgings are removed, and I am now where candle-light may be suffered, but not fire. I hope you will think that this exchange of places makes not an exchange of minds. The same Protector is still with me, and the same confidence, and these things can have end by Him that gives them being. My friends I must desire for their own sakes to forbear coming to the Tower." The malady of consumption which, as the doctors had feared, was greatly aggravated by the cold, damp rooms, with the lack of fresh air and sunshine, soon did its work, and it became known to all men that Eliot was fast dying in his prison. Still no consideration or kindness was allowed him, and at Court there was even satisfaction at the thought that the voice of so stern a critic would ere long be silenced. To Sir John himself death was coming as the great liberator, and he went to meet it cheerily. "How broken, how imperfect, how perverse and crooked are our ways in obedience to Him ! How exactly straight is the line of His mercy to us, drawn out through all occurents and particulars to the whole length and measure of our time," he wrote a day or two before the end, after he had for a few moments been yearning for some breaths of his dear Cornish air. "What can we give worthy of such love ? We have nothing but ourselves, and that, as all other things, is His. For us to offer up that, is but to give Him of His own, and that in far worse condition than we at first received it, which yet He is contented to accept. This, dear friend, is the comfort of His children ; this is the strengtheninge of the weake, the liberty of the

captive, and the life of those that die. The contemplation of this happiness has led me beyond the compass of a letter, but the affection that doth move it, will I hope excuse me. Friends should communicate their joyes : this as the greatest I could not therefore but impart to you, my friend." On a wild and stormy night in November 1632 Sir John Eliot, prisoner for rights of Parliament, died, and the king refused to allow his body to be buried in the Cornish churchyard where he had longed to lie. But the days of the tyranny against which he had fought so resolutely and fearlessly were numbered. He had sounded the battle note and led the way, and little cared he that he fell fighting, so long as his comrades marched past him to victory.

THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD

“I have loved England too.”

PICTURE to yourself a strong man, reserved and unyielding, ambitious and resolute; stern to the point of cruelty, proud to the point of undisguised contempt for most of the men with whom he came in contact, and you have one side of Strafford's character. But to understand him aright, or to judge at all fairly one who certainly has been misjudged and misunderstood, you must look at another side, and call to mind his passionate devotion to Charles, both for his own sake and also because of the crown he bore; his loyalty, which caused him to risk every thing he possessed in what he considered the interests of his master—loyalty which never wavered, though the king weak, shifty, and unreliable, as he was, must continually have tried it sorely; his utter indifference to praise or blame from any when he had once marked out a line of action for himself, his deathless faithfulness to a cause which, if yet it was an unworthy one, was still to him nothing short of a creed or a sacred trust. With Lord Falkland, the pure-souled enthusiast, “that incomparable young man who in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age had so much despatched the true business of life that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency,” Strafford, though widely differing from him in character, may be said to share the honour of being the noblest figure on the Royalist side. His faults were the faults of a man who let his devotion

to one person blind him to what was a wider and greater duty. Let me tell you the story of his life and service. Of his boyhood we know but little, save that coming of a family which could trace its descent from John of Gaunt, he seems always to have had a high sense of his responsibility, and both with his tutor and at Cambridge worked very conscientiously and thoroughly. Before he was twenty-one he had married and succeeded his father as possessor of the great Yorkshire estates. Grave and serious he was from the first, far too active in mind for his delicate body, and somewhat oppressed by all the duties laid upon him while he was yet so young ; very silent too, and not given to pushing himself to the front. "Till such time as experience hath ripened your judgment, it shall be great wisdom and advantage to distrust yourself and to fortify your youth by the counsel of your more aged friends before you undertake any thing of consequence. It was the course I governed myself after my father's death," he told the nephews to whom he was left guardian, as advice when they too were preparing to enter public life. And though elected to Parliament in 1614, for some time he remained a silent member. "The path we are like to walk in is now more narrow and slippery than formerly," he said to his brother-in-law ; "yet not so difficult but may be passed with circumspection, patience, and principally silence." London, then a hotbed for smallpox and ague, did not suit him at all, and both he and his wife caught there a violent fever which killed her, and so weakened him that he went back to Wentworth more dead than alive, too feeble to do anything "but look at a tulip, hear a bird sing, or listen to the murmur of a rivulet." In spite of the fact that he had hardly raised his voice in the House of Commons, he had made an impression there as a young man of much ability and promise, and he was again elected to the first Parliament summoned by Charles in the year 1625. Already the struggle between King and Parliament was beginning ; Buckingham ruled at court, but throughout the country

that strong spirit of resistance was showing itself, which Charles, had he but rightly understood it, might so easily have guided into being a source of strength to himself and his throne. At that moment, there was but one way to win favour from the king, and that was through the good graces of the Duke of Buckingham—a way Strafford had no idea of following. "I would sooner perish, than borrow my being from another," he said proudly, and not a word of flattery could be got from him. Buckingham was offended and annoyed; the young Yorkshire squire had taken his fancy, and he had sent him word that if he would but show due humility and reverence to him, he would make a great man of him. "I can show you only that attention which is possible as an honest man to a gentlemen," Strafford had answered, and either by way of punishment, or to impress him with the power he possessed, Buckingham pricked him as Sheriff for Yorkshire, which would disqualify him for sitting in Parliament. Strafford was furious, but he said nothing, and considering that the king's service was even more important than the duty of sitting in Parliament, he accepted without a word the work thrust upon him, uncongenial as it was. "The pulse beats strong," he wrote to a relation; "but I must commit others to their active heat, and fold myself up in a cold, silent forbearance, applying myself to the duties of my place." Not content with one check, Buckingham still further tried to humiliate him into submission. A privy seal was sent to Strafford demanding from him a large contribution to the government, which being illegal, he refused to give, and by way of punishment he was sent with his second wife to Marshalsea prison. When at last he found himself in Parliament once more, he did not forget what he owed to Buckingham and the set of courtiers who were surrounding the king with their evil influences. "Court vermin, the pests and plagues of the whole community," he called them scornfully, and he threw himself heart and soul into the demands of the Commons, that some of the crying evils should be redressed

before money could be granted. "We ask no new things," he pleaded, in one of his most eloquent speeches, but "only our ancient, lawful, and vital liberties. Our desires are modest and just. I speak truly both for the interest of the king and the people. Let no man judge this way a breakneck of Parliaments, but a way of honour to the king, nay, of profit; for besides the supply we shall readily give him, we will then give him our hearts, our hearts, Mr. Speaker, a gift that God calls for, and fit for a king." Hatred of Buckingham, and the belief that he was the cause of all the trouble between King and Parliament, allied Strafford to the party which worked for the downfall of that minister. He never went so far as Eliot, Pym, or Hampden; his sympathies were less on the side of the people; he believed strongly in a king vested with a great deal of absolute power, but he believed just as strongly that such a power should have with it "the chaste ambition to do good." It was because his ideals as to the rights of a king were so high that he could not rest until those who were blinding Charles to the true state of things were removed, and whatever he believed in, he laboured for till it was accomplished. After the murder of Buckingham, Charles resolved to attach Strafford to himself. He had always liked him, even when as simple Sir Thomas Wentworth he had fought on the side of Parliament so unswervingly, and he judged him to be "an honest gentleman," no small recommendation. Throughout all his failings and weaknesses, the king had the power when he so willed of making almost any man his devoted slave, and this case was no exception to the rule. From this time forward Wentworth, now made Viscount Strafford, laid his all at the king's feet and became his greatest and most whole-hearted servant. None knew better than Charles how a man might be won; he gauged exactly the character of this man, and won him by promises of reforms and good government, by an appeal to his chivalry and his loyalty. To make the king subordinate to the Parliament had never been the aim of Strafford, as it was of Eliot and his

friends, and as they became more determined on their side, he felt more and more called on to uphold the dignity of the crown, as something almost divine. "You are going to leave us," were Pym's regretful words when he heard Strafford had accepted the office of President of the Council of the North, an important court to inquire into and judge all treasons and rebellions in the northern counties; "but," he added significantly, "I will never leave you, as long as your head is upon your shoulders." Needless to say, his old comrades never forgave him; they could not understand that by nature he had nothing in common with them, and that, being true to himself and his beliefs, he could not do otherwise than take up his position on the side of the king. From henceforth he was in their eyes not only a lost leader,

"Who alone breakes from the van and the freeman,
Who alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!"

but something far worse than this. They thought of him as a traitor to the great cause of liberty, and they hated him bitterly and relentlessly. From his Cambridge days his most intimate friend had been a certain Sir George Radcliffe, and it is interesting to hear his opinion at this time of the newly-made President of the North. "He was naturally exceeding choleric," he says, "an infirmity with which he had great wrestlings, and though he kept a watchfulness over himself concerning it, yet it could not be prevented, but sometimes, on sudden occasions, it would break. He had sundry friends that often admonished him of it, and he had the great prudence to take in good part such admonitions. Nay, I can say that I never gained more upon his trust and affection than by this freedom with him in telling him of his weaknesses. For he was a man and not an angel, yet such a man as made a conscience of his ways, and did endeavour to grow in victory over himself, making good progress accordingly." This shows Strafford as he was to his friends in his private life, conscious of his faults, willing

to be reproved for them, anxious to conquer them, with no trace of pride or vanity about him. But he was different when acting as the king's representative; then he demanded the most absolute reverence and respect from all, and soon won for himself the reputation of being proud and overbearing. Once a certain young man named Bellasis came into the room where Strafford was holding a council, "without any show of courtesy, remained there with his hat on though all the others were uncovered, and looked full upon his lordship without using any reverence or civility." When remonstrated with he refused to apologise, and Strafford at once sent him to prison, leaving him there till he had asked very humbly for forgiveness. His children he saw but seldom now, devoted as he was to them.

"Thorough" was the motto of his life, and whatever work he undertook he went into it down to the smallest detail, never sparing himself for a moment. There was no time then for those "innocent pastimes" of which he was so fond in the fine old gardens of his home, and he had to rely on his friend Sir Thomas Pennyman for continual letters telling him of the doings of "Mr. William and Mrs. Anne," how "they had received the tokens, and were not a little glad at them, though they would be more glad to receive your lordship;" or "how careful a steward was Mrs. Anne, for she complained very much of the rainy days which, as she said, hindered her from coming down, and the new building from going up, because she was enforced to keep her chambers, and could not overlook the workmen." Lady Strafford would not leave her husband, and he watched over her most tenderly, knowing how fragile she was. But no love or care could save her, and she died when her second daughter was born. Strafford was broken-hearted, so crushed with grief, that his faithful friend Radcliffe for many weeks dared not let him be alone, so fearful was he lest his mind should give way. And though in time he went back to his work more determinedly than ever, the shadow of sorrow lay from henceforward over his face, and he drew all the closer to the few people he

truly loved, foremost and first of all being the king. Soon afterwards his master decided to send him to a work both difficult and dangerous. From time immemorial Ireland had always been a problem to English kings and governments. Cruelty, oppression, force, and violence had been sown as seeds in the land, and as the result of this the only crop which could be expected had sprung up. There was no law, no order, no justice to be found; the nation was divided against itself, and the very name of England was detested. At the present moment its condition seemed more desperate than usual, and there was no united England to carry out a firm, definite policy, for Charles, afraid to look his Parliament in the face, dismissed them, and made a miserable attempt at ruling alone without their advice or assistance. Clearly only a very resolute, strong man, devoted to the interests of his sovereign, could hope to cope with this state of things, and equally clearly Strafford was the one man on whose loyalty Charles could rely. He went there with two great objects, in the first place to make Ireland of use to the king, and in the second place so to cultivate the land as to make it produce wealth and plenty, as he was confident it was capable of doing. And he very quickly saw that to carry out these objects he would need to have unlimited power. "I take the crown to have been very ill served in the place," he wrote, "and altogether impossible for me to remedy unless I be entirely trusted, lively assisted, and countenanced by his Majesty, which I am bold enough to request, not for any end of my own, but singly for his Majesty's service. What is done must be speedily executed. The army I conceive to be entirely out of frame, an army rather in name than in deed, whatever you consider, their numbers, their discipline, or their weapons. So in truth must I look to find all things else, as it doth almost affright me at first sight; yet you shall see I will not meanly desert the duties I owe to my master and myself."

