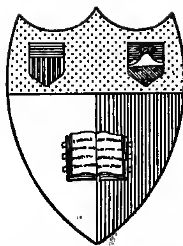
THE WHITE KIN[G]

or CHARLES



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THE WHITE KING;

OR,

CHARLES THE FIRST.

The origin of the prophecy also as to the dangerous character of the colour white to England is unknown; but it is imagined to be at least as old as the time of Merlin. Thomas de Quincey, who takes notice of the prophecy of the 'White King,' says of Charles I., that the foreboding of the misfortunes of this 'White King' were supposed to have been fulfilled in his instance, because he was by accident clothed in white at his coronation, it being remembered afterwards that white was the ancient colour for a victim . . . As an earlier instance of this singular superstition, the story of that ill-fated royal *White Ship* occurs to memory, as the vessel was called wherein Prince William, the son of King Henry I., the heir apparent . . . embarked on their return to England from Normandy . . . The 'White Rose' was the unfortunate rose (and the conquered one) of the contending two Roses in this country.—HARGRAVE JENNINGS, in 'The Rosicrucians.'

THE WHITE KING;

OR,

CHARLES THE FIRST,

AND THE

Men and Women, Life and Manners, Literature and Art of England in the first half of the 17th Century.

BY

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

It must not be supposed that in the following pages the author puts forward any pretensions to compete with the historians who have made the period of English history to which they refer emphatically their own. They are designed, on the contrary, to deal with incidents and details which the historian overlooks or but briefly touches; in a word, with the gossip of history, with personal characteristics, with the *ana* and anecdotes which float like straws on the great currents of thought and action. Thus, the personal history of 'the White King' (as Lilly the astrologer calls him) is narrated at considerable length, including numerous particulars which the historian passes over, though they are not without value as illustrations of character and of the manners of the time. That memorable Trial, which remains to this day so startling a fact in our history, is described with special fulness, though chiefly from the personal point of view. Sketches are also introduced of some of the notable men and women of the period; these have been composed on the same principle, namely, of presenting the personal rather than the historical aspect of their biographies. And, as supplementary to the work of the historian, the writer has endeavoured to supply an outline of the condition of our English art and literature in the early Stuart period, with such biographical notices as he conceived might interest and entertain the general reader. An analysis of Lord Herbert

of Cherbury's remarkable book, 'De Veritate,' and a digest of the 'Strafford Correspondence,' are also included among the contents. The writer believes, therefore, that a good deal will be found in his two volumes which is not to be found elsewhere in so convenient a form; and as, in their preparation, he has carefully consulted the best and latest authorities (most of which are indicated in the Appendix), he ventures to hope that they will accomplish the twofold object he has had in view—the amusement and information of that large portion of the public which is debarred by circumstances from historical research and regular study. At the same time he trusts it is not impossible that the student may meet in these pages with some pleasant reminders of the by-ways of history and biography into which it is so refreshing to stray.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

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THE WHITE KING.

CHAPTER I.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF CHARLES I.

I.

'The man with the mild voice and mournful eyes.'—BROWNING.

CHARLES I., second son of James VI. of Scotland, and his Queen, Anne of Denmark, was born at Dunfermline, in Scotland, on November 19th, 1600. He was of so feeble a frame and sickly a constitution that it seemed impossible for him to struggle even through infancy, and, in consequence, he was hurriedly christened without the pomp and circumstance usual at a royal baptism.* But by degrees he grew stronger; and soon after his father's accession to the throne of England, was considered capable of taking part in a brilliant show on the occasion of his being created Duke of York and Knight of the Bath (January 6th, 1605). A coronet of gold was placed on his childish brow, a sword was buckled to his slender waist, and in his tiny hand rested a golden verge or wand. Thus bedecked, he was borne in the arms of England's veteran admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham, the hero of the Armada.† The ceremony of knighthood was followed by some 'brave doings,' which, as illustrative of the manners and habits of

* It is probable, however, that he was christened with due State ceremony, at Holyrood, in the following month.

† Sanderson, p. 322; Perenchief, p. 3.

the time, we shall venture to glance at. 'There was a public dinner,' says Sir Dudley Carleton,* 'where there was one table for the Duke and his Earl assistants, another for his fellow Knights of the Bath. At night we had the Queen's masque in the Banqueting-room, or, rather, her pageant.' A great engine, in motion, occupied the lower end of the room, and within it were images of 'sea-horses, with other terrible fishes,' ridden by Moors. 'The indecorum was, that there was all fish and no water.' At the farther end stood a great shell, in the form of a scallop, with four seats in it. In the lowest sat the Queen, with Lady Bedford; in the others, Ladies Suffolk, Derby, Rich, Effingham, Ann Herbert, Susan Herbert, Elizabeth Howard, Walsingham, and Bevil. 'Their appearance was rich, but too light and courtesan-like for such great ones. Instead of vizards, their faces and arms, up to the elbows, were painted black, which disguise was sufficient, for they were hard to be known; but it became them nothing so well as their red and white, and you cannot imagine a more ugly sight than a troop of lean-cheeked Moors. The Spanish and Venetian ambassadors were both present, and sat by the King in state; at which Monsieur Beaumont quarrelled so extremely, that he saith the whole Court was Spanish. But, by his favour, he should fall out by none but himself, for they were all indifferently invited to come as private men to a private sport; which he refusing, the Spanish ambassador willingly accepted, and being there, seeing no cause to the contrary, he put off Don Taxis,† and took upon him El Señor Embaxador, wherein he outstrips our little Monsieur. He was privately at the first masque, and sat amongst his men disguised; at this he was taken out to dance, and footed it like a lusty old gallant with his countrywoman. He took out the Queen, and forgot not to kiss her hand, though there was danger it would have left a mark on his lips. The night's work was concluded with a banquet in

* Sir R. Winwood, 'Memorials of Affairs of State,' edit. 1725, ii. 43.
† Juan de Taxis, Count of Villa Mediana. See Gardiner, i. 207.

the great chamber, which was so furiously assaulted that down went table and tressels before one bit was touched.'

The feebleness of the child-prince deterred the Court ladies from undertaking his guardianship; but, at length, the charge was entrusted to Lady Carey, wife of Sir Robert Carey (afterwards Earl of Monmouth), a man of considerable ambition, who hoped to make his profit out of it. The principal infirmity from which Charles suffered was a weakness of the legs, so that, up to his seventh year, he was compelled to crawl upon his hands and knees, his ankles being unable to support him. The King wished to try the effect of iron boots, but Lady Carey protested against the cruel experiment. So, too, when he proposed that the string under the child's tongue should be cut, that he might exercise the faculty of speech, of which from his birth he had been deprived, she strongly objected; and by her vigilant and sagacious management contrived to nurture him in such health and strength that he gained the power both of movement and speech without suffering any severity of treatment.

When six years old, he was placed under the tuition of Thomas Murray, a learned Scotchman, who was afterwards provost of Eton.* The young Prince made rapid progress in his studies; and by his exceptional diligence often brought down upon himself the rough jests of his elder brother, Prince Henry. On one occasion, in the presence of the courtiers, Henry caught up Archbishop Abbot's cap, and thrust it on his head. If he continued a good boy, he said, and attended to his books, he would one day make him Archbishop of Canterbury. At another time he said, with the unfeeling sportiveness of youth, that he would make him a bishop, so that he might wear a gown to hide his legs. Yet an affectionate cordiality existed between the two brothers; and some of Charles's juvenile letters, which have been preserved, exhibit in their simplicity a pleasant fraternal attachment. Thus he writes:†

* Perenchief, p. 5. † Sir H. Ellis, 'Original Letters,' iii. 92-94.

'SWEET, SWEET BROTHER,—I thank you for your letter. I will keep it better than all my graith; and I will send my pistols by Master Newton (Adam Newton, Prince Henry's tutor). I will give anything that I have to you; both my horses, and my books, and my pieces, and my cross-bows, or anything that you would have. Good brother, love me, and I shall ever love and serve you.

'Your loving brother to be commanded,
'YORK.'

Again:

'GOOD BROTHER,—I hope you are in good health and merry, as I am, God be thanked. In your absence I visit sometimes your stable and ride your great horses, that at your return I may wait on you in that noble exercise. So committing you to God, I rest,

'Your loving and dutiful brother,
'YORK.'

Here is one addressed to his royal father:

'SWEET, SWEET FATHER,—I learn to decline substantives and adjectives. Give me your blessing. I thank you for my best man.

'Your loving son,
'YORK.'

In his eleventh year, Charles was made a Knight of the Garter. In his twelfth, his position was greatly changed by the premature death of his brother, Prince Henry, November 6th, 1612. He succeeded at once to the Dukedom of Cornwall —the traditional appanage of the eldest son of England—but was not created Prince of Wales until 1616. His education, meanwhile, was carefully directed; and as his natural abilities were considerable, he made rapid progress in his graver as well as his lighter studies. He was so well-grounded in dogmatic theology that his gratified father

declared to his chaplains*—'Charles shall manage a point in controversy with the best studied divine of you all;' while, at the same time, he rode 'the great horse' with address, and was thoroughly skilled in vaulting, running at the ring, and shooting with cross-bow or musket. His tastes were elegant and refined; he was passionately fond of music, and an excellent judge of works of art. He expressed himself with clearness and force, and in conversation would acquit himself well upon many subjects. His demeanour was somewhat reserved; but always distinguished by a graceful dignity which stood in strong contrast to his father's awkward familiarity. Usually his countenance, which was comely, if not handsome, had a strange air of melancholy about it; but when he smiled, it lighted up immediately, and its sadness disappeared. As he grew up into manhood he acquired manhood's grace and accomplishments without its vices; and the nation rejoiced in the prospect of a Court which would be free from the license that had marked it during James's reign, and distinguished by a stately and becoming order. His morality of life was not impeached even by the most slanderous tongues.† He was devout almost to austerity; frugal without meanness; reticent, but not morose. Many were moved, as Sir John Eliot acknowledges, by what seemed to be the innate sweetness of his nature, the calm habit and disposition of his mind, the

* Perenchief, p. 10.

† 'His moral conduct,' says S. R. Gardiner, 'was irreproachable; and it was observed that he blushed like a girl whenever an immodest word was uttered in his presence. Designing women, of the class which had preyed upon his brother Henry, found it expedient to pass him by, and lay their nets for more susceptible hearts than his.' And he supports this statement by quoting the disinterested and, as it seems to us, unimpeachable evidence of Lando, the Venetian diplomatist: 'O vincendo e domando, o non sentendo li moti del senso, non avendo assaggiati, che si sappia, certi giovanili piaceri, ni scoprendosi che sia stato rapito il suo amore, se non per qualche segno di poesia e ben virtuose apparenze, arrossendo unco come modesta donzella se sente a parlare di materia poco onesta. Onde le donne non lo tentano ni anche, come facevano col fratello, che tanto pregiava le bellezze, ed era siguitato e rubato da ognuna.' The story that Jeremy Taylor's second wife was a natural daughter of Charles' rests upon no foundation but a vague family tradition.

economy and order visible in the rule of his affairs and the disposition of his servants, while others approved of his care for the public business, his apparent eagerness to improve himself by diligent attendance at councils, and his admirable selection of his modes of exercise and recreation. In the glow and lustre of these virtues it was scarcely possible, except to a few acute and profound observers, to detect the serious deficiencies that, in his fuller life, more than counterbalanced them. But he had two weaknesses, the worst, perhaps, that any ruler can exhibit: he hesitated in coming to a decision, and when the decision was made he was slow in acting upon it. These weaknesses necessarily disposed him to give his confidence to any one of his intimates who would decide and act for him, while allowing him to believe that the judgment and the action were his own; and also impelled him at times into a sudden line of conduct, without due consideration or preparation, in order that he might gain credit for a promptitude and a courage which he did not really possess. Thus it came to pass that he never looked a difficulty fairly in the face, calculated its proportions, and determined how it might best be overcome; but ran away from it or attempted to evade it, and in this way fell into habits of equivocation and insincerity of which he was, no doubt, quite unconsciously the victim.

In this grave and reserved young man there was, however, a vein of poetry and romance, inherited, perhaps, from his great-grandfather, James IV. And it may have been this secret sympathy with chivalrous thought and deed which finally induced him to acquiesce in the ambassador Gondomar's proposal that he should pay a visit to Madrid incognito as the wooer of a Princess of Spain. A match between the Prince and Maria, the second daughter of Philip III., had been projected as early as 1617; but the negotiation cannot be said to have assumed a definite character until 1622. It was never popular in England; and Charles himself did not view it at first with any degree of pleasure. One day, after he had been making in public some lover-like remarks on the

Infanta's portrait, he turned to a confidential attendant and said, as soon as he thought he could not be overheard: 'Were it not for the sin, it would be well if princes could have two wives; one for reason of state, the other to please themselves.' To King James, however, it was recommended by the large dowry which the Princess would bring with her, the increased influence in European councils which would be secured by so close an alliance with a great European Power, and the prospect of the recovery of the Palatinate for his son-in-law, Frederick, by the aid of Spanish arms.

In the spring of 1622 Gondomar made his suggestion, and the Prince, under Buckingham's influence, accepted it. The Spanish ambassador, it cannot be doubted, hoped, while Charles was at Madrid, to bring him under the influence of the Roman Catholic ceremonial, and persuade him to become a convert to the religion of his bride. That Buckingham was a fellow-conspirator with the Spaniard in this nefarious plot is incredible; and we may well believe that the expedition recommended itself to the brilliant favourite simply as 'a bold, dashing exploit,' in which it would be highly creditable for him and his young master to be engaged. But as time went on Charles began to doubt the sincerity of the Spanish Ministers, from whom no satisfactory information respecting the proposed journey could be gained, and he and Buckingham resolved to despatch to Madrid, whither Gondomar had returned, a confidential messenger who should survey with careful eyes the scene of action. The person chosen was Endymion Porter, who had passed his early years in Spain, on his return to England had attached himself to Buckingham, and risen high in his favour, and was now a gentleman of the Prince's bedchamber. Already, on the 18th of September, he had written, by Buckingham's direction, to Gondomar, to assure him that the Lord Admiral was preparing a fleet, and that 'he intended to take his friend with him in secret, to bring back that beautiful angel.' From these words it is evident

that the Prince's incognito journey had then been abandoned. Endymion Porter went, and Endymion Porter returned (January 2nd, 1623). He brought with him an amended marriage treaty, by which it was secretly provided that the children of the marriage, if any, should be educated under their mother's eye until the age of ten, and that the ecclesiastics of the Infanta's household should be exempted from secular jurisdiction. The treaty was signed by Charles and James, and also a letter in which they engaged 'that Roman Catholics should no longer suffer persecution for their religion, or for taking part in its sacraments, so long as they abstained from giving scandal and restricted the celebration of their rites to their own houses, and that they should also be excused from taking those oaths which were considered to be in contradiction with their religious belief.' Porter gave a flattering account of the interest in the marriage shown by Gondomar and the Council of State; but he did not tell his master, because he did not know, that the Infanta, a lady of considerable parts, passionately attached to her religion, was wholly averse to it, and had obtained from her brother, the King, a solemn promise that it should not be imposed upon her. Olivares was also opposed to it, and the sole object of the Spanish Court was to protract the negotiations until they could be broken off, at some suitable opportunity, without bringing on a war.

Charles and Buckingham now reverted to Gondomar's ingenious scheme of an incognito visit to the Spanish Court. The Prince himself had no conception of the intrigues in which it would involve him, or of the expectations of the Roman Catholic Church to which his presence at Madrid would give rise. He saw before him nothing more than 'a gay ride across a continent, a lovers' meeting, a brilliant adventure,' with the spice of peril calculated to render it attractive to a young man who was not wanting in personal bravery. Nor were his eyes opened to the real dangers of his plan by the dashing young noble, 'so self-confident and so insinuating,' whom he had unfortunately selected as his

friend and adviser. In the opening days of 1623 Charles threw himself on his knees before his father, and informing him of the projected expedition, eagerly implored his consent. To James it naturally appeared in a different light to that in which it presented itself to a chivalrous young prince and a reckless courtier. He could not blind himself to the possible danger to his son and heir, for whose safety he was answerable to his subjects; but Buckingham put forward such ingenious arguments, and the Prince plied him with such eager entreaties, that at length, though with evident reluctance, he gave his sanction, and promised to keep the enterprise a secret from the world.

The King, however, when once more alone, and with leisure to reflect on all the accidents which might befall so wild an adventure, decided that his son must not be allowed to risk them; and the two knight-errants coming for their final instructions, he told them, with tearful eyes, that he must withdraw his promise, and begged of them never again to renew the subject. The Duke, with his usual audacity of speech, retorted that if he broke a promise so solemnly pledged, nobody in the future would believe a word he said. He added that already he must have been guilty of a falsehood, for undoubtedly he had communicated their project to some 'rascal,' whose sorry arguments had worked upon his mind. He doubted not, however, that he should discover who had been his secret adviser, and such an interference would neither be forgotten nor forgiven by the Prince. By combined violence and cajolery James was induced to dismiss his fears and renew his promise; matters, indeed, were so far advanced that the day was fixed for their departure. Two attendants were selected to accompany them, one of whom, Sir Francis Cottington,* who had resided long in Spain, was immediately sent for. As he entered the audience-chamber the Duke whispered to Charles that the new-comer would assuredly object to the expe-

* Created Lord Cottington of Hanworth in July, 1631. He had accompanied the English Embassy to Spain in 1617.

dition. In the same tone the Prince rejoined that he durst not.*

James began by assuring Cottington that he believed him to be an honest man, and therefore would confide to him a secret which he must disclose to no living person. 'Here are Baby Charles and Steenie,' he said, 'who have a great mind to go by post to Spain, and fetch home the Infanta, and will have but two more in their company, and have chosen you for one. What think you of the journey?' Cottington afterwards said that when this momentous question was put to him, he trembled so violently that it was with difficulty he could articulate a word. When at length he was able to speak, he fulfilled Buckingham's apprehension by declaring that he believed the expedition would effectually prevent the completion of the match. He felt convinced, he said, that when the Spaniards had got the Prince into their power, they would immediately make new overtures and largely increase their demands, more particularly as regarded the position of the Roman Catholics in England. At this candid and sagacious expression of opinion, James, in a storm of grief, threw himself on his bed, and with sobs and cries, passionately exclaimed: 'I told you this before!—I am undone!—I shall lose Baby Charles!'

Then Buckingham turned fiercely upon Cottington. The King, he said, had merely sought his advice as to the best mode of travelling in Spain, a subject on which he was competent to give information; but that he had presumed to meddle with affairs of State, and should repent the impertinence as long as he lived. 'Nay, by God, Steenie,' said the King, 'you are very much to blame to use him so. He answered me directly to the question I asked him, and very honestly and wisely; and yet you know he said no more than I told you, before he was called in.' Cottington's opposition, however, proved of no avail, and James finally gave his consent.†

* Clarendon, i., 23-32. † *Ibid.*, i. 15.

On the 17th of February, 1623, the Prince took leave of his father at Theobalds, and rode to Buckingham's residence at Newhall, in Essex. There he and the Marquis disguised themselves with false beards, and assumed the names of Mr. John Smith and Mr. Thomas Smith respectively.* They made their way to Tilbury, where they crossed the river by the ferry, and, having no silver coins in pouch or pocket, were forced to give the boatman a gold piece. Such exceptional liberality awakened his suspicions that they were duellists, about to cross the seas to settle their quarrel with the sword, and he communicated with the magistrates of Gravesend, who at once sent off a post-boy to Rochester with orders to stop them; their picked horses, however, outstripped the pursuit. On the brow of the hill, outside the town, they incurred a more serious danger. Advancing towards them came the Infanta's ambassador, under the escort of James's Master of the Ceremonies, and the Lieutenant of Dover Castle. To avoid detection, they leaped their steeds over the hedges, and galloped across the fields. The Lieutenant, imagining that the party might contain some persons who had been engaged in a recent attempt to assassinate the Prince of Orange, sent a messenger back to Canterbury with orders to detain them. It was only by removing his false beard, and informing the Mayor that, in his capacity of Lord High Admiral, he was going to acquaint himself secretly with the condition and discipline of the fleet, that Buckingham obtained leave to continue his journey. A boy, who rode post with their baggage, also recognised their persons, but he was easily bribed to keep silence.

At Dover they were joined by Sir Francis Cottington and Mr. Endymion Porter, who had a vessel in readiness for crossing the Channel; and early on the morning of the 19th the whole party, five in number, put off without hindrance for Boulogne, arriving in Paris on the 21st.† Here, to strengthen their disguise, the two travellers provided themselves with periwigs, and spent a day in wander-

* Arthur Wilson, 'Life of James I.,' p. 225. † *Ibid.*, p. 226.

ing about the French capital. In the evening they were present at the rehearsal of a masque, in which the Queen and the Princess Henrietta Maria took part. 'There danced,' Charles I. wrote to the King,* 'the Queen and Madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies, amongst which the Queen is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a greater desire to see her sister.'

Lord Herbert of Cherbury was at this time ambassador to the French Court. He tells us, in his 'Autobiography,' that the only person in Paris who detected Charles's identity was a maid-servant, who had formerly sold linen in London; she declared to everyone that she had seen the Prince of Wales. It is now well known, however, that the Prince's presence was no mystery to the French Ministers, and that they gave instructions to the officials which facilitated his journey through France. But at Bayonne he would seem to have been subjected to an examination, though without any suspicion of his real rank. No further difficulty impeded his progress to Madrid, where his arrival surprised the Earl of Bristol almost out of his senses. On the 10th of March, however, he was able to communicate the welcome intelligence of the Prince's safety to King James:

'Upon Friday, which was the 7th of this month, about eight of the clock at night, the Prince and my Lord of Buckingham, without any other company but their postilion, arrived at my house, where my Lord Marquis, meeting at the door with Henry Jermyn, a son of Sir Thomas Jermyn's, told him that his name was Smith, and that he had met my servant Gresley by the way, who had fallen into thieves' hands, by whom he had been very ill-used, and had all his letters taken away. He said he had got a fall, and hurt one of his legs, so that he could not come upstairs but with great pain. Whilst Henry Jermyn was making his relation unto us, Simon Digby went to see who it was, and knew my Lord of Buckingham; but dissembled it so well, that before I could come to him, he had got him

* Goodman, 'Court of James II.,' ii. 253.

up to his chamber, and went presently down to the Prince (who stood all this while in the street with his postilion), and brought him likewise so handsomely up to his chamber, that there I found them both together, and we carried the business so dexterously, that that night they were undiscovered by any, till the next morning, by the coming of Mr. Secretary Cottington and Endymion Porter, the secret was revealed.'

Howell, the letter-writer, says: 'The Prince and the Marquis of Buckingham arrived at this Court on Friday last, upon the close of the evening. They alighted at my Lord of Bristol's house, and the Marquis, *Mr. Thomas Smith,* came in first, with a portmanteau under his arm; then *Mr. John Smith,* the Prince, was sent for, who stood awhile on t'other side of the street, in the dark.'

On the following day, Buckingham had an interview with King Philip, and formally acquainted him with what, however, he already knew, Prince Charles's arrival. 'I never saw the Spanish gravity laid aside before,' says Lord Bristol, 'nor any man more overtaken with joy than the King was, for he secretly understood of the Prince's being here.' Whatever were the real feelings of King Philip, the adventure was just such an one as would strike the imagination of a chivalrous people like the Spaniards, nursed in traditions of poetry, romance, and love; and Charles, for some weeks, was the object of popular admiration.* Lope de Vega, most prolific of dramatists, put his exploit into ballad verse, which was sung in every street:

'Carlos Estuardo soy
Que siendo amor mi guia,
Al cielo d' España voy
Por ver mi estrella Maria.'

'I, Charles Stuart am,
Whom Love has guided far
To the heaven of Spain,
Where Mary shines, my star!'

It was on the Sunday after his arrival that Charles, for the first time, beheld the Infanta, on the Parade at Madrid. 'The King,' writes Howell,† 'with the Queen, his two brothers, and the Infanta, were all in one coach; but the

* D'Israeli, 'Commentaries on Charles I.,' i. 63-65.

† Howell, 'Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ,' p. 133.

Infanta sat in the boot, with a blue ribbon about her arms, on purpose that the Prince might distinguish her: there were about twenty coaches besides, of grandees, noblemen, and ladies that attended them. As soon as the Infanta saw the Prince her colour rose very high, which we hold to be an impression of love and affection, for the face is oftentimes the true index of the heart. The people here do mightily magnify the gallantry of the journey, and cry out that the Prince deserved to have the Infanta thrown into his arms the first night he came.'* Charles seems to have been favourably impressed by her personal appearance,† and the Infanta was not less pleased with her comely and chivalrous wooer. On the pretence that the Papal dispensation, which would render possible her marriage with a heretic, had not arrived, they were not allowed a private interview; and when they met in public, on which occasions the Earl of Bristol acted as interpreter, the King was always near enough to overhear their conversation. Depressing circumstances these, under which to make love! Charles arranged a desperate effort to break through the restraints imposed partly by the policy, and partly by the etiquette, of the Spanish Court. The Infanta was wont to spend her summer mornings at her brother's suburban palace, the Casa di Campo. Charles, being informed of this custom, rose very early one morning, and, with a single attendant, made his way into the garden. It happened, however, that the Infanta was in the orchard, and the door between them was locked and barred. Bolts and bars could not baffle so ardent a wooer as the Prince: he climbed the wall, though it was of considerable height, and leaped to the ground, startling the Princess into a loud scream. This drew to the spot a venerable Marquis, in whose charge she was placed; and he, falling on his knees, besought the Prince to withdraw, adding, that he would probably lose his head if he allowed him to remain. Charles good-naturedly complied;

* Howell, 'Letters,' March 27th, 1623.
† Gardiner, v. 19; E. B. Chancellor, p. 93.

and to save him a repetition of his gymnastic feat, bolt and bar were undone, and he departed by the door.*

Though the Court took no steps to facilitate the marriage negotiations, but, on the contrary, delayed them by a succession of ingenious devices, it showered on its princely visitor all the graces of Spanish courtesy. King Philip always insisted that he should take precedence of himself; appointed a guard of one hundred men to attend his person; reserved the principal apartments of the royal palace for his accommodation, and presented him with a gold key which at any time would admit him to his own bedchamber. On the occasion of his public entrance into Madrid, he was attended by Gondomar and the Ministers of State to St. James's Monastery; whence, on their coronation days, the Spanish monarchs were in the habit of making their entry into the capital. After a splendid banquet, at which the officers of state waited on him bareheaded, the King arrived to escort him to Madrid. With the Prince on his right they rode together under a costly canopy, followed by a brilliant retinue; the houses along the route being decorated with pictures and tapestry, and the crowded streets resounding with enthusiastic shouts.

The Prince and his suite, who had by this time arrived from England, made a very gallant show; as may be inferred from the fact that the total cost of the expedition, so far as was publicly known, exceeded £50,000. This does not include the value of the jewels lavishly expended on the Princess and her ladies by Charles and Buckingham. 'The Prince,' says Arthur Wilson, 'presented his mistress with a necklace which all Spain could not parallel, pearls that had not long been plucked from their watery bed, and had left there but few fellows.' This superb gift, however, the Princess, in the meantime, declined to receive, and it was deposited in the Spanish Treasury until her marriage-day. When the match was broken off, the Spanish Court honourably returned it.

* Dalrymple, 'Memorials,' p. 135.

The Lord Treasurer Middlesex inveighed loudly against the extravagance of the two travellers; but it was sanctioned and, indeed, stimulated by King James. Writing to Prince Charles, on the 17th of March, he says: 'I send you the robes of the Order [of the Garter], which you must not forget to wear on St. George's Day, and dine together in them, which I hope in heaven you may; for it will be a goodly sight for the Spaniards to see my two boys dine in them. I send you also the jewels I promised, with some of mine, and such of yours, I mean *both* of you, as are worthy the sending, for my Baby's presenting his mistress. . . . . . God bless you both, my sweet boys, and send you, after a successful journey, a joyful and happy return to the arms of your dear dad, JAMES REX.'

Again he writes:* 'For my Baby's presenting his mistress, I send him an old double cross of Lorraine, not so rich as ancient, and yet not contemptible for the value; a good looking-glass, with my picture in it, to be hung at her girdle, which ye must tell her ye have caused to be enchanted by art magic, so whenever she shall be pleased to look in it, she shall see the fairest lady that her brother or your father's dominions can afford; ye shall present her with two pair of long diamonds set like an anchor, and a fine pendent diamond hanging at them; ye shall give her a goodly rope of pearls; ye shall give her a carcanet or collar; thirteen great ball [Balas?] rubies, and thirteen knots or conques of pearls; and ye shall give her three goodly peak pendent diamonds, whereof the biggest to be worn at a needle on the midst of her forehead, and one in every ear. As for thee, my sweet gossip, I send thee a fine table diamond, which I would once have given thee before, if thou wouldst have taken it, for wearing in thy hat, or where thou pleasest; and if my Baby will spare thee the two long diamonds, in form of an anchor, with the pendant diamond, it were fit for an admiral to wear, and he hath enough better jewels for his mistress, though he hath

* Hardwick, 'State Papers,' i. 406.

of thine now, thy good old jewel, thy three Pindars diamonds, thy picture-case I gave Kate [the Duchess of Buckingham], and the great diamond chain I gave her, who would have sent thee the best pin she had if I had not staid her.'

Mead, writing to Sir Martin Stuteville, asserts, though unquestionably with exaggeration, that jewels to the value of £600,000 had been sent from the Tower into Spain for the use of Charles and his favourite.

The *political* history of the journey to Madrid has been told by Gardiner with the minutest details and the most admirable lucidity. Our business here is to deal with it only from the *personal* side, and to the sketch already given we have little of importance to add. The Spaniards failed, of course, in their efforts to obtain Charles's conversion; and by degrees an ill feeling arose between them and their visitors, which Buckingham's reckless pride helped to increase. The Prince, however, made concessions which must have been very dangerous if the marriage had ever taken place, and addressed a letter to the Pope which provoked the censure, at a later date, of the cautious and loyal Clarendon. All his humiliating equivocations, promises, and pledges proved, however, of no avail; and on the 22nd of May the Spanish Court, through the ostensible agency of the so-called Junta of Theologians, put forward new and impossible demands. One of these was that the Infanta should remain in Spain for at least a year after the marriage ceremony had been performed, within which time the suspension of the penal laws, and the concession to the Catholics of the free exercise of their religion in private houses, must be publicly proclaimed in England. Charles, by this time, was so deeply in love that, without thought to the feelings of his future subjects, he would have accepted these conditions; but James was too astute to be caught in so perilous a trap, and on the 26th of June Sir William Croft arrived at Madrid with orders for the Prince's immediate return, and stipulating that the Infanta must return

with him, or the negotiations be broken off. 'This morning,' wrote the Prince and Buckingham to King James, 'we sent for the Condé of Olivarez, and, with a sad countenance, told him of your peremptory command, entreating him in the kindest manner we could to give us his advice how we might comply with this and not destroy the business. His answer was that there were two good ways to do the business, and one ill one. The two good ones were either your Baby's conversion, or to do it with trust, putting all things freely, with the Infanta, into our hands; the ill one was to bargain and stick upon conditions as long as they could. As for the first, we absolutely rejected it, and for the second, he confessed, if he were King, he would do it; and, as he is, it lay in his power to do it; but he cast many doubts lest he should hereafter suffer for it if it should not succeed; the last he confessed impossible, since your command was so peremptory. To conclude, he left us with a promise to consider of it; and when I, your dog, conveyed him to the door, he bade me cheer up my heart and your Baby's both. Our opinion is that the longest time we can stay here will be a month, and not that neither without bringing the Infanta with us. If we find not ourselves assured of that, look for us sooner.'

On the 6th of July the Prince was informed of Philip's final determination. The Prince's wish could not be gratified, and the utmost that could be done would be to shorten the delay by four months. Charles replied with firmness that his father had ordered him not to consent to leave the Infanta behind, and that he must consider the treaty at an end. Olivarez rejoined that the King could not abate an iota of his demands; but that if the Prince liked to leave, no impediment would be thrown in his way. Next morning Charles demanded an audience of the King, and, to Philip's astonishment, announced his resolution of accepting all that had been proposed to him, both as to the articles touching religion and as to the security required. He had found great difficulties, he proceeded to say, and he had done his

best to lessen them; but it was best to consent to all that was required, rather than to abandon the hope of so close an alliance with the Spanish Crown. Some of the bystanders who had heard him speak so differently a few days before, naturally asked one another how they were to know what they were really to believe. The truth was that Charles had been merely haggling over the bargain, and he fancied that, by yielding now, he might, perhaps, win back some of the price hereafter.

But the prize for which Charles was willing to sacrifice his honour, his consistency, and the interests of his country, was not to be his after all. At first, indeed, the Spanish Court professed the most complete satisfaction, and the streets of Madrid for four successive nights blazed with illuminations. The Infanta was openly designated the Princess of England, and allowed to appear publicly at the Court Theatre. These were but the lighter scenes in the long and elaborate serio-comic drama which Olivarez had so skilfully prepared. As fast as Charles accepted one set of conditions another set was invented. The marriage contract was actually signed, and yet the marriage itself was as far off as ever. On both sides the falsehood was complete. The Spaniards made demands with which they did not want the Prince to comply; and the Prince complied, with a secret determination to evade the fulfilment of his engagements. Charles and Buckingham, however, were no match for the Spanish Minister in the game of intrigue. The Duke seems really to have disliked the part he was made to play, and to have doubted the sincerity of the Spaniards; but he knew that it would not be safe for him to baffle the Prince in the one object on which he had so eagerly set his heart, and accordingly complied with his changes of position, while knowing that at home he was regarded as the author of concessions which, in reality, he detested.

At length the bubble burst. On the 30th of August Charles left Madrid, and, after spending two days at the Escurial, set out on his journey towards the coast, with

feelings very different from those which had inspired him a few short months before—feelings of mortified pride and wounded vanity, which rapidly merged into an almost ungovernable dislike of Spain and everything connected with it. He reached Santander on the 9th of September, and, to his great delight, found there the English fleet awaiting him. It was late in the afternoon, but, in his anxiety to quit the soil of Spain, he at once put off to the Admiral's ship, the *Prince*, which had been appointed to carry him home. As he was returning in his barge after nightfall, a stiff breeze blew up, and the rowers found it impossible to make head against the tide, which was carrying them out to sea. Fortunately, the watch on board the *Defiance* perceived the danger, and threw out ropes attached to buoys with lanterns, to attract the notice of the Prince amidst the increasing darkness. One of these ropes was seized by his crew, and Charles was safely hauled on board the *Defiance*, where he passed the night. For some days the fleet lay windbound at Santander; but on the 18th of September the wind changed, and Charles sailed for England. He landed at Portsmouth on the 5th of October, and immediately proceeded to London, where the news of his safe arrival was already known. That he had come back without the detested Infanta was sufficient to rekindle the long-suppressed loyalty of the English people, who believed that he had at last escaped from the snare of Spanish counsels and the deleterious influences of Popery. When he landed from the barge in which he crossed the Thames, the bells rang out their merriest peals and the streets were thronged with exultant crowds. 'But he did not care to linger in London. After receiving complimentary visits from the Privy Councillors, he rejected an ill-timed demand that he would give audience to the Spanish ambassadors, and ordered a coach to be got ready that he might join his father at Royston with all possible speed. As he drove along the Strand, it was with the utmost difficulty that he could make his way through the enthusiastic crowd. "Long live the Prince of

Wales!" was heard on every side, from voices mingled in one universal roar of gladness.* When he was gone men felt that it was impossible to settle down to their usual avocations. . . . When the evening closed in, lighted candles were placed in every window, and the sky was reddened with bonfires. One hundred and eight blazing piles were counted in the short distance between St. Paul's and London Bridge. . . . Never before, according to the general testimony of all who have left a narrative of the scenes which passed before their eyes, had rejoicing so universal and so spontaneous been known in England.'†

II.

On the 27th of March, 1625, died King James, and a few minutes after his decease his son was solemnly proclaimed King at the court-gate of Theobald's, as Charles I. According to a curious story recorded by Howell, Sir Edward Zouch, the Knight-Marshal, in making proclamation, instead of styling him 'the rightful and indubitable heir,' accidentally dropped the "in;' but his *lapsus linguæ* was immediately corrected by the secretary.

At a later date, when men's passions were influenced by a long and bitter political contention, Charles was accused of having murdered his father. This odious and absolutely groundless charge is put forward both by William Lilly in his 'Life of Charles I.,' and by Pelton in his

* There is abundant evidence that the failure of the Spanish match was welcome to the nation. Thomas Middleton, the dramatist, in June, 1624, brought out a play called 'A Game of Chess,' which rightly interpreted the public feeling. White and Black represented England and Spain. White wins, for the White Knight (Prince Charles) captures the Black Knight (Gondomar) by discovery, and checkmates the Black King. Gondomar was incensed at this attack on Spanish policy, and at the applause at which it was received. In August he lodged a formal protest against the play; the Privy Council interfered, and the play was suppressed; but as it had been licensed by the Master of the Revels, the actors and the dramatist escaped punishment.

† S. R. Gardiner, v. 128, 129. In honour of the Prince's return Ben Jonson composed his masque of 'Neptune's Triumph.'

'Divine Catastrophe.' To these scribblers it would be idle to pay attention; but the offensive calumny is repeated by Milton in his 'Defensio Populi Anglicani.' Addressing Salmasius, he says: 'I will show you how like Charles was to Nero. Nero, they say, put to death his own mother; but Charles murdered both his prince and father by poison. For, to set aside other evidences, he that would not suffer a Duke that was accused of the crime to come to his trial, must needs have been guilty of it himself'—a mode of reasoning too fallacious to need exposure. Charles was, of course, aware that Buckingham was as innocent as himself. The charge was revived by the more violent of the Puritans in the House of Commons on the 24th of February, 1648, but received no support from any man of character.*

The ominous circumstances which attended Charles's accession probably received their unfavourable interpretation only in after years, when clouds had gathered over the King's unhappy path. At his father's funeral he officiated as chief mourner; and having previously acted in the same capacity at the funerals of his mother, Queen Anne, and his brother, Prince Henry, this third appearance was considered to be unfortunate, and to augur a sad and darkened career. During the ceremony of the coronation the wing of the golden dove on the sceptre of mercy was broken off; and the text selected by the Bishop of Carlisle for the coronation sermon was thought to be infelicitous: 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life' (Rev. ii. 10). Instead of wearing the purple robe of sovereignty, Charles attired himself in white. That he neglected to ride through the city in royal state, as his predecessors had been accustomed to do was, no doubt, an error of policy; but the superstitious were more strongly impressed by the fact that the blood of a wounded falcon fell on the neck of Bernini's famous bust of Charles, when on its way to Whitehall.

These signs and portents failed to affect the enthusiasm

* Walker, 'History of Independence,' pt. i., p. 74.

with which the accession of Charles was everywhere greeted. All England gave itself up to transports of hope and joy—not that vague hope or artificial satisfaction which conventionally welcomes a new reign, but a hope and a joy which, being based on what was known of the young sovereign's stainless life and high character, were serious, sincere, and apparently well-founded. Men saw, as they believed, the promise of a new order, a new national life, in his accession to the throne; as if the old genius of the kingdom having, like Endymion, slept an age, had woke again, and at last a successor to the Great Queen was come.*

Of the true strength and depth of the tide that sweeps them along, of its eddies and its currents, and its counter-currents, the children of the age can never judge. Their descendants may, perhaps, attain to the knowledge which would have been so inestimably precious to *them.* Neither Charles nor his people could see the width of the gulf which, even in the hour of rejoicing, separated them from each other. Neither Charles nor his people knew how soon the width of that gulf would force itself upon their consciousness; and neither Charles nor his people can rightly be blamed for the discord that arose between them and led to such disastrous issues. The causes had been long in operation; and had Charles proved himself as sagacious and wary as he was reckless and short-sighted, I think that as the seed had been sown the harvest must have been gathered, though, perhaps, with less strife and sorrow. Recoiling from the anarchy and desolation wrought by the Wars of the Roses, the country had willingly submitted to the increased power and authority of the Crown, which was virtually uncontrolled, for the old feudal nobility had been swept away, and the new aristocracy, which had risen on its ruins, necessarily became, at all events for a time, the servants and courtiers of the power to which they owed their rank, privileges, and estates. The peace and order secured by the strong arm of an absolute monarchy

* Forster, 'Life of Sir John Eliot,' i. 219.

favoured, meanwhile, the silent and rapid growth of an influential middle class—the wealthy burghers of the towns, whom the expansion of maritime adventure and the development of commercial enterprise had called into existence. The new monarchy, founded by Henry VII. and built up by Henry VIII., was consummated and glorified by Elizabeth. A woman with something of a woman's charm, a ruler whom Nature had endowed with a rare capacity for government, she drew to her Court all that was noblest and brightest in England, and made loyalty a personal passion. While commanding the chivalrous devotion of the aristocracy, she contrived, by the exercise of a wise, far-sighted, if not always generous, policy to secure the affection of the commonalty. A proud nation, daily growing more familiar with its resources and capabilities, and aspiring to test and exercise them, England delighted in the pomp and splendour with which Elizabeth loved to surround herself, while it regarded with admiring reverence her heroic courage, and the vigour and versatility of her intellect. Hence the forms, practices, and absolutist language of a monarchy as despotic in Europe were endured in consideration of its glory, its usefulness, and its patriotic spirit. The popular affection served to exalt and refine the servility of the courtiers; and towards a woman, whose perils were also the perils of the Commonwealth, an ungrudging devotion seemed a duty for the gentlemen, and a law for every Protestant and citizen.

'In the year 1588'—the year of the Armada—'I did live,' says a contemporary, 'at the upper end of the Strand, near St. Clement's Church, when suddenly there came a report to us (it was in December, much about five of the o'clock, very dark) that the Queen was gone to Council, and if "you will see the Queen you must come quickly." Then we all ran, when the Court-gates were set open, and no man did hinder us from coming in. Then we came where there was a far greater company than was usually at Lenten sermons, and when we had stayed there an hour, and that the yard was

full, there being a number of torches, the Queen came out in great State. Then we cried, "God save your Majesty! God save your Majesty!" Then the Queen turned to us and said, "God bless you all, my good people!" Then we cried again, "God bless your Majesty! God bless your Majesty!" Then the Queen said again to us, "You may well have a greater prince, but you shall never have a more loving prince." And so, looking upon one another for a while, the Queen departed. This wrought such an impression on us, for shows and pageantry are ever best seen by torchlight, that all the way long we did nothing but talk what an admirable Queen she was, and how we would adventure our lives to do her service.'

Even before the death of Elizabeth, however, a change began to creep over the political scene. The radiant mists gradually disappeared, and the cold, keen light of day was let in upon the arbitrary government they had served to obscure. The great Queen, when she showed herself to her people, was still received with the respect due to greatness, but no longer with the fervour of the old enthusiasm. An inquiring spirit had gained possession of the minds of men, which subjected political as well as ecclesiastical questions to a rigorous analysis. The pretensions of the Crown were boldly examined, and daring voices proposed that they should be repudiated. Probably a consciousness of this fact deepened the melancholy which oppressed Elizabeth during the last years of her lonely life. She had outlived, not only her veteran counsellors and favourite courtiers, but her own theory and system of government. She was the last, as well as the greatest, of the Tudors. The nation had grown serious, sober, prosaic; its temper had been influenced by the prolonged theological controversy which had sprung out of the Reformation; and it was disposed to investigate very closely every condition that confined or sought to regulate its actions. Had Elizabeth's successor possessed Elizabeth's intuitions—which served her in the place of sympathies—it is possible that this new spirit

might have been directed into some safe channel, or the policy of the Crown have been shaped to meet it. But under the Stuarts a collision between the Throne and the people became inevitable; inevitable because, first, the Stuarts were not the Tudors; and, second, the England of the Stuarts was not the England of the Tudors. The Throne had stood, or wished to stand, still, while the nation had advanced. Living in the free air of Protestantism, men had learned to think freely and independently; energy of conscience brought with it courage of opinion; political earnestness was the natural and legitimate offspring of religious zeal. Outside the precincts of the Court might be noticed an ever-increasing activity of speculation. Among the untitled gentry, the free yeomen, the traders—in a word, the most intelligent classes of the people—was diffused an energy of investigation, and even of resistance, in questions both of Church and State, such as had never before been known, and it was accompanied by a new gravity of conduct and austerity of morals. The leaven of Puritanism worked slowly, but it worked surely, and gradually modified the attitude of the English commonalty towards the Crown. Day by day its timidity departed, as it saw more and more clearly the nature and extent of its rights and privileges, The aspirations of the burgher, the yeoman, the peasant, rose above the level of their condition. The Puritan never forgot that he was a member of Christ's Church, with a share in the inheritance of the saints: in his household and with his friends, he boldly inquired into the mysteries of the Divine Government. What human power, then, could hope to escape his criticism? As a matter of course, he who begins by looking into the limits of his superior's assumed prerogatives, will end by searching out their origin. He will ask, not only 'What are they?' and 'How far do they go?' but 'Whence came they?' Thus it happened that the nature of the royal authority, and indeed, of all authority, its ancient boundaries, its recent usurpations, became, throughout the country, the subjects

of discussion and debate, conducted at first with moderation, and undertaken not so much from inclination as from a strong sense of right, and setting in movement new currents of thought and feeling, awakening new ideas of duty.

In the reign of James I. opened that protracted struggle between the Crown and the people, which was not finally settled until the Revolution of 1688. The angry sovereign in vain attempted to throttle it at the outset by prohibiting the Commons from meddling with 'the mysteries of Government.' In vain he claimed for himself the right and power of limiting their liberty of speech and action. In vain he declared himself too old and experienced a king to permit their assertion that the privileges derived from the grace and by the sanction of his ancestors and himself, were their ancient and undoubted inheritance. The Commons administered a severe rebuke in that famous Protestation (December 18th, 1621),* which takes its place in the archives of English freedom with the Great Charter and the Bill of Rights.

We have spoken of the happy auspices which ushered in the reign of Charles I. The struggle was by common consent suspended, and very many hoped it would never have to be renewed. Though their young King's marriage to a Catholic princess was by no means agreeable to the majority of his subjects, it was not allowed to introduce a discordant note into the prevailing harmony. As for this marriage, we may at once observe that if it contributed to the happiness of Charles's private life, it unquestionably proved an important agent in his public troubles and ultimate downfall. The influence which his Queen exercised over him, though not so great, perhaps, as some writers have represented, was, so far as it went, decidedly pernicious.

On the failure of the projected alliance with Spain, the English Court almost immediately opened negotiations with that of France for a marriage between Prince Charles and the French King's sister, Henrietta Maria, youngest

* S. R. Gardiner, iv. 261.

daughter of Henri Quatre.* She was then about fifteen years old. Lord Kensington, afterwards Earl of Holland, who, in February, 1624, was sent to Paris on a special embassy, found the charming young lady prepossessed in Charles's favour. Her fancy had been touched by his romantic expedition to Spain; and it is said that with French vivacity she remarked—he might have found a wife much nearer, and saved himself a good deal of trouble. She does not seem to have attempted any concealment of her partiality, though one cannot help suspecting that the incident of the portrait, as related by Lord Kensington, is considerably indebted to his artistic touches.† Lord Kensington always wore Charles's miniature round his neck. To obtain a look at it was Henrietta's ardent wish, and yet she durst not gratify it for fear of provoking satirical comment. 'At the last, rather than want that sight, the which she was so impatient of, she desired the gentlewoman of the house where I am lodged, that had been her servant, to borrow of me the picture, in all the secrecy that may be, and to bring it unto her, saying, she could not but want that curiosity, as well as others, towards a person of his infinite reputation. As soon as she saw the party that brought it, she retired into her cabinet, calling only her in; when she opened the picture in such haste as showed a true picture of her passion, blushing in the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands, and when she returned it, she gave it many praises of your person. Sir, this is business so fit for your secrecy, as I know it shall never go further than with the King, your father, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, and my Lord Carlisle's knowledge.' There is a pretty story on record that, when Henrietta received two letters, one from King James, and one from Prince Charles, she put the former in her cabinet, the latter in her bosom. When James was told of this little incident, he said, rather neatly, 'It was an omen that she would preserve his name in her memory, and Charles in her heart!'

* S. R. Gardiner, v. 216.

† Cabala, p. 218.

Lord Kensington, in his letters home, did his best to kindle in the young Prince's breast the fire of an ardent passion. He wrote with such warmth, indeed, that a suspicious lover might have taken umbrage at so unmeasured an admiration. 'You will find a lady,' he wrote, 'of as much beauty and sweetness to deserve your affection, as any woman under heaven can be.' He added, 'The impressions I had of her were but ordinary, but the amazement extraordinary, to find her, as I protest to God I did, the sweetest creature in France, and the loveliest thing in nature. Her growth is very little short of her age, and her wisdom infinitely beyond it. I heard her discourse with her mother and the ladies about her, with extraordinary discretion and quickness. She dances, the which I am a witness of, as well as ever I saw any one. They say she sings most sweetly: I am sure she looks as if she did.' And in another letter he writes: 'I found it true, that neither her master, Bayle, nor any man or woman in France, or Europe, sings so admirably as she doth. Her voice is beyond all imagination: and that is all I say of it.'

The religious difficulties having been disposed of, and the dowry and terms of settlement arranged, the marriage contract was signed by James on the 11th of May, 1624, and by the French King on the 14th of August following. In the beginning of May, 1625, the Pope's dispensation having arrived, the espousals were publicly celebrated by Cardinal Richelieu, the Duc de Chevreuse acting as proxy for Charles. On the 24th, the Duke of Buckingham, with a large following of the English nobility, arrived at Paris, in order to conduct the sixteen-years-old bride to England. They remained seven days, and each day some new entertainment was devised in their honour. On the 2nd of June, Henrietta set out from Paris. The journey to the sea-coast was so leisurely made, that it was not until the 12th she sailed from Boulogne, escorted by an English squadron. The passage of the Channel occupied four-and-twenty hours, and Henrietta suffered so severely from sea-sickness,

that, on her arrival at Dover, she had to be conveyed into the town in a litter, and thence to the apartments that had been provided for her in the Castle. Charles was hastening from Canterbury to meet her, when he received a message from his sea-tossed bride. requesting him to defer the interview, on account of her indisposition, until the following day.*

The next morning, about ten o'clock, the impatient young King made his appearance. Henrietta was at breakfast; but she rose immediately, hurried downstairs, and throwing herself on her knees before him, clasped his hand, and kissed it with much emotion. Charles raised in his arms the fair form of his girlish bride, and pressed warm kisses on her lips. Her first words were well chosen: 'Sire, je suis venue en ce pais de votre Majesté pour être usée et commandée de vous.' Surprised to find her taller than he had expected, Charles glanced at her feet to see if she had improved her stature by artificial means. Divining his thought with all a Frenchwoman's quickness, she exclaimed, 'Oh! c'est bien à moi, je ne porte pas de mules, et ne suis ni plus haute ni plus petite!' A few natural tears fell from her eyes, and Charles kissed them away, saying tenderly, he should not fail to do so, as long as she continued weeping; and gently assuring her that she had not fallen into a land of strangers, and that she might be ever satisfied of his tenderness and esteem.†

After a short period, the King and his bride withdrew to a private room for an hour. Having prepared for dinner, they entered the presence-chamber, where Henrietta presented her French attendants by name and in order of rank. As he had already dined, Charles seated himself beside her at the table, and helped her to venison and pheasant. It was St. John's Eve, and a fast-day of the Roman Church: her confessor warned her not to provoke scandal on the very first day of her arrival. But for once Henrietta ignored both priest and penance, and, much to

* Rushworth, i. 169, 170.
† Sir H. Ellis's 'Original Letters,' etc., iii. 190-196.

the delight of her Protestant subjects, partook freely of the prohibited dishes.*

The royal couple, later in the day, proceeded to Canterbury,† being met upon Burham Down by a great gathering

* Howell, 'Letters.'

† Mead, in his letter to Sir Martin Stuteville (Ellis's 'Original Letters,' iii. 196, 197), gives the following account of the Queen's arrival in London (dated June 17, 1625):

'The last night at five o'clock, there being a very great shower, the King and Queen in the royal barge, with many other barges of honour, and thousands of boats, passed through London Bridge to Whitehall; infinite numbers, besides these, in wherries, standing in houses, ships, lighters, western barges, and on each side of the shore. Fifty good ships discharging their ordnance as their Majesties passed along by; as, last of all, the Tower did such a peal, as I believe she never before heard the like. The King and Queen were both in green suits. The barge windows, notwithstanding the vehement shower, were open, and all the people shouting amain. She put out her hand, and shaked it unto them. She hath already given some good signs of hope that she may ere long, by God's blessing, become ours in religion.

'She arrived at Dover, Sunday, about eight in the evening, lay there in the Castle that night, whither the King rode on Monday morning from Canterbury, came thither after ten of the clock, and she then being at meat, he stayed in the presence till she had done, which she advertised of, made short work, rose, went unto him, kneeled down at his feet, took and kissed his hand. The King took her up in his arms, kissed her, and talking with her, cast down his eyes toward her feet (she, seeming higher than report was, reaching to his shoulders), which she soon perceiving, discovered, and showed him her shoes, saying to this effect: "Sir, I stand upon mine own feet. I have no helps by art. Thus high I am, and am neither higher than (nor?) lower." She is nimble and quiet, black-eyed, brown-haired, and, in a word, a brave lady, though perhaps a little touched with the green sickness.

'One ship, whereupon stood above an hundred people, not being well balanced nor well tied to the shore, and they all standing upon one side, was overturned and sunk, all that were upon her tumbling into the Thames; yet was not anyone lost that I can hear of, but all saved by the help of boats.

'The bells rang till midnight, and all the streets were full of bonfires; and in this one street were above thirty.'

Another account (of the same date) is enclosed in Mead's letter:

'It were but lost labour to tell you the Queene arrived on Sunday at Dover; that on Monday at ten of the clock, the King came from Canterbury thither to visit her, and though she was unready, so soon as she heard he was come, she hastened down a pair of stairs to meet him, and offering to kneel down and to kiss his hand, he rapt her up in his arms and kissed her with many kisses. The first words she said to him were: "Sire, je suis venue en ce pais de votre Maté pour estre usée et commandée de vous." They retired themselves an hour, and then having made herself ready, they went forth into the presence, where she recommended all her servants by quality and name in order.

of the nobility and gentry, with their wives and daughters in sumptuous array, while the countryfolk strewed the road with flowers, and broke into lusty cheers as the procession passed. They rested a day or two at Canterbury, nor was it until the 16th that they reached London. At Gravesend they went on board the royal barge; and, attended by the barges of the nobility, passed up the river in goodly show—one of those splendid water-pageants which, we fear, the royal Thames will never see again. The river was crowded with craft of every description; the ships and barges were filled with spectators: flags fluttered from every point of vantage; the banks were lined with an applausive populace; and the guns of the Tower and of the war-ships at Deptford thundered a welcome at frequent intervals. The scene was very striking and impressive; but the rain, which fell in torrents, to some extent impaired its effect.*

Though there have not been wanting ill-natured critics to impugn, or even deny, the personal charms of Henrietta, the evidence of Vandyke's portraits is confirmed by the

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At dinner being carved pheasant and venison by his Majestie (who had dined before) she eat heartily of both, notwithstanding her confessor (who all this while stood by her) had forewarned her that it was the Eve of St. John Baptist and was to be fasted, and that she should take heed how she gave ill example or a scandal at her first arrival.

'The same night, having supped at Canterbury, her Majesty went to bed: and, some space of time after, his Majesty followed her; but being entered his bedchamber, the first thing he did, he bolted all the doors round about (being seven) with his own hand, letting in but two of the bedchamber to undress him, which being done, he bolted them out also. The next morning he lay till seven of the clock, and was pleasant with the lords that he had beguiled them, and hath ever since been very jocund.

'Yesterday I saw them coming up from Gravesend, and never beheld the King to look so merrily. In stature, her head reached to his shoulder; but she is young enough to grow taller. . . 'Twixt Gravesend and London she had the beautiful and stately view of part of our Navy that is to go to sea, which gave her a volley of fifteen hundred great shot. So they arrived at Whitehall, where they continue till Monday, when they go to Hampton Court. On Sunday there is a great feast at Whitehall.'

* 'A True Discourse of all the Royal Passages, Triumphs, and Ceremonies observed at the Contract and Marriage of the High and Mighty Charles, King of Great Britain.' London, 1625.

general testimony of her contemporaries.* Howell, in a letter to his brother-in-law, grows very fervid in his eulogy. 'This daughter of France,' he says, 'this youngest branch of Bourbon, is of a more lovely and lasting complexion [than the Infanta of Spain], a dark brown; she hath eyes that sparkle like stars; and for her physiognomy, she may be said to be "a mirror of perfection."' Lord Clarendon gravely speaks of her as 'a lady of great beauty;' Toby Matthew, as 'a most sweet, lovely creature.' Sir Symonds d'Ewes 'perceived her to be a most absolute delicate lady, after he had exactly surveyed all the features of her face, much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eyes.' Poets, when they lay their offerings at the feet of rank and beauty, may be suspected of speaking the language of compliment; yet it is clear that if they exaggerated too grossly, they would be convicted of satire; and, therefore, we may be sure that Waller and Davenant would have been more guarded in their language, if they had known it to be undeserved. The former weaves in her honour some of his most melodious couplets:

> 'Such eyes as yours on Jove himself had thrown
> As bright and fierce a lightning as his own.'

The word 'fierce,' by the way, does not seem happily chosen.

> 'Your beauty more the fondest lover moves
> With admiration, than his private loves;
> With admiration! for a pitch so high
> (Save sacred Charles's) never Love durst fly.
> Beauty had crowned you, and you must have been
> The whole world's mistress, other than a Queen.'

In a strain not less glowing sings Sir William Davenant:

> 'Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
> Of the first year, when every month was May;
> Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
> Unfolded bud, bathed by the morning's dew;
> Kind as the willing saints, but calmer far
> Than in their dreams forgiven votaries are.'

Milton accuses Charles of what is a grave fault in a ruler, the inability to stand alone. 'Whether with his enemies or

* S. R. Gardiner, v. 217.

his friends, in the Court or in the camp, he was always in the hands of another; now of his wife, then of the bishops; now of the peers, then of the soldiery; and last, of his enemies: that for the most part he followed the worse counsels, etc., almost always, of the worser men.' After the death of Buckingham, his chief advisers were Laud and Strafford; but it may be admitted that his Queen had a considerable influence over him, such an influence as an attractive woman will necessarily have over the man who loves her. Though Charles was by no means so feebly uxorious as he is sometimes represented, he was prone like most men of obstinate temper, to assume an attitude of resistance when there was little or nothing to be gained by it, and to yield when it would have been wiser and more profitable to have held his ground. Obstinacy was, indeed, the keynote of his character; and the errors of his policy and the misfortunes of his reign were due in no small measure to this perverse tenacity of his, the piquant mark of a narrow but conscientious mind.

In the dismissal of Henrietta Maria's French household, however, his obstinacy served him well; for it required no ordinary firmness to resist the pressure of every kind that was brought to bear upon him to secure their retention. This affair was the first cloud on his married life; but the respect of his subjects and his domestic peace were involved in it, for the insolence of the priests, and courtiers, and bedchamber women who formed the Queen's *entourage* had risen to an almost incredible height. She was induced by her confessors to commit an act of supreme folly, which gave a great and unnecessary shock to public opinion—walking barefooted to Tyburn on the 5th of November, in commemoration of the wretches who had been justly punished for their share in the Gunpowder Plot. A contemporary writer accuses them of subjecting her to many other indignities:* 'Have they not made her dabble in the dirt,' he says, 'in a foul morning from Somerset House to

* Ellis, 'Original Letters,' iii. 238.

St. James's, her Luciferian confessor riding along by her in his coach? Yea, they have made her to go barefoot to Spain, to eat her meat out of tryne [wooden] dishes, to wait at the table, and serve her servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances.' The national pride, as well as the national piety, was wounded by the Queen's subserviency to her 'foreign priests.'

On one occasion, when Charles and his Queen were dining in public, Henrietta's confessor placed himself by the side of the King's chaplain, and when the latter began the usual grace, vociferated a Latin benediction. The chaplain, indignant at the interruption, thrust away the offender, who then crossed over to the Queen's side and resumed his benediction with redoubled energy. Charles silenced the ill-mannered competitors by drawing towards him one of the dishes, and signing to the carvers to begin their duties. When dinner was over, the confessor proceeded to return thanks; but the chaplain had already started, and the two then essayed who should silence the other, raising their voice continually, to the great disgust of all who were present. Taking Henrietta by the hand, Charles withdrew her from the disreputable scene.*

The letter-writers of the day record numerous scandals of this kind. Thus, in the royal chapel, a Roman Catholic nobleman is described as 'praying on purpose louder than the chaplain prayed,' until at last the King sent him an angry message: 'Either let him come and do as we do, or I will make him prate further off.'

After undergoing much tribulation, Charles made up his mind to expel the whole colony from the country. He was willing, however, that they should take their departure quietly, if it were possible, and employed the Duke of Buckingham, who was then at Paris, to obtain the Queen-Mother's intervention; but without avail. Henrietta, on her part, complained to her brother, King Louis XIII., who sent over

* See Mead's letter to Stuteville, in the elder D'Israeli's 'Curiosities of Literature.'

the Marshal de Bassompierre to see if some conciliatory arrangement could not be effected. It was with much reluctance that Charles admitted him to an interview, and his overtures he received with a good deal of indignation. Words ran high, and at last Charles, losing all self-control, inquired why he did not at once discharge his commission, and declare war. 'I am not a herald,' replied Bassompierre, 'to declare war; but a marshal of France to make it when declared.' Bassompierre says: 'The King put himself into a great passion, and I, without losing my respect to him, replied to him in such wise that, at last, yielding something, he conceded a great deal to me.' Charles, however, remained firm in his resolution that 'the foreigners' should depart; and this exodus was finally accomplished in July and August, 1626. They carried with them a good deal of sterling English money; for to expedite their departure, Charles distributed among them gratuities to the amount of £22,672.

In Charles's final quarrel with his Parliament, Henrietta no doubt exercised what influence she possessed to stimulate him to violent measures. Her ignorance of the true character of the questions at issue was as complete as might be expected in a daughter of Henri Quatre, who became a wife and a Queen while still in her girlhood; and all her ideas centred in the maintenance and extension of the authority of the Crown. In 1641, when events were gradually shaping themselves so as to bring nearer every day the terrible issue of war, she constantly urged upon the King an attitude of resistance; and unfortunately she became an active agent in bringing about his fatal resolution of impeaching the Puritan leaders, Lord Kimbolton, Pym, Hampden, Haselrig, Hollis, and Strode, for high treason in corresponding with the rebellious Scotch Covenanters. Legally, the correspondence was covered by an act of oblivion to which Charles had given his assent in the preceding year; but he persuaded himself that it would be sufficient to work their downfall, and on the 3rd of January,

1642, directed his Attorney-General to accuse Lord Kimbolton and the five members before the House of Lords.* The points of the indictment were seven in number. The first charged the accused generally with an attempt to subvert the Government and fundamental laws, and place in subjection an arbitrary and tyrannical power. Second, with the traitorous endeavour to put aspersions on his Majesty and his Government, to alienate the affections of his people, and make his Majesty odious to them. Third, with having striven to draw the King's late army to side with them in their treasonable designs. The fourth charge imputed to them the traitorous invitation and encouragement to a foreign power [Scotland] to invade his Majesty's kingdom of England. The fifth accused them of having traitorously endeavoured to subvert the rights and very being of Parliaments. The sixth, referring to some outbursts which had taken place in the city, said that, for the completing their traitorous designs, they had endeavoured, as far as in them lay, by force and terror, to compel the Parliament to join with them, and to that end had actually raised and countenanced tumults against the King and Parliament. And the seventh, that they had traitorously conspired to levy, and actually had levied, wars against the King.

With its leaders in the Tower, Charles doubtless calculated that he would be able to break down the resistance of an opposition, which, numerically, was very little superior to his own party.† He therefore sent a demand to the Commons that the accused members of the Lower House should be placed under arrest; the Commons replying that his message, being matter of great consequence, and concerning the privilege of all the Commons of England, would be taken into their serious consideration, and that, in all humility and

* John Forster, 'Arrest of the Five Members,' pp. 160-165.

† The Grand Remonstrance was carried by a majority of only eleven (159 against 148)—a majority increased to twenty-three when it was ordered to be printed.

duty, they would attend his Majesty with an answer with as much speed as the greatness of the business would permit, adding that the said accused members in the mean time should be ready to answer any legal charge made against them. The House had already adopted Pym's motion that the authorities of the City should be requested to station some companies of trained bands as a guard upon the safety of Parliament, and also to post strong defences and watches about the City streets and walls; for it was known that of late there had been a great gathering of officers and cavaliers at Whitehall, capable of any desperate action. This motion was now converted into an order, which, through the members for the City, was transmitted to the Lord Mayor and other great civic officials. Shortly afterwards the House separated.