In his heart Strafford must have known very well that to lean on Charles for support and assurance was to find in him

a weak crutch, but he refused to own this to himself or any one else, and began his new work with his usual vigour and searching grasp. He summoned the Privy Council, and told them what he thought ought at once to be done regarding the army and the government, and when they were sulky and obstinate, he informed them that there was no necessity for him to consult them in this business, as he was quite ready to undertake to make the king's army provide for itself from among them without their help, and that he purposed immediately to call a Parliament. Instantly the members of the Council gave in to his demands. Charles hated the very mention of a Parliament. Strafford believed that, firmly handled, it might be the salvation both of the king and of Ireland, the interests of the king, of course, ranking first in his mind, though in his speech at the opening of the Assembly he warmly argued that the interests of the king and his people were one. So cleverly did he manage his Parliament that they readily voted him large sums of money, most of which went to Charles, and he was able to write back to England "that the king is as absolute here as any prince in the whole world can be, and may be still if not spoiled." Archbishop Laud kept him informed of all that was going on in London, for the two had a policy in common, and worked well together. Both were pledged to the service of the king, and to uphold his rights above all others. Laud was also pledged to hand on the Church of England, a compact, united body, free from the Church of Rome, but still the historic catholic Church, and he felt that Church and Crown must stand by each other. He had no sympathy with the Puritan spirit; but it was his enthusiasm for the Church which made him the zealous supporter of the king. And the same reason attached him to Strafford. "I am confident," he wrote him, "that since the Reformation there never was any deputy in Ireland who intended the good of the Church so much as your Lordship does." Between Laud and Strafford many letters passed, and in those written from Ireland it is clear all along that Strafford knew the perils

of the path by which he was going. "I know no reason," he wrote once, "but you may as well rule in England as I, poor beagle, do here; and yet that I do, and will do, in all that concerns my master's service, upon the peril of my head." So he went on ruling with the same strong hand, ruling on the whole well if somewhat harshly, and he cared nothing as to what others thought of him so long as Charles was satisfied. It is difficult for us to understand how Strafford, strong and entirely upright as he was, could still be devoted to a king who could not even repay such single-hearted service with the most ordinary gratitude, for when he asked a very simple favour of Charles it was refused. His request was that he might be raised to the rank of an earl, not for any ambition of his own, but because it would give him a better position among "the wild and rude people his Majesty had deputed him to rule over." For the king's sake Strafford had become an unpopular man. The Puritan party, as you know, hated him, and the men about court were jealous of him, offended because he held himself aloof from them all, and would join in none of their factions or intrigues. And the king was too great a coward to give any public mark of favour to the man who had cheerfully given him his all. Strafford was deeply hurt, but even then his loyalty went too deep for anger, and he had too great a nature to think of revenge. "I spend more here than I receive from his Majesty," he wrote. "I suffer extremely in my own person; I spend my body and spirits with extreme toil. I undergo the misconstructions of those who should not have used me so. But I am resolved to complain of nothing. I have been somewhat unprosperous, slowly heard, and coldly answered. I will either subsist by the integrity of my own actions, or I will perish." In England things were going from bad to worse; the country was discontented, the king more despotic, and still no Parliament was called. Scotland had broken out into rebellion against the form of worship forced on the country by Laud; and though Strafford wrote strongly to Charles urging that all means of reconciliation should be tried before his Majesty went out

to war against his own subjects, he was ready both with men and money when they were needed. The king, feeling the helplessness of his position, trusting no one of those about him, longed to have a strong man at his side, and sent for his deputy-lieutenant to come from Ireland to him. Strafford, though ill at the moment, did not hesitate; his only care was for his two little girls, for he knew not what should be the end of all this affair, so he sent them to their grandmother, who had always longed to have them, and in sending them he wrote a long and beautiful letter, which shows how affectionate a heart beat under his cold, grave manner. "It is not without difficulty that I consent to be deprived the looking on them," he said, "for they are the pledges of all the comfort of my old age, if it shall please God I arrive thereunto. To God's blessing and your ladyship's goodness I commit them, and have of sorrow in my heart till I see them again; I must I know it right well." Never did Charles stand in greater need of counsel. In Scotland he had been humiliated; in England the people, who had over and over again forgiven his broken faith, were nearly exasperated. He gave Strafford the earldom he had desired, not with the idea that this could bind so loyal a subject more closely to him, but as a pledge that he was prepared at last to take a line of his own, and he declared he would now turn over a new leaf. With Laud and the Marquis of Hamilton, Strafford talked over at a secret meeting the present state of things, the evils and their remedies; and when he found how sorely money was needed before anything could be done, he put down twenty thousand pounds out of his private fortune, besides pledging himself to raise a large sum in Ireland. At the same time he urged that the English Parliament should once more be called together after eleven years of ruling without them, and Charles, now at his wits' end, consented. War with Scotland was decided on, and Strafford hastened back to Ireland to collect there the money he had promised. Before he got to Beaumaris he was seized with one of the attacks or violent pain, now only of too frequent occurrence, and his

doctor ordered rest and quiet. But this was out of the question, for every hour was important, and, weak and suffering as he might be in body, Strafford had a spirit which could carry him through anything. "I will make strange shift and put myself to all pain I shall be able to endure, before I be anywhere awanting to my master or his affairs in this conjuncture. Halt, blind, or lame, I will be found true to the person of my gracious master, to the service of the Crown and my friends," he wrote cheerfully to Secretary Coke in London. Once in Ireland, he was genuinely pleased at the generous manner in which the money he asked for was given, and the Parliament in voting it had even declared that their readiness arose from a deep sense of the great benefits the Lord-Lieutenant had conferred on the country, "without the least hurt or grievance to any well-disposed subject." He had so long been accustomed to stand alone, disliked and misunderstood, that these signs of popularity could not fail to delight him. And above it all he rejoiced that he, and he alone, had been the means of rousing the loyalty of the Irish people to their king. Had they known Charles a little better their enthusiasm might have been considerably less. As it was, their knowledge of him came chiefly through despatches, which none could write more cleverly or more touchingly than the king, and from the words and descriptions of their Lord-Lieutenant, whom they really believed and respected. Having raised the money and a force of 8000 men, Strafford again set out for England, still in great suffering and amazingly weak, but in the same unconquerable spirit of determination. "Of all things I love not to put off my clothes and go to bed in a storm. I shall cheerfully venture this crazed vessel of mine," he replied when the doctor told him to forbear his night watches and take more reasonable care of his health. Charles himself was touched at this devotion, and wrote him one of those letters signing himself "your assured friend," which was worth all the medicines in the world to Strafford. On he pushed to London, only to find that Parliament had been called and angrily dismissed by

the king, because Pym and Hampden had returned to their old attack against the levying of ship-money. Northumberland, who had been appointed to the command of the royal army, fell seriously ill, and Strafford, though even more unequal to such a task, so full was he of gout, undertook the charge, indignant at the want of spirit shown by the king's friends. More than once he broke down as he marched northwards, and who will ever know how he suffered in spirit as he realised the hopelessness of his cause and his own weakness, which made it impossible for him to take the lead, where he alone could have saved the situation! When after a painful slow journey he reached the English camp, it was to find an army beaten, routed, and disheartened. Even then his courage rose with the danger; he could rely on his dashing Irish soldiers, and a victory they obtained by surprising the Scotch quarters and carrying off numbers of officers as prisoners, looked as if still there were a chance of success. But always at the critical moment Charles wavered. He told Strafford to do nothing more for the present as he was sending two Commissioners to meet the enemy and discuss the terms for a treaty, these being Lord Holland and Lord Savile, whose policy was utterly opposed to that of the Lord-Lieutenant. Seeing himself therefore so hampered that he could do nothing further, Strafford begged leave to go back to Ireland; this also Charles refused him. Though he had not the courage to give him his support, he could not bear to be without him, but clutched at him as a drowning man clutches at the strong swimmer. A Parliament was summoned, and Strafford knew too well the character of the men who would lead it, not to be fully aware of the great danger in which he was placed. Charles, with tears in his eyes, swore to him that "while there was a king in England not a hair of his head should be touched." Strafford, of course, declared that he would willingly remain at his Majesty's pleasure, and that if a difference should fall out between King and Parliament concerning himself, he had rather suffer himself than allow the king to do so.

And then he waited to hear the end, at the king's side, in London. In the House of Commons Pym went at once to the attack. He talked of the miserable state of the country and the way it had been misgoverned; he dwelt eloquently on all the abuses and grievances of the last few years; the laws, he said, were no more considered, all was at the mercy of the Privy Council, and this in the reign of a pious and virtuous king who loved both his people and justice. It was their duty to consider from what fountain these waters of bitterness flowed; and though there were many who had taken a part in bringing all this misery on the nation, there was one above all the rest, a man of great gifts and industry, who had once been a member of the House, a champion for the rights of the people, but having turned from the right course he had become the greatest enemy of his country and the worst tyrant the age had produced. That man was the Earl of Strafford, and it was for them to find a remedy that would put a stop to the mischief. No one in the House had enough sense of justice to speak a word in favour of the minister who could not here defend himself or his actions. Indignant and smarting under many wrongs, Parliament only longed to find at once some one on whom they might vent their righteous wrath. Led by Pym, seven members went up to the House of Lords to impeach Strafford in the name of the Commons on the charge of high treason. No mercy was shown to him. He was handed over a prisoner to James Maxwell, the Black Rod; his sword was taken from him, and he was sent direct to the Tower, the crowds who watched him standing in sullen silence as he passed. His first thought was for his wife, who, if he loved her not so devotedly as he had loved the Lady Arabella, he yet always treated with every consideration. "Sweetheart," he wrote, "you have heard what has befallen me in this place, but be confident, . . . for I am in great inward quietness, and a strong belief that God will deliver me out of all those troubles. The more I look into my case, the more hope I have; and I am sure that if there be any honour and justice

left, my life will not be in danger. Therefore hold up your heart and look to the children. Tell Will, Ann, and Arabella I will write to them by the next." Four months passed before he was called to take his trial at Westminster, and during that time he was busy in the Tower preparing his defence. Laud and his old friend Radcliffe were both prisoners in the same place, but he was allowed no communication with them. Still he was not despairing, and wrote cheerful letters to his wife. "Sweetheart, I never pitied you so much as I do now," ran one, just after he had heard of the death of another friend, Wandesforde, who had taken his place in Ireland, "for in losing the deputy you have lost the principal friend you had here, while we are here, riding out the storm, as well as God and the season shall give us leave. The charge has now come in, and I am able, thank God, to tell you, there is nothing in it capital; and for the rest, I know his Majesty will pardon all without hurting my fortune, and then we shall once more be happy by God's grace. Therefore comfort yourselves, for I think these clouds will pass away, and we shall have fair weather afterwards." At last the day of trial came, and on March 22, 1641, Strafford left the Tower in a barge, guarded by a hundred soldiers. King and queen, lords and ladies, nobles and commons were waiting there in Westminster Hall, their eyes fixed on the prisoner, who, dressed in black, stood alone in their midst, pale, thin, and grave, with the old proud bearing, the old searching look. Pym read out the twenty-eight charges, the chief of which were that he had tried to upset the fundamental laws of the land; that he had levied an army to destroy the liberty of Scotland; that he had been an oppressor and a tyrant, and had encouraged the levying of taxes.

Without the consent of Parliament he also demanded, in the name of the Commons, that all the members of the Privy Council should be absolved from their oath of secrecy, and be examined as to what Strafford had advised at their meetings. There was one present who was only too ready to use any means by which he might lead to the condemna-





SIR HARRY VANE, JUN.

tion of the man he so detested, and that was the younger Sir Harry Vane. A Puritan, deadly in earnest on all matters of religion; ready to shed his last drop of blood in the cause of liberty and the people; not to be bought; unbending in his sternness; severe and unchanging in his judgments; he looked on Strafford as the enemy of all those things he held most dear, and in disgracing him he felt he was doing good service to God and the country. Only remembering this, is it possible to excuse him for what seems to us a very dishonourable advantage he took over his adversary. Sir Harry Vane the elder being away from home desired to get at the title-deeds of his estate, and sending his private keys to his son, told him to find the papers. In looking for them Sir Harry came upon some notes his father had made after a meeting of the Privy Council, of which he was a member, and he promptly read them. But this was not all; he went straight to Pym with them, and though for the moment he hesitated as to whether or not he was acting honourably to his father in giving up private papers without consent, Pym quickly persuaded him that his duty to the Commonwealth came first. At the trial some questions were put to old Vane which roused his suspicions that the secrets of the Council were known or guessed at, and to his dismay his son got up and told the whole story of how he had placed the papers in Pym's hands. "I know," young Sir Harry concluded, with much feeling, "that this discovery will prove little less than my ruin in the good opinion of my father; but having been provoked by the tenderness of my conscience towards our common parent, the country, to trespass against my natural father, I hope to find compassion from this House, though I have but little hopes of pardon elsewhere." Old Sir Harry, who valued his honour very high, rose up, "in much confusion and indignation," and warmly blamed his "unfortunate son." "Young gentleman," he said sternly, "you ought not to have done this. You have injured my character. I am very angry with you! I shall frown!" And he looked very black. But those assembled in the

place quickly forgave the young man, and thought he had acted well. For after all he had made it clear that at the Council Strafford had assured the king that "his Majesty had an army in Ireland which might be employed if needs be to reduce this kingdom." And this was just the evidence they wanted! Strafford could not but see that the feeling was very bitter against him, and that all his words and deeds were brought up as evidence, so turned and misrepresented, that his defence was a difficult matter. Still he was not afraid. He was conscious that no charge of treachery could be proved against him, and had he not a letter from Charles, who had written to him thus: "The misfortune which is fallen upon you by the strange misliking and conjuncture of the times, being such that I must lay by the thought of employing you in my affairs, yet I cannot satisfy myself in honour or conscience without assuring you, now in the midst of your troubles, that upon the word of a king you shall not suffer in life, honour, or fortune. This is but justice, and therefore every man's reward from a master to so faithful and able a servant as you have shown yourself to be, yet it is as much as the present times permit, though none shall hinder me from being your constant and faithful friend.—CHARLES."

As the trial neared its close Pym brought all his eloquence to bear on the attack. Once he faltered as his eyes met those of the prisoner, and the memory of their friendship in bygone days flashed across him. But this was no time for sentiment or pity. England had to be saved, and Pym believed that only by the death of Strafford could that salvation come. The House of Commons was with him, the Bill of Attainder was passed both by them and also by the Lords. Charles went down to address his Parliament, and humbly begged them to spare at least the life of his servant, but even had they been minded to give way, the feeling outside would have been too strong for them; for the streets were full of excited patriots, who shouted for justice, and clamoured round the Tower for the blood of the prisoner. The Bill came up to the king for his assent, and

almost directly afterwards there came a letter from Strafford, generous and faithful to the end. In it he absolved Charles from any promise he had given him, and left his life in his hands to do with it what would best serve his Majesty. "To say, sir, there hath not been a strife in me," he wrote, "were to make me less man than God knoweth my infirmities make me. But with much sadness I am come to a resolution of that which I take to be best becoming in me, which is the prosperity of your sacred person and the Commonwealth infinitely before any private man's interest. . . . So to set your Majesty's conscience at liberty, I do most humbly beseech you to pass this Bill. Sir, my consent shall more acquit you herein to God than all the world can do besides. To a willing man there is no injury done."

All through one Sunday Charles hesitated as to whether or not he should accept from Strafford this last great gift, this supreme sacrifice. He knew that every claim of honour and gratitude bade him stand true to the man who had served him so faithfully, let the consequences be what they would, but it was not in the king's nature to stand true to anything. He was in difficulty, and if Strafford himself showed him the way out of it, surely it was his obvious duty to take it. Besides, he doubted whether he had a right to overrule the judges who had decided the matter. One of his friends, good Bishop Juxon, spoke out to him decisively. "Sir," he said, "if your conscience is against it, do not consent." With the king, however, his conscience had ceased to guide his actions; it only reflected his whims or wishes, and this brave appeal to his best self was all in vain. His eyes streamed with tears; he could neither eat, sleep, nor rest. But he signed the Bill. When the news was brought to Strafford he was silent for the moment. Then, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man," were the only words which fell from his lips. After all, as he had told the Lords in Westminster Hall, "there was left but a rag of mortality, worn out with numerous infirmities, which, if they tore into shreds, were no great loss to him." To the king he sent no message of farewell. He wrote to the

Lords asking them to have pity on his children, and he left as executor to them Radcliffe, "a treasure no earthly thing would countervail; such a friend as never man within the compass of my knowledge had; so excellent a friend, and so much mine." And he was much comforted by a letter from the heart-broken Radcliffe, in which he told him, "Whatsoever small remainder of time God shall vouchsafe me in this world, my purpose is to employ it in the service of your children, the only means I have of discharging my great debt of duty and thankfulness to your memory, which I must be ever paying, and cannot discharge."