That evening, Charles took counsel with Digby and the Queen, and resolved that he would in person arrest the accused members on the morrow. He knew that the proceeding was both illegal and unconstitutional, but he had involved himself in such difficulties that to recede or stand still was almost equally impossible. 'It is usual,' says Mr. Forster, 'to treat the attempt which he was now about to make as an act of rashness far transcending in its danger that which already, through his Attorney-General, he had made, and far surpassing, in its folly, all his other acts of state since his return [from Scotland]; as an undertaking which he never would have dared to submit to any of his advisers, and an adventure which necessarily he must have undertaken, if at all, on his own individual responsibility.' Nor does this view take sufficiently into account the antecedent circumstances, the challenge flung down to the House, the continued exasperation of the citizens, and the position in which, amidst an agitated populace, the previous day's failure had left the King. There are occasions when what would ordinarily be the weakness of despair becomes the courage of necessity. All the dangers inherent to a deliber-

* Clarendon, iv. 154.

ate attack on the privileges of the House of Commons, and on the persons of its leaders, had already been incurred. These considerations doubtlessly decided Charles in the course he adopted: though in the evening he was afflicted with a spasm of hesitation, and laid before Henrietta some strong reasons for abandoning it. She, however, if she lacked her father's state-craft, had all her father's courage. 'Go, you coward!' she said, 'and pull those rogues out by the ears, or never see my face more.' Charles hesitated no longer, but before he left Whitehall, the Queen, in her exultation, entrusted the secret to her ill-chosen confidante Lady Carlisle, who at once made it known to Lord Grey, and by him it was conveyed to Pym and his friends.*

The next morning, January 4th, when the House met, the five members asserted their innocence, and the articles of accusation were sent up to the Lords as 'a scandalous paper,' with a request that inquiry might be made into their authority. Members then began to take notice of 'a great conference of armed men about Whitehall,' and of other threatening movements, and information thereof was sent into the City 'to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council there assembled.' After which, at noon, the House adjourned for an hour. In that hour much took place. It was then that Lord Grey communicated to Pym the information he had received from Lady Carlisle, with a warning that he and his friends would do well to absent themselves. They thought it their duty, however, to attend the afternoon sitting, make known the startling intelligence they had received, and request to be advised upon their line of conduct. Should they withdraw, or wait the King's arrival? Ultimately, on news arriving that Charles had left Whitehall, and with an armed force was marching towards Westminster, it was resolved that the House give the members leave to retire. Pym, Hampden, Haselrig, and Hollis immediately took the course which policy as well as prudence dictated. The impetuous Strode would have remained to face the

* Forster, p. 139

worst, but a member seized him by the cloak, and dragged him off to the river side, where boats were always in waiting. The five were all conveyed in safety to the City.

It was about three o'clock when Charles, screwing up his courage to the sticking-point, hurried downstairs, followed by his nephew, the Elector Palatine. Exclaiming, 'let my faithful subjects and soldiers follow me!' he sprang into a coach which happened to be near the door, and drove off, with a retinue of some three or four hundred men, who struck terror as they passed. The shopkeepers in the mean buildings which had been erected against the north end of Westminster Hall hastily closed their windows. Charles alighted, and strode rapidly through the Hall between the ranks of his desperadoes. As he mounted the steps which led to the House of Commons, he made a sign to them to await his return there. About eighty of them, however, who perhaps, had been previously instructed what to do, hastily followed him into the Lobby, and it was afterwards noticed that for this purpose 'divers of the late army in the North and other desperate ruffians' had been selected.

'Charles did his best,' says Mr Gardiner,* 'to maintain a show of decency. He sent a message to the House informing them of his arrival. As he entered, with the young Elector Palatine at his side, he bade his followers on their lives to remain outside. But he clearly wished it to be known that he was prepared to use force if it were necessary. The Earl of Roxburgh leaned against the door, keeping it open so that the members might see what they had to expect in case of resistance. By Roxburgh's side stood Captain David Hyde, one of the greatest scoundrels in England. The rest were armed with swords and pistols, and many of them had left their cloaks in the Hall, with the evident intention of leaving the sword arm free.

'As Charles stepped through the door which none of his predecessors had ever passed, he was, little as he thought it, formally acknowledging that power had passed into

* S. R. Gardiner, x. 138.

new hands. The revolution which his shrewd father had descried when he bade his attendants to set stools for the deputies of the Commons as for the ambassadors of a king, was now a reality before him. He had come to the Commons because they would no longer come to him. To Charles the new constitutional fact was merely a temporary interruption of established order. In his eyes there was visible no more than a mortal duel between King Charles and King Pym.'*

He entered, and the members uncovered. Charles also removed his hat, and casting one sharp glance at Pym's empty seat, stepped quickly up to the left hand of the Speaker's chair. Lenthall, the Speaker, advanced a pace or two to meet him. 'Mr. Speaker,' said he, 'I must for a time make bold with your chair;' and standing upon the step, he surveyed the House with quick, restless eyes. Then, with the stammer and laboured utterance that were natural to him, he addressed them: 'Gentlemen, I am sorry for this occasion of coming unto you. Yesterday I sent a sergeant-at-arms upon a very important occasion to apprehend some that by command were accused of high treason; whereunto I did expect obedience, and not a message. And I must declare unto you here that albeit no king that ever was in England shall be more careful of your privileges, to maintain them to the uttermost of his power than I shall be; yet you must know that in cases of treason no person hath a privilege. And, therefore, I am come to know if any of these persons that were accused are here.'

He paused, and looking round the House, added: 'I do not see any of them. I think I should know them.'

Again he paused. 'Gentlemen,' he resumed, 'I must tell you that so long as those persons that I have accused —for no slight crime, but for treason—are here, I cannot expect that this House will be in the right way that I do heartily wish it. Therefore, I am come to tell you that I

* S. R. Gardiner, x. 139.

must have them, wheresoever I find them.' For a third time he paused, and, after a moment's delay, called out, 'Is Mr. Pym here?' There was no answer. He asked for Mr. Hollis. Still a general silence prevailed. He then asked Lenthall, the Speaker, whether they were present. Lenthall was not usually remarkable for courage; but he rose to the occasion, and with equal ingenuity and force replied: 'May it please your Majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor tongue to speak in this place, but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here; and I humbly beg your Majesty's pardon that I cannot give any other answer than this to what your Majesty is pleased to demand of me.' 'Well, well,' answered Charles, with forced vivacity; ''tis no matter. I think my eyes are as good as another's.' A long pause—a 'dreadful silence' ensued. Another wistful survey of the House told the unfortunate King that his stroke had missed, and a sense of the consequences of his failure oppressed his mind. Desiring to excuse himself, he said, 'Well, since I see all my birds are flown, I do expect from you that you will send them unto me as soon as they return hither. But I assure you, on the word of a King, I never did intend any force, but shall proceed against them in a legal and fair way, for I never meant any other. And now, since I see I cannot do what I came for, I think this no unfit occasion to repeat what I have said formerly, that whatsoever I have done in favour and to the good of my subjects, I do mean to maintain it. I will trouble you no more, but tell you I do expect, as soon as they come to the House, you will send them to me; otherwise I must take my own course to find them.' And his anger breaking through his assumed calmness, he added, 'For their treason was foul, and such an one as they would all thank him to discover.'*

With these words he quitted the House, 'in a more discontented and angry passion than he came in,' many members, as he passed by, in a mood as angry and dis-

* Rushworth, iv. 473; *ib.* 299. See Forster, pp. 183-185, 194.

contented as his own, repeating aloud the ominous word 'Privilege! privilege!' Followed by his band of armed men, who were much disappointed that they had not been let loose upon the Commons, he returned to the palace, where he was received by the Queen with frowns and hot words and the opprobrious name of 'poltroon.'

III.

THE most interesting chapters in Charles's personal history are those which relate to his imprisonment and death; and with these we may here concern ourselves without trespassing on the province of the national historian, bringing together such details as belong to the man rather than to the King. After the crushing defeat at Naseby, Charles had no resource but to throw himself into Oxford, which had followed his fortunes with chivalrous loyalty; but the approach of Fairfax and his victorious army compelled him to seek some safer asylum, if such were to be found. At one time he thought of throwing himself on the generosity of the citizens of London; at another, of claiming the protection of the Scottish army, which then lay at Newark. He decided, after some hesitation, to adopt the latter course. He chose as his companions on the dangerous journey John Ashburnham, groom of the bed-chamber, assuming the disguise of his servant, and Dr. Hudson, a clergyman, who was well acquainted with the country they had to traverse. On the night of the 27th of April, 1646, orders having been issued at the different gates of the town to allow three persons free passage, he and his attendants crossed Magdalen Bridge and set out upon their hazardous adventure. They possessed an old pass which had been given them by an officer of the Royal army; and upon this they relied as a safeguard if they fell in with any parties of soldiers. It proved of great utility at their first stage, Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, when it carried them through a troop of dragoons.

From Dorchester they rode, by way of Henley and Maidenhead, to Brentford. At Benson they were examined with some suspicion by a party of horse, but on Ashburnham's assertion that they belonged to the Commons were suffered to proceed. At Nettlebed, not a little to their annoyance, a soldier of Ireton's regiment joined them, and kept them company as far as Slough. Observing how liberally Hudson distributed money among the troopers this man turned to the King, who, as we have said, was dressed as a servant, and inquired if his master was of the House of Lords. 'No,' said Charles quietly; 'he belongs merely to the Lower House.'

At Brentford Charles once more hesitated whether it would not be better for him to trust himself to the Parliament and the citizens; but deciding against what would probably have been the safer policy, he and his attendants turned their faces northward, and through Harrow-on-the-Hill rode to Uxbridge, where they deceived another guard with their pass. At Hillingdon he arrived on Monday morning, April 27, between 10 and 11, and stayed for two or three hours 'at one Mr. Teasdale's house, a tavern' (the Red Lion). Here he experienced another mental conflict; but it ended, as before, in a resumption of the route to Newark. In passing through St. Albans they met 'an old man with a halbert,' who asked to what party they belonged. Hudson said, 'To the Parliament;' and throwing him a sixpence they urged their horses onward. When about a mile beyond St. Albans, they were alarmed by the incident of a horseman galloping furiously after them; so that the King and Ashburnham turned into a bye-path, and left Hudson to face the suspicious stranger. He turned out, however, to be merely a drunken cavalier, who dashed past them without taking the slightest notice, even of Hudson's courteous salutation. Thence, by a circuitous route, which it is unnecessary to particularize, the King crossed Leicestershire and Norfolk, and at length reached the Scotch camp at Newark, where he surrendered himself

to the charge of Lord Leven, the general* (May 5th, 1647).

He had soon sufficient reason to feel that he had committed a mistake. The Scots treated him neither with affection nor with respect; he was subjected to a rigid surveillance, was refused, access to his friends and all correspondence with them, and was daily lectured or insulted by the Scotch preachers. On one occasion the Presbyterian minister selected, as part of the service of the day, the psalm beginning.

> 'Why dost thou, tyrant, boast thyself,
> Thy wicked deeds to praise?'

But the king, as soon as the obnoxious words were given out, rose from his seat, and calmly proposed to substitute.

> 'Have mercy, Lord, on me, I pray,
> For men would me devour.'

It is said that the congregation had the good taste to follow the King's lead.

The Scotch Presbyterian majority in the House of Commons were at first not dissatisfied with his retirement to the Scotch camp. They understood it to mean that he was willing to make concessions, and hastened to submit to him the conditions on which a reconciliation was possible. They demanded that Parliament should have power over the militia for twenty years; that he should exclude from civil and military office all 'Malignants' or Royalists who had engaged in the war; that he should take the Covenant, abolish Episcopacy, and support the Presbyterian form of Church government. These terms, considering the relative positions of the negotiating parties, were not severe, and their acceptance was urged upon him by the Scottish leaders, by his own advisers, even by the Queen; but with an almost incredible obstinacy he put them aside. His object was to play 'a waiting game.' 'I am not without hope,' he wrote, 'that I shall be able to draw either the Presbyterians or

* Peck's 'Desiderata Curiosa,' lib. ix. pp. 9-21. Cf. Clarendon, v. 393, 420.

the Independents to side with me for extirpating one another. . . . All my endeavours must be the delaying of my answer till there be considerable parties visibly formed.' He expected that the Presbyterians and the Independents would break out into internecine conflict; and for months no answer could be obtained from him. When it was given, it proved to be a refusal. The rage and mortification of the majority were extreme. 'What will become of us,' said one of them, 'now that the King has rejected our proposals?' 'What would have become of *us*,' rejoined an Independent, 'if he had accepted them?' In their perplexity the Presbyterian chiefs resolved on a bold stroke. 'It was plain that the King's game lay in balancing the army against the Parliament, and that the House could hope for no submission to these terms so long as the New Model was on foot. Nor could they venture in its presence to enforce religious uniformity, or to deal as they would have wished to deal with the theories of religious freedom, which were every day becoming more popular. But while the Scotch army lay at Newcastle, and while it held the King in its hands, they could not insist on dismissing their own soldiers. It was only the withdrawal of the Scots from England, and their transfer of the King's person into the hands of the Houses, that would enable them to free themselves from the presence of their own soldiers by disbanding the New Model.'

These two objects were easily secured. The Scots, who did not know what to do with their prize, gladly accepted, in January, 1647, a sum of £400,000 in discharge of their claims, transferred Charles to the care of nine commissioners of both Houses, and marched back over the Border. With every mark of respect, the Commissioners conveyed the King to Holmby, or Holdenby House, (February 13th), and the Presbyterians rejoiced in the possession of a person so important to a successful development of their game. They then voted that the New Model should be disbanded, and another army, which should be exclusively officered by Presbyterians, levied for the suppression of the rebellion in

Ireland. Before consenting to so summary a dismissal, the veterans who had fought under Cromwell and Fairfax demanded their arrears of pay, indemnity for all acts done in war, and a free discharge (according to contract) from service in Ireland, except under their old officers. As the Presbyterian leaders pushed forward their schemes for imposing the Covenant on the nation, the army manifested an increased unwillingness to disband. For this was no force of mercenaries, heedful only of pay and plunder, but an army of Christian soldiers, who had taken their hand from the plough and grasped the sword to do, as they believed, the special work of the Lord of Hosts. They were the flower of the English middle-class: thoughtful men, who had learned the principles of liberty in religion as well as politics, and were as resolute to resist the tyranny which sought to fetter the conscience, as the tyranny which had menaced their persons and properties. Richard Baxter furnishes us with a glimpse of their serious temper:—'Abundance of the common troopers,' he said, 'and many of the officers, I found to be honest, sober, and orthodox men, and others tractable, ready to hear the truth, and of upright intentions; but a few proud, self-conceited, hot-headed sectaries had got into the highest places, and were Cromwell's chief favourites, and, by their heat and activity, bore down the rest, or carried them along with them, and were the soul of the army. They said, What were the lords of England but William the Conqueror's colonels, or the barons but his majors, or the knights but his captains? They plainly showed me that they thought God's providence would cast the trust of religion and the kingdom upon them as conquerors.' Such was, indeed, their solemn conviction. Each one of them believed that he had a personal duty to discharge in preserving that religious freedom 'for which so many of their friends' lives had been lost, and so much of their own blood had been spilt.' In becoming soldiers, they had not ceased to be citizens; and the sword they had drawn as soldiers, they would use in defence of their rights

as citizens. Such an army had never served in England before; such an army has never served in England since. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the world has ever seen its equal or its like.

The political action of the army was directed by an organization entitled 'The Council of Adjutators or Assistants,' who, in the first days of power, by a sudden and dexterous blow, completely baffled the schemes of the Presbyterian leaders.

Holmby, or Holdenby House, in Northamptonshire, where Charles was detained, was one of the nineteen palaces belonging to the Crown, having been purchased for the King by his mother, Anne of Denmark, when he was Duke of York. His progress thither had been attended by signs of loyalty well-fitted to raise his spirits, and to kindle in him a hope of ultimate triumph. 'It is noteworthy,' says Herbert, 'that through most parts where his Majesty passed, some out of curiosity, but most (it may be presumed) for love, flocked to behold him, and accompanied him with acclamations of joy, and with their prayers for his preservation: and that not any of the troopers who guarded the King gave those country people any check or disturbance, as the King passed, that could be observed, a civility his Majesty was well pleased with.' On his arrival, 'very many country gentlemen, gentlewomen, and others of ordinary rank, stood ready there to welcome the King with joyful countenances and prayers.' During his stay he was treated with the usual etiquette, except that his liberty was restricted. He was allowed to ride out on horseback, and, accompanied by the Parliamentary Commissioners, frequently visited Althorp or Harrowden in order to enjoy a game at bowls, to which he was exceedingly partial. He took walking exercise daily. But it is needless to say that rigorous precautions were observed to prevent his escape. Clandestine attempts were made to communicate with him and his adherents, but all were detected. There was a certain Mary Cook, of a respectable family at Stamford, who undertook to convey an

important letter to him, trusting to her acquaintance with the hostess of one of the Presbyterian captains who belonged to the Royal Guard. At his hostess's request, the officer consented to obtain for the Stamford gentlewoman the honour of kissing the King's hand. Meanwhile, however, the hostess, with characteristic feminine imprudence, had told her husband the real object which Mary Carr had in view, and the husband, alarmed at the possible consequences, had revealed it to the captain. Accordingly, on the day appointed for her admission to the royal presence, the young lady made her appearance at Holmby, but was, immediately arrested by order of the Commissioners, and rigorously searched. Nothing was found on her person; but some days afterwards an important letter was discovered behind the hangings of the room, where, it was supposed she had managed to conceal it.

While the King was a prisoner in the hands of the Scots, he despatched a Major Bosville, on whose fidelity he could rely, with a letter to the Queen at Paris. Having obtained her reply, Bosville returned to England, and made his way to Holmby, where he lingered in the neighbourhood for several days, watching for an opportunity to deliver his despatch. 'Three nights he spent at the meanest cottages, and twice slept under furze-bushes in the open air.' At last he assumed a rustic dress, and, with a fishing-rod in his hand, waited by a narrow bridge, which he knew the King would have to cross. Making a low obeisance, he placed the documents in Charles's hands. Unfortunately, the Commissioners detected him; Charles told them, however, that it was simply a letter from the Queen, recommending that the Prince should serve in the French army during the next campaign. Bosville was afterwards examined by the Commissioners, but he does not seem to have been punished for his loyalty.

The harshest feature of the Commissioners' conduct was their refusal to allow Charles to enjoy the ministrations of his own chaplain. In this, however, they were supported by the Presbyterian majority in the Commons, who refused

the appeals which Charles twice addressed to them on the subject. 'The Parliament,' says Neal, 'appointed two of their clergy, Mr. Caryl and Mr. Marshall, to preach in the chapel, morning and afternoon, on the Lord's-day, and to perform the devotions of the chapel on week-days; but his Majesty never gave his attendance. He spent his Sundays in private, and, though they waited at table, he would not so much as admit them to ask a blessing. He was also limited in the number of his personal attendants; but this was a measure of precaution, which the Parliament were compelled, by the very necessity of the case, to adopt; and his *entourage* was eventually reduced to two grooms of the bed-chamber, Maxwell and Maule, to whom Harrington and Sir Thomas Herbert were afterwards added. Meanwhile, his physical well-being was not affected by his mental troubles. Regular exercise and an abstemious diet kept him in excellent health. Herbert tells us that he drank but twice, 'only dinner and supper, once of beer and once of wine and water mixed, only after fish a glass of French wine; the beverage he himself mixed at the cupboard, as he would have it; he very seldom ate and drank before dinner, or between meals.'

Charles was at Althorp, playing bowls with the Commissioners, on the afternoon of the 3rd of June, when intelligence arrived that a large and suspicious-looking body of horse was rapidly approaching Holmby. The Commissioners, after brief consultation, deemed it prudent to return thither, where a posture of defence could better be assumed. At midnight arrived Cornet Joyce, with five hundred troopers, commissioned by the Council of Adjutators to seize the King's person. On his knocking at the gate for admission, the officer in charge demanded his name and person. His name was Joyce, he replied; he was a cornet in Colonel Whalley's regiment, and he desired to speak with the King. From whence did he come? From himself—an answer which provoked the Presbyterian officer to 'a contemptuous laugh.' Joyce retorted that it

was no laughing matter; as, indeed, it was not. Meanwhile, the troopers outside, and the soldiers inside, had been amicably conversing, and, finding that they belonged to the same army, and had fought for the same cause, the latter threw open the gates, and Joyce took possession of Holmby House.

After he had posted sentinels at suitable points, Joyce, pistol in hand, betook himself to the royal apartments, and knocked loudly at the door of the grooms of the bedchamber, in order to gain admission to the King's presence. The royal attendants, on learning his name and object, resolved to sacrifice themselves rather than that he should succeed; though the sacrifice would have been absolutely useless, as Joyce had full command of the house, and a sufficient force to crush all opposition. Charles was aroused by the turmoil, but, on being informed of the cause, positively refused to rise at so early an hour, and Joyce thereupon retired. Early next morning he was summoned before the King, whom he at once informed he had been sent to remove him from Holmby.* 'Where is your commission for this act?' said Charles. 'It is behind me,' replied the Cornet, pointing to his soldiers, who were drawn up in good order in the inner court. 'And it is written in very fine and legible characters,' replied the King smiling. 'I will depart willingly,' he added, 'if the soldiers confirm all that you have promised me. You will exact from me nothing that offends my conscience or my honour?' 'It is not our maxim,' replied the Cornet, 'to unstrain the conscience of anyone, still less that of our King.'

Next day the King set out from Holmby in his carriage, attended by three of the Commissioners, the Earls of Pembroke and Denbigh, and Lord Montague; the others followed behind on horseback. At Hinchinbrook he was splendidly entertained by Montague for a couple of days.

This exceedingly ingenious and daring stratagem com-

* It would seem that Charles was in communication with the Adjutators, and fully prepared for his removal.

pletely overthrew the projects of the Presbyterian faction. In their wrath they fiercely attacked Cromwell, who had relinquished his command, and for some time had been engaged in endeavouring to establish a good understanding between the Army and the Parliament. Their violence forced him to unite his interests with those of the army, who eagerly accepted him as their chief and representative; and on the 10th of June marched upon London with loud cries of 'Justice! justice!' Halting at St. Albans, they laid before the Commons an accusation of eleven of the Presbyterian leaders as the authors of the existing troubles; and, after some hesitation, these eleven found it advisable to 'ask leave to retire for six months.' The demands of the army, as set forward in a letter addressed to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London, were by no means immoderate. 'We desire,' they said, 'no alteration of the Civil Government. As little do we desire to interrupt, or in the least to intermeddle with, the settling of the Presbyterial Government. Nor do we seek to open a way for licentious liberty, under the pretence of obtaining ease for tender consciences. We profess as ever in these things. Whence once the State has made a settlement, we have nothing to say but to submit or suffer. Only we could wish that every good citizen, and every man who walks peaceably in a blameless conversation, and is beneficial to the Commonwealth, might have liberty and encouragement—this being according to the true policy of all States, and even to justice itself.'

Six weeks of chaotic confusion and disorder in Parliament followed; and then the army, its patience being exhausted, resumed its march upon London, and advanced as far as Brentford, the headquarters of Cromwell and Fairfax being stationed at Hampton Court.

Meanwhile, the King had passed from Hinchinbrook to Childerley, the seat of Sir John Cutts, about four miles from Cambridge. Thither resorted many of the fellows and scholars ot the University to offer their homage; and

some of the principal officers of the army, including Cromwell, Ireton, Lambert, and Whalley, paid their respects. With Cromwell and Fairfax he had several interviews, and they laid before him the conditions on which the army would replace him in power. From Childerley the King went on to Newmarket, and was lodged in his own palace. To his great satisfaction, he here got rid of Cornet Joyce, whose familiarity of manner he had found peculiarly offensive, and some of the restrictions hitherto enforced were withdrawn. He was free to take exercise on the heath, either in his carriage or on horseback; his chaplains resumed their attendance; and the officers of the army treated him with the greatest deference. He felt himself every inch a King. As in the old days, he dined in public; his presence chamber was thronged with the neighbouring gentry. When he went abroad, the country people received him with loyal shouts. On the 24th of June he travelled to Royston, where he stayed two days, and thence removed to Hatfield. At the beginning of July he spent a couple of days at Windsor before proceeding to Caversham, Lord Craven's seat, near Reading. On the way he met his children and passed the evening with them at Maidenhead, to his intense delight. Cromwell seems to have been present at the interview, and much impressed by the King's display of affection. 'He told me,' says Sir John Berkeley, 'that he had lately seen the tenderest sight that ever his eyes beheld, which were the interviews between the King and his children, and wept plentifully at the remembrance of it.' Ludlow confirms the statement, and says that the tears rolled down Cromwell's rugged cheeks while he described the pathetic scene. The children remained with their royal father during his brief stay at Caversham.

At Woburn the King met with an exceptionally loyal reception. Thence he was conveyed to Latimers, and, in succession, to Moor Park, near Rickmansworth; Stoke, near Windsor, and Oatlands, near Weybridge, arriving at Hampton Court in the middle of August.

Here he was once more surrounded with the pomp and circumstance of royalty. He dined in public in the Presence Chamber; he walked in the park and played at tennis: now and then he enjoyed the pleasures of the chase. His favourites were never more servile to him, never more arrogant to others. His former counsellors, Richmond, Capel, Hartford, Southampton, hastened to rejoin him, as if he were on the point of resuming and exercising the sovereign power. His cherished and confidential attendants, Berkeley, Ashburnham, Ford, Apsley, passed incessantly between the Court and the headquarters of the army; and Cromwell's door was always open to them, though rigorously closed against a crowd of persons of rank and distinction. In their turn, Cromwell and Ireton, either by interview or message, maintained with Charles the most intimate relations. They walked with him alone in the park; they were closeted with him in his cabinet. The wives of the leaders, Mrs. Cromwell, Mrs. Ireton, Mrs. Whalley, were presented, and Charles received them with particular distinction. So much familiarity became a scandal. It was openly bruited among the soldiery that their officers were meditating the betrayal of the cause. Cries arose for the abolition of the House of Lords, for the election of a new House of Commons, even for the abolition of the Monarchy. With his usual courage Cromwell faced the storm. He prohibited the discussion of those exciting subjects, and ordered the adjutators to rejoin their regiments. He was still anxious to come to terms with the King. He was too conservative to wish to break wholly with the past; too practical to be led away by the theories of enthusiasts; too great an administrator to bear patiently with disorder and agitations. His object was to effect 'a settlement' of the nation on the basis of religious tolerance and civil freedom; and this settlement, he believed, could best be accomplished in alliance with the King, whose name was still a power, who was the only representative and symbol of the historic traditions of the country. But he soon discovered that he

was leaning on a broken reed. While Cromwell was risking so much for him, Charles was intriguing with the Presbyterians, intriguing with the discontented in London, intriguing with the Scotch Covenanters; and believing that, if he could obtain his liberty, he could carry these intrigues to the desired end, he listened to one of his advisers, who spoke of the Isle of Wight as a convenient and secure asylum. It was within easy reach of the mainland. Its population was notorious for its loyal sympathies. Its governor, Colonel Hammond, was a nephew of Dr. Hammond, the King's old and faithful chaplain. As was his wont, Charles hesitated; but at length he consented to make the attempt.

On the 11th of November, professing to feel indisposed, he retired to his bedchamber at an early hour. When all was silent, he passed, accompanied by Ashburnham, Berkeley, and Legge—every man wearing a disguise—through the vaulted passages of the palace into the garden. Thence a private door opened upon the Thames, where a boat was in attendance to convey them across the river to Thames Ditton. Horses had been provided; and mounting without delay, they rode through the dark and stormy night towards Oatlands, and so on to Sutton, in Hampshire, though the King, who had undertaken to act as guide, lost his way, and took them fully ten miles out of their proper course. At the inn they found a committee of the county engaged upon 'the Parliament's business,' and accordingly they remounted and made for Southampton. Some not unnatural apprehensions disturbed the King's mind; and at his request he and his attendants led their horses down a steep hill, that they might have an opportunity of considering whether he should change his course. Nothing came of the discussion; but on touching the seashore near Southampton, Charles found no vessel ready as he had been led to expect, and therefore he turned his horse's head towards Titchfield, the residence of the Countess Dowager of Southampton, who received him with glad enthusiasm.

Here he again held counsel with his friends upon the step to be taken next. Ashburnham urged him to carry out his original design—cross over to the Isle of Wight, and throw himself upon the honour of Colonel Hammond. But ultimately it was agreed that Ashburnham and Berkeley should first visit the island, and confer with Hammond, though they were specially instructed not to acquaint him with the King's whereabouts, unless he pledged himself not to detain him if he could not undertake his defence. On reaching Carisbrooke, they were told that the Governor had just ridden towards Newport, whither they made haste to follow him. On overtaking him, Berkeley drew him apart, and let him know that the King was in the neighbourhood. 'Hammond,' says Berkeley, 'grew so pale, and fell into such a trembling, that I did really believe he would have fallen off his horse, which trembling continued with him at least half an hour after.' He was firm enough, however, in refusing to give any pledge for the King's safety. He declared his attachment to the royal person, but added that he owed a duty to his superiors. The truth is, that he was by no means a very ardent politician; but he was an honest soldier, with a soldier's rigid adherence to discipline and to the letter of his orders. It is inconceivable why, in these circumstances, Ashburnham should have carried Hammond back with him to Titchfield, and thus forced upon the conscientious governor a charge which he had not shown any willingness to undertake. When the King learned the untoward result of the expedition, he exclaimed, with much anguish, 'Oh, Jack, thou hast undone me!' 'Jack' wept bitterly, and offered to put Hammond to death, which, of course, Charles would not allow. The evil had been done, and nothing could undo it. He received Hammond courteously, and agreed to accompany him back to the Isle of Wight.*

Meanwhile, at Hampton Court the greatest excitement

*** These details have been collected from Clarendon, Ashburnham, Berkeley, etc.; but as Charles escaped from Hampton Court with the distinct intention and resolve of going to Carisbrooke, it is not easy to understand why at the last moment any difficulty was made.**

prevailed. The discovery of the King's escape seems to have been made within about three hours of its having taken place, under the circumstances described by Colonel Whalley, who was in command at Hampton Court, with great minuteness, in his official despatch to the Speaker:

'Mondays and Thursdays,' he says, 'were the King's set days for his writing letters to be sent into foreign parts. His usual time of coming out of his bedchamber on Mondays was betwixt five and six of the clock. Presently after he went to prayers; and about half an hour after that to supper, at which times I set guards about his bedchamber, because he made no long stay after supper before he retired himself thither.

'About five of the clock I came into the room next his bedchamber, where I found the Commissioners and bedchamber-men. I asked them for the King. They told me he was writing letters in his bedchamber. I waited there without mistrust till six of the clock. I then began to doubt; and told the bedchamber-men, Mr. Maule and Mr. Murray, I wondered why the King was so long a-writing. He answered, He wondered too. But withal said: 'The King told him he was to write letters to the Princess of Orange,' which gave me some satisfaction for the present.

'But my fears with the time increased. So that, when it was seven of the clock, I again told Mr. Maule, I exceedingly wondered the King was so long before he came out. He told me he was writing. I replied, possibly he might be ill, therefore, I thought, he should do well to see, and to satisfy both myself and the House, that were in fears of him. He replied, the King had given strict commands not to molest him, therefore durst not; besides he had bolted the door to him.

'I was then extreme restless in my thoughts; looked oft in at the key-hole, to see whether I could perceive his Majesty, but could not. Pressed Mr. Maule to knock very soft, that I might know whether his Majesty were there or not, but all to no purpose. He still plainly told me, he durst not disobey his Majesty's commands.

'When it drew towards eight of the clock. I went to Mr. Smithbykeeper of the privy lodgings desiringhim to go along with me the back way through the garden, where I had sentinels, and we went up the stairs, and from Chamber to Chamber, till we came to the Chamber next to his Majesty's bed-chamber; where we saw his Majesty's cloak lying on the midst of the floor, which much amazed me.

'I went presently back to the Commissioners and bed-chamber men, acquainted them with it, and therefore desired Mr. Maule to see again whether his Majesty was in his bed-chamber or not. He again told me he durst not. I replied, that I would then command him, and that in the name of the Parliament, and therefore desired him to go along with me. He desired that I would speak to the Commissioner to go along with us. I did, and we all went.

'When we came into the room next the King's bed-chamber, I moved Mr. Maule to go in. He said he would not, except I would stand at the door. I promised I would, and did.

'Mr. Maule immediately came out, and said the King was gone. We all then went in, and one of the Commissioners said, it may be the King is in his closet. Mr. Maule presently replied, and said, He is gone.'

Among the papers found in the royal bedchamber was a letter from the King to Colonel Whalley, which is characteristic enough to merit transcription:

'Colonel Whalley,—I have been so civilly used by you and Major Huntingdon, that I cannot but by this parting farewell acknowledge it under my hand, as also to desire the continuance of your courtesy, by the protecting of any household stuff and moveables of all sorts which I leave behind me in this house, that they be neither spoiled nor embezzled. Only there are here three pictures which are not mine, that I desire you to restore; to wit, my wife's picture, in blue, sitting in a chair, you must send to Mrs. Kirk; my oldest daughter's picture, copied by Belcan, to the Countess of Anglesey; and my Lady Stanhope's picture

to Lady Raleigh. There is a fourth, which I had almost forgot; it is the original of my eldest daughter; it hangs in this chamber, over the board next the chimney, which you must send to my Lady Aubigny. So being confident that you wish my preservation and restitution, I rest,

'Your friend,

'CHARLES REX.

'P.S. I assure you it was not the letter you showed me yesterday that made me take this resolution, nor any advertisement of that kind. But I confess that I am loth to be made a close prisoner under pretence of securing my life. I had almost forgot to desire you to send the black grew-bitch to the Duke of Richmond.'

Active steps were being taken to trace the King's footsteps when the Houses of Parliament received information of his arrival in the Isle of Wight, and detention in 'Carisbrooke's narrow case,' where he was much more effectually a prisoner than he had been at Hampton Court. In fact his flight was, in every sense of the word, a blunder. It was a voluntary surrender of a position in which he was able to play the Army against the Parliament, and to exercise the influence that still attached to the occupant of the throne for one in which that influence was largely modified, and in which the limitations imposed upon his actions gradually weakened the traditional reverence for the royal person. It provoked the indignation of the Army, which Cromwell, with difficulty, prevented from breaking into open mutiny; and it swept away the confidence which the leaders of the army had been disposed to place in him. 'The King,' said Cromwell, 'is a man of great parts and great understanding; but so great a dissembler, and so false a man, that he is not to be trusted.' A day or two later the Commons voted that they would make no more addresses to the King; that none might apply to him without leave of the two Houses, upon pain of being guilty of high treason; and that the administrative control of England and Ireland should be vested in the 'Committee

of the two Kingdoms,' henceforth known, from their place of meeting, as the 'Derby House Committee.' When Charles stole out of the garden-door of Hampton Court he was unconsciously setting his feet in the path that led to Whitehall and its dismal scaffold.

On landing in the Isle of Wight (Nov. 22nd), escorted by Hammond and his soldiers, Charles spent the first night in a small ale-house at Cowes. The next day he was conducted to Carisbrooke Castle. As he passed through Newport, a gentlewoman* presented him with a damask rose, which still braved the November air in her sheltered garden, accompanying it with a prayer for his happiness. The King received it with thanks.

Colonel Hammond's letter to the Speaker of the House of Peers may here be quoted:

'My Lord,—I hold it my duty to give your lordship an account of the King's unexpected coming into this island, and of the manner of it, which was thus:

'This morning, as I was on the way passing from Carisbrooke Castle to Newport, Mr. Ashburnham and Sir John Berkeley overtook me, and, after a short discourse, told me that the King was near, and that he would be with me that night; that he was come from Hampton Court upon information that there were some intended to destroy his person, and that he could not with safety continue any longer there; and that, finding his case thus, choose rather to put himself in my hand, being a member of the army; whom, he said, he would not have left, could he have had security to his person, than to go to any other place. Being herewith exceedingly surprised at present, I know not what course to take: but upon serious consideration, weighing the great concernment that the person of the King is of, in this juncture of affairs, to the settlement of the peace of the kingdom, I resolved it [to be] my duty to the King, to the Parliament, and kingdom, to use the utmost of my endea-

* Tradition has preserved her name as Frances Prattle.

vours to preserve his person from any such horrid attempt, and to bring him to a place of safety, where he may also be in a capacity of answering the expectations of Parliament and kingdom in agreeing to such things as may extend to the settlement of those great divisions and distractions abounding in every corner thereof. Hereupon I went immediately with them over the water, taking Captain Basket, the Captain of Caris Castle, with me, and found the King near the water-side; and finding myself no way able to secure him there, I chose, he desiring it, to bring him over into this island, where he now is.

'My lord, my endeavours, as for my life, shall be to preserve and secure his person. And I humbly desire I may receive the pleasure of the Parliament in this great and weighty matter; and that the Lord will direct your counsels to His glory and the kingdom's good and peace, shall be my prayer; and my endeavour shall be ever to express myself in all things in my power.

'My lord, your lordship's and the kingdom's most humble and faithful servant,

'ROBERT HAMMOND.

Cowes, Nov. 18, 1627.

The Houses duly thanked Colonel Hammond, and issued instructions for his guidance; besides voting £5,000 for his Majesty's present necessities and accommodation, £10 daily for his table, and an annual supply of £5,000; also rewarding the Governor, on account of his increased responsibility, with a gratuity of £1,000, and an annuity of £500 for himself and his heirs.

The Parliament's instructions ran as follows:

'*Resolved by the Lords and Commons in Parliament assembled:*

'1. That the surest place during the time the King shall think fit to continue him in the Isle of Wight be Carisbrooke Castle.

'2. That no person who hath been in arms, or assisted, etc., in this unnatural war against the Parliament, be permitted to come or remain in the same isle during the King's residence there, unless they be inhabitants of the isle, and have compounded with the Parliament.

'3. That no person who hath been in arms, or assisted in this unnatural war against the Parliament, be permitted to come into the King's presence, or into any fort or castle in the said isle, during the King's residence there, although he be an inhabitant and hath compounded with the Parliament.

'4. That no stranger or person of a foreign nation shall be permitted to come into the King's presence without the directions of both Houses, except such as have warrant from the Parliament of Scotland, or from the committee of that Parliament thereunto authorized, and are not disabled by the propositions agreed on by both kingdoms.

'5. That a sufficient guard be appointed by Colonel Robert Hammond, Governor of the said isle, for security of the King's person from any violence, and preventing his departing the said isle without the directions of both Houses.'*

It must be owned that the position of Colonel Hammond was one of both delicacy and difficulty. If he neglected his trust, he could expect but little from the tender mercies of the dominant party, while, however lenient his treatment of his royal prisoner, he would necessarily incur the suspicion and dislike of the Royalists. We believe that he endeavoured to do his duty with moderation and gentleness; but this did not shelter him from the insults and calumnies of the Royalist news-letters and pamphlets. Later writers, trusting to these uncertain and dubious authorities, have followed in the same direction. Sir Thomas Herbert, however, who had opportunities of observing him closely, speaks of him in honourable terms, and confesses that the Puritans suspected him of being 'too much of a courtier.' And Taylor, the water poet, though a zealous Royalist,

* 'Journals, House of Commons,' 1547.

warmly vindicates him from the aspersions of his enemies. Premising that he will speak of him without flattery, he says: 'The plain truth is, that myself, with many others, did hate him so much that he was very seldom or never prayed for. The reasons and motives which possessed most men with this mistaking and misapplied inveterate malice was upon the flying, lying reports that the Governor had behaved himself most coarsely, rigid, and barbarously unrespective to his Majesty. The false weekly pamphlets and pamphleteers (being inspired by their father the devil) were not ashamed to publish in print that the Governor had proceeded so far in uncivility as to immure or wall his Majesty in a small, close room, under many bolts, bars, grates, locks, and keys, and debarred him the comforts of his soule and of the society of men; and further, it was often printed (by severall lying villaines) that the said Governor Hammond did strike the King on the face, and gave him a black eye. These reports being invented by the devil's imps (the firebrands of contention), printed and published by needy, greedy knaves and varlets, and believed by too many fools and foolish Gotehamists (among which number I, with much simplicity, was one); and as by oath and duty I am bound to serve, love, and honour my sovereign lord and master, so (on the contrary) myselfe, with all true and loyall subjects, had no cause to be well affected to any man that should dare to affront his Majesty with such transcendent base indignities.

'But to give the world satisfaction of the truth, it is certaine that all those aspersions and rumours against the Governour are most odious, scandalous, and malicious lies; for, according to the trust reposed in him, he hath always carried himself with such deportment and humbleness of dutifull service to his Majesty, that he hath gained much love and favour from his sovereigne, and such good regard from all knowing men as belongs to a gentleman of his place and quality.'*

* 'Journal of Brit. Archl. Association,' Dec. 1853.

Considerable liberty was allowed to Charles during the first few weeks of his detention. He was permitted to enjoy the chase in the green glades of Parkhurst Forest; to receive the visits of the gentry of the island; to converse with his most devoted servants; and to share the ministrations of his chaplains, Drs. Sheldon and Hammond. Something of the etiquette of a Court still surrounded his person. His household arrangements were under the care of Colonel Hammond's mother, a lady of good family; and the royal furniture was brought from some of his palaces to give an air of state to the bare chambers of Carisbrooke.

While Charles was thus sheltered within his prison-asylum and his adherents were everywhere plotting his speedy restoration to power, the victorious Parliament, or more correctly speaking, the majority which controlled its proceedings, were busily endeavouring to effect a settlement of the troubles of the nation; and on the 14th of December, after prolonged discussion, passed four resolutions, to which, as to an ultimatum, they required the King's assent, before entering upon a personal treaty with him. Their effect was, to place the royal prerogative in the hands of the Parliament, vesting in it the command of the army for twenty years; to limit the creation of Peers; to empower the Houses, at their pleasure, to adjourn from place to place; and to insist upon the King's acknowledgment of the justice of their cause. Encouraged by secret communications with his supporters, and by a treaty which he had privately concluded with the Scotch Commissioners, Charles protested that 'neither the desire of being freed from that tedious and irksome condition of life which he had so long suffered, nor the apprehension of anything that might befall him, should ever prevail with him to consent to any one act till the conditions of the whole peace should be concluded.'

His partizans, meanwhile, had concerted a plan of escape, and a ship provided by the Queen for some days lingered off the shores of the Wight. The evening of the day on which he forwarded to the Parliament his peremptory rejection of

the ultimatum was appointed for the enterprise; but Hammond obtained intelligence of it and proceeded to enforce restriction, which he had hitherto avoided. His suspicions were strengthened by a singular emeute which occurred in the town of Newport.

Among its inhabitants at that time was a certain Captain Burley, who had served in the royal army, and afterwards held a military command in the island. Whether moved by some sudden impulse, or acting on a preconcerted scheme, he caused a drum to be beaten, and drawing together a small company of the more adventurous spirits, declared himself their leader, and proposed to attempt the King's deliverance. But Berkeley and Ashburnham, apprehending no good consequences to their royal master from such an escapade, hastened to dismiss to their homes the noisy volunteers. A detachment of soldiers was sent out from Carisbrooke, Burley taken prisoner, and the riot summarily brought to a conclusion. A Commission of Oyer and Terminer was immediately appointed by the Parliament to sit at Winchester, under Chief Baron Wilde (January 22, 1648); Burley was found guilty of high treason, and on the 2nd of February suffered the usual punishment, behaving with heroic fortitude, and exclaiming to the last, 'Fear God and honour the King!'

The Parliament seems to have been much alarmed by this strange episode, the particulars of which are surrounded with obscurity. Sir William Constable, Lieutenant-Colonel Goffe, and Lieutenant-Colonel Salmon were sent from the army to the Isle of Wight. Reinforcements of troops were poured in, the ports garrisoned and victualled; and Vice-Admiral Rainsborough's fleet was ordered to cruise off the island. The safe custody of the King was entrusted to a special Commission, known from the place of its meeting as the Derby House Committee. It consisted of seven Peers, the Earls of Kent, Manchester, Northumberland, and Warwick, the Lords Roberts, Say and Sele, and Wharton, and thirteen commoners—Sir William Armine, Sir John

Evelyn, Sir Gilbert Gerrard, Sir Arthur Haselrig, and Sir Harry Vane, the Lieutenant-General Cromwell, and Pierpoint, Harry Vane the younger, Francis, Brown, Crew, St. John, and Wallop. They communicated direct with Hammond, the correspondence being conducted in cypher; and their measures were so well devised, and they were served by such faithful and skilled agents, that every movement of the Royalists was known to them, and they frequently apprised Hammond of plots hatched in his immediate neighbourhood, of which he himself had not the slightest knowledge.

The conditions of the King's imprisonment were at once made more onerous, and he was watched with a more vigorous vigilance. Four conservators were appointed, Herbert, Mildmay, Captain Titus, and Preston, who took it in turns, two at a time, to guard the royal apartments. When Charles took exercise he was always accompanied by Colonel Hammond, and his walks were confined within the precincts of the Castle. Most of his personal attendants were dismissed, a circumstance which greatly affected him, though not so much as the departure of his chaplain, who was ordered to leave the island. Hammond, however, did what he could to lighten the burden of the King's imprisonment. He converted the barbican or place of arms of the Castle into a bowling-green, 'scarce to be equalled, and at one end built a pretty summer-house for retirement.' His manner was marked by courteous deference, and he was careful always to respect his sovereign's privacy. A contemporary writes* that his Majesty is as merry as formerly; 'all quiet and fair between his Majesty and Colonel Hammond.' He adds that 'His Majesty takes usually every morning a walk about the Castle wall, and the like in the afternoon, if fair; much time spent every day in private; he speaks most to us at dinner.' The King's daily course of life at this period was monotonous enough; he rose early, prayed, and read the Scriptures, then breakfasted, and afterwards took exercise within the walls—a place sufficiently large and convenient for his walking, and

* Rushworth, 'Collections,' iv. 2.

having good air, and a delightful prospect both to the sea and land. 'After he had dined,—and during his dinner, always a temperate one, he entered into familiar converse with those who waited on him,—he withdrew to his closet, and read or wrote until the evening meal. Then he took further exercise, and so, at an early hour, retired to rest.'

His favourite books have been noted down. 'The Sacred Scriptures he most delighted in; read often in Bishop Andrews' Sermons; Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity;" Dr. Drummond's works; Villapandus upon Ezekiel, etc.; Sands' (Sandy's) "Paraphrase upon King David's Psalms;" Herbert's "Divine Poems;" and also "Godfrey of Bulloigne," written in Italian by Torquato Tasso, and done into English heroic verse by Mr. Fairfax—a poem his Majesty much commended, as he did also Ariosto, by Sir John Harrington, a facetious poet, much esteemed of by Prince Henry, his master; Spencer's "Fairie Queen," and the like, for alleviating his spirits after serious studies.' He amused himself occasionally in composition; wrote some commonplace verses, the 'Suspiria Regalia, or Royal Sighs,' and 'Majesty in Misery;' and translated from the Latin Dr. Sanderson's treatise, 'De Juramentis.' Of his little library Herbert was the faithful custodian.

Charles was very fond of writing Latin and Greek mottoes in his books; his favourite was 'Dum spiro, spero' ('While I breathe I hope'). In one he wrote a couplet, which was evidently an expression of his own feelings:

> 'Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam;
> Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest.'

('It is easy to despair life when we are in adversity; the brave man is he who calmly endures wretchedness'). The King's scholarship was considerable; Herbert reports that he was conversant with five languages—Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, and Italian.

He told Sir Philip Warwick, that his best companion was 'an old, little, crumpling man,' who 'for three months together made my fire;' but this statement must surely

have been exaggerated or misunderstood, as Sir Thomas Herbert continued in close attendance on the King throughout his captivity. From the time that he was deprived of his usual retinue 'he would never suffer his hair to be cut, nor cared he to have any new clothes; so that his aspect and appearance was very different from what it had used to be; otherwise, his health was good, and he was much more cheerful in his discourses towards all men, than could have been imagined after such a mortification of all kinds. He was not at all dejected in his spirits, but carried himself with the same majesty he had used to do. His hair was all gray, which, making all others very sad, made it thought that he had sorrow in his countenance, which appeared only by that shadow.'*

As the political complications of the kingdom increased in difficulty, and involved every day more serious consequences to the King, his friends devoted all their energies to the perfection of a plan of escape.

Amongst the household was a gallant and ingenious man named Henry Firebrace. He was known to the King, and privately summoned to join him at Carisbrooke, for which purpose he applied to the Commissioners for permission to wait upon the King as page of the bedchamber, and obtained their consent. His first step was to open up communications with the King's friends in the island, among whom was one of the conservators or wardens of the island, named Captain Titus, and through his means he obtained entire freedom of access to his Majesty. When he had any letters to deliver, he concealed them in a certain flaw in the royal bedchamber, where in due time the King also deposited his answer. And in the wainscot, which was covered by thick hangings, was made an aperture, through which the King could secretly communicate with his attendants, instantly letting fall the tapestry on the approach of any suspicious person.

These preliminaries having been effected, Firebrace and

* Clarendon, vi. 190-198.

Titus proceeded to elaborate their plans; taking into their confidence Mr. Edward Worsley of Gatcombe, Mr. John Newland of Newport, and a Mr. Richard Osburn, or Osborne, 'a gentleman of an ancient family and singular good parts,' who had been placed about the King's person by the Parliament, but had been converted by Charles's gracious manner and conversation into a zealous Royalist. They decided, after long discussion, on the following project of escape.

The King, at a certain signal made by Firebrace, a stone thrown against his bedroom window, was to force himself through the casement, and lower himself therefrom by a stout rope. Firebrace had some misgivings as to the narrowness of the opening; but Charles felt certain that where his head could pass, his body would follow. On his safely gaining his feet, Firebrace would conduct him across the court, where no sentinel was stationed, to the great wall, which he was to descend by means of a thick rope, with a stick attached to it for a seat. Then, climbing the low counterscarp, he would find a horse ready saddled (with boots and pistols), and Osborne and Worsley, well mounted, waiting to escort him across the island to the seashore, where Mr. Newland would be in readiness with a well-appointed sailing-boat.

The night came. Charles dismissed his attendants, as if he were retiring to rest. Worsley and Osborne, meanwhile, had gained their appointed posts; and on the other side of the island was Newland, with his well-found craft. Firebrace took up his station beneath the King's window, and gave the signal.* 'Then his majesty,' says Firebrace, 'put himself forward, but, too late, found himself mistaken, he sticking fast between his breast and shoulders, and not able to get backward or forward; but that, at the instant before he endeavoured to come out, he mistrusted, and tied a piece of his cord to a bar of the window within, by means whereof he freed himself back. Whilst he stuck, I

* See G. Hillier, 'Narrative of the Detention of Charles I.,' *passim*.

heard him groan, but could not come to help him, which, you may imagine, was no small affliction to me. So soon as he was in again, to let me see, as I had to my grief heard, the design was broken, he set a candle in the window. If this unfortunate impediment had not happened, his majesty had certainly then made a good escape.'

Firebrace warned his confederates of the failure of their scheme by flinging stones from the high wall at the place where the King should have descended. They took the alarm, and got away without being discovered.

Some hint of the project, however, had reached the Derby House Committee; and Cromwell wrote to Hammond, to put him on his guard, expressly naming Firebrace 'as the gentleman who led the way,' and cautioning him against Captain Titus, Dowatt, and others of the royal household. Firebrace was soon after dismissed, though not before he had succeeded in arranging a new mode of communication with the King's friends, and rendering some help towards a second attempt at escape. He wrote to a Mrs. Whorwood, 'a tall, well-fashioned, and well-languaged gentlewoman,' and a staunch Royalist, who resided in London; and desired her to forward some files and aquafortis to sever the window-bars. For these things she had recourse to William Lilly the astrologer, who, in his turn, applied to one George Farmer, a locksmith, in Bow Lane. The Derby House Committee, however, were apprised of Firebrace's expedients. The aquafortis never reached the King, being 'upset on the road;' but, in spite of the precautions of his keepers, he received a hacker, intended to convert into saws a couple of knives which Charles had managed to hide away.

It was at this time that the King was removed from the apartments he had occupied since his confinement at Carisbrooke to the chief-officer's, 'in a building on the left side of the first court." As the window here contained only a single bar, Hammond ordered the insertion of another, so as to leave scarcely five inches between each bar and the

stone mullions. Beneath it was thrown up a platform of earth, where a sentinel was stationed, and big guns were mounted so as to command the various approaches.

Under certain restrictions the King was still permitted to give audience to those who waited upon him. He held frequent conversations with a Mr. Troughton, the governor's Puritan chaplain, who, as a young man of good parts, 'could argue pretty well.' On one occasion, while disputing with him more warmly than usual, Charles suddenly took a sword from an officer who was in attendance, and drew it, much to the alarm of the young disputant; but a gentleman present, better interpreting the King's intention, bent his knee, received the honour of knighthood, and rose 'Sir John Duncomb.' The King remarked that at that time he had no better method of acknowledging his services.

Occasionally the King received a gift of a newly published work from its author. A Mr. Sedgwick posted down from London to present him with his 'Leaves of the Tree of Life.' He accepted it for perusal, read it, and returned it, ironically remarking, 'That, by what he had read in that book, he believed the composer stood in some need of sleep.'

In the month of May a new attempt at escape was meditated. The proposition was that Charles should sever the iron window-bars with a file or some aquafortis, let himself down, cross the bowling-green, descend the counterscarp, mount a horse ready saddled, and, accompanied by Osborn and Worsley, ride across the island to the seashore, embark on board Mr. Newland's boat, and go to the coast of Hampshire. There he would find horses in readiness to convey him to Sir Edward Alford's seat, near Arundel, in Sussex, whence, at a suitable opportunity, he might proceed to Queensborough, and take ship for Holland. But Major Rolfe, Hammond's deputy, 'a fellow of low extraction and very ordinary parts,' a fanatical Puritan, and a brutal soldier, obtained information; so that when Charles, on the

evening of Sunday, May the 20th, made the attempt, he found, on coming to the window, more persons in waiting than he had expected, and scenting danger, closed the casement, and calmly retired to rest. Rolfe, at a vantage point, had posted a soldier on whom he could rely, with orders (it is said) to fire at the King if he got through the window; others, armed with pistols, were stationed round about, so that his escape would have been impossible. Osborne and Worsley, taking the alarm, rode off at full gallop, passing uninjured through the fire of the musketeers placed in order to intercept them; but on reaching Newland's boat, the master refused to take them on board, because they were unaccompanied by the King. So, leaving their horses on the shore, they hid themselves in the woods of Gatcombe for several days, obtaining provisions at night through the agency of a kinsman of Mr. Worsley's, until they found an opportunity of escaping from the island, and making their way to London.

Osborne immediately addressed a letter to Lord Wharton, in which he expressed a strong conviction that Rolfe had intended to murder the King, and repeated conversations to that effect, which Rolfe had held with him when he was understood to be in the interest of the Parliament. As Lord Wharton ignored his communication, Osborne addressed himself to the Peers, who took up his complaint very seriously, and invited the Commons to join with them in investigating its truth.

Abraham Dowatt, who had assisted in the project of escape, and whose fidelity had long been considered doubtful, was examined in support of Osborne's statement; but, being 'imperfect in the English language,' was permitted to put in the following written declaration (July 3rd):

'1. I am ready to make oath that Mr. Richard Osborne told me the King's person was in great danger, and that the said Rolfe had a design on foot for the conveying his Majesty's person to some place of secrecy, where only three should go with him, and where they might dispose of his

person as they should think fit; which information from Mr. Osborne, and the assurance I had of his Majesty's intentions forthwith to come to his Parliament, was the cause of my engagement in this business.

'2. I am ready likewise to depose that the said Rolfe came to me (when I was a prisoner in the Castle) and, in a jeering manner, asked me why the King came not down according to his appointment; and then, with great indignation and fury, said he waited almost three hours under the new platform, with a good pistol ready charged to receive, if he had come.'

Major Rolfe strongly protested his innocence:

'My Lords,—Knowing myself (I speak in the presence of that God Who searcheth all hearts) to be perfectly clear and innocent of that foul and horrid crime charged upon me, that I abhor the very thought of it, earnestly desiring an opportunity of appearing for vindication of my innocency, or whatever else malice in wicked men can lay against me; resting fully assured that, whatsoever reward I shall find at the hands of men, I shall enjoy the happiness of an upright and peaceable conscience with the same God in Whose presence I stand.

'Edward [? Edmund] Rolfe.'

The charge brought against him by Osborne and Dowatt is unsubstantiated by any other evidence than their own; and it seems improbable that the wary Puritan would have indulged in such dangerous confidences with men whose attachment to the King had long been suspected. Nor, at that time, would the King's death have been of any special advantage to Rolfe's party. His guilt, however, was very generally credited by the Royalists, who were ready to believe anything, however monstrous, of their adversaries, and it furnished the news-writers and pamphleteers of the day with a prolific subject for their malignant pens. Thus, a versifier exclaims:

'That he [the King] hath 'scaped the cursèd plot
Thanks, Osborn, unto thee!'
Mercurius Bellicus, July 11th, 1648.

Another is more elaborate:

'Now if the people do proceed to sing,
God curse the Parliament and bless the King:
If they continue their unpleasant notes—
Give us our Prince or else we'll cut your throats;
Then there may hap a treaty, Rolfe may die,
Else Osborn's trust for his discovery.'
Mercurius Psittacus, July 10th.

An anonymous pamphleteer indulges in a curious rhapsody anent the King's sufferings in his captivity:

'And were it but onely for abusing their sovereigne lord the King in so vile and transcendant a manner, they (the Puritan leaders) could not but expect the strictest vengeance, while, contrary to their oathes, their frequent solemn protestations, their publishing to the world in print that they intended nothing but his preservation with the supportance, and backing him in all his just privileges, they have shut him up in prison, put so strict a guard upon him that he enjoyeth not the liberty of the meanest of his subjects; have accused him for poisoning his father,* thereby endeavouring, as much as in them lay, not only to render him odious in the eyes of his subjects, but also to take away his life; have limited his meales, so that the meanest gentleman is served with more varieties; and, which is worst of all, have made Hammond, the worst of villaines, his jailer, whom they countenance—yea, authorize—to revile him on all occasions to his face; which hell-hound, the other day, upon a pretended order from them, in the dead of night, came and knockt at his Majestie's door, and when the King, all amazed, demanded who was there, he told him it was he, and he must come in. His Majestie desired him to put off the business till the morrow, but he replied he neither could nor would, and that if he opened not the door he would break it open, whereupon the meek prince presently arose, and, casting his cloak about

* See *ante*, chapter I.

him, admitted him. Being in, he told him he had an order from the Houses to search his cabinet for letters, wherefore his Majestie, opening his cabinet, took thence two letters, and left him to view the rest, which the trayter perceiving, demanded them also. The King told him he should not have them, and, with that word, threw them into the fire; when Hammond, endeavouring to gain them, the King tripped up his heels, and laid him on the fire also. Whereupon the villaine bauld out for aide, when presently came in a ruffian, and laid hands on the King in such a rude manner as he would have strangled him, and, striving with him, pusht his face upon the hilt of Hammond's sword, whereby it was extremely bruised; and, attempting him further, hit him also against the *pommel* of a chair, whereby his Majestie's eye is black and blue; but *maugre* the utmost of the two devils, the letters were burnt, and Hammond, rising up, threatened his Majesty in very opprobrious language, and so departed at that point.'*

Here is another example of the calumnies circulated about Hammond:

'They have any time this six months frequently solicited Hammond (a mercenary slave, a fellow whose literature lies in his heels, and whose nature is so flexible that with small allurements he may be woo'd to act any kind of villanie), his Majestie's demoniacall jaylor, to convey his Majestie's person out of the Isle of Wight to some more obscure place (perhaps to immure him in some hollow cave cut out of the intraills of the earth), and there to dispatch him by poyson, to depress him beneath a feather-bed, or as hell should prompt his executioner' ('Mercurius Bellicus,' July 5th).

Rolfe was tried at Winchester on the 28th of August, acquitted, and shortly afterwards discharged from custody; when the Commons ordered him, as a recompense for his imprisonment, a gift of £150. He returned to the Isle of Wight, and resumed his position at Carisbrooke Castle.

The two Houses of Parliament had resolved, on the 3rd

* 'Declaration from the Isle of Wight,' 1648.

of August, that a personal treaty should be negotiated with the King, in the hope of securing 'a settlement' of the distractions of the realm; and it was ultimately agreed that the necessary conferences should take place at Newport, the chief town of the Isle of Wight.

Fifteen Commissioners were appointed to represent the two Houses—five peers: the Earls of Middlesex, Northumberland, Pembroke, and Salisbury, and Lord Say and Sele; and ten Commoners: Thomas, Lord Wenman, Sir Harbottle Grimston, Sir John Potts, Sir Harry Vane, Samuel Brown, John Bulkley, or Buckley, John Ems, Denzil Holles, William Pierrepoint, and John Glynn, the Recorder of London. It was estimated that £10,000 would defray the expenses, and the Commissioners were allowed £200 towards their personal outlay. Messrs. Marshall and Rye were appointed chaplains. The restrictions upon the King's personal liberty were considerably relaxed; horses were provided for him to take his pleasure, and a certain number of peers, prelates, clergy, and gentry were permitted to repair to the Isle of Wight to attend upon him. Amongst them were the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earls of Lindsay and Southampton, who were named Gentlemen of the Bedchamber; the Bishops of London and Salisbury, the Dean of Canterbury, Doctors Sanderson and Heywood, his Chaplains; Nicholas Oudart, Charles Whitaker, Sir Edward Walker, and Sir Philip Warwick, his Secretaries; Henry Firebrace, Clerk of the Kitchen; and Anthony Mildmay, his Carver.

The royal household were lodged in Mr. Matthew Hopkins's house, near the Grammar School; the Parliamentary Commissioners at the Bull (now the Bugle) Inn; and the debates between the two parties took place in the Town Hall, where the King sat upon a daïs, under a canopy, and the Commissioners on each side of a long table, at a convenient distance from him. When he desired refreshment, or to consult with his friends, he withdrew to an adjacent chamber. During the negotiations Charles dis-

played so clear an intellect and so keen an apprehension, as to conquer the admiration even of the most hostile of the Commissioners. Sir Harry Vane pronounced him 'a person of great abilities.' 'The Earl of Salisbury,' says Clarendon, 'thought him "wonderfully improved of late."'

This important Conference, in which the interests of the kingdom were so deeply involved, lasted over three months. A minute report of each day's proceedings is furnished by Nicholas Oudart, in his 'Diary;'* but we shall here confine ourselves to personal details.

During his residence at Newport, Charles continued his practice of rising early. He gave the usual length of time to his performance of his religious duties; then breakfasted, and devoted the morning to discussions with the Commissioners. Afterwards he gave audience to the gentry of the island, who waited upon him to pay their respects; to his friends, and to poor creatures suffering from the king's evil, who wished to be 'touched' by his healing fingers. Taylor, the water-poet, mentions some of these cases. Having dined, he conversed with his chaplains and the bishops in attendance; and, after supper, retired to his private apartment to take note of the events of the day, and dictate letters to the Queen or the Prince of Wales.

On Sundays, one of the royal chaplains, or some learned divine, performed Divine service in the apartment in the Grammar School now used as the schoolroom. The names of the preachers, and the texts which they expounded, are preserved by Oudart:

Sunday, Oct. 8.	Dr. T. Turner.	John v. 14.
Sunday, Oct. 15.	Dr Heywood	
Wednesday, Oct. 25 (fast-day).	Dr. B. Baylis.	Psalms xlii. 5, 6.
Sunday, Oct. 29.	Dr. T. Turner.	Matt. xi. 28.
Sunday, Nov. 5.	Dr. Heywood.	Psalms lxviii. 1.
Sunday, Nov. 12.	Dr. Jos. Gulson.	
Sunday, Nov. 19.	Archbp. of Armagh.	Genesis xlix. 3.
Sunday, Nov. 26.	Dr. Sanderson.	Hebrews x. 4.

Oudart also preserves two quaint couplets, 'written about

* See Peck's 'Desiderata Curiosa' (edit. 1779), book ix.

this time, in the King's own hand,' which were found among the royal manuscripts:

> 'A coward's still unsafe, but courage knows
> No other foe but him who doth oppose.'—

And—

> 'A pickshank and a picklock, both are alike evil;
> The diff'rence is, this trots, that ambles to the devil.'

In Royston's collection of 'The Works of King Charles the Martyr' (ed. 1672), we find the following reports of the speeches delivered by the King during the Newport negotiations.

The *first* was addressed to the Parliamentary representatives on the arrival at Carisbrooke, August 7th, 1648.

The votes of the two Houses having been read and presented to his Majesty, the Earl of Middlesex desired his 'speedy answer;' their return being limited to ten days.

The King then asked whether the ten days were not to be counted from that of the delivery of the message.

'No, sir,' replied the Earl; 'they are to be counted from the day of our setting forth.'

The King: 'I have not, then, five days allowed me to consider of my answer, which I presume you expect in writing; and I have none to help me—no, not so much as a clerk to transcribe. I will really contribute my best endeavours to a happy peace.'