"What a man he was!" wrote Radcliffe afterwards. "He never had anything in his possession or power which he thought too good for his friends. He was never weary to take pains for them, or to employ his utmost abilities in their service. In his hands their interests were safer than in their own. God knows how he was repaid again."

Strafford's last letters were to his wife and son. To her he could only send tender words of comfort; to his dearest Will he had much advice to give—how he was to love and care for his stepmother and his sisters, to lose not the time of his youth, to be not cast down by sorrow, but to run the race set before him with cheerfulness and good courage, and, above all, never to let any thought of revenge enter his heart against those who had been so sharp in their judgments. One favour he asked of the lieutenant, might he have a few words in his presence with Laud, still a prisoner within the same Tower? "Not without an order from Parliament," was the answer.

"No," replied Strafford proudly. "I have gotten my despatch from them, and will trouble them no more. I am petitioning a higher Court, where neither partiality can be expected nor error feared. But what I would have spoken to his Grace of Canterbury is this, that he will lend me his prayers to-night, and give me his blessing when I go abroad to-morrow, and to be in his window, that by my last farewell I may thank him for this and all his former favours."

One more line to his trusty Radcliffe, to thank him for the great comfort of his letter, and then Strafford prepared for the next day. It found him calm and brave. So many thousands of people thronged round the Tower Hill, that the lieutenant, fearing a riot, proposed that his prisoner should drive in a coach to the scaffold, lest he should be torn in pieces.

“No, master lieutenant,” answered Strafford, “I dare look death in the face, and I hope the people too. I care not how I die—by the hand of the executioner or the fury of the people. If that give them better content, it is all at one to me.”

As he left the Tower he looked towards Laud’s window, and as the old man appeared there he bowed his head and said entreatingly, “My lord, your prayers and your blessing.”

Laud lifted up his hands to bless, but his heart was too full for words, and he fell back fainting.

“Farewell, my Lord, God protect you,” said Strafford firmly, and moved on. When he reached the crowd he had something to say to them, and though doubtless they had come there to howl and jeer, there was an air about him which struck silence, even regret, into their hearts.

“One thing I desire to be heard in,” he told them. “And I do hope for Christian charity’s sake I shall be believed. I was so far from being against Parliaments, that I did always think Parliaments in England to be the happy constitution of the kingdom and nation, and the best means under God to make the king and his people happy.”

He bade his friends farewell, and he tried to cheer his brother, telling him that “the block would be as a pillow where he would end from his labours in an easy sleep, which no thought of envy, no dream of treason, or no cares of state could interrupt.

“Pity those who beside their intention have made me happy, and rejoice in my innocence,” he added at the very end. Then he knelt down and offered up his life to a king and a cause unworthy of so noble a devotion. Had he but loved and served a higher object his memory would have

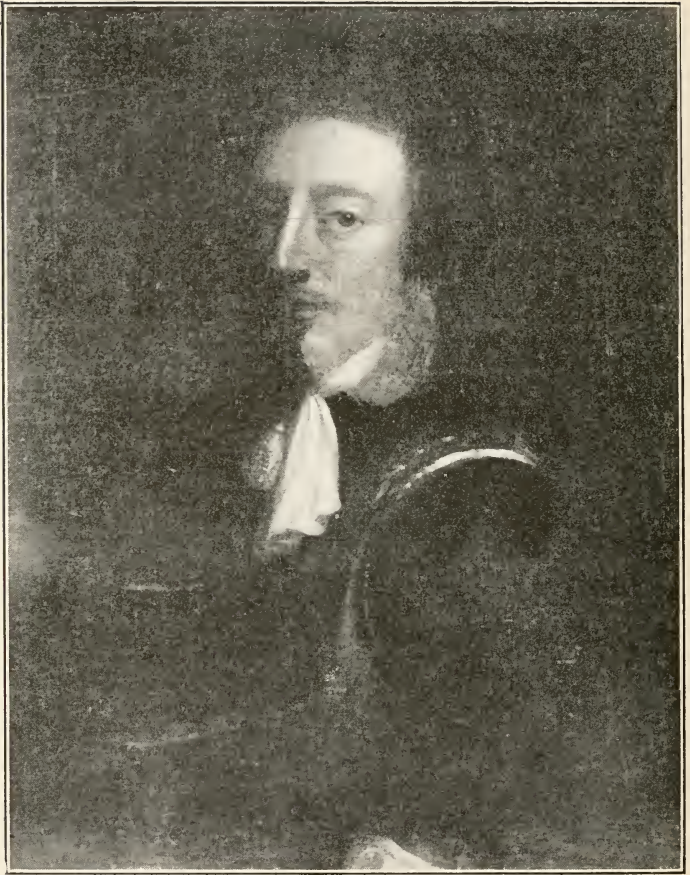
come down to us surrounded with glory, while even as it is surely such a great love and such a passionate loyalty can never be altogether wasted, and may be allowed to redeem that part of his character which was less truly heroic.

You may like to hear what became of the young Sir Harry Vane, who with Pym attacked Strafford so fiercely. For some time he was one of the leaders in the House, but when it came to the point of taking extreme measures with the king, as Cromwell wished, Vane found himself out of sympathy with many of his old friends. The House had decided to make terms with Charles, and though Vane had strongly opposed this course, when once it had been settled by Parliament he was ready to accept it. Cromwell, on the other hand, was furious, and sent Colonel Pride with a troop of horse-soldiers to arrest forty-one members of the House, leaving only those who would support him in any policy he proposed. Vane hated tyranny whether it came from the king or from Cromwell, and he would not allow that any one had the right to overrule the decision of Parliament, so he would have nothing to do with this action of his leaders, even though it was in favour of the side he supported. He left the House and went back to a private life, expressing very strongly his entire disapproval of the king's execution. Later on he was pressed for love of England to become a member of the Council, and his work was of the kind that made for liberty, righteousness, and peace. He was no puppet to be worked by other hands, but high-souled, independent, and broad-minded, concerned with the good government of the country, and equally ready to uphold its honour abroad by sea and by land. When once again Oliver Cromwell tried to force his views on Parliament by bringing in soldiers to frighten the members into obedience to him, it was against Vane that his rage was specially directed. "God deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" he shrieked out in his fury, as he drove the members out of the House at the point of the bayonet, locked the doors, took the key, and went back to Whitehall, for the moment master of the situation. But on that day he had lost the trust and respect of all the finest

men in his party. Vane sorrowfully went back to his home and his books, to wait for the dawning of that brighter day when once more he could serve the good cause, and very beautiful are the writings he has left behind him as the work of those quiet years. When Cromwell died he was again in Parliament, and in a brilliant speech he objected to Richard Cromwell being made Protector. Though Richard himself was present, and the House as a whole on his side, Vane thundered forth his objections. "One could bear with Oliver," he said. "His merit was so extraordinary that our judgments and passions might be blinded by it. He made his way to the empire by the most illustrious actions. But as for Richard, who is he? What are his titles? We have seen that he has a sword at his side, but did he ever draw it? And is he fit to get obedience from a mighty nation who could never yet make a footman obey him. For my part, sir, it shall never be said that I made such a man my master." In the end, as you know, Charles II. came back triumphantly to his kingdom, and Sir Harry Vane was one of the first men to be taken prisoner. First he was sent for two years to the Isle of Scilly, and here he went on with his writing as contentedly as if he had been in his own castle at Raby, satisfied that in all things he had followed the light within him, and confident that such a light, even though for the moment it led him through the darkness, would guide him at last to the perfect day. "This dark night and black shade, which God hath drawn over His work in the midst of us, may, indeed, be the ground-colour to some beautiful piece that He is exposing to the light. . . . I know that nothing remains to us but, like a tossed ship in a storm, to let ourselves be tossed and driven with the winds, till He that maketh these storms to cease, do work out His deliverance." From Scilly he was sent to the Tower, charged with being a traitor to King Charles, tried, condemned, and sentenced to death. The House of Lords petitioned for his life, but Charles the Second was firm. "He acknowledges no supreme power but Parliament, and certainly is too danger-

ous a man to let live if we can honestly put him out of the way," was his answer. So a means was easily found, and Vane was told the warrant for his execution had been signed. He sent for his wife and children, and kneeling down in the midst of them, he prayed: "Lord, Thy poor servant knows not how he shall be carried forth by Thee this day; but blessed be Thy great name. When I shall be gathered to Thee this day, then come Thou in the ministry of Thy Holy Angels that excel in strength. . . . I have seen enough of this world. Oh that Thy servant could speak any blessing to these three nations! Lord, strengthen the heart of Thy servant that he may undergo this day's work with joy and gladness." As he went out to the scaffold the prisoners in the Tower and the people from the tops of the houses near and wherever they could get called to him, "The Lord go with you; the Lord Jesus be with you dear soul." One said to him, "This is the most glorious seat you ever sat on"; and he answered, smiling, "It is so, indeed." "He dies like a prince," said another, and so great was the love shown to him by the people, that the lieutenant refused to let him address them. "It is a bad cause which cannot hear the words of a dying man," was Vane's answer; and then came his last prayer, "Father, glorify Thy servant, that he may glorify Thee in the discharge of his duty to his country and to Thee." In life Strafford and Vane were far divided, but death joined them in this regard, that they both died in the name of Liberty—the one at the will of the people, the other at the desire of the king. "Righteous judgment," as Strafford had said, "cometh hereafter; here we are subject to error and the misjudging one of the other."

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



ALGERNON SIDNEY.

ALGERNON SIDNEY

OF all the famous families whose history is interwoven with that of England, none have a record more blameless or leave behind them a sweeter memory than the Sidneys. From their beautiful home at Penshurst, in Kent, bred up among the woods and meadows of the country, they came forth fair of face, strong of body, and pure of soul, to take their part in public life and service. The name of Philip Sidney, "the great glory of his family" and the hero of his day, somewhat overshadowed those of his kith and kin, but no Sidney was ever insignificant; men and women alike, they possessed great gifts which they nobly used. Algernon Sidney's father, then Lord Lisle, had wooed and won pretty Lady Dorothy Howard, the daughter of that "wizard Earl Percy" who was for so many years a prisoner in the Tower, and a very happy marriage it was. Their eldest daughter, also Dorothy, was the lovely and clever girl adored by all who saw her, the Sacharissa of whom the poet Waller sang so admiringly, the dim and distant object of his worship. One of his poems to her is so perfect in its feeling and simplicity that I must give it to you:—

“Go lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have, uncommended, died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired ;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not so blush to be admired.

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair."

Algernon was their second son, a great favourite of his mother's, who from the time he was a tiny boy always declared he had "a huge deal of wit and much sweetness of nature," while his father, seeing he was quick and clever, gave him a liberal education, besides taking him abroad with him both to Paris and Copenhagen. It was in Paris that, young as he was, Algernon began to get his ideas on government, which were so different from those held by his family. France was at that time ruled by her kings absolutely, and the people had no voice in the matter. Under extravagant and incompetent kings they suffered grievous wrongs, and the more thoughtful of the students in the colleges dwelt much on the just and good government enjoyed in the olden days by the citizens of Greece and Rome. If only such could now be granted to France, they believed, how happy would be her lot ! The English boy, who joined in all their arguments and discussions, soon accepted their views, and an ideal grew up in his mind very different from what he found when he went back to England. There the bitter struggle between Charles and his people was just coming to the critical point, and feeling ran high. Lord Leicester, Sidney's father, was appointed as Deputy in Ireland, where a rebellion had again broken out, now that Strafford's strong hand was removed ; and though between his wish to serve the king and obey Parliament he was kept himself in England, he sent both his sons in command of foot and horse soldiers to cope with the rebels, who were

now attacking the Protestants with great cruelty. Algernon distinguished himself, but when he returned to England to find that civil war had begun there, he at once threw in his lot with the Parliamentary army. The king he considered had been faithless both to his promises and to his position, and the Parliament was only fighting in the grand cause of liberty and justice, so he had no hesitation in choosing his side. Truly in that great contest every family was divided against itself, and the women of the Sidney family had to see their dearest and best enemies one to the other. Lord Sunderland, the high-minded young husband of Dorothy Sidney, died for the king at Newbury, "his noble thoughts going on as the harbinger of his soul to heaven, whereof he had a glimpse before he passed onward"; and Algernon was at the same time winning for himself great fame as head of Lord Manchester's Regiment of Horse. At Marston Moor he came off with many wounds—"the true badge of his honour"—and it is told how, when he fell severely injured, a soldier stepped out of the ranks of Cromwell's regiment and dragged him out of his dangerous position. Sidney, touched at this act of courage, desired to know his name that he might reward it. He answered, "It was not that I did it for, and therefore for my name I beg to be excused"; and so it remained unknown for ever. Either as the result of this wound or some other, Sydney became so lame that he had to realise with sorrow that his fighting days were over, and to take the less exciting post of a city governorship, while he also was returned as member of Parliament for Cardiff. "The holy love of our country gives us life," was the motto he had chosen for the banner of his regiment, and whether in peace or war Algernon Sidney loved his country with a pure unselfish love, which guided all his actions. To see England enjoying the freedom which belonged to her, ruled by her laws, and not left to the mercy of any king who happened to be on the throne, was the dream of his life, much as it was the dream of all the more moderate men on the Parliamentary side. "I walk," he wrote to his father, "in the

light God has given me. If it be dim and uncertain, I must bear the penalty of my errors. I hope to do it with patience, for no burden would be very grievous to me except sin and shame. God keep me from those evils, and in all else dispose of me according to His pleasure." When Cromwell's party decided on the trial of King Charles, and appointed Sidney and his brother as Commissioners, they both steadily refused to take any part in it. "I was at Penshurst," wrote Algernon, "when the Act for the trial was passed, and coming up to town I heard my name was put in, and that those that were nominated for judges were then in the Painted Chamber. I went thither, heard the Act read, and found my own name among others. A debate was raised as to how they should proceed upon it, and, after being somewhat silent, I did positively oppose Cromwell, who would have the trial go on, and drew my reasons from these two points: First, the king could be tried by no court; secondly, that no man could be tried by that court. This being in vain, and Cromwell using these words, 'I tell you we will cut his head off with the crown upon it,' I replied, 'You may take your own course; I cannot stop you. But I will keep myself clean from having any hand in this business.' Then I immediately went out of the room and never returned." When, after the king's execution, Cromwell required every member of the Council formed to govern the land to take an oath approving of all that had been done, Vane and Sidney both sturdily refused. "Such a test," said Algernon, "would prove a snare to every honest man, though every knave would slip through it." And so effective was their opposition that another oath had to be drawn up, though Cromwell never forgot the rebuff, or forgave the two who had dealt it. As it became more clear that Cromwell meant the army and not Parliament to rule, Sidney became more alienated from him, and after the scene when Colonel Pride and his soldiers cleared the House, he went back saddened and disappointed to Penshurst. This, then, was the end of that glorious liberty which had been bought at so dear a price! The king, indeed, had been

conquered, but in his stead had risen up another tyrant, and the Parliament which had done so great things was roughly dismissed at the bidding of one man, one, moreover, of their own number. Like Vane he turned to the reading and writing of books as an occupation, mixed with vain attempts to reform his young brother-in-law, Lord Shrewsford, and now and then the acting of some of Shakespeare's plays, which brought down on his head the wrath of his eldest brother, Lord de Lisle, a warm admirer of Cromwell's, and extremely jealous of the love his father and mother had for Algernon. The *Essay on Love* which Sidney wrote at this time is full of wise and charming thoughts, showing how much in advance he was of those of his age, and how broad-minded a view he could take on all questions. "How great an ignorance it is," he writes, "to assert that women have not such minds as can give delight to a wise man! It is true that women have not those helps from study and education as men have, but in the natural powers of the mind are nowise inferior. They exempt themselves from the study of those knotty sciences which serve only to deceive fools; and instead of this, they have a pleasantness of wit in conversation very much beyond men, and a well-composedness of judgment which may move our envy. And unto whatsoever they apply themselves, either learning, business, domestic or public government, they show themselves at least equal to our sex." At Cromwell's death Sidney once more returned to public life, much against the wishes of his father, whose Royalist instincts had been daily growing stronger. This time it was on diplomatic service that he was engaged—as one of the Commissioners appointed to make peace between Sweden and Denmark—and he was still abroad when the Restoration was accomplished, and Charles II. sat on the throne. He knew very well how difficult it would be for him to live safely in England for a time, as the part he had taken in the Long Parliament and the Civil War was too conspicuous to be overlooked; besides, he was a man with many enemies, for he had that blunt, rough way of speaking out his mind without fear or

favour which offended many people. All sorts of stories likely to prejudice him in the king's eyes were told about him at Court, many of them obviously untrue, as, for example, that when a lady at Copenhagen had remarked to him, "I hear you were none of the late king's judges, nor guilty of his death," he had replied, "Guilty? Do you call that guilt? Why, it was the justest and bravest action that was ever done in England or anywhere else!" Knowing from his friends at home of this feeling against him, and resolved at all costs to hold to his old independence of spirit, hearing, too, of how his friends Vane and Lambert were faring, he resolved to stay on at Hamburg. "I confess I have a particular love for my country," he wrote. "I think that being exiled from it is a great evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my blood. But what joy can I have in my own country in its present condition? Is it a pleasure to see that all I love in the world is sold and destroyed? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court arts, and make my peace by bribing them? Ah no! I have in my life been guilty of many follies, but, as I think, of no meanness. I will not defile that which is past by endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had it in my mind that when I cannot save my life but by doing a wrongful thing, God shows me that the time has come when I should resign it. I mean to owe neither my life nor my liberty to any means of bribery. When the innocence of my actions will not protect me, I will stay away till the storm be overpast. In short, where Vane, Lambert, and Haselrig cannot live in safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in England I should have expected a lodging with them, for I must expect to follow their example in suffering, as I have been their companion in acting. To conclude, the tide is not to be diverted, nor the oppressed delivered, till God in His time will have mercy on His people. Happy are those whom He shall make instruments of His justice in so blessed a work. If I can live to see that day, I shall be ready for the grave, and able to say, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.' Farewell, my

thoughts as to the king and the state depending on their actions. No man shall be a more faithful subject to him than I if he makes the good and prosperity of his people his glory ; none more his enemy if he doth the contrary." So he wandered about from one foreign city to another, receiving from England only news which saddened him ; standing alone, with no sympathy to be had from his family ; crippled as regards money by reason of the loans he had made to Lord Strangford, all unrepaid—solitary and suffering. It did not take long to see that Charles was a true Stuart, who intended to follow far, as far as he dared, in the steps of his father and grandfather.

How was England to be set free ? It was to Holland that Sidney turned his thoughts as the country out of which deliverance might come, and he entered into negotiations with the Dutch Government, already urged into war by the conduct of the Duke of York towards them. But the Dutch Minister was cautious. He was waiting his time. For seventeen years Sidney remained an exile. Then when old Lord Leicester lay dying he got permission from the king for his son to come over to England to see him once more before he died. A few months later his friend William Penn, the Quaker, persuaded him to try for the seat in Parliament offered to him by the people of Guilford. At home and abroad all was in a bad way, and Penn was hoping great things from the new Parliament. "Much is at stake," he wrote to Sidney. "The new Parliament will have the gravest duties. To investigate the Popish plot and punish its authors ; to impeach corrupt and arbitrary ministers ; to detect and punish members who have sold their votes ; and to ease the Nonconformists from divers cruelties. Such work requires bold and able men. The man for England must be able, learned, well affected to liberty ; one who will neither buy his seat nor sell his services ; he must be free from suspicion, a person of energy and industry, a respecter of principles but not of persons ; fearful of evil, but courageous in good ; and above all, a staunch Protestant." Such a man Sidney undoubtedly

was, but the court party was resolved he should have no chance of airing his opinions in the House, and after great efforts on their part he was beaten. So Sidney had to watch the struggle from outside, with a heart as strong and a faith as burning as ever.

The question of the succession to the throne was the great question of interest, for there was a strong party resolved that, on the death of Charles, his brother, the Duke of York, should be passed over, mainly on account of his Roman Catholic sympathies, and the crown offered either to the Duke of Monmouth, handsome, winning, and brave, or to William of Orange, whose right through his mother and his wife was by far the stronger. All through the country the wildest excitement prevailed on this subject. Pamphlets, books, sermons, and plays were poured forth first by one side and then by the other. Those opposed to the Court were called the Whigs, and those who were in favour of the Duke of York were called the Tories. And all the while Louis of France was supporting the court, advising Charles not to yield, and filling the country with French influence. An alliance between England and Holland was the one conclusion he intended to prevent. So cleverly did he play his cards that at last even the popular party saw that any concessions they desired from Charles would have to be obtained through the good-will of Louis. Once again England was in a state of plots and counter-plots, and it seemed as if the disorder were never going to end. Sidney with Monmouth, Lord William Russell, Lord Howard, Essex, and young Hampden, formed themselves into a Council of Six, with no idea of creating a party, but only to talk over the evils with which they found themselves surrounded, and to see if possible where the remedy lay. Most certainly they were not committed to any one line of action, nor did they dabble in any plots. But when an attempt to take the king's life was found out—the foolish Rye-House Plot, of which all the confederates were violent and extreme men of the worst kind—the king and the court party thought they had discovered a way of getting rid of foes



WILLIAM, LORD RUSSELL.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

whom they really feared, and caused all the Council of Six to be arrested, with the exception of Monmouth, who escaped. They were committed to the Tower on the charge of high treason. Lord William Russell was the first to be tried, and by him in the court was to be seen his wife, the Lady Rachel, who had been for so long not only his best beloved, but his constant companion. Well had it been for him if he had listened to her over this last affair, for she had never liked the Council of Six or the opposition to the Duke of York. "You will repent of it," she had told him often; but from the moment he was sent to the Tower she spared herself no work or trouble in trying to save him. She wrote to him daily bright, hopeful letters; she stirred up all his friends; she went on her knees almost to his enemies. As she walked into court, pale but firm and strong, she touched many a hard heart. The judge told Lord William that he might have a servant to take down his notes for him. "My wife will do that," he answered proudly, and at once she stood up in her place, only thankful that she was allowed to do something for his sake. When, in spite of all, the sentence of death was passed, she was still calm and collected, and went straight to the king to plead for her husband's life. Only would Charles grant it on condition that Lord Russell changed all his opinions. His wife, who knew him best, would have scorned to offer him pardon on those terms. She had appealed for justice on the grounds of his entire innocence of the Rye-House Plot.

"It may be true enough," Charles answered irritably; "but if I do not take his life, he will take mine."

Then the brave woman nerved herself to face the terrible parting. She took her children to the Tower for their last kiss, and when she had sent them home she stayed on alone with her husband. Their agony went too deep for words; they could only hold each other's hands in silence, and pray for strength. Not till she had left him did the man break down.

"What a joy she has been to me," he said. "My com-

fort is that I leave my children to such a mother. For their sakes she has promised me to take care of herself, and she will do it."

And, strengthened by the power of such a woman's love, he went to his death.

Sidney's trial quickly followed before Jeffreys, that Lord Chief-Justice who has come to be regarded as more devil than man for his inhuman cruelty. To all the charges the prisoner pleaded a firm "Not guilty." "I am charged," he said, "with conspiring the death of the king. I have not done it. I am indicted for levying of war. I have not done it. I am also indicted for having written a libel to stir up the people against the king. I have not done this either."

The trial was more of a farce than was usual in these cases. Not only were the judges carefully chosen, but a jury had been picked out man by man from those who could be relied on to vote as the court party wished. Of evidence there was none in the least trustworthy which could be brought against Sidney. One charge was that he had sent a certain Adam Smith to Scotland to raise up rebellion there ; and also that, on June 30, he had published a seditious book against the king. Adam Smith, a lawyer, came forward to swear that "he could not say anything against Sidney which could touch a hair of his head, for he had known nothing of his journey to Scotland." And this, in spite of the fact that the Government had offered him a great bribe if he would give such evidence as would compromise the prisoner. As to having published a seditious book on the 30th of June, it was clearly shown that at that time Sidney was a close prisoner in the Tower. One reliable witness after another came forward to show that he had not the faintest knowledge of the Rye-House Plot, nor would he on any terms have consented thereto. It was true evidence quite thrown away! Well might Sidney exclaim scornfully, "It is to no purpose to speak, for here are neither law, reason, nor truth regarded." Judge Jeffreys summed up, and told the jury they must find a verdict for the king. Not content with that, he followed them when

they left the court to remind them what his Majesty expected of them, and what the consequences would be if they failed in their duty. Needless to say, they very quickly arrived at their decision, and came back to announce that they had found the prisoner guilty. Even after that his friends tried a personal appeal to the king—of course, with no chance of success—and Sidney was told that his death-warrant was already signed. Well might he have been disheartened as he thought of England now. But his was the courage which comes from an eternal belief in the victory of righteousness. He was indeed

“One who never turned his head, but marched breast forward ;
Never doubted clouds would break ;
Never dreamt though right were worsted, wrong could triumph ;
Held we fell to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.”

And so, even in the hour of his own defeat, he still hoped and trusted.

“I die in the faith that God will speedily visit His afflicted people,” he wrote at the end of his own account of the trial. “I die in the faith that He will do it, though I know not the time or the way. For there are very many who have kept their garments unspotted, and for their sakes God will deliver the nation. I have lived in this belief, and am now about to die in it.”

“I die for the good old cause,” he said gladly, as he knelt down by the block.

“Will you rise again ?” asked the executioner.

“Not till the Resurrection Day,” was his answer.

Some years later justice was done to him, and under William III. a Bill was passed in the House of Lords, clearing him from any charge worthy of punishment. Then too men began to see him in his true light, and the things he had dreamed came to pass, as our grand English con-

stitution, so free and yet so firm, was put on that sure foundation from which it has never since been moved. And thus neither his life nor his death *was* in vain. Of him we might say, as a noble Puritan said at the grave-side of Pym: "I beseech you let not any of you have one sad thought concerning him, nor would I have you mourn out of any such apprehension as the enemies have, and for which they rejoice as if our cause were not good, or we should lose it for want of hands to carry it on. No, beloved, this cause must prosper, and although we were all dead, our armies, our throne, and even our Parliament dissolved, their cause must prevail."

Of the other Council of Six, Monmouth escaped to The Hague. But on the death of Charles he determined to come back to England and try his luck, for he always over-estimated his popularity, and he fancied he had only to appear, to be accepted by the people as their king. He planned two expeditions, one under Argyll, to attack Scotland, the other, under himself, to land at the same time in the west of England. Argyll's attempt failed from the first, but for the moment success followed the flag of Monmouth, as the farmers of Devon and Dorset flocked round him. But the battle of Sedgemoor decided his fate; he was taken prisoner on the field, and sent to the Tower, followed there by his three tiny children, all arrested as being "Prisoners of State." Unlike a Stuart, Monmouth showed himself to be a coward when it came to facing death. He offered James to become a Catholic, or to accept any terms he chose to make, if only he might so buy his life, and when the king refused, he showed neither courage nor spirit.

After his death, Judge Jeffreys went on circuit through Devon and Dorset, meting out the most horrible punishments to all who had joined the rebel force. Hundreds were hanged or sold into slavery abroad, and the prisons were crowded to excess. Men, women, and children fared alike, while the king heard of all their sufferings with satisfaction and complacency. Even Churchill, the hardy



JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH, K.G.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

general who had won Sedgemoor for James, and who had seen enough of war and bloodshed in his time, was amazed at the king's cruelty. "This marble," he said, striking a mantelpiece, "is not so hard as his heart." But on king and judge alike vengeance came. James fled in terror from his kingdom; Jeffreys lay a prisoner in the Tower, while the crowds outside shouted and clamoured for his life.

"Hang him, stone him, stab him! 'Tis all too good for him! Vile wretch! Villain! Tyrant!" were the cries he could hear from his rooms near the Traitor's Gate. In terror he took to drinking all day, and by bribes one keg after another of brandy was smuggled in to him. The cell was damp; the constant spirit-drinking coming at the end of such a life soon told on him, and before he could be brought to justice he died. Of such a man one dare say nothing save, "God have mercy on his soul."