After a short pause he added: 'I would have sent to the Parliament; but I desire them to take notice that my long silence proceeds not from a dull stupid laziness, or my being insensible of my own or the kingdom's condition, but from the incapacity that lay on me by reason of former votes. But now a way is opened to a treaty, which I ever apprehended as the only means to a durable peace, I shall cheerfully embrace it, and none shall more speedily run to it than myself. And, for my part, as being more concerned than anyone in this kingdom, nay, should I say more than all, I speak it without vanity, I hope it will be thought no

hyperbolical expression, for I am assured, whosoever gains, I shall be a loser." . . .

'His Majesty then read the votes to himself, after which he said: "I like them well; my desires being included in these votes; for what can I desire more than to treat with honour, freedom and safety upon the proposition, and such other things, as either I or the two Houses shall offer?"

'Then asking whether the Commissioners to treat were yet nominated, Middlesex answered, "No, sir."

'The King: "In a treaty two sorts of things are considerable, some necessary, others convenient." Then, breaking off, he said, "I will go and apply myself to my answer, that I may not delay a minute to promote so good a work;" and so withdrew, dismissing the Commissioners.'

The *second* was on Thursday, August 10, when Lord Middlesex and his colleagues came to consider the King's answer.

'He said, He was sorry he was limited to so short a time, and had so little help for despatch; yet, notwithstanding, he had prepared his answer.

'Before the reading of it, he added, That the last message he sent to the Houses was delivered to the Commission as sealed; and had it been so presented, it would have been better for him. But now he thought fit to send this open, because he could not be in a worse condition, being under so close a restraint, none being suffered to speak a word to him without suspicion.

'Then, producing his answer, he read it aloud in the presence-chamber, being full of company, which done, he said that he hoped he had therein endeavoured to give satisfaction to his Parliament; there being nothing in it but what he conceived was implied in their votes.

'And further added, That there might be some that would oppose this treaty, as being gainers by these wars, and therefore desired the continuance of it. Others might think him revengeful, but, he said, he was so far from

seeking revenge, that if a straw lay in their way to hurt them, he would stop and take it up to prevent it. God forgive them, for so I do.

'Then the Commissioners coming to take their leaves, his Majesty asked them how they liked his answer. They replied, They thought and hoped it would produce a sudden and happy well-grounded peace.'

The *third* speech was addressed to the Commissioners at the first close of the Treaty, at Newport, November 4, 1648.

'His Majesty said, That he hoped they were now sensible that none was more desirous of a good and lasting peace than himself; that he had gone very far to give his two Houses satisfaction; that he thought, though the time for the Treaty was ended, yet the Treaty itself was not; that he expected to hear from his two Houses about his own propositions, and would be ready to make his concessions binding by giving them the force of laws.

'He desired that they would put a good interpretation upon his vehement expressions in some of his debates, there being nothing in his intentions but kindness; and that as they had taken abundance of freedom, and showed great abilities in their debates, which have taken his Majesty off from some of his own opinions, so he doubted not, had they had power to recede, some of his reasons would have prevailed with them, as he is confident, had it been with his two Houses, it would have done with them; and therefore beseeches them to take the same freedom with his two Houses, to press them to a compliance with him in those things his conscience is not yet satisfied in, which more time may do, his opinion not being like the laws of the Medes and Persians, unalterable or infallible.

'He added his very hearty thanks for the pains they had taken to satisfy him, professing that he wanted eloquence to commend their abilities. He desired them candidly to represent all the transactions of this treaty to his two Houses, that they might see nothing of his interest, how

near or dear soever, but that wherein his conscience is unsatisfied, can hinder on his part a happy conclusion of this treaty.

The fourth and last was spoken when the Commissioners took leave, Nov. 27:

'My Lords, you are come to take your leave of me; and I believe we shall scarce ever see each other again; but God's will be done. I thank God I have made my peace with Him, and shall without fear undergo what He shall be pleased to suffer man to do unto me.

'My Lords, you cannot but know that in my fall and ruin you see your own, and that also near to you. I pray God send you better friends than I have found.

'I am fully informed of the whole carriage of the plot against me and mine; and nothing so much afflicts me as the sense and feeling I have of the sufferings of my subjects, and the miseries that hang over my three kingdoms, drawn upon them by those who, upon pretences of good, violently pursue their own interests and ends.'

Meanwhile, the army had become more powerful than the Parliament, and its leaders had resolved to get the King's person into their own hands. Fairfax summoned Colonel Hammond, whose fidelity to his trust was a serious obstacle in their way, to the headquarters at Windsor; and Colonel Ewer was ordered to repair to the island, take charge of the King, and remove him from Newport to Carisbrooke.

But Colonel Hammond, though compelled to obey the General's orders in a matter of military discipline, refused to surrender the trust reposed in him by the Parliament to any other authority; and before his departure for Windsor, devolved the government of the island and the custody of the King's person upon three officers, Major Rolfe, Captain Bowerman, and Captain Hawes. They were strictly enjoined to prevent the King's removal.

On the 27th of November Charles signed the treaty; and

the Commissioners, accompanied by Colonel Hammond, immediately set out for London. The King, with his suite, returned to Carisbrooke.

The leaders of the army, however, were resolved to secure his person, and for this purpose they despatched to the island a strong body of horse and foot, under Lieutenant-Colonel Cobbit. One of the royal attendants was informed of their arrival by a person in disguise, and the King was necessarily much alarmed. He summoned to his presence the Duke of Richmond, the Earl of Lindsay, and Colonel Cooke, who, though one of Cromwell's soldiers, was warmly attached to the King. As the result of their deliberations, Cooke repaired to Rolfe, and acquainted him that the King wished to know whether the army had resolved to seize him that night.

'Not that I know of,' replied Rolfe; and he added, 'You may assure the King from me that he may rest quietly *this night.*'

Cooke, noticing the stress placed upon these words, pressed him further on the intentions of the army, but without obtaining any satisfactory answer. Rolfe promised, however, to give the King due notice of what they might purpose in reference to his removal. But he did not keep his promise.

Having acquainted the King with what had passed, Colonel Cooke, 'though the night was extraordinarily dark, and the rain fell in torrents, made his way to Newport, where he speedily found his worst fears confirmed.' The streets were thronged with soldiers—with the faces of men whom he well knew; and he soon discovered that any officer suspected of sympathizing with the King had been removed, and his place supplied by a commonwealth man. 'The Governor (Captain Bowerman) plainly told him he was no better than their prisoner in his own garrison, for they had threatened him with immediate death if he but so much as whispered with any of his servants.'*

* Colonel Cooke's 'Narrative.'

During his absence Firebrace had vainly endeavoured to persuade the King to escape under cover of the prevailing confusion, and make for the coast, where John Newland's boat might still be made available. But the King, having given a pledge 'not to go out of the island during the treaty, nor twenty days after, without the advice of both Houses of Parliament,' steadily refused.

On Colonel Cooke's return to the Castle, 'he found,' he says, 'a great alteration. . . . . Guards not only set round the King's lodging, and at my window, but even within doors also; nay, sentinels in the King's very chamber-door, so that the King was almost suffocated with the smoke of their matches.' After much entreaty, Cooke succeeded in relieving him from this annoyance.

Having related what he had seen and heard, the Colonel, conjointly with the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Lindsay, solicited Charles, while there was yet time, to accomplish his escape. But though they showed that it was perfectly possible, and adduced many serious arguments why it should be attempted, the King continued firm in his resolve: 'They have promised me, and I have promised them; and I will not break first.'

So, after awhile, King Charles retired to rest; his sorrowful attendants holding themselves in readiness for whatever might occur.

'It was then,' says Colonel Cooke, 'about one o'clock; and though Colonel Cooke went not to bed all that night yet all things were carried with such secresy and quiet, that not the least noise was heard, nor the least cause of suspicion given.

'But next morning, just at break of day, the King, hearing a great knocking at his outward door, sent the Duke of Richmond to ask what it meant; who demanding, "Who was there?" he was answered, "My name is Mildmay" (one of the servants the Parliament had put to the King, and brother to Sir Henry).

'The Duke demanded, "What he would have?" who

answered, "There were some gentlemen from the army, very desirous to speak with the King."

'Which account the Duke gave the King; but the knocking rather increasing, the King commanded the Duke to let them into the room. No sooner was this done, but, before the King could get from his bed, three officers rushed into his chamber, and abruptly told the King they had orders to remove him.

'"From whom?" said the King. They replied, "From the army."

'The King asked, "To what place?" "To the Castle," said they.

'The King demanded, "To what Castle?" Again they answered, "To the Castle!"

'"The Castle," said the King, "is no castle;" and added, "he was well enough prepared for any castle," requiring them to name the castle.

'After a short whisper together, they said, "Hurst Castle."

'"Indeed!" said the King, "you could not have named a worse." Whereupon, immediately, the King called to the Duke of Richmond to send for the Earl of Lindsay and Colonel Cooke.

'At first they scrupled at the Earl of Lindsay's coming; but the King saying, "Why not both, seeing both lie together?"

'Then having whispered together, they promised to send for both; but sent for neither.

'Meanwhile the King had dressed, and Firebrace had prepared breakfast for him; but the rough soldiers hurried him into the coach, which was in waiting, without suffering him to taste it. After he had taken his seat, Lieutenant-Colonel Cobbit, "with his hat on," attempted to jump in; but Charles stoutly pushed him back, exclaiming, "It is not come to that yet; get you out!" And the unmannerly fellow was forced to content himself with a seat beside the driver, while Herbert, Harrington, and

Mildmay entered the coach.' Then the King hastily bade his servants farewell, with an evident presentiment of coming evil. 'At other times,' says Herbert, 'he was cheerful; but at parting from his friends he showed the sorrow in his heart by the sadness of his countenance—a real sympathy.'

Through the shadows of the night the coach, escorted by two troops of horse, 'went westward, towards Worsley's Tower, in Freshwater Isle, a little beyond Yarmouth Haven.' Having rested there an hour, the King and his attendants were put on board a small sailing vessel, and conveyed across the narrow strait to Hurst Castle.

A lonely stronghold situated at the extremity of a narrow spit of sand and gravel which projects from the Hampshire coast below Lymington. 'A dismal receptacle,' says Herbert 'for so great a monarch, the greatest part of whose life had been so full of earthly glory. . . . The captain of this wretched place,' he adds, 'was not ill-suited to the scene around. At the King's going ashore he stood ready to receive him with small observance; his look was stern, his hair and large beard were black and bushy; he held a partizan in his hand, and a great basket-hilt sword by his side; hardly would one see a man of a more grim aspect; and no less robust and rude was his behaviour. Some of his Majesty's servants were not a little fearful of him.' There is probably a touch of exaggeration in this description. Charles, at Hurst Castle, however, must have suffered greatly. The place offered no convenience for the pedestrian exercise to which he was accustomed; his apartments were dark and ill-furnished; and the dampness of the situation was unfavourable to his health. He was detained there three weeks, and the Parliament leaders then resolved to remove him to Windsor, and put him on his trial for treason against the State. Towards the expiry of the three weeks, there was heard one night an unusual stir in the Castle. The drawbridge was suddenly lowered, and the clatter of horses' hoofs became distinctly audible. The noise awoke the King, who

sent Herbert to ascertain the cause, when it appeared that Major Harrison had arrived with a troop of cavalry. Desiring his attendant to retire into the outer room, Charles gave himself up to prayer for nearly an hour.* On re-opening his door, he appeared to be in such profound grief that Herbert could not control his tears. 'I am not afraid,' said the King, 'but do you not know that this is the man who intended to assassinate me?' Adding, 'This is a fit place for such a purpose. Herbert, I trust to your care; go again, and make further inquiry into this business.' Herbert obeyed; and shortly afterwards returned with the intelligence, evidently very acceptable to the King, that he was to be conducted to Windsor.

Two days later, and Charles, nothing loath, took leave of Hurst. At Winchester he was received with many marks of respectful loyalty. The bells rang their liveliest peals; the Mayor and Aldermen presented him with the official mace and the keys of the city; the gentry waited upon him in such numbers as to revive the recollections of a levee at Whitehall. He spent the night at a gentleman's house at Farnham, when several officers of the army and navy and the neighbouring gentry waited upon him. The next day he dined at Lord Newburgh's house at Bagshot, where a project of escape which Lord Newburgh had devised, was baffled by an accident. On hearing that Charles was to be removed to Windsor, the nobleman had sent to him a private message suggesting that, before he reached Bagshot, he should contrive to lame the horse which he rode, and adding that he would furnish him with one from his own stables, scarcely matched for speed in all England. Charles's departure from Lord Newburgh's was to be delayed to as late an hour as possible, so that night would have folded in before he and his escort reached the middle of Windsor's wooded glades, when he was to set spurs to his horse, and aided by his knowledge of the Forest, to ride for life and freedom. It is difficult to believe that Charles would have succeeded

* 'Herbert,' p. 137.

in eluding his guards; and if he had, whither would he have gone for safety? But the attempt could not be made; the horse on which Lord Newburgh set so much value having been lamed the day before.

Charles arrived at Windsor on the 23rd of December, and was received with due respect by Colonel Whichcot, the Governor of the Castle. He had not wholly abandoned his hopes of ultimate success, and still took an interest in private as well as public matters; as, for instance, sending the seeds of some Spanish melons to be sown in the Queen's gardens at Wimbledon. His private apartments overlooked that part of the Terrace which commands a view of Eton, and it was there that he generally took the daily exercise to which he was so partial.*

Meantime, the House of Commons, or at least so much of it as remained after Colonel Pride's famous Purge,† had resolved that the King should be brought to justice, and a Committee was appointed to prepare the articles of accusation. Small as was the number of members present, several voices protested against the measure, some demanding that they should confine themselves to an act of deposition; others perhaps, not unwilling that he should secretly be put to death, so that they might profit by the act without being responsible for it. But the men who were in earnest, the men who believed that they were discharging a patriotic duty, insisted on a solemn public engagement, which should prove their strength and proclaim their right. Cromwell alone spoke with some degree of hesitation. Had anyone, he said, brought forward the motion of premeditated design, he should have regarded him as the greatest traitor in the world, but since Providence and necessity had forced the Chamber into that deliberation, he prayed God to bless their counsels, though he was not prepared at once to offer his advice. With a strange eagerness, in the midst of all its illegal action, to observe the forms of law, the House voted,

* 'Clarendon,' vi. 221.
† By which 96 members were excluded from the House.

on the 2nd of January, 1649, that the King was guilty of treason in waging war against the Parliament; and having thus defined his crime, they constituted a High Court of Justice to try him for it. It was to consist of one hundred and fifty members, including six Peers, three Judges, eleven Baronets, two Knights, six London Aldermen, and all the Independent leaders in the Army, the Commons, and the City, except Sir Harry Vane and Oliver St. John, who formally declared that they disapproved of the act, and would take no part in it. The Upper House rejected the Ordinance; but the Commons had gone too far to recede, and they passed a fresh resolution to the effect: 'That the people are under God, the original of all just power; that the Commons of England, in Parliament assembled, being chosen by and representing the people, have the supreme power in this nation; and that whatsoever is enacted and declared for law by the Commons in Parliament assembled hath the force of a law, and all the people of this nation are concluded thereby, although the consent and concurrence of the King or the House of Peers be not had hereunto.' By another Ordinance (January 6th), the High Court of Justice, restricted to one hundred and thirty-five members, was ordered to meet immediately, and make preparations for the King's trial.

When Colonel Whichcot informed his prisoner that in a few days he would be removed to London, he replied, 'God is everywhere, and everywhere the same in wisdom, power, and goodness.' But the information disquieted him greatly, for he had hitherto been lulled in a dream of confident security, and convinced that he would recover his throne on his own terms. Looking back upon the course of events, from the battle of Naseby to the King's flight to Carisbrooke, we feel that he had good reason for a sanguine view of his situation, and that he had lost the game, which at one time was in his own hands, simply because he had played it badly, with a passion which had over-reached itself, and a want of good faith which had converted into

enemies even the most favourably disposed of his opponents. His own terms, indeed, he could never, or should never, have expected to obtain; but he could have secured conditions which would have left unimpaired the dignity of his crown. Lost opportunities, however, can never be recovered. Charles had missed or misused those which a benevolent fortune had pressed upon him; and now the end was come. This dreary fact he could no longer hide from himself; he could not but see that the punctilios of Court etiquette were abandoned; that his guards and attendants had laid aside the ceremonial which had hitherto indicated their respect for royalty. On the 19th a body of cavalry, under Major-General Harrison, appeared at Windsor. A carriage with six horses was drawn up in the quadrangle, and through a double line of soldiers Charles was conducted to it. Before taking his place he was allowed a brief interview with Duke James of Hamilton, who was also a prisoner in the Castle, and was soon afterwards to share the same fate as his sovereign. Falling on his knees and kissing the King's hand, Hamilton sobbed out the words, 'My dear master!' 'Aye,' replied Charles, 'I have, indeed, been so to you.' After a sad and solemn farewell, they parted, and the royal prisoner, with a heavy escort of cavalry, went on his way to London. A man named Proctor, who met the cavalcade, afterwards told the following story. 'Having occasion,' he says,* 'to go from London to Windsor, the day that the King was brought from thence a prisoner, a little on this side Brentford I saw a great troop of horse. I did conceive what the cause was, having heard the King was to be brought up to his trial. After I had passed some number of horses, at last I espied the prisoner at the bar,† immediately before the King's coach, riding singly before the coach-horses, and the King sitting alone in the coach. My lord, I did put off my hat, and he was graciously pleased to put off his hat. The troopers, seeing this, threw me into the

* Tracts of the Regicides,' p. 518.
† Hugh Peters, the fanatical Puritan minister.

ditch, horse and all, where I stayed till they passed by, and was glad I escaped so.' At first he was lodged in St. James's Palace, which was closely surrounded by guards. Two sentries were posted at the door of his bedchamber; of all his faithful attendants Herbert alone remained, and every night he slept by the bedside of his unfortunate master.

For a few days Charles was treated with a certain amount of deference. He dined publicly in the Presence-chamber; the gentlemen of his household waited on him at his meals; the cup was presented to him kneeling. But the Council of Adjutators interfered to prevent the continuance of a ceremonial which preserved in men's minds the traditions of royal authority, and decreed that the etiquette of the Court should no longer be observed, reducing, at the same time, the number of his servants and the luxury of his table. These slights were keenly felt by Charles, who, when he found himself waited upon by common soldiers, exclaimed, 'There is nothing more contemptible than a despised Prince!' Thenceforward he took his meals in the privacy of his own chamber.

Ashburnham alleges that at this time another project of escape was meditated. 'I laid the design of his escape from St. James's, and had attempted it, had he not been close restrained that very day it was to be put in execution, of which there are three persons of honour yet living who were to have had equal shares in that dutiful action; but man proposeth, and God disposeth, and no creature is able to resist His power.' It is almost certain that no attempt, however ingeniously devised, could have been successful. There was no possibility of bribery, even if the Puritan soldiers had been men of the sort who take bribes, for Charles's guards were changed daily. How thoroughly the King misunderstood the character of his adversaries is clear from the fact that he never dreamed of the possibility of a public trial and the headsman's axe; his apprehension was lest he should privately be put to death. At other times he

feared that he might be imprisoned for life, and monarchy abolished in England; in more sanguine moments, that he might be deposed in favour of his son Charles. His surprise and consternation was great when he was informed that on a charge of high treason he was to be brought before a tribunal of his subjects.

On the 19th of January he was conveyed in a sedan-chair from St. James's to Whitehall, where he was allowed to use his own chamber. Next day, the 20th, he was removed to Sir Robert Cotton's house, on the river-bank, near the south end of Westminster Hall. Here he was summoned by Colonel Hacker to make his appearance before his judges.

IV.

Westminster Hall, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 20th.

For at noon on that memorable day, which was to witness so novel and singular a spectacle, the High Court of Justice had marched in solemn procession to Westminster Hall, with its President, John Bradshaw,* a lawyer of some eminence, at its head. The sword and the mace were borne before him, and in advance went sixteen officers, armed with partizans. The President took his place on a fauteuil of cramoisy velvet. At his feet was seated the Usher, near a table covered with a rich Turkey carpet, on which were deposited the mace and the sword of justice; to his right and left, on seats of scarlet cloth, were placed the members of the Court; and at either end, but slightly in advance of the tribunal, a body of armed men. The shot-torn banners won at Marston Moor, at Naseby, at Preston, were suspended from the walls—sad memorials of civil strife which was ending now in so strange and fatal a

* Bradshaw's office was a dangerous one. A cavalier, named Burghill, had resolved on shooting him, but his design having been discovered, he was arrested. His guard becoming intoxicated, he succeeded in effecting his escape. It is said that Bradshaw, as a measure of defence, wore a high-crowned beaver hat, which is now preserved among the curiosities of the Museum at Oxford.

scene! The Court being installed, the doors were thrown open, and an excited multitude passed in from every avenue. As soon as silence was restored the names of the members of the Court were called over. Sixty-nine responded. 'Sergeant,' said Bradshaw, 'bring forth the prisoner.'

Charles appeared, under the charge of Colonel Hacker and thirty-two officers. A fauteuil, covered with velvet was prepared for him at the bar. He advanced, surveyed the tribunal with a long and searching glance, partly indignant, partly contemptuous, and seated himself in the fauteuil, without removing his hat; rose again suddenly; looked behind him at the guards on the left and the crowd of spectators on the right of the hall; bestowed another glance on his judges, and re-seated himself in the midst of profound silence.

Bradshaw immediately rose, and addressed the royal prisoner. 'The Commons of England, assembled in Parliament,' he said, 'considering him to be the author of all the evils which had fallen upon the nation, had resolved that he should answer for them before the High Court of Justice then and there assembled. He would hear the charges brought against him.' Cooke, the prosecutor, started to his feet. 'Hold a little!' said the King, touching him on the shoulder with his staff. Cooke turned round, surprised and irritated, and the golden head of the staff fell off—an accident which, it was plain from the rapid change of the King's countenance, considerably affected him. He sat down again, and listened without comment to the act of accusation read by Cooke, laughing contemptuously when he was described as 'Charles Stuart, tyrant, traitor, and murderer.' 'One thing was remarked in him,' says Mrs. Hutchinson, 'that when the blood spilt in many of the battles where he was in his own person, and had caused it to be shed by his own command, was laid to his charge, he heard it with disdainful smiles and looks and gestures. He stuck not to declare in words that no man's blood spilt in this quarrel troubled him but only one, meaning the

Earl of Strafford.' And certainly it was open to him to contend that the war had been forced upon him by the Parliament, and that he had taken up arms only in defence of the rights of the Crown, and, to some extent, of the liberties of the people; so that the blood-guiltiness lay with his enemies and not with him. This view was not wholly right, it is true, but no more was that of the Puritan faction, which ascribed all the wrong-doing to Charles and his advisers. The quarrel was one in which both parties could plead a degree of justification, and it was one in which both parties had been fatally in error.

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you have now heard your charge read, containing such matters as appear in it: you find that in the close of it, it is prayed to the Court, in the behalf of the Commons of England, that you answer to your charge. The Court expects your answer.'

The King. 'I would know by what power I am called hither. I was not long ago in the Isle of Wight; how I came there is a longer story than I think is fit at this time for me to speak of; but there I entered into a treaty with both Houses of Parliament, with as much public faith as it's possible to be had of any people in the world. I treated then with a number of honourable lords and gentlemen, and treated honestly and uprightly; I cannot say but that they did very nobly with me: we were upon a conclusion of the treaty. Now I would know by what authority (I mean lawful; there are many unlawful authorities in the world, thieves and robbers by the highways; but I would know by what authority) I was brought from thence, and carried from place to place, and I know not what. And when I know by what lawful authority, I shall answer.

'Remember, I am your king, your lawful king, and what sins you bring upon your heads, and the judgment of God upon this land: Think well upon it, I say, think well upon it, before you go further from one sin to a greater. Therefore let me know by what lawful authority I am seated

here, and I shall not be unwilling to answer. In the meantime I shall not betray my trust: I have a trust committed to me by God, by old and lawful descent; I will not betray it to answer to a new unlawful authority. Therefore render me that, and you shall hear more of me.'*

Bradshaw. 'If you had been pleased to have observed what was hinted to you by the court at your first coming hither, you would have known by what authority: which authority requires you, in the name of the people of England, of which you are elected king, to answer.'

The King. 'No, sir, I deny that.'

Bradshaw. 'If you acknowledge not the authority of the Court, they must proceed.'

The King. 'I do tell them so: England was never an elective kingdom, but an hereditary kingdom for now these thousand years: therefore let me know by what authority I am called hither. I do stand more for the liberty of my people than any here that come to be my pretended judges; and therefore let me know by what lawful authority I am seated here, and I will answer it; otherwise I will not answer it.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, how really you have managed your trust is known: your way of answer is to interrogate the court, which becomes not you in this condition. You have been told of it twice or thrice.'

The King. 'Here is a gentleman, Lieutenant-Colonel Cobbit, ask him if he did not bring me from the Isle-of-Wight by force. I do not come here as submitting to the court. I will stand as much for the privilege of the House of Commons, rightly understood, as any man here whatsoever: I see no House of Lords here that may constitute a Parliament; and the King, too, should have been. Is this the bringing of the King to his Parliament? Is this the bringing an end to the treaty in the public faith of the world? Let me see a legal authority, warranted by the

* It is said that this line of defence was suggested to the king by Sir Matthew Hale.

Word of God, the Scriptures, or warranted by the constitution of the Kingdom, and I will answer.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you have propounded a question, and have been answered. Seeing you will not answer, the Court will consider how to proceed. In the meantime, those who brought you hither are to take charge of you back again. The Court desires to know whether this be all the answer you will give or no.'

The King. 'Sir, I desire that you would give me and all the world satisfaction in this. Let me tell you it is not a slight thing you are about. I am sworn to keep the peace by that duty I owe to God and my country, and I will do it to the last breath of my body; and therefore you shall do well to satisfy, first, God, and then the country by what authority you do it. If you do it by an usurped authority, you cannot answer it: there is a God in heaven that will call you, and all who give you power, to account. Satisfy me in that, and I will answer; otherwise I betray my trust and the liberties of the people; and therefore think of that, and then I shall be willing. For I do aver, that it is as great a sin to withstand lawful authority as it is to submit to a tyrannical or any other ways unlawful authority. And, therefore, satisfy God and me and all the world in that, and you shall receive my answer. I am not afraid of the Bill.'

Bradshaw. 'The Court expects that you should give them a final answer. Their purpose is to adjourn till Monday next. If you do not satisfy yourself, though we do tell you our authority, we are satisfied with an authority, and it is upon God's authority and the kingdom's; and that peace you speak of will be kept in the doing of justice, and that's our present work.'

The King. 'For answer, let me tell you; you have shown no lawful authority to satisfy any reasonable man.'

Bradshaw. 'That's in your apprehension; we are satisfied that are your judges.'

The King. ''Tis not my apprehension, nor yours neither, that ought to decide it.'

Bradshaw. 'The Court hath heard you, and you are to be disposed of as they have commanded.'

When he gave directions to the guard to remove him, Charles only replied, 'Well, sir;' and as he passed along, pointing with his staff to the axe, he said emphatically, 'I do not fear *that.*' And he retired amidst shouts of 'Justice! justice!' mingled with loyal exclamations of 'God save the King! God save your Majesty!'

Monday afternoon, January 22nd.

'Sunday being spent in fasting and preaching (according to their manner of making religion a pretence and prologue to their villanies), on Monday afternoon they came again into the hall, and, after silence commanded, called over their Court, when seventy persons being present, answered to their names.

'His majesty being brought in, the people gave a shout.

'Command given to the captain of their Guard to fetch and take into his custody those who make any disturbance.'

Cooke, their solicitor, after referring to the King's refusal to recognize the authority of the Court, moved 'That the prisoner may be directed to make a positive answer, either by way of confession or negation; which if he shall refuse to do, that the matter of charge may be taken *pro confesso,* and the Court may proceed according to justice.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you may remember at the last Court you were told the occasion of your being brought hither, and you heard a charge made against you, containing a charge of high treason and other high crimes against this realm of England; you heard likewise that it was prayed in the behalf of the people that you should give an answer to that charge, that thereupon such proceedings might be had as should be agreeable to justice; you were then pleased to make some scruples concerning the authority of

this Court, and knew not by what authority you were brought hither. You did divers times propound your questions, and were as often answered, That it was by authority of the Commons of England assembled in Parliament, that did think fit to call you to account for those high and capital misdemeanours wherewith you were then charged. Since that the Court hath taken into consideration what you then said: they are fully satisfied with their own authority, and they hold it fit you should stand satisfied with it too; and they do require it, that you do give a positive and particular answer to this charge that is exhibited against you. They do expect you should either confess or deny it; if you deny, it is offered, in the behalf of the kingdom, to be made good against you. Their authority they do aver to the whole world, that the whole kingdom are to rest satisfied in, and you are to rest satisfied with it; and therefore you are to lose no more time, but to give a positive answer thereunto.'

The King. 'When I was here last, 'tis very true, I made that question; and if it were only my own particular case, I would have satisfied myself with the protestation I made the last time I was here against the legality of this court, and that a King cannot be tried by any superior jurisdiction on earth. But it is not my case alone, it is the freedom and liberty of the people of England; and do you pretend what you will, I stand more for their liberties. For if power without law may make laws, may alter the fundamental laws of the kingdom, I do not know what subject he is in England that can be sure of his life, or anything that he calls his own. Therefore, when last I came here, I did expect particular reasons, to know by what law, what authority, you did proceed against me here; and therefore I am a little to seek what to say to you in this particular, because the affirmative is to be proved, the negative often is very hard to do. But since I cannot persuade you to do it, I shall tell you my reasons as short as I can. My reasons why in conscience, and the duty I

owe to God first, and my people next, for the preservation of their lives, liberties, and estates; I conceive I cannot answer this, till I be satisfied of the legality of it. All proceedings against any man whatsoever . . .'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, I must interrupt you; which I would not do, but that what you do is not agreeable to the proceedings of any court of justice. You are about to enter into argument and dispute concerning the authority of this court, before whom you appear as a prisoner, and are charged as a high delinquent. If you take upon you to dispute the authority of the Court, we may not do it, nor will any court give way unto it: you are to submit unto it: you are to give a punctual and direct answer whether you will answer your charge or no, and what your answer is.'

The King. 'Sir, by your favour, I do not know the forms of law; I do know law and reason, though I am no lawyer professed; but I know as much law as any gentleman in England. And therefore, under favour, I do plead for the liberties of the people of England more than you do. And, therefore, if I should impose a belief upon any man without reasons given for it, it were unreasonable: but I must tell you, that that reason that I have as thus informed, I cannot yield unto it.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, I must interrupt you; you may not be permitted. You speak of law and reason: it is fit there should be law and reason; and there is both against you. Sir, the vote of the Commons of England assembled in Parliament, it is the *reason* of the Kingdom; and they are there, too, that have given that law according to which you should have ruled and reigned. Sir, you are not to dispute our authority; you are told it again by the Court. Sir, it will be taken notice of, that you stand in contempt of the court, and your contempt will be recorded accordingly.'

The King. 'I do not know how a King can be a delinquent: but by any law that ever I heard of, all men (delinquents, or what you will) let me tell you, they may put in demurrers against any proceeding as legal, and I do

demand that, and demand to be heard with my reasons; if you deny that, you deny reason.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you have offered something to the Court; I shall speak something unto you the sense of the Court. Sir, neither you nor any man are permitted to dispute that point. You are concluded, you may not demur to the jurisdiction of the Court: if you do, I must let you know that they overrule your demurrer. They sit here by the authority of the Commons of England and all your predecessors and you are responsible to them.'

The King. 'I deny that; show me one precedent.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you ought not to interrupt while the Court is speaking to you. This point is not to be debated by you, neither will the Court permit you to do it. If you offer it by way of demurrer to the jurisdiction of the Court they have considered of their jurisdiction: they do affirm their own jurisdiction.'

The King. 'I say, sir, by your favour, that the Commons of England was never a court of judicature: I would know how they came to be so.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you are not to be permitted to go on in that speech and these discourses.'

The clerk of the Court then said:

'Charles Stuart, King of England, you have been accused on the behalf of the people of England of High Treason and other high crimes; the Court have determined that you ought to answer the same.'

The King. 'I will answer the same so soon as I know by what authority you do this.'

Bradshaw. 'If this be all that you will say, then, gentlemen, you that brought the prisoner hither take charge of him back again.'

The King. 'I do require that I may give in my reasons why I do not answer, and give me time for that.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, 'tis not for prisoners to require.'

The King. 'Prisoner, sir. I am not an ordinary prisoner.'

Bradshaw. 'The Court hath considered of their jurisdic-

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tion, and they have already affirmed their jurisdiction. If you will not answer, we shall give order to record your default.'

The King. 'You never heard my reasons yet.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, your reasons are not to be heard against the highest jurisdiction.'

The King. 'Show me that jurisdiction where reason is not to be heard.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, we show it you here, the Commons of England; and the next time you are brought, you will know more of the pleasure of the Court, and, it may be, their final determination.'

The King. 'Show me wherever the House of Commons was a Court of Judicature of that kind.'

Bradshaw. 'Sergeant, take away the prisoner.'

The King. 'Well, sir, remember that the King is not suffered to give in his reasons for the liberty and freedom of all his subjects.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you have not liberty to use this language. How great a friend you have been to the laws and liberties of the people, let all England and the world judge.'

The King. 'Sir, under favour, it was the liberty, freedom, and laws of the subject that ever I took—defended myself with arms. I never took up arms against the people, but for the laws.'

Bradshaw. 'The command of the Court must be obeyed. No answer will be given to the charge.'

The King. 'Well, sir.'

Then Bradshaw ordered the default to be recorded, and the contempt of the Court, and that no answer would be given to the charge.

The King was escorted, as before, to Sir Robert Coltin's house.

Not being allowed to deliver his reasons by word of mouth, the King thought fit to leave them in writing to the more impartial judgment of posterity, as follows:

'Having already made my protestations, not only against the illegality of this pretended Court, but also that no earthly power can justly call me, who am your King, in question as a delinquent, I would not any more open my mouth upon this occasion more than to refer myself to what I have spoken, were I in this case alone concerned. But the duty I owe to God in the preservation of the true liberty of my people will not suffer me at this time to be silent. For how can any freeborn subject of England call life or anything he possessed his own, if power without right daily make new, and abrogate the old fundamental law of the land?—which I now take to be the present case. Wherefore, when I came hither, I expected that you would have endeavoured to have satisfied me concerning these grounds which hinder me to answer to your pretended impeachment; but since I see that nothing I can say will move you to it—though negatives are not so naturally proved as affirmatives—yet I will show you the reason why I am confident you cannot judge me, nor indeed the meanest man in England. For I will not, like you, without showing a reason, seek to impose a belief upon my subjects.

'There is no proceeding just against any man but what is warranted either by God's laws or the municipal laws of the country where he lives. Now I am most confident this day's proceeding cannot be warranted by God's law; for, on the contrary, the authority of obedience unto kings is clearly warranted and strictly commanded both in the Old and New Testament; which, if desired, I am ready instantly to prove. And for the question now in hand; there it is said, That "*where the word of a King is, there is power; and who may say unto him, What dost thou?*" (Eccles. viii. 4). Then, for the law of the land, I am no less confident that no learned lawyer will affirm that an impeachment can lie against the King, they all going in his name; and one of their maxims is, "That the King can do no wrong." Besides, the law upon which you ground your proceedings must either be old or new: if old, show it; if

new, tell what authority, warranted by the fundamental laws of the land hath made it, and when. But how the House of Commons can erect a court of judicature, which was never one itself, as is well known to all lawyers, I leave to God and the world to judge; and it were full as strange that they should pretend to make laws without King or Lords' House to any that have heard speak of the laws of England.

'And admitting, but not granting, that the people of England's commission could grant you pretended power, I see nothing you can show for that; for certainly you never asked the question of the tenth man in the kingdom; and in this way you manifestly wrong even the poorest ploughman, if you demand not his free consent. Nor can you pretend any colour for this your pretended commission without the consent at least of the major part of every man in England, of whatsoever quality or condition, which I am sure you never went about to seek, so far are you from having it. Thus you see that I speak not for my own right alone, as I am your King, but also for the true liberty of all my subjects, which consists not in the power of Government, but in living under such laws, such a government as may give themselves the best assurance of their lives and propriety of their goods. Nor in this must or do I forget the privileges of both Houses of Parliament, which this day's proceedings do not only violate, but likewise occasion the greatest breach of their public faith that (I believe) was ever heard of. With which I am far from charging the two Houses; for all pretended crimes laid against me bear date long before this late treaty at Newport, in which I, having concluded as much as in me lay, and hopefully expecting the Houses' agreement thereunto, I was suddenly surprised, and hurried from thence as a prisoner; upon which account I am, against my will, brought hitherto, where, since I am come, I cannot but to my power defend the ancient laws and liberties of this kingdom, together with my own just right. Then, for anything that I can see, the higher House

is totally excluded. And for the House of Commons, it is well known that the major part of them are detained or deterred from sitting; so as, if I had no other, this were sufficient for me to protest against the lawfulness of your pretended Court. Besides all this, the peace of the kingdom is not the least in my thoughts; and what hopes of settlement is there, as long as power reigns without rule or law, changing the whole frame of that Government under which this kingdom hath flourished for many hundred years? (Nor will I say what will fall out in case this lawless, unjust proceeding against me do go on). And, believe it, the Commons of England will not thank you for this change; for they will remember how happy they have been of late years under the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the King my father, and myself, until the beginning of these unhappy troubles, and will have cause to doubt that they shall never be so happy under any new. And by this time it will be too sensibly evident that the arms I took up was only to defend the fundamental laws of this kingdom against those who have supposed my power hath totally changed the ancient Government.

'Thus having shown you briefly the reasons why I cannot submit to your pretended authority, without violating the trust which I have from God for the welfare and liberty of my people, I expect from you either clear reasons to convince my judgment, showing me that I am in an error (and those truly I will answer), or that you will withdraw your proceedings.

'This I intended to speak in Westminster Hall on Monday, 22nd January, but, against reason, was hindered to show my reasons.'

Westminster Hall, Tuesday, Jan. 23rd, Afternoon.

There were signs on this, the third day, that the popular sympathy was flowing towards the royal prisoner, as was natural enough in the singular and unwonted circumstances in which he was placed. The officers and soldiers on guard

still cried 'Justice, execution !' but were overpowered by the surging shout of 'God save the King !' Even the army was not untouched by a sentiment of loyalty; and as Charles quitted the Hall, one of the soldiers exclaimed, 'God bless you, sir!' An officer striking him with his cane, the King observed, 'Sir, the punishment exceeds the offence.' The public excitement was increased by letters which were published from the Queen and the Prince of Wales, and by a formal protest on the part of the Scotch Commissioners against the action of the Court.

Seventy-one members of the Court were present. The proceedings began with an address from Cooke, the prosecutor, in which he prayed for speedy judgment against the prisoner at the bar. Bradshaw followed with a demand that the King should plead Not guilty or Guilty to the treasons laid to his charge—a demand to which the King did not condescend to make a direct reply.

The King. 'When I was here yesterday, I did desire to speak for the liberties of the people of England; I was interrupted. I desire to know yet whether I may speak freely or not.'

Bradshaw repeated that the Court required of him an acknowledgement of its jurisdiction, and an answer to the charge.

The King. 'For the charge, I value it not a rush. It is the liberty of the people of England that I stand for. For me to acknowledge a new Court that I never heard of before—I that am your King, that should be an example to all the people of England for to uphold justice, to maintain the old laws—indeed, I do not know how to do it.

'You spoke very well the first day that I came here, on Saturday, of the obligations that I had laid upon me by God to the maintenance of the liberties of my people. The same obligation you spoke of I do acknowledge to God that I owe to Him and to my people to defend, as much as in me lies—the ancient laws of the kingdom. Therefore, until that I may know that this is not against the funda-

mental laws of the kingdom, by your favour, I can put in no particular answer. If you will give me time, I will show you my reasons why I cannot do it; and this——'

[Here, being interrupted, he said],

'By your favour, you ought not to interrupt me.'

'How I came here, I know not; there's no law for it, to make your King your prisoner. I was in a treaty upon the public faith of the kingdom; that was the known two Houses of Parliament that was the representative of the kingdom; and when that I had almost made an end of the treaty, then I was hurried away and brought hither; and therefore——'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you must know the pleasure of the Court.'

The King. 'By your favour, sir.'

Bradshaw. 'Nay, sir, by your favour, you may not be permitted to fall into those discourses. You appear as a delinquent; you have not acknowledged the authority of the Court. The Court craves it not of you; but once more they command you to give your positive answer. Clerk, do your duty.'

The King. 'Duty, sir!'

The Clerk (reading). 'Charles Stuart, King of England, you are accused, in the behalf of the Commons of England, of divers high crimes and treasons, which charge hath been read unto you. The Court now requires you to give your positive and final answer by way of confession or denial of the charges.'

The King. 'Sir, I say again to you, so that I might give satisfaction to the people of England of the clearness of my proceeding, not by way of answer, not in this way, but to satisfy them that I have done nothing against that trust that hath been committed to me, I would do it; but to acknowledge a new Court against their privileges, to alter the fundamental laws of the kingdom, sir, you must excuse me.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, this is the third time that you have

publicly disavowed this Court, and put an affront upon it. How far you have preserved the privileges of the people your actions have spoke it; but truly, sir, men's intentions ought to be known by their actions: you have written your meaning in bloody characters throughout the whole kingdom. But, sir, you understand the pleasure of the Court. Clerk, record the default. And, gentlemen, you that took charge of the prisoner, take him back again.'

The King. 'I will only say this one word more to you: if it were only my own particular, I would not say any more nor interrupt you.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you have heard the pleasure of the court, and you are—notwithstanding you will not understand it—to find that you are before a Court of justice.'

The sittings of the 24th and 25th were occupied in receiving the evidence of two and thirty witnesses, and when this superfluous imitation of legality was at an end, the Court voted, almost without debate, the condemnation of the King as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and enemy of his country.

There is a story that, on the last morning of the trial, Bradshaw's wife rushed into his chamber at Westminster, and implored him, by all his hopes of present happiness and future salvation, not to attend any more meetings of the Court. 'Do not sentence this earthly King,' she said 'for fear of the dreadful sentence of the King of Heaven. You have no child. Why should you do such a monstrous act to favour others?' 'I confess,' replied Bradshaw, 'he has done me no harm, nor will I do him any, except what the law commands.'

Westminster Hall, Saturday, Jan. 27th, Afternoon.

After a conference of two hours in the Painted Chamber, the members of the Court assembled for the last time, under the presidency of Bradshaw. Sixty-seven members answered to their names. When that of Fairfax was called, 'He has too much sense to be here,' cried a woman's

voice from the gallery. After a momentary pause of surprise and hesitation, the proceedings were continued. As Charles entered the Hall a loud shout was raised of 'Execution! justice! execution!' Silence was sternly commanded, and the captain of the guard was ordered to take into custody any person making a disturbance.

The King. 'I desire a word; to be heard a little; and I hope I shall give no occasion of interruption.'

Bradshaw. 'You may answer in your time: hear the Court first.'

The King. 'If it please you, sir, I desire to be heard, and I shall not give any occasion of interruption, and it is only in a word. A sudden judgment . . .'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you shall be heard in due time; but you are to hear the Court first.'

The King. 'Sir, I desire it; it will be in order to what I believe the Court will say; and therefore, sir—a hasty judgment is not so soon recalled.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you shall be heard before the judgment be given; and in the meantime you may forbear.'

The King. 'Well, sir, shall I be heard before the judgment be given?'

Charles then took his seat, and Bradshaw addressed the court: 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'it is well known to all or most of you here present, that the prisoner at the bar hath been several times convented and brought before this Court, to make answer to a charge of treason and other high crimes, exhibited against him in the name of the people of England . . .'

'Not half the people!' interjaculated the same voice which had answered to Fairfax's name. 'Where are the people? Where is their consent? Oliver Cromwell is a traitor!' This plain speaking disconcerted the audience, and every eye was turned towards the gallery. 'Soldiers! fire upon her!' exclaimed Colonel Axtell—but it was soon perceived that the speaker was Lady Fairfax, and with due courtesy she was removed from the Court. The commotion,

however, had been general, and it was not without difficulty that the soldiers succeeded in repressing it. As soon as order was restored, Bradshaw reminded his hearers of the King's persistent refusal to plead to the accusation, and of the notoriety of the crimes imputed to him; but declared that the Court, though it had agreed upon its sentence, was willing, before pronouncing it, to hear the prisoner's defence, provided he no longer disputed its jurisdiction.'

The King. 'Since I see that you will not hear anything of debate concerning that which I confess I thought most material for the peace of the kingdom and for the liberty of the subject, I shall waive it, I shall speak nothing to it. But only I must tell you, that this many a day all things have been taken away from me but that that I call dearer unto me than my life, which is, my conscience and my honour. And if I had a respect to my life, more than to the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of the subject, certainly I should have made a particular defence for myself; for by that at leastwise I might have delayed an ugly sentence which I believe will pass upon me. Therefore, certainly, sir, as a man that hath some understanding some knowledge of the world, if that my true zeal to my country had not overcome the care that I have for my own preservation, I should have gone another way to work than that I have done. Now, sir, I conceive that a hasty sentence once passed may sooner be repented of than recalled: and truly the selfsame desire that I have for the peace of the kingdom, and the liberty of the subject, more than my own particular ends, makes me now at last desire, that I, having something to say that concerns both, I desire, before sentence be given, that I may be heard in the Painted Chamber before the Lords and Commons. This delay cannot be prejudicial unto you, whatsoever I say. If that I say no reason, those that hear me must be judges; I cannot be judge of that that I have. If it be reason, and really for the welfare of the kingdom, and the liberty of the subject, I am sure on it it is very well worth the hearing. There-

fore I do conjure you, as you love that that you pretend—I hope it is real—the liberty of the subject, the peace of the kingdom—that you will grant me this hearing before any sentence be passed. I only desire this, that you will take this into your consideration: it may be you have not heard of this beforehand. If you will, I will retire, and you may think of it; but if I cannot get this liberty, I do protest that these fair shows of liberty and peace are pure shows, and that you will not hear your King.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you have now spoken.'

The King. 'Yes, sir.'

Bradshaw. 'And this that you have said is a further declining of the jurisdiction of this Court, which was the thing wherein you were limited before.'

The King. 'Pray excuse me, sir, for my interruption, because you mistake me. It is not a declining of it; you do judge me before you hear me speak. I say it will not, I do not decline it; though I cannot acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Court; yet, sir, in this give me leave to say, I would do it, though I do not acknowledge it: in this I do protest; it is not the declining of it, since, I say, if I do say anything but that, that is for the peace of the kingdom and the liberty of the subject, then the shame is mine. Now I desire that you will take this into your consideration; if you will, I will withdraw.'

The agitation in the Hall was now excessive. Everybody strove to conjecture the King's reason for demanding a conference with the two Houses, and what he would propose to them; the general opinion being that he wished to offer to abdicate in favour of his son. Meanwhile, the Court was not a little perplexed, for there was obvious danger in delay. Bradshaw contended that the King's demand was made only with a view of escaping the jurisdiction of the Court; but Colonel Downes, one of the judges, declaring that it ought to be considered, the Court retired for that purpose into the Court of Wards. They were absent half an hour; the time being spent, according

to a Royalist authority, in 'chiding Downes, and with reproaches and threats hardening him to go through the remainder of their villainy with them.' On their return, Bradshaw announced that the King's proposal was rejected, and that they had unanimously resolved to proceed to sentence and to judgment.

The King. 'Sir, I know it is in vain for me to dispute: I am no sceptic for to deny the power that you have; I know that you have power enough. Sir, I must confess I think it would have been for the kingdom's peace if you would have taken pains for to show the lawfulness of your power. For this delay that I have desired, I confess it is a delay; but it is a delay very important for the peace of the kingdom; for it is not my person that I look at alone—it is the kingdom's welfare and the kingdom's peace. It is an old sentence, "That we should think on long before we resolve of great matters suddenly." Therefore, sir, I do say again that I do put at your doors all the inconveniency of a hasty sentence. I confess I have been here now, I think, this week—this day eight days was the day I came here first; but a little delay of a day or two further may give peace, whereas a hasty judgment may bring on that trouble and perpetual inconveniency to the kingdom, that the child that is unborn may repent it. And therefore, again, out of the duty I owe to God and to my country, I do desire that I may be heard by the Lords and Commons in the Painted Chamber, or any other chamber that you will appoint me.'

Bradshaw. 'You have been already answered to what you even now moved, being the same you moved before, since the resolution and the judgment of the Court in it. And the Court now requires to know whether you have any more to say for yourself than you have said, before they proceed to sentence.'

The King. 'I say this, sir, that if you hear me, if you will give me but this delay, I doubt not but that I shall give some satisfaction to you all here, and to my people after that; and therefore I do require you, as you will

answer it at the dreadful day of judgment, that you will consider it once again.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, I have received direction from the Court.'

The King. 'Well, sir.'

Bradshaw. 'If this must be reinforced, or anything of this nature, your answer must be the same; and they will proceed to sentence, if you have nothing more to say.'

The King. 'I have nothing more to say; but I shall desire that this may be entered what I have said.'

Bradshaw. 'The Court then, sir, hath something to say unto you, which, although I know it will be very unacceptable, yet, notwithstanding, they are willing and are resolved to discharge their duty.'

He went on to address him at great length, his harangue forming a kind of *apologia* for the actions of the Parliament, and a recital of the evils of the civil war, of which he declared the King to be the author. The language employed was harsh, but grave, elevated, devout, and animated by an obvious sincerity. The King listened in dignified silence, without offering any interruption; but when Bradshaw ceased, he exclaimed:

'I would desire only one word before you give sentence; and that is, that you would hear me concerning those great imputations that you have laid to my charge.'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you must give me now leave to go on; for I am not free from your sentence, and your time is now past.'

The King. 'But I shall desire you will hear me a few words to you; for truly, whatever sentence you will put upon me, in respect of those heavy imputations that I see by your speech you have put upon me. Sir, it is very true that——'

Here Bradshaw interposed, and, after some further remarks on 'the large dimension' of the King's sins, he called upon the clerk, Broughton, to read the sentence, which ran as follows: 'Whereas the Commons of England in Parliament had appointed them a High Court of Justice for the trial of Charles Stuart, King of England, before

whom he had been three times convented, and at the first time a charge of high treason, and other crimes and misdemeanours, was read in the behalf of the kingdom of England . . . which charges being read unto him as aforesaid, he, the said Charles Stuart, was required to give his answer; but he refused so to do . . . . for all which treasons and crimes this court doth adjudge, that he, the said Charles Stuart, as a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and public enemy, shall be put to death by the severing of his head from his body.'

Bradshaw. 'This sentence, now read and published, is the act, sentence, judgment, and resolution of the whole court.'

All the members here rose in token of assent.*

* The warrant ordering the King's execution, issued by the High Court of Justice on Monday, the 29th of January, was worded as follows :

'Whereas Charles Stuart, King of England, is, and standeth Convicted, Attainted, and Condemned of High Treason and other high Crimes, and Sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced against him by this Court, to be put to death by the severing of his Head from his Body, of which Sentence Execution yet remains to be done : These are therefore to will and require you to see the said Sentence executed in the open Street before White-Hall upon the morrow, being the 30 day of this instant Month of January, between the hours of Ten in the Morning and Five in the Afternoon of the same day, with full effect : And so doing this shall be your sufficient Warrant. And these are to require all Officers and Soldiers, and other the good People of this Nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service.

'To Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Huncks, and Lieutenant-Colonel Phayre, and to every one of them.

'Given under our hands and seals.'

John Bradshaw.	Theo. Horton.	Owen Rowe.	J. Alured.
Thomas Gray.	H. Ireton.	WilliamPurefoy.	Rob. Lilburne.
Ol. Cromwell.	Tho. Maleverer.	Ad. Scroope.	W. Saye.
Edw. Whaley.	John Blakeston.	James Temple.	Anth. Stapeley.
Mi. Livesey.	Jo. Hutchinson.	A. Garland.	Gre. Norton.
John Okey.	Will. Goffe.	Edm. Ludlow.	Tho. Chaloner.
Jo. Danvers.	Tho. Pride.	Hen. Martin.	Tho. Wogan.
Jo. Bourcheir.	Pe. Temple.	Vincent Porter.	Jo. Venne.
Rich. Ingoldsby.	Tho. Harrison.	W. Constable.	Greg. Clement.
W. Cawley.	Hen. Smith.	Jo. Jones.	Jo. Downes.
J. Barkestead.	Per. Pelham.	Jo. Moore.	Tho. Waite.
Isaac Ewer.	Ri. Dean.	Ha. Waller.	Tho. Scott.
J. Dixwell.	Rob. Tichburne.	Gilb. Millington.	Jo. Carew.
Val. Walton.	Hum. Edwards.	C. Fleetwood.	Miles Corbet.
Simon Mayne.	Dan. Blagran.		

The King. 'Will you hear me a word, sir?'

Bradshaw. 'Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence.'

The King. 'No, sir.'

Bradshaw. 'No, sir, by your favour, sir. Guard, withdraw your prisoner.'

The King. I may speak after sentence, by your favour, sir; I may speak after sentence, ever. By your favour, hold; the sentence, sir—I say, sir, I do—I am not suffered to speak; expect what justice other people will have.'

At this moment, the guard pressed around him, and literally forced him from the bar, hurrying him along to the place where his chair was in waiting. As he descended the staircase, the soldiers repeated their cries of 'Justice! execution!' blowing the smoke of their tobacco —which was very distasteful to him—in his face, while one person, more insolent than the rest, actually spat at him—the King, with his usual calmness, taking no more notice of the indignity than to cleanse his face with his handkerchief. Above the furious shouts of the soldiery might be heard at times the voices of the people: 'God save your Majesty! God deliver your Majesty from the hands of your enemies!' And, until he was seated in his chair, the bearers, in spite of the angry threats of Colonel Axtell, stood bareheaded. The cortège set out for Whitehall; the streets were lined with soldiers, behind whom, and at the doors and windows, an immense crowd had collected, for the most part silent, but some weeping, and others praying aloud for their King. At intervals, to celebrate their triumph, the soldiers renewed their savage exclamations: 'Justice! justice! execution! execution!' But by this time Charles had recovered his composure. 'Poor souls!' he cried, 'for a piece of money they would do so for their commanders.'

In the evening 'a member of the army' acquainted the committee with his Majesty's desire, that inasmuch as they had passed a sentence of death upon him, and his time might be nigh, he might be allowed to see his children, and

that Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, might assist him in his private devotions, and administer the Sacrament.

These requests were granted.

And the next day, being Sunday, the 28th, he was attended by the guard to St. James's, when Bishop Juxon preached before him upon these words: 'In the day when God shall judge the secrets of all men by Jesus Christ, according to my Gospel.'*

Assisted by Bishop Juxon, Charles prepared to meet his doom with an unaffected dignity, and a calm composure, which rose to the height of heroism. After sending messages of affectionate remembrance to his friends, he expressed a strong desire that his devotional exercises might not be interrupted by any interviews. 'I know,' he said, 'that my nephew the Elector will endeavour it, and other lords that love me, which I should take in good part, but my time is short and precious, and I am desirous to improve it the best I may in preparation. I hope they will not take it ill that none have access to me but my children. The best office they can do now is to pray for me.' The same night he gave orders for the removal of his dogs, and sent a farewell to his wife. When some of the Puritan divines requested permission to pray with him, he thanked them for their offer, and desired them to remember him in his prayers, but he had already chosen his spiritual adviser.

On the night of the 28th, the King took a ring from his finger, and instructed Herbert to take it to a certain house in Channel Row, at the back of King Street, Westminster, where he was to deliver it, without saying a word, to Lady Wheeler, the keeper of the royal laundry. Having obtained the password from Colonel Tomlinson, Herbert hastened to execute his commission. On receiving the ring, Lady Wheeler told him to wait in the room until she returned. Soon afterwards she reappeared, and placing in his hands a

* We have taken this detailed account of the King's trial from the report preserved in Royston's collection of his 'Works,' i. 425-448 (Ed. 1662).

small cabinet sealed with three seals, requested him to give it to the person from whom he had received the ring. Next morning, in Herbert's presence, Charles broke the seals, when in the casket was found a number of diamonds and other precious stones, mostly set in broken insignia of the Order of the Garter. 'This,' said the King, 'is all the wealth which I have it in my power to bequeath to my children.'

On the 29th, the last day but one, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester were allowed to take leave of their royal father. The Princess was a child of precocious intelligence, whom the sad parting deeply moved; and her boy brother, conscious that something was out of gear, wept with loud sobs and cries. Falling at his feet, they asked the King to bless them. He raised them up, kissing them affectionately, and, placing the Princess on his knee, desired her to tell her brother James that he must regard his brother Charles thenceforth as his Sovereign; adding, that it was his dying wish they should love one another, and forgive their father's enemies. He told her not to grieve for him, inasmuch as he died for the laws and liberties of the land, and for the maintenance of the Protestant religion; and she was to assure her mother that his thoughts had never wandered from her, and that his love had survived to the last. He then gave her his blessing, which she was to convey to her brothers and sisters, and she was also to remember him to all whom he held dear. 'But, sweet-heart,' he said, 'you will forget this.' 'No,' she replied, 'never while I live;' and breaking into a passion of tears, she promised to write down all that he had said to her.

Then he took on his knee the Duke of Gloucester. 'Sweetheart,' he said, as the child looked up at him with wistful eyes, 'they will cut off thy father's head. Mark what I say; they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king; but mark what I say: you must not be made a king as long as your brothers, Charles and James, are

* The young Duke was in his tenth year, the Princess in her fourteenth.

alive; for they will cut off your brothers' heads when they catch them, and cut off thy head at last; and therefore I charge you not to be made a king by them.' 'I will be torn in pieces first,' replied the boy; an answer which evidently gave great satisfaction to the King, He then presented the two children with his jewels; and while the tears fell fast and freely, kissed them with many kisses, and implored for them the Divine blessing. His feelings when they left him it is impossible to describe; but as the door was about to close upon them, he hurried towards it, clasped them again in his arms, and kissed them passionately. This was his sharpest experience; but he soon recovered his composure, and gave the rest of the day to prayer and devout meditation. Bishop Juxon preached a sermon before him from the 16th verse of the 2nd chapter of Romans; after which he received the Sacrament, and until a late hour of the night continued in religious conversation. For a couple of hours after the bishop had left him he prayed and read by himself. He then called to Herbert to place his bed on the floor by his own, and sank into a calm, sweet slumber.*

As for Herbert, he could rest but little, and the brief sleep he had was much troubled by a painful dream. 'Some hours before day,' he says, 'the King drew his bed-curtain to awaken me, and could, by the light of a wax lamp, perceive me troubled in my sleep. The King rose forthwith; and, as I was making him ready, "Herbert," said the King, "I would know why you were disquieted in your sleep?" I replied, "May it please your Majesty, I was in a dream." "What was your dream?" said the King, "I would hear it." "May it please your Majesty," said I, "I dreamed that, as you were making ready, one knocked at the bed-chamber door, which your Majesty took no notice of, nor was I willing to acquaint you with it, apprehending it might be Colonel Hacker. But knocking the second time, your Majesty asked me if I heard it not? I said I

* These details are from Herbert's 'Memoirs of the last Two Years of Charles I.' [Ed. 1702], pp. 225-299.

did; but did not choose to go without your orders. "Why then, go; know who it is, and his business.' Whereupon I opened the door, and perceived that it was the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Laud, in his pontifical habit, as worn at Court; I knew him, having seen him often. The Archbishop desired he might enter, having something to say to the king. I acquainted your Majesty with his desire; so you bade me let him in. Being in, he made his obeisance to your Majesty in the middle of the room, doing the like also when he came near your person; and falling on his knees, your Majesty gave him your hand to kiss, and took him aside to the window, when some discourse passed between your Majesty and him, and I kept a becoming distance, not hearing anything that was said, yet could perceive your Majesty pensive by your looks, and that the Archbishop gave a sigh; who, after a short stay, again kissing your hand, returned, but with his face all the way towards your Majesty, and making his usual reverences, the third being so submiss as he fell prostrate on his face on the ground, and I immediately stepped to him to help him up, which I was then acting when your Majesty saw me troubled in my sleep. The impression was so lively that I looked about, verily thinking it was no dream. The King said my dream was remarkable, but he is dead; yet had we conferred together during life, 'tis very likely (albeit I loved him well) I should have said something to him might have occasioned his sigh.'

When Herbert began to make him ready, the King said, in a cheerful voice: 'Herbert, this is my second marriage day; I would be as trim as may be to-day, for before night I hope to be espoused to my blessed Jesus.' He particularised the clothes he should wish to wear, and asked for an additional shirt, lest the coldness of the day should make him tremble,* and his enemies might think it was with fear.† 'I do not dread death,' he said; 'death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepared.'

* Evelyn records that the Thames was frozen over.
† Compare Byron's 'Marino Falieri.'

A few minutes were spent in indicating the memorials which he wished to bequeath. To Prince Charles his Bible, which contained many private remarks and annotations. He desired that he would read it often, and with great care, and added that in affliction he would find it to be his surest friend. To the Duke of York he sent a curious ring which he had been accustomed to wear; to the Princess Elizabeth, Bishop Andrews' 'Sermons,' Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' and Archbishop Laud's tractate against the Jesuit Fisher; to the Duke of Gloucester, King James's works and Dr. Hammond's 'Practical Catechism'; his gold watch to the Duchess of Richmond, the daughter of his old friend and favourite, Buckingham; and 'Cassandra,' to the Earl of Lindsay.

When Bishop Juxon arrived, the King retired with him to prayer. After the usual service of the church, the Bishop read the 27th chapter of St. Matthew, which records our Saviour's Passion. The King applied it to his own condition, and thanked the Bishop for his selection. He was greatly pleased when informed that the chapter was appointed in the calendar for the lesson of the day.

At ten o'clock Colonel Hacker appeared, and in a low tremulous voice announced that the moment of departure had arrived. Charles answered that he would come presently; and in a minute or two, taking the Bishop by the hand, and bidding Herbert bring with him his silver cloak, he went forth. He wore, we are told, a long black cloak and grey stockings. As he passed through the gardens of St. James's, he inquired of Herbert the time, and bade him keep the cloak in remembrance of his royal master.

Crossing the bare and frozen Park, through a double line of infantry, with a detachment of halberdiers in front and rear, their drums beating and colours flying, Charles walked with a stately and assured step; on his right, Bishop Juxon, in his robes; on his left, Colonel Tomlinson, commandant of the guard, both bare headed. With the latter

he conversed freely and calmly, speaking to him of his interment, and of the persons whom he wished to be charged with the duty of attending to it. Tradition relates that, as he passed along, he pointed out a tree, near to the entrance to Spring Gardens, as planted by his brother, Prince Henry. It is said that, during the journey, he was subjected to more than one insult. A fanatical officer, reviving an old calumny, asked if it were true that he was privy to his father's murder; and a 'mean citizen,' walking close by his side, fixed on him a look of peculiar malignity, until he was driven away by some of the attendants. The soldiers marching at a slow pace, Charles requested them to move faster. 'I go,' he said, 'to strive for a heavenly crown, with less solicitude than I have formerly encouraged my soldiers to fight for an earthly one.' Once during the journey, being apparently faint, he sat down and rested himself.

Amid the roll of drums he reached Whitehall, and, ascending the staircase lightly, traversed the great gallery, and gained his bedchamber, where he received the Sacrament from Bishop Juxon's hands. Dinner had been prepared for him; and at the Bishop's suggestion he ate a morsel of bread and drank a glass of claret. At one o'clock Colonel Hacker knocked at the door. The Bishop and Herbert fell on their knees, weeping; Charles gave them his hand to kiss, and assisted the aged prelate to regain his feet. To Colonel Tomlinson, who had behaved with great delicacy in a painful situation, he presented his gold tooth-pick case, requesting him to remain with him to the last; and then, turning to Hacker, he said: 'March; I follow you.' Between a double hedge of pikes he passed along the Banqueting Hall, and, through an opening which had been made in the centre of the wall, stepped out upon the black scaffold, where stood two headsmen, masked. A body of cavalry, with flashing helm and breastplate, thronged the open space in front, preventing the approach of the crowd. The King was thus prevented 'from speaking what he had

premeditated and prepared for them to hear;' but, 'omitting much of his intended matter, he addressed the following observations chiefly to Colonel Tomlinson:

'I shall be very little heard of anybody here; I shall therefore speak a word unto you here.

'Indeed, I could hold my peace very well, if I did not think that holding my peace would make some men think that I did submit to the guilt as well as to the punishment. But I think it is my duty to God first, and to my country, for to clear myself both as an honest man, and a good King, and a good Christian.

'I shall begin first with my innocency. In truth, I think it not very needful for me to insist long upon this, for all the world knows that I never did begin a war first with the two Houses of Parliament; and I call God to witness, to whom I must shortly make an account, that I never did intend for to encroach upon their privileges; they begun upon me: it is the Militia they began upon; they contest that the Militia was mine; but they thought it fit for to have it from me. And, to be short, if anybody will look to the dates of commissions, of their commissions and mine, and likewise to the declarations, they will see clearly that they began these unhappy troubles, not I. So that, as to the guilt of these numerous crimes that are laid against me, I hope in God that God will clear me of it. I will not —I am in charity—God forbid that I should lay it on the two Houses of Parliament; there is no necessity for either: I hope they are free of this guilt. For I do believe that ill instruments between them and me have been the chief cause of all this bloodshed. So that, by way of speaking, as I find myself clear of this, I hope and pray God that they may too. Yet, for all this, God forbid that I should be so ill a Christian as not to say that God's judgments are just upon me: many times He does pay justice by an unjust sentence; that is ordinary. I will only say this, that an unjust sentence I suffered for to take effect [the Earl of Strafford's] is punished now by an unjust sentence upon me.