THE SEVEN BISHOPS

JAMES II. made no secret of the fact that he was a Roman Catholic, and should do all that lay in his power to restore that religion again in England. He claimed the right, in which he was upheld by Jeffreys and the judges, to admit Roman Catholics to any offices he chose, and acting on those lines he appointed Obadiah Walker as Master of University College, Oxford; Farmer as President of Magdalen College; Massey as Dean of Christchurch, all of them being well-known Catholics, while he gave bishoprics to men who did not even pretend loyalty to the Church of England. Gradually the storm of indignation in the country gathered up its forces, to burst out when the king ordered a quite illegal Declaration of Indulgence, all in favour of the Catholics, to be read out aloud in every church in London and throughout the land. Church of England clergy and Nonconformists joined hands to defend themselves against this attack on the Protestant faith. The clergy refused to read the Declaration, in which course they were entirely supported by their superior officers and by the people. Sancroft, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the Bishops of St. Asaph, Bath, Ely, Chichester, Peterborough, and Bristol, met at Lambeth Palace and drew up a dutiful and humble petition to the king, in which they gave him reasonable and lawful grounds as to why they could not read the Declaration. This they themselves took to James. He graciously received them and read the document, frowning in anger as he mastered its contents.

“This is a great surprise to me,” he said at last. “I did not expect this from your Church, especially from some of

you. This is a standard of rebellion, I tell you, a standard of rebellion !”

“Rebellion ?” replied Trelawny, the Bishop of Bristol. “For God’s sake, sir, do not say so hard a thing of us ! No Trelawny can be a rebel. Remember how many of my family have fought for the crown.”

The others were all as ready to assert their loyalty.

“I hope, sir,” said Bishop Ken, “that you will grant to us that liberty of conscience which you grant to all mankind.”

But James still thundered on, “This is rebellion ! I will have my Declaration published !”

“We have two duties to perform,” Bishop Ken quietly insisted ; “our duty to God, and our duty to your Majesty. We honour you, but we fear God.”

“You are the trumpeters of sedition,” the king replied in a fury. “I will be obeyed. Go to your dioceses, and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper, and I will not forget that you have signed it.”

And he ordered them out of his presence. Before many hours all London was ringing with the story of the bishops, and public feeling ran higher than it had done for many a long day. On the Sunday in only four London churches was the king’s order obeyed, and in each of those cases the congregation rose in indignation and left. At Westminster Abbey, directly the Dean stood up to read it, the people broke into such a noise that he could not hear his own voice. Even the clergyman at St. James’s Palace did not dare obey, and more than one fiery sermon was preached from the text, “Be it known unto thee, oh king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.” James was surprised and alarmed at the storm he had raised, but he was not the man to own to a mistake, or gracefully bend to public feeling. He summoned the bishops to come before the Privy Council, and they were at once asked if they owned to signing the petition. Sancroft acknowledged he had done so, and the other bishops did the same. For answer, they were all committed to the Tower ; a barge was waiting to take them down the

river, and the lieutenant was instructed to keep them in safe custody. This news also spread in an amazing manner, and thousands of people crowded round the landing-stage from which the barge was to start, while the Thames itself was thick with boats. From every window and house-top there came shouts of "God bless your lordships!" and men fell on their knees, or waded waist-deep into the water to receive their blessings. The king sent word that the guard at the Tower was to be doubled; but the very sentries and warders who awaited them at the Traitor's Gate cheered them, and the soldiers drank their healths. As the bishop entered the Tower precincts the bell of St. Peter's was ringing for Evensong, and they all asked that they might be allowed to attend the service. The words of the Second Lesson must have come home to them with a special meaning, "In all things approving yourselves as ministers of God, in much patience, in affliction, in stripes, in imprisonment." The Tower chaplain had been ordered to read the Declaration, but he refused to do so, and was at once dismissed, the chapel being locked up by order of the king. All round the Tower the sympathetic crowds still thronged; the nobles drove down in their coaches, and a body of Nonconformists went on foot to show their friendship to the men who were thus fighting for the Protestant religion. At the end of a fortnight they were brought up for their trials. As usual the king had packed the bench of judges, and he had tried to make sure of the jury too. But one of them, Michael Harmer, the royal brewer, was in a fine fix. "Whatever I do," he said, "I shall be ruined. If I say 'Not guilty,' I shall never brew for the king again; and if I say 'Guilty,' I shall brew no more for any one whatever." While the bishops lay in the Tower a son had been born to James, and his Ministers had suggested to him that this would be a good opportunity for an act of grace on his part, which would make peace between himself and his people. But the king was obstinate. "I will go on," he muttered; "I have been too indulgent. Indulgence ruined my father."

Two of the judges, Wright and Allibone, summed up against the bishops. The other two could not bring themselves to do so. It was late at night when the jury left the court, but no one felt inclined for rest or sleep on such an occasion. The city was as much astir as if it had been mid-day, and as morning dawned the excitement became more and more intense. On the issue of the fight depended the whole position of the reformed faith in England, the faith which was national, because it represented the beliefs of the whole people.

At ten o'clock, when the court met, the jury were in their places. "Not guilty" was the verdict, and the thousand voices in and outside the court shouted their cheers of rejoicing and victory. Guns were fired, flags set a-flying, bells were rung, and in the streets people were alternately crying and laughing, so great had been the tension of the night. The heart of London had been throbbing with suspense, and when all was over the reaction was tremendous. The jury could scarcely get out of court. With the bishops, they were the heroes of the hour. "God bless you!" said the people, as they pressed round them to grasp their hands. "You have behaved like honest gentlemen. You have saved us. God prosper your families." All day long and far into the night were the rejoicings kept up. Bonfires blazed on every hill; in countless windows were placed as illuminations a row of seven candles, with one taller than the others in the midst to represent the archbishop. Effigies of the Pope were burnt, and it was far into Sunday before once again order reigned and the sober-minded English people went back to their quiet, peaceable lives. James had been with the army at Hounslow when the news came to him, and no sooner had he left the camp than a roar of cheers rose from the soldiers. He asked what it meant. "Nothing," was the answer; "they are only glad that the bishops are set free." "Do you call *that* nothing?" growled James. "I tell you it shall be so much the worse for them."

There was nothing more to be done now. Even the

king dared not proceed further when he saw that the country was against him to a man. But he had himself undermined his own throne. The song of the Cornishmen as they thought of their Bishop Trelawny a prisoner in the Tower for their religion—

“ And shall Trelawny die ?—and shall Trelawny die ?
Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why ;
And thirty thousand underground will know the reason why ”

—showed the temper of the whole nation. And James had to fly from a people who would no longer have him for their king.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



LORD LOVAT.

LORD NITHSDALE AND THE BAD LORD LOVAT

THE greatest revolution which ever took place in England was brought about without the shedding of one drop of blood or the striking of a blow. James had exasperated the country beyond all endurance, and an invitation had been sent to William of Orange, at once his nephew and his son-in-law, to come over as the champion of Protestantism and accept the crown of England. In a panic the Stuart king, having sent on his wife and the little prince whom no one would acknowledge, himself fled from his kingdom and escaped to France, first of all destroying all the writs and State papers on which he could lay his hands. Parliament at once declared the throne was vacant, and offered it to William and his wife jointly, Mary being herself next in succession. The offer was accepted, and the revolution was complete. From this time the Tower plays a far less important part in the history of England, for no longer was it possible for a sovereign to imprison men there at his will. Law and justice, as we know and reverence them to-day, made their influence felt; the old order indeed had passed away, and in its place there grew up

“ A land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will;
A land of settled government;
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.”

William and Mary were succeeded by Queen Anne, the

younger daughter of James II. ; and when she died without leaving a child, the Elector George of Hanover, who had been proclaimed heir through his being the great-grandson of James I., became king. Any trouble there was came from those who acknowledged James Stuart, better known as the Old Pretender, to be the lawful son of James II., and therefore heir to the crown ; and, of course, it was in Scotland that he had most followers. He was not in himself a very attractive person this Chevalier de St. George, as he was called in France—sulky, obstinate, and anything but courageous, with no power as a leader. In the year 1715 there was a rising in his behalf both in Scotland and in the north of England, and some six thousand Highlanders rallied round the Jacobite flag, joined by a few of the earnest Roman Catholic lords and gentlemen. But neither the Earl of Mar, their leader, nor the Chevalier St. George himself had enough courage or capacity to lead their men on to any sort of victory ; and as the English troops marched northwards, the Highlanders made their way back to their hills, and the Chevalier set sail for France, where he felt more safe. However, several of the lords were taken prisoners at the battle of Preston and committed to the Tower, among them being Lord Derwentwater and Lord Nithsdale. All London turned out to see the captives enter the city. “This week,” wrote Lady Cowper in her Diary of December 1715, “the prisoners were brought to town from Preston. They came with their arms tied, and their horses with the bridles taken off, each led by a soldier. The mob insulted them terribly, saying a thousand barbarous things, which some of the prisoners returned with spirit. I did not see them come in, nor let any of my children do so, though almost every one else went out.” Lord Derwentwater, who was very high-spirited, had given his guards some trouble as he rode along ; and it is told in one of the many Jacobite ballads that although

“ He had armèd men on every side,
 Still he swore by the point of his sword
 To drink a health to his rightful lord ! ”

As he neared London he asked one of the officers to which prison they were all to be sent. He was told they were to be divided according to their position—some to be lodged in the Tower, others in Newgate or Marshalsea. “There is one house would hold us all, and that is Bedlam,” he remarked ; “we have a better title to it than any other people in Great Britain.” And certainly no madder rebellion had ever taken place. The House of Commons took the matter very seriously, and decided that, instead of trying the lords in the usual way by their equals, they should all at once be impeached on the charge of high treason, and come up to Westminster to answer for their crimes ; so that every day the loyal London Whigs could watch them in their journey to and from the Tower, nay, could even crowd round the famous tavern of the Fountain in the Strand, where, guarded by twelve warders, they ate their roast-beef, and drank their port, and filled their snuff-boxes between the morning and afternoon session. For allowing them this privilege the governor of the Tower got into serious trouble. “The lords had declared themselves faint,” he pleaded as an excuse, “and he had but allowed them half-an-hour for their dinner, closely watched.” “If their lordships need refreshment, they must refresh here,” replied the Lord Chancellor sternly. The result of the trial was that Derwentwater, Nithsdale, and Kenmure, who were known to be the strictest Catholics, and therefore considered the most dangerous enemies to his Majesty King George, were sentenced to death ; the other prisoners were reprieved. It is to the stirring Jacobite ballads, the songs of the Scottish people—sung alike in the camp and the taverns, in the streets and in the cottage homes—that we must turn to hear more about these men. Lord Derwentwater was young, brave, and beloved for his kindness of heart ; “he gave bread to great multitudes of people ; the poor, the widow, and the orphan lived through his goodness” ; and all who knew him were attracted to him. There was Stuart blood in his veins, and he had a young and beautiful wife, who worked on the Duchesses of Richmond and St. Albans till they promised to

take her into the king's presence that she might herself plead for mercy to be shown to her husband, who lay awaiting his death in the Tower. Love and sorrow made her eloquent, and from her heart there poured forth words of passionate entreaty, which brought tears to the eyes of all who heard her. But George was not easily touched. He listened attentively to all she had to say, made a few civil remarks, and dismissed her without giving her one shred of hope. On February 21 Lord Derwentwater was beheaded on the Tower Hill, stoutly asserting that the lawful king of England was James III., and that there would be no peace in the country until that most noble and praiseworthy sovereign was restored to his own, "though, added his lordship with a twinkle in his eye, "I myself would have been a peaceful subject had King George not deprived me of my life." The following ballad, which tells of Derwentwater's last good-night to his home, was extremely popular at the time and for many a long year afterwards:—

“Farewell to pleasant Dalston Hall,
 My father's ancient seat :
 A stranger now must call thee his,
 Which gars my heart to greet.
 Farewell each kindly, well-known face
 My heart has held so dear :
 My tenants now must leave their lands,
 Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne
 I'll rove in autumn grey ;
 No more I'll hear at early dawn
 The lav'rocks wake the day :
 Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,
 And Forster ever true,
 Dear Shaftsbury and Erington,
 Receive my last adieu.

And fare thee well, my bonny grey steed,
 That carried me aye so free ;
 I wish I had been asleep in my bed
 The last time I mounted thee.

The warning bell now bids me cease,
 My trouble is nearly o'er ;
 Yon sun, that rises from the sea,
 Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town
 It is my fate to die,
 Oh carry me to Northumberland,
 In my father's grave to lie :
 There chant my solemn requiem
 In Hexham's holy towers,
 And let six maids of fair Tynedale
 Scatter my grave with flowers."

Another ballad, which has a fine swing about it, and was also to be heard everywhere, was composed in honour of Lord Kenmure, "the bravest lord of all," who, on the scaffold, said that he acknowledged no king save James III., to whom he offered the devotion of a dying man, and for whose sake he cheerfully laid down his life. These are the verses, stirring and full of fine pathos :—

"Oh, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie,
 Oh, Kenmure's on and awa' !
 An' Kenmure's Lord is the bravest Lord
 That ever Galloway saw.
 Success to Kenmure's band, Willie ;
 Success to Kenmure's band !
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

His lady's cheek was red, Willie,
 His lady's cheek was red ;
 When she saw his steely jupes put on,
 Which smelled o' deadly feud.
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie !
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine !
 There's ne'er a coward of Kenmure's blood,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

There's a rose in Kenmure's cap, Willie,
 There's a rose in Kenmure's cap ;
 He'll steep it red in ruddie heart's blude
 Afore the battle drap.
 Here's him that's far awa', Willie !
 Here's him that's far awa' !
 And here's the flower that I love best,
 The rose that's like the snaw.

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie ;
 Oh, Kenmure's lads are men ;
 Their hearts and swords are mettle true,
 And that their faes shall ken.
 They will live or die wi' fame, Willie,
 They will live or die wi' fame ;
 And sune wi' sounding victory
 May Kenmure's Lord come hame."

When on the night before the day fixed for his execution the lieutenant of the Tower went to visit Lord Nithsdale in his cell, he found that his prisoner had flown. And indeed a most daring escape had been successfully planned and carried out, thanks to a woman's wit and a woman's love. Lady Nithsdale was a blue-eyed, fragile-looking young wife of about twenty-six, known chiefly for her glorious, ruddy gold hair, and her passionate devotion to the Catholic religion. She was at Tarraglas with her children when the news was brought to her that her husband was in the hands of the English, and already a prisoner in the Tower. At once she prepared for action, not allowing herself for a moment to give way to her fears or her sorrows.

"I confided to Almighty God, and trusted Him," she wrote to her sister, an abbess, "confident that He would not abandon me, even when all human help failed." Her first work was to collect all the important papers and letters, destroy some, and with her own hands bury the others in a safe place in the garden. Then amid snow, and in bitterly cold weather, she set out on horse to London, only taking

with her a faithful Welsh maid called Evans, and a groom whom she knew she could trust. After endless difficulties she reached town to meet with a most discouraging report from her friends the Duchesses of Buccleuch and Montrose, who had ascertained that the king was very badly disposed towards Lord Nithsdale on account of his being known to be a strict Catholic. Her first step, therefore, was to get to her husband and have some talk with him, and here also she was beset with difficulties, for she was told that if she went to the Tower she must stay there till after the execution, and she knew full well that once inside those walls, there was very little she could do. But thanks to her pretty face and a free spending of gold, she softened the heart of a warder, and quietly got into Lord Nithsdale's cell. For him to escape through that window she quickly saw was impossible. It was narrow and barbed, sixty feet off the ground, overlooked by the Byward Tower, and guarded by a sentry. Her only chance was something much more daring—nothing less than to dress up her husband in woman's clothes, and take him thus right through the lieutenant's house, trusting that the very audacity of the plan would prevent any suspicions from being aroused. Lord Nithsdale laughed at the possibility of such an escape, and insisted on believing that a petition to the king would gain him his freedom. "I was convinced in my own mind that it would answer no purpose," wrote his wife afterwards, "but as I wished to please him I desired him to have it drawn up, and I undertook that it should come to the king's hands, notwithstanding all the precautions he should take to avoid it. So the first day I heard there was to be a Drawing-Room I dressed myself as if in mourning, and sent for Mrs. Morgan, because as I did not know his Majesty's person, I might have mistaken some other of the court for him. We remained in a room between the king's apartment and the drawing-room, so that he was obliged to go through it; and as there were three windows in it, we sat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself

at his feet, and told him I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not pretend to be ignorant of my person. But seeing that he wanted to go off without taking my petition, I caught hold of the skirt of his coat that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands, but I kept such strong hold that he dragged me upon my knees from the middle of the room to the very door of the drawing-room. At last one of the Blue Ribands who attended his Majesty took me round the waist, while another wrested the coat from my hands. The petition which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket fell to the ground in the scuffle, and I almost fainted away from grief and disappointment." Foiled here, the Countess determined to carry out her original plan; and there was no time to lose, for news came to her that the execution was fixed to take place at once, and only a few precious hours remained. Besides her maid Evans she confided in three other women, a Mrs. Mills, round and rosy, a slim girl named Hilton, and Mrs. Morgan, who was tall and stout—all kind-hearted souls, who had fallen in love with this beautiful young countess, and would have gone through fire and water to serve her. In a coach they drove together to the Tower, and those who noticed them imagined it was only the lady with the friends and attendants who had come to support her as she took her last farewell of her lord. They were watched more with pity than with curiosity, and there was so much coming and going that the sentries themselves became rather confused. The point of the whole plan lay in the fact that over her own clothes Mrs. Morgan wore a dress belonging to Mrs. Mills, in which Lord Nithsdale was to be disguised, and so pass the warders without being suspected. One by one these ladies were taken to the cell to say farewell to the prisoner, and each one came away with a handkerchief held to her face, seemingly quite overcome by sorrow and grief. Lady Nithsdale had forgotten nothing. On her person she had concealed paint with which to change the colour of her husband's eyebrows, and a wig to match the colour of Mrs. Mills' hair, and with

her own hands she dressed him up in woman's clothes. Then she went in and out of the cells apparently in a distracted condition, calling first to one of her attendants and then to another to go quickly to her lodgings and bring her maid Evans, for she was determined to force her away again into the king's presence, late though it was, with her petition. So well did she play her part that every one was taken in. Of course, thought they, she was beside herself with grief, and the strain of this sad farewell had been too much for her mind. At last the critical moment came, and addressing him as Mrs. Betty, Lady Nithsdale led out her husband, he holding, as the others had done, a handkerchief to his eyes. "My dear Mrs. Betty," she said, "for the love of God run quickly to my lodging and bring my maid Evans with you. She forgets I have to present my petition to-night. I am on thorns till she comes, and distracted by reason of her delay." In this way, calling attention to herself, no one noticed "Mrs. Betty," who was got safely outside the Tower, and handed over to the faithful Evans waiting there, who took him to some friends of hers. But even then Lady Nithsdale's work was not over. It would be fatal for her secret to be discovered till her husband had got well away, and she accordingly went back to his cell, and for some time kept up an imaginary conversation with him, imitating his voice in answer to hers. Then, to give the story in her own words, "When I thought they had had enough of time to clear themselves, I determined to make off also. I opened the door and stood half in, so that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said, but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord farewell for the night, and added that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent, who was always so punctual in the smallest trifles; that I saw no other remedy but to go just as I was; that if the Tower was still open when I had finished my business I would return that night; but that he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance to the Tower, and I flattered myself I should

bring him favourable news. Then before I shut the door I pulled down the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened from the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut, and told the servant as I passed by that he need not carry in candles to his master till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I then got into my coach and drove to Drury Lane, where I found Mrs. Mills awaiting me." Lord Nithsdale had been taken by Evans to the house of a very poor woman, and there he remained for three days hidden in an attic, living on bread and wine, his wife having joined him. Then the husband of the sturdy Mrs. Mills, who had hitherto been so timid that he was more of a hindrance than a help, bethought himself of a scheme by which Lord Nithsdale could be got out of England. With the help of a friend in the service of the Venetian ambassador they procured a suit of livery and sent the prisoner, as one of the retinue, down to Dover on the ambassador's coach, which was thither bound to meet a distinguished visitor. From here he crossed to Calais in company with a friend. His brave young wife stayed behind, for she still had work to do. At first, when the king heard of the escape he burst out laughing, then he became angry, and declared that "Lady Nithsdale gave him more trouble than any other woman in Europe," and he threatened to confiscate all the Nithsdale estates. Lady Nithsdale resolved, at whatever the cost, to get possession of the family papers she had buried in the garden. "As I hazarded my life for the father, I could not do less than hazard it once more for the son," she said simply. With Evans and her groom she reached Tarraglas, dug up the documents, gave them over into safe keeping, and then, hearing the king was about to arrest her, she followed her husband across the seas, and together they lived for the rest of their lives in Rome.

"Spotless without and innocent within,
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin."

In these words was her wonderful courage described. And, indeed, when we remember how one false step might have been fatal to the plans, we cannot help marvelling at this young girl wife, who never faltered for a moment, and played her part so coolly when her heart must have been beating wildly with excitement and suspense. Truly a great love is strong as death, and no waters can quench it. In Scotland the news of the escape, and the part Lady Nithsdale played in it, was received with the wildest excitement, as the following song will show you :—

- “ ‘What’s news to me, carlin?
 What’s news to me?’
 ‘Enough o’ news!’ quo the lusty carlin,
 ‘Best news that God can gie!’
 ‘Has our true king come hame, carlin?
 Or the Duke hanged himsel’?
 Or has he ta’en frae the tither Willie
 The hettest nook o’ hell?’
- ‘The Duke is hale and fair, carle,
 The Duke is hale and fair;
 And our ain Lord Nithsdale
 Will soon be ’mang us here.’
- ‘Brush me my coat, carlin,
 Brush me my shoon;
 I’ll awa’ and meet Lord Nithsdale,
 When he comes to our toun!’
- ‘Alak-a-day,’ quo the carlin,
 ‘Alak the day,’ quo she,
 ‘He’s ower in France, at Charlie’s hand,
 Wi’ only ae pennie.’
- ‘We’ll sell all our corn, carlin,
 We’ll sell all our beir.
 And we’ll send to Lord Nithsdale
 All our sette gear’ (savings).
- ‘Make the piper blaw, carlin!
 Make the piper blaw!
 And make the lads and lasses baith
 Their souple legs shew!’

We'll a' be glad, carlin,
 We'll a' be glad,
 And play the Stuarts back again,
 To put the Whigs mad ! ' ”

In 1745 Charles Edward Stuart, the son of the Chevalier de St. George, landed in Scotland with but seven followers. He was only twenty-four, tall, strong, handsome, and with manners so charming that wherever he went he made friends. He was adventurous too and brave, warm-hearted and generous, so that the Scottish folk flocked round his banner, and soon he had mustered a strong enough force to march into Edinburgh and take up his residence at Holyrood Palace. For many a long day, those whose hopes were still set on the Stuart kings had waited for this bonnie Prince Charlie to come over the water, and when he appeared there was a tremendous outburst of loyalty and enthusiasm.

“ When France had her assistance lent,
 Our darling Prince to us she sent,
 Towards the North his course he bent,
 His name was Royal Charlie.
 But oh he was lang o' coming,
 Oh he was lang o' coming,
 Oh he was lang o' coming,
 Welcome Royal Charlie !

When he upon the shore did stand,
 The friends he had within the land
 Came down and shook him by the hand,
 And welcomed Royal Charlie.

The dress that our Prince Charlie had
 Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid,
 And oh he was a handsome lad !
 Few could compare with Charlie.
 But oh he was lang o' coming, ” &c.

So ran one song. Or again :

“ Wha wadna fight for Charlie ?
 Wha wadna draw the sword ?
 Wha wadna up and rally
 At their royal prince’s word ?
 Think on all our ancient heroes,
 Think on foreign foes repelled,
 Think on glorious Bruce and Wallace,
 Who the proud usurpers quelled.

Rouse ! rouse ye kilted warriors,
 Rouse ye heroes of the North,
 Rouse and join your chieftains’ banners,
 ’Tis your prince that leads you forth.
 Shall we basely crouch to tyrants ?
 Shall we own a foreign sway ?
 Shall a royal Stuart be banished,
 While a stranger rules the day ?

See the northern clans advancing !
 See Glengarry and Lochiel !
 See the brandished broadswords glancing !
 Highland hearts are true as steel.
 Wha wadna fight for Charlie ?
 Wha wadna draw the sword ?
 Wha wadna up and rally
 At their royal prince’s word ? ”

For the moment the young Prince carried all before him. The English, under Sir John Cope, were badly beaten at Prestonpans, and the Jacobite army marched on as far as Derby, causing no small panic among the citizens of London, who daily awaited an attack on that city. Then in a moment all was changed. The prince’s generals could not agree among themselves, and their young master was too reckless of all danger for him to be himself the leader at a crisis. They marched back to Glasgow, but the spell of victory was broken. At the battle of Culloden the Eng-

lishmen, under the Duke of Cumberland, won at all points, and there followed a great massacre of the Highlanders. Prince Charlie got away alive, and for five months lived through a series of hairbreadth escapes and adventures, now in caves, now in mountains, sometimes hidden in barns or attics, sometimes behind a secret panelled wall, often going for days together on the scantiest fare, but never losing heart or spirit. The reward of £30,000 was offered by the English Government for him, and yet not one of those among whom he took refuge ever dreamt of betraying him. They would have died willingly rather than give him up. A certain Donald MacLeod, who was suspected of knowing his whereabouts, was brought up before the English generals, who asked him if it was true that he had lately been with the young Pretender?

"Yes," said Donald, "I was with the young gentleman, I winna deny it."

"If you will bring him to me," went on the General, "you will receive thirty thousand pounds, which will make you and your children happy for ever!"

"Thirty thousand pounds!" answered Donald scornfully. "Though I had gotten'd, I could not have enjoyed it eight and forty hours! Conscience would have gotten up upon me, and no money could have kept *that* down! And though I could have gotten all England and all Scotland for my pains, I would not have a hair of his body touched if I could help it."

And the General was bound to reply, "I cannot say you are in the wrong."

Once for three weeks the Prince lived in a robbers' cave, and at another time he wandered about in women's clothes followed and guarded by Flora Macdonald. Only when he saw at last that with his friends scattered and his army broken up his cause was hopeless for the time being at least, did Charles Stuart make his way back to France, where he was received as a hero by the king and queen and all the fair ladies of France.

"I shall walk the streets of London as your King yet,

and reward you all a hundred fold for your fidelity," he said cheerily to the faithful little band who remained at his side to the last. But in their hearts all knew that King George sat too securely on the throne to be set down by any Stuart exile, however brave or attractive. From that time there is nothing but despair in the ballads.

“Royal Charlie’s now awa,
Safely o’er the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
For he’ll no come back again.

The hills he trod were a’ his ain,
And bed beneath the birken tree;
The bush that hid him on the plain,
There’s none on earth can claim but he.

Whene’er I hear the blackbird sing,
Unto the e’ening sinking down,
Or merle that makes the woods to ring,
To me they ha’e nae ither soun’.

Sweet the lav’rock’s note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
And aye the o’ercome of the sang
Is ‘Will ye no come back again?’”

Three Scottish Lords were brought to the Tower in 1746 for their share in this Rebellion—Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Simon Fraser, the bad Lord Lovat—and these were the last prisoners executed within the wall of this fortress prison.

Kilmarnock pleaded for his life on the grounds that he had so excellently brought up his son, that the lad had been on King George’s side in the battle of Culloden, and thus actually fought against his father. But when his petition was refused he shouted gaily, “Long live King Charles!” and Lord Balmerino, whose courage had never wavered, as he stood on the scaffold said in a loud voice, so that he might be heard by the great crowds assembled at every spot where

a sight of the execution might be witnessed, "If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down in the same cause." Lord Lovat, "the old fox of the mountains," had the reputation of being the veriest old scoundrel alive. He had never been faithful to any cause an hour longer than it suited his purpose, but had changed his opinions as often as he felt so inclined, and never troubled his conscience with scruples or regrets. Sometimes he was a Protestant, sometimes a Catholic; sometimes a rebel, sometimes a patriot. His audacity was extraordinary, and he took to any kind of crime just as a duck takes to water. "I thank God," he said once, "I was born with very little fear," and indeed he seems to have stopped at nothing which stood between him and the things on which he had set his heart or ambitions. He lived at Castle Downie as head of his clan, keeping up a great deal of dignity in his rough style, and ruling his people in a way which seems to us nothing short of tyrannical, though they appear to have taken it all in good part. If a servant offended him, he was hung up by the heels for hours; if a subject annoyed him, he might count on having his barns burned, his cattle carried off, or his wife and children turned out of their home. Yet he kept an open house, and the poorest men of the clan could always be sure of a dinner at Castle Downie. It was his ambition which ruined old Simon Fraser. To be created a Duke was the object of his desire, and if once Prince Charlie was crowned king this was a matter which could easily be arranged. So he went on playing his double game, and was clever enough for the moment to take in both the Jacobites and the English. But such cunning could not go on for ever, and after the battle of Culloden he was found hidden in the hollow of a tree and triumphantly taken off to the Tower,

"The old dog caught at last."