That is—so far I have said to show you that I am an innocent man.

'Now for to show you that I am a good Christian. I hope there is a good man [pointing to Bishop Juxon] that will bear me witness that I have forgiven all the world, and even those in particular that have been the chief causes of my death: who they are, God knows—I do not desire to know; I pray God forgive them. But this is not all. My charity must go further. I wish that they may repent; for indeed they have committed a great sin in that particular; I pray God, with St. Stephen, that this be not laid to their charge. Nay, not only so, but that they may take the right way to the peace of the kingdom: for my charity commands me not only to forgive particular men, but my charity commands me to endeavour to the last gasp the peace of the kingdom. So, Sirs, I do wish with all my soul—and I do hope there is some here* will carry it further—that they may endeavour the peace of the kingdom.

'Now, Sirs, I must show you both how you are out of the way, and will put you in a way.

'First, you are out of the way. For certainly all the way you have even had yet, as I could find by anything, is the way of Conquest. Certainly this is an ill way; for Conquest, Sir, in my opinion, is never just, except there be a good just cause, either for matter of wrong, or just title; and then, if you go beyond it, the first quarrel that you have to it, that makes it unjust at the end that was just at the first. But if it be only matter of Conquest, then it is a great robbery, as a pirate said to Alexander, that he was the great robber, that he was but a petty robber. And so, Sir, I do think the way that you are in is much out of the way.

'Now, sir, for to put you in the way: believe it, you will never do right, nor God will never prosper you, until you give God His due, the King his due (that is, my successors), and the people their due: I am as much for them as any of you.

* 'Turning to some gentlemen that wrote.'

'You must give God His due, by regulating rightly the Church according to His Scripture, which is now out of order. For to set you in a way particularly, now I cannot; but only this. A National Synod, freely called, freely debating among themselves, must settle this, when that every opinion is freely and clearly heard.

'For the King, indeed I will not.

[Here, observing that a gentleman touched the axe, he exclaimed: 'Hurt not the axe; that may hurt me!']

'For the King, the laws of the land will clearly instruct you for that; therefore, because it concerns my own particular, I only give you a touch of it.

'For the People: and truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as anybody whomsoever; but I must tell you that their liberty and freedom consists in having of Government those laws by which their life and their goods may be most their own. It is not for having share in Government, Sir; that is nothing pertaining to them; a subject and a sovereign are clear different things. And therefore, until they do that, I mean, that you do put the people in that liberty as I say, certainly they will never enjoy themselves. Sirs, it was for this that now I am come here: if I would have given way to an arbitrary way, for to have all laws changed according to the power of the Sword, I needed not to have come here; and therefore I tell you—and I pray God it be not laid to your charge—that I am the Martyr of the People.

'In truth, Sirs, I shall not hold you much longer; for I will only say this to you, That in truth I could have desired some little time longer, because that I would have put this that I have said in a little more order, and a little better digested than I have done; and therefore I hope you will excuse me.

'I have delivered my conscience. I pray God that you do take those courses that are best for the good of the kingdom and your own salvation.'

At the end of the King's oration, Bishop Juxon turned

to him and said: 'Though it be very well known what your Majesty's affections are to the Protestant religion, yet it may be expected that you should say somewhat for the world's satisfaction in that particular.'

The King: 'I thank you very heartily, my Lord, for that; I had almost forgotten it. In troth, Sirs, my conscience in religion, I think, is very well known to all the world; and therefore I declare before you all, That I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father; and this honest man [pointing to the Bishop], I think, will witness it.'

Addressing the officers, he said: 'Sirs, excuse me for this same. I have a good cause, and I have a gracious God. I will say no more.'

To Colonel Hacker he said: 'Take care that they do not put me to pain. And, Sir, this, and it please you.'

He paused abruptly, for another gentleman was passing near the headsman's fatal weapon. 'Take heed of the axe; pray take heed of the axe!'

To the executioner, Robert Branden, he said: 'I shall say but very short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands——'

Then he called to the Bishop for his cap, and having put it on, asked the executioner: 'Does my hair trouble you?' He was requested to put it all under his cap, and while doing so he repeated to the Bishop, 'I have a good cause, and a gracious God on my side.' 'There is but one stage more,' rejoined the Bishop, 'which, though turbulent and troublesome, yet is a very short one. You may consider it will now carry you a very great way; it will carry you from earth to heaven; and there you shall find, to your great joy, the prize you hasten to—a crown of glory.' 'I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown,' said Charles; 'where no disturbance can be—no disturbance in the world.' 'You are exchanged,' added the Bishop, 'from a temporal to an eternal crown: a good exchange.'

The King here asked the executioner, 'Is my hair well?' and taking off his cloak and George, the insignia of the Garter, he handed his George to the Bishop, with the emphatic injunction, 'Remember!' Then, removing his doublet, to put on his cloak again, and looking at the block, said to the executioner, 'You must set it fast.' 'It is fast, sir.' *The King:* 'It might have been a little higher.' *Executioner:* 'It can be no higher, sir.' *The King:* 'When I put out my hands this way, then——' Having said a few words to himself, still standing, with hands and eyes lifted up towards heaven, he stooped down, and laid his head upon the block. The executioner again putting his hair under his cap, Charles, thinking that he was about to strike, exclaimed, 'Stay for the sign!' 'Yes, I will, and it please your Majesty.' After a very short pause, the King stretched forth his hands; the axe flashed through the air; and with a single stroke all was over, a dismal groan rising involuntarily from the multitude—a groan which has resounded through the pages of our English history to this day.

The executioner held up the head to the people, according to custom; afterwards, along with the lifeless body, it was placed in a coffin covered with black velvet, and conveyed to St. James's. The blood was collected by 'divers persons for different ends'—by some as 'trophies of their villainy,' by others as 'reliques of a martyr;' and one writer asserts that in many cases, it had the same effect, by the blessing of God, which was often found in his sacred touch when living.'

Having been embalmed, the body was deposited in a leaden coffin, and left open for some days to the inspection of the people. At length, upon Wednesday, February 7th, it was delivered to four of his servants, Herbert, Mildmay, Preston, and Joyner, who, with attendants, in mourning equipage, escorted the hearse that night to Windsor, and placed the coffin in the room which had been the dead King's bedchamber. On the following day it was removed

into the Dean's Hall, which was hung with black, and darkened, and tapers were set round about it. About three in the afternoon the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hertford, the Earls of Southampton and Lindsay, and the Bishop of London—'others that were sent to refusing that last service to the best of princes'—arrived at the Castle, bearing an order from Parliament that the arrangements of the late King's burial should be committed to the Duke, provided that the expenses did not exceed £500. This order they presented to Colonel Chichester, the Governor of the Castle, with a request that the interment might take place in St. George's Chapel, according to the forms of the Church of England.' The latter portion of the request was refused on the ground 'that it was improbable the Parliament would permit the use of what they had so solemnly abolished, and therein destroy their own act.' The Lords replied, 'that there was a difference betwixt destroying their own act and dispensing with it; and that no power so binds its own hands as to disable itself in some cases.' The Governor, however, was not to be persuaded. An ordinary grave had been dug in the body of St. George's Chapel for the reception of the corpse; but the Lords contrived, 'by the direction of an honest man, one of the old knights, to use an artifice to discover a vault in the middle of the choir, by the hollow sound they might perceive in knocking with a staff upon that place; that so it might seem to be their own accidental finding out, and no person receive blame for the discovery.' The vault having been opened, they saw in the middle of it a large coffin of lead, covered with a velvet pall, and a lesser by its side, which they supposed to be the coffins respectively of Henry VIII. and Queen Jane Seymour. On the other side they resolved to lay the King.

Hither the hearse was borne by the officers of the garrison, the four lords supporting the corners of the velvet pall, and the Bishop of London following. The snow fell heavily, so that by the time the door of the chapel was reached, the

pall had become quite white—white, 'the colour of innocency.' And in this manner were the King's remains, about three in the afternoon of Friday, the 9th of February, 'silently, and without other solemnity than of sighs and tears, committed to the earth, the velvet pall being thrown into the vault over the coffin, to which was fastened an inscription in lead of these words, "King Charles, 1648."'

Nothing in the life of Charles became him like the leaving of it. He nothing common did or mean, upon that memorable scene; but behaved with a dignity and a serene courage which threw a lustre about the scaffold, and have blinded men's eyes to the grave defects of his character, and the fatal tendencies of his policy. As for his adversaries, it must be admitted that they, too, showed no littleness of spirit; not rejoicing indecently over a vanquished man, but discharging what they conceived to be a solemn duty with a composed and even stately demeanour. It was a painful duty which was laid upon them; and they undertook it like men who, though they acted reluctantly, yet acted from conviction. 'I am fully persuaded,' says Ludlow, 'that an accommodation with the King was unsafe to the people of England, and unjust and wicked in the nature of it. The former, besides that it was obvious to all men, the King himself had proved by the duplicity of his dealing with the Parliament, which manifestly appeared in his own papers, taken at the battle of Naseby and elsewhere. Of the latter I was convinced by the express words of God's law, "that blood defiled the land, and that the land cannot be cleansed of the blood that is shed therein but by the blood of him that shed it."' 'And as for Mr. Hutchinson,' writes his noble wife, 'he addressed himself to God by prayer, desiring the Lord that if, through any human frailty, he was led into any error or false opinion in these great transactions, He would open his eyes, and not suffer him to proceed, but that he would confirm his spirit in the truth, and lead him by a right enlightened conscience; and finding no check, but a

confirmation in his conscience, that it was his duty to act as he did, he, upon serious debate, both privately and in his addresses to God, and in conferences with conscientious, upright, and unbiassed persons, proceeded to sign the sentence against the King.' But though it was in this solemn and devout spirit that the governing body of the Parliament sent Charles to the block, it is impossible to deny that their act was unconstitutional and illegal, inasmuch as in no sense did they represent the nation, and that, apart from all other considerations, it was a great political error. It rekindled a strong and enthusiastic loyalty in the hearts of the people, who forgot the arbitrary actions of the sovereign in the pathetic and impressive circumstances that attended his so-called martyrdom. And it brought them face to face with that sovereign's heir and successor, who was chargeable with none of his father's faults as a ruler, and whose youth and misfortunes could not but produce an effect on the popular sympathies.

Mr. Gardiner, the most judicial of our historians, deals fairly with the case of both parties. 'It was not from the law,' he says, 'that Charles had suffered. Legal tribunals are not infallible, but they are formed in such a way as to secure as much impartiality as possible, and are accustomed to act according to certain rules which offenders are aware of in advance. . . . Never was any army more desirous of escaping from the necessity of using brute force than this one. The cause which it sustained was the right cause, and it sustained it worthily with the pen as well as with the sword. But they could not endure that all their sacrifices should go for nothing; that foolish unwise prejudices should have the upper hand; that armies should gather round Charles in the absurd expectation that he would rule otherwise than he had ruled before. If only Charles's head was off, justice would be done, and men's minds would no longer be set on so ridiculous a quest as that of a Presbyterian Charles I. Not so! That which seemed to end all, ended nothing. . . . It was bad enough to contend

with the elements of confusion which had gathered round Charles; it would be worse to contend with them when the narrow-minded and self-willed prince had been elevated to the position of a saint and a martyr; and when the defence of violated law, and the maintenance of popular rights against the iron will of a triumphant soldiery, came to be the watchword of the followers of Charles II.'

At this period of time it is difficult to imagine the shock sent through the whole civilized world by the trial and execution of Charles I. It seemed like a disruption of the whole social order; an event of so portentous and so incredible a character that men could find nothing with which to compare it but the crucifixion of Christ. Salmasius, in his 'Defensio Regia,' shrieks out against its authors as 'tetrae belluae, ac acolossis suis ferociores'—hideous monsters, more ferocious than their own mastiffs—and, no doubt, this was the opinion of them generally entertained. In putting to death the Lord's anointed, they had committed a crime of unspeakable atrocity, at which the world stood aghast. Hence the vehemence, not to say the fury, which marks the royalist writings of the time, whether in verse or prose. The White King, as they called him, was a martyred saint; his executioners were wretches steeped in bloodguiltiness like the murderers of Stephen. Thus, an anonymous elegist exclaims:

'But lo! a charge is drawn, a day is set,
The silent lamb is brought, the wolves are met.
Law is arraigned of treason, peace of war,
And justice stands a prisoner at the bar.
This sure was like the passion-tragedy:
His Saviour's person none could act but he. . . .
And where's the slaughter-house? Whitehall must be,
Lately his Palace, now his Calvary.
Great Charles, is this thy dying-place? and where
Thou wert our king, art thou our martyr there? . . .
Religion veils herself, and mourns that she
Is forced to cover such horrid villany.
The Church and State do shake; that building must
Expect to fall, whose prop is turned to dust.
But cease from tears, Charles is most blest of men;
A God on earth, more than a saint in Heaven.'

The author of 'The Royal Martyr: or King Charles the First no Man of Blood but a Martyr for his People,* breaks into the following rhapsody:

'The sun in the firmament, and the four great quarters of the earth, and the shapes and lineaments of them are not so universally known, seen, or spoken of, as this will be most certain to the present, as well as after ages. The end hath now verified the beginning, and *quod primum fuit in intentione ultimo loco agitur*. Seven years' hypocritical promises and practises, seven years' pretences, and seven years' preaching and prattling have now brought us all to the conclusion as well as confusion. The blood of old England is let out by greater witchcraft and cozenage than that of Medea, when she set Pelias' daughters to let out old blood, that young might come in the place of it; the cedars of Lebanon are devoured, and the trees have made the bramble King, and are like to speed as well with it as the frogs did with the stork that devoured them. And they have not only slain the King their father, but, like Nero, ripped up the belly of the Commonwealth, which was their mother. The light of heaven is put out; and the King, laws, religion, and liberties of the people murthered—an action so horrid, and a sin of so great a magnitude and complication, as if we shall ask *the days that are past*, and inquire from one end of the earth to the other, there will not be found any wickedness like to this great wickedness, or hath been heard like it. The Severn, Thames, Trent, and Humber, four of the greatest rivers of the kingdom. with all their lesser running streams of the island in their continual courses, and those huge heaps of water in the ocean girdle of it, in their restless agitations, will never be able to scour and wash away the guilt and stain of it, though all the rain which the clouds shall ever bring forth and impart to the nation, and the tears of those that bewail the loss of a King of so eminent graces and perfections be added to it.'

* Published by Henry Bell, London, 1660.

> 'Quis cladem illius dixi? quis funera fando
> Explicet? aut possit lachrymis æquare dolores?
> Gens antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos.'

That the temper of the opposite party was not less bitter might be proved from a hundred pamphlets; but we may be content with a single example from 'The None-Such Charles,' which professes to have been 'published by authority' (1651), and is attributed by Horace Walpole to the venal pen of Balthazar Gerbier. It deals with the King's career and character in the most caustic manner, and is enlivened by anecdotes extracted 'out of divers Originall Transactions, Dispatches, and the Notes of severall Publick Ministers and Councillors of State as well at Home as Abroad.' Here is a specimen of the language employed:

'The best words which he may have been observed to speak, or the best ever which he may be said to have had, was, at his entering at the Banqueting house door, where he went as to the place of execution, for there he called for the black scarf to have his head laid in, which he knew was to answer for that body of his; which his wilful head had so much abused oft, and brought to that pass.

'For after it had played foul and false with as good men as himself, courted neighbour princes that it had acted the same with his own people, with his most faithful servants, nay, with those in whose hands and guard he was; who proffered several means unto him for his recovery; yet would he then, even as before said (when he thought to have had the game in his own hands) nor that own heady wilfulness as to lose all at a stroke; and rather choose to submit himself to the justice of an axe in a hangman's hand, than to sway a sceptre with equity. . . . .

'Now men see on what grounds it was that Queen Anne (of Denmark) said to the Earl of Warwick, now living, and the then Earl of Pembroke (when as they condoled with her on the death of Prince Henry, persuading her how hopeful a prince her son Charles was), she in a great passion burst

out, and said, 'My lords, he will undo you all, and this nation to boot.

'Now, men may see how much reason Ben Jonson had, when as, lying sick in his bed, very poor, and that after much importunity of courtiers, ten pounds were sent to him by the King, after the receipt of which, Ben threw them through the glass windows, saying, "This man's soul was not fit to live in an alley."

'And this man's soul was more fixed on Ben's verses, and other romances, during the time of his imprisonment, than on those Holy Writs, wherein salvation is to be sought for the soul as well as for the body.

'Yet some men of these times will be gulled, and made believe that he who could never speak nor write like a tyrant, would at last write like a divine.

'Moreover, the world will be so foolish as to suppose that there was reason and common sense in the man, when all his career showed the contrary: nay, how that he had not any capacity at all to be his own friend, or to contradict what his own mother had foretold of him.

'That he had not any capacity at all to judge, when it was fit for him to accept that which might have saved him. For an instance whereof, a treaty was offered to him, right several times, when as one treaty might have served, to reconcile himself with his people, and this was after he had been beaten twice: yet would he (being reduced to his people's mercy) juggle in his treaties, have new designs during the time of each treaty for to destroy his people.'

The concluding paragraphs are very quaintly worded:

'It is not material to describe his personal features, nor his other eminent qualities, or to allege his middle-size stature, chestnut hair, brownish complexion, his gray eyes, narrow forehead, his indifferent big nose, his defect by his stammering in his speech, his temperance in diet and clothing, his general inclination to all arts and sciences, his excelling so far in them as that he might have got a livelihood by them. . . .

'Originally sprang from those two stems, to wit, King James and King Henry the Fourth of France, whose children's children (as it's apparent) have been designed to be the visible objects of the wrath of God, as well for their own iniquities as for those of their stems; to wit, their hypocrisies towards God, and their dissemblings with men.

'Their hypocrisy towards God, in that they have said and done those things which were contradictory to their public preservation in point of religion.

'Their dissembling with men, in that all their actions have contradicted their words and writings, and by this the late King hath approved himself to be a *None such Charles*, and hath justly drawn on himself the following conclusions, viz.

'He spake not the speech of a Prince, for that he was accustomed to denials.

'He had not the gait of a Prince, for that he walked more like a lackey.

'He did not ride like a Prince, but like a post-boy.

'He did not woo like a Prince, for that he never was admitted to so much as one single conference with his first mistress.

'He had not at his coronation all the ceremonials befitting a King.

'Neither was his entry into the City of London so completely performed as that of other princes had been before.

'He did not marry in that pomp and state which befitted a King.

'He gave not his daughter in marriage as it behoved a King.

'He kept not his word, as a King should have done, neither with his neighbours, nor with his subjects.

'He did not reign like a King, for that he was unjust, both to his own people and to other nations.

'Neither died he like a King. [This is certainly a calumny.]

'Nor was he mourned for like a King.

'Finally, his effigies were not suffered to stand like that of a King.

'And, therefore, he is by right termed

'THE NONE-SUCH CHARLES.'

However diverse the judgments which men may pronounce upon Charles I. as a ruler, I suppose that nearly everybody will agree in their estimate of him as an accomplished gentleman, with considerable intellectual powers and cultivated tastes. In the variety of his acquirements very few of his subjects could have surpassed him. Nor were these all of a light or superficial character. He was deeply versed in theology, and in the history and laws of his own country. His knowledge of mathematics was extensive. He had studied the writers of antiquity with attention, and had an unusual command of French, Spanish, and Italian. He was well acquainted with the principal industries, and his saying that he believed he could earn his livelihood by any trade except tapestry-weaving, was not an idle boast. He displayed in his discussions with the Parliamentary commissioners at Newport remarkable powers of attack and defence, and a good deal of legal acumen; though he was overheard to remark that, if compelled to choose a profession, he would not embrace that of a lawyer. 'I would not,' he said, 'defend a bad cause, nor yield in a good one.' Henderson, the well-known Presbyterian divine—a disputant of exceptional gifts—bore testimony to the powers in dialectics of his illustrious adversary: 'I do declare before God and the world,' he said, 'whether in relation to Kirk or State, I found his Majesty the most intelligent man that ever I spoke with; as far beyond my expression as expectation. I profess that I was oftentimes astonished with the solidity and quickness of his reasons and replies—wondered how he, spending his time in sports and recreations, could have attained to so great knowledge; and must confess that I was convinced in conscience, and knew not how to give him any

reasonable satisfaction; yet the sweetness of his disposition is such, that whatsoever I said was well taken. I must say that I never met with any disputant of that mild and calm temper, which convinced me that such resolution and moderation could not be without an extraordinary measure of the Divine grace. I dare say, if his advice had been followed, all the blood that is shed, and all the rapine that is committed, should have been prevented.'

No one of our sovereigns, at least until this present reign, has shown so warm and critical an appreciation of the fine arts. We know that he was the liberal and intelligent patron of Vandyck—who repaid him for his patronage by idealising him into the picturesque figure so familiar to all of us—and of Rubens. In the Issue Roll of Thomas de Brantingham mention is made of various sums paid to those great artists for their work: 'To Sir Anthony Vandyck'—he was knighted by Charles—'for divers pictures, viz., our own royal portraiture; another of Monsieur, the French King's brother; and particular of the Archduchess, at length, at £25 a piece. One of our royal consort; another of the Prince of Orange; and another of their son, at half-length, at £20 a-piece. One great piece of our royal self, consort, and children, £100. One of the Emperor Vitellius, £20; and for mending the picture of the Emperor Galbus, £5.'

'To Sir Anthony Vandyck, £444, for nine pictures of our royal self and most dearest consort the Queen; £40 for the picture of our dearest consort, the Queen, by him made, and by our command delivered unto our right trusty and well-beloved cousin and counsellor, the Lord Viscount Wentworth, our deputy of Ireland.

'To Sir Peter Rubens, Knight, £3,000, for certain pictures from him sold unto us.'

With admirable taste and unwearied diligence the King collected a superb gallery of pictures, statues, and antiquities. He purchased at one time the entire cabinet of the Duke of Mantua, considered the finest in Europe. The

value of pictures in Europe was doubled, it is said, by the eager competition between himself and Philip IV. of Spain for any work of indubitable merit. Rubens, in one of his letters, observes that he was chiefly induced to visit England by the information he had received that its King was the best judge of art in Europe. He was certainly the most liberal. It is stated that before the Civil War broke out he was on the point of concluding an agreement with Vandyck by which that great artist, for a sum of £8,000, was to decorate the walls of the banqueting-house at Whitehall with illustrations of the ceremonial connected with the Order of the Garter. When Panzani, a secret agent of the Roman Court, came to England to promote the revival of Popery, Cardinal Barberini recommended him to the royal favour by representing him as an agent for procuring statues, fine pictures, and curiosities; and the King's inquiries and commissions show that he possessed an exact knowledge of the most interesting remains of ancient art. He was particularly desirous of obtaining a statue of Adonis in the Villa Ludovisia, at Rome, but all the influence of Barberini could not prevail upon the Duchess of Fiano to part with it. In reference to other commissions the Cardinal writes: 'The statues go on prosperously; nor shall I hesitate to rob Rome of her most valuable ornaments, if, in exchange, we might be so happy as to have the King of England's name among those princes who submit to the Apostolic See.'

He possessed four-and-twenty palaces, all of them 'elegantly and completely furnished,' and all embellished with precious works of art. At Greenwich, his principal residence until the beginning of the Civil War, he was assisted in his favourite pursuit by his Queen, who 'so finished and furnished' the 'House of Delight' which Anne of Denmark had began, that it far surpassed 'all other of that kind in England.' It was completed in 1635, under the direction of Inigo Jones. The ceilings were painted by Gentileschi. The Queen had intended to form here a cabinet of pictures, and to have employed Rubens and

Jordaens to decorate the walls and ceilings of her oratory and other rooms, but political and pecuniary difficulties prevented the fulfilment of her design.

At Hampton Court he was a frequent visitor, and many of its artistic treasures were provided by him and his Queen. It was here he knighted, on October 2nd, 1638, Balthazar Gerbier, who had been negotiating for him at the Hague a pacific arrangement with Spain, and the purchase of works of art. Wimbledon House also contained many evidences of the elegant tastes of Charles and his Queen.

It was at those and other palaces that they gave the famous entertainments which, for their combined splendour and refinement, were the talk of Europe. Those masques and ballets, in which were skilfully blended the charms of music and dancing, poetry and scenic illustrations, exhibited the various gifts of Ben Jonson, Inigo Jones, and Balthazar Gerbier. Laniere and Ferabosco composed the symphonies; the King, the Queen, and the young nobility danced in the interludes. In the famous masque of the 'Cœlum Britannicum'—written by Thomas Carew and composed by Henry Lawes—produced at the Banqueting House on February 1st, 1633, the masquers included the King, the Duke of Sussex, the Earls of Devonshire, Holland, Newport, and Elgin, Viscount Grandison, Lords Rich, Fielding, Digby, Dungarvan, Durham, Wharton, Paget, and Saltoun, with the following young lords and noblemen's sons: Lords Walden, Cranborn, Brackley, Chandos, Messrs. William Herbert, Thomas Howard, Thomas Egerton, Charles Cavendish, John Howard, and Henry Spencer. Garrard, writing to the Earl of Strafford (January 9th, 1633), says: 'On Twelfth Night the Queen feasted the King at Somerset House, and presented him with a play, newly studied, "The Faithful Shepherdess" [by Fletcher], which the King's players acted in the robes she and her ladies acted their pastoral in last year. I had almost forgot to tell your lordship that, the dicing night, the King carried away in James Palmer's hat £1850. The Queen was his half, and brought

him that luck; she shared presently £900. There are two masques in hand, the first of the Inns of Court, which is to be presented on Candlemas Day, the other the King presents the Queen with on Shrove Tuesday, at night. High expenses; they speak of £20,000, that it will cost the men of law.'

After the death of the King his art treasures were dispersed in the most ruthless manner. In March, 1649, the Parliament ordered a commission to be appointed for inventorying the goods and personal estate of the late King, the Queen, and the Prince. The catalogue, when complete, formed 'a magnificent folio, of near a thousand pages, of an extraordinary dimension, bound in crimson velvet and richly gilt, written in a fair large hand, but with little knowledge of the objects which the inventory-writer describes.' It is entitled 'An Inventory of the Goods, Jewels, Plate, etc., belonging to King Charles I., sold by order of the Council of State, from the year 1649 to 1652,' and is now preserved in the Harleian Collection at the British Museum.

From this interesting manuscript it appears that 'every article was appraised, nothing was sold under the affixed price, but a slight competition seems sometimes to have raised the sum; and when the Council of State could not get the sum appraised, the gold and silver was sent to the Mint, and assuredly many fine works of art were valued by the ounce. The names of the purchasers appear; they are usually English, but probably many were the agents for foreign Courts. The coins or medals were thrown promiscuously into drawers; one drawer, having twenty-four medals, was valued at £2 10s.; another, of twenty, at £1; another, of twenty-four, at £1; and one drawer, containing forty-six silver coins, with the box, was sold for £5. On the whole, the medals seem not to have been valued at much more than a shilling apiece. The appraiser was certainly no antiquary. The King's curiosities in the Tower jewel-house generally fetched above the price fixed; the toys of

art could please the unlettered minds that had no conception of its works.'

The Temple of Jerusalem, made of ebony and amber, fetched £25.

A fountain of silver, for perfumed waters, artificially made to play of itself, £30.

A chess-board, said to be Queen Elizabeth's, inlaid with gold, silver, and pearls, £23.

A conjuring demon from Lapland, with an almanack cut on a piece of wood.

Several sections, in silver, of a Turkish galley, a Venetian gondola, an Indian canoe, and a first-rate man-of-war.

A Saxon king's mace used in war, with a ball full of spikes, and the handle covered with gold spikes and enamelled, £37 8s.

A gorget of massy gold, chased with the manner of a battle, weighing thirty-one ounces, at £3 10s. per ounce, was sent to the Mint.

A Roman shield, of buff leather, covered with a plate of gold, finely chased with a Gorgon's head, set round the rim with rubies, emeralds, turquoise stones, in number 137, £132 12s.

The pictures, removed from Whitehall, Windsor, Wimbledon, Greenwich, Hampton Court, etc., formed a magnificent collection; but it is impossible to understand on what principle, if any, they were valued by the appraiser. With respect to the masterpieces, however, he seems to have had a right idea of their artistic worth, for a Sleeping Venus, by Correggio, and a Madonna, by Raphael, were rated at and sold for £1,000 and £2,000 respectively. A Nativity, by Giulio Romano, fetched £500; a small Madonna and Child, by Raphael, £800; and the great 'Venus and Adonis,' by Titian, at £600. These were the only pictures which sold for moderately large sums. As a rule, Titian's pictures brought in about £100 each. Rubens's 'Peace and Plenty' reached £200; his 'Woman taken in Adultery' only £20. Guido's 'Venus Dressed by the Graces' was sold for £200.

The famous cartoons of Raphael were appraised at £300, but found no purchaser.

Some of the portraits bear witness, in the low prices they realized, to the excited state of public feeling. For example:

Queen Elizabeth, in her Parliament robes, valued £1.

The Queen-Mother, in mourning habit, £3.

Portrait of George Buchanan, £3 10s.

The King, when 'a youth in coats,' £2.

The Queen, in her pregnancy, 5s.

King Charles, an equestrian portrait, by Vandyck, was bought by Balthazar Gerbier for £20.

The pictures, furniture, gold and silver plate, etc., sold for £118,080 10s. 6d.

Charles had also a fine taste for tapestry, and liberally encouraged the works for weaving it which had been established at Mortlake, since 1619, by Sir Francis Crane. While at Madrid, in 1623, he sent home orders to pay £500 for a set of Mortlake tapestry representing the Months, which had been woven specially for him; and soon after he became King he gave an acknowledgment to Sir Francis of £6,000, owing to him for 'three suits of gold tapestry for our use,' at the same time settling upon him an annuity of £1,000, and allowing him a grant of £2,000 yearly for ten years, for the better maintenance of the said works of tapestries. At a later date he bestowed upon him and the Dowager Duchess of Richmond the exclusive right for seventeen years of coining copper farthings. On the death of Sir Francis Crane, in 1633, he purchased the interest in the works, which were thenceforward known as the King's works. It was in order to their being copied at Mortlake, that Charles, at the suggestion of Rubens, purchased the cartoons of Raphael, then known as 'The Acts of the Apostles.' Still extant is the warrant, dated December 3rd, 1639, to Sir James Palmer, Bart., Governor of his Majesty's Works for making of Hangings at Mortlake, directing him 'to sell unto the Earl of Holland five pieces of hangings of the Story of

the Apostles, being of the second sort, for the sum of £886 17s. 6d., being the price his Majestie allowed for the same.'

Painting was not the only art loved and cultivated by Charles; he was passionately fond of music, was a pupil of Cooper, and played with some degree of skill on the viol di gamba. He greatly affected the society of men of letters, and was a friend of the poets, especially of May and Ben Jonson. Of Shakespeare he was an arduous and assiduous student. Milton records that the great poet was 'the closet companion of Charles's solitudes.'

The grave and decorous character of Charles necessarily impressed itself upon his Court, in which prevailed a dignity and a refinement unknown for many years. 'The face of the Court,' says Mrs. Hutchinson, who, as a Puritan, might be expected to refrain from exaggeration, 'was much changed in the change of the King; for King Charles was temperate, chaste, and serious, so that the fools, mimics, and catamites of the former Court grew out of fashion; and the nobility and courtiers, who did not quite abandon their debaucheries, had yet that reverence to the King to retire into corners to practise them.' Bassompierre, the French Ambassador, describing his first audience of Charles and the Queen, says: 'I found the King on a stage raised two steps, the Queen and he on two chairs, who rose at the first bow I made them on coming in. The company was magnificent, and the order exquisite.' Charles helped to maintain this order by insisting on a strict observance of Court etiquette. 'He kept State to the full,' says Lord Clarendon, 'which made his Court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be.' An anecdote in illustration of this point of the King's character may here be repeated. It is told by Ferdinando Masham, one of the King's esquires of the body.

'I remember,' he says, 'that coming to the King's bed-chamber door, which was bolted on the inside, the late Earl of Bristol, then being in waiting and lying there, he un-

bolted the door upon my knocking, and asked me "What news?" I told him I had a letter for the King. The Earl then demanded the letter of me, which I told him I could deliver to none but the King himself; upon which the King said: "The esquire is in the right; for he ought not to deliver any letter or message to any but myself, he being at this time the chief officer of my house; and if he had delivered the letter to any other I should not have thought him fit for his place."' The rule was, that after the guard had been posted, and the 'All night' word up, the esquire in waiting took sole command of the royal household.

It is said that Charles was deficient in tact and in that courtly graciousness which in a sovereign ruler possesses such an indescribable charm; but he must have been gifted with fine qualities of mind and nature to have secured the fervent loyalty and self-sacrificing devotion of so many adherents through all the gloomy fortunes of the later years of his reign.

CHAPTER II.

SOME OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN* — PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, PRINCESS MARY, AND HENRIETTA, DUCHESS OF ORLEANS.

THE pathetic story of the Princess Elizabeth has often been told. The fifth child and second daughter of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, she was born on the 20th of January, 1635, at St. James's Palace. Her birth called forth a special embassy of congratulations from the States of Holland, with some costly gifts for the royal mother:—'a massive piece of ambergris, two fine and almost transparent china basins, a curious clock, and of far greater value than these, two beautiful originals of Titian, and two of Tintoret.'

As she grew out of infancy into childhood, she developed a strong likeness to her sister, the Princess Mary, so that the poet Crashaw compared them to 'two silken sister-flowers.' Her portrait, painted by Vaughan when she was five years old, represents her as singularly fair, with long loose ringlets, and a tender expression of countenance. Beneath an engraving from this portrait, which was inserted in 'The True Effigies of the Royal Progeny,' some lines are written of a very complimentary character:

'Here is the grace of Nature's workmanship,
Wherein herself herself she did outstrip.
Elizabeth the fair, the rare, the great,
In birth and blood and virtues full replete;
A high-prized jewel, an unvalued gem
Of more worth than a kingly diadem.'

* The lives of Charles II. and James II. are omitted because they belong to history.

From her earliest years her constitution seems to have been very delicate. She was 'sad, and somewhat liable to complaints of the spleen;' and when but nine years old (1643), she met with an accident while running across a room, which caused a fractured leg. The debility of her frame did not, however, exercise any injurious influence on her intellect. 'She proved a lady of parts beyond her age; the quickness of her mind making recompense for the weakness of her body.' Her first governess was a Mrs. Meekings, under whose care she made so remarkable a progress that, before she was eight years of age, she could read and write five languages beside her own—Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian. To the study of the first two she was led by her religious convictions to apply herself with special enthusiasm; and she read the Scriptures, an exercise in which she specially delighted, in their original tongues. Her theological acquirements must have been exceptional for a young lady of nine, if she could understand and relish the work which William Greenhill dedicated to her in 1644, his 'Exposition of the First Five Chapters of Ezekiel.' At a later date she accepted the dedication of Alexander Rowley's 'Scholar's Companion,' an English-Latin lexicon of Greek and Hebrew words employed in the Bible. Rowley speaks of 'the fame of her great inclination to the study of the Book of Books, and of its two original languages.' And Greenhill says—'Your desire to know the original tongues, that you may understand the Scriptures better, your resolution to write them out with your own princely hand, and to come to the perfect knowledge of them, breed in us hopes that you will exceed all you say, and be without equal in Europe.'

For a few years of her childhood she enjoyed the happiness of home; but in February, 1642, Henrietta Maria sailed for Holland with her eldest daughter Mary, betrothed to the Prince of Orange, to raise supplies for her husband's assistance in his war with the Parliament, and the Princess never saw her mother or sister again. In October of the

same year, the plague having become epidemic in the neighbourhood of St. James's Palace, the Commons gave orders that her household should be removed to a healthier locality, and, for this purpose, Lord Cottington's house in Bond Street was selected. At this time her establishment was on a scale inferior to that of an ordinary tradesman, and the restriction imposed upon her was so rigorous that she was not allowed to speak or write with any of the King's friends. The Countess of Roxburgh, who acted as her *gouvernante*, was at length compelled to appeal to the Parliament, and, after due inquiry, the Speaker declared that the Princess's poverty was so great, that 'he should be ashamed to speak of it.' Thereupon a monthly payment of £400, afterwards considerably increased, was ordered to be paid to Colonel Holland for the Princess's maintenance.

In 1643 she was placed under the charge, first, of Lady Vere, and next of the Countess of Dorset. The removal of her old attendants pained the child exceedingly, and she addressed the following remonstrance to the House of Lords:

'MY LORDS,—I account myself very miserable that I must have my servants taken from me, and strangers put to me. You promised me that you would have a care of me; and I hope you will show it in preventing so great a grief as this would be to me. I pray, my lords, consider of it, and give me cause to thank you, and trust your loving friend,

'ELIZABETH.'

In reply to this application the lords appointed a committee of inquiry, but the result was unsatisfactory. The Commons would not permit their interference, and themselves determined the composition of the Princess's household, namely: two cofferesses, four chamberwomen, a laundress, and a starcher; two physicians (the senior of whom was the celebrated Sir Theodore Mayerne); six chaplains, and one house chaplain; two gentlemen ushers,

one French master, four pages, etc. They also ordered that prayers should be read twice daily, and two sermons preached every Sunday; the gates were to be locked at sunset, and on no occasion opened after ten p.m. without the special license of the chief resident officer. For the house expenses £100 annually was allowed, with an additional sum for the Princess's wardrobe.

'In July, 1644, she was removed to Sir J. Danvers' house at Chelsea, and in September to Whitehall. But early in 1645, on the death of the Countess of Dorset, the Princess and her brother, the young Duke of Gloucester, were placed in charge of the Earl of Northumberland, and for a few weeks resided at Sion House, near Chiswick. The Earl was allowed £3,000 for his fee, and £9,500 for the maintenance of his wards. From Sion House they returned to St. James's Palace, where they were joined by the young Duke of York, after the capture of Oxford by the Parliamentary army. Weary days succeeded, days clouded by sorrow and misfortune, until it became known that Charles had been seized by the soldiery at Holmby House. The King, at considerable personal risk, sought an interview with his children, who, therefore, on the 16th of July were escorted to Maidenhead by the Earl of Northumberland. They passed along thoroughfares made gay with flowers, until they arrived at the Greyhound Inn, where, about eleven o'clock, they were joined by King Charles. The meeting was profoundly affecting. To the Duke of Gloucester, then a boy of seven, the King said: 'Do you know me, child?' and when the little Prince replied, 'No,' he continued, 'I am your father, child; and it is not one of the least of my misfortunes that I have brought you and your brothers and sisters into the world to share my miseries.'*

From Maidenhead the royal children went to Caversham, where they spent a couple of days very pleasantly. During the King's detention at Hampton Court, he was several times permitted to see them. On more than one occasion

* Whitelocke, p. 259.

Cromwell was present, and it is to be observed that he alone of all the Puritan leaders, bent the knee to the royal children. A longer interval than usual having at one time occurred, the Princess, it would appear, affectionately complained; the King replied as follows:

'Hampton Court, 27th October, 1647.

'DEAR DAUGHTER,—This is to assure you that it is not through forgetfulness, or any want of kindness, that I have not, all this time, sent for you, but for such reasons as is fitter for you to imagine (which you may easily do) than me to write; but now I hope to see you upon Friday or Saturday next, as your brother James can more particularly tell you, to whom referring you, I rest your loving father,

'CHARLES R.'

The aspect of public affairs was at this time so menacing that the partizans of the King's cause thought it advisable to remove the young Duke of York out of the reach of the Parliament. The King, while at Hampton Court, had foreseen that this step would be advisable, and had enjoined upon him 'when a fit opportunity offered, to make his escape beyond the seas.' With his brother and sister, he was residing at St. James's, 'where,' says Clarendon, 'they had the liberty of the garden and park to walk and exercise themselves in, and lords and ladies, and other persons of condition, were not restrained from resorting thither to visit them.' A certain Colonel Bamfield, 'a man of an active and insinuating nature,' availed himself of this permission to devise a project of escape; and the Princess, providing her brother with female apparel, the young Duke, when they were all engaged in a game at hide-and-seek, took advantage of a favourable opportunity to slip into the garden, and thence by a private door into the park, where Colonel Bamfield met him and conducted him to the river (April 21, 1647). He afterwards reached Holland in safety.

His flight caused considerable excitement, and a con-

ference respecting it was held in the Painted Chamber between the Lords and Commons. The young Duke was out of reach; but it was decided to place the Princess and the Duke of Gloucester in charge of the Earl of Leicester, with an allowance of £2,500 per annum. On the morning of the 29th of January, 1649, the two children were summoned to take their last leave of their royal father. Afterwards the Princess recorded what passed at this sad interview in the following simple narrative:

'*What the king said to me 29th January last, being the last time I had the happiness to see him.*—He told me that he was glad I was come, for, though he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he wished to say to me which he could not to another, and he feared "the cruelty" was too great to permit his writing. "But, sweetheart," he added, "thou wilt forget what I tell thee." Then shedding abundance of tears, I told him that I would write down all he said to me. "He wished me," he said, "not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and religion of the land." He told me what books to read against Popery. He said that "he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also," and he commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters, to forgive them also. Above all, he bade me tell my mother that "His thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her would be the same to the last," withal, he commanded me and my brother to love her, and be obedient to her. He desired me not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr; and that he doubted not but God would restore the throne to his son, and that then we should be all happier than we could possibly have been if he had lived;" with many other things which I cannot remember.

'Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said: "Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head;" upon which the child looked very stedfastly upon him. "Heed, my child, what they say: they will cut off my head, and

perhaps make thee a king. But mark what I say: you must not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James live; therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them." At which the child, sighing deeply, replied, "I will be torn in pieces first." And these words coming from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly; and his majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God, and He would provide for him. All which the young child earnestly promised.

'His Majesty also bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendations to all his friends. So, after giving me his blessing, I took my leave.'*

At this interview the King gave to Elizabeth two seals in which were set two diamonds, and a Bible, observing, that it had been his great comfort and constant companion through all his sorrows, and that he hoped it would be hers: as, indeed it proved to be, and she died with her cheek resting upon its open page.

After the King's execution, his children were removed to Penshurst, thus adding another to the historic associations which enrich the home of the Sidneys. Their allowance was reduced by the Parliament to £1,000 each, and their household was greatly curtailed. Orders were issued that 'they should be treated without any addition of titles, and that they should sit at their meat as the children of the family did, and all at one table.' At Penshurst they were under the care of the Countess of Leicester, the mother of Algernon Sidney, who 'observed the order of the Parliament with obedience enough,' says Clarendon, 'and treated them with as much respect as the lady pretended she durst pay to them.'

While at Penshurst, the disease which had so long lurked in the Princess's feeble constitution began to develope itself, and the constant attendance of her physician, Dr. Treherne, became necessary. Otherwise her situation

* 'Reliquiæ Sacræ,' pp. 337, 338.

was pleasant enough; and for her refined taste the historic and poetic memories of the ancient pile would unquestionably have a strong attraction. The massive oaken table at which she took her place with 'the children of the family' had been graced by the presence of 'the chivalrous author of the "Arcadia"'—of that virtuous Countess of Pembroke whom Ben Jonson's epitaph has immortalised—the amiable Edward VI.—Elizabeth and her splendid favourite, the Earl of Leicester—the astute and unscrupulous Cecil—the pedant-king, James I.—and Charles, while yet in his grave and decorous youth. There is still preserved at Penshurst a relic of the times of our unfortunate Princess. In the south court, on a darkened framework of timber, hangs a great bell, with the inscription in raised letters of 'Robert, Earl of Leicester, at Penshurst, 1649.' It is probable that Elizabeth and her brother witnessed the elevation of this bell, and heard its earliest tones swell over the old pleasaunces and float afar down the waters of the Medway.

In the following year the royal children were conveyed to Carisbrooke Castle, in pursuance of an order of the Commons for the removal of the Princess and her brother 'out of the limits of the Commonwealth.' They landed at Cowes on Thursday, August 13th, 1650, but did not reach Carisbrooke until Saturday, the 16th. The apartments allotted to them in the castle were suitably furnished, and their charge was entrusted to Mr. Anthony Mildmay, whom even the Royalist writers describe as 'an honest and faithful gentleman.' In attendance upon them were Mr. Lord, the young Duke's tutor; John Barmiston, gentleman usher; Judith Briott, her gentlewoman; Elizabeth Jones, her 'laundrie-mayde;' and John Clarke, groom of the chamber. It is almost needless to state that no foundation exists for Hume's calumny that the leaders of the Commonwealth intended to apprentice the Princess to a button-maker at Newport, and the young Duke to a shoemaker. Yet reports to this effect reached the ear of Queen Henrietta, and caused her a good deal of uneasiness. It is true that in the House of

Commons a debate arose on the question of making provision for the royal children, and Cromwell, in his blunt, vigorous way, gave it as his opinion that it would be better to bind the young boy to a good trade. But Parliament carried its severity no further than to give directions that 'no person should be allowed to kiss their hands, and that they should not be otherwise treated than as the children of a gentleman.'

The imprisonment of the Princess was abruptly terminated. On the Monday following her arrival (August 17th), while playing at bowls, she was caught in a sudden shower. In her feeble condition this proved sufficient to give her cold. The next day 'she complained of headache and feverish distemper, which by fits increased upon her; and on the first three or four days she had the advice of Dr. Bagnell, a worthy and able physician, of Newport, and then care was taken by Dr. Treherne, in London, to send a physician and remedies of election to her. But notwithstanding the care of that honest and faithful gentleman, Anthony Mildmay, Esq., and all the art of her physicians, her disease grew upon her, and, after many rare ejaculatory expressions, abundantly demonstrating her unparalleled piety, to the eternal honour of her own memory and the astonishment of those who waited on her, she took leave of the world on Sunday, the 8th of September, 1650.'

The Père Gamache, a Capuchin attached to the Court of Henrietta Maria, preserves in his Memoirs a different account of the Princess's illness and death, founded, of course, upon the more or less highly coloured reports which travelled from England to Paris. 'The Princess, then about twelve years old, endowed with an excellent understanding, and justly appreciating her high birth, vexed at being obliged to leave the royal residence of St. James's, was absorbed in melancholy thoughts on approaching the castle. There she made many doleful reflections, and they made such deep impression on her heart, and so heated her blood, that a violent fever ensued. It seemed at first that it was

too violent to last long, but the event proved otherwise, for the disorder kept increasing, resisted all remedies, and at length put an end to the life of the afflicted Princess.'* According to Sir Theodore Mayerne, who was summoned to her assistance, but did not reach the castle until after her decease, 'she died of a malignant fever, which constantly increased, she being far distant from physicians and remedies.' Heath repeats a similar error: 'The Princess Elizabeth, coming from bowls with her brother, the Duke of Gloucester, complained first of her head, and, having lain sick a fortnight, died. Little care was then taken of her, the place affording no learned physician, yet Dr. Mayerne sent out some fitting cordials.' These statements are untrue, for Drs. Bagnell and Treherne were in constant attendance upon her. From a recent examination of her remains it has been ascertained that she died of the disease *rachitis*, or *rickets*, which was then a new importation into England, and the treatment of which was comparatively unknown to English practitioners.

After having been embalmed and deposited in a leaden coffin, the Princess's body lay in state for a period of fourteen days. On Wednesday, the 24th of September, it was conveyed in a borrowed coach to Newport. Outside the borough boundaries 'the corpse was met and waited on by the Mayor and Aldermen thereof in their formalities to the church, where, about the middle of the east part of the chancel in St. Thomas's Chapel, her Highness was interred in a small vault, purposely made, with an inscription of the date of her death engraved on her coffin.'

'The hawks of Norway,' says quaint old Fuller, 'where a winter's day is hardly an hour of clear light, are the swiftest of wing of any fowl under the firmament, Nature teaching them to bestir themselves, to lengthen the shortness of the time with their swiftness. Such the active piety of this lady, improving the little life allotted to her in running the way of God's commandments.'

* 'Court and Times of Charles I.'

The coffin was made of strong lead, ridged in the middle. On the lid was fixed a brass plate, with the brief inscription, 'Elizabeth, second daughter of ye late King Charles died Sept. viii., M.D.C.C.' It was deposited in the centre of the east part of the chancel, and the letters 'E. S.' were cut in the adjacent wall. But in the course of time the vault and its hapless occupant were forgotten; until, in October, 1793, some workmen employed in opening a new grave discovered the coffin; and that the spot might not again be overlooked, a plate with a few descriptive words was affixed to the stone-covering of the vault.

In 1854-56, when a new parish church was erected, three memorial windows of stained glass (two presented by the Queen and the late Prince Albert, and one by the young ladies of the congregation) were dedicated to the memory of the Princess; and a graceful monument was erected at the Queen's expense. A figure of pure Carrara marble, representing Elizabeth as recumbent on her left side, with her cheek resting on an open Bible, is inclosed within an enriched niche or shrine. The sculptor was the late Baron Marochetti.

Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who seems to have had as much capacity as his brother Charles, and more judgment than his brother James, was born at Oatlands in Surrey, on the 8th of July, 1639. He shared the captivity of his sister Elizabeth until her death; and a year or two afterwards, through the generosity of Cromwell, was allowed to join the royal family in their French exile. Henrietta Maria was greatly delighted to welcome the promising lad, of whom since his birth she had seen but little, and maternal affection combined with religious zeal to secure in him a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. In this she failed: the boy remembered the solemn injunctions of his dying father, and could not be persuaded by her entreaties or convinced by her arguments. He pleaded, moreover, that by changing his religion he should incur the displeasure of his brother and sovereign—which was true

perhaps at the time, but would not have been true a few years later. And he added, with pathetic simplicity, that it was unfair to entangle him in the snares of theological controversy in the absence of his tutor, who was more conversant with such matters then a boy of thirteen could be. The Queen gave way to fits of violent passion at this opposition to her will, and since she could not bend endeavoured to break. She forbade him her presence, ordered his horses to be turned out of the royal stables, would not allow any dinner to be prepared for him, and denied him the comfort of sheets in his bed.

He remained firm, however, in his resolution, and was rewarded for his firmness by a letter from his brother Charles—a sufficiently curious document when it is considered that the writer, if indeed the Prince wrote it, was a young man of licentious habits, who, if he had any religious tendencies at all, inclined even then towards the Romish communion. It is dated 'Cologne, November 10, 1654,' and runs as follows:

'Dear Brother,

'I have received yours without a date, in which you tell me that Mr. Montague' [the Abbé Montague, Henrietta Maria's almoner] 'has endeavoured to pervert you from your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you at my going away concerning that point. I am confident you will observe them; yet your letters that come from Paris say that it is the Queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, in which. if you do hearken to her or anybody else in that matter, you must never think to see England again; and whatever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs, from this time, I must lay all upon you as being the only cause of it. Therefore, consider well what it is to be not only the cause of ruining a brother that loves you so well but also of your King and country. Do not let them persuade you either by force or fair promises: for the first they neither dare nor

will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and then they will care no more for you. I am also informed that there is a purpose to put you into the Jesuits' College, which I command you, upon the same grounds, never to consent to. And whensoever anyone shall go to dispute with you in religion, do not answer them at all; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they, being prepared, will have the advantage of anybody that is not upon the same security that they are. If you do not consider what I say unto you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were, to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it. Which, if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will hear from,

'Dear brother, your most affectionate brother,

'CHARLES R.'

Charles and his advisers were well aware of the grave political consequences that would ensue upon the perversion of the young Duke; and, to prevent it effectually, the Marquis of Ormonde was sent to escort him immediately to Cologne. Henrietta Maria bitterly resented this interference, but was afraid or unable to detain the young Prince by force; and Ormonde, having raised a few pounds by the sale of his last valuable—the George belonging to the insignia of the Garter—to defray the expenses of the journey, he and the Duke of Gloucester arrived safely at Cologne.

In 1658, the Duke accompanied his brother James to the campaign in the Low Countries, and fought under the Prince de Condé at the battle of the Dunes, gaining much distinction by his chivalrous courage. At the Restoration he returned to England, the Parliament voting him £5,000 for his personal expenses. He seems to have been a young man of fine parts, and more than usual promise. His brother James, in his Memoirs, asserts that he had all the natural qualities to make a great prince; and Evelyn refers

to him as 'a prince of extraordinary hopes'—praise probably more sincere, and certainly more trustworthy, than Sir John Denham's exaggerated compliment:

> 'Oh, more than human Gloucester, Fate did shew
> Thee but to earth, and back again withdrew.'

His career, however, was abruptly terminated by an attack of small-pox, to which he fell a victim—partly, if Pepys may be credited, through the neglect of his physicians—on the 3rd of September, 1660, in his 22nd year. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in the same vault with Mary Queen of Scots and Lady Arabella Stuart.

The eldest daughter of Charles I., Mary or Marie, was born at St. James's on the 4th of November, 1631. Those who are fond of coincidences will remember that her famous son, William III., was born on the 4th of November; married on the 4th of November to Mary, the daughter of James II.; and that his expedition to deliver England from the Stuarts arrived off Torbay on the 4th of November.

The Princess Mary, in her childhood, was placed under the direction of Catherine, Lady Stanhope, afterwards Countess of Chesterfield—a lady well fitted for so important a trust. She was just nine years old when the States-General of Holland proposed a contract of marriage between her and the only son and heir of the Prince of Orange (January, 1640); but at the time Charles was dissatisfied with some proceedings of the Dutch Government, and was inclined towards her union with the son of the King of Spain. Towards the end of the year, however, the political difficulties in which Charles found himself involved, induced him to look with greater favour on the Dutch proposal; and mutual assistance having been given or promised, he announced his consent to the marriage on the 19th of January, 1641. He expressed to the Dutch ambassadors a hope that the marriage treaty might be accompanied by a political alliance between the two States. The negotiations were soon completed. The only question

at issue referred to the time at which the child-bride was to be sent to Holland. Charles withdrew a demand on which he had previously insisted, that his daughter should be allowed the use of the ceremonies of the Church of England. 'It may be,' said one of the English Commissioners, 'that in three months there will be no such ceremonies here.' And on the 10th of February, the conclusion of the marriage-treaty was duly announced to Parliament.

The wedding ceremony, or more properly speaking, the contract, was celebrated on Sunday, the 3rd of May, 1641. 'Prince William of Orange, the bearer of the most illustrious name in Europe, a bright, hopeful lad of fifteen, plighted his troth at Whitehall to the child of nine who was one day in her early widowhood to bring forth a child who, nurtured in adversity, was to become the deliverer of half a continent. The day of the Princess's marriage was one of anxiety and gloom, and the ceremony was shorn of its accustomed splendour. There were divisions even in Charles's own household, and the Elector Palatine refused to be present at the banquet because the bride had not been given to himself.'* Baillie, the Scottish news-monger, furnishes some interesting details.† 'On Sunday,' he writes, 'in the King's chapel, 'both the Queens being present at service, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York led in the Princess Mary to the chapel, convoyed with a number of ladies of her own age, of nine or ten years, all in cloth of silver. The Prince of Orange went in before with the ambassadors, and his cousins of Tremonul [Tremouille] and Nassau. The King gave him his bride. Good Bishop Wren made the marriage. At night, before all the court, they went to bed in the Queen's chamber. A little after, the King and Queen bade the bridegroom good-night as their son; he, as it was appointed, arose and went to his bed in the King's chamber.'

In the following February, when Queen Henrietta Maria

* S. R. Gardiner, 'History of England,' ix., 347, 348.
† Baillie, 'Letters and Journals' from 1637—1602, i. 462.

crossed over to the Continent, she carried with her the young Princess, and placed her under the protection of the States General. She thus escaped being a witness of the misfortunes and sorrows that overtook her family, whom, at a later period, she liberally and lovingly relieved in their necessities. She was not without a sorrow of her own, however, for the Prince, her husband, died on the 27th of October, 1656, just a week before the birth of her illustrious son, leaving her a widow at the early age of nineteen.

That she regretted him sincerely cannot be doubted, but she was too young to retain any very deep impression from her loss; and being beautiful and accomplished, became the object of a good deal of admiration, which she does not seem to have found displeasing. Scandal connected her name, with that of the handsome and wily George Villiers second Duke of Buckingham; though she erred in nothing more than in permitting his attentions, and when she found that they tended to her discredit, very judiciously insisted on their discontinuance. There appears to be some slight foundation for the report that she was afterwards united in marriage to Henry Jermyn, the courtier and roué, who makes so conspicuous a figure in Count Hamilton's lively pages; but shortly after her return to England in 1660, she was attacked by the disease which had slain her brother Henry but a few weeks before, and died of small-pox, on the 24th of December, 1660. She was interred by the side of her brother under Westminister's stately roof.

The most brilliant of Charles's daughters was his youngest, who was named after her mother, Henrietta. She was born in Bedford House, Exeter, on the 16th of June, 1644. On the Queen's escape to the Continent, the infant was entrusted to the care of the Countess of Morton, who resided with her at Oatlands. When the Royal cause seemed hopeless, the Countess resolved to carry her charge

to Paris, and disguising herself as a country woman, and attiring the Princess in a coarse grey frock, she made her way, mostly on foot, to the sea-coast, and there obtained a boat to carry them across the Channel (1646). Her daring and successful enterprise was, of course, a fitting theme for the courtly muse of Waller.

> 'From armèd foes to bring a royal prize,
> Shows your brave heart victorious as your eyes.
> If Judith, marching with the General's head,
> Can give no passion when her story's read;
> What may the living do, which brought away,
> Though a less bloody, yet a nobler prey?
> Who from our flaming Troy, with a bold hand
> Snatched her fair charge, the princess, like a brand:
> A brand preserved to warm some prince's heart,
> And make whole kingdoms take her brother's part.'

The childhood of the Princess was passed in Paris, and the education she received was that of a young Frenchwoman, developing her personal graces and her mental gifts, but neglecting the cultivation of the higher qualities of the mind and heart. Sir John Reresby, who saw her several times at her mother's court, affords us a glimpse at her accomplishments: 'As I spoke the language of the country, and danced pretty well,' he says, 'the young Princess, then about fifteen years of age, behaved towards me with all the civil freedom that might be. She made me dance with her, played on the harpsichord to me in her Highness's chamber, suffered me to wait on her as she walked in the garden, and sometimes to toss her in a swing between two trees, and, in fine, to be present at all her innocent diversions.'

The Princess grew up very lovely, and not only very lovely, but incomparably graceful, with a charm of manner which was almost irresistible, and a keen and rapid wit that shone out like a rapier, and inflicted, perhaps, as dangerous wounds. The young King, Louis XIV. was among her earliest and warmest admirers; though Bishop Burnet declares that his suit to the Princess was intended to cover his secret wooing of Louise de la Vallière, and that Henrietta flashed up in sudden wrath when she discovered

the fraud that had been practised upon her. A beautiful and fascinating young creature, without any strong sense of moral laws, the Princess, it is to be feared, responded too readily to the bold addresses of some of her impassioned suitors; though whether her honour was compromised as well as her discretion, a generous posterity will be in no hurry to decide. At the Restoration she paid a short visit to her brother's Court, where Pepys saw her, and criticised her somewhat unfavourably. She 'is very pretty,' he admits; but adds, 'much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up her ears, did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me more handsome than she,'—a proof of his uxorious affection, rather than, if contemporary evidence may be trusted, of his critical judgment.

On the 31st of March, 1661, she made the great mistake that ruined her life, marrying Philip, Duke of Orleans (the only brother of Louis XIV.) a handsome libertine, as narrow of mind as he was cold and corrupt of heart. She bore him three children: Philip, who died young; Maria, who became the wife of Charles II., King of Spain; and Anna Maria, who married Victor Amadeus, first King of Sardinia. Her married life, however, was wretchedly unhappy through the jealousy of her husband, who, while so censorious about his wife's conduct, made no attempt to disguise his own infidelities.

In May, 1670, Henrietta again visited England. She was known to possess a remarkable influence over the King, her brother, and the French Court employed her as its emissary in concluding with Charles an intimate alliance. She was received at Dover by the King, attended by the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth; and for a fortnight the ancient sea-port was the scene of the most splendid festivities, which served to disguise the political purpose of the Princess's visit. She was successful in her mission, for both parties were equally eager to effect an

arrangement. By the treaty which was thus clandestinely negotiated Charles bound himself to announce his conversion to the Roman faith, and to declare war upon Holland, in consideration of a large annual subsidy to be paid to him by the French King; and the latter undertook, in case any popular outbreak followed the announcement of Charles's change of religion, to support him with a French army. The treaty was signed at Dover on the third of May.

A few days after her return to St. Cloud, this brilliant young beauty was seized with a mortal illness, under circumstances which have greatly perplexed the historical mind. The common account runs, that, having drank freely of succory water, her favourite beverage, she complained of its bitter flavour, and soon afterwards was attacked by pains of an exceedingly severe character. Declaring that she was poisoned, she requested her gentlewomen to put her to bed, and that her confessor should be summoned. Louis, on hearing of her sudden illness, repaired at once to the palace, accompanied by his own physician, who appears to have thought it possible she might recover, though she herself from the first abandoned hope.

During her illness she behaved with the greatest fortitude and composure. She bade farewell to Louis with characteristic gracefulness, assuring him that her chief regret in leaving the world was that she should lose the enjoyment of his friendship and regard. To Montague, the English ambassador, who remained with her to the last, she admitted that between her husband and herself an unfriendly feeling had prevailed, and that he had recently exhibited much ill-temper on finding her in intimate, but, she said, innocent conversation with a friend. Montague asked her in English if she thought she had been poisoned; but her confessor apparently guessed the purport of his inquiry, and bade her accuse no one. Later, the ambassador repeated his question; but she contented herself with shrugging her shoulders. She charged him with many affectionate and tender messages to her brother, King Charles, and more

than once alluded to the sorrow he would feel at her death. 'I have always loved him,' she said, 'above all things in the world, and should not regret to leave it but that I leave him.'

Henrietta died at St. Cloud on the 30th of June, just fourteen days after completing her twenty-sixth year. It was inevitable that a death so sudden should, in an age when medical science was still imperfect, be attributed to poison; but there is really no evidence to justify such a conclusion. And though her husband was much given to jealousy, it does not seem to have been of that vehement character which can be satisfied only by the murder of its victim. It is true that as a beauty, a wit, and a political intriguante the Princess had probably made many enemies; but suspicion does not appear to have rested upon any particular individual; and for our own part, while admitting that the cause of her death is obscure, we see no good reason for believing that it was otherwise than natural.

Of the Princess Anne there is little more to be said than that she was born at St. James's on March 17th, 1636, and died December 8th, 1640. Fuller relates a pretty anecdote of her last moments. One of her attendants had invited her to pray. She answered that she was not able to say her long prayer—that is, the Lord's Prayer—but would repeat her short one: 'Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not the sleep of death.' But her Heavenly Father knew what was best for her, and almost immediately took her to His loving arms.

CHAPTER III.

THE COURT OF CHARLES I.—PHILIP, EARL OF PEMBROKE.—THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.—SIR KENELM DIGBY.

PHILIP, EARL OF PEMBROKE.

IT was the proud distinction of Philip Herbert, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, to be the son of that fair and noble lady, Mary Sidney—who inspired her brother, the poet-knight, to invent his 'Arcadia'—and the nephew, therefore, of Sir Philip Sidney; but that he was unworthy of the heritage of blood so pure and chivalrous, the historian must perforce admit.

He was born about 1582, and educated at New College, Oxford. His first appearance at Court was made while he was still a youth, but he seems to have had none of that modesty which our ancestors regarded as youth's natural appanage. 'Mr. Philip Herbert is here,' writes Rowland White, 'and one of the forwardest courtiers that ever I saw in my time. He had not been here two hours, but he grew as bold as the best'—or worst. Of a handsome person, skilled in the exercises of the joust and the tourney, passionately fond of the chase, and with much knowledge of dogs and horses, he rose rapidly in the favour of James I., through whose influence the family of Lady Susan Vere (daughter of Edward, seventeenth Earl of Oxford) were induced to consent to his marriage with that well dowered and beautiful maiden. The wedding was celebrated at Whitehall, with exceptional splendour, on St. John's Day,

1604. The bride was conducted to church by Prince Henry and the Duke of Holstein, and the King himself gave her away. After the ceremony a splendid banquet was served up to the wedding guests, and a not less splendid masque presented. Nor was the indelicacy wanting which on these occasions our ancestors seem to have regarded as an essential part of the proceedings. 'There was no small loss that night,' says Sir Dudley Carleton, 'of chains and jewels; and many great ladies were made shorter by the skirts, and were very well served that they could keep cut no better. The presents of plate and other things given by the noblemen were valued at £2,500; but that which made it a good marriage was a gift of the King's, of £500, for the bride's jointure. They were lodged in the Council Chamber, where the King, in his shirt and nightgown, gave them a *reveille matin* before they were up. No ceremony was omitted of bride-cakes, points, garters, and gloves, which have been ever since the livery of the Court; and at night there was sewing into the sheet, casting off the bride's left hose, and many other pretty sorceries,' which surely must have been highly offensive to the modesty of a young bride.