There was no question as to his guilt, though all his old power of fighting came to the front, and he defended himself with great wit, cracking jokes, and saying all manner of

sharp things whenever the chance arose. The day before his death he said he should like to be buried near Castle Downie, with all the pipers in the land to pipe over his grave, for he added with dignity, "I am the greatest chief in the Highlands!" When some one sympathetically remarked that the morrow would be a bad day for him, he was highly indignant. "Do you think I am afraid of an axe, then?" he asked in a tone of withering contempt, and he burst out laughing when he saw the crowd assembled round the scaffold. "God save us!" he said; "why should there be such a bustle about the taking off of an old grey head?" Just before the end one of the stands put up for the sight-seers gave way and several people were killed. "Never mind! the more damage the better sport," remarked Simon with a grin. Then he read the inscription on his coffin plate, and added half in jest, half in earnest, the words, "A sweet and a worthy thing it is for a man to die for his country," and with one more joke on his lips old Lord Lovat passed out of this life in the which he had played so notorious a part. Slowly the thousands of people who had gathered round the Tower Hill dispersed, little realising that never again would such ghastly sights be seen on the old spot. For since that day, in the year 1746, the executioner's axe has been stayed, and no life has been taken within the Tower walls. Round the place where men and women, both guilty and innocent, noble and unworthy, have paid in their life's blood the price of their faults, their follies, their failures, or their faiths, all now is calm and at rest. Liberty of conscience and freedom of opinion were hardly won for us by our forefathers after many a bitter struggle, but they are ours to the full to-day, and there is little use for a State Prison in a land where law and liberty unite to support

"A throne unshaken still,
Broad based upon a people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

THE LAST PRISONERS OF THE TOWER

THE great Revolution which swept over France at the end of the eighteenth century was not without its effect in England. True, we possessed many of the rights and privileges for which the people of France were fighting so wildly, but still there was room for reform in many particulars, and then as ever there were violent, turbulent spirits who acknowledged no laws save those of their own making, and who thought that with one blow of their dealing they could shatter what had been the growth of ages. Little groups of young men with various grievances formed themselves into clubs up and down the country, and they talked loudly of the rights of men, liberty, brotherhood, and equality. Sometimes they clamoured for every man over eighteen to have a vote; sometimes they wanted a general election once a year, and the more revolutionary among them declared England would never be prosperous until all the land was seized and equally divided between every one in the country. Best known among these malcontents was Arthur Thistlewood, the son of a Lincolnshire farmer, who had scorned country life, hankering after such company as he found in taverns among hard drinkers and card-players. Then from a love of excitement he had joined the militia, and with his handsome face and bright uniform had won the heart of a rich old maid who married him. He spent her money lavishly, and when four years later she died he found himself with plenty of debts and an empty purse. Then he took to dice and card-playing as a means of support, but these proving unsatisfactory, and his creditors clamouring to be paid, he wisely left the country, and for some years led a rover's life.



A YEOMAN OF THE GUARD.

THE ALCOHOL AND
SUGAR
AND
SUGAR AND
SUGAR AND

At last he found himself in Paris, where he threw himself into the Revolution, and came back to England full of wild designs, which he made known to a company of his friends, who called themselves the Philanthropists, and who met in the Nag's Head Tavern "to enlighten their minds." Their great plan was to seize the Tower, and Thistlewood was the leading spirit of a committee of five appointed to carry out the proposal, a father and son, both named James Watson, being his warm supporters. They spent hours every day in poring over drawings of the building, learning all the entrances and secret ways, mastering each detail. What they thought to gain by the possession of the Tower, or how they seriously imagined it would ever fall into their hands, it is impossible to understand. They were a desperate fanatical lot, and they never stopped to think or reason. One of their number, Tom Preston, was told off to bribe the sentries and soldiers, as being a cripple he was not thought to be of much use as a fighter; and the younger, James Watson, floating a flag, set out to gather a mob together for the attack, with the battle cry, "If they will not give us what we want, shall we not take it?" Preston set about his task in a most persuasive way. He assured the soldiers that he came to them as their friend, and that he only wanted to win for them the rights they so richly deserved; if they would support him, a new order should prevail in the army, for they should be the officers, and the present officers should take their turn as the rank and file. But the men only laughed, and took him for a fool. Then when they realised his errand, they laid hold of him and placed him inside the walls as prisoner, not as possessor! Meanwhile Watson and his mob came along, plundered the shops round the Tower Hill, and killed a certain Richard Pratt, who advised them to go quietly home; but when the news came that the soldiers in the Tower were marching out to disperse them, they all broke up with the shout, "Each one for himself," and those who could get clear away did so. Thistlewood and the other leaders were placed in the Tower, but in a short time they were set free again.

However, in spite of this failure, they were not in the least daunted, and their next plan was on a much larger scale. They were joined by a certain George Edwards, who called himself the son of a German baron, and who, among many other occupations, sold to the Eton boys images of their head-master, Dr. Keate ; by Brunt, a cobbler out of work ; Tugs, a butcher who had failed at his trade, and was ready to fight any or every one in consequence ; and Davidson, a black man. These hired a loft over an empty stable in a slum called Cato Street, and here they met every night with some few other friends, and hatched a plot which they thought, if successfully carried out, would win them all they wanted. Their idea was to attack all the Cabinet Ministers when they were together at a Council, and to murder them without exception. The Ministers being old men and unarmed, they reasoned this would be easily accomplished, and then in the confusion which would follow, the conspirators could carry all before them, take possession of the Tower, the Bank, and the Government offices, and hold London in the hollow of their hands. It was known that a Cabinet Council was to be held on a certain day after dinner at Lord Harrowby's house in Grosvenor Square, and their mode of attack was to be as follows : So soon as it was dark the conspirators, well armed, were to leave Cato Street in twos and threes, and make their way by different roads to Grosvenor Square, hanging around there till one should give the signal that the servants had left the dining-room. Then two of the strongest were to ring the front door bell, stab the men who opened it, and, followed by the others force a way into the Council room, there to make short work of all the Ministers, while the rest of the party were to plant themselves at the top of the stairs, and shoot down with their pistols any who attempted to go to the rescue of the Cabinet Councillors. This being accomplished, the victorious band intended to march through the streets of London, carrying the heads of their victims on poles before them, and they seem to have had no doubts in their own minds that the

people would so far approve of their action as to place the Government of the country in their hands. Certain it is that, mad and desperate as they were, they would have done some mischief had their secret not leaked out. A few days before the meeting was to have taken place a man stopped Lord Harrowby as he was riding in the Park, and said he had something of great importance to tell him. At first the Minister thought this was nothing but a means of extorting money, and would not stop to listen, but the man was so persistent that at last he made an appointment with him for the next day, and then he heard the whole story with such evidence as made it impossible not to believe what the stranger told. Lord Harrowby laid the matter before his fellow-members of the Cabinet, more than one of whom also had received a hint of the matter from other sources, and they all agreed that the meeting should take place as arranged, as any alteration would only give a warning to the conspirators. The Duke of Wellington, fearless soldier as he was, worked out an elaborate scheme by which numbers of Foot Guards were to be secretly hidden in Lord Harrowby's house, with a still larger force to be near at hand ready for action at a moment's notice. Each Minister was to carry a pistol in his despatch-box, but in the middle of dinner the shutters were to be closed, and a move made to an upstairs room, leaving the fully-armed Guardsmen to meet the attack of the conspirators. But on the whole the other members of the Cabinet thought that this could only result in a needless loss of life, and the better plan would be to prevent matters going so far by seizing the gang in Cato Street just as they were preparing to start out on their murderous expedition. On the important evening, therefore, at seven o'clock an order signed by the Home Secretary was brought to the officer on duty at the barracks in Portman Street, ordering a detachment of forty men to be ready at once, and follow the bearers of the order, two Bow Street officers, to Cato Street. There was some little delay at this, as neither Mr. Fitzclarence, the officer, nor his men knew exactly

the whereabouts of this street, but by good chance they fell in with a stable lad, who was able to show them the way, and, with bayonets fixed, the guardsmen went forward. As they reached the spot they found the black man Davidson standing as sentry, a cutlass in his hand. "Let us kill the red-coats," he shouted to his companions in the loft. "We may as well die now as at any other time!" Then after a hand-to-hand fight with Fitzclarence and some of his men, he changed his tone. "If you will spare my life," he cried, "I will tell you everything." Both he and another sentry were quickly made fast, and a dash was made for the loft, where the Bow Street officers were already engaged in a desperate struggle. The fight was a sharp and a close one; Fitzclarence had his cap cut through on his head by a sword, and as all was in darkness there was endless confusion. But nearly all the gang were captured, only Thistlewood and some few others escaping up the Edgware Road; and when the news of the plot and its ending became known in London, there was as much excitement as if some foreign enemy had invaded the city. At all the barracks the soldiers were put under arms; balls, dinner-parties, and meetings were broken up; every sort of report was set going; there was but one topic of conversation wherever two or three people were gathered together; the streets were thronged, and it was not until the next morning that the usual order again prevailed. The Bow Street officers were determined to find Thistlewood, who, with Edwards, the German baron, was well known to them, and they hunted through all the likely hiding dens, but in vain. Then information was brought to them by one of the gang turned traitor, and they made straight for a respectable house where lodgings were advertised. There in an attic, fast asleep, they discovered what they sought. "Come, Mr. Thistlewood, you are my prisoner," said the officer. "Well, I will not resist," was the answer; and without further ado Thistlewood got up and dressed, asking as he did so "who it was he had killed in the struggle?" With several of his companions he was taken in a coach, and then led before

the Duke of Wellington, Lord Sidmouth, Canning, Peel, and others to be examined. Edwards alone was still free, and the prisoners began to be suspicious of him. He was the ringleader ; he had made the plans and found the necessary money ; how was it that he was not with them now ? When they came to know that this was the man who had saved himself by turning against and betraying them to the Government, their disgust and anger knew no bounds. They were taken to the Tower, were well fed and well treated, so that they declared they had never known such good living, but they were bitterly indignant when they learned through some of the soldiers that Edwards had left the country and gone back to Germany to claim his title and his lands. At last it struck the authorities that to treat these men as prisoners of State, and lodge them in cells which had sheltered such captives as Raleigh, Eliot, Sidney, and Lord Russell, was to treat them all too well, and attach too great an importance to their attempted crime. So the order was sent that they should be removed from the Tower, and made fast instead within the walls of Newgate Prison. The governor and a troop of horse-soldiers accompanied them to their new destination. As they passed through the streets they were looked at with a little curiosity and some contempt by the people, who thought too much fuss was being made over such a worthless set of fellows ; and when the escort returned to the Tower it was to find the old building empty, save for the officials and their families ; for the conspirators of Cato Street were the last prisoners lodged there, and as the great gates closed after them, the curtain drops. The drama, with its many acts and varying scenes, was ended, and the Tower ceased to play a leading part in English history.

THE TREASURES OF THE TOWER

NEVER has any one building been used for so many different purposes as The Tower of London. You know how first it was set up as the fortress of the city of London, so that enemies from without and enemies from within could be held well in check, and how it gradually became both the Royal Palace and the great State Prison. But even these were not its only uses. It was here the Royal Menagerie was kept, founded in the year 1235, when Henry III. had three leopards placed there which had been sent him by the Emperor Frederick on account of "the three leopards pictured on his regall shield of Armes;" and nearly every king added some animals to the collection. In the reign of Edward III., one Berenger Caudrer was appointed keeper to the lions at a salary of twelve pence a day, and as time passed on, the post became one eagerly sought after, as it carried many privileges with it. As you can easily understand, these wild animals were considered very wonderful by the good people of London; and whenever a lion died, they always began to prophesy that this was a sign of some great calamity that would shortly fall on the country, or at least on some member of the Royal Family. Indeed, so late as the middle of the last century, when George II. was suffering from an attack of gout, Lord Chesterfield wrote: "It is generally thought that His Majesty will die, for the very good reason that the oldest lion in the Tower died a fortnight ago! And I assure you that this extravagancy is widely believed by many people." To be taken to see the lions at the Tower was the special treat given to our great-grandfathers and grandmothers, and probably to their

great-grandparents too, when they were brought on a visit to London town, and the place where these animals were kept is the place where now you get your tickets to see over the Tower, or drink tea and eat cake. But the gate there is still known as the Lions' Gate, though all the animals were removed to the Zoological Gardens before Queen Victoria came to the throne, as the Duke of Wellington thought that the sheds, cages, and general litter made a most unworthy entrance to the splendid pile of buildings.

Inside the Tower walls at one time stood the Royal Mint, and so early as in the reign of Edward I. we are told thirty furnaces were used, while from the time of Elizabeth only the money coined at this mint was allowed to be used. At the beginning of this century, the scattered and badly arranged quarters were found to be too small and inconvenient for such important work, and the mint was moved to the specially built place on the Tower Hill where it stands to-day. From early Norman days all those important Records, without which we should be very much in the dark as to the history of our country, were kept in the Wakefield Tower, and guarded with the greatest care, though up to the reign of Queen Elizabeth no one ever appears to have sorted or arranged this mass of manuscripts. Then a certain William Lambard, known as the handsome man of Kew, was appointed to be Keeper of the Records, and he made a careful list of all the documents in his care, a copy of which he sent to the queen through the Countess of Warwick. But Elizabeth declared she would only receive such a work from the hands of the author himself, "for," she said, "if any subject of myne do mee a service, I thankfully accept it from himself." Furthermore she asked Lambard various questions and told him "she thought it no scorn to learn during her life, being of the minde of that philosopher, who in his last yeares began with the Greek alphabet," and when she was called away to some other duties, she held the manuscript to her heart and bade a reluctant farewell to her "good and honest Lambard." In the year 1800 Parliament concerned itself with the care of

these valuable Records and petitioned the king that "His Majesty would be graciously pleased to give such directions as His Majesty in his great wisdom should think fit, for their better preservation, arrangement, and more convenient use, and that any extraordinary expenses which might be incurred by the directions His Majesty might think fit to give, would be cheerfully provided for and made good by his faithful Commons." The king granted the petition, a committee was appointed and the work carefully undertaken. Like the Mint, the Records no longer remain in the Tower, but are safely stored at the Record Offices in Chancery Lane, where they may be studied by any one who has a good reason for doing so. From the earliest days, arms, and all other implements of war, were stored in the Tower, and in the Armoury of the White Tower we seem to be carried far back into history, for on either side of us knights and horsemen in glittering steel look down on us as we pass through. Some of the suits are very magnificent and beautifully chased, the work of German and Italian armourers, for in England little was known as to the working of iron. But the great weight of it, as well as the heavy cost, soon caused this kind of armour to fall into disuse for fighting purposes at anyrate. Quite the finest suit in the whole collection, or indeed in almost any collection, is one which was made by Conrad Sansenhofer of Augsburg and given to Henry VIII. in 1514 by the Emperor Maximilian. It is engraved with roses, pomegranates, and other badges of Henry and his first Queen, Katherine of Aragon, while the letters H and K are worked in among the flowers. On the horse armour there are panels with scenes from the life of St. George of England, and the whole was originally washed over in silver, and must have been of wonderful beauty when it was first sent to England. The suits of the Earl of Leicester and the Earl of Essex are also very handsome, and there is some highly decorated French armour made for Henry, Prince of Wales, and Prince Charles when both of them were boys, which, however much they may have admired

it, they must have very much disliked wearing, if indeed they ever had to do so.

And last, but not least, among the treasures of the Tower come the Crown Jewels, kept in the vaulted room of the Wakefield Tower in a double iron cage, and only allowed to be removed by order of the Lord Chamberlain when they are required for some State ceremony. There is the crown worn by Queen Victoria at her coronation, and on it there glitters the famous ruby said to have been given by Peter, king of Castile, to Edward the Black Prince, and worn by Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt; while it also holds the priceless sapphire which legend declares belonged to Edward the Confessor. This crown is made up of several others, and on it there are nearly three thousand diamonds, over two hundred and fifty pearls, besides sapphires, rubies, and emeralds. Then there are many other crowns, all costly and beautiful; the royal sceptre and the orb, flashing with diamonds; St. Edward's staff of beaten gold, nearly five feet in length; the golden spears carried at every coronation, the symbol of the knighthood of the sovereign, and laid on the altar after the anointing; the sword of State carried before Henry III.; the swords of Justice and Mercy; and many more treasures of great value. In the reign of Charles II. a Sir Gilbert Talbot was appointed to be Master of the Jewel House, and as his salary and privileges were greatly reduced, he was allowed to make a little extra money for himself by admitting outsiders to see the jewels on payment of a fee. The keys were kept by an old trusted servant, Edwards, who lived in the Jewel House with his wife and daughter, and on whom the task devolved of taking round such visitors as came. This was almost the only protection it was thought necessary to give to these valuables, and it seems hardly surprising that a very clever attempt was made to steal them. The would-be thief was a Colonel Blood, once in Cromwell's army, and, disguised as a hale and hearty country parson, he arrived one day at the Tower with a lady whom he called his wife, and spent a long time in admiring the jewels. So long did he linger that the lady

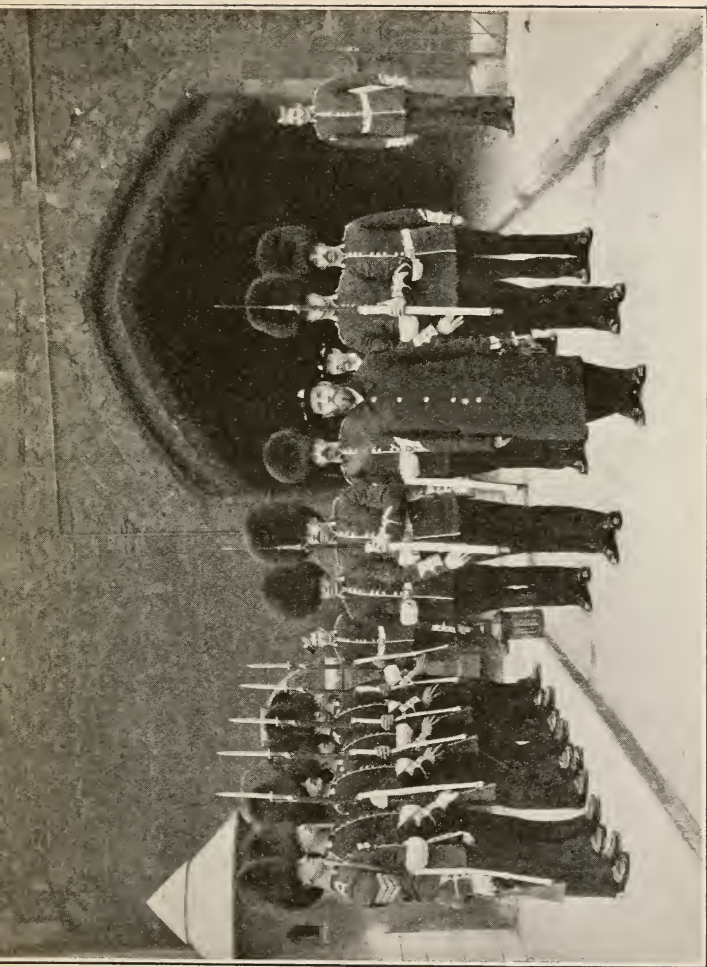
became quite overcome, and had to be carried into the house, where Mrs. Edwards provided her with cordials and various remedies, the parson meanwhile taking a good look around, and appearing to be much interested in all that Edwards could tell him. A few days later he came back again with a present for Mrs. Edwards from his wife, who, he said, could do nothing but talk of those kind people at the Tower ; and after that he was continually calling on some excuse or another, till at last he confessed to the old couple that he had set his heart on arranging a match between their charming daughter and a nephew of his own, who had a nice little property in the country. The Edwards were flattered and delighted, and a day was arranged on which the parson was to bring the nephew to make the young lady's acquaintance. When it came round, Blood appeared with the supposed bridegroom-elect and three other friends. His wife, he said, would follow them immediately ; but as she greatly wished to be present at the introduction, would Mr. Edwards be kind enough to fill up the time of waiting by showing the jewels to the other gentlemen, who would very shortly be leaving for the country, and so would not have so good an opportunity for a long while ? The old man readily agreed, and they followed him into the Jewel Room. Once there, with the door shut, they threw a cloak over his head, gagged him, held a knife to his throat, threatening to kill him if he uttered a sound, and when they found him determined to fight hard for the safety of his jewels, they struck him on the head with a mallet to make him unconscious. Blood seized the crown and hid it under his cloak, and his accomplices had already got possession of the sceptre and the globe, when the men they had left to watch rushed in to give the alarm. By an extraordinary coincidence, the only son of old Edwards had at that moment arrived from across the seas, and was with his brother-in-law coming up to the Jewel Room to see his father. The thieves made a dash out, but old Edwards had come to himself sufficiently to shout out, "Murder ! treason ! the crown is stolen !" And in a moment Miss Edwards had called to

several warders, who, with her brother, commenced the pursuit. The thieves actually got outside the Tower, and were close to the spot where their horses were waiting for them, before they were overtaken, and then came a hand-to-hand fight. The crown of England fell into the road, and many of the precious stones, loosely set, tumbled out. One large pearl was picked up by a street sweeper, and an apprentice lad saved the diamond. Blood and his men struggled hard, but they were outnumbered and defeated, and seeing this their leader threw off his guise as a clergyman and revealed himself as he really was. "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful," he remarked, when at last he was made fast and led back to the Tower; "for it was for a crown." The king expressed a wish to see this "boldest rogue in the kingdom," and the colonel was taken to Whitehall. Here was a chance for one who had endless audacity and a very ready wit. He made no excuse for himself over the jewel episode, but he told the king how he, with others, had formed a plan to shoot his Majesty as he was bathing at Battersea, and that actually he had been hidden in the rushes with loaded pistol for that purpose. But at the last his heart had failed him, and so deeply did he feel the sin of attempting any harm to the king's majesty, that in spite of his oath he had laid down his arms and prevailed upon his companions to do the same. "Their names I will never tell," concluded the colonel with magnanimity. "But if it pleases your Majesty to spare me now, it will satisfy the hearts of many, and we who are now daring in evil will be found to do you ready service." Strange to say, Charles believed this romance. He granted a free pardon to all concerned in the robbery, and, to the astonishment of all, gave to Blood a post at court, with an allowance of five hundred pounds a year, and many other privileges, of which the crafty colonel knew full well how to avail himself. Poor old Edwards died very soon after, as the result of the attack made on him, and was buried in St. Peter's Chapel, where a plate was set to mark his name. No other reward seems to have been his, but at least it may

be said he is in nowise unworthy to rest in the chapel where so many of England's great sons are laid ; for, in his way, he was faithful unto death, and defended with all his might the trust committed to his care.

The Tower, with its treasures, is well guarded to-day. It has its Constables now as since the days of the Conqueror, its Lieutenant and its Major, beside a body of warders, who still wear the picturesque old dress of the middle ages, and form a striking contrast to the uniform of the Foot Guards, a battalion of whom are always stationed there to hold this key to the city of London. So within the Tower walls old and new are blended together, a fitting symbol of our English nation and constitution. Still each night the old ceremony of closing the gates is gone through, just in the same way as for many hundred years. At the appointed time the yeoman porter applies to the guard for "an escort for the keys," and furnished with six privates and a non-commissioned officer, the whole party set out to lock the outer gate. As they return, each sentry challenges them with the question, "Who goes there?" And the reply is given—"The keys." "Whose keys?" further asks the sentry. "Queen Victoria's keys," answers the yeoman porter. Then the guard and the escort salute the keys, and the yeoman porter takes them to the Queen's house, there to deliver them into the keeping of the Major of the Tower, saying as he does so, "God preserve Queen Victoria!"

And now, my Geoffrey, you know some of the scenes and stories that have been played out within these walls which to-day, massed there together in dignified repose, seem to tell us of nothing but strength and security. Yet it is good to remember that, now as always, peace has come to us after storm and strife, and the Tower ever reminds us of the old truth that we stand to-day as reapers in a golden harvest-field ploughed for us in times gone by with heavy labour, sown in tears and pain, if not with the very life-blood, of those who worked through the heat, and bore all the burden of the day. All those prisoners of the Tower were not



CHANGING THE GUARD.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

C

L

heroes, for after all the Golden Age has yet to come, and the Book of History is no book of saints, but a record of men and women like ourselves, who played their part nobly or meanly, as was their character lofty or contemptible, in the making of our England. Yet to many of them we owe a priceless debt of gratitude in that, stirred by a divine discontent, and fired by ideals and yearnings which singled them out from among their fellows, they aspired to heights they could never dare hope to scale, and were contented to set out on the journey, confident that though they might fail, others, starting where they left off, would attain the goal. Let us remember, too, with kindly feelings those who seem to us to be less worthy than the causes they championed and suffered for, realising "that good and evil mingle in the best of men and in the best of causes, so that we have to learn to see with patience the men whom we like best often in the wrong, and the repulsive men often in the right." And if a thrill of pride is ours as we tell ourselves that we are of the same race which produced the noblest of those whom the Tower can claim as its prisoners, it is something also to recall the fact that in nearly every case those prisoners, however faulty may have been their lives, wrest from us both respect and admiration by the brave, dauntless spirit in which they faced their sufferings. A nation's greatness lies in the greatness of the individual character of its sons and its daughters; and within the cells of the Tower many a victory has been won, many a lesson has been learnt, many a soul has been purified, of which the record has never been kept, and yet which surely never can have been in vain. But it is not enough for us to dream of the past, or rest satisfied with paying our reverent homage to those whom we count as its giants. It is our proud birthright, our grand inheritance, to carry on in the light of more knowledge and clearer understanding, the trust they have laid upon us. The England of to-day we owe to them; the England of the future, with all her great possibilities, will be the England which you, Geoffrey, have your share in making and building. "How can I help England?" you

ask wonderingly ; “at least until I grow up and become a soldier or a sailor or——” Stay a moment, Geoff., and do not go on so fast into the future. You can begin your building to-day. Learn to be brave with the courage that can dare be in the right with two or three ; learn to be faithful, loyal, and true at home and at school, so that you may be worthy of trust, and faithful to your duty when you go out into the greater world. Love freedom and liberty so dearly that you will cheerfully learn self-control and obedience to law, knowing that the free man is he who is master of himself and ready to bow to all lawful authority. Play your games determined to win where you can do so honourably ; and when you are beaten fairly and squarely, instead of grumbling or losing heart, set to work with all the pluck you have in you, and go on trying till you are good enough to conquer. Then as you get older there are other lessons waiting for you to master. You must learn to be a good citizen, helping to keep the laws, taking your share in making other laws as the need for them arises, ready to defend your own rights as an Englishman if they are attacked, equally ready to defend any who may be helpless and oppressed, or held in chains, not of iron perhaps, but in the still stronger chains of ignorance, hopelessness, or injustice. And this you may do even though you never become a soldier or a sailor. England needs her sons of peace as well as her sons of war, and the man who gives his life and all his best powers to working at home through years of toil and drudgery for the common weal, is no whit less noble than he who falls at his post on the battlefield or away in far-off lands. As the centuries roll on, we come nearer to the Golden Year in the which

“ Shall all men’s good
Be each man’s rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land.”

And it is for such as you, Geoffrey, to hasten the coming of that glad day. Do not fear that the task will be too great. Remember all that has been won in the past, and go forward

with the high resolve, to be worthy, aye, more than worthy of it.

“ Not once or twice in our rough island story
 The path of duty was the way to glory :
 He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outredden
 All voluptuous garden roses.
 Not once or twice in our fair island story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory ! ”

And as we bid our last farewell to the Tower, it is good to remember that though the path of duty led many a man as a prisoner inside its gates, none ever were so truly free as they who willingly trod that way, and could we but speak with them now, each would echo the words of one who, himself a captive, sang :

“ Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Or iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for a heritage :
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free ;
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty ! ”

THE END