In June, 1605, Philip Herbert was created Earl of Montgomery, and in May, 1608, received the Order of the Garter. When Robert Carr rose upon the horizon of James's favour, Montgomery sank to the position of second favourite; which, according to Clarendon, he contrived to retain, whoever might chance to be first. He enjoyed so much of James's confidence, that, on his death-bed, when the King suspected Buckingham and his mother of poisoning him, he turned to Montgomery and exclaimed, 'For God's sake, look that I have fair play!'*

The chroniclers of the time attribute to the Earl a cowardice which one would not look for in a Herbert. In 1607, on the racecourse at Croydon, having quarrelled with Ramsay, the Scotchman who was afterwards made Earl of

* This is stated by Weldon, whose authority, of course, is by no means unimpeachable.

Holderness, the latter horsewhipped him publicly. The English gentlemen present were fain to have made it a national quarrel; but Montgomery, submitting to his disgrace with composure, they withdrew from the ground. In one of the burlesques of the Earl's speeches, attributed to Butler, he is made to allude to this disgraceful affair: 'For my part I'll have nothing to do with them. I cannot abide a Scot, for a Scot switched me once, and whacked my crown with my own staff, the virge of my Lord Chamberlainship, and now they are all coming to switch you too.' He was not Lord Chamberlain, however, when the fracas occurred.

Clarendon speaks of him in depreciating terms: 'There were very few great persons in authority who were not frequently offended by him by sharp and scandalous discourses and invectives against them, behind their backs, for which they found it best to receive satisfaction by submissions, and professions, and protestations, which was a coin he was plentifully supplied with for the payment of all their debts.' In 1610, while playing in the tennis-court, he quarrelled with the Earl of Southampton (Shakespeare's friend), and the two noblemen flung the rackets at each other's head. Serious consequences were averted only by the interposition of the King.

Ward asserts that he was so ill-educated that he could scarcely write his own name. On the other hand, he was a liberal patron of men of letters, and it was to him and his brother, William, Earl of Pembroke, that Heminge and Condell dedicated the famous 1623 folio edition of Shakespeare's plays. They allude to him as the personal friend of the poet. It is evident that he must have possessed some fine qualities of character, or he would not have been distinguished by the favour and confidence of Charles I., who, soon after his accession, made him his Lord Chamberlain.

On the 10th of April, 1630, his brother died suddenly, and Philip succeeded to the Earldom of Pembroke. His brother had also filled the office of Chancellor of the University of Oxford, and Earl Philip was put in nomination by

the Calvinistic party in opposition to Laud, who, however, was elected by a majority of nine. We may, perhaps, infer from this circumstance that the Earl was inclined towards Puritanism; and, if such were the case, some incidents in his later career would receive a tolerably satisfactory explanation, and, at the same time, we should be able to understand the obvious animosity which the Royalist chroniclers exhibit in speaking of him. In this same year, having been left a widower by the death of his first wife, he married Anne, widow of Richard Sackville, Earl of Dorset, and heiress of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland. The marriage was not a happy one; the Earl is said to have been profligate, and the Countess is known to have been high-tempered, and after a few years they agreed to a separation.

A confirmation of our supposition that he favoured the principles of Puritanism is afforded by the fact that, in 1634, the French and Dutch refugees, who fled from the axe and faggot to worship God in their own language and in their own fashion, and had formed little congregations of Huguenots and Lutherans in many of our towns, turned to him, when persecuted by Archbishop Laud, in 1634, to obtain their admission to the royal presence that they might express their loyalty and solicit toleration. Pembroke, however, could not obtain for them this indulgence, but they were allowed to offer their petition to the King on his way to chapel. The King took it and handed it to Pembroke. All they gained by it, however, was that the use of the English Prayer-book was not imposed upon those who had been born abroad.

In the previous year Pembroke's choleric temper had involved him in a discreditable affair with May, the poet, and the translator of Lucan. While a masque was being performed in the Banqueting-house by the gentlemen of the Inns of Court, May accidentally came into collision with the Earl, who, in hot haste, lifted his staff and broke it over May's shoulders. Wood says that, had it not been for the

Earl's office and the royal presence, it might have been a question whether the Earl would ever have struck again. Garrard, the Earl of Strafford's correspondent, gives the following account of the affair: 'Mr. May, of Gray's Inn, a fine poet—he also translated Lucan—came athwart my Lord Chamberlain in the Banqueting-house, who broke his staff over his shoulders, not knowing who he was, the King present, who knew him, for he calls him his poet, and told the Chamberlain of it, who sent for him the next morning and fairly excused himself to him and gave him fifty pounds in pieces. I believe he was thus indulgent for his name's sake.'*

Pembroke, during the long Parliamentary struggle which preceded the Civil War, sided more and more with the Opposition, and by his political action incurred the resentment of the Queen. Age had not cooled his fiery temper; and in July, 1641, during a debate in the House of Lords, he came to blows with Lord Mowbray, son of the Earl of Arundel. By order of the House, the offending nobleman was sent to the Tower; and the Queen, availing herself of the occurrence, persuaded Charles to dismiss Pembroke from the Lord Chamberlainship. Thenceforward the Earl threw in his lot with the Puritan party, who, in August, 1641, by a majority of both Houses, invited the King to make him Lord High Steward. Charles refused; and in the following year, at the outbreak of hostilities, Pembroke became a member of the Committee of Safety, consisting of five Peers and ten Commoners, which was appointed 'to take into consideration whatsoever might concern the safety of the kingdom, the defence of the Parliament, and the preservation of the peace of the kingdom, and opposing any force that might be raised against the Parliament.'

After the execution of Charles I. and the abolition of the House of Lords, he sat as member for Berkshire in the House of Commons, and served on the Council of State

* 'The Strafford Letters,' i. 207.

which undertook the administration of the Commonwealth. He was chosen to remodel the University of Oxford in accordance with the views of the Puritan party. This appointment provoked the caustic humour of Butler, who put forward a parody of his address to the senate of the University of Oxford, in which the Earl's tendency to use language and his faults of expression were mercilessly ridiculed. This early specimen of political parody is amusing enough, though no doubt grossly unfair:

'My Visitors,—I am glad to see this day; I hope it will never end, for I am your Chancellor. Some say I am not your Chancellor; but dam me, they lye, for my brother was so before me, and none but rascals would rob me of my birthright. They think the Marquis of Hertford is Chancellor of Oxford, because, forsooth, the University chose him. 'Sdeath, I sit here by ordinance of Parliament; and, judge ye, gentlemen, whether he or I look like a chancellor. I'll prove he is a party, for he himself is a scholar: he has Greek and Latin; but all the world knows I can scarce write or read. Dam me, this writing and reading hath caused all this blood. I thank God, and I thank you. I thank God I am come at last; and I thank you for giving me a gilded Bible: you could not give me a better book; dam me, I think so. I love the Bible, though I seldom use it—I say I love it; and a man's affection is the best member about him. I can love it, though I cannot read it, as you, Dr. Wilkinson, love preaching, though you never preach.'

The Earl died on the 22nd of January, 1650. The hatred entertained towards him by the Royalists pursued him to his grave; and an anonymous lampoonist, in a doggerel pamphlet, entitled 'The Life and Death of Philip Herbert, the late infamous Knight of Berkshire, once Earl of Pembroke,' proposed the following lines as an appropriate epitaph:

'Here lies the mirror of our age for treason,
Who in his life was void of sense and reason;

> The Commons' pest, a knave in everything ;
> A traitor to his master, lord, and king ;
> A man whose virtues were to whore and swear,
> God damn him was his constant daily prayer.'

Lucy, Countess of Carlisle.

> 'You, the slight graceful girl,
> Tall for a flowering lily.'—Robert Browning.

On the many-coloured and crowded canvas which depicts the reign of Charles I., not one of the least interesting or attractive figures is that of Lucy, Countess of Carlisle. Bishop Warburton, with a good deal of exaggeration, has called her 'the Erinnys of her time.' She was, in reality, one of those women, never very numerous in English society, who, with a talent for intrigue, have employed their wit and beauty in the acquisition of political influence, and have essayed to take a direct part in the management of public affairs. This has been a *rôle* always played more successfully by the *belles esprits* of France than by those of England ; partly, perhaps, because our system of government affords less scope for the development of Court cabals and social conspiracies. And even of the Countess of Carlisle, it is probably true that she played with politics as Sir Toby Matthews says she played with love, 'as with a child.' Still it cannot be doubted that she exercised a certain power over statesmen so dissimilar as Strafford and Pym, any more than it can be doubted that nature had been very bountiful to her in the matter of personal charms as well as of intellectual endowments. Now, a beautiful woman, even if she be a fool, can have a good deal of her own way in courts, camps, and groves; for beauty draws us with a single hair; but if she be not only a beauty but a wit, why, she can play the very devil ! The gravest and wisest of men go down before her imperial motion, like skittles before the well-aimed ball. The evidence of the Countess's contemporaries is incontestable as to her combined 'gifts and graces.' I will not quote Virtue, though he may be considered an unimpeachable witness ; nor the well-

known Character written by Sir Toby Matthews; but Waller was a good judge of pretty women, and you know those glowing verses of his on Lady Carlisle's bedchamber, beginning:

> 'They taste of death that do at heaven arrive,
> But we this Paradise approach alive.'

Sir John Suckling, too, had an excellent taste in the same direction, and his Muse exceeds the bounds of propriety in her, raptures upon 'the Lady Carlisle's walking in Hampton Court Gardens':

> 'Didst thou not find the place inspired?
> And flowers, as if they had desired
> No other sun, start from their beds,
> And for a sight steal out their heads?
> Heardst thou not music when she talked?
> And didst not find that as she walked
> She threw rare perfumes all about,
> Such as bean blossoms newly out,
> Or chafèd spices give?'

Then there is William Cartwright, with his 'Panegyric to the Most Noble Lucy, Countess of Carlisle,' in which he says:

> 'Your limbs have tracks of light, still as you go;
> Your gait's illumination, and for you
> Only to move a step is to dispense
> Brightness and force, splendour and influence . . .
> . . . . We
> What elsewhere is called beauty, in you hold
> But so much lustre cast into a mould . . .
> But beauty is not all that makes you so
> Adored by those who either see or know:
> 'Tis your proportioned soul, for who e'er set
> A common useless weed in crystal yet?'

and in this strain the poet continues for a hundred and eighty lines.

Browning introduces Lady Carlisle into his tragedy of 'Strafford,' and, as the motto we have prefixed to this memoir shows, speaks of her as 'a slight, graceful girl.' Tall, slight, and graceful she seems to have been; but at the time when she was the friend and confidante of Strafford she was in the ripeness of her beautiful womanhood—no girl, but a woman of thirty or more.

Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, was the youngest daughter of Henry, eighth Earl of Northumberland, and brother of the ninth earl, 'a courteous and high-spirited young nobleman,' who was made Admiral of the Fleet in 1636. She was married, while still in her teens, on the 6th of November, 1660, to James Hay, afterwards Earl of Carlisle, who, in the later years of James I. and the earlier years of Charles was employed on some important diplomatic missions. Their married life does not appear to have been fortunate; and the Countess sought change and excitement in the festivities and intrigues of the Court, where, for some years, she held her position as 'the reigning beauty.' It is not certain when her friendship with Strafford began; but from allusions in the Strafford Letters, we take it to have been before his departure to Ireland, and while as Sir Thomas Wentworth he was still the hope and pride of the Opposition. In 1636 she was left a widow,* and thenceforward she cultivated politics with a good deal of assiduity. For them as a serious occupation, it is true that she had no aptitude; but having outlived her youth and the freshness of her charms, she felt a woman's pride in attaching to herself the strong heads by which the world was ruled, as in youth she had attached to herself the witty courtier or the agile dancer. It was worth a statesman's while to cultivate her acquaintance. She could make him a power in society as well as in council, could worm out a secret which it behoved him to know, and could convey to others his suggestions with assured fidelity.

Her name is connected with both Strafford and Pym, and slanderous chronicles assert that she was successively the mistress of the Earl and his great adversary. There is not a tittle of evidence in support of the calumny, which is as dishonouring to them as to her. Neither of these illustrious men was capable of descending to vulgar debauchery. As for herself, no doubt it was purely personal motives that attached

* Both Waller and Sir William Davenant addressed her in verse on this occasion, making it the excuse for much fine poetical flattery.

her to them—the pride of having a great statesman at her beck and call—a woman's admiration of strength and power and superior manhood. For their political theories she cared little or nothing. But it is possible that some glow of warmer feeling may have been kindled in the lonely Strafford's breast. 'It was something to have an ally at Court ready at all times to plead his cause with gay enthusiasm, to warn him of hidden dangers, and to offer him the thread of that labyrinth which, under the name of 'the Queen's ride,' was such a mystery to him. It was something, too, no doubt, that this advocate was not a gray-haired statesman, but a woman, in spite of growing years, of winning grace and sparkling activity of eye and tongue.'

To Strafford she showed herself loyal even in his darkest hours; and it was, I think, her resentment at the King's desertion of him which impelled her to transfer her sympathies and her talent for intrigue to the Parliamentary party. When Strafford was gone, the foremost statesman in England was unquestionably John Pym, and with him she formed a secret intimacy for political purposes. Perhaps, after all, her governing motive was vanity, the pleasure which a beauty and a wit feels in sharing, as she supposes, the confidences, and participating in the projects and plans, of a ruler of men. And surely Mr. Gardiner uses language of unnecessary strength when he says that, 'to the excitement of a youth of pleasure was to follow the excitement of a middle age of treachery. It was to be her sport to listen to trustful words dropped in confidence, and to betray them to those who were ready to take advantage of her knowledge.' She probably thought that all was fair in politics as in love, and never realized in her self-consciousness that she was guilty of any treachery at all.'

At all events, in her equivocal position she became the means of rendering her country a great service. As the confidante of the Queen, she received information of Charles's intention to arrest the five leaders of the Opposition (January 4, 1642)—an intention which, if fulfilled,

would have been the cause of infinite bloodshed. She revealed the secret to Lord Essex, who at once communicated the news to Pym and his colleagues, and prepared them for an opportune flight. Thenceforward she makes little figure in the annals of the time. Under the Protectorate she had no field for the exercise of her intriguing capacity; and as her years advanced, and her personal charms faded, her influence rapidly waned. After the Restoration, she made some effort to secure the return of her former mistress, Queen Henrietta Maria, to England, hoping, no doubt, to occupy in her Court a conspicuous position; but death suddenly broke in upon her complex web of ambition and pleasure, on the 5th of November, 1660. She died at Little Cashiobury House, and was interred at Petworth, in the burial-place of the Percys.*

Sir Kenelm Digby.

Sir Kenelm's two most serious works are his treatises on 'The Nature of Bodies,' and 'The Nature of Man's Soul,' printed by Gilles Blaizot, and published at Paris, in 1644. An exhaustive analysis of them cannot be attempted within the present writer's limits; and a brief account will probably satisfy the needs of most readers.

In his dedicatory preface to his son Kenelm, he says:

'The calamity of this time being such as hath bereft me of the ordinary means of expressing my affections to you, I have been casting about to find some other way of doing that in such sort as you may receive most profit by it. Therein I soon pitched upon this consideration; that parents owe unto their children not only material subsistence for their body, but much more, spiritual contributions to their better part, their mind. I am much bound to God that he hath endued you with one very best capable of the best instructions; and withal, I do therefore esteem

* 'The Sidney Papers,' edited by Blencower; Clarendon, 'History of the Rebellion;' Waller, Davenant, and Sir John Suckling, 'Poems;' 'Memoirs of Madame de Motteville;' S. R. Gardiner, 'History of England,' etc., etc.

myself obliged to do my utmost for moulding it to its most advantage.' With this view he has composed 'these considerations of the nature and immortality of human Souls' which are embodied in the second treatise; and for his further improvement the first treatise 'of the Nature of Bodies,' in which he aims no further than 'to show what may be effected by corporeal agents.' He earnestly impresses upon his son, and upon others who may peruse the two treatises, the necessity of a careful study of them. He begs them not to pass their answer upon any particular piece, or bestow praise of either of them, taken by itself. 'Let them draw the entire thread through their fingers, and let them examine the consequentness of the whole body of the doctrine I deliver; and let them compare it by a like survey with what is ordinarily taught in the schools: and if they find in theirs, many breaks and short ends which cannot be spun into an even piece, and in mine, a fair coherence throughout, I shall promise myself a favourable doom from them, and that they will have an acquiescence in themselves to what I have here presented them with. Whereas, if they but ravel it over loosely, and pitch upon disputing against particular conclusions that, at the first encounter of them single, may seem harsh unto them (which is the ordinary course of flashy wits, who cannot fathom the whole extent of a large discourse) it is impossible but that they should be very much unsatisfied of me; and go away with a persuasion that some such truths as upon the whole matter are most evident (one stone in the arch supporting another and the whole) are mere chimeras and wild paradoxes.'

The treatise 'On the Nature of Bodies' is divided into thirty-eight chapters, and the character and quality of its contents may be inferred from their descriptive headings. Chapter I. is a Preamble to the whole Discourse; concerning notions in general; Chapter II. Treats of Quantity; Chapter III., Of Rarity and Purity; Chapter IV., Of the Four First Qualities of the Four Elements; Chapter V., Of the

Operations of the Elements in general, and of their Activities compared with one another; Chapter VI., Of Light—what it is; Chapter VII., Two objections answered against Light being Fire; a more ample proof of its being such; Chapter VIII., An answer to three other objections formerly proposed, against Light being a substance; Chapter IX., Of Local Motion in common; Chapter X., Of Gravity and Levity, and of Local Motion, generally termed Natural; Chapter XI., An Answer to the Objections urged against the Causes of Natural Motion, avowed in the former chapter, and a refutation of the contrary opinion; Chapter XII., Of Violent Motion; Chapter XIII., Of three Sorts of Violent Motion, Refluxion, Undulation, and Refraction; Chapter XIV., Of the Composition, Qualities, and Generation of Mixed Bodies; Chapter XV., Of the Dissolution of Mixed Bodies; Chapter XVI., An Explication of certain Maxims touching the Operations and Qualities of Bodies, and whether the Elements be found pure in any Part of the World; Chapter XVII., Of Rarefaction and Condensation, the Two First Motions of Particular Bodies; Chapter XVIII., Of another Motion belonging to Particular Bodies, called Attraction, and of certain Operations, termed Magical; Chapter XIX., Of Three Other Motions belonging to Particular Bodies, Filtration, Restitution, and Electrical Attraction; Chapter XX., Of the Loadstone's Generation, and its Particular Motions; Chapter XXI., Positions drawn out of the Former Doctrine, and Confirmed by Experimental Proofs; Chapter XXII., A Solution of Certain Problems Concerning the Loadstone, and a Short Sum of the whole Doctrine touching it; Chapter XXIII., A Description of the Two Sorts of Living Creatures, Plants and Animals; and how They are framed in common to perform Vital Motion; Chapter XXIV., A More Particular Survey of the Generation of Animals, in which is discovered what Part of the Animal is First Generated; Chapter XXV., How a Plant or Animal cometh to that Figure it hath; Chapter XXVI., How Motion beginneth in Living Creatures, and

of the Motion of the Heart, Circulation of the Blood Nutrition, Augmentation, and Corruption or Death; Chapter XXVII., Of the Motions of Sense, and of the Sensible Qualities in General; and in particular of Those which belong to Touch, Taste, and Smelling; Chapter XXVIII., Of the Sense of Hearing, and of the Sensible Quality of Sound; Chapter XXIX., Of Sight and Colours; Chapter XXX., Of Luminous or Apparent Colours; Chapter XXXI., The Causes of Certain Appearances in Luminous Colours, with a Conclusion of the Discourse touching the Senses and the Sensible Qualities; Chapter XXXII., Of Sensation, or the Motion whereby Sense is Properly Exercised; Chapter XXXIII., Of Memory; Chapter XXXIV., Of Voluntary Motion, Natural Faculties, and Passions; Chapter XXXV., Of the Material Instrument of Knowledge and Passion, of the several Effects of Passions, of Pain and Pleasure, and how the Vital Spirits are sent from the Brain into the Intented Parts of the Body, without mistaking their Way; Chapter XXXVI., Of some Actions of Beasts, that seem to be formal Acts of Reason, as Doubting, Resolving, Inventing; Chapter XXXVII., Of the Docility of some Irrational Animals, and of Certain Continual Actions of a long tract of Time so orderly performed by Them, that they seem to argue Knowledge in Them; Chapter XXXVIII., Of Prescience of Future Events, Providences, the Knowing of Things never seen before, and such other actions observed in some living creatures, which seem to be even above the reason that is in man himself.

It will be seen that Sir Kenelm took a sufficiently comprehensive view of his subject. As for his treatment of it, in many parts it is empirical; often ingenious; but not infrequently grotesque. In those early days of science even the keenest wits entertained quite gravely the most chimerical ideas. What Sir Kenelm says of 'the Loadstone's generation' may be quoted as a fair illustration of his style and method:

'Let us reflect upon the disposition of parts of this

habitable globe, whereof we are tenants for life. And we shall find that the sun, by his constant course under the Zodiac, heateth a great part of it unmeasurably more than he doth the rest. And, consequently, that this Zodiac being in the midst between two (as it were) ends, which we call the Poles, these Poles must necessarily be extremely cold, in respect of the torrid zone; for so we call that part of the earth which lieth under the Zodiac.

'Now looking into the consequence of this; we find that the sun, or the sun's heat, which reflecteth from the earth in the torrid zone, must rarefy the air extremely, and, according to the nature of all heat and fire, must needs carry away from thence many parts of the air and of the earth sticking to that heat, in such sort as we have formerly declared.

'Whence it followeth, that other air must necessarily come from the regions towards both the Poles, to supply what is carried away from the middle, as is the course in other fires, and as we have explicated above; especially considering, that the air which cometh from the Pole wards, is heavier than the air of the torrid zone; and therefore, must naturally press to be still nearer the earth; and so, as it were, shouldereth up the air of the torrid zone towards the circumference, by rolling into its place; and this, in great quantities; and, consequently, the Polar air must draw a great train after it.

'Which if we consider the great extent of the torrid zone, we shall easily persuade ourselves that it must reach on each side to the very pole: for taking from Archimedes that the spherical superficies of a portion of a sphere is, to the superficies of the whole sphere, according as the part of the axis of that sphere comprised within the said portion is to the whole axis; and considering that, in one case, the fact of the axis comprised within the torrid zone is to the whole axis of the earth in about the proportions of 4 to 10; it must of necessity follow that a fire or great heat reigning in so vast an extent, will draw air very powerfully from the rest of the world.

'Neither let any man apprehend that this course of the sun's elevating so great quantities of atoms in the torrid zone, should hinder the course of gravity there: for first the medium is much rarer in the torrid zone than in other parts of the earth; and therefore the force of the descending atoms needeth not to be so great there as in other places, to make bodies descend there as fast as they do elsewhere. Secondly, they bring a perpetual supply of fresh air from the Polar parts, streaming continually into the Torrid zone; it must of necessity happen that in the air there come atoms to the torrid zone of that grossness that they cannot suddenly be so much rarefied as the subtler parts of air that are there: and therefore, the more those subtler parts are rarefied, and thereby happen to be carried up, the stronger and the thicker the heavier atoms must descend. And thus this concourse of air from the Polar parts maintaineth gravity under the Zodiac, where otherwise all would be turned into fire, and to have no gravity.'

Sir Kenelm goes on to argue that the atoms of these two streams, on meeting, are apt to incorporate; that by their union at the Equator divers rivulets of atoms of each Pole are continuated from one Pole to the other; and that of these atoms incorporated with some fit matter in the bowels of the earth, is made a stone.

'Now, then, let us suppose this stone to be taken out of the earth, and hanged in the air, or set conveniently upon some little pin, or otherwise put in liberty, so as a small impulse may easily turn it any way; it will in this case certainly follow that the end of the stone which in the earth lay towards the north pole, will now in the air convert itself in the same manner towards the same point; and the other end, which lay towards the south, turn by consequence to the south. I speak of these countries which lie between the Equator and the North; in which it cannot choose but that the stream going from the North to the Equator, must be stronger than the opposite one. . . .

'From hence we may gather that this stone will join and cleave to its attraction, whensoever it happeneth to be within the sphere of its activity. Besides, if by some accident it should happen that the atoms or steams which are drawn by the sun from the polewards to the equator, should come stronger from some part of the earth which is on the side hand of the pole, than from the very pole itself; in this case the stone will turn from the pole towards that side. Lastly, whatsoever this stone will do towards the pole of the earth, the very same a lesser stone of the same kind will do towards a greater. And if there be any kind of other substance that hath participation of the nature of this stone, such a substance will behave itself towards this stone in the same manner as such a stone behaveth itself towards the earth; all the phenomena whereof may be the more plainly observed if the stone be cut into the form of the earth.'

The second treatise, 'Declaring the Nature and Operation of Man's Soul, out of which the Immortality of Reasonable Souls is Convinced,' is very short, and contains only twelve chapters. The first of these treats of Simple Apprehensions; Chapter II., of Thinking and Knowing; Chapter III., of Discoursing; Chapter IV., How a Man proceedeth to Action; Chapter V. contains Proofs out of our Single Apprehensions that our Soul is Incorporeal; Chapter VI. contains Proofs out of our Soul's Operations in Knowing or Deeming anything, that she is of a Spiritual Nature; Chapter VII., that our Discoursing doth prove our Soul to be Incorporeal; Chapter VIII. contains Proofs out of our Manner of Proceeding to Action, that our Soul is Incorporeal; Chapter IX., that our Soul is a Substance and Immortal; Chapter X. declares what the Soul of a Man, separated from his Body, is, and of her Knowledge and Manner of Working; Chapter XI. shows what Effects the divers manners of living in this world do cause in a Soul after she is separated from her Body; and, Chapter XII., of the Perseverance of a Soul in the state she findeth herself in, at the first separation from the Body.

The matter of this treatise is, as a whole, too vague and transcendental to interest the ordinary reader, though considerable skill is shown in forming the various links of demonstration; but a passage or two from the conclusion will show that its writer, whatever his faults of character and temper, was not incapable of high thoughts and pure aspirations.

'To thee, then, my soul,' he says, 'I now address my speech. For since by long debate and toilsome raving against the impetuous tides of ignorance and false apprehensions which overflow thy banks and hurry thee headlong down the stream, whilst thou art imprisoned in thy clayey mansion, we have with much ado acceded to aim at some little atom of thy vast greatness; and with the hard and tough blows of strict and wary reasoning we have strucken out some few sparks of that glorious light which environeth and swelleth thee, or, rather, which is thee, it is high time I should retire myself out of the turbulent and slippery field of eager strife and litigious disputation to make my accounts with thee; where no outward noise may distract us, nor any way intermeddle between us, excepting only that eternal deity which by thee shineth upon my faint and gloomy eyes, and in which I see whatsoever doth or can content thee in me. I have discovered that thou, my soul, wilt survive me; and so survive me as thou wilt also survive the mortality and changes which belong to me, and which are but accidental to thee merely because thou art in me. Then shall the vicissitude of time, and the inequality of dispositions in thee, be turned into the constancy of immortality, and into the evenness of one being, never to end, and never to receive a change, or succession to better or worse.

'When my eye of contemplation hath been fixed upon this bright sun as long as it is able to endure the radiant beams of it; when redundant light visitest the looker-on with a dark mist, let me turn it for a little space upon the straight passage and narrow gullet through which thou

strivest, my soul, with faint and weary steps, during thy hazardous voyage upon the earth, to make thyself a way; and let me examine what comparison there is between thy two conditions: the present one, wherein thou now findest thyself immersed in flesh and blood, and the future state that will betide thee, when thou shalt be melted out of this gross ore and refined from this mean alloy. Let my term of life be of a thousand long years, longer than ever happened to our aged forefathers, who stored the earth with their numerous progeny, by outliving their skill to number the diffused multitudes that swarmed from their loins; let me, during this long space, be sole emperor and absolute lord of all the huge globe of land and water encompassed with Adam's offspring; let all my subjects lie prostrate at my feet with obedience and awe, distilling their activest thoughts in studying, day and night, to invent new pleasures and delights for me; let Nature conspire with them to give me a constant and vigorous health, a perpetual spring of youth that may to the full relish whatsoever good all they can fancy; let gravest prelates and greatest princes come instead of flatterers to heighten my joys, and yet those joys be raised above their power of flattery; let the wise men of this vast family, whose sentiments are maxims and oracles to govern the world's beliefs and actions, esteem, reverence, and adore me in the secretest and the most recluse withdrawings of their heart; let all the wealth which, to this very day, hath ever been torn out of the bowels of the earth, and all the treasures which the sea hideth from the view of greedy men, swell round about me, whilst all the world besides lieth gaping to receive the crumbs that fall neglected by me from my full-laden table; let my imagination be as vast as the unfathomed universe, and let my felicity be as accomplished as my imagination can reach unto, so that, wallowing in pleasure, I be not able to think how to increase it, or what to wish for more than that which I possess and enjoy.

'Thus, when my thoughts are at a stand and can raise

my present happiness no higher, let me call to mind how this long lease of pleasant days will come to an end; this torture of a thousand joyful years will at length be unwound, and nothing remain of it. And then, my soul, thy infinitely longer-lived Immortality will succeed; thy never-ending date will begin a new account, impossible to be summed up, and beyond all proportion infinitely exceeding the happiness we have rudely tried to express; so that no comparison can be admitted betwixt them. For suppose, first, that such it were, as the least and shortest of those manifold joys which swell it to that height we have fancied, was equal to all the contentment thou shalt enjoy in a whole million of years, yet millions of years may be so often multiplied as, at length, the slender and limited contentments supposed in them may equalize and outgo the whole heap of overflowing bliss, raised so high in the large extent of three thousand happy years. Which, when they are cast into a total sum, and that I compare it with the unmeasurable eternity which only measureth thee—then I see that all this huge product of algebraical multiplication appeareth as nothing in respect of thy remaining and never-ending survivance, and is less than the least point in regard to the immense universe. But then, if it be true, as it is most true, that thy least spark and moment of real happiness in that blessed eternity thou hopest for is infinitely greater and nobler than the whole mass of fancied joys of any thousand years' life here on earth—how infinitely will the value of thy duration exceed all proportion in regard to the felicity I had imagined myself? And seeing there is no proportion between them, let me sadly reflect upon my own present condition; let me examine what it is I so busily and anxiously employ my thoughts and precious time upon; let me consider my own course, and whither they lead me; let me take a survey of the lives and actions of the greatest part of the world, which make so loud a noise about my ears, and then may I justly sigh out from the bottom of my anguished heart—to what

purpose have I hitherto lived? To what purpose are all these millions of toilsome ants that live and labour about me?—to what purpose were Cæsars and Alexanders?—to what purpose Aristotles and Archimedeses? How miserably foolish are those conquering tyrants that divide the world with their lawless swords! What senseless idiots those acute philosophers, who tear men's wittes in pieces by their different ways and subtle logic, striving to show new beatitudes in this world and seeking for that which, if they had found, were but a nothing of a nothing in respect of their beatitude! He only is wise who, neglecting all that flesh and blood desireth, endeavoureth to purchase at any rate this felicity, which thy survivance promiseth: the least degree of which so far surmounteth all the heaps which the giants of the earth are able to raise by throwing hills upon hills, and striving in vain to scale and reach those eternities which reside above the skies. Alas! how fondly doth mankind suffer itself to be deluded! How true it is that the only thing necessary proveth the only thing that is neglected! Look up, my soul, and fix thine eye upon that truth which eternal light maketh so clear unto thee, shining upon thy face with so great evidence as defieth the noontide sun in its greatest brightness. And this it is, that every notion of thine, be it never so slight, is mainly mischievous; or be it never so bedeckt with those spurious considerations which the wise men of the world judge important, is foolish, absurd, and unworthy of a man—and unworthy of one that understandeth and acknowledgeth thy dignity, if in it there be any speck, or if, through it, there appear any spark of those mean and flat motives which, with a false bias, draw anyway aside from attaining that happiness we expect in thee. That happiness ought to be the end and mark we level at—that, the rule and model of all our actions; that, the measure of every circumstance of every atom, of whatsoever we bestow so precious a thing upon, as the employment of thee is.'

The peroration is not without a certain stately eloquence:

'But whither art thou flown, my soul?—to what a dazzling height art thou mounted! Thou art now soared to such a lessening pitch as my faint eyes are no longer able to follow thy towering flight; my head groweth giddy with gazing up, whilst thou lookest down to see time run an infinite distance beneath thee, wafting the existences of all corporeal things from nothing to nothing in a perpetual stream; and thou secure, and out of the reach of its venomous and all-destroying truth! Let me call to mind all the violent pleasures of my heady youth; let me sum up their extent according to those deceitful measures I then rated happiness by; let me in my fancy chuse over again the excessive good I then fondly imagined in them; and to all this, let me add, as much more joy and felicity as in my weak thoughts I am able to fathom or but aim at, and then let me say, and with vigorous truth I shall say it, all this excess of bliss will be resumed, will be enjoyed to the full, in one indivisible moment. Let me think with myself, if then, when Pleasure was the Idol I sacrificed all my thoughts unto, I might, in one quarter of an hour, have enjoyed a pleasure, or at the least have hoped for one, that should have equalized at once all those that in my life I ever tasted—what would not I have been content to give in purchase of that single quarter of an hour? And instead of this pleasant dream, I now see that one real moment will truly and solidly give to thee and me the quintessence, the elixir of content and happiness; not drawn out of such forty years as I have struggled through the world in various fortunes, but out of ages and ages of pleasure greater far than can be conceived by a heart of flesh, and multiplied beyond the arithmetic of intelligences. And this happy moment shall not be of their sudden, fleeting, and expiring nature that are assigned to Time, but shall endure beyond the extent of that time which surpasseth all multiplication. I see plainly that I must multiply eternity by eternity to preserve a scantling of that bliss which a well-passed life in this world shall bring me to in the next . . . .

'Now, then, if Nature, by short and thick steps at the beginning, and by larger paces in the progress, hath delivered us over into a night of pure light, where we can see nothing because everything is too visible; so that we are fain to veil our eyes, and are constrained to retire ourselves to medicate and arm them, before we expose them to so strong and glorious beams: how should we dare to look upon these admirable heights, infinitely surpassing all these, with which the ever-conquering Grace hath crowned and swelled up the extent of nature? What sight is sharp enough to penetrate into the mysterious essence, sprouting into different persons? Who can look upon the self-multiplied unity, upon the incomprehensible circumincession, upon these wondrous possessions, and idioms reserved for angels' eyes?

'Of these, my soul, whose shootings reach infinitely higher beyond all that we have said than what we have said is beyond the dull and muddy motions of this life, thou art not capable now of receiving any instructions. Let first the mystagogical illuminations of the great Areopagite, and the Ascetic discipline of the Anachoritical inhabitants of the wilderness, purify thy eye, before thou attemptest to speak or to aim at the discovery of these abyssing depths. By them they must be first irrigated with the sweet showers of mornings and evenings, with the gentle dews, and manna-drops, which fall abundantly from those bounteous favours that reside in a higher sphere than nature; and that pour out unknown and unconceivable blessings upon prepared hearts; which fructify into that true bliss, in comparison whereof, all that we have hitherto declared, is but shadow, vanity, and nothing.'

CHAPTER IV.

A KING'S FAVOURITE:—GEORGE VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

In the history of his time you will discover no more brilliant figure than that of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; yet few men who have risen to so splendid a position have shown so great an incapacity for filling it worthily. It has been said of him, with much felicity, that he was born to shine in a Court, and give offence to a nation. Of a handsome person and graceful bearing, partial to pomp and display, courageous to audacity, sincere in his friendship, candid and open in his enmity, never rising to the height of self-sacrifice nor descending to the depth of hypocrisy, he was successful as a courtier, but failed miserably as a statesman. He governed from the impulse of the hour, and without any fixed principles of policy; was ignorant, rather than deliberately careless, of the true interests of the Throne and the people; was ambitious, but with a light and unsteady ambition, which never settled on any permanent object. He was not without considerable gifts; but it was his grave misfortune that he did not know how to make use of them. He was too brave to be afraid of danger, and without the sagacity to foresee and avert it. With perfumed locks, and doublet and shoes blazing with jewels, he tripped along the dizzy heights of power, unconscious of or indifferent to the precipices that darkened on either side, and the chasm that yawned before him. Yet all who came within the range of his influence acknowledged that there was a certain fascination about the

man, which they found it difficult to resist—a charm of manner, a vivacity of temper, a fluency of speech, a picturesqueness of appearance, a dashing chivalrous air—all combining in a most attractive whole. Says Lord Clarendon, who had had opportunities of observing him closely: 'Had the Duke of Buckingham have been blessed with a faithful friend, qualified with wisdom and integrity, the Duke would have committed as few faults, and done as transcendent worthy actions, as any man in that age in Europe. . . . He was the most rarely accomplished the Court had ever beheld; while some that found inconveniences in his nearness, intending by some affront to discountenance him, perceived he had masked under this gentleness a terrible courage, as could safely protect all his sweetness.' And Sir Henry Wotton, who knew him well, eulogizes 'his sweet and attractive manner, so favoured by the Graces.'

The elder Disraeli remarks that his very errors and infirmities seem to have originated in the qualities of a generous nature. He was too enthusiastic as a friend, too frank as a foe, wearing his heart upon his sleeve for every daw to peck at. When on the point of leaving Spain, he flamed out upon Olivares, the great Spanish minister, that he would always cement the friendship between the two nations, 'but with regard to you, sir,' he added, 'in particular, you must not consider me as your friend, but must ever expect from me all possible enmity and opposition' —the speech of a high-spirited gentleman, but not of a statesman. To calumnies he was serenely indifferent; when Dr. George Eglisham, James I.'s physician, published his atrocious libel, 'The Forerunner of Revenge,' the Duke could not be persuaded to notice it. His great defect was an excessive sanguineness of disposition, so that he entered upon vast enterprises without allowing for their failure, and forgot to erect a golden bridge by which retreat might be possible and secure. 'He was ever,' says Wotton, in his charming Memoir of the great Duke, 'greedy of honour, and hot upon the public ends, but too confident in the

prosperity of beginnings.' With much of the hero in him, but without military capacity; a minister, without the gift of governing; at one time the favourite, at another the execration of the people; the envy of his equals, and the victim of his own creatures, who were constantly betraying him; 'delighting too much in the press and affluence of dependants and suitors, who are always burrs, and sometimes the briars of favourites;' the friend and adviser of two kings, who differed as widely as light from darkness in the essentials of their characters, he must certainly be held worthy 'to be registered among the great examples of time and fortune.'

On the men and events of Charles I.'s reign, no historian writes with an authority equal to that of Mr. S. R. Gardiner, and his estimate of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, will, therefore, be accepted by many readers. Mr. Gardiner's great work is, of course, easily accessible; but it may be convenient for us to transcribe the passage:*

'Buckingham owed his rise to his good looks, to his merry laugh† and winning manners; but to compare him with Gaveston is as unfair as it would be to compare Charles with Edward II. As soon as his power was established, he aimed at being the director of the destinies of the State. Champion in turn of a war in the Palatinate, of a Spanish alliance, and of a breach, first with Spain and then with France, he nourished a fixed desire to lead his country in the path in which for the time he thought that she ought to walk.‡ His abilities were above the average, and they were supported by that kind of patriotism which clings to a successful man when his objects are, in his own eyes, inseparable from the objects of his country. If, how-

* S. R. Gardiner, 'History of England,' vi. 358.

† To Charles, with his constitutional melancholy, the liveliness of his favourite must have been a constant attraction.

‡ But surely as much as this may be said of every powerful statesman, from Walpole and Pitt to Beaconsfield and Gladstone. A statesman's policy is simply his individual view of the course that ought to be taken under certain circumstances.

ever, it is only just to class him amongst ministers rather than amongst favourites, he must rank amongst the most incapable ministers of this or of any other country. He had risen too fast in early life to make him conscious of difficulty in anything which he wished to do. He knew nothing of the need of living laborious days which is incumbent on those who hope to achieve permanent success. He thought that eminence in peace and war could be carried by storm. As one failure after another dashed to the ground his hopes, he would not see that he and his mode of action were the main causes of the mischief. Ever ready to engage in some stupendous undertaking, of which he had never measured the difficulties, he would not understand that to the world at large such conduct must seem entirely incomprehensible, and that where men saw his own fortunes prospering in the midst of national ruin and disgrace, they would come to the mistaken but natural conclusion that he cared everything for his own fortunes and nothing for the national honour.'

The career of the Duke of Buckingham to a great extent forms part of the history of his time. We shall content ourselves with a glance at its principal episodes, and more particularly at those which will illustrate his remarkable and attractive individuality.

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, was the son of Sir George Villiers, of Brokesby, by his second wife, Mary Beaumont, who, though of an ancient family, had previously filled some menial capacity in her husband's household. He was born on the 20th of August, 1592. After his father's death, which took place when he was in his fourteenth year, his mother took charge of his education, and though she neglected to develop or strengthen his intellectual powers, she saw that he was thoroughly trained in the graceful accomplishments which catch the eye and ear of the world. That nothing might be wanting to him in this

respect, she sent him, at the age of eighteen, into France, where he remained about three years.

Gifted with singular beauty of person and rare grace of manner, 'of a sweet and accostable nature,' an admirable fencer and dancer, with a rare taste in dress, Villiers, in 1614, was introduced at Court under the auspices of William, Earl of Pembroke. He had already found time, as young men will do, to fall in love; the object of his attachment, which was returned, being a daughter of Sir Roger Aston, Master of the Robes to King James. The course of true love, however, had not run smooth. The lady enjoyed a considerable dower, and her father required, therefore, that Villiers should settle upon her a jointure of £80 a year, which, as his income at that time did not exceed £50, was impracticable. 'The gentlewoman,' says Weldon, 'loved him so well, as, could all his friends have made for her great fortune but a hundred marks jointure, she had married him presently, in despite of all her friends, and, no question, would have had him without any fortune at all.' The question was still undecided, when, either at Apthorpe or at a Cambridgeshire horse-race, the handsome young gentleman attracted the King's notice, and, as the prospect of a brilliant fortune opened before him, he was induced by his friends, though not without reluctance, to sacrifice love to ambition, and withdraw his pretensions to the lady's hand.

In March, 1615, James paid a visit to Cambridge University, and the patrons of Villiers, who hoped to elevate him into the place in the royal favour then held by the notorious Carr, Earl of Somerset, prepared to bring him more prominently before the King's notice, and confirm the good impression already produced. For this purpose, splendidly attired, he was present among the audience assembled in Clare Hall to witness the performance of the satirical play, or burlesque, entitled 'Ignoramus.'* The anticipations of

* Modern playgoers will shudder to hear that the performance occupied eight hours. The actors were chiefly Fellows of Clare Hall and Queen's College, and their exertions evoked great demonstrations of

himself and his patrons were realized. 'The King fell into admiration of him,' and expressed himself so warmly and unreservedly that the enemies of Somerset began to rejoice exceedingly. The Earl of Pembroke and the Countess of Bedford supplied Villiers liberally with the money necessary to his maintenance of a handsome appearance, and Sir Thomas Lake bought for him the place of a cup-bearer. Lloyd, in his 'State Worthies,' announces that he entered on his hazardous course amidst general applause; the courtiers wished him well, because he was an Englishman; the nobility, because he was a gentleman; the King, because he had manly beauty and parts; and the ladies, because he was 'the exactest courtier' in Christendom. He obtained the powerful support of Archbishop Abbot, who, if he discerned the flaws, detected also the excellent qualities of the young courtier's character, and, through him, was recommended to the Queen, Anne of Denmark. It was with her compliance, and through her agency, that Villiers was presented to the King for the twofold honour of receiving knighthood and being appointed a Gentleman of the Bedchamber (April 23rd, 1615). The Queen and Prince being in the King's bedchamber, and Villiers, by appointment, close at hand, the Queen seized a favourable opportunity to invite his entrance. 'Then did the Queen speak to the Prince to draw out the sword and to give it her; and immediately, with the sword drawn, she kneeled to the King, and humbly beseeched his Majesty to do her that especial favour as to knight this noble gentleman, whose name was George, for the honour of St. George, whose feast was now kept. The King at first seemed to be afraid

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approval. Bishop Corbet, in his 'Grave Poem,' thus alludes to them:

'Their play had sundry wise factors,
A perfect diocese of actors
Upon the stage, for I am sure that
There was both bishop, pastor, curate.
Nor was their labour light and small,
The charge of some was pastoral.'

that the Queen should come too near him with a naked sword, but then he did it very joyfully, and it might very well be that it was his own contriving, for he did much please himself with such inventions.'

It was about this time that an incident occurred which illustrated the new favourite's brilliant courage and the old favourite's rapid decline in influence. One of Somerset's creatures, in carrying a dish to the royal table, contrived to spill a portion of its contents over Villiers's splendid dress. Villiers promptly punished his insolence with a stinging box on the ear. By so doing, according to the practice of the Court, he had exposed himself to the penalty of losing his hand, and Somerset, as Lord Chamberlain, was prepared to see the penalty inflicted. But James at once interposed and pardoned the offender, 'who henceforth,' says Sanderson, 'was regarded as a budding favourite, and appeared like a proper palm beside the discerning spirit of the King, who first cherished him, through his innate virtue, that surprised all men.'

A budding favourite! Yes; but he rapidly bloomed out into full flower. In ten years he rose to the highest dignity which it was possible for a subject to obtain. Thus, he was appointed Cup-bearer, and received into the King's household, 1613. On St. George's Day, 1615, he was knighted, made a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, and gratified with a pension of £1,000 a year. At New Year's-tide following he received the appointment of Master of the Horse. In July, 1616, was made a Knight of the Garter; and on the 22nd of August, Baron Whaddon, of Whaddon, in the county of Bucks, and Viscount Villiers. On the 5th of January, 1617, he was created Earl of Buckingham and a Privy Councillor; and on the 18th of May, 1623, Earl of Coventry and Duke of Buckingham. But this glittering record does not exhaust the enumeration of this most fortunate favourite's dignities. He was also Chief Justice in Eyre, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Master of the King's Bench Office, Steward of the Manor of Hampton Court, Lord High

Admiral of England, Steward of Westminster, Constable of Windsor, and Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

Endowed by nature with a love of the picturesque and sumptuous, his magnificence of appearance kept pace with his fortunes. His equipages, his entertainments, his dress were all on the costliest scale. It is said, though chronology militates against the truth of the statement, that he was the first person in England to be carried in a sedan-chair, and that this circumstance provoked the public indignation against him: for it was a shame, said the crowd, that men should be brought to as servile condition as asses. When he travelled, his gilded coach was drawn by six horses; a piece of ostentation which the stout old Earl of Northumberland discounted by immediately driving forth with eight. As to his entertainments, he called in Ben Jonson to grace them with the charms of poetry and Inigo Jones to embellish them with the attractions of scenery. Bassompierre describes one of them at which he was present:—'The King,' he says, 'supped at one table with the Queen and me, which was served by a complete ballet at each course with sundry representations—changes of scenery, tables, and music: the Duke waited on the King at table, the Earl of Carlisle on the Queen, and the Earl of Holland on me. After supper the King and we were led into another room, where the assembly was, and we entered in by a kind of turnstile, as in convents, without any confusion, where there was a magnificent ballet, in which the Duke danced, and afterwards we set to and danced country dances till five in the morning; thence we were shown into vaulted apartments, where there were five different collations.'

The splendid richness of his attire is mentioned by several writers. His jewels alone were valued at a total of £300,000—an immense sum, according to the then value of money. 'It was common with him at an ordinary dancing,' says one authority, 'to have his clothes trimmed with great diamond buttons, and to have diamond hat-bands, cockades, and

ear-rings; to be yoked with great and manifold ropes and knots of pearl; in short, to be manacled, fettered, and imprisoned in jewels; insomuch that at his going over to Paris, in 1625, he had twenty-seven suits of clothes made the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute: one of which was a white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at fourscore thousand pounds, besides a great feather, stuck all over with diamonds; as well also his sword and spurs.'

All this magnificence well became the new favourite's handsome features and well-proportioned figure. Bishop Goodman, with something more than episcopal fervour, says: 'He had a very lovely complexion; he was the handsomest bodied man of England; his limbs were so well compacted, and his conversation so pleasing, and of so sweet a disposition. And truly his intellectuals were very great; he had a sound judgment, and was of a quick apprehension, insomuch that I have heard it from two men, and very great men (neither of them had gotten so little as £3,600 per annum by the Court), whom of all men in the world Buckingham had most wronged,—yet I heard both those men say and give him this testimony, that he was as inwardly beautiful, as he was outwardly, and that the world had not a more ingenious gentleman, or words to that effect.' The familiar name of 'Steenie,' given to him by James, alluded to that passage in Acts vi. 15, which, referring to Stephen, says, 'All that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face *as it had been the face of an angel.*' One of his contemporaries asserts that he had 'no blemish from head to foot;' and even the grave Clarendon comments on the 'daintiness of his leg and foot, his well-proportioned body, and gracefulness of movement.'

The tragic downfall of the Earl of Somerset removed from the new favourite's path his only considerable obstacle, and thenceforward his influence over James deepened and extended daily. This influence was due to something more than James's unmanly admiration of manly beauty; it

rested on Buckingham's courage and dash and brilliancy of talent, which swept along with a rush the King's narrower and more timid, though craftier, intellect. The timid, ailing, distempered, and hesitating sovereign leaned gratefully upon his new adviser, who seemed the felicitous embodiment of health and vigour, and of all the masculine virtues. The death of Anne of Denmark in March, 1619, removed the only counter-influence which could have checked or controlled his own, while it brought Prince Charles more completely within the range of his fascination. On January 30th, $161\frac{8}{9}$, Buckingham was appointed Lord High Admiral—the first office in which any political responsibility had devolved upon him, and in justice it should be admitted that he exhibited considerable administrative capacity, and with untiring energy laboured to build up a navy adequate to England's needs. In the following May he was married to Lady Katherine Manners, daughter of Francis, Earl of Rutland, one of the richest heiresses in England, and a lady of great personal charms and many attainments.

The Lady Katherine was a Roman Catholic, and the King for some time refused his consent to the marriage on account of her religion. But Williams, Dean of Salisbury, undertook her conversion; and, assisted by her inclination towards her splendid lover, succeeded in the most satisfactory manner. A public profession of faith was made by the beautiful convert on her partaking of Holy Communion at an Anglican altar. Nevertheless, Buckingham's suit did not run smoothly, and the Court was filled with rumours and scandals. It was not until the spring of 1620 that the marriage contract was signed, a ceremonial which preceded the ceremony itself usually by a period of forty days. In the interval, Buckingham, if Wilson may be credited,* induced the Lady Katherine to leave her father's house, and received her into his apartments at Whitehall. 'After keeping her there for several days he returned her to her

* Arthur Wilson, 'Life of James I.,' p. 149.

father. The stout old earl sent him this threatening message, "That he was too much of a gentleman to suffer such an indignity, and if he did not marry his daughter to repair her honour, no greatness should protect him from his justice." Therefore, he salved the wound before it grew to a quarrel; and if this marriage stopped the current of his sins, he had the less to answer for.'

There is no truth in this story. It would seem that the Lady Katherine, while on a visit to the Countess of Buckingham (the Earl's mother), had been taken ill, and was kept by the Countess in her own apartment until morning.* Her father, a zealous Roman Catholic, already indignant at his daughter's apostasy, came at once to the conclusion that she had sacrificed her honour to her lover's impatience, and wrote to the Earl in unmeasured terms:

'I confess,' he said, 'I took no great council in this business, for Nature taught me that I was to avoid the occasion of ill, as confidently as I assure myself she is of ill. . . . I confess I had noble offers from you, but I expect real performance, which I hope in the end will bring comfort to us both. . . . My daughter deserves no so great a care from a father whom she little esteems; yet I must preserve her honour, if it were with the hazard of my life. And for calling our honours in question, pardon me, my lord, that cannot be any fault of mine; for you would have me think that a contract which, if you will make it so, be it as secret as you will, this matter is only at an end; therefore, the fault is only your lordship's if the world talk of us both.' He proceeded to say that all he required was 'proofs that she is yours, and then you shall find me tractable, like a loving father; although she is not worthy in respect of her neglect of me; yet, it being once done, her love and due respects to your lordship shall make me forget that which I confess I now am too sensible of. . . . To conclude, my lord, this is my resolution, if my conscience may not be

* State Papers, Domestic, 'Sir Edward Jones to Lord Zouch,' Feb. 15th, $16\frac{19}{20}$.

fully satisfied she is yours, take your own courses: I must take mine, and I hope I may man myself with patience, and not with rage. Your lordship shall soon find I will be as careful of your honour as I shall be tender of mine own; and this is my resolution.'*

Buckingham replied haughtily:

'My Lord,—Your mistaking in your fashion of dealing with a free and honest heart, together with your forward carriage towards your own daughter, enforced me the other day to post to Hampton Court, and there cast myself at his Majesty's feet, confessing freely unto him all that hath ever passed in privacy between your lordship and me concerning your daughter's marriage, lest otherwise, by this, your public miscarriage of the business, it might by other means, to my disadvantage, have come to his knowledge. And now that I have obtained my master's pardon for this, my first fault, for concealing, and going further in anything than his Majesty was acquainted with, I can delay no longer of declaring unto you how unkindly I take your harsh usage of me and your own daughter, which hath wrought this effect in me; that, since you esteem so little of my friendship and her honour, I must now, contrary to my former resolution, leave off the pursuit of that alliance any more, putting it in your free choice to bestow her elsewhere, to your best comfort; for whose fortune it shall ever be to have her, I will constantly profess that she never received any blemish in her honour but which came by your own tongue. It is true I never thought before to have seen the time that I should need to come within the compass of the law, by stealing of a wife against the consent of the parents, minding of the favours that it pleaseth his Majesty, though undeservedly, to bestow upon me. So, leaving this to you and your wife's census, I rest, your lordship's servant,

'Buckingham.'

After this outflow of strong language, both parties cooled

* 'Bishop Goodman's Memoirs,' ii. 189-191.

down. The Earl consented to the pecuniary terms demanded by Lady Buckingham, and forgave his daughter's perversion. The marriage took place on the 16th of May, the celebrant being Williams, who was rewarded for his services with the deanery of Westminster. There were no public festivities, and no one was present at the wedding except King James and the Earl of Rutland.

The marriage was a happy one. Slander has not failed to accuse Buckingham of vices as a man, no less than of faults as a statesman; but it is not possible for any reasonably honest critic to read the wife's letters to her husband without feeling that they were inspired by a sincere admiration and affection, which Buckingham's conduct at the time deserved. While he was absent with Prince Charles in Spain she wrote to him frequently. Thus:*

'I am very glad that you have the pearls, and that you like them so well; and am sure they do not help you to win the ladies' hearts. Yourself is a jewel that will win the hearts of all the women in the world; but I am confident it is not in their power to win your heart from a heart that is, was, and ever shall be yours till death. Everybody tells me how happy I am in a husband, and how dear, too, you are; that you will not look at a woman, and yet how they woo you. Though I was confident of this before they told me, yet it is so many cordials to my heart when they tell me of it. God make me thankful to Him for giving of me you! Dear love, I did vainly hope I should have had a lock of your hair by Killigrew, and I am sorry I had it not; but seeing you have a conceit it may prove unlucky, it is well you sent it not, though I think it but an old wife's tale.'

And again:

'I think there never was such a man born as you are; and how much am I bound to God, that I must be that happy woman to enjoy you from all other women, and the unworthiest of all to have so great a blessing. Only this

* 'Bishop Goodman,' ii. 279.

I can say for myself, you could never have had one that could love you better than your poor true-loving Kate doth,—poor now, in your absence, but also the happiest and richest woman in the world.'

Yet another specimen:

'My lord, indeed I must crave your pardon that I did not write you more particulars of our pretty Moll. I did tell dry-nurse what you wrote to me, and she says you had one letter from her; and she has sent you word, by every one that has gone, that she was well, and what she could do. But if you will pardon me this fault, I will commit the like no more. She is very well, I thank God, and when she is set to her feet, and held by her sleeves, she will not go softly, but stamp, and set one foot before the other very fast, and I think she will run before she can go. She loves dancing extremely, and when the saraband is played, she will get her thumb and finger together, offering to snap; and then, when "Tom Duff" is sung, then she will shake her apron; and when she hears the tune of the clapping dance my Lady Francis Herbert taught the Prince, she will clap both her hands together, and on her breast, and she can tell the tunes as well as any of us can; and as they change the tunes, she will change her dancing. I would you come here but to see her, for you would take much delight in her now she is so full of pretty play and tricks; and she has gotten a trick, that when they dance her, she will cry Hah, Hah; and Nicholas will dance with his legs, and she will imitate him as well as she can. She will be excellent at a hat; for if one lay her down, she will kick her legs over her head; but when she is older I hope she will be more modest. Everybody says she grows every day more like you; you shall have her picture very shortly.'

This is charming! What a vivid picture is artlessly presented of the fond mother exulting in the forward ways and pretty tricks of her child, and jotting down every one of them for the edification of the father, in the loving con-

viction that they will interest him as they have interested her!

The lady had had reason, however, to change her opinion of her brilliant husband's chastity during his sojourn at Madrid—'that wicked Madrid,' as she not infelicitously called it. Doubts of his constancy were confirmed by his own confession, and by his strongly-expressed contrition for his infidelities. A second daughter was born while he was in Spain, and the Duchess's confinement was followed by a dangerous illness, which caused him great alarm. In a sudden access of compunction he began to look upon her illness as a kind of vicarious punishment for his sins, and he wrote to her that her death he should think too heavy a blow even for one so sinful as himself. His wife's reply thrills with the true love of a true woman. 'When you say it is too great a punishment for a greater offender than you hope you are, dear heart, howsoever God had been pleased to have dealt with me, it had been for my sins, and not yours; for truly you were so good a man, that, but for one sin, you are not so great an offender, only your loving women so well. But I hope God has forgiven you, and I am sure you will not commit the like again, and God has laid a great affliction on me by this grievous absence; and I trust God will send me life, and Moll too, that you shall enjoy us both; for I am sure God will bless us both, for your sake; and I cannot express the infinite affection I bear you; but, for God's sake, believe me, that there was never woman loved man as I do you.'

One of the most extraordinary episodes* of a remarkable life was Buckingham's mad passion for Anne of Austria. In 1625 he was sent to Paris, along with the Earl of Montgomery, to bring back Henrietta Maria as the wife of Charles; and he appeared at the French Court in 'all the lustre the wealth of England could adorn him with, outshining all the bravery that Court could dress itself in, and

* Dumas has employed it to much advantage in his *Les Trois Mousquetaires.*

overacting the whole nation in their own most peculiar vanities.' The splendid young noble—he was then about thirty-three, and in the prime of manly beauty—produced a very favourable impression. Louis XIII. remarked that he was one of the few English gentlemen he had ever seen, and his beautiful wife permitted herself to think of him with feelings of kindness she had never cherished towards any of her former admirers. 'He had a fine figure,' says Madame de Motteville, who held the Queen's confidence; 'his face was very handsome; his mind and character were free from littleness. He was magnificent in his deportment, and very gracious; and, as the favourite of a great king, he had large funds at his disposal, and all the crown jewels of England to employ in adorning his person. No wonder, then, that with so many attractions he dared to cherish presumptuous thoughts, to harbour desires at once so lofty, so dangerous, and so criminal. He had the good fortune to persuade those who were aware of his wishes that they were not proffered impertinently; yet one may venture to suppose that his vows were received in the same way as that in which the gods suffer the homage of humanity.'

Madame de Motteville tells us that, at a later period, Anne of Austria acknowledged that in the warm spring-time of her youth she had not conceived it possible that the lively but hazardous conversation, which she designated *l'honnête galanterie,* could attract censure, especially when no secret meaning was concealed beneath the external vivacity. She confessed that the Duchess de Chevreuse, her friend, had been wholly occupied with acts of coquetry and gallantry; and that she herself, led on by her counsel and example, listened too indulgently to expressions of passion which were more pleasing to her vanity than dangerous to her honour. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse,* and Anne of Austria would never have attempted to defend her conduct if she had not owned to herself that it needed defence. There can be no doubt that Buckingham temporarily charmed and interested her, though she had too much

prudence not to stifle the growth of feelings which could only, if indulged, have led to ruin and dishonour.

After a week of festivity and excitement, Buckingham prepared to conduct the young Queen of England upon her journey to England. Previous to his departure he ordered some rings, which he intended as presents to the courtiers, to be set in diamonds; but his intention became known to the Court, and for some reason gave offence. 'I have been informed,' wrote Balthazar Gerbier, the painter, who seems to have acted as the Duke's steward, 'that at the Court where you are they have got intelligence of the diamonds your Excellency is causing to be set in rings, and so they are trying to guess what can be your reason. The greater part think it is in order to make presents, which they are resolved not to receive. Your Excellency's perfect sagacity needs no interpreter for understanding their policy, which is only that somebody has been such an exceeding busybody as to blow into the ear of the Duc de Chevreuse that if your Excellency were to be remarked above others for liberality, it would be greatly to his detriment.' The refusal of the French nobles to accept his gifts was not appreciated by the Duke, who showed no such refinement of disinterestedness, but carried away with him presents amounting in value to £80,000.*

Before leaving Paris, the Duke exchanged impertinences with Cardinal Richelieu. The great Minister addressed to him a letter with the superscription, 'Le Duc de Buckingham,' instead of 'Monseigneur le Duc.' Buckingham was equal to the occasion, and inscribed his reply to 'Monsieur le Cardinal.'

The young Queen of England was accompanied as far as Amiens by Anne of Austria; and it was here, in the garden of the house where she was lodged, that the interview took place between Buckingham and Anne, which formed the climax of the Duke's infatuation. She was surrounded by her usual attendants when he approached, but they retired;

* 'Bishop Goodman's Memoirs,' i. 290.

and on his expressing a strong wish to speak to her alone, Putangue, her equerry, also withdrew. In a transport of passion, the Duke seems to have forgotten every dictate of prudence and honour. Having accidentally strayed into a winding alley, which was hid by a palisade from public view, the Queen, finding herself alone, and alarmed perhaps by the unguarded warmth of the Duke's utterances, cried out; and calling to her equerry, blamed him exceedingly for having quitted her.

The Duke went on to Boulogne with Henrietta Maria; but hastily returned to Amiens on the pretext that he was commissioned to discuss with Marie de Medicis, the Queen-mother, the terms of some new negotiation. He sought and obtained, notwithstanding the garden scene, another interview with Anne of Austria, who received him, according to the French fashion, *en ruelle,* and expressed neither anger nor surprise at her audacious lover's appearance. Flinging himself on his knees by her bedside, he kissed her sheet, it is said, with many agitated and passionate expressions. Anne for a while remained silent, not displeased, one must think, with the brilliant Englishman's idolatry; but a venerable *dame d'honneur*, the Countess de Lannoir, took upon herself to interfere, and reminding him that such conduct was contrary to the etiquette of the French Court, desired him to rise. The Duke answered rudely that he was not a Frenchman, and therefore was not obliged to observe the French laws, and again addressed the Queen in language of tender devotion. Anne, by this time, had recovered her prudence, and professing to be extremely indignant, though her language was contradicted by her manner, she bade him rise from his knees and quit the apartment. The Duke then complied.

A strange scene; and one hardly knows whether to wonder more at the conduct of Buckingham or the Queen, as the principal actors in it. But one wonders the most when one finds that, next day, the Queen received her lover in public, as if nothing had occurred between them;

and that, after his return to England, she found means to send him her own garter and a costly jewel as a *souvenir.* It is said that, sometime later, while walking in the garden at Ruel, the Queen met the poet Voiture, and jestingly asked him the subject of his thoughts. He replied in the following impromptu, which no doubt he had carefully prepared:

> Je pensois (car nous autres poëtes
> Nous pensons extravagement),
> Ce que, dans l' humeur où vous êtes,
> Vous feriez, si dans ce moment
> Vous avisiez en cette place
> Venir le Duc de Buckingham,
> Et lequel servit en disgrace,
> De lui, ou du Père Vincent.

Instead of resenting the poet's impertinence, Anne praised his verses highly, and asked for a copy of them. The Père Vincent, I may add, was the Queen's confessor.

Buckingham, in quitting France, carried with him a resolution to return at the earliest possible opportunity. But his intrigue (if such it can be called) with Anne of Austria was suspected by the French Court; and Clarendon asserts that he would have been assassinated had he again appeared in Paris. A curious letter from the young Earl of Holland to the Duke is printed in the 'Cabala,'* and it confirms Clarendon's statement. Certain cipher-marks, used by the Earl, are not difficult of interpretation. The *fleur-de-lis* evidently stands for the King of France; the *heart,* for Anne of Austria; and the *anchor,* for the orderly who was Lord High Admiral. The letter runs as follows:

'I find many things to be feared, and none to be assured of a safe and real welcome. For the ⚜ continues in his suspects, making, as they say, very often discourses of it; and is willing to hear villains say that ♥ hath infinite affections: you imagine which way. They say there is whispered among the foolish young bravadoes of the Court that he is not a good Frenchman (considering the reports that are raised) that suffers ⚓ to return out of France. Many such bruits fly up and down . . . . Though neither

* Cabala, or Letters of Illustrious Personages (Edit. 1691), p. 263.

the business gives me cause to persuade your coming, nor any reason for the matter of your safety; yet know you are the most happy, unhappy man alive; for ♥ is beyond imagination right, and would do things to destroy her fortune, rather than want satisfaction in her mind. I dare not speak as I would; I have ventured, I fear, too much, considering what practices accompany the malice of the people here. I tremble to think whether this will find a safe conveyance unto you. Do what you will; I dare not advise you. To come is dangerous; not to come is unfortunate. As I have lived with you, and only in that enjoy any happiness, so I will die with you; and I protest to God for you to do you the least service.'

In September, when difficulties had arisen with regard to the French alliance, Buckingham proposed to cross to Paris in order to settle them personally with the French Court. But the husband of Anne of Austria was unwilling to receive a visit from the man who had made public addresses to his Queen; and as soon as he heard of the proposal, he sent peremptory instructions to Blainville, his ambassador, to refuse Buckingham permission to enter France. Political considerations had, no doubt, a share in this refusal; but it was largely determined by the King's anger at the insult to his honour as a husband which the Duke had wantonly offered.

The political career of Buckingham has been traced by Dr. Samuel Rawson Gardiner with a fulness, an exactness, and a luminous intelligence—lighting up with the light of day passages hitherto obscure and misunderstood—which leaves to the later historian no opportunity of correction or addition. The story is full of diversified interest, but it lies beyond the scope of the present volumes, and we are concerned, as already hinted, with its personal aspects only.

Gradually the popular discontent with the condition of public affairs, and the policy upon which Charles I. had

entered, was concentrated upon Buckingham, and an impeachment threatened by the Commons was averted only by the sudden dissolution of the Parliament (June 15th, 1626). To recover, if possible, his popularity, the Duke urged upon the King a declaration of war against France. He found a pretext in the persecution which the Huguenots were suffering under: their last stronghold, Rochelle, was besieged by the forces of Louis XIII., and its downfall would consummate the ruin of the French reformers. Charles and his advisers hoped that a religious war would appeal to the national sympathies; and a general loan was called for, of the same amount as the subsidies which Parliament had promised, but not voted. The anticipated enthusiasm, however, failed to show itself; and in every county the King's commissioners met with stern refusals. And though the recusants were harshly dealt with, the refusals continued. The ports and maritime districts were ordered to furnish a certain number of warships, fully equipped. London was assessed for twenty. The citizens represented that Queen Elizabeth had not asked for so many, when the Spanish Armada threatened the shores of England. In reply, they were informed that the precedents of past times pointed to submission, and not to objection.

After some months of preparation, an expedition for the relief of Rochelle was at last equipped; and on the 27th of June, 1627, Buckingham sailed from Portsmouth with a hundred ships, of which forty or fifty were men-of-war. The land forces numbered nearly nine thousand, including a squadron of cavalry. In the course of a few days he appeared before Rochelle, but its inhabitants mistrusted his purpose, and refused to admit his fleet into their harbour until he had proved his sincerity by some hostile act against the French flag. He resolved to make a descent upon the island of Oleron, which was fully garrisoned, but suddenly altered his mind, and sailed for that of Rhé. Here the principal town, St. Martin's, speedily submitted; but the citadel, which was well situated, strongly built, and

amply supplied, offered a steadfast and prolonged resistance. The Duke ordered an assault; but his strategy was so defective that he experienced a disastrous repulse, and was compelled to carry his shattered fleet back to England, with loss of precious lives and still more precious honour. 'Every man knows,' wrote Denzil Holles, with painful recollections of the brave men he had seen driven into a hopeless labyrinth of marsh and saltern, 'every man knows that since England was England it received not so dishonourable a blow. Four colonels slain, and, besides the colours lost, thirty-two taken by the enemy. Two thousand of our side killed, and I think not one of theirs.'

Over the whole country swept a storm of wrath. The most considerable families in England were involved in sorrow and suffering by this deplorable catastrophe, and the heart of the nation sympathized with them. It was assumed—not altogether with justice—that this misery, and worse, this shame, were due to the arrogant incapacity of Buckingham, and the obstinate weakness of the King, who sheltered and supported him. Nor was the popular temper softened by other occurrences. Foreign ships of war preyed unchecked upon English commerce; and the ports were full of traders who durst not put out to sea. The spirit and enterprise of the country seemed paralyzed; while the oppressive rigour with which the forced loan had been levied rankled in the minds of men. Even the high spirit and bold temper of Buckingham quailed before the gathering voices of hatred and contempt. He felt that something must be done to extricate him from his perilous entanglement, while Charles knew that something must also be done to fill his exhausted treasury. Reluctantly they resorted to the constitutional but unwelcome expedient of calling a Parliament, which accordingly assembled, after the usual formalities, and was opened by the King in person on the 17th of March, 1628. This was the Parliament which extorted from Charles I. his assent to the Petition of Right. After securing that great constitutional

charter, the Commons renewed the attack upon Buckingham which, in the former Parliament, had been suspended by the King's arbitrary exercise of his prerogative of dissolution. It was led by Sir John Eliot, and supported by Sir Edward Coke, who, with all the weight of his many years and long experience, declared that the author and cause of all they suffered, of all that the country suffered, was the Duke of Buckingham. That man, he exclaimed, was the author of all their miseries. That man was the grievance of grievances. He it was, and not the King, who had told them not to meddle with the Government or the Ministers of the State.

Coke here alluded to the malignant calumny that the Duke had said: 'Tush! it makes no matter what the Commons or Parliament doth; for without my leave and authority they shall not be able to touch the hair of a dog.' The Duke earnestly, and with evident sincerity, protested that the accusation was untrue; but his enemies caught it up with eagerness, and employed it still further to influence the public mind against him. In a satirical copy of verses, entitled 'Rhodomontades,' he was represented as exulting in his arbitrary and uncontrolled power:

> ''Tis not your threats shall take me from the King,
> Nor questioning my councils and commands,
> How with the honour of the State it stands. . . .
>
> Seem wise, and cease then to protect the realm,
> Or strive with him that sits and guides the helm.
> I know your reading will inform you soon
> What creatures they were that barkt against the moon.
> I'll give you better counsel as a friend:
> Coblers their latchets ought not to transcend;
> Meddle with common matters, common wrongs;
> To the House of Commons common things belongs.
> Leave him to the oar that best knows how to row,
> And State to him that best the State doth know.
> If I by industry, deep reach, or grace,
> Am now arrived at this or that great place,
> Must I, to please your inconsiderate rage,
> Throw down mine honours? Will nought else assuage,
> Your gracious wisdoms? True shall the verse be yet,
> There's no less will required to keep than get.'*

* 'Poems on the Duke of Buckingham (Ed. Percy Society), 30.

This declaration of omnipotence might with much more justice have been put in the mouth of Charles than of the Duke; but at this period the Opposition passed by the Crown, and directed all their hostility against its Minister. A libel was found nailed to a post in Coleman Street, which expressed the popular conviction of the Duke's guilt as the *origo et fons mali.* According to a contemporary letter-writer it ran as follows:*

> 'Who rules the kingdom? The King.
> Who rules the King? The Duke.
> Who rules the Duke? The devil.
>
> Let the Duke look to it: for they intend shortly to use him worse than they did the doctor; and if things be not shortly reformed they will work a reformation themselves.'

The 'doctor' was Dr. John Lambe, 'the Duke's devil,' as he was popularly called, and his confidential agent in his love affairs. He was an astrologer and a quack doctor, a man of infamous life and character, who got a shameful living by showing apparitions or selling the devil's favours, and by making his chambers a rendezvous for the curious and licentious of both sexes. On the evening of June 13th this wretched man had gone to the Fortune Theatre. When leaving it he was followed by a crowd of London 'prentices, who hooted at him with increasing excitement. Growing alarmed, he hired some sailors to escort him to a tavern in Moorgate Street, where he supped. When he came forth, having probably kindled his courage with a cup of wine, he turned upon the lads who lingered at the door and threatened them violently, telling them 'he would make them dance naked.' The crowd grew denser and angrier every minute, and pursued him into the Old Jewry, until he attacked them with his sailors and drove them off. They retaliated with showers of stones, and, exhausted and bleeding, he sought refuge in the Windmill Tavern. It was immediately surrounded, and the landlord compelled the unfortunate man to leave, though not until he had attempted

* Meade to Sir M. Stuteville, in Miss Aikin's 'Court and Times of Charles I.,' i. 367.

to disguise him. He fled once more and made another effort to find a refuge. The master of the second tavern sent him forth with four constables to protect him; but they were at once driven aside, and the pursuers fell upon their victim with sticks and stones and beat him to the ground senseless, with one eye forced from its socket. The Lord Mayor's Guard coming up, they rescued the bruised and disfigured body, and carried it to the Compter Prison, where the poor wretch died on the following morning. His murderers, while raining on him their cruel blows, were heard to say that they would serve his master worse, and would have minced his flesh and have had everyone a bit of him.

Charles was deeply moved by this ominous incident. He summoned the Lord Mayor and Aldermen before him, and demanded that double watch and ward should be kept every night within the City walls; and, when they failed to discover the guilty persons, imposed on the City a fine of £6,000. But scurrilous songs and pasquinades passed from hand to hand, retailing the iniquities of the Duke, and the streets echoed with the doggerel refrain:

'Let Charles and George do what they can,
Yet George shall die like Dr. Lambe.'

On the 26th of June Charles suddenly prorogued Parliament, and the Duke, whose gay courage had never failed,* obtained a respite from the attacks of his enemies in the Commons. His personal peril, however, seems never to have troubled him. On one occasion he was advised to wear a shirt of mail beneath his clothes. 'A shirt of mail,' he replied, 'would be but a silly defence against any popular fury. As for a single man's assault, I take myself to be in no danger. There are no Roman spirits left.'† But he felt very keenly the presence of the public anger. With all his faults he was an Englishman, and to gain the confidence of

* When after the failure at Rhé, the soldiers re-embarked, Buckingham was the last man to quit the shore.

† 'Reliquiæ Wottonianæ,' i. 335.

his countrymen was the dearest wish of his heart. He resolved, therefore, on taking the command of another expedition that was being prepared for the relief of Rochelle—to throw life, fortune, and honour upon one daring cast, and on the dykes of Rochelle to leave his body or vindicate his fame. Sir Balthazar Gerbier records some particulars illustrative of his devotion:

'The Duke's intention to succour the Rochellers was manifest, as was his care to assure them of it. He commanded me to write and convey to them the secret advertisement thereof. The last advice I gave them from him contained these words: "Hold out but three weeks, and, God willing, I will be with you, either to overcome or to die there." The bearer of this received from my hands a hundred Jacobuses to carry it with speed and safety.' . . . 'The Duke, a little before his departure from York House, being alone with me in his garden, and giving me his last commands for my journey towards Italy and Spain, one Mr. Wigmore, a gentleman of his, coming to us, presented to his lordship a paper, said to come from the prophesying Lady Davies,* foretelling that he should end his life that month; besides, he had received a letter from a very considerable hand, persuading him to let some other person be sent on that expedition to command in his place; on which occasion the Duke made this expression to me: "Gerbier, if God please I will go, and be the first man who shall set his foot upon the dyke below Rochelle, to die or do the work, whereby the world shall see the reality of our intentions for the relief of that place." He had before told me the same in his closet, after he had signed certain despatches of my letters of credence to the Dukes of Lorraine and Savoy, to whom I was sent to know what diversion they could make in favour of the King in case the peace with Spain should not take. His Majesty spoke to me, on my going towards my residency at Bruxelles, "Gerbier, I do command thee to

* Lady Eleanor Davies, an extraordinary woman, who professed to enjoy prophetical powers.

have a continued care to press the Infanta and the Spanish Ministers there for the restitution of the Palatinate; for I am obliged in conscience, in honour, and in maxim of state, to stir all the powers of the world, rather than to fail to try to the uttermost to compass this business."'

It was not, however, to be compassed. The grim irony of fate had decreed that the great Duke's desire to win the wreath of victory and the confidence of his country should never be satisfied. There was a strange presentiment in the minds of men that the brilliant noble was going swiftly to his doom. He held so conspicuous, so powerful a place that it was natural enough that his sudden removal from it should be heralded by omens and portents. Clarendon records how the ghost of the Duke's father appeared to an aged servant, and commanded him to warn his son to propitiate the nation he had so gravely offended; and the Countess of Denbigh, Buckingham's sister, writing to him on the day that proved to be that of his death, 'bedewed the paper with her tears,' and fainted away as she thought of the dangers he was incurring. Even Buckingham himself, with all his courage, could not repress an uneasy feeling; and, in taking leave of Laud, begged him to put his Majesty in mind of his poor wife and children. 'Since adventure,' he remarked, 'may kill me as well as another man.'

It was an outbreak of popular fury, however, which he dreaded — so far as he dreaded anything — and not, as we have seen, the assassin's knife; and to such an outbreak he nearly fell a victim. It was the 2nd of August. A sailor who had affronted him a fortnight before, and been condemned to death by court martial, was on his way to execution, when an attempt was made to rescue him, and a party of his comrades violently attacked the guard. Followed by a train of mounted attendants, the Duke rode to assist in the defence, and the assailants, after losing ten of their number dead, and many wounded, were driven on board ship. Buckingham then accompanied the pro-

cession to the gibbet. The Duchess had interceded for the criminal, and his life would have been spared, but for the mutinous attack which rendered lenity impossible. Even after this assertion of his authority, the Duke was still in danger; but his officers pressed in around him, and with swords drawn, conveyed him safely to the house in the High Street, Portsmouth, where he was lodging. That night the Duke slept uneasily, like one who has bad dreams; and his loving wife, in the morning, anxiously implored him to take additional precautions. He answered her at first somewhat harshly; but recovering his usual sweetness of temper, and feeling the influence of her tenderness, he told her that he would take her importunity as a sign of her love. Then, about nine o'clock, he went down to breakfast.

Now there was a certain John Felton, who had served under Buckingham in the disastrous expedition to Rhé—a moody, melancholy man, with grievances as to non-payment of wages and refusal of promotion, and that exaggerated idea of self which elevates private injuries into public wrongs, and craves revenge as due both to the individual and the nation. This man, on the morning of Wednesday, the 20th of August, quitted his mother's lodgings in Fleet Street, and betook himself to a neighbouring church, where he left a request that he might be prayed for on the following Sunday as for one who was disordered and much discontented in mind. He had been reading the Remonstrance of the Commons, and convinced himself that the Duke was the author of all the miseries of the kingdom as well as of his own poverty; and a book called the 'Golden Epistles' had taught him that everything was lawful which was done for the good of the Commonwealth. Resolved, therefore, to rid his country of a tyrant, and himself of an enemy, he went into a cutler's shop on Tower Hill, and bought a tenpenny dagger-knife, about twelve inches long, which he so adjusted to his right pocket as to be able to draw it, without having recourse

to his left hand, which was maimed. Upon a paper, which he afterwards pinned to the lining of his hat, he wrote:*

'That man is cowardly base, and deserveth not the name of a gentleman or souldier, that is not willing to sacrifice his life for the honor of his God, his Kinge, and his countrie. Lett noe man commend me for doinge of it, but rather discommend themselves as the cause of it, for if God had not taken away o^r^ harts for o^r^ sinnes he would not have gone so long unpunished.

'JO. FELTON.'

Having thus completed his preparations, he started on his road to Portsmouth, and, partly walking, partly riding, when he fell in with a good-humoured waggoner, he arrived there early on Saturday morning, the 23rd, and at once repaired to Buckingham's lodgings in the High Street.

The house where the Duke had taken up his quarters was a large and irregular low building, of only two stories. The sleeping-chambers of the second story opened upon a gallery, and this gallery crossed the end of a hall that led to the outer gate, and communicated inwardly with the sitting-rooms by a short, dark, and narrow passage at the bottom of the gallery stairs. On this Saturday morning the hall was crowded with officers passing in to receive orders, and departing to execute them; while the excitement of the time had attracted to the outer gate a throng of seamen and common people. The King was at Southwick, Sir Daniel Morton's seat, about four miles distant, having resolved to see the Duke aboard; and Lord Dorchester (Dudley Carleton) arrived with a request from His Majesty that the Duke would join him there. The

* A different version is given by Lord Dorchester:—'If I be slain let no man condemn me, but rather condemn himself. Our hearts are hardened, and become senseless, or else he had not gone so long unpunished. He is unworthy the name of gentleman or soldier, in my opinion, that is afraid to sacrifice his life for the honour of God, his King, and country.—JOHN FELTON.'

Duke's coach was waiting at the gate; and as Dorchester dismounted, he could see Buckingham descending into the breakfast-room 'in the greatest joy and alacrity I ever saw him in my life.' During breakfast a messenger arrived with the news that Rochelle had been relieved, and a scene of great excitement ensued, the Prince de Soubise, and some Huguenot officers who were present, protesting that it could not be true. Their animated gestures and flashing eyes induced the crowd outside to suppose that menaces and angry words were being exchanged.

At half-past nine the door opened, and Buckingham made his appearance, preceded by Lord Dorchester, who was delivering the King's message. As he stepped into the busy hall, he stopped to speak with Sir Thomas Fryer, one of his most trusted lieutenants. Suddenly he staggered backward, flinging something from him, with a loud cry of 'Villain!' Clasping his sword, with an effort to recover himself, he stumbled against a table in the hall, and, while the blood oozed from his nose and mouth, fell to the ground, dead. Many had sprung forward to his assistance, in the belief that he had been seized with a fit of apoplexy; but the 'flowing blood' and the stained knife lying on the pavement told their own sad story. He had been struck over the arm of Fryer, who was a short man, in the left breast, with a blow so heavy and well-aimed that the knife had entered his heart. The Earl of Cleveland, who was following the Duke, said afterwards that he heard 'a thump,' and the words: 'God have mercy on thy soul!' But it must have been difficult to know what was said and done in that moment of sudden horror. 'For there was nothing,' says Lord Dorchester, 'but noise and tumult, shouts, and cries, and lamentings, every man drawing his sword, and no man knowing whom to strike, nor from whom to defend himself.' In the confusion, Felton, who, of course, was the murderer, had forced his way into the kitchen, losing, as he did so, his hat, which fell into the hands of a man named Nicholas; and at a shout of 'A Frenchman! a

Frenchman!'* raised by some who imagined that the fatal stroke had been dealt by one of the French officers, he unsheathed his sword, and walked forth into the court, quietly saying, 'I am the man; here I am.' The crowd made a rush to strike him down, but Lord Dorchester, Sir Thomas Morton, and Lord Montgomery threw themselves before him, and hurried him into the house, where he was properly guarded.†

Amidst all this stir and frenzy of confusion the body of the murdered Duke had been forgotten. 'There was not a living creature in either of the chambers,' says a contemporary letter-writer,‡ no more than if it had been in the sands of Ethiopia. Whereas commonly in such cases you shall note everywhere a great and sudden conflux of people unto the place to hearken and to see, it should seem the very horror of this fact had stupefied all curiosity, and so dispersed the multitude.' All at once the air was rent with the shrieks of women. Lady Anglesey, the Duke's sister-in-law, at the beginning of the tumult, had rushed, terrified, into the chamber of the Duchess, who, being pregnant, was still in bed, and with sobs and sighs had told her that the event so long foreboded had come at last. With a bitter cry, the unhappy wife ran out, in her nightgown, into the gallery, followed by Lady Anglesey, and thence beheld 'the blood of their dearest lord gushing from him.' 'Oh, poor ladies!' says Dorchester; 'such were their screeches, tears, and distractions, that I never in my life heard the like before, and hope never to hear the like again.'§

* It is said that he mistook the cry for his own name, which he supposed to have become known through the writing in his hat.

† 'Reliquiæ Wott.,' vi. 234.

‡ 'Jack Stamford would have run at him, but he was kept off by Mr. Nicholas; so, being carried up to a tavern, Captain Morice tore off his spurs, and asking how he durst attempt such an act, making him believe the Duke was not dead, he answered boldly that he knew he was despatched, for 'twas not he, but the hand of Heaven that gave the stroke; and though his whole body had been covered over with armour of proof, he could not have avoided it. Captain Price went post presently to the King, four miles off, who, being at prayers on his knees when it was told him, yet never stirred.'—Howell, Letters, p. 203.

§ Sir H. Ellis, 'Original Letters,' 1st series, iii. 256.

The messenger who carried the news to King Charles at Southwick found him at evening prayers. His countenance showed how keenly he felt the blow; but with his usual strictness of devotion he remained on his knees until the service was at an end. Then, retiring to his own apartment and throwing himself upon his bed, he gave way to an agony of grief. He had lost not only a counsellor and a minister, but a friend; the only man to whom he unbosomed himself without reserve; the only man in whom he ever placed absolute and entire confidence. To the last hour of his life he cherished his memory; to his last hour he regarded the Duke's friends as his friends, and the Duke's enemies as his enemies. There must have been something noble and generous in the man who, in Charles's cold and reserved nature, could kindle such an enduring affection.

Bishop Laud was scarcely less moved than the King by Buckingham's violent death; though he did not deduce from it the warning which to an observant mind it was well fitted to convey. The Court party, speaking generally, were deeply concerned; they were stricken with a mingled rage and terror, and were not a little disposed to believe that the murder was the result of a conspiracy. But the people rejoiced as heartily as if the death of this one man had opened up a golden era of peace and prosperity for the nation. Their satisfaction found expression in numerous ballads as well as in longer poems, and one effusion was of sufficient merit to be attributed to Ben Jonson, though the Court discovered that its real author was a minister of the gospel, named Zouch Townley, who, to avoid punishment, escaped to Holland. It was addressed to Felton:

> 'Nor dare I pray
> Thine acts may mercy find, lest thy great story
> Lose somewhat of its miracle and glory. . . .
> For I would have posterity to hear,
> He that can bravely do, can bravely bear. . . .
> Farewell! for thy brave sake we shall not send,
> Henceforth, commanders enemies to defend,
> Nor will it our just monarchs henceforth please

> To keep an admiral to lose the seas.
> Farewell! undaunted stand, and joy to be
> Of public service the epitome.
> Let the Duke's name solace and crown thy thrall,
> All we for him did suffer—thou for all;
> And I dare boldly write, as thou darest die,
> Stout fellow, England's ransom, here doth lie.'

As the murderer, whom a mistaken public feeling was endeavouring to elevate into a patriot, passed through Kingston on his way to London, an old woman exclaimed, 'God bless thee, little David!' From the multitude which had gathered outside the Tower gates to welcome him, shouts arose of 'The Lord comfort thee! The Lord be merciful unto thee!'* In the Tower he was lodged in the room previously occupied by Sir John Eliot. He was subjected to repeated examinations, and even threatened with the rack; but the judges unanimously declared that the law of England prohibited the use of torture (November 14th), and the King had good reasons for not exercising his prerogative. On the 27th of November, Felton was brought to trial, and at once pleaded guilty, listening with composure to the sentence of death passed upon him. A flash of insight seems to have revealed to him the true nature of his deed, and he asked that the hand which had been its instrument might be cut off. Necessarily, the request was refused; and, next day, he was hanged at Tyburn. The body was afterwards taken down, and removed to Portsmouth, where it was suspended in chains, according to the usual custom.

As for the body of Felton's victim, it was taken up into the room in which the Duke had breakfasted, and there, in the excitement and alarm, was for a few minutes left unguarded. It was afterwards embalmed and conveyed by slow stages to York House, where for some days it lay in state. The funeral took place on the 11th of September,

* An anagram made from his name—'Noh! flie not!'—was very popular as expressive of his immovable resolution.

'in as poor and confused manner as hath been seen.' At ten o'clock at night, the coffin was carried to Westminster Abbey, with an escort of about a hundred mourners, while 'the trainbands kept a guard on both sides of the way all along from Wallingford House, beating up their drums loud, and carrying their spikes and muskets upon their shoulders as in a march, not trailing them at their heels, as is usual in mourning.'* There it was interred in the vault in Henry VII.'s Chapel which the sovereign's favour had already set apart for the Duke's family. A sumptuous monument was afterwards erected by his loving Duchess, on which a lusty Fame proclaims through a trumpet of stone the virtuous and splendid genius of the husband whom she worshipped with so true and generous an affection.

Buckingham was only thirty-six years old when Felton's knife terminated his romantic career. Thirty-six!—an age at which nowadays politicians refuse to believe it possible for a man even to begin to be a statesman. Many of his errors of policy were, no doubt, the errors of youth and inexperience; and it is observable that as he grew in years, and acquired a wider and deeper knowledge of public affairs and of men and manners, he developed a greater discretion and a more accurate appreciation of the difficulties which existed in the change of the national temper and the increased strength of the public will. He was always a bright and brilliant figure, but he was by no means the giddy trifler and feather-brained courtier which some authorities have represented him, nor the haughty and self-willed favourite which has been created by the imagination of others. Gifted with very considerable abilities, he felt the deficiencies of his education for the high post to which fortune had called him, and endeavoured to supply them by seeking the company of learned and experienced men, and 'sifting' from

* The story that this was a fictitious funeral, and that the Duke's body had been privately interred the day before, seems to us unworthy of credence.

their brains the knowledge of which he stood in need. He had all an Englishman's desire to see his country great and powerful; his ambition aimed at making her conspicuous in the councils of Europe; and to this ambition must be attributed the variableness of his foreign policy, which was guided by no other principle than that of asserting the influence of England. For this purpose he was ready to go to war with a country which a few months before he had sought to join in friendly alliance, or to conclude peace as quickly as he had declared war. It should ever be remembered to his honour that he understood the importance to his country of a strong navy, and his administration as Lord High Admiral was marked by exceptional energy and considerable success. Of a frank, free, and fearless nature, he met the charges of his enemies boldly, and never sought to shelter himself behind the throne, or to gain advantage over them by political intrigues. He was not vindictive, but behaved towards his opponents with a generosity which they showed no disposition to reciprocate, and history has been equally slow to exhibit. So that the justice which his contemporaries denied him has never been accorded to him by posterity, and the Buckingham of popular tradition is, as I believe, an altogether meaner and poorer spirit than the gallant and aspiring Minister and favourite of Charles I.

Buckingham, like his sovereign, was a liberal patron of the Arts. His taste for them was probably quickened and refined by his visit to Madrid, which revealed to him the treasures of the Spanish Galleries, and the noble works of Spanish architects. On his return to England, he immediately began to decorate York House with the finest pictures and sculptures a liberal outlay could secure; and he assisted and encouraged Charles in forming the noble gallery at Whitehall. When he went to Paris, he made the acquaintance of Rubens, from whom he purchased for £10,000 his entire collection of statues, paintings, and other works of art. Much of his confidence was given to the

Antwerp painter, Balthazar Gerbier, whom he employed on delicate commissions, as well as to paint the portraits of himself and family. He drew up a catalogue of Buckingham's art-treasures, which included no fewer than thirteen pictures by Rubens, nineteen by Titian, seventeen by Tintoret, twenty-one by Bassano, thirteen by Paul Veronese, three by Raphael, three by Guido, three by Lionardo da Vinci. The finest among them was the 'Ecce Homo' of Titian, for which the Earl of Arundel offered the Duke £7,000 in land or money. There were two hundred and thirty in all—sold by the second Duke, in his exile at Antwerp, to furnish him with supplies for his necessities and pleasures.

Mytens was one of the artists patronized by Buckingham, for whom he executed a portrait of the mettlesome dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson. Walpole tells us that he was appointed in 1625, to the office of his Majesty's 'picture cleaner in ordinary,'—with a fee of £20 per annum, procured by the agency of Endymion Porter, who was the servant and relative of Buckingham, from the Duke. It was on the recommendation of the Duke that Gerard Honthorst, the celebrated portrait-painter, was invited to England. He executed several sprawling allegories on the walls of Hampton Court; one of which, on the staircase, represents Charles and his Queen as Apollo and Diana, to whom the Duke of Buckingham, as Mercury, introduces the Arts and Sciences, while Genii are driving away Envy and Malice. He also painted portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Buckingham, sitting with their two children; and a humorous picture for the Duke, in which a tooth-drawer plies his trade, with numerous figures looking on.

The Pisan artist, Gentileschi, was employed by Buckingham in decorating York House. He also painted the Villiers family, and a strange picture of a Magdalene, recumbent in a grotto, and contemplating a shell. Laniere, who was, perhaps, a better musician than painter, was another of the Duke's protegés, and received from him at one time

a gift of £300, and at another of £500. Cornelius Jansen was commissioned by the Duke to paint a portrait of his father, Sir George Villiers; 'less handsome,' says Horace Walpole, 'but extremely like his son.'

So extensive, and, on the whole, well-directed, was Buckingham's patronage of the Fine Arts.

[For life of Buckingham, see Bishop Goodman's 'History of His Own Times,' edit. by Brewer, 1839; 'Calendar, Domestic State Papers (1625-1628),' edit. Bruce; 'Cabala, or Letters of Illustrious Persons,' 1691; Sir A. Weldon, 'Court and Characters of King James' ('Secret History of the Court of James I.,' edit. hy Sir W. Scott), 1804; Arthur Wilson, 'Life of James I.' ('Kennett's England'); 'Reliquiæ Wottonianæ' ('Villiers, Duke of Buckingham'), and Clarendon's 'Disparity between the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham'; Aikin, 'Court and Times of Charles I.'; 'Poems Relating to the Duke of Buckingham,' edit. Fairholt, for Percy Society; J. Nichols, 'Progresses and Processions of James I.,' 1828; Sir H. Ellis, 'Original Letters, etc.', 1st series, 1825; Disraeli, 'Curiosities of Literature;' S. R. Gardiner, 'History of England;' Mrs. Thomson, 'Life and Times of George Villiers,' 1860, etc., etc.]

NOTES.

A.—THE GHOST STORY (p. 211).

FROM the *Biographia Britannica*, art. Villiers, is taken the following delightfully naïve narrative of the incident of the ghost related by Clarendon. It was written by Edmund Windham to Dr. Plot, the author of 'The History of Staffordshire,' and is dated from Boulogne, August 5th, 1652:

'SIR,—According to your desire and my promise, I have written downe what I remember (divers things being slipt out of my memory) of the relation made me by Mr. Nicholas Towse, concerning the apparition which visited him about 1627.

'I and my wife, upon occasion being in London, lay at my brother Pym's house without Bishopsgate, which was next house unto Mr. Nicholas Towse's, who was his kinsman and familiar acquaintance, in consideration of whose society and friendship he took a house in that place; the said Towse being a very fine musician and very good company—for aught I ever saw or heard, a virtuous, religious, and well-disposed gentleman. About that time, the said Mr. Towse told me that, one night being in bed and perfectly waking, and a candle burning by him (as he usually had), there came into his chamber and stood by his bedside, an old gentleman, in such a habit as was in use in Queen Elizabeth's time; at whose first appearance Mr. Towse was very much troubled; but after a little while, recollecting himself, he demanded of him in the name of God, *What he*

was? Whether he were a man? And the apparition replied, *Noe.* Then he asked him, *If he were a devil?* And the apparition answered, *Noe.* Then said Mr. Towse, *In the name of God, what art thou then?* And, as I remember, Mr. Towse told me that the apparition answered him that *He was the ghost of Sir George Villiers, father to the then Duke of Buckingham, whom he might very well remember, since he went to school at such a place in Leicestershire*—naming the place, which I have forgotten. And Mr. Towse told me that the apparition had perfectly the resemblance of the said Sir George Villiers in all respects, and in the same habit that he had often seen him wear in his lifetime. The said apparition also told him that he could not but remember the much kindness that he, the said Sir George Villiers, had expressed to him whilst he was a scholar in Leicestershire, as aforesaid; and that, out of that consideration, he believed that he loved him, and that therefore he made choice of him, the said Mr. Towse, to deliver a message to his son, the Duke of Buckingham, thereby to prevent such mischief as would otherwise befall the said Duke, whereby he would be inevitably ruined. And then, as I remember Mr. Towse told me, that the apparition instructed him what message he should deliver to the Duke; unto which Mr. Towse replied that he should be very unwilling to go to the Duke of Bucks upon such an errand, whereby he should gaine nothing but reproach and contempt, and be esteemed a madman, and therefore desired to be excused from the employment. But the apparition pressed him with much earnestness to undertake it, telling him that the circumstances and secret discoveries (which he should be able to make to the Duke of such passages in the course of his life which were known to none but himself), would make it appear that his message was not the fancy of a distempered braine, but a reality. And so the apparition took his leave of him for that night, telling him that he would give him leave to consider until the next night, and then he would come to receive his answer,

whether he would undertake his message to the Duke of Buckingham or not. [The apparition does not seem to have explained why he himself did not go direct to his son.] Mr. Towse passed the next day with much trouble and perplexity, debating and reasoning with himself whether he should deliver this message to the Duke of Buckingham or not; but in the conclusion he resolved to doe it. And the next night, when the apparition came, he gave his answer accordingly, and then received full instructions.

'After which Mr. Towse went and found out Sir Thomas Bludder (Bludyer) and Sir Ralph Freeman, by whom he was brought to the Duke of Buckingham, and had several private and long audiences of him. I myselfe, by the favour of a friend, was once admitted to see him in private conference with the Duke, where (although I heard not their discourse) I observed much earnestness in their actions and gestures. After which conference Mr. Towse told me that the Duke would not follow the advice that was given him, which was (as I remember) that he intimated the casting off and rejection of some men who had great interest in him, and, as I take it, he named Bishop Laud; and that he, the Duke, was to do some popular acts in the ensuing Parliament, of which the Duke would have had Mr. Towse to have been a burgess, but he refused it, alledging that, unless the Duke had followed his directions, he must doe him hurt if he was of the Parliament. Mr. Towse also then told me that the Duke confessed that he had told him those things that no creature knew but himself, and that none but God or the Devill could reveale to him. The Duke offered Mr. Towse to have the King knighte him, and to have given him preferment (as he told me), but that he refused it, saying that, unless he would follow his advice, he should receive nothing from him. Mr. Towse, when he made this relation, told me the Duke would inevitably be destroyed before such a time (which he then named), and accordingly the Duke's death happened before that time. He likewise told me that he had written downe all the discourses he had had with the

apparition; and that at last his coming to him was so familiar, that he was as little troubled with it as if it had been a friend or acquaintance that had come to visit him. Mr. Towse told me further, that the Archbishop (then Bishop of London), Dr. Laud, should, by his counsels, be the author of a very great trouble to the kingdom, by which it should be reduced to that extremity of disorder and confusion that it should seem to be past all hope of recovery without a miracle; but yet, when all people were in despaire of happy days againe, the kingdome should suddenly be reduced and resettled again in a most happy condition.

'At this time my father Pym was in trouble, and committed to the Gatehouse by the lords of the Council, about a quarrel between him and the Lord Pawlett, upon which one night I sayd unto my cousin Towse, by way of jest, "I pray you ask your apparition what shall become of my father Pym's business?" which he promised to do; and the next day told me that my father Pym's enemies were ashamed of their malicious persecution, and that he would be at liberty within a weeke, or some few days, which happened accordingly.

'Mr. Towse's wife (since his death) told me that her husband and she, living in Windsor Castle, where he had office, that summer the Duke of Buckingham was killed, told her the very day that the Duke was set upon by the mutinous mariners in Portsmouth, saying that the . . . . would be his death, which accordingly fell out—and that at the very instant the Duke was killed (as upon strict inquiry they found afterwards), Mr. Towse, sitting amongst some company, suddenly started up and said, "*The Duke of Buckingham is slain.*" Mr. Towse lived not long after; which is as much as I can remember of this apparition, which, according to your desire, is written by, sir, yours, &c., 'EDMUND WINDHAM.'

I fear that, after reading this curious statement, the

reader will conclude that Mr. Towse was either an unblushing impostor, or Mr. Edmund Windham a Mendez Pinto for mendacity.

B.—SIR JEFFERY HUDSON.

THIS celebrated dwarf, who has had the good fortune to be immortalised by Sir Walter Scott, was born in 1629, at Oakham, in Rutlandshire—'the least man in the least county.' He was nine years old at the Duke's death, and twice nine inches high—which diminutive stature he retained until he was over thirty, when he sprang up suddenly, or almost suddenly, to three feet nine inches. Unlike the majority of the inhabitants of Lilliput, Hudson was of a graceful and well-proportioned figure, and though of a passionate temper, his manners were refined and urbane.

His father, a burly, broad-shouldered countryman, had charge of Buckingham's 'baiting-bulls,' and presented his tiny offspring, in the year of the Duke's death, to the Duchess Katherine, who dressed him gorgeously in satin and velvet, and placed him in charge of a couple of Anakim. It was on the occasion of a visit paid by Charles and Henrietta to the Duke and Duchess at their seat of Burghley-on-the-Hill, that he was served up at table in a cold pie, and transferred to the service of the Queen. It was not long,' says Fuller, 'before he was presented in a cold baked pie to King Charles and Queen Mary at an entertainment, and ever after lived, whilst the Court lived, in great plenty therein, wanting nothing but humility (high mind in a low body), which made him that he did not know himself, and would not know his father; and which, by the King's command, caused justly, his sound correction: he was, though a dwarf, no dastard.' His spirit was bigger than his person, and he cherished a deep animosity against William Emery, Charles's gigantic porter at Whitehall, who had unceremoniously clapped him in his pocket, and produced him *coram populo*, to the great amusement of the Court, at a Court masque.

He was as clever as he was courageous, and he knew how to keep a secret. He was employed, therefore, on several confidential missions. On one occasion the Queen sent him to Paris to bring back an *accoucheuse.* At the French Court he was the observed of all observers, and received gifts to the value of £2,500, but on the return voyage, along with the midwife, and the Queen's dancing-master, he was seized by the merry men of Dunkirk, and despoiled of all his wealth. This misfortune suggested to Davenant his burlesque poem of 'Hesperides, or the Captivity of Dunkirk,' in which the dwarf encounters a furious turkey-cock, and is rescued only by the prompt intervention of the midwife:

'Then Jeffery straight was thrown; whilst faint and weak,
The cruel foe assaults him with his beak.
A lady midwife now, he there by chance
Espied, that came along with him from France.
A heart nursed up in war, that ne'er before
This time (quoth he) could bow, doth now implore;
Thou that deliveredst hast so many, be
So kind of nature to deliver me.
But stay! for though the learned chronologer
Of Dunkirk doth confess him freed by her,
'The subtler poets yet, whom we translate,
In all this epic ode, do not relate
The manner how; and we are loth at all
To vary from the Dutch original.'

Sir Jeffery was in attendance upon Henrietta Maria when she escaped to France. The jests of the courtiers, from which the irascible little fellow had suffered greatly, pursued him thither, and at last the impertinent raillery of a Mr. Crofts drew from him a challenge. It was arranged that the duel should be on horseback and with pistols, to place the dwarf more on a level with his adversary; but on arriving at the rendezvous Crofts, carrying on his rough humour, presented a squirt. Jeffery, in a storm of passion, immediately fired and killed the unfortunate jester—not the first nor the last to lose his life by a practical joke.

Shortly afterwards, being again at sea, Sir Jeffery was taken prisoner by a Turkish pirate, and sold as a slave at

Tunis. Through the intervention of the Queen, he was ransomed and set free. It is said that for awhile he served as a captain of horse in the Civil War, and then returned to France and resumed his position in Henrietta Maria's household. After the Restoration he found his way to his native country, and settled in London. Probably he was at this time a Roman Catholic, for in 1682 he was accused of participation in the supposed Popish plot, and imprisoned in the Gate House at Westminster, where, in a few weeks, he died, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Charles I.'s Court boasted of another Lilliputian in the person of Richard Gibson, the King's portrait-painter. He was born in 1615, and being of tiny stature and considerable artistic ability, obtained the patronage of Charles I., and was retained in the royal household. He painted several pictures for his royal master. To one of them attaches a sorrowful association. It represented the parable of the Lost Sheep, and was highly valued by Charles I., who entrusted it to the care of Vandervort, the keeper of his pictures, with instructions that it should be specially cared for. These instructions the keeper carried out with so much conscientiousness, that he was unable, when the King a short time afterwards asked him for it, to remember where be had placed it. In his perplexity the unfortunate man went and hanged himself. A few days after his death the picture was discovered in the position he had chosen for it.

Queen Henrietta Maria had a dwarf in her household named Ann Shepherd. She encouraged a marriage between her and Gibson, and the 'compendious couple,' as Evelyn calls them, were made one with a good deal of pomp and circumstance, the King giving away the bride, and Henrietta presenting her with a diamond ring. Waller has written a graceful trifle in commemoration of the event:

> 'Design or chance make others wive,
> But nature did this match contrive;

> Eve might as well have Adam fled,
> As she denied her little bed
> To him, for whom Heaven seemed to frame,
> And measure out this little dame.'

The united heights of husband and wife did not exceed seven feet.

The marriage was crowned with felicity, and the diminutive couple had nine children, five of whom lived to years of maturity, and attained the ordinary stature of their kind. Richard Gibson died on the 23rd of July 1690, at the age of seventy-five. His widow survived him nineteen years, and reached the patriarchal age of eighty-nine.

CHAPTER V.

A MODERATE STATESMAN.—LUCIUS CARY, LORD FALKLAND.

ONE of a group of remarkable men who, 'if they failed to mould their own age after their image, have long been looked up to by later generations as the pioneers of thought'—who in religion, as in statesmanship, took for their principle 'moderation' as distinct from 'compromise,' and 'reason' as antagonistic to 'authority'—was Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland.

The history of the Civil War presents few names to which a more romantic interest attaches. In death, as in life, a kind of chivalrous atmosphere surrounded him; nor is there any picture of that stirring period—a period which no Englishman can contemplate without mingled emotions of pride and sorrow—more impressive than that which presents the figure of the statesman-philosopher, sitting among his friends with sad and serious aspect, and, after a deep silence, ingeminating the word, 'Peace, peace!' We can never think of Falkland except as of one born out of due time. He had all the qualities fitted to obtain distinction and exercise influence in ordinary days, when the methods of government are permanent and solid, and the structure of law and order is unshaken by civil storms; but he was too scrupulous, too just, too averse from extremes, to play a leading part in the stress and pressure of popular contention. Eminently a moderate man, in the highest and best sense of the word, he was incapable of espousing passionately either side of the great quarrel, and ambition or the love of power had no place in his lofty

nature; so that it was natural for him to separate himself from the more eager spirits—from the fanatics and the enthusiasts, from the aspiring and the ambitious—and, revolving deeply in his mind the selfishness of the leaders and the ignorance and prejudice of the followers, to sigh for the blessings of tranquillity. It was fortunate for him that he died almost at the opening of the civil war. Sorely as he had been troubled, still keener would have been his sufferings had he lived to see the unconstitutional excesses into which both the King and the Parliament were eventually hurried. No doubt his sagacity foresaw the evils that were coming, and their anticipation forced from him those deep groans for 'peace, peace!' Certain it is that he would have shrunk more and more sensitively from contact with motives and causes which gradually became more and more degraded and dishonest.

To many Englishmen Falkland is familiar, I suspect, less by his writings or his private life and public career, than by the brilliantly coloured portrait which his friend, Lord Clarendon, has drawn of him. From other sources we know enough to feel sure that though the artist's touch may have brought up the lights of this portrait, it is, nevertheless, a very fair and accurate likeness; and, therefore, no apprehension of exaggerated colouring should interfere to stint our admiration. We have before us the real Falkland, exactly as his contemporaries saw and knew him; no imaginary or ideal hero, endeavouring to aggravate our sympathies by false pretensions. But I think that in this real Falkland we may recognise the perfect English type rather than in Sir Philip Sidney, whom men have agreed to praise beyond, I would venture to say, all reasonable limits. Falkland was of a more serious temper and more comprehensive intellect than Sidney. If he were less of the courtier, he was more of the statesman. His views of life were higher and broader; he was in all things a truer and a greater man. He was something above and beyond the poet and the scholar, though he was both—and above and beyond the soldier—though he

was as capable as Sidney of Sidney's martial bearing on the field of Zutphen; for he was the thoughtful and philosophical statesman, the inspiring chief of a circle of rational and moderate thinkers amidst the excesses of a violent and dogmatic age.

In one respect he was inferior to the Elizabethan hero; he had no gifts of person. 'His stature was low,' says Clarendon, 'and smaller than most men;* his motion not graceful and his aspect far from inviting; but it had somewhat in it of simplicity; and his voice, the worst of the three, and so untuned that instead of reconciling it offended the ear, so that nobody would have expected music from that tongue; and sure no man was ever less beholden to nature for its recommendation into the world. But over these disadvantages the inner greatness of the man easily prevailed. That little person, and small stature, were quickly found to contain a great heart, a courage so keen, and a nature so fearless, that no composition of the strongest limbs and most harmonious and proportioned presence and strength ever more disposed any man to the greatest enterprise; it being his greatest weakness to be too solicitous for such adventures. And that untuned tongue and voice easily discovered itself to be supplied and governed by a mind and understanding so excellent, that the wit and weight of all he said carried another kind of admiration in it, and won another kind of acceptation from the persons present, than any ornament of delivery could reasonably promise itself, or is usually attended with. And his disposition and nature was so gentle and obliging, so much delighted in courtesy, kindness, and generosity, that all mankind could not but admire and love him.'

His accomplishments were various; his learning was solid and profound; yet was he entirely free from pedantry and affectation, the two besetting vices of scholarship. Grace of manner, such as made a Villiers conspicuous, was not at his

* 'A little man,' says Aubrey, 'with no great strength of body, blackish hair, something flaggy, and, I think, his eyes black.'

command: though so transcendent and obliging was his gentleness, his affability, 'that it drew reverence and some kind of compliance from the roughest and most unpolished and stubborn constitutions, and made them of another temper of debate, in his presence, than they were in other places.' There was a wonderful delicacy in the generosity with which he helped all who stood in need of help, and especially those unhappy men of letters, 'whose fortunes required, and whose spirits made them superior to, ordinary obligations.' His magnanimity was equal to his generosity. He showed his high sense of honour when he was Secretary of State by prohibiting two practices which all his predecessors had sanctioned, the employment of spies and the opening of letters. For the first, he would say, such instruments must be void of all generousness and common honesty before they could be of use, and afterwards they could never be fit to be credited; and no single preservation could be worth so general a wound and corruption of human society, as the cherishing such persons would carry with it. The last he thought such a violation of the law of nature, that no qualification by office could justify him in the trespass.'

As an English gentleman Falkland, of course, was brave, but there was about his bravery, as about his other qualities, a distinction and an eminence which were peculiarly his own. 'Before any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be farthest engaged. And in all such encounters he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them, in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, when it was not by resistance made necessary. Insomuch that at Edgehill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away. So that a

man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood.' At the siege of Gloucester, Mr. Hyde 'passionately reprehended him for exposing his person unnecessarily to danger, as being so much beside the duty of his place that it might be understood rather to be against it; he would say merely that his office could not take away the privilege of his age, and that a secretary, in war, might be present at the greatest secret of danger; but withal alleged seriously, that it concerned him to be more active in enterprises of hazard than other men, that all might see that his impatiency for peace proceeded not from pusillanimity or fear to adventure his own person.'

Intellectually, his most remarkable qualities were his moderation, his fairness, and his lucidity. He was in his nature 'so severe a lover of justice and so precise a lover of truth, that he was superior to all possible temptations for the violation of either.' His moderation made him in politics a reformer, but not a revolutionist. He preferred to take things as they existed, and prune and shape them to the new forms demanded by new circumstances, rather than cut them down and extirpate them, root and branch. This evenness of view disinclined him, as I have already hinted, to adopt the shibboleths of party. He had no love for arbitrary power or its methods: 'he thought no mischief so intolerable as the presumption of ministers of state to break positive rules for reasons of state, or judges to transgress known laws upon the title of conveniency or necessity, which made him so severe against the Earl of Strafford and the Lord Finch, contrary to his natura gentleness and temper.' But then he had as little love for the pretensions which were advanced by the dominant party in the Parliament, for he saw that they were scarcely less dangerous to the freedom of the people than the prerogatives of the Crown. Into ecclesiastical questions he carried the same temper. He did not believe bishops to be *jure divino;* but the regimen of bishops had existed

for sixteen centuries, and he saw no reason of public conveniency for its overthrow. This was from no superstitious feeling; 'he had in his own judgment such a latitude in opinion, that he did not believe any part of the order or government of it to be so essentially necessary to religion, but that it might be parted with and altered for a notable public benefit or convenience.' Yet was he in no wise affected by the criticism frequently levelled at the episcopal government of the Church, or disposed to accept the ideal which the Puritans maintained with so much vehemence and rigour.

Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his beautiful *éloge* on our hero, dwells upon his historic sense, or, in other words, the clearness and accuracy of his political prevision. Looking out upon the field of strife, where the two factions were pitching their camps and making ready for the battle, he held that to preserve or restore the constitution, if possible at all, was possible only through the Crown. The movement begun by the Parliament had in its very nature a disastrous impossibility of limitation; it could do no other than go on, and as it went on must necessarily increase in rapidity and violence. But upon the Crown it might, perhaps, be feasible to put effectual checks and restrictions. Whether he was right in this latter calculation no one can now determine; but that he was right in his conviction of the danger to liberty inherent in the victory of the Parliament history has demonstrated with irresistible cogency. The truth was—and to Falkland, if to none of his contemporaries, it was plainly visible—that both sides were in the wrong, and Falkland's moderation induced him to support the side which his clear intellect perceived to be less in the wrong than the other. But he felt that the truth was not there, any more than with the Puritans—neither the truth nor the future. This is what makes his figure and situation so truly tragic. For a sound cause he could not fight, because there was none; he could fight only for the least bad of two unsound ones. 'Publicans and sinners on the one side,'

as Chillingworth said, 'Scribes and Pharisees on the other.' And Falkland had the lucidity of mind and the largeness of temper to see it.

Lucius Cary came of the old knightly family of the Carys of Cockington. His father, Sir Henry Cary, was one of James I.'s Privy Councillors; was created for his services Viscount Falkland in 1620, and from 1622 to 1629 governed Ireland as Lord-Deputy, though not with much success. His mother was the sole daughter and heir of Sir Lawrence Tarfield. We know little of her, except that she became a convert to Romanism and imprudently zealous, after the manner of converts. Her son Lucius was born, it is said, at Burford, a market-town in Oxfordshire, about 1610. In the immediate neighbourhood of his birthplace was Great Tew, which afterwards became so famous as his favourite residence. 'He was bred,' says Clarendon, 'in the court and in the university, but under the care, vigilance, and direction of such governors and tutors that he learned all his exercises and languages better than most men do in celebrated places.' When he was about twelve years old he accompanied his father to Dublin, where he began his studies at Trinity College,* and made such good progress in them that, on his return to England in 1627, 'he was not only master of the Latin tongue, and had read all the poets and other of the best authors with notable judgment for that age, but he understood, and spake, and writ French as if he had spent many years in France.' Shortly afterwards he inherited from his maternal grandfather, who in his will passed over his daughter† and her husband, the estate of Great Tew, already spoken of, and another at Burford, the two being worth about £2,000 per annum. He then spent a year or more amidst the vivacities

* Before he left England he seems to have been entered at St. John's, Cambridge; but it is certain that he never studied there, and his connection with that college remains a mystery.

† In his anger at her 'perversion' to Catholicism.

of London life—bright, amiable, rich, and accomplished, with an intellect of great activity, which, in search of occupation, turned at one time towards soldiering, and at another towards letters. He became a member of the glorious company which assembled under Ben Jonson's leading at 'the Apollo'; and, with the catholicity of a young mind, sought the society of Selden and Hobbes, Chillingworth and Hales, as well as that of Waller, Davenant and Carew, Suckling, Sandys, and Sir Kenelm Digby. But his warmest friendship was contracted with a young man nearly of his own age, who, if he had lived, must have filled a distinguished place in the history of his time — Sir Henry Morison. Ben Jonson was so deeply impressed by their affection, that he has immortalised it in his glowing verse: 'To the immortal memory and friendship of that noble pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir Henry Morison.'

When young Cary had completed his academic course his father promoted him to the command of a company. In 1629 the Lords Justices, having quarrelled with Sir Henry, sought to strike at him through his son by depriving the latter of his military rank, and appointing in his place Sir Francis Willoughby. With all his gentleness and amiability, young Cary had a fiery spirit; and though Sir Francis had nothing to do with his humiliation, he demanded satisfaction from him with the sword. 'I doe confess you,' he wrote, "a brave gentleman/ and for myne owne sake I would not but have my adversary be soe/, but I knowe no reason, why, therefore, you should have my breechez, which yf any brave man should have, I should be fayne shortly to begg in trowses. I dowght not but you will give me satisfaction with your sword, of which yf you will send me the length, with tyme and place, you shal be sure/ according too see appointment/ too meete.' The result of this ill-judged act was his committal to prison, and he was threatened with a prosecution in the Star Chamber. The King, however, set him free, after a brief detention of ten days, allowed him the arrears of his pay, and salved the young man's wounded

honour by a special acknowledgment that he had lost his command through no fault of his own.

Before he attained his majority he married, taking to himself for wife the accomplished sister of his friend, Sir Henry Morison, and thwarting the parental design of a nobler and wealthier alliance. The elder Cary was so deeply angered that he broke off all connection with him, and rejected any offer of mediation. The son behaved with characteristic generosity, under circumstances which are thus described by Clarendon :—

'In a short time after he had possession of the estate his grandfather had left him, and before he was of age, he committed a fault against his father in marrying a young lady whom he passionately loved, without any considerable fortune, which exceedingly offended him, and disappointed all his reasonable hopes and expectation of redeeming and repairing his own broken fortune and desperate hopes in Court, by some advantageous marriage of his son, about which he had then some probable treaty. Sir Lucius Cary was very conscious to himself of his offence and transgression, and the consequence of it, which though he could not repent, having married a lady of a most extraordinary wit and judgment, and of the most signal virtue and exemplary life that the age produced, and who brought him many hopeful children in which he took great delight, yet he confessed it, with the most sincere and dutiful applications to his father for his pardon that could be made; and for the prejudice he had brought upon his fortune, by bringing no fortune to him, he offered to repair it by resigning his whole estate to his disposal, and to rely wholly upon his kindness for his own maintenance and support; and to that purpose he had caused conveyances to be drawn up by counsel which he brought ready engraved to his father, and was willing to seal and execute them, that they might be valid; but his father's passion and indignation so far transported him (though he was a gentleman of excellent parts) that he refused any reconciliation, and rejected all the offers that

was made him of the estate, so that his son remained still in the possession of his estate against his will, for which he found great reason afterwards to rejoice.'

His father's displeasure grieved him so profoundly that he resolved to plunge into the excitement of a soldier's life, for which he had a natural inclination; and, accompanied by his wife, he repaired to Holland, where he hoped to purchase some military command. But Holland was then at peace (1631), and nothing came of Cary's visit, except that he there made the acquaintance, as may reasonably be surmised, of the illustrious Grotius. In the verses which he afterwards addressed to the great Dutch scholar prefixed to George Sandys' translation of his tragedy of 'Christ's Passion,' he says:

> '. . . Your acquaintance all of worth pursue,
> And count it honour to be known of you,'

an expression which seems to imply a certain degree of personal knowledge.

On his return to England, Lord Falkland—for by the death of his father in 1631 he had acceded to the Scotch title—retired to Great Tew, and for some happy years devoted himself to his books and friends, that 'since he was not likely to improve himself in arms, he might advance in letters.' Here he gathered around him a noble company of scholars and divines, wits, and poets. All men who had any serious purpose in life, or had taken thought upon the great controversies of the time, received a cordial welcome. 'His house,' says Clarendon, 'being within ten or twelve miles of the University, looked like the University itself by the company that was always found there. There was Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Morley, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Earles, Mr. Chillingworth, and indeed all men of eminent parts and faculties of Oxford, besides those who resorted thither from London; who all found their lodgings there as ready as in the college; nor did the lord of the house know of their coming or going, nor who were in his house, till he came to dinner or supper, where all still met. Otherwise there was no trouble-

some ceremony or constraint to forbid men to come to the house, or to make them weary of staying there. . So that many came thither to study in a better air, finding all the books they could desire in his library, and all the persons together whose company they would wish, and not found in any other society. Here Mr. Chillingworth wrote and formed and modelled his excellent book* against the learned Jesuit Mr. Scott, after frequent debates upon the most important particulars; in many of which he suffered himself to be overruled by the judgment of his friends, though in others be still adhered to his own fancy, which was sceptical enough even in the highest points.'

A full list of the brilliant gathering at Great Tew is furnished by Suckling in that vivid poem of 'The Session of the Poets,' to which we have elsewhere referred. The list includes Selden, the great jurist; George Sandys, the poet, whom Lord Falkland warmly praises in more than one of his own poems,—

> 'Next Ovid's transformations he translates
> With so rare art, that those which he relates
> Yield to this transmutation, and the change
> Of man to birds and trees appears not strange:
> Next the poetic parts of Scripture on
> His brow he wears, and Job and Solomon
> His pen restores with all that heavenly quire,
> And shakes the dust from David's solemn lyre,
> From which, from all with just consent he won
> The title of the English Buchanàn,'—

Thomas Carew and Sir William Davenant; Suckling himself; Walter Montague, the author of 'The Shepherd's Pastoral,' to which Suckling alludes in a sly satirical fashion,—

> 'Wat Montague now stood fresh to his trial,
> And did not as much as expect denial;
> But witty Apollo asked him first of all
> *If he understood his own pastoral;*'

Townshend; Sir Kenelm Digby; Edmund Waller; Hales; Chillingworth; and Falkland's close friend, Sir Francis

* 'The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation.'

Wenman. Of the last named, Clarendon has recorded a noble character: 'He was a man of great sharpness of understanding and of a piercing judgment; no man better understood the affections and temper of the kingdom, or, indeed, the nature of the nation, or discerned further the consequence of counsels, and with what success they were likely to be attended. He was a very good Latin scholar, but his ratiocination was above his learning; and the sharpness of his wit incomparable. He was equal to the greatest trust and employment, if he had been ambitious of it, or solicitous for it; but his want of health produced a kind of laziness of mind which disinclined him to business, and he died a little before the general troubles of the kingdom, which he foresaw with wonderful concern, and when many wise men were weary of living so long.'* He seems to have succeeded Morison in Falkland's affections, which, as a gentleman and a scholar, he was well fitted to engage.

Sidney Godolphin was another of Falkland's intimates. They were nearly of the same age, and both died sword in hand, in the same fatal year.

To this splendid group were added, at a later period, men of a graver temper and a higher calling, as Falkland's thoughts and studies inclined more towards the theological questions which then occupied so extensively the public mind. It would appear to have been about 1633, that, having made himself master of Greek, he turned from the classical to the patristic writers. His eager and keen intellect swiftly cultivated the novel field to which it had gained admision; for it was stimulated by the fresh and pure delight which it took in its work. 'He had read all the Greek and Latin Fathers, all the most allowed and authentic ecclesiastical writers, and all the councils, with wonderful

* This weariness, it may be noted, was felt chiefly, if not entirely, on the Royalist side. The higher and purer spirits on this side were not satisfied with their cause, and, no doubt, were distrustful of their King.

care and observation; for in religion he thought too careful and too curious inquiry could not be made amongst those whose purity was not questioned, and whose authority was constantly and confidently urged by men who were furthest from being of one mind amongst themselves; and for the mutual support of their several opinions, in which they most contradicted each other; and in all those controversies he had so dispassioned a consideration, such a candour in his nature, and so profound a charity in his conscience, that in those points in which he was in his own judgment most clear, he never thought the reverse, or in any degree declined the familiarity, of those who were of another mind; which, without question, is an excellent temper for the propagation and advancement of Christianity. With these great advantages of industry, he had a memory retentive of all that he had ever read, and an understanding and judgment to apply it seasonably and appositely with the most dexterity and address, and the least pedantry and affectation that ever man who knew so much was possessed with, of what quality soever.'

Here we may fitly pause to consider the outcome of Falkland's Revised Version, so far as it assumed a distinct literary form. His poetry is not that of a poet, but of a thoughtful and accomplished man of letters. According to Aubrey, Bishop Earle, the author of the 'Microcosmography,' would not allow Falkland to be 'a good poet, though a great wit.' This is true enough; but when the Bishop added: 'He writ not a smooth verse, but a great deal of verse,' his critical faculty seems at fault. Surely the following couplets from the poem 'Upon the Death of the Ladie Marquesse Hamilton,' are 'smooth' enough:

> 'What beauty did in that faire forme reside!
> What any greatness hath, excepting pride!
> Eyes of soe modest, yet soe bright a flame,
> To see her and to love her was the same:
> And if by chance, when shee did neere us stand,
> Here bright smooth palme but touched my ruder hand,

That did both sences soe at once delight,
The purest swans seemed neither soft nor white.'

Falkland's poems are the reflex of his affectionate and amiable nature. They are all addressed to his friends, in commemoration of the virtues and excellencies of those whom Death had taken from him, like his 'Eclogue on Ben Jonson,' which is his weightiest and most careful composition. From this warm panegyric we borrow a few lines:

'So great his art that much which he did write
Gave the wise wonder, and the crowd delight.
Each sort as well as sex admired his wit,
The hees and shees, the boxes and the pit;
And who lesse liked within did rather chuse
To taxe their judgments than suspect his muse,
With thoughts and wills purged and amended rise
From th' ethicke lectures of his comedies.
Where the spectators act, and the shamed age
Blusheth to meet her follies on the stage . . .
Whose politics no lesse the mind direct
Than these the manners; nor with less effect
When his majestic tragedies relate
All the disorders of a tottering State,
All the distempers which on kingdoms fall
Where ease and wealth and vice are generall.'

To conclude; if not the poems of a poet, Falkland's are the poems of a man with fine poetic tastes and a warm love of nature.

His principal prose work is his 'Discourse of the Infallibility of the Church of Rome,' in which, and in his elaborate 'Reply to the Answer thereto,' he explains, in clear and distinct language, his religious position; the position arrived at after the careful and serious inquiry he had made into the subject at Tew, assisted by discussions with Chillingworth and other men of light and leading. Roughly speaking, it may be said to be that of a modern Broad Churchman,—of a liberal Theologian, a Churchman with wide sympathies and absolute independence of opinion—a Christian endowed with a spirit of the most generous toleration and indisposed to crystallize differences of opinion on government and ritual into permanent barriers between

the faithful followers of Christ. It is needless to say that it is in direct antagonism to the claims of the Church of Rome. Regarding the pretensions of that Church to infallibility, Falkland affirms that it is a pretension which can never be accepted on its own authority. It must be supported by the clearest and most irrefragable proofs, and these proofs have never been forthcoming. The necessity of 'some certain guide,' in religious matters is put forward as the ground of infallibility. But if such a guide exist, of what use is it unless it be plainly manifest? An infallible Church which is not conclusively infallible is just as if God were 'to set a ladder to Heaven, and seem to have a great care of my going up, whereas unless there be care taken that I may know this ladder is true to that purpose, it was as good for me it never had been set.'

Proceeding to consider the right of private judgment, he argues that where God has not clearly and indubitably revealed His will, it will not be consistent with His goodness to damn man for not following it. To those who obey their reason in the interpretation of the Scriptures, God will give either His grace and assistance to find the truth, or His pardon if they miss it. And then this supposed necessity of an infallible guide—with the supposed damnation for the want of it—fall together to the ground.

The idea of persecution for religious opinions is, of course, repugnant in the extreme to Falkland's lofty nature. No dogmatic differences can ever justify intolerance. He refers to the Emperor Constantine's celebrated letter on the Trinitarian controversy, to show that even on this vital question neither side was formerly considered to be without the Church's pale. In the primitive times of Christianity there was no punishing for opinions; and he adds: 'I believe throughout antiquity you will find no putting any to death, unless it be such as begin to kill first, as the Circumcellians, or such like. I am sure the Christian religion's chiefest glory is, that it increaseth by being persecuted; and having that advantage of the Mahommedan, methinks it

should be to take ill care of Christianity to hold it up by Turkish means—at least, it must breed doubts, that if the religion had always remained the same, it would not now be defended by ways so contrary to those by which at first it was propagated. I desire recrimination may not be used. . . . I confess this opinion of damning so many, and this custom of burning so many; this custom of binding up of those who knew nothing else in any point of religion, yet to be in a readiness to cry *To the fire with him, to Hell with him*—these I say, were chiefly the causes which made so many so suddenly leave the Church of Rome.'

Instead of a blind, credulous acceptance of any dogmas which a so-called infallible Church enunciates, he contends for the right of private inquiry. 'Grant the Church,' he says, 'to be infallible, yet methinks he that denies it, and employs his reason to seek if it be true, should be in as good case as he that believeth it, and searcheth not at all the truth of the proposition he receives. For I cannot see why he should be saved because, by reason of his parents' belief, or the religion of the country, or some such accident, the truth was offered to his understanding when, had the contrary been offered, he would have received that. And the other damned that believes falsehood upon as good ground as the other doth truth, unless the Church be like a conjürer's circle, that will keep a man from the devil, though he came into it by chance. They grant no man is an heretic that believes not his heresy obstinately; and if he be no heretic, he may soon be saved. It is not then certain damnation for any man to deny the infallibility of the Church of Rome, but for him only that denies it obstinately. And there I am safe, for I am sure I do not. Neither can they say I shall be damned for schism, though not for heresy, for he is as well no schismatic, though in schism—that is, willing to join in communion with the true Church, when it appears to be so to him, as he is no heretic, though he holds heretical opinions, who holds them not obstinately—that is (as I suppose), with a desire to be informed if he be

in the wrong. . . . I have the less doubt of this opinion, that I shall have no harm for not believing the infallibility of the Church of Rome, because of my being so far from leaning to the contrary, and so suffering my will to have power over my understanding, that if God would leave it to me which tenet should be true, I would rather choose that that should, than the contrary. For they may well believe me that I take no pleasure in tumbling hard and unpleasant books, and making myself giddy with disputing obscure questions.'

It is sometimes objected that all doubts about the Church's infallibility originate in self-conceit and pride of reason. He sharply rejoins that 'too much impatience and laziness of examining is the cause that many do not doubt it.' What pride can there be, he inquires, in his anxiety to have a rational foundation for belief, since even the infalliblist puts forward a show of argument to justify his position, while Falkland himself is willing to be led wherever Truth may lead him, 'remembering that Truth in likelihood is, where her Author God was, in the *still voice*, and not the *loud wind?*' He solemnly declares that his mind lies open to any rational influence, to prayer as well as argument. He does not wish to be 'wilfully blind,' nor will he 'deny impudently' what his eyes reveal to him; but he cannot believe in any other certain guide to the Truth than Reason.

'To be persuaded by Reason that to such an authority I ought to submit, is still to follow reason, and not to quit her. And by what else is it that you examine what the Apostles taught, when you examine that by ancient tradition, and ancient tradition by a present testimony? Yet when I speak thus of finding the Truth by Reason, I intend not to exclude the Grace of God, which I doubt not (for as much as is necessary to salvation) is ready to come to our instruction, as the sun is to our sight, if we by a wilful winking choose not to make, not it, but ourselves, guilty of our blindness. . . . .

'Yet when I speak of God's Grace, I mean not that it infuseth a knowledge without reason, but works by it, as by its minister, and dispels the mists of passions which do wrap up truth from our understandings. For if you speak of its instructing any other way, you leave visible arguments to fly to invisible; and your adversary, when he hath found your play, will be soon at the same cocke; and I believe in this sense, infused faith is but the same thing, otherwise apparelled, which you have so often laughed at in the Puritans under the title of private spirit.'

The general religious attitude assumed and firmly maintained by Falkland, and the qualities which placed him at the head of the founders of our English school of rational theology and liberal Christianity, are happily sketched by the late Principal Tulloch.*

'It is evident,' he says, 'that Falkland added to his general intellectual accomplishments and political sagacity a deep and serious interest in the religious questions which really lay at the root of all the national difficulties of his time. He had pondered these questions thoughtfully, and worked out for himself clear and definite conclusions in favour at once of religious liberty and the national Church. While professedly arguing against the infallibility of the Church of Rome, his argument is equally valid against the Prelatic sacerdotalism which had more or less oppressed England since the accession of the Stuarts, and the Puritan dogmatism which sought to take its place. His plea against infallibility is really a plea in favour of freedom of religious opinion in a sense which neither Prelatist nor Puritan in the seventeenth century understood. It seemed to him then, as it has seemed to many since, possible to make room within the national Church for wide differences of dogmatic opinion, or, in other words, for the free rights of the Christian reason incessantly pursuing its inquest after

* Principal Tulloch, 'National Theology in England in the seventeenth century,' i. 167—169. See also Matthew Arnold, 'Mixed Essays,' art. Falkland.

truth, and moulding the national consciousness to higher conceptions of religious thought and duty. . . . . This was the conservative side of his thought, where he separated entirely from the 'root and branch' men, on the principle succinctly expressed by him, that 'where it is not *necessary* to change, it is necessary *not* to change.' His mind, like all higher minds, sought not so much outward as inward change. He shrank from revolution in Church or State; but he would have liberalised both, in a truer and nobler sense than his contemporary revolutionists, ecclesiastical or political. . . . The seed of wise thought never perishes; and Falkland's ideal of the Church, no less than of the State, may yet be realized, when bigotries, Christian and anti-Christian, have more thoroughly consumed themselves in their internecine heat, and men have learned that the patient search for truth is better than all dogmas, and that the charity that thinketh no evil and rejoiceth in the truth is a higher Christian grace than the most definite opinions, or even the faith that could remove mountains.'

From his delightful friendships and serious studies at Tew, Falkland was called away in 1639 by 'the first alarum from the North,' the rebellion in Scotland against the Episcopal government which Charles had sought to enforce upon the Scottish Church. To equip an expedition against the Covenanters, Charles claimed the assistance of his English nobility, and Falkland responded to the summons, either because his old soldierly longings returned at the sounds of war, or because, perhaps, as the wearer of a Scotch coronet, he may have considered that a special obligation was imposed upon his loyalty. Disappointed, however, in the command of a troop of horse which had been promised to him, he was compelled to go as a volunteer with the Earl of Essex. This first 'Bishops' War,' as it was called, proved an ignominious failure. But we hear nothing of Falkland throughout; and the most interesting point about it is that it stimulated the muse both of Waller and

Cowley to express their admiration of the brilliant young volunteer. The former wrote with unwonted sincerity:

> 'Ah, noble friend, with what impatience all
> That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
> Of thy great soul thou art (longing to twist
> Bays with that ivy which so early kissed
> Thy youthful temples)—with what horror we
> Think on the blind events of war and thee!
> To fate exposing that all-knowing breast
> Among the throng as cheaply as the rest.'

In a more elevated tone Cowley bore witness to his friend's splendid qualities:

> 'Great is thy charge, O North; be wise and just;
> England commits her Falkland to thy trust.
> Return him safe; learning would rather choose
> Her Bodley or her Vatican to lose.
> All things that are but writ or printed there,
> In his unbounded breast engraven are.'

On his return Falkland seems definitely to have made up his mind to bear the burden of a public life, perceiving, perhaps, that the circumstances of the age were not such as to justify a young man of his rank, influence, and capacity, in lingering among the olive shades, remote from the alarms that disturbed the public peace. Early in the following year (1640) he was elected member for the borough of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and he attended the three weeks' session of 'the Short Parliament' (from April 15th to May 5th), which Charles so abruptly dissolved. His brief Parliamentary experience produced a strong impression upon him. 'From the debates,' says Clarendon, 'which were then managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety, he contracted such a reverence for Parliaments, that he thought it really impossible they could ever produce mischief or inconvenience to the kingdom, or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them. And from the unhappy and unreasonable dissolution of that convention, he harboured, it may be, some jealousy and prejudice to the Court, towards which he was not before immoderately inclined.'

Falkland was re-elected to the Parliament which met for the first time on the 3rd of November, 1640—the famous Long Parliament, destined to so great and arduous a history. At the outset he acted vigorously with the popular party, opposed the arbitrary measures of the Court, and made a powerful speech against the illegal imposition of ship-money. He supported Pym and Hampden in every movement of resistance. In the prosecution of Lord-Keeper Finch he was among the foremost, and he joined also in Strafford's condemnation. His love of justice, however, did not fail him in the utmost severity of his conduct; and he was the only member of the House of Commons who protested that some brief delay before Strafford's impeachment was necessary to the dignity and character of the House. He suggested that it would suit better with the gravity of their proceedings, first to digest many of those particulars which had been mentioned by a committee before they sent up to accuse him—declaring himself to be abundantly satisfied that there was enough to charge him. But Pym, apprehensive of Strafford's influence with the King, bore down all opposition, exclaiming that the least delay would be ruin; if they gave the Earl time to consult with the King, Parliament would be dissolved; and that, for the rest, Parliament only accused, and did not judge.

The share which Falkland took in the great debates on the Church was characteristic of the man and of his policy. At first he was wholly on the popular side, so that his ardour caused a temporary estrangement between himself and his friend Hyde. He joined in the vote, on the 18th of December, which declared Archbishop Laud a traitor, and ordered his imprisonment in the Tower. The relations between Laud and Falkland had never been friendly. To Laud, Falkland was the leader of a rash revolutionary party, which was prepared to effect extensive changes in the order and constitution of the Church; while to Falkland, Laud was the representative of a tyrannical and repressive sacerdotalism. But he does not seem to have

taken any part in the Archbishop's impeachment. When on the 9th of February, 1641, the House took into consideration the petitions which had been poured in upon it, complaining of the oppressions exercised by the Bishops, and praying for their abolition, Falkland spoke with energetic eloquence:—'He is a great stranger in Israel,' he said, 'who knows not this kingdom hath long laboured under many and great oppressions, both in religion and liberty; and his acquaintance here is not great, or his ingenuity less, who doth not both know and acknowledge that a great, if not a principal cause of both these, have been some Bishops and their adherents. Mr. Speaker, a little search will serve to find them to have been the destruction of unity, under pretence of uniformity—to have brought in superstition and scandal under the titles of reverence and decency—to have defiled our Church by adorning our churches—to have slackened the strictness of that union which was formerly between us and those of our religion beyond the sea, an action as impolitic as ungodly.' When they should have been explaining the precepts of religion, and teaching men how to lead a pure and holy life, the subjects of their discourses had been 'the *jus divinum* of Bishops and tithes, the sacredness of the clergy, the sacrilege of impropriations, the demolishing of Puritanism.' Some he accused of labouring to introduce an English, though not a Roman Popery. 'I mean,' he added, 'not only the outside and dress of it, but equally absolute, a blind dependence of the people upon the clergy, and of the clergy upon themselves, and have opposed the Papacy beyond the seas, that they might settle one beyond the water. Nay, common fame is more than ordinarily false, if none of them have found a way to reconcile the opinions of Rome to the preferments of England, and to be so absolutely, directly, and cordially papists. But it is all that fifteen hundred pounds a year can do to keep them from confessing it.'

But though Falkland was thus severe against particular members of the Episcopacy, he had no prejudice against the

order itself, and thought it, if purged of its abuses, a convenient form of government for the Church. He does not forget that 'the first planters and spreaders of Christianity' at the reformation were Bishops; and 'even now,' he says, 'in the greatest defection of that order, there are yet some who have conduced in nothing to our late innovation but in their silence; some who, in an unexpected and mighty place and power, have expressed an equal moderation and humility, being neither ambitious before nor proud after, either of the crosier's staff or white staff; some who have been learned opposers of Papacy, and zealous suppressors of Arminianism, between whom and their inferior clergy, infrequency of preaching hath been no distinction, whose lives are untouched, not only by guilt, but by malice, scarce to be equalled by those of any condition, or to be excelled by those of any calendar; I doubt not, I say, but if we consider this, this consideration will bring forth this conclusion—that Bishops may be good men; and let us give but good men good rules, we shall have both good governors and good times.'

His ardour for reform never inclined towards revolution in either Church or State. He was willing that the temporal power of the Bishops should be reduced, and that their incomes, if necessary, should be diminished; but he did not think it fit, and did not believe that the House would think it fit, 'to abolish, upon a few days' debate, an order which hath lasted, as appears by story, in most Churches these sixteen hundred years, and in all from Christ to Calvin.' And though willing to cut down the income and prune the privileges of the Episcopal office, he was not favourable to any parsimonious process which would impair 'the dignity of learning and the encouragement of students.' In short, his view of Episcopacy was this: it was an ancient and primitive, though not a divine order; it was one which, in his judgment, was both lawful and convenient, and therefore, while prepared to reform, he was not disposed to abolish it. 'Since all great mutations

in government are dangerous (even where what is introduced by that mutation is such as would have been profitable upon a primary foundation), and since no wise man will undergo great danger but for great necessity, my opinion is that we should not root up this ancient tree, as dead as it appears, till we have tried whether by this or the like topping of the branches, the sap, which was unable to feed the whole, may not serve to make what is left both grow and flourish.'

Here we have very clearly stated the principle of Falkland's political conduct. He held that all great mutations in government were dangerous. While solicitous to carry out with energy and directness a policy of wise and gradual reform, he was opposed to violent and extreme changes which would root up the 'ancient tree' of the Constitution. He voted at first for the expulsion of the Bishops from the House of Lords. The Bill passed through the Commons, but was thrown out in the Upper Chamber. A few months later, it appeared in the House of Commons; but this time Falkland voted against it, because in the interval the Puritan party had extended and deepened their designs, and resolved on the destruction of Episcopacy and of the Church of England. Hampden accused him of inconsistency. 'He was sorry,' he said, 'to find that a noble lord had changed his opinion since the time the last Bill to this purpose had passed the House; for he then thought it a good Bill, but now he thought this an ill one.' Falkland effectively rejoined that 'he had been persuaded at that time by that worthy gentleman to believe many things which he had since found to be untrue, and therefore, he had changed his opinion in many particulars as well as to things and persons.' But it soon became obvious that Falkland's principle of conduct would separate him from men who, from the very necessity of their position, were intent upon 'great mutations.' During the summer of 1641 he drew further and further away from Pym and Hampden, and the other Puritan leaders; and the Royalists

endeavoured to profit by this gradual change of opinion in a man whose character and capacity gave him so well-deserved an influence, by inviting him to take office. After very great hesitation he accepted the post of Secretary of State, along with Colepepper, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. He came to this decision in a spirit of the purest patriotism; for he was by no means in sympathy with the policy of the Court, and he disliked the King's insincerity, obstinacy, and crooked ways. Towards Charles, indeed, he seems to have entertained a personal prejudice; and affable, as he was with most men, in his relation with the King, 'he did not,' says Clarendon, 'practise that condescension, but contradicted him with more bluntness and by sharp sentences, and of this his Majesty often complained.' In taking office, he feared the King might require of him a submission which he could not give, but he resolved upon facing every difficulty in the hope that he might succeed in his great desire of reconciling royalty and constitutional government, the just prerogative of the Crown and the lawful rights of the people (1642).

His hope was soon disappointed. He found there was as much violence on his side as on the other, and more duplicity; that the breach between the two parties widened daily, and that there was no prospect of throwing a bridge across it. He himself had the misfortune—for in such a time it was a signal misfortune—to be hearty in accord with neither party; he was a constitutionalist, without being a Parliamentarian; a royalist, without being a King's man. If he disapproved of much which the Puritan leaders did and purposed, there were actions and designs among the courtiers which he even more vehemently condemned. At the same time he lacked the moral strength to make and lead a party of his own. So that day by day his uneasiness increased. While his sagacious eye clearly foresaw the dangers which were accumulating upon his beloved country, it could not discover any way of averting or escaping from them. With a longing hope that war might

still be avoided, he accompanied Hyde and Colepepper and Lord Lyttelton, to York, where thirty-two Peers and sixty Knights and Burgesses attended on the King. But the storm broke. On the 22nd August, Charles raised his standard at Nottingham, and thenceforth, during the short remainder of his life, Falkland knew not a moment's happiness. 'From his entrance into this unnatural war,' says Clarendon, 'his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him, which he had never been used to. Yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side, that the other would accept any condition from the victor (which supposition and conclusion generally sank into the minds of most men,* and prevented the looking after many advantages that might have been laid hold of), he resisted those indispositions, *et in luctu, bellum inter remedia erat.* But after the King's return from Brentford, and the previous resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, these indispositions which had before touched him, grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness. And he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable, and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habits, which he had minded before always with more industry and neatness and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was now not only incurious, but too negligent.'

At the Battle of Edgehill (October 23rd), he exposed himself with a recklessness which showed how great a burden he felt his life to be; a similar rashness during the siege of Gloucester brought down upon him a remonstrance

* 'We all thought,' says Richard Baxter, 'one battle would decide.'

from his friend Hyde. 'It was not the office of a Privy Councillor and a Secretary of State to visit the trenches, as he usually did;' and Hyde conjured him, 'out of the conscience of his duty to the King, and to free his friends from these continual uneasy apprehensions, not to engage his person to those dangers which were not incumbent to him.' Falkland replied that, as the siege was at an end, there would be no further danger from the trenches; but added, 'that his case was different from other men's; that he was so much taken notice of for an impatient desire of peace, that it was necessary that he should likewise make it appear that it was not out of fear of the utmost hazard of war.'

When it appeared that the one battle was not the decisive trial of strength which he and others had anticipated, and that there was no chance of an immediate termination of the war, this 'martyr of moderation,' as he has happily been called, grew more than ever dejected. 'When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it, and sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word "Peace, peace"; and would passionately profess that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.' He was that most unhappy of men—a man yearning for an ideal which he knew, only too well, could never be realized.

At length the end came. It was on the 20th of September, 1643, that the armies of King and Parliament faced each other on the field of Newbury, in Oxfordshire. Before the battle began, Falkland told one of his friends that 'he was weary of the times, and foresaw much misery to his country, and did believe he should be out of it before night.' The first peal of cannon awoke in him, however, the old martial spirit, and recovering his cheerfulness, he put himself into

the front rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, and advanced upon the enemy through a heavy fire of musketry. But a bullet struck him in the lower part of the stomach, and he fell from his horse, mortally wounded. Next morning, his body was found among a heap of slain, and conveyed to Great Tew for interment.

'Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the business of life, that the oldest rarely attain to that uncommon knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence; whosoever leads such a life, needs not care upon how short a warning it be taken from him.'

Falkland's dust lies in Great Tew churchyard, but the grave is unmarked and unknown. The house in which he held his *convivia philosophica* has been replaced by a new one; though in the park some of the ancient oaks and limes are still in existence. He left his estates and the charge of his three sons to his wife, with whom he had lived on terms of perfect confidence and affection; but the lands of Tew and Burford have long passed away from his family.*

* The student of Falkland's life and character will refer (apart from the histories and memoirs of the time) to his 'Poems,' edited by Dr. Grosart; Lord Lytton's 'Miscell. Works,' art. 'Pym *versus* Falkland'; Principal Tulloch, 'Rational Theology'; Matthew Arnold, 'Miscell. Essays,' art. 'Falkland.'

CHAPTER VI.

AN ABSOLUTIST STATESMAN—THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

To dissociate the life of Strafford from the history of his time is not easy, and yet in these volumes we desire not to intrude upon the province of the historian. We could not hope, however, that the reader would forgive us if we wholly ignored in the England of Charles I. the statesman who so powerfully influenced for good or ill her fortunes; and we purpose, therefore, to reprint, with annotations and additions, the 'Life of Strafford,' drawn up by his friend and confidential adviser, Sir George Radcliffe, which, to the general reader, will, we believe, have the recommendation of novelty.*

Radcliffe begins by setting forth 'the heads' under which he proposes to arrange his notes.

1. His Ancestors; 2. His Education at School, University, Travel; 3. His Studies, Inclinations, Abilities, Devotions; 4. His Diet, Recreations, Health, and Sickness; 5. His Buildings, Purchases, Sales, Suits; 6. His Wives and Children; 7. His Private Friends, Servants, domestical Employments, Accomps; 8. His Public Employments in his Younger Times as justice of Peace, Parliament Man, Sheriff; 9. His Honours; 10. His Presidency of York; 11. As Privy Counsellor; 12. Government in Ireland; 13. His Troubles and Trial; 14. His Death; 15. Epitaphs and Testimonies of him since his death; 16. Miscellanea, such things as shall come to mind not referable to these heads.

* From the folio edition (1739) of 'The Earl of Strafford's Letters and Despatches,' ii. 429, *et seqq.*

'These particulars,' he says, 'will require some time, and when I have done something in each of them (as I have done in some of them), yet I shall not satisfy myself that I have done what I ought or would; other particulars may occur, fit to be added; so as I must still crave your patience to expect that which, when it comes, will, I fear, fall short of your expectation. But in the meantime I shall here set down a short chronology of the principal occurrences of his life, together with a touch of those virtues which I conceive most worthy of your lordship's endeavours to imitate and attend unto.'

1593. April 13th, on Good Friday, he was born in Chancery Lane, London, in the house of Mr. Robert Atkinson, his grandfather by the mother.

[He was the eldest son of Sir William Wentworth, Bart., of Wentworth Woodham, Yorkshire. Having been educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, he afterwards travelled on the Continent, attended by his tutor, Mr. Charles Greenwood, whose character he admired, and in whom he always placed the greatest confidence.]

1611. He married the Lady Margaret, eldest daughter of Francis [Clifford], Earl of Cumberland: he was knighted: he went into France (about November). . .

$161\frac{2}{3}$. February, he returned into England after the death of Prince Henry, and before the marriage of the Queen of Bohemia. He served in Parliament as a knight of the shire for Yorkshire.

1614. August, Sir George Savile died, who had married Anne, his eldest sister. . . . About Michaelmas, that year, Sir William Wentworth, his father, died.

1621. In Michaelmas Term he removed his family from Wentworth Woodham into London, at the Austin Friars'.

1622. He had a great fever. When he began to recover he removed to Bow about July, where, shortly after, his wife, the Lady Margaret died, and therefore he removed his family again into Yorkshire.

1623. The next spring (as I take it) he had a double

tertian, and after his recovery a relapse into a single tertian, and a while after a burning fever.

$162\frac{4}{5}$. February 24th, he married the Lady Arabella Holles, younger daughter of the Earl of Clare; a lady exceeding comely and beautiful, and yet much more lovely in the endowments of her mind. A Parliament.

[Wentworth, in his early political life, espoused the principles of what may be called the Constitutional Party, and opposed the Absolutist tendencies of the Court with a vigour of intellect and a force of eloquence which placed him at once in the front ranks of Parliamentary orators. Charles I., therefore, endeavoured to shut him out of this first Parliament of his reign by appointing him (November, 1625), Sheriff for Yorkshire; for as a sheriff was bound to attend to his duties in his own county, it was obvious that he could not take his seat at Westminster. A similarly unwelcome honour was conferred on other leaders of the Opposition; but with these the King was too shrewd to associate the ambitious Wentworth, who, he perceived, was anxious to serve under the Crown, and to exercise that faculty of governing men with which Nature had so largely endowed him. 'Wentworth,' he said, 'was an honest gentleman.' But he knew that the time had not yet come for a *rapprochement;* and that to his foreign policy he was unquestionably hostile, whatever might be his views on his home administration].

1626. June 1st, William, second Earl of Strafford, was born at Wentworth Woodham between the hours of ten and eleven at night. A Parliament (February, $162\frac{5}{6}$, to June, 1626).

['The reforming spirit,' says Gardiner,* 'was strong in Wentworth. To him England was a stage on which there was much to be done, many abuses to be overthrown, many interested and ignorant voices to be silenced. Since the days when Bacon had been a member of the House of Commons no man's voice had been raised so frequently in favour of new legislation. Legislation was the only mode in which, as a member of the House of Commons, he could

* 'History of England,' vi. 126-128.

proceed to action. There could be little doubt, however, that he would prefer a shorter course. Power in his own hands would be very welcome to him, from whatever quarter it came. . . . A courtier in the ordinary sense of the word, Wentworth never was—never by any possibility could become. He could not learn, like the Conways and the Cokes, to bear a patron's yoke. Whatever his heart conceived his mouth would speak. In any position occupied by him he was certain to magnify his office. If he had been in Becket's place, he would have striven for the King as Chancellor, and for the Church as Archbishop. . . . . Wentworth, in short, was with the Opposition, but not of it. Charles acknowledged the difference between his resistance, and that of Philip's. Though he took care to include him in the penal list of sheriffs, he spoke of him with kindness, as one who might yet be won. Wentworth justified the preference.' His opposition was directed not against Charles's principles of government—which were really his own—but against the policy which he and Buckingham pursued. The arbitrary disability placed upon him by the King he took no steps, therefore, to evade. 'My rule,' he said, 'which I will never transgress, is never to contend with the prerogative out of Parliament, nor yet to contest with a King but when I am constrained thereunto or else make shipwreck of my peace of conscience, which I trust God will ever bless me with, and with courage too to preserve it.' For the present, the stern, ambitious, self-contained man was content to stand aside, and 'fold himself up in a cold, silent forbearance, . . expecting that happy night when the King shall cause his chronicles to be read, wherein he shall find the faithfulness of Mardocheus, the treason of his eunuchs, and then let Haman (the Duke of Buckingham) look to himself.'*

The dissolution of Parliament in June, 1626, delivered Buckingham for a time from the attacks of his adversaries.

* 'The Strafford Letters,' Wentworth to Wanderford, Dec. 5 (1625), i. 32.

It was speedily followed, on July 8th, by Wentworth's dismissal from his official position in his own county. The letter conveying the intelligence of this dismissal was handed to him while he sat as High Sheriff in his court. He was too proud to betray the anger which the insult had kindled in him. In a few well-chosen words he declared his loyalty to the King, and called upon his hearers to bear witness that he had always loved justice. 'Therefore, shame be from henceforth to them that deserve it. For I am well assured now to enjoy within myself a lightsome quiet as formerly. The world may well think I have a way which would have kept my place. I confess, indeed, it had been too dear a purchase, and so I leave it.'

The 'way' to which he refers was, in all probability, that he should give his support to Charles's financial expedient of a 'free gift;' but this, with his views upon the folly of Charles's foreign policy, was impossible. When a 'free gift' was succeeded by a 'forced loan,' his resistance became still more decided; and along with John Hampden and Sir John Eliot, he refused to pay his allotted contribution, and was immediately placed in confinement.]

1627. May: He was committed a prisoner to the Marshalsea by the Lords of the Council for refusing the royal loan. About six weeks after his imprisonment he was confined at Dartford, and not to go above two miles from that town in Kent. October, at Dartford, the Lady Anne was born: about Christmas he was released from his confinement. Shortly after, the Parliament began, when he served as knight for Yorkshire.

[In the third Parliament of Charles I., which was opened by the King in person on the 17th of March, the Opposition mustered in formidable strength; its leaders included Sir Edward Coke, the profoundest lawyer of his time, whose intellectual vigour had not been paralysed nor his courage shaken by his nine and seventy years; by Wentworth, in the prime of his manhood, strong, ambitious, eloquent, and conscious of his powers; by Denzil Holles, eldest son of

Lord Clare, Wentworth's kinsman by marriage, a sincere friend of freedom, and a patriot in all his sympathies; by John Pym, a man thoroughly versed in the law of the rights, usages, and privileges of Parliament, of a calm, composed, and yet courageous intelleot, capable of marching at the head of the passions of the people without losing his own self-possession, always prepared for any emergency, a true ruler of men; by the sagacious Hampden, and by Oliver Cromwell, the measure of whose genius was as yet unsuspected by his colleagues, and perhaps by himself. Against this remarkable confederacy the Court could oppose only the influence of its traditions, the capricious temerity of Buckingham, and the political craft and tenacity of the King.

There was at first a disposition on both sides to act as if neither were aware of the impending struggle for which it was silently preparing. An interchange of courtesies took place. In spite of his arrogant menaces, Charles feared that he would have to give way; and the Commons, while resolute to maintain the rights of the people, desired to express their loyalty to the Crown. All, however, were not so pacifically disposed as Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, who besought the Chamber carefully to avoid every subject of vain dispute, for the hearts of kings, he said, were as high as their fortunes; they would yield only when their subjects yielded to them. They should build for his Majesty a golden bridge, and give him that means of coming off like himself, which he verily believed he was longing for. It was their interest to trust him, for they had reached the crisis of Parliaments, and its issue would determine whether Parliaments were to live or die. But others faced the future with more manful hearts, and a clearer vision, and perceiving the drift of Charles's obstinate policy, sympathised with Wentworth when he exclaimed: 'By one and the same thing both the King and people were hurt, and by the same must they be cured. We must vindicate—what? New things? No? Our ancient, lawful, and vital liberties!

We must reinforce the laws made by our ancestors. We must set such a stamp upon them as no licentious spirit shall dare hereafter to invade them. And shall we think this a way to treat a Parliament? No: our desires are modest and just. I speak truly, both for the interest of King and people. If we enjoy not these, it will be impossible to relieve him.' And with an eye to the carrying on of the King's Government, he proceeded to make some practical suggestions towards a settlement of the points at issue: 'There must,' he said, 'be no more illegal imprisonment, no more compulsory employments abroad, no forced loans, no billeting of soldiers without the householder's assent.'

In the course of this powerful speech Wentworth laid down the substance of the 'Petition of Right,' to which Coke afterwards gave the form.

On the 1st of April, the Commons, by a unanimous vote, granted a considerable subsidy, but they delayed the process of converting their vote into law. It was simply in the form of a resolution, and was unaccompanied by any mention of the time when the collection was to be made, or the Bill introduced. The House had inflexibly determined that both were to depend upon the King's good faith. Continuing its deliberations, it voted, on the 3rd, four resolutions for the protection of the liberties of the subject. Desirous of carrying with it the Upper Chamber, it submitted these resolutions to its approval at a conference, April 7th to 9th. A prolonged discussion ensued, not without interruption from the King—sharp messages, each sharper than its predecessors. The fourth of these provoked the House to wrath. It expressed the regret with which he had seen their resolve to protest not only against the abuses of power, but against power itself; and it bade them take heed lest, by their tedious or useless delays to relieve his necessities, they forced him to make an unpleasing end to such fine beginnings.

On the 23rd of April, the Lords sent down five proposi-

tions in which they embodied their reading of the Commons' resolutions. These were wholly unacceptable; and on the 28th, the Commons, ignoring the royal message, entrusted to a committee of lawyers 'and others of the House' the task of framing a Bill, which should contain the substance of Magna Charta, and of the various statutes referring to the liberty of the subject. The result was that Petition of Right which forms one of the landmarks of our constitutional history. Approved of by the Commons, it was presented to the Lords on the 8th of May. It began with an enumeration of the ancient safeguards of the subject against arbitrary taxation. It then declared that these had recently been violated; that divers commissions had been issued, with instructions, 'by pretext whereor the people had been required to lend to the King, and ultimately had undergone imprisonment and restraint, contrary to the laws and free customs of the realm. It related the old securities for personal freedom, such as the Great Charter and the statute of 28 Edward III., and declared that these, too, had been set aside. It protested against billeting of soldiers and sailors on the people, and martial law in time of peace. And after claiming immediate redress of all these grievances, it concluded with the following prayer: 'All which your Majesty's subjects most humbly pray of your most excellent Majesty, as their rights and liberties, according to the laws and statutes of this realm. And that your Majesty would also vouchsafe to declare that the awards, doings, and proceedings, to the prejudice of your people in any of the premises, shall not be drawn hereafter into consequence or example. And that your Majesty would be pleased graciously, for the further comfort and safety of your people, to declare your royal will and pleasure that in the things aforesaid, all your officers and ministers shall serve you, according to the laws and statutes of this realm, as they tender the honour of your Majesty and the prosperity of the Kingdom.'

Against a Bill which reclaimed the ancient liberties of

the people, and repressed universally condemned abuses, the Lords could offer no valid objection. But the Court party, under the Lord Keeper Williams, endeavoured to neutralize its effect by introducing an ambiguous clause into the concluding sentence, which, as modified by them, assumed the following shape: "We humbly present this petition to your Majesty, not only with a care of preserving our own liberties, but with due regard *to leave entire that sovereign power* wherewith your Majesty is entrusted, for the protection, safety, and happiness of your people.' The insidious clause which I have italicized was promptly rejected by the Commons. 'If we admit of this addition,' said Wentworth, 'we shall leave the subject worse than we found him, and we shall have little thanks for our labour when we reach our homes. Let us leave all power to his Majesty to punish malefactors. These laws are not acquainted with sovereign power. We desire no new King. We do not offer to tread on his Majesty's prerogative. From this one position we may not move, either in part or in whole.' Said Coke: 'Magna Charta is such a fellow that he will bear no sovereign.' And the Commons were resolved that this fellow should prevail. They would not retire from the ground they had taken up, and the Lords at last surrendered. On the 24th of May they joined in the Petition of Right.

When it was presented to the King, he showed the utmost distaste to it. Not that he objected to all its clauses. He was not unwilling to promise that he would extort no more fresh loans, that he would compel no more householders to receive soldiers against their will, that he would not again commission military officers to execute martial law in time of peace. But he would fain have retained the power of sending his subjects to prison without explaining his reasons for doing so. Yet this was the most important of all the provisions. In defiance of statute, the King had been accustomed to throw men into prison at his will and pleasure, sometimes leaving them there untried.

But the Petition of Right provided that, on cause being shown, the prisoner might require the judges to fix a day for his trial, so that it should appear whether he was innocent or guilty. This seems to us now the corner-stone of the freedom of the subject; but Charles could not be made to understand it without many a severe lesson.

On Monday, the 3rd of June, Charles summoned the Commons to meet him in the Upper Chamber. With a lowering brow, and in a sullen voice, he addressed them: 'Gentlemen, I have come hither to perform my duty—I think no man can think it long, since I have not taken so many days in answering the Petition, as you spent weeks in framing it; and I am come hither to show you that, as well in formal things, as essential, I desire to give you as much content as in me lies." The Petition was then read, and Charles placed in his Lord Keeper's hand a paper, which the Commons found to run as follows: 'The King willeth that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm; that the statutes be put in due execution; and that his subjects may have no cause to complain of any wrongs or oppressions contrary to their just rights and liberties; to the preservation of which he holds himself in conscience as well obliged, as of his own prerogative.'

The events which followed are related by the historian. Ultimately, Charles was compelled to yield, and to return a complete and definite answer. On the 7th of June, he went down to the Lords, and summoning the Commons to his presence, he expressed his regret that his previous reply had not been considered satisfactory, and added that to avoid all doubtful interpretations, and to prove that there was no duplicity in his meaning, he was willing to pleasure them in words as well as substance. Already he had ordered the Clerk of the Parliament to erase his first answer from the journals, and had handed to him in writing that which he desired to substitute. 'Read your petition,' he said, 'and you will hear that which I am sure will please you.' Upon these words the Commons raised 'a great and

joyful cry,' which swelled into a loud shout of acclamation when the old Norman formula, *Soit droit fait comme il est désiré* (Let right be done as it is desired), gave the royal assent to the Petition. As he turned to quit the House, 'I have done my part,' said the King; 'wherefore if this Parliament hath not a happy conclusion, the sin is yours; I am free from it.'

On Saturday, August 23rd, the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated at Portsmouth; and on October 20th, the King suddenly prorogued Parliament. Both these events exercised a powerful influence on the after career of Wentworth. The removal of Buckingham left open to him the chief place in the royal council; and the prorogation afforded time and opportunity for the negotiations between the King and himself, which made it possible for him to occupy it.]

'1628. July, he was made Baron Wentworth, Newmarsh, and Oversley by patent; but the Lord Savile was made Baron before him. In Michaelmas term he was made Viscount Wentworth (solemnly created), President of York, and Privy Councillor.'

[Such were the rewards of what Pym and his friends not unnaturally called Wentworth's apostasy; his retirement from the Opposition, and his acceptance of office, honour and power under the Crown. When a man makes a change so sudden and complete, when he abandons his old colleagues and faces them as an antagonist and an enemy, he must expect to be branded as a traitor, and to pay the penalty of his treason in the world's after-mistrust of all his actions and misinterpretation of all his motives. But, indeed, Wentworth had never really belonged to the Opposition, and from the first any impartial observer might have predicted that, sooner or later, he would join the royal party. It is certain that in withdrawing from the Opposition he sacrificed no political principles, put no stress or strain upon his conscience. Stimulated by a powerful ambition, and conscious of his great abilities, his sole object was power.

To govern men was the need of his nature; he could not rest in a subordinate position; the second place was to him intolerable. He had become a patriot because he hated Buckingham, and because at that time the constitutional party seemed to offer the best and widest field for the display of his rare endowments. When Buckingham fell, and the service of the Crown was thrown open to his energetic temper, he felt no compunction in transferring himself to it. A political soldier of fortune—but no, he was something more and better than that, for his great aim in obtaining power was to promote his country's welfare as he saw and understood it. To the King he showed an almost passionate loyalty, but he was never a courtier; he was too proud and too reserved to stoop to the arts of a palace, or meddle in the intrigues of the backstairs. Few great statesmen have made so many enemies. The Queen hated him; so did his fellow Ministers, who intrigued against him, and 'seized on his hot speeches against the great lords, his quarrels with the royal household, his transports of passion at the very council-table, to ruin him in his master's favour,' though in this they never succeeded. He devoted himself with a strange earnestness to State affairs, bearing rivalries with as proud a spirit as he shattered opposition, restlessly eager to extend and strengthen the royal authority, without which he was powerless; but, in his keen longing for order, repressing abuses with a relentless hand, sweeping away those private interests which his strong judgment perceived to be illegitimate, and warmly protecting those general interests from which he had nothing to apprehend. An aristocrat by birth and temperament, he had not, like Pym and Eliot, any sympathy with the people. They were mere pawns upon the chess-board, to be moved at the pleasure of supremely skilful players like himself. But he nourished in his soul a passionate love of England. It was his sustained purpose that England should be powerful abroad and prosperous at home; only he connected that power and prosperity with the absolute prerogative of the

Crown, or, at all events, with the rule of a single capable man. A strong executive, governing without reference to Parliament, of whose delays, vacillations, and conscientiousness he was impatient,—a strong, firm, and laborious executive, contemptuously ignoring popular rights, but heroically careful of the public welfare, superior to all considerations of personal gain, bending beneath the iron yoke the great as well as the little, the Court as well as the nation; such was Stafford's political ideal, and it was this which with all the resistless force of his character he strove to accomplish.]

1630. Thomas, his second son, was born; he died about July at York; his lungs were perished. October, the Lady Arabella was born.

1631. *October*, Tuesday morning, his dear wife, the Lady Arabella, died: I took this Earl out of bed, and carried him to receive his last blessing from her.

['The year 1631 was a year of sorrow to Wentworth. . . In October, his dearly-loved wife, "that departed saint now in heaven" to whom his heart turned in his hour of trial long afterwards, was taken from him. His affections were as strong as his passions, and the stern demeanour which he bore in the presence of the many, melted into the tenderest attachment in that of the few whom he really loved and respected. His grief was the more abundant as he was himself the innocent cause of his wife's death. One day, when she was in an advanced state of pregnancy, he stepped from the garden into the room in which she was sitting. A large fly, which had settled on his breast, spread its wings and frightened the weakly, delicate lady. She was prematurely brought to bed of a daughter at the cost of her own life. The widower had many companions in his grief. "The whole city had a face of mourning, never any woman so magnified and lamented even of those that never saw her face."'*

In 1632 (*January*) Wentworth was called upon, as Lord

* S. R. Gardiner, vii. 230, 231.

Deputy of Ireland, to encounter difficulties infinitely more formidable than any which he had met in the North of England. He did not leave England, however, until the middle of the following year. In October, 1632, he was married, privately, to Elizabeth, a daughter of Sir Godfrey Rhodes, of Great Houghton, Yorkshire. She was probably much younger than himself, and from a passage in a letter which he wrote to her, within four or five weeks of their marriage, would seem to have looked up to her stately and reserved husband with as much awe as affection. We transcribe the letter, with its various allusions to the wives he had lost:

'Dear Bess,

'Your first lines were welcome unto me, and I will keep them, in regard I take them to be as full of kindness, as of truth. *It is no presumption for you to write unto me:* the fellowship of marriage ought to carry with it more of love and equality than any other apprehension. So I desire it may ever be betwixt us; nor shall it ever break on my part. Virtue is the highest value we can set upon ourselves in this world, and the chief which others are to esteem us by. That preserved, we become capable of the noblest impressions which can be imparted unto us. *You succeed in this family two of the rarest ladies of their time.* Equal them in those excellent dispositions of your mind, and you become every ways equally worthy of anything that they had, or that the rest of the world can give. And be you ever assured to be by me cherished and assisted the best I can through the whole course of my life, wherein I shall be no other to you than I was to them, to wit,

'Your loving husband,

'Wentworth.']

1633. *January,* her ladyship went with me into Ireland. *July,* he arrived in Ireland, and there took the sword.

1634. A Parliament in Ireland; six subsidies granted; the King's debts all discharged. Most of the English Laws (except some Penal Statutes) were then enacted in Ireland, and a sum taken for the King's revenue to defray the public charge, without extraordinary taxes and impositions upon the people.

1635. He went in progress into Connaught, and there found by inquisition the King's title to the counties of Roscommon, Sligo, and Mayo—Galway opposed, but afterwards the jury (principal gentlemen of that county) confessed the King's right upon their oaths in the Exchequer.

1636. He came into England: at Hampton Court, before the King in full council, he gave an account of his government in Ireland, concerning the restitution of the rights of the Church, the establishing of English laws, the reformation of the army, the King's revenue, and discharge of his debts, the securing of the seas, and the advancement of trade, etc., with some future designs for the King's service in that Kingdom: in all which he was highly approved and commended. In the month of November, after six months' absence, he returned into Ireland.

1636. He made a passage into Munster, and found the King's title to some territories in Tipperary and the county of Clare.

1639. He was sent for by the King, and in September he went into England: he passed from the bar of Dublin to the bar of Chester in thirteen hours. About Christmas he was made Earl of Strafford (which is the name of the wapentake, or hundred, in which his house, Wentworth Woodham, stands), and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He then moved the King for a Parliament in Ireland, which was instantly summoned; and afterwards for a Parliament in England, against the beginning of the next year. In haste he returned into Ireland, where he stayed about a fortnight; in which time he sat in Parliament, had four subsidies given them; appointed a Council of War, and gave orders to levy eight thousand foot in Ireland; which,

together with two thousand foot and a thousand horse, which was the standing army in Ireland, and five hundred horse to be joined with them, were to be sent into Scotland under his lordship's command. At the same time the Earl of Northumberland was to be General over thirty thousand foot and three thousand horse, to be levied in England for the Scotch expedition; and James, then Marquis, afterwards Duke of Hamilton, was appointed to command a fleet of ships for the same design.

1640. *April 3rd, Good Friday,* he embarked again for England, being sick of a flux and the gout; he had a stormy passage by sea. He came to London after the Parliament there was begun, and not long after it ended. His sickness increased much, and brought him to such weakness as he was not able to sit up out of his bed half an hour in a day. Upon his recovery the Earl of Northumberland fell sick, whereupon the Earl of Strafford was stayed from going into Ireland and made Lieutenant-General of the English forces, and sent into the north, where the English army was. Before he came they were defeated at Newburn under the command of Viscount Conway.

November. A new [the famous Long] Parliament began in England, where he was first generally, afterwards particularly, impeached of (sundry facts in all charged to amount to) treason. He came up from the Northern Army to the Parliament, was committed by the Lords to the Black Rod, then shortly after to the Tower. What his charge and answers were appear best by the copies of both. He was allowed witnesses; and the warrant to summon them was granted on the Friday next before his trial, which was on the Monday next following, the witnesses being most of them in Ireland, and for things alleged to be done in that kingdom. He had counsel also allowed (not to assist him in disproving any matter of fact alleged against him, but) for matter of law to make good, if they could, that his charge did not contain treason; and to answer the arguments to be brought by the House of Commons to prove that the offences wherewith he

was charged was treason; wherein his counsel was required to speak first, and might not reply, because of an old rule, the King must have the last words. There was an order made by the Lords in Parliament, in the beginning of the King's reign, in the Earl of Bristol's case, that Peers accused of treason should have both counsel and witnesses allowed them to defend themselves. But the Earl of Strafford had not a copy of that order. The proceeding in a judicial way against him was laid aside; the reasons whereof was declared in a speech of Mr. St. John's, in print. One reason was, that since the beginning of King Henry IV., when a law was made against trials for treason in Parliament, there had been no precedent of any man that had been condemned in Parliament. Mr. St. John in that speech said, that unto wolves and beasts of prey no law was to be given. Thereupon a Bill of attainder was provided. When it came to the question in the Commons House, some members gave negatives, and their names were presently set upon posts through the City as Straffordians. One gentleman came to a friend of his Lordship, asking pardon for giving his affirmative vote for the Bill, saying, he did it against his opinion, for he thought him not guilty, but he desired to preserve his credit in the House, being confident that neither King nor Lords would pass the Bill, and so his vote might do him no hurt. The Bill passed in the House of Commons and came to the Lords.

1641. *May* 1*st*, Saturday in Easter week, the King came to the Houses, and declared that his conscience was not satisfied to condemn him, nor give assent to the Bill. This public declaration aforehand (however it was procured) his Lordship judged to be fatal to him, and so it proved. Tumults arose in the City, who came to Whitehall crying for justice; insomuch as many thought the King's person was not safe there; and some of the Lords were publicly affronted; many of them forebore to come to the House. Those Lords that came, about a fourth part of the House, voted the matters of fact upon two or three articles of the

charge; one was, that he had levied war against the King, and there was some proof endeavoured to be offered, that he had quartered a serjeant and four soldiers upon a man in Ireland, for refusing to obey an order which he made as Deputy of Ireland; and the proof of this was a copy of a warrant to the Serjeant-at-Arms, to lay those soldiers on this man. But there being no proof that it was a true copy, for no man examined it, it was rejected by the Lords from being read; yet the vote passed. That his Lordship had given such an order, that the soldiers were quartered accordingly, and that herein he had levied war against the King. Herein, lest memory should fail, let the journal of the Lords' House be seen. Another thing voted by the Lords was, words testified by Sir Henry Vane, at a committee of the Lords, the King being present. The words are supposed to be directed to the King. *You have an army in Ireland to reduce them.* None of the committee could testify these words. Sir Henry Vane, twice examined, remembered them not; but the third time he did call them to mind, which made the Lord Digby declare in the Commons House, that he was not satisfied; his speech is printed. How best the words were voted by the Lords to be proved, and the word *them* (to reduce *them*) was interpreted to be meant of the people of England (not of Scotland); whereas mention was made before of war with Scotland, the supply from England to maintain that war. What other matters of fact were voted I remember not. [See the journal for this.] The matters of fact thus voted were referred to the judges, who were of opinion that the fact so voted was treason. Whereupon the Lords passed the Bill, there being then present thirty-eight Lords, 22 in the affirmative for the Bill, and 16 in the negative against it [May 8th].

The tumults still continue out of the City. On Sunday, May the 9th, the King advised with five Bishops and all the Judges what he should do. The judges were asked upon what grounds they had delivered their opinion to the Lords, to which they would give no answer, but that as

the case was put to them, it was treason, and some said, they were not judges of the fact, but of the law. One of the Bishops was of opinion, that the King, seeing he knew his lordship to be innocent, ought not to pass the Bill. Three of them declared, that although the King in his private breast thought him innocent, yet he might and ought to submit his judgment to those that were learned in the laws, in a case of this concernment. Thereupon the King signed the commission to pass the Bill, saying with tears, that my Lord of Strafford's condition was more happy than his.

On the Friday before, my Lord writ to the King, releasing all his former promises and engagements to save his life, which his lordship thought would be the best discharge of the King's conscience.

He prepared himself for death with singular piety. P. Carr, his ancient chaplain, told me, that he was the most severe judge of himself that ever he knew. He had great humility and charity towards his enemies beyond expectation, which being much above his natural strength, gave him great comforts, as my Lord Primate of Armagh can testify.

Tuesday, the 11th of May, in the evening before his death, he sent my Lord Primate to the King, to present his last suit to his Majesty, that he would be pleased to remember two of his friends, the E. of O. and G. R. Of all persons he was freest from fear, going to death without the least perturbation that way. He caused his chaplain to say prayers upon the scaffold, according to the Common Prayer Book, and make use of the 25th Psalm in prose. His last speech to the people is extant in print, wherein he foretold part of the ensuing troubles which this kingdom hath since felt. He died like a gentleman and a Christian; a martyr for the Church and King: *Cujus memoria in benedictione: preciosa in conspectu Domini mors sanctorum ejus.*

[The trial of Strafford began in Westminster Hall on the

22nd of March, 1641. The charges against him were supported by the Commons in a body, and with them, also as accusers, sat the Scotch and Irish commissioners. Twenty-five peers acted as judges. The daily proceedings were closely watched by the King and Queen, who sat behind a trellised partition, but on the first day the King with his own hands tore down the lattice work in front. The hall was crowded with spectators, mostly of the upper classes; moved either by sympathy with the prisoner or his adversaries, or attracted by the pomp of the spectacle, or influenced by the gravity of the issues which were at stake. Strafford had never borne himself with greater dignity, even in the flush of his prosperity; and the cold, calm pride of his bearing awed into silence the multitude that surged around the entrance, while it commanded the respect of his bitterest enemies. With his tall and handsome form prematurely bent by disease, but with his glance as brilliant and as arrogant as ever, he moved to his place, the bystanders moving their hats as he passed, and he, in his turn, saluting them with grave courtesy. He had not yet lost his confidence of security. Imprudently contemptuous of his accusers, and, having closely studied the articles framed against him, he felt assured that he would vindicate himself from the charge of high treason. But on the second day occurred an incident which opened his eyes to the real danger of his situation. He had expressed a hope that he should be able, without difficulty, to repel the inventions of his malicious enemies. Pym, who had been chosen to conduct the impeachment, immediately replied that it was against the Commons he was levelling so insulting an accusation, and that it was criminal to tax them with malicious enmity. Strafford saw his mistake, apologised on his knees, and thenceforward, mastering his natural warmth of temper, suffered no sign of indignation or impatience to escape him, nor uttered a word which could be turned to his disadvantage.

For seventeen days the great trial lasted, and for seven-

teen days, with admirable intellectual force and promptitude, Strafford maintained his defence against the thirty managers of the Commons, who relieved one another alternately. Article after article was proved against him, however, with a cogency which all his subtlety was unable to evade; and no impartial hearer could doubt that he was fully convicted of grave abuse of power and transgressions of the law. On the other hand, even when his illegal acts were collected and presented as a whole, they did not seem to amount to the crime of high treason, as defined by statute. Strafford skilfully availed himself of this defect in the case of his assailants. In tones of becoming modesty he acknowledged his errors and imperfections, excusing them, but not justifying them, on the plea of his devotion to the Crown. The contrast between the calmness of his tone and the passionate violence of some of his antagonists swayed the feelings of the audience in his favour; and, alarmed by this obvious change, the Commons twice demanded that the Lords should proceed more quickly with a trial which, they said, was consuming time of inestimable value to the country. The Lords remembered, however, that they sat there to judge and not to prosecute. To support the charge of high treason, young Sir Henry Vane produced a note of a speech of Strafford's, which he had discovered while burrowing among the private papers of his father, the Secretary of State. In this speech, delivered at the time of the dissolution of the Short Parliament, Strafford spoke of the King as absolved and loose from all rule of government:—'Your Majesty having tried all ways and been refused, shall be acquitted before God and man, and you have an army in Ireland that you may employ to reduce this kingdom to obedience, for I am confident the Scots cannot hold out three months.' 'This kingdom!' There could be little doubt that England was meant, but the Commons could not prove that the reference was not intended for Scotland. And further, it was necessary to show that the proposed action, which

was to have been taken with the King's consent, could be construed into treason against the King.

When it became evident that on this point the Lords were by no means satisfied, the Commons, at the suggestion of Sir Arthur Haslerig, resolved on dropping the impeachment, and proceeding by a Bill of attainder. This change was not in accordance with the views of Pym or Hampden, who both believed in the adequacy of the impeachment, and, moreover, were not without a last lingering hope of converting the King to the Constitutional cause. Proposals were submitted to Charles in 1641, which, if they had been frankly accepted, might have saved Strafford, the Church, and the monarchy. A ministry was to be formed out of the majority in Parliament, Pym becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Earl of Bedford, Lord Treasurer; Denzil Holles, Secretary of State; Lord Holland, Foreign Secretary, and John Hampden, Governor to the Prince of Wales. Charles seemed at first to regard the proposal with favour: but the Queen was against it, and the overtures from the Scottish nobles rekindled his sanguine hopes. The English army were gravely discontented with the Parliament on account of the favour it had shown to the Scottish soldiers; and its officers were eager to take advantage of this ill-humour, march it upon London, release Strafford, and threaten the two Houses with its vengeance. Charles thought he might bide his time. But early in May, the 'army plot,' as it was called, became known to Pym, who at once perceived that no trust could be placed in the King, and that the removal of Strafford was a necessity, if constitutional government were ever to be restored in England. The Bill of attainder was, therefore, pushed forward rapidly, and its third reading was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of 204 to 59 (April 21st), and in the Lords by 26 to 19 (April 29th), after much angry debate. Strafford's doom was sealed. The King had pledged himself that not a hair of his head should suffer, but he was powerless to keep his word. I do not think it was possible, after the Bill

of attainder was passed, for Charles to have saved him; but it was due to himself, to his honour, to his regal word, that he should have refused his assent. The Commons would almost certainly have devised some means of overruling him, and Strafford's head would still have fallen. They could not have suffered him to escape; he was too formidable an antagonist; but the King should have stood inflexible. The Queen, however, with whom Strafford had never been a favourite, professed to be alarmed by the demonstrations of the excited populace, and urged her husband to submit. Angry and ashamed—sincerely anxious for the life of his great Minister—Charles appealed to the Privy Council, and afterwards to the Bishops, to help him out of his dilemma. From neither could he obtain any assistance. Even the majority of the Bishops recommended him to sacrifice one individual to the throne, his conscience as a man to his conscience as a King. He was still torn by conflicting emotion when he received a noble letter from Strafford, urging him to pass the Bill of attainder as the only means by which he could secure the affections of his people. 'Sir,' he concluded, 'my consent shall more acquit you to God than all the world can do besides. To a willing mind there is no injury done; and as, by God's grace, I forgive all the world, so I can give up the life of this world with all cheerfulness imaginable, in the just acknowledgment of your exceeding favour; and only by that, in your goodness, you would vouchsafe to cast your gracious regard upon my poor son and his sisters, less or more, and no otherwise than their unfortunate father shall appear more or less worthy of his death.' Such a letter would have made a man of chivalrous temper more resolved than ever to save its writer; but it furnished Charles with an excuse for abandoning him. Yet after this act of cowardice his conscience was never at rest, and he was troubled by an unavailing remorse to the end of his career. Even on the scaffold, he remembered it: 'God forbid,' he said, 'that I should be so ill a Christian, as not

to say that God's judgments are just upon me. Many times He doth pay justice by an unjust sentence; that is ordinary. I will only say this—that an unjust sentence that I suffered to take effect, is punished by an unjust sentence upon me.'

Next day, January 10th, Charles despatched Secretary Carleton to the Tower to announce to the Earl that his last hours were running out, and to excuse, as best he could, his King's desertion of him. Though he had no hope that his life would be saved, yet that he should thus easily have been abandoned, shocked him deeply. With his hand upon his heart, and his eyes raised to heaven, he exclaimed, 'Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation.' Writing to his Secretary, Slingsby, he said: 'Your going to the King is to no purpose. I am lost; my body is theirs, but my soul is God's. There is little trust in man.'* And the fate which he saw to be inevitable, he prepared to meet with composure.

On the 11th of May, the last day of his life on earth, he inquired if he might be allowed to see his fellow prisoner and friend, Archbishop Laud. He was told that he must first have leave from Parliament. 'No,' he said, 'I have gotten my despatch from them, and will trouble them no more. I am now petitioning a higher Court, where neither partiality can be expected nor error feared.' He prepared to send a message by Archbishop Usher, who had come to counsel and comfort him in his few remaining hours. 'Desire the Archbishop,' he said, 'to lend me his prayers this night, and to give me his blessing when I do go abroad to-morrow, and to be in his window, that by his last farewell I may give him thanks for this and all his former favours.'

The last morning dawned upon the fallen statesman, and found him still serene and courageous. He was probably conscious that his life had been a failure; but no symptoms of that consciousness were apparent in his demeanour. The Constable of the Tower wished to convey him to the scaffold

* Rushworth's 'Trial of the Earl of Strafford,' pp. 274, 278.

in a carriage, that he might escape the insults of the rabble. 'Sir,' he replied, 'I can look death in the face, and the people also. It is your business to see that I do not escape; as for me, whether I die by the hand of the executioner, or by the fury of yonder people, if such should please them, is equally indifferent.' He set forth on foot, preceding the guards, and casting his glances on every side, as if he were marching at the head of his soldiers. In passing the cell where Laud was confined, he paused. 'My lord,' he exclaimed, raising his head to the window where stood the aged prelate, 'give me your blessing and your prayers.' The primate stretched his hands towards him, but, overcome by the violence of his emotions, fell back in a swoon. 'Farewell, my lord,' said Strafford, as he moved on, 'may God protect your innocence.' He mounted the scaffold with a firm step, followed by his brother, some clergymen, and several friends. After kneeling in prayer for a few moments he rose, and addressed the people. 'He wished,' he said, 'for the realm all the prosperity on earth; in life he had always worked to this end; dying, it was his only prayer, that he besought each man who listened to him to consider seriously, with his hand on his heart, if the opening of the reformation of a kingdom ought to be written in characters of blood.' 'Think well of this,' he exclaimed, 'when you return to your homes!' He prayed to God that not the least drop of his blood might be on the head of any, but he feared they had entered on an evil course. Kneeling again, he continued at his devotions for a quarter of an hour; then, turning towards his friends, he grasped each by the hand, and said a few parting words. 'I have almost done,' he added; 'a single blow is about to make my wife a widow, my dear children orphans, and to deprive my poor servants of their master; may God be with them and you. Thanks to Him,' he continued, as he began to undress, 'I can doff my coat with as tranquil a heart as if I was going to sleep.' The executioner drew forth a handkerchief to cover his eyes. 'Thou shalt not bind my eyes,' said Strafford, 'for I will see

it done.' After a brief prayer or two, he placed his head upon the block, and gave the signal. The axe flashed in the air; every man drew his breath; and Strafford was no more. That unquiet, passionate, and noble spirit had ceased its heroic endeavours to compass a ruinous aim. The executioner held up to the people the bleeding head, crying, 'God save the King!' and from nearly two hundred thousand voices rose a shout of exultation.

Thus perished Strafford; not as a traitor to his King, but an enemy to the Commonwealth; and though one cannot but regret that so much genius and devotion should have met with so bloody an end, one feels it difficult to say that his sentence was unjust. The very intellectual greatness of the man rendered him the more formidable an enemy to the constitutional interests of the kingdom. While Strafford lived there could have been no security that the system of government with which he had been identified would not be revived. His death not only delivered the country from himself, but made it certain that he would have no successor. That his execution was, from our modern point of view, an act of illegality, must needs be admitted; but on the other hand, we must remember that his whole career had been an absolute and almost contemptuous defiance of law, and that he had provoked the contest in which he fell a victim.]

We conclude with some passages from Sir George Radcliffe's description of his master's character, tastes, and habits:

'He was exceeding temperate in meat, drink, and recreations. He was no whit given to his appetite; though he loved to see good meat at his table, yet he ate very little of it himself: beef or rabbits was his ordinary food, or cold preserved meats, or cheese and apples, and in moderate quantity. He was never drunk in his life, as I have often heard him say; and for so much as I had seen, I had reason to believe him. Yet he was not so scrupulous but he would drink healths when he liked his company,

and be as sociable as any of his society, and yet still within the bounds of temperance. In Ireland, where drinking was grown a disease epidemical, he was more strict publicly, never suffering any health to be drunk at his public table, but the King's, Queen's, and Prince's on solemn days. Drunkenness in his servants was in his esteem one of the greatest faults.

'He loved hawking, and was a good falconer; yet in his later days he got little time to see his hawks fly, though he always kept good ones. He played excellently well at *primero* and *mayo*, and for company sake, in Christmas, and after supper, he would play sometimes; yet he never was much taken with it, nor used it excessively, but as a recreation should be used. His chief recreation was after supper, when, if he had company, which were suitable to him, that is, honest cheerful men, he would retire into an inner room, and sit two or three hours, taking tobacco and telling stories with great pleasantness and freedom: and this he used constantly, with all familiarity in private, laying then aside all state, and that due respect which in public he would expect.

'He loved justice for justice itself, taking great delight to free a poor man from a powerful oppressor, or to punish bold wickedness, whereof there are sundry instances to be given, both at York and in Ireland. This lost him some men's good will, which he thought to be better lost than kept upon those terms. One person of quality, whom he had severely punished at York, came to be one of his judges in the Lords' House, and there did him all justice and favour (as the case then stood) in his last troubles; who therefore deserves to be honoured, especially by us that had relation to him.

'He was excellently well studied in that part of the English laws which concerns the office of a Justice of Peace; inasmuch as one of the judges of assize, a great lawyer, was well pleased to learn his opinion, in a matter about the poor, and the statutes made concerning them.

By constant attendance at the Star Chamber for seven years together, he learned the course of that Court, and many directions for his carriage towards the public. This in those days was a most pleasant and useful employment for a young gentleman, who is like to have any part in the government of his country.

'He bore a particular personal affection for his King;* and he was always a lover of Monarchy, although some that have observed him in former Parliaments thought not so. But they little knew with what respect and kindness King James had used him; so as certainly that Prince thought him no enemy to his power. It is true he was a subject, and sensible enough of the people's liberties; and he always thought that royal power and popular privileges might well stand together; and then only they were best procured, when they went hand in hand, and maintained one another. He always disliked the abuse of regal authority to the oppression of subjects for private ends and interests. Yet it being most hard and difficult to keep the interests of the King and People from overcrowding one upon another, the longer he lived, his experience taught him, that it was far safer that the King should increase in power than that the people should gain advantages on the King. *That* may turn to the prejudice of some particular sufferers; *this* draws with it the ruin of the whole. . .

'He was naturally exceeding choleric, an infirmity with which he had great wrestlings; and though he kept a watchfulness over himself concerning it, yet it could not be so prevented, but sometimes upon 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

* This is strongly brought out in Mr. Robert Browning's tragedy of 'Strafford,' as when he makes Lady Carlisle say :

> 'The King—ever the King !
> No thought of one beside, whose little word
> Unveils the King to him.'

part such admonitions. Nay, I can say, that I, one of his most intimate friends, 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 virtue and victory over himself, and made good progress accordingly.

'He was defamed for incontinence, wherein I have reason to believe that he was exceedingly much wronged. I had occasion of some speech with him about the state of his soul several times, but twice especially, when I verily believe he did lay open unto me the very bottom of his heart. Once was, when he was in a very great affliction upon the death of his second wife, and then, for some days and nights, I was very few minutes out of his company. The other time was at Dublin, on a Good Friday (his birthday), when he was preparing himself to receive the Blessed Sacrament on Easter Day following. At both these times I received such satisfaction, as left no scruple with me at all, but much assurance of his chastity. I knew his ways long and intimately, and though I cannot clear him from all frailties (for who can justify the most innocent man?) yet I must give him the testimony of conscientiousness in his ways, that he kept himself from gross uses, and endeavoured to approve himself rather unto God than unto men, to be religious inwardly and in truth, rather than outwardly and in show. . .

'But amongst all his qualities, none was more eminent than his friendship, wherein he did study and delight to excel; a subject wherein I can worst express myself, though I have most to say, and greatest scope to enlarge myself. For I cannot think of it without remembering what I lost in his death; a treasure which no earthly thing can countervail; such a friend, as never man within the compass of my knowledge had; so excellent a friend, and so much mine. He never had anything in his possession

or power, which he thought too dear for his friends, he was never weary to take pains for them, or to employ the utmost of his abilities in their service. . . In fine, he did not seek friendships with all men; but when he desired intimacy, his kindness did appear much more in effect than in words.'

CHAPTER VII.

A PHILOSOPHER OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.—EDWARD, LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

One of the most remarkable men of the period we are considering was Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who was the first in England to reduce Deism to a system, and became the virtual founder of Natural Theology, and of the Philosophy of Common Sense. To no ordinary character could such praise have been addressed as Ben Jonson has embodied in the following lines:

> 'If men get name for some one virtue, then
> What man art thou that art so many now,
> All virtuous Herbert ? on whose every part
> Truth might spend all her verse, fame all her art.
> Whether thy learning they would take, or wit,
> Or valour, or thy judgment seasoning it,
> Thy standing upright to thyself, thy ends
> Like straight, thy piety to God, and friends ;
> Their later praise would still the greatest be,
> And yet thy all together, less than thee.'

The praise, on the whole, was not ill-deserved. 'Few men,' says Horace Walpole, 'have figured so conspicuously in lights so various; and his descendants, though they cannot approve him in every walk of glory, would perhaps injure his memory, if they suffered the world to be ignorant that he was formed to shine in any sphere into which his impulsive temperament or predominant reason conducted him. As a soldier, he won the esteem of those great captains, the Prince of Orange and the Constable de Montmorency; as a knight, his chivalry was drawn from the purest font of the "Fairy Queen." Had he been ambitious, the

beauty of his person would have carried him as far as any gentle knight can aspire to go. As a public minister, he supported the dignity of his country, even when its prince disgraced it; and that he was qualified to write its annals as well as to ennoble them, the History I have mentioned proves, and must make us lament that he did not complete, or that we have lost, the account he proposed to give of his embassy. These busy scenes were blended with, and terminated by, meditation and philosophic inquiries. Strip each period of its excesses and errors, and it will not be easy to trace out or dispose the life of a man of quality with a succession of employments which would better become him. Valour and military activity in youth; business of State in the middle age; contemplation and labours for the information of posterity in the calmer scenes of closing life.' Such, then, was Lord Herbert of Cherbury: soldier and statesman, theologian and man of letters, knight-errant and philosopher, he stands before us as a figure of deep and singular interest—a figure all the more interesting from the reflection of his fine qualities afforded by his 'Autobiography.'

He came of an honourable family, and was born at Eyton, in Shropshire, in 1581. One of his brothers was George Herbert, the Church poet. His abilities were very conspicuous in his early years, and not less so was his martial temper. 'I remember,' he says, 'I was corrected sometimes for going to cuffs with two schoolfellows, both being older than myself.' At twelve years of age he was well versed in the Greek tongue and in Logic, and was sent to University College, Oxford, where his studies were twice interrupted—first by the death of his father, and second by his marriage to Mary, the daughter and heiress of Sir William Herbert, of St. Gillian (February 1st, 1598). The bride was one-and-twenty, the bridegroom only fifteen; but though the alliance was concluded for family reasons, it proved a reasonably happy one. Herbert returned to Oxford, accompanied by his wife and mother, and remained there

until he was eighteen. Then for three years the little domestic party—gradually enlarged by sons and daughters being born to the young couple—alternated between London and Montgomery Castle.

At the age of twenty-one, Herbert was not only a good classical scholar, but well acquainted with French, Italian, and Spanish, which he had taught himself, as well as to play on the lute, and to sing his part 'at first sight.' He tells us that his intention in learning the modern languages was to make himself, as far as possible, a citizen of the world; and that he cultivated music in order that he might entertain himself at home, and refresh his mind after his studies—so that he might not need the company of young men, in whom he observed, in those days, much ill-example and debauchery.

In 1600 he first appeared at Court. 'And as it was the manner of those times,' he says, 'for all men to kneel down before the great Queen Elizabeth, who then reigned, I was likewise upon my knees in the presence-chamber when she passed by to the chapel at Whitehall. As soon as she saw me she stopped, and swearing her usual oath demanded, "Who is this?" Everybody then present looked upon me, but no man knew me; till Sir James Croft, a pensioner, finding the Queen stayed, returned back and told who I was, and that I had married Sir William Herbert of St. Gillian's daughter. The Queen, hereupon, looked attentively upon me, and swearing again her ordinary oath, said, "It is a pity he was married so young," and thereupon gave her hand to kiss twice, both times gently clapping me on the cheek.'

On the accession of James I. he was made Knight of the Bath, with the usual ceremonies belonging to that ancient order, and with more than the usual compliments from the lords and ladies present, who admired his handsome person, and combined grace and dignity of manner. Soon afterwards he was appointed High Sheriff of his county. His time was now divided between his private studies, his public duties, and occasional visits to Court; but there was a

monotony in this manner of life of which his active spirit soon began to weary. Married at too early an age, he had enjoyed nothing of the freedom and independence of young manhood, and the caged bird beat against its bars. One day he told his wife that he intended to cross the sea, and accomplish the Continental tour then regularly undertaken by young men of good family, if she would agree to secure to their children a certain patrimony, the equivalent of which he would also provide. This was a precaution in case the death of one of them should leave the other free to make a second marriage. His wife refusing, he thought himself at liberty to quit his home. 'I was sorry,' he says, 'to leave my wife, as having lived most honestly with her all this time,' but 'I thought it no unjust ambition to attain the knowledge of foreign countries, especially since I had in great part already attained the languages, and that I intended not to spend any long time out of my country.'

Accompanied by Mr. Aurelian Townsend, 'a gentleman who spoke French, Italian, and Spanish in great perfection,' and attended by a valet who spoke French, and by two lackeys with their horses, he crossed to Calais, some time in 1608 or early in 1609, and made his way to Paris. There he was well received by the English ambassador, Sir George Carew, who introduced him to some of the noble families of France. At the Duchess of Ventadour's invitation, he spent a few days with her at her father's château of Mello. It happened one evening that a daughter of the Duchess, about ten or eleven years old, went for a walk in the meadows, with Sir Edward Herbert, and several French gentlemen and gentlewomen in her company. She wore on her head a knot of ribbon, which one of the French gentlemen suddenly seized, and fastened in his hatband. The offended damsel sharply demanded its return, which being refused, she turned to Sir Edward, and said to him: 'Monsieur, I pray you get my ribbon from that gentleman.' Whereupon Sir Edward advanced towards him, hat in hand, and courteously requested him to do

him, Sir Edward, the honour that he might deliver the lady her ribbon or posy again. A rude answer greeted him. 'Do you think I will give it to you when I refused it to her?' 'Nay, then, sir,' replied Sir Edward, 'I will make you restore it by force.' The conclusion of the incident he shall himself narrate. 'Putting on my hat, and reaching at his, he, to save himself, ran away, and after a long career in the meadow, finding that I had almost overtook him, he turned short, and coming to the young lady, was about to put the ribbon on her head, when I, seizing upon his arm, said to the young lady, 'It was I that gave it.' 'Pardon me,' quoth she, 'it is he that gives it me.' I then said, 'Madam, I will not contradict you, but if he dare say that I did not constrain him to give it, I will fight with him.' The French gentleman answered nothing thereunto for the present, and so conducted the young lady again to the castle. The next day I desired Mr. Aurelian Townsend to tell the French cavalier that either he must confess that I constrained him to restore the ribbon, or fight with me; but the gentlemen, seeing him unwilling to accept of this challenge, went out from the place, whereupon I, following him, some of the gentlemen that belonged to the Constable taking notice hereof, acquainted him therewith, who, sending for the French cavalier, checked him well for his sauciness in taking the ribbon away from his grandchild, and afterwards bid him depart his house.' All this exquisite fooling about a child's topknot, Lord Herbert solemnly assures us, was forced upon him by the oath he had taken when he was made Knight of the Bath. Again and again, and yet again, during his sojourn abroad, he found himself or thought himself obliged to challenge malaperts who had given offence to ladies. He records full details of each of these episodes; but it appears that on neither occasion did he and his adversaries actually cross swords. Either the authorities interfered; or his friends declined to believe that so literal and gratuitous a discharge of his vow of chivalry was one of the absolute duties of the

point of honour. Our 'philosopher of the sword,' however, tells us that he understood his engagement in the strictest sense, though he adds that, by nature, he was the least quarrelsome of men, and never drew his sword without great provocation.

He paints a glowing picture of the splendid hospitality of his host, the Constable of France, who, when he departed for Chantilly, another of his country seats, begged his guest to remain at Mello as long as was agreeable to him, and placed at his disposal his squires, his pages, and a complete staff of attendants. Herbert spent the whole of the summer at this beautiful residence, perfecting himself in the acts of the *manège*, under the teaching of the master of the pages, M. de Mennon, and the principal *ecuyer*, M. de Disancourt, and joining in wolf-hunts, wild boar-hunts, and similar pastimes. He also paid visits, at intervals, to the Constable at Chantilly, and describes with infinite appreciation that famous palace of the Bourbons, which, in our own time, the Duc d'Aumale has invested with so many gracious associations of art and letters. After a stay of eight months, Sir Edward took leave of the Constable, and the old and the young knight parted from each other with an exchange of those courtly compliments of which the present age has lost the secret.

On his return to Paris he made the acquaintance of the celebrated scholar, Isaac Casaubon, and profited much by his learned conversation, while continuing to cultivate the use of arms and the science of horsemanship—playing on the lute—and singing, according to the rules of the French masters. Sometimes he shone 'a bright particular star' in the court of Henry IV., or in that of the gay and gallant Queen Marguerite, who distinguished the handsome young Englishman by her special favour, and at any ball or masque publicly placed him next to her chair. On one occasion he was standing by her side, awaiting the entrance of the dancers, when they were surprised by a louder knocking at the door than the laws of etiquette allowed.

When the uncourtly visitor appeared, a loud murmur was heard among the ladies. 'It is M. de Balagny,' and each hastened to anticipate her neighbour in inviting him to take a seat beside her. And when one of the gentlewomen had had his company for awhile, another would start up: 'You have enjoyed him long enough; it is my turn to talk to him now.' Sir Edward looked with much astonishment at the personage distinguished by such flattering attentions, for he was plainly and even poorly dressed, and by no means attractive in form or figure; and he wore his grizzled hair cropped close to his head. In explanation he was told that M. de Balagny was one of the bravest chevaliers in the world, having killed eight or nine men in single combat; and that it was for this reason the ladies lavished upon him their compliments. It was the custom of French gentlewomen to reward such gallantry, knowing that they must look to it for the protection of their honour.

In the following February Sir Edward, accompanied by Sir Thomas Lucy, returned to England, experiencing on the voyage from Dieppe a terrible storm, during which he displayed, as with his characteristic egotism he assures us, his usual unshaken courage. Thereafter he repaired to Montgomery Castle, where he spent a few quiet months with his wife and family, recreating himself with his studies, and with the chivalrous exercises to which he was so partial.

In 1634, Prince Maurice of Orange, one of the best captains of the age, in a quarrel which had arisen between Germany and the Low Countries, laid siege to Juliers, with a Dutch army, assisted by French and English auxiliaries. Among the latter Sir Edward made his appearance as a volunteer. Various attacks were directed against the beleaguered town; and one day, when Herbert and his commander, Sir Edward Cecil, visited the point where the French were assaulting one of the bastions, they came across the redoubtable swordsman, Balagny, who was serving in the French force with the rank of Colonel.

'Sir,' said he, 'I am told you are one of the bravest of your nation, and I—I am Balagny! Let us see who will outvie the other.' Sword in hand, he leaped into the ditch, followed immediately by our English gallant, and, amidst an incessant storm of shot, they advanced towards the enemy's works. As the balls whistled more and more furiously past him, '*Par dieu*, it is very hot here,' exclaimed Balagny, and he began to hesitate, 'You shall go first, sir, or I will not go at all,' rejoined Sir Edward. Whereupon the Frenchman calmly wheeled round and bolted back to the trenches, followed by the English cavalier, with slow and stately steps, and the air of one to whom retreat was an unusual and unpleasant business.

This bravado was not at all to the taste of the Prince of Orange; but nothing could restrain the chivalry of our Quixotic hero. He next involved himself in a dispute with Lord Howard of Walden, who, returning from a *fête* where, according to Flemish custom, wine had flowed immoderately, took offence at a merry speech of Sir Edward. A meeting was agreed upon; and it was arranged that the two combatants should fight on horseback with swords. Herbert accordingly betook himself to the appointed rendezvous. He waited there until his patience was exhausted, and waited in vain, for his opponent had been detained by the officers of his regiment, who were disgusted at so frivolous a quarrel in time of open war. At length our champion rode off to the French quarters, where, recalling the challenge from Balagny, which had had so ludicrous a termination, he went in search of him to propose one on his own account. 'I hear,' said he, 'that you have a fair mistress, and that the scarf you wear is her gift. I am ready to maintain that mine is fairer, and that I will do for her sake as much as you will do for yours.' Balagny, unlike our English knight, had nothing of the Quixote in him, and endeavoured to evade the test by an indecent joke. 'Sir,' replied Herbert, 'you speak more like a libertine than a cavalier,' and departed in search of ad-

venture elsewhere. He had not to go far. In the English quarters he came upon Sir Thomas Somerset, who was manœuvring with a dozen or more of troopers, and Sir Thomas letting fall some slighting speech in reference to the affair with Lord Howard of Walden, Herbert broke through his troop of horsemen, rushed at him full tilt, and would have run him through, if a certain Lieutenant Pritchard had not interfered. He was preparing for a second charge, when his adversaries prudently retired to their tents before so doughty a hero, leaving him to count the thrusts in his doublet and breeches, and the notches upon his sword and hilt.

There was nothing left for him to do but to regain the trenches, and content himself with a soldier's ordinary duties. Much to his chagrin the siege came to an end without affording him an opportunity of punishing Lord Howard; but he must have been satisfied with the honours paid to his person on his return to England. Illustrious personages competed with one another for copies of his portrait. Queen Anne showed him so marked a partiality that rumours were circulated injurious to her fame; and her mother, through the medium of her brother, Ulric, Duke of Holstein, remonstrated with her on her injudicious conduct. 'In Court a great person sent for me divers times to attend her,' says Herbert, 'which summons I obeyed, yet God knoweth I declined coming to her as much as conveniently I could without incurring her displeasure.' It was in Queen Anne's apartments that he gave another instance of his impetuosity of temper. A Scotch gentleman had snatched a ribbon from Miss Middlemore, the Queen's favourite maid of honour, who begged Sir Edward to obtain its restoration. The pilferer being unwilling to part with it, Herbert seized him by the throat, and would have thrown him to the ground, but for the intervention of the bystanders. Arrangements were made for a hostile meeting in Hyde Park, but it was prevented by an injunction from the Lords of the Council. One cannot help being amused

by the tendency which Sir Edward's *affaires d'honneur* had to repeat themselves. The affront—the challenge—the fiasco! In every quarrel one finds these three stages reproduced *ad nauseam.*

The portrait of this handsome gentleman—with his fine features and swarthy complexion—was the cause of an adventure which, in all its details, is curiously illustrative of the manners of the time. There was a certain Lady Ayres, who had obtained a copy of it in miniature, and she hung it from her neck in such a manner that it might find a balmy resting-place upon her bosom. When this came to her husband's knowledge, he not unnaturally conceived a strong suspicion of Sir Edward, though, if Sir Edward may be credited, it was absolutely without cause. He himself was ignorant of the lady's feelings towards him, until, one day, having entered her chamber, he saw her, through the rich hangings of her bed, reclining upon it, with a lighted taper in one hand, and a portrait in the other, which she contemplated with a long and passionate gaze. At his approach she extinguished the taper, and concealed the portrait; but his curiosity had been excited, and drawing the miniature from her not unwilling hand, he discovered, to his surprise, that it was a portrait of himself! If in this little incident Lady Ayres must be taken to have played the part of Potiphar's wife, Sir Edward seems to have imitated the example of Joseph; and feeling that his self-denial might seem incredible without some explanation, he informs us that his indifference towards Lady Ayres and a certain great personage arose from his devotion to—not his wife, I regret to say—but a lady whom he describes as the fairest of her time.

The complications in which he found himself involved brought on an attack of fever. When, after an illness of some weeks, he began to recover, his friends apprised him that Sir John Ayres intended to murder him in his bed. He immediately sent a message to Sir John, expressing his astonishment that he should conceive so dishonourable a

design, and assuring him of his readiness to meet him as soon as he could stand on his feet. The reply was ambiguous; for Sir John, still believing himself dishonoured, was meditating upon various schemes of revenge. Herbert, however, was too vigilant to be taken by surprise; and his enemy wrote to request an interview, promising to adopt no unfair measures. Sir Edward refused to meet him, except under the usual conditions of the duel. But, one day, when he had gone to Whitehall with only a couple of lackeys in attendance upon him, Sir John Ayres, with four armed men, laid an ambush for him 'in a place called Scotland Yard.' Waiting until Herbert had mounted his horse at Whitehall Gate, he made a rush at him, with sword and dagger, but fortunately, in the blindness of his fury, only wounded the horse in the chest. The startled animal swerved quickly on one side, giving Sir Edward time to draw his sword. In the combat which followed, Sir Edward's sword was broken, and a passer-by, seeing him disarmed, and his horse covered with blood, cried out to him several times: 'Ride away! Ride away!' But the shame of flight was more than our hero could endure. He attempted to dismount, and had already got one foot to the ground, when the wounded animal, continually harassed by the fighting men, pressed up against him, and threw him down, with his other foot in the stirrup. Herbert gave himself up as lost; but as Ayres crept round the horse to fall upon him with his sword, he suddenly seized his enemy by both legs, and jerked him to the ground on his back.

The two combatants sprang to their feet together; and Herbert found himself face to face with Sir John, who was standing with two men on eiher side, his brother behind, and at least twenty or thirty friends and attendants grouped around. Sir Edward suddenly ran at him with his broken sword, and dealt him a blow in the middle of his chest which again felled him to the ground, his head downwards and his feet in the air. His men immediately threw themselves upon Sir Edward, and it must have gone

hard with him, had not a Welshman and a Scotch gentleman, who came upon the scene, hastened to his assistance, and engaged a couple of his assailants. Against two others Sir Edward held his ground, until Ayres, recovering his feet, made another attack, and plunged his dagger into his side, when Sir Henry Cary (afterwards Lord Falkland), arriving opportunely, plucked it out. A third time Herbert felled his enemy; and, bestriding his prostrate body, struck at him as hard as he could with his shattered sword, wounding him in several places, and almost cutting off his left hand —when his friends, thinking Sir John had had enough, took him by the head and shoulders, dragged him out of this Homeric fray, and conveyed him to Whitehall Stairs, where they took boat. Herbert, remaining master of the field of battle, picked up his defeated adversary's weapons, and bore them off as *spolia opima*. As soon as his wounds were healed—that is, in about ten days—he sent a letter to Sir John Ayres, challenging him to mortal combat; but the latter replied that the seducer of his wife he would only shoot at with a musket out of an open window.

So desperate and prolonged a fight in one of the most public places of the metropolis necessarily made a good deal of noise; and the Privy Council held an investigation into the circumstances. After full inquiry, they were satisfied that Herbert was innocent of the crime imputed against him.

Three years later, the protracted war between Spain and Holland recalled him to the Low Countries. The disputed succession to Cleves and Juliers was still unsettled, and the Prince of Orange and the Marquis Spinola were contending for the fortified places on the banks of the Rhine. Herbert received a courteous welcome from the Prince, and served under him at the siege of Emmerich and Rus. Considerations of space—and compassion for the reader—prevent us from dwelling on the anecdotes with which our egotistical cavalier has embroidered his brief narrative of the campaign

of 1614. They have no historical value, nor any other interest than that which lies in their illustration of his extravagant knight-errantry. When the two armies retired into winter quarters, Herbert visited Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In the course of his tour he went to Venice, Rome and Florence; and has left us a curious itinerary, in which he writes like a man who has bestowed his affections on one art only, that of music, and has no time or thought for any other. At Rome he got into trouble with the Inquisition, and was obliged to make a hurried departure. At Turin he was commissioned by the Duke of Savoy to levy in Languedoc four thousand Huguenots, and march them into Piedmont. To Languedoc accordingly he took his way, and paid a visit to Lyons; but embroiled himself with the Governor, to whom, of course, he did not fail to send a challenge, though, equally of course, nothing came of it, and so he journeyed on to the sea-coast, and returned to England.

In 1616, on the recommendation of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, he was appointed Ambassador to France, for the purpose of renewing the good understanding formerly existing between the two Crowns. A sum of £600 to £700 was placed in his hands for the expenses of his journey; which sum, on the following night, he had to defend—in his shirt, and with sword drawn, against a band of thieves who had gained admission to his house. While preparing for his departure, he fell into a controversy with Sir Robert Vaughan, and received a cartel from him. But it was the old, old story: at the appointed place of meeting no Sir Robert appeared; and the duel was finally prevented by the interposition of the Lord of the Privy Seal, who, at the King's command, informed Sir Edward that, while invested with a public character, he must refrain from implicating himself in private quarrels.

On his arrival in Paris, he took up his residence in the Rue de Tournon, in the Faubourg St. Germain. As soon as he had settled the details of his household, he repaired

to Tours, where he had his first audience of the King, Louis XIII., and here I must quote his own words:

'I did assure the King,' he says, 'of the great affection which the King my master bore him, not only out of the ancient alliance betwixt the two Crowns, but because Henry IV., and the King my master, had stipulated with each other, that whensoever any one of them died, the survivor should take care of the other's child. I assured him further, that no charge was so much imposed upon me by my instructions, as that I should do good offices betwixt both kingdoms; and therefore that it were a great fault in me, if I behaved myself otherwise than with all respect to his Majesty. This being done, I presented to the King a letter of credence from the King my master. The King assured me of a reciprocal affection to the King my master, and of my particular welcome to his Court. His words were never many; as being so extreme a stutterer that he would sometimes hold his tongue out of his mouth a good while before he could speak so much as one word. He had besides a double row of teeth, and was observed seldom or never to spit or blow his nose, or to sweat much, though he was very laborious, and almost indefatigable in his exercises of hawking and hunting, to which he was much addicted. Neither did it hinder him, though he was burst in his body, as men call it; or *herniosus* [ruptured]; for he was noted in those sports, though oftentimes on foot, to tire not only his courtiers, but even his lackeys, being equally insensible, as some thought, either of heat or cold. His understanding and natural parts were as good as could be expected in one that was brought up in so much ignorance, which was on purpose so done that he might be the longer governed; howbeit he acquired in time a great knowledge of affairs, as conversing for the most part with wise and active persons. He was noted to have two qualities incident to all who are ignorantly brought up, suspicion and dissimulation; for as ignorant persons walk so much in the

dark, they cannot be exempt from fear of stumbling; and as they are likewise deprived of, or deficient in those true principles by which they should govern both public and private actions in a wise, solid, and demonstrative way, they strive commonly to supply their imperfections with covert arts, which though it may be sometimes excusable in necessitous persons, and be indeed frequent among those who negociate in small matters, yet condemnable in princes, who, presiding upon foundations of reason and strength, ought not to submit themselves to such poor helps. Howbeit, I must observe, that neither his fears did take away his courage when there was occasion to use it, nor his dissimulation extend itself to the doing of private mischiefs to his subjects, either of one or the other religion.'

This is admirable character-painting: one could wish that Herbert had given us more of it, and less of the trivial details of the many quarrels into which his impetuous temperament hurried him.

So far as I am aware, none of the French memoir-writers have taken notice of Herbert's mission. In his own autobiography, he has preserved only a few personal anecdotes, as he had formed the idea of writing a comprehensive political narrative, and with this view preserved all his despatches. The general course of his embassy was tranquil enough, and made no demand upon his diplomatic capacity, with which, I should suppose, our hot-tempered knight was not very richly endowed. So that he has very little to tell us, except of the order of his household and the maintenance of his table—that he grew an inch in stature on recovering from an attack of fever—and that his wife having refused to accompany him to France, he did not preserve his fidelity quite as strictly as one would have expected of the devout author of 'De Veritate.'

Thus it happens that in his 'Autobiography' he has not a word to say respecting the quarrels between the King and his mother, or concerning the Thirty Years' War, which broke out in 1618; and one might imagine that he con-

sidered the most interesting episode of his embassy to have been a certain promenade in the Tuileries garden, where he had the honour of giving his arm to the Queen, Anne of Austria:—'Walking thus to a place in the garden where some orange-trees grew, and here, discoursing with her Majesty bare-headed, some small shot fell on both our heads; the occasion whereof was this, the King being in the garden, and shooting at a bird in the air, which he did with much perfection, the descent of his shot fell just upon us; the Queen was much startled herewith; when I coming nearer to her, demanded whether she had received any harm, to which she answering us, and therewith taking two or three small pellets from her hair, it was thought fit to send a gardener to the King, to tell him that her Majesty was there, and that he should shoot no more that way.' Directly afterwards, the old Duke de Bellegarde, who professed to be an adorer of the Queen, stole behind her, and by gently dropping some comfits upon her blonde tresses, threw her into a fresh alarm. Herbert justly reprimanded the Duke for his foolish joke. 'I wonder,' said he, 'that so old a courtier can find no other means to entertain ladies than by making them afraid.'

The even tenour of Sir Edward's mission was interrupted at length by a martial flourish. When the Jesuit faction triumphed in the royal councils, and a campaign against the Huguenots was resolved upon, Sir Edward received instructions to offer his master's mediation (1622). In due course he presented himself before Louis XIII., who had laid siege to St. Jean d'Angély; but by him was referred to his Minister and favourite, M. de Luynes. The latter treated him with studied insolence. What was the ambassador's business? Sir Edward answered that King James, his master, had commanded him to mediate a peace between his Majesty and his Protestant subjects, and that he desired to do so upon such fair and equal terms as might comport with the honour of France and the cordial understanding between the two kingdoms. De Luynes

rejoined haughtily:—'What hath the King your master to do with our actions? Why doth he meddle with our affairs?' 'The King my master,' replied Herbert, 'ought not to be asked to account for the reason which induced him hereunto, and as for me, it is enough to obey him; but if you will inquire of me in gentle terms, I shall do the best I can to give you satisfaction.' To which he answered no more than the one word 'Bien.' Herbert continued, 'The King my master, according to the mutual stipulation between Henry IV. and himself, that the survivor of either of them should procure the tranquillity and peace of the other's estate, has sent this message; and that he has not only testified this his pious inclination heretofore, in the late civil wars of France, but is desirous also on this occasion to show how much he stands affected to the good of the kingdom. Besides, he hopes that when peace is established here, that your sovereign may be the more easily disposed to assist the Palatine, who is an ancient friend and ally of the French Crown.'

De Luynes exclaimed angrily, 'We will have none of your advice.' 'I take those words for answer,' retorted Herbert, 'and am only sorry that you do not understand sufficiently the affection and good will of the King, my master; but since you reject it upon those terms, I have in charge to tell you that we know very well what we have to do.' No longer restraining himself, De Luynes cried: '*Par Dieu*, if you were not an ambassador, I would treat you after another fashion.' Herbert laid his hand upon his sword: 'If I am an ambassador, I am also a gentleman, and I have that here which shall make you an answer.' He then rose from his chair, and made towards the door, De Luynes, with a show of civility, offering to accompany him; but Herbert tartly told him that after so rude an entertainment there was no occasion to use ceremony.

Louis XIII. despatched an embassy to the English Court to complain of Sir Edward; and in the circumstances James had no option but to recall him. He then sent

Lord Doncaster with special powers to plead the cause of peace. He arrived just after the royal troops had been compelled to raise the siege of Montauban; and assurances were therefore given to him that Louis was prepared to show mercy to the rebels, and to give a pledge that no interference with their religious liberties should be attempted, if they submitted to him as their sovereign. But this apparently conciliatory course was arrested by the sudden death of De Luynes (December 14, 1621), which threw King Louis into the hands of the party bent upon prosecuting the war; and Doncaster, finding his mission a failure, returned to England.

Herbert, who by this time had completely justified himself in the opinion of his King and master, was then ordered to return to his ambassadorial post. The brilliant wit, courtier, and swordsman was a *persona grata* at the French Court, and no one desired to take up the quarrel of a favourite who had died unregretted. Amongst those who had hated him most bitterly was Anne of Austria. Herbert asked her one day how far she would have assisted him with her good offices against the deceased Minister? She replied that however strong her aversion, either by reason or force she would have been compelled to side with him. Said Herbert in Spanish: 'No ay fuerce per las a Reynas'—there is no force for Queens—epigrammatic words which elicited from Anne a melancholy smile.

The stress and strain of French politics showed no sign of relaxation. Piusieux, the Secretary of State, was not the man to take up and carry on the work of Henry IV.; and the Battle of Prague, by securing the ascendency of the Catholic League in Germany, rendered still more desperate the cause of the French Huguenots. Meanwhile, a new direction had been given to English policy by James's dream of marrying his son, the Prince of Wales, to the Spanish Infanta. In a sudden desire for romantic enterprise, Prince Charles, accompanied by the Duke of

Buckingham, resolved on their secret journey to Madrid;* landed in France, halted, *incognito*, a couple of days at Paris, and then started for Bayonne, without apprising Sir Edward of his movements. The first notice that came to him, he says, was by one Andrews, a Scotchman, who, the night before Charles's departure from Paris, asked him if he had seen the Prince? 'What Prince?' said Herbert, for he knew that the Prince of Condé was still in Italy; and when Andrews replied, 'The Prince of Wales,' he found it difficult to believe him. However, with many oaths the man affirmed that the Prince was in France, and that he had charge to follow his Highness; and he desired the Ambassador, on the part of the King his master, to further his passage through the country as best he could. Very early next morning Sir Edward betook himself to the secretary, Piusieux, whose first words were: 'I know your business as well as you do; your Prince has departed this morning post for Spain.' And he added that Herbert could demand nothing for the safety of the illustrious traveller which would not immediately be accorded, concluding emphatically, '*Vous serez servi au point nommé*' (You shall be served in any particular you can name).

Prince Charles, as we have already shown, arrived safely at Madrid; but his imitation of the love-adventures of the knights of old proved, like most imitations, a failure. Humiliated and disappointed, he returned by sea to England early in October, 1623. The project of finding a wife for him in the person of Louis XIII.'s beautiful sister, Henrietta Maria—a project which had been advocated by Herbert as far back as 1619—was then revived; the Prince of Condé supported it warmly; and the young Princess herself was far from regarding it with disfavour, observing, when the religious difference was raised, that a wife ought to have no other will than that of her husband—a maxim which, in later life, she found it convenient to forget.

* King James styled them 'His sweet boys and dear venturous knights, worthy to be put in a new romance.'

While the negotiations were in progress, the Père Séguerend, the King's confessor, preaching before his Majesty on the text, 'That we should forgive our enemies,' put a new gloss upon it by declaring that we were, indeed, to forgive our *personal* enemies, but not the enemies of God; and that his Majesty, as the Most Christian King, ought to extirpate those enemies, and especially those of the Huguenot religion. Herbert immediately repaired to the Queen-mother, and remonstrated against the use of such language at a time when the Courts were discussing a treaty of marriage between a Protestant Prince and a Roman Catholic Princess; and requested that she would take care that some discreet admonition should be given to Père Séguerend, or others might be disposed to preach the same pernicious doctrine. The Queen, though she seemed to listen sympathetically to the ambassador, so handled the matter that Père Séguerend learned from whom the complaint proceeded, and sent Sir Edward a message to the effect, that he was well aware he had accused him to her Majesty, and was fully sensible of his ill offices; and that he wished him to know that wheresoever he might be in the world, he, the Père Séguerend, would hinder his fortune. To which Herbert made reply, That nobody in all France, except a friar or a woman, durst have sent him such a message. Afterwards, in an interview with the Queen-mother, Herbert repeated the confessor's malevolent words, and added, laughingly, that he thought the Father's malice went beyond the malice of women. Said the Queen, a little startled: '*A moi femme et parler ainsi?*' (To me, a woman, do you say so much?) Herbert dexterously replied: '*Je parle à votre Majesté comme reine et non pas comme femme*' (I speak to your Majesty as a Queen, and not as a woman).

The English Court was desirous of concluding not only a marriage between the Prince and the Princess, but a political alliance between the two Crowns, in order to obtain the assistance of France in a war against the

Emperor. Lord Kensington, who had been sent over to Paris on a special mission connected with the proposed alliance, was sanguine that both objects would be secured, writing home to this effect, and indulging in a fervent panegyric upon the Princess—who was 'for beauty and goodness an angel,' adding that, having borrowed a miniature of Prince Charles, which he wore about his neck, she 'opened it with such haste as showed a true picture of her passion, blushing in an instant of her own guiltiness.' Sir Edward, however, was not so easily deceived. He did not doubt but that the marriage would be completed, but he did not believe in the political *rapprochement.* In his opinion the French Government desired to play the part of arbiter between England and the House of Austria: he therefore advised his master to demand from them some 'real and infallible proofs of their intention to assist England in the recovery of the Palatinate, at the same time or before the marriage treaty was discussed. Otherwise they would want in excuse to keep themselves in peace of neutrality.' He so clearly revealed to the French Court his knowledge of the intrigues set afoot, that means were taken to induce King James to recall him; and, in fact, the letter ordering his return home had already been despatched before his last words of warning reached the King and his Council* (1624). On his return he was rewarded for his services by being raised to the peerage of Ireland, under the title of Lord Herbert of Castle Island (1625). Four years afterwards he was elevated to the English peerage with the title of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, in Shropshire (1629).

But before he quitted Paris and terminated his political career, he had taken a great resolution. He had long been engaged in the composition of a treatise on one of the most solemn subjects which can engage the human mind. When it was completed, he submitted it to the learned Grotius and to Daniel Tilenus, a celebrated Arminian

* S. R. Gardiner's 'History of England,' v. 218.

theologian; both of whom approved of it warmly, and urged him to publish it. In spite of their cordial encouragement he hesitated. His book seemed to him to differ from all its predecessors. A new definition of truth—a new method of discovering, or rather, of recognising it—was expounded in its pages outside of all authority. The very conception of the book was an act of audacity—of revolt against the churches. It placed the natural right of the human intelligence—of the reason—openly and plainly above the written right of books, codes, and even religious symbols.

Brave as he was in the field, Herbert shrank from the ordeal of public opinion and scholastic criticism, and even thought at one time of suppressing his work. But it happened on a fine summer morning, while he anxiously revolved the matter in his mind, his casement being opened towards the south, the sun shining clear and no wind stirring, that he took his book in his hand, and kneeling, devoutly said these words:—

'O Thou Eternal God, author of the light which even shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech Thee of Thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book "De Veritate." If it be for Thy glory, I beseech Thee give me some sign from Heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.'

'I had no sooner spoken these words,' continues Herbert, 'but a loud though gentle noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This (how strange soever it may seem), I protest before the Eternal God is true, neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the voice, but in the sunniest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came.'

His book was printed in Paris, in 1624, under the title of 'De Veritate, prout distinguitur a Revelatione, a verisimili, a possibili, et a falso.' It quickly passed through several editions.

Herbert's autobiography comes to an end with the termination of his French embassy. He lived twenty-four years longer, but has failed to furnish us with any materials which can be of service to the biographer, so that several passages of his later life are involved in a good deal of obscurity. It might have been supposed that a man of his rank and influence, of his versatile ability, of his experience of courts, of his distinguished reputation, would have played a brilliant part in the great political drama which filled the stage during the reign of Charles I., and one would have wished to know the reasons which induced that formerly so restless and impetuous a spirit to withdraw from public affairs, and expend his energies upon literary and philosophical pursuits. This information he has not thought fit to give us; and we must put together as best we can the few particulars that are on record of his closing years. That he retained a lively sense of Buckingham's kindness, is evident from the care with which he composed an apologetic history of the Duke's unfortunate French expedition* (1630). As it was written in Latin, it could have had no influence upon public opinion; but it was not printed until 1656, some years after its author's death.

This was not his only experiment in historical composition. A work of infinitely greater merit is his narrative of 'The Life and Reign of King Henry VIII.,' the publication of which was also posthumous. Locke, in his manual, 'Some Thoughts concerning Reading and Study for a Gentleman,' speaks of this production and of Bacon's 'Life of Henry VII.,' as the two best existing fragments of the History of England. Horace Walpole designates it a

* Expeditio in Ream insulam, authore Eduardo, Dom. Herbert, Baron de Cherbury in Anglia et Eastri insula de Kerry in Hibernia, et pare utriusque regni, in 1630. London, 1656.

masterpiece of historical biography. Hallam praises it as written in a manly and judicious style. And, certainly, Lord Herbert's English is far superior to his Latin. It is a simple and nervous diction, fluent and clear in narration. From the point of view of an historian of his time, he is eminently satisfactory in his exposition of European affairs during Henry VIII.'s reign. Occasionally we meet with felicitous passages of description and just reflections; but there is a want of life and animation in the recital, and historical criticism was a science unknown in Herbert's days.

As he wrote by order of James I., whom, in his dedication, he thanks for the documents placed at his disposal, and for the advice he had given, we must not be astonished to find him wanting in the historian's first and most essential qualification, independence. In his judgments he is neither free enough nor severe enough. Whether from reverence for loyalty, or for empty legal forms, or embarrassed by the popularity which Henry VIII. has always enjoyed, he presents us with a strange and bizarre tyrant whose cruelties are watered down into follies, and seeks excuses for him, at one time his greatness, at another his passion, and yet again his temperament. Not that he stoops to dissimulate the crimes of Henry. But he hesitates to call things by their right names, and he does not tell everything. It is true that for the last years of the reign his work is greatly abridged, and seems to have been put together hastily or from insufficient material. Perhaps he shrank from minute examination of a period which he himself designates 'a bloody time.' The pretext of religion certainly did not impose upon his conscience. Like a good Englishman, he is favourable to the Reformation, but he has no enthusiasm for it, and is by no means pleased with the strokes of tyranny delivered against Catholics and Nonconformists. He regards with coldness the causes which were in his time held to be most sacred. He seems a century in advance of his contemporaries in his indifference to dogmatic con-

tentions, and does not even perceive all the importance of the event which changed for ever the religious convictions of England. In this respect, there are blanks in his book, because there were blanks in his mind.

We may add that our historian writes as a royalist. This he was in effect, and nothing more, at least in his youth; he had not then formed any decided views either for or against monarchy, and his opinions were not unnaturally those of a courtier and a servant of the Crown. His Autobiography, as well as his 'History of Henry VIII.,' is written in this strain. But after he had taken his seat in Parliament, in the Upper Chamber—what then? To which party did he attach himself when the storm clouds of Civil War arose upon the horizon? For a period of twelve years or more we lose sight of him altogether, as if this brilliant wit, swordsman, diplomatist, and philosopher had contrived to efface himself. Strafford was hunted down, and Laud; but he spoke no word either for them or against them. Throughout the long and bitter contention he was silent, until, on the 20th of May, 1642, a resolution having been introduced to the effect that, whenever the King made war against the Parliament, he betrayed his oath and the people, he rose and said that he would vote for it if he were fully assured that the King made war 'without cause.' The Lords were offended by this speech; he was suspended for the remainder of the sitting, and intrusted to the custody of the Usher of the Black Rod. It was late, and further consideration of his contumacy was postponed until the following day. He then presented to the Lords a petition, in which he expressed his regret for his unwary utterance, and begged of them to interpret it with benevolence. With this act of submission they were satisfied; he was allowed to return to his home, or to retire into the country for the sake of his health, or, if necessary, to run over to the Continent with permission to reside in France, or go to drink the waters at Spa. Apparently he availed himself of the license thus accorded to repair with-

out delay to York, where the King then was, for a return ordered by the House on the 25th of May of the members of Lords absent who had rejoined Charles I., specifies two-and-thirty names, the last of which is that of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. In the month of January, 1644, it is found among the Peers absent on the service of his Majesty or by his permission, on the list of members of Parliament, who, in obedience to the royal summons, formed what was called the Convention of Oxford. But Whitelock positively asserts that he attended the sitting of Parliament on the 7th of September. But in this case, as in other instances, it is possible that some confusion has arisen between Lord Herbert of Cherbury and Lord Herbert of Ragland, to say nothing of Herbert, Earl of Glamorgan, Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, and Sir Edward Herbert, at one time Attorney-General.

The truth would seem to be that about 1644 he visited the Continent for the sake of his health. In the third edition of his 'De Veritate,' published in 1645, he complains of suffering from the fatigues of age and the unhappiness of the times. In September, 1647, he was again in Paris, and paid a visit to Gassendi. Finally, on the 20th of August, 1648, he died at his house in Queen Street, in the city of London.

Religion,—that is, according to Herbert's ideal of it—occupied a just place in his life, and, in his later years at least filled his heart with serenity and peace. In his childhood, as we know from two pieces of Latin verse which have been handed down to us, he expressed, not without felicity, a firm confidence in the other life. In his early years he became an indignant witness of the violence of religious passion; and learned to mistrust the authenticity of the dogmas in which it originated; dogmas which he declined to believe as in any way conducive to the reform and happiness of humanity. And he came to the conclusion that only those religious truths which had never kindled the fires of hatred and bigotry could be regarded

as manifestly divine and beyond the reach of doubt. This natural religion he summed up in five propositions, which he declared to be fundamental and universal, namely:—1. The existence of one God, Supreme Father of all things, animate and inanimate; 2. The duty of honouring Him with appropriate worship; 3. Piety and virtue were the worship worthiest of Him; 4. The necessity of expiating faults by sincere repentance; and 5. The certainty of Celestial justice after this life. You may trace this creed throughout all Herbert's writings; he has neglected no opportunity of publicly proclaiming his adhesion to it. In his eyes the religion of the Church was but the respectable form which the truths of Natural Religion had assumed by the Divine Will; and placing grace after nature, as the particular after the universal, he accepted Christianity, without imposing it upon himself as an obligation, but honouring it as a consolation and a support. In the last twenty years of his life he regulated his conduct upon these principles. He composed for his private use a prayer which, without possessing any remarkable eloquence, warmly expresses a grateful faith in a Divine Creator, who has overwhelmed him with blessings, and by inspiring him with the love of eternal beauty, has furnished his spirit with the means of knowing Him, the desire of resembling Him, and the hope of being united to Him. He read this prayer twice a day, in the midst of his household, and on Sunday his chaplain read one of Thomas Smith's sermons. When lying on his death bed, he sent for Archbishop Usher, the primate of Ireland, to administer the Sacrament, observing that if there was good in anything it was in that, and that at all events it could do no harm. This candid utterance displeased the archbishop, and he refused to administer it, a refusal for which he has incurred severe censure. Lord Herbert then inquired what hour it was, and on being told, exclaimed: 'An hour hence and I shall depart.' Then, turning his head to the other side, he shortly afterwards expired in the utmost tranquillity. On the 5th of August

he was interred in the chancel of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields.

Lord Herbert's character may be read in his career. Of his merits as a writer and a philosopher we shall now endeavour to speak. To some of his principal writings we have already referred, and it must be owned that their literary merit is not of the highest order. His poetry—for, like most men of culture and capacity, he sometimes indulged in verse—would never have preserved his name. His Latin verses on the life human and the life celestial are scholarly, but nothing more. A long moral epistle addressed to his nephews contains a series of precepts upon conduct which are not unhappily expressed.* Side by side with his religious opinions are to be found his ideas of the world, and the counsels of an enlightened experience. His English poems,† which belong to the metaphysical school of Donne and Cowley, are of a less serious description. Some are ingenious, and all are gracefully versified. Love is the usual subject—a Platonic love, expressed, however, with more ingenuity than grace—in the metrical form with which Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' has made us familiar. The best, I think, are the stanzas suggested by the oft-discussed question, 'Will love continue for ever?'‡ In his 'De Veritate' he has written: 'Totæ facultates quæ amant, sperant, fidunt, sumunt, gaudent, totæ libertates, supersunt;' and to the same effect argue Melander and Celinda, one sunny morn in spring, among the budding groves:

> '. . . . . . . I am most sure
> Those virtuous habits we acquire,
> As being with the soul entire,
> Must with it evermore endure.

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* *Hæred. et Nepot. suis Præcepta et Consilia*—sometimes appended to the treatise 'De Veritate.'

† 'Occasional Verses of Edward, Lord Herbert of Cherbury.' London, 1665.

‡ 'An Ode upon a Question Moved, whether Love should continue for Ever.'

Else should our souls in vain elect;
And vainer yet were Heaven's laws,
Where to an everlasting cause
They give a perishing effect.

Not here on earth then, nor above,
Our good affection can impair;
For, where God doth admit the fair,
Think you that He excludeth love?

These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
These hands again thine hands infold;
And all Christ's pleasures can be told,
Shall with us everlasting be:

For if no one of sense remain,
Where bodies once this life forsake,
Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again?

Let there no doubt, Celinda, touch,
Much less your fairest mind invade;
Were not our souls immortal made,
Our equal lives can make them such.'

As for Herbert's Latinity, in his narrative of the Rhé expedition, it is stilted and cumbrous; but it is purer and more fluent in his treatise 'De Veritate.' It is said that Thomas Master, the divine, who was well versed in the classics, assisted him in his labours, and especially in his Latin composition. The language of his philosophical writings is neither elegant nor select; but it is not wanting in exactness or propriety, when once we have accepted in the sense which pleases him, certain words which he twists from their ordinary signification to make them the sacramental expressions of his teaching. But what that teaching is we must now endeavour to convey to our readers—allowing Lord Herbert, where possible, to speak for himself, though, of course, with considerable condensation.

Truth exists. This is a principle admitted by all schools and all churches. All pretend to know the truth, but all do not establish the means of knowing it. A method for its discovery is, however, the preliminary necessity of all knowledge; a new subject, for which we require a writer who has no prejudice or partiality to consult, who philoso-

phizes freely, who seeks the truth without reward. 'Libere philosophemur . . Veritatem sine dote quæramus.' Authority exercises so great an influence over us that no one has the courage to strike out a method of his own. Everybody is fettered by some alien law. Hence the divisions, the sects, the schisms, which disturb and confuse the primitive goodness of things. Some of the ancients declared that it was possible to know everything, others said we could know nothing. In a later age came a class of philosophers who approximated towards the latter, put faith before reason, and thus decided the cause before they had heard the evidence. But for them, too, as for all, there are common opinions or received principles of demonstration; and we stand upon these principles, though our faculties have not, by any previous judgment, established their certainty. We take the unanimous to be the true. And, in fact, that which makes itself acknowledged everywhere cannot so make itself without a universal providence which has thus disposed of everything. There is then, as it were, a natural instinct which operates without reason in things, as there is one in animals and in man, which ministers to their safety. The universal consent supposes also a kind of natural instinct.

Such is an abridgement of Lord Herbert's doctrine. Long tossed between the solicitations and threats of different sects and parties, he has sought after the truth, the common attribute which all doctrines appropriate. But weary of their discords, he has cast aside all their books (*dehinc abjectis libris*).

We must understand by 'faculties' the forces or powers of the soul which, through them, are brought into relation with objects. Each object supposes a faculty; that is to say, a faculty (or, as Locke would term it, an 'idea') fit to perceive or conceive it. '*Facultas animæ illa vis interni quæ diversum sursum ad diversum objectum explicat.*' Agreement, or conformity, is not established immediately between the faculty and the object. The pre-eminent

condition of conformity between the faculties and the objects is truth. Thus, one faculty impels us towards eternal happiness; between this faculty and its objects a condition is necessary, the truth of religion. On this condition alone is happiness possible.

That which identically affects the faculties is a constant value; a rose to-day is exactly what it was at Troy. By consent of the human race, the faculties are everywhere the same; they are now what they have always been. What humanity thinks of the faculties should be said of their objects, and of a universal Providence prevailing all things attested by this permanency and this identity. The search after truth should be then the search after the number and order of the faculties, and of the laws by which they are brought into conformity with their proper or common objects. Wherefore the general doctrine of truth may be referred to a regular conformation of the faculties—*proba facultatum conformatio.*

1. Truth is. If we admit this principle—and only sceptics or fools would attempt to deny it—we must admit six other propositions which Lord Herbert attaches to it as fundamental.

2. Truth has existence for its subject. It is, therefore, what the thing is—eternal in eternal things.

3. It is everywhere; for everything which is, is true; everything has its truth, even non-existence.

4. It is manifest in itself. It does not exist in us or for us conditionally; for it must needs be that the truth of the appearance responds to that of the thing. The latter is absolute. But so long as it subsists in the object, the truth of the appearance may be as it were detached, and preserved in the memory as a form, an idea, a species. Thus the image of a thing which is beautiful affects us in the same manner as beautiful reality itself.

5. There are as many truths as there are differences in things. Differences are either common or proper. Among the former, some are general, others are less so. Thence

arises the scale of genera (*generis*) which terminates at the species, which is designated, characterised by the constitutive difference (*rei quidditas*). From these differences or characteristics of things results the possibility of comparing and distinguishing them. They are the basis of the relations of things, of that science of relations which we may call 'analogy.'

6. It is by means of our innate faculties that we know the differences of things. Every difference supposes an individual being in which it exists, and this being has in us a certain indefinable analogue; that is, the truth of the thing and the appearance responds to the truth of the concept. There is not always equation between the thing and the thing so conceived of. The latter may be affected by the infirmity of the organ or by preconceived opinions. What shall determine whether our preliminary faculties—*facultates prodromæ*—have acted well or ill? The truth of the intellect.

7. The latter is the truth of the preceding truths. The judgment which verifies them can be rendered only in virtue of an innate intelligence or of its common notions, and in cases where there is a possibility of agreement, a possible conformity between the characteristics of the object and the faculties which respond in us to it; for many things are strange to, and unknown by us, and it is folly to pretend to be wiser than our faculties (*qui ultra facultates sapit desipit*).

Thus the truth of the thing is an agreement of the thing with itself; the truth of the appearance, a conditional conformity of the appearance with the thing; the truth of the concept, a conditional conformity between a faculty and the thing according to its appearance; finally, the truth of the intelligence is a just conformity among all these conformities, a truth of all these truths.

All our truth, being conformity, is relative; in the language of the schoolmen, all truths are habits translated into action, that is to say, felt, or, in modern technology, the

qualities of things in so far as they are perceived. Abstraction made of the truth of the thing which is in itself, there are then two extreme terms, that which is conformed, *conformatur*, or the object; that which conforms, *conformat*, or the faculty.* Between these lie the conditions, the means, the laws. The object is true or adequate, when, in so far as it interests our correspondent faculties, it modifies them to such an extent that there is nothing in it which they cannot touch. But is this case the worst? One may reasonably doubt it. But, at all events, a harmony, a certain amount of concord, prevails between the things and ourselves. That is, so to speak, a community of extraction, *cognatio*. It remains for us to ascertain the laws or conditions of these relations.

The conditions are four in number: 1st, That the object be within the grasp of our faculties, that there be a correspondence, an analogy between the object and ourselves. It is a common knowledge that everything is not within our precognition, as for example, certain heavenly bodies which are lost to our sight in the firmament. 2nd, That the object be of proper dimensions. It is a common notion that in everything a minimum may be conceived which is accessible only to the intelligence. Such is the above. But the same holds true of the infinitely great. 3rd, That the object has a characteristic distinction. The indeterminate is undiscernible, and cannot be known. Long difference is the sign of a principle of individuality, its matter, or rather its substance, to which responds a faculty which is afferent to it. The microcosm is the analogue of the macrocosm. 4th, That there be a homogeneity between the object and a certain faculty. A general relation does not suffice; there must be a special relation, which we may call *cognation*, or homogeneity.

The truth of the appearance implies at first that the

* The object responds to a form in the mind. There is a conformity or agreement between the mind and the object. The object is conformed, the mind conforms—that is to say, applies to it an analogous form.

phenomenon has a certain duration. Next, there must be a *medium* through which it operates, as, for example the sense of sight. Finally, there must be a just distance and a suitable position . . . conditions which require no explanation.

It is easy to perceive that if the truth of the thing is the prototype, the truth of the appearance is the ectype, or the pure equivalent of the thing, *forma vicaria rei.* Conformed by the concept, or, if one wishes it, reproduced in the conception, it may be conserved in the memory. But this truth of concept does not necessarily respond to the truth of the appearance. The concept may be false, if its conditions are not fulfilled—that is to say, if the organ be not in perfect integrity, through the effect of some external cause—if the faculty which ought to perceive, which perceives itself to perceive—*facultas quæ se sentit sentire*—hesitates or yields; finally, if the appropriate faculty be not applied: if, for example, we should seek to recognise odour by the hearing, through the external sense that which springs from the vision, through the vision that which depends upon common knowledge.

From these conditions, which suffice for simple truths, it results that the faculties will conform only with their proper and homogeneous objects; so that the infinite can be comprehended only in a finite manner, eternity only under the ratio of time. How is it that there are faculties in the soul which respond to the infinite, to eternity? Because they are themselves eternal, and will survive us. But our common notion tells us that the infinite in every way exceeds our conceptions, and that we must have patience in this world.

Nothing has been said as yet of the truth of the intellect. Intelligence is a thing divine. It has no need of external assistance to master the truths which are its own. These truths are the common knowledge. They seem dumb, when the presence of the objects does not provoke them; at times, indeed, do not respond even to *their* appeal. Yet they

cannot remain in absolute inertia. They exist in every sane and sound man. His mind, which has received them from heaven, judges through them of all the objects which enter into the scene before it. 'Notitiæ quandam communes in omni homini sano et integro existentes, quietus tanquam cœlitus imbuta mens nostra de objectis hoc in theatro prodeuntibus decernit.' Whether we are concerned with things known or not, the intelligence alone can distinguish if the faculties which go before the object have touched the truth. Then, combining the ideas of things under regular conditions, it represents them in the inner tribunal (by which name Lord Herbert designates the conscience), as good and accordant, or bad and discordant. 'It is imperative that they be deduced from experience, their elements or sacred principles, since, without some, or at least one of them, we can neither experiment nor observe.' If it had not been written in us that we must seek the nature of things (for it is not the objects which make this known to us), if some general knowledge were not given us of the origin even of that very nature, we should never have succeeded in distinguishing things from one another, and to proceed from the pursuit of a common nature unknown, to the discovery of the essence. Things the sight of which inspires us with fear would be useless apparitions, if there existed in us a natural disposition to augur good and ill. How distinguish between that which proceeds from the object, and that which we attribute to it, how separate good and evil, the useful and the injurious, if nature do not guide us? There are even faculties more profoundly hidden, which awake and are stirred into excitement by objects. Nothing happens to us which does not obtain, does not find, in us a conformity and even a faculty which we add to it from our own resources. How, were it not so, could there be faculties which apply themselves to the past, the future, the verisimilar, the possible, the eternal verities, that is to say, faculties without real and actual objects? When the preliminary conditions are well fulfilled, the intelligence

never deceives itself . . . . It has then for truths of its own, those items of common knowledge which, derived from the universal wisdom itself, are engraved in the inner *for* under the dictation of nature. The general function of these ideas, or of the universal knowledge which absorbs them, may thus be expressed: To bring into just conformity the faculties and their objects—'facultates recte conformari cum objectis suis.'

If now we pass from the truth simple to the truth complex, that is to say, to the truth in universal matter, the rule is this: the intellect deals truly with universals, whose particular truths among themselves are in just conformity. 'Intellectus fit verus circa universalia, quando veritates particulares, inter se recte conformantur.' A complex truth is the art of constituting a universal nature (an idea of kind or species) in virtue of this simple proposition, That the things which affect in the same manner our faculties are the same for us. Without this proposition, the entire edifice of the sciences crumbles to the ground.

The dismemberment of the faculties is impossible: for, by the definition, the faculty in general being simply the capacity of having a perception or conception correspondent to an object, we may say that there are as many as there are objects or differences of things, or the microcosm responds to the macrocosm. Among the faculties some are noëtic, others corporeal; in other words, some have relation to the intelligible, some to the tangible. If there were but one faculty, that would be the human soul. Any new thing affects our senses in a new manner; it is then like a new faculty which springs up in us, and corresponds to the thing through an analogy from the one to the other. If several differences, apparently without mutual relationship, were reduced to a certain unity, it is the soul, and not any separate faculty, which effects this reduction. The unity is in the soul, the divinity is in the faculties, the faculties are the rays of the soul. It is not the same faculty which connects itself with the existence of things, their

nature, their qualities, their quantity, time, cause, end. Once the communication with the without is established there is within one's self a faculty which judges of what is hurtful or harmless, a faculty of willing or not willing. We must not multiply the faculties beyond measure, nor accept as new everything which appears to be so. The violet, which hides itself, and flowers again when a year has passed, receives the same faculty. Here is the principle: 'Every new individual subject throws out a new image, a new emanation, to which responds in us a new faculty, proceeding from a new sensation or a new judgment.' ('Omne novum individuationis principium novam aliquam diffundit speciem, sive ἀπάῤῥοιαν dixeris, cui nova idcirco aliqua in nobis facultas respondeat novo sensu sive judicio novo prodeuns.') These individual principles or distinct realities have their distinctive characters, which are all differences. Common differences indicate a common nature; particular differences a particular nature. That is to say, that the former make known of what kind or what species is the thing; the latter, that which is peculiar in its kind or species. There exist faculties for all these differences; but the faculty which appraises the thing according to its natural condition, *i.e.*, its individual condition, is the faculty pre-eminently analogous to the principle of individuality. Through it we distinguish one man from another.

Not only do the faculties respond to the objects, but the objects to the faculties, in such wise that from the existence of a faculty we may infer the existence of an object, although one has never known it; for example, eternal beatitude.

If one hesitates thus to multiply the faculties, there are but five senses, and, accordingly, five objects; the innumerable differences of things reduce themselves to five accidents. Here we have the entire sum of human knowledge. It is true that we cannot give the nomenclature of the faculties, but we can classify them, and though this cannot be done without difficulty, we shall find that the faculties belong to the natural instinct, or the inner sense, or the

outer sense, or the reason (*discursus*). Beyond that, there is no truth. Nothing can be known or proved except by one of these four ways, but on condition that we do not ignore the laws of each kind of truth. Each class of faculties has its special mode of conformity. Beyond these conditions we meet only with the false, or at most the probable. We must therefore take one of the faculties by which we prove anything. The proof is not sufficient unless we refer the thing to the competent faculty. The intelligent faculties which have been qualified as divine attain to all which is within the reach of the corporeal faculties by a kind of transcendent sensibility, and they traverse them, go beyond them, reach to things divine. If we required as much of the corporeal faculties, we should obtain nothing true, adequate, intelligible, universal, necessary. The natural instinct, the name under which we comprehend all these superior faculties, the principle to which we attach them, is based upon that common knowledge which compels the adhesion of every man of sense; while the inner or outer man supports itself upon the identity of the objects, the faculties, the conditions, and the reasoning or discursive powers, upon a deduction from the common knowledge.

Everything which obtains the confirmation of a universal assent is necessarily true, and supposes the existence of an inner faculty whence results the conformity which is the sign of truth. It is this faculty of conforming which Lord Herbert calls, with some apology, natural instinct. 'Nothing should be more precious,' he adds, 'than to disentangle our bits of common knowledge, and range them in order, in a time especially when the flesh neither counsels nor reasons, when belief is extorted only by terror, when the threat of eternal damnation is the weapon of all the churches.' All law is but the methodical reduction of the common beliefs of men. In religious, civil, or political law, you see the points upon which they differ, others upon which they unanimously agree. These constitute the doctrines of the

universal instinct, are the work and witness of a divine universal Providence. We ought to know, then, how to distinguish; but men have become incapable of choice, and accept or reject everything under the empire of passion. Nothing popular or established is, however, true or false at every point. There is no religion, no system of philosophy, so barbarous but it will contain its admixture of truth. Then what other means is there of purifying it from all error than the method indicated? The universal consent—behold the first and supreme philosophy and theology! And it is not only in written monuments we must seek it, but in those inner faculties which are, as it were, the characters engraved in ourselves of harmonised truths. While every school or every sect is, after all, but a particular belief, God has not refused to any generation those common ideas which are the necessary means of His providence. Reasoning alone in its excess—luxuriant (or extravagant) reasoning—has been able to complicate these simple beliefs, to propagate doubt, and to sow error which is worse than ignorance. God and virtue everywhere pervade these common opinions. Who strays apart from them may not hope for salvation unless by expiation of his fault. But do not believe on the faith of any authority that God has ever failed the men of any generation in the things necessary to this life or the other; for the divine universal Providence is surer than any history: 'est enim providentia universalis supra omnem fida historiam.'

There is, even in inanimate things, an equivalent of the natural instinct which avails them in the work of self-preservation. It is an inner disposition which has in it nothing of the rational or the reflective. In like manner, in men, the natural instinct dictates, commands, gives belief, without the understanding knowing why. Reason cannot rise beyond the sphere of common knowledge. To dispute it is forbidden: it is that part of knowledge which comes to us from nature, and, separated from all impure admixture of human opinions, and disposed in methodical

order, shines like a specimen of the Divine Wisdom. The ideas which compose it concern God, morality, and nature. Let us take religion, for example; it is a common belief. No people are without religion. Collect all that is in religion universally admitted, and the result is religious truth. The means may be laborious, but there is no other. Now, must we regard as doubtful all that men have preached in bygone ages? No; we must believe so much of it as is in harmony with the divine attributes, and accept it with gratitude. But many things are possible which are not real, and here again is a common opinion; do not receive, then, except with caution, whatever reposes on written authority. If our method do not affirm much, it denies very little, except that which is contrary to right reason, or diametrically opposed to the divine attributes.

Natural instinct is the immediate instrument of Providence. As it stands sometimes for the faculty, sometimes for the act of conformity, we designate by the term the acts of those faculties by which conformity is established—which refer directly and without deduction men's common ideas to things, in virtue of an intimate analogy. Like a faculty, the natural instinct is not the soul in itself, but an immediate emanation of the soul, and so necessary to it that death itself apparently fails to destroy it. Those faculties which precede the outer senses may survive, then, and it depends on eternal justice that such shall be the case; so there exists no legislation, religion, or philosophy which does not tell us that we shall not wholly die. Creeds alone are corruptible; the faculties are not. It follows, then, that the natural instinct does not perish with the organs.

Considered as an act, the natural instinct resolves itself into that common knowledge which is the gift of nature, and like to a beatitude. To these *κοῖναι ἔννοιαι*, as the Greeks called them, the reason may add something. Hence the development of a certain art which is submitted only to rules furnished by experience. But art no more than

chance has originated the common opinions and beliefs of men; they are parts of the Divine Wisdom which we receive from the Creator. All tend to good, but some savour, I will dare to say, of the Creator Himself—'quasdam ipsum Creatorem sapere ausim dicere;' these among others . . 'There is a First Cause . . In all things exists a certain order.' All are not, in effect, in the same line, for all are not equally accepted . . . But whatever they may be, their number is definite and even limited. It would be a difficult but useful task to bring them down to their real number, by separating those which are unduly collocated in the same class, and reducing to their principles those which are derived from one another. Let no one object to their authority that one does not know their origin. Do we know anything more of the origin of the senses? These are principles of action which we cannot repel without stripping humanity. Authors, unable to connect these to the senses, since they serve to judge of the representations of the senses, have barbarously called them *insensatæ species.* But they have not dared to restore them to nature, and they have connected them with the reason as well as they are able. Why had they not the courage to recognise that these are principles implanted in the mind? Men's common convictions are like their faculties of sight or hearing, of loving or hoping; though born with us, they lie mute and hidden unless called forth by appropriate objects. They are not experiences, but necessary to experience. Do not believe, then, that the understanding is a *tabula rasa;* as if we derived from external objects the faculty which renders us capable of appreciating them.

It is the province of what we may call the zetetic philosophy to furnish the means of preserving or delivering the common knowledge from all additional fictions, and to assure the perfect accord of the objects, the conditions, and the faculties. All error proceeds from a deficiency of conformity, analogy, and homogeneity among all these elements. The discursive intelligence may be useful in

this work of criticism. But the fundamental point is to establish the existence of the common knowledge. It may be asked what there is of novelty in this doctrine. What has it new? It introduces into things the certainty of mathematics.

Natural instinct is, as it were, a particular or separate Providence for every man, directing and preserving him. Through its agency that universal Providence reaches us which watches over the species and over the totality of beings. From the universal Providence, or that of Nature, and from the individual Providence, or that of Grace, issues the Supreme Providence which governs and conciliates them. It is an impiety, a blasphemy against the universal Providence to represent nature as profoundly corrupt and depraved. They pretend who do so to exalt grace. But if grace be universal, it is but a part of the common providence which they attack; and if it be individual or particular, there are evils without remedy, and universal Providence perishes for the greater glory of grace. Therefore it is necessary to accompany the latter with so many impenetrable counsels, secret judgments, arbitrary decrees—in a word, so many kinds of predestinations—that nature and grace give way to the *fatum* of the Stoics. It is unjust on the part of the human race to complain of nature. We must believe that all men possess in themselves, through the Divine mediation, the means of being agreeable to God.

The common ideas of the natural instinct are proved or conformed by themselves without deduction—*discursus.* It is not because deduction cannot also conduct us to common ideas or convictions. But this second class is as distinct from the first as are the natural instinct and the discursive reason, separated by all the inner and outer sense. That which the schoolmen call right reason, or the good use of reason, is but the deduction of a common idea even unto its lowest applications—'in sciam infimam latitudinem.' To these ideas join the conclusions of ex-

perience—inductions—which constitute the science of things. The general rule is, that any conviction or idea on which men are agreed is traceable to that which the lesson of the natural instinct teaches. The discursive faculties ought always through regression to rest upon their principles. It is the means of avoiding contradictions, that scourge of false science.

The reader will ask how we can distinguish the first class of common opinions from the second. By six characteristics: 1. Priority;* for the natural instinct is anterior to every faculty. 2. Independence; for a common belief or opinion, properly so called, cannot be regularly referred or traced back to any other. 3. Universality. 4. Certainty: to throw doubt upon them would be to rob humanity. 5. Necessity; every common belief is essential to the security of man. 6. The mode of conformation; that is to say, the manner in which they make known their truth. For while reason acts by a slow process, these elicit immediate recognition.

It is strange and deplorable that that which is stated as a common belief may also be propounded in virtue of a false hypothesis. Thus one may make use of a false religion to prescribe the true obligation of a divine culture. We have here one of the artifices or tricks of the discursive reason. But without contesting that a particular providence cannot, and ought not to, add to the gifts of the universal Providence, that grace cannot add to nature, we must preserve in all the splendour of its own dignity this divine present, this daily work, of the universal Providence. . . . At bottom the proper object of the noëtic divine faculty or the natural instinct is eternal happiness, which is the end of the individual and the species. Every existence in its own way tends towards a state of well-being which is without end. Man is not free to the extent of not desiring to be happy. His freedom shows itself in his choice of the means of happiness. He may not attach himself only to

* Just as we now speak of ideas as *à priori*.

the appearance of happiness, but it is happiness itself which he pursues. The particular forms of happiness to which he attaches himself are such only in their relation to the supreme happiness. This then is the proper, the adequate object of the natural instinct. It remains for us to show that it does not differ from the eternal rectitude.

Next to the natural instinct comes the inner sense, of which each affection sets in motion all the emissary spirits —'emissarii illi spiritus.' It is akin to the natural instinct; it has the same roots; and immediately after the universal ideas come the particular ideas for which the inner sense co-operates with the natural instinct. Love is a general faculty, but can be known only by a particular act; that is to say, under the form of a determinate sentiment which depends upon the inner sense. These particular affections or beliefs are in conformity with the universal affection or belief. Our faculties extend without breaking. If some type of the Infinite were not in us, why should we be created in the image of God? There is a limit in things, but there is none in us. . . . With every new object springs into existence a new analogous or corresponding faculty. It has its law in the universal beliefs; the inferior is governed by the superior. Given up to themselves, free from the contact of the universal faculties, the particular faculties are the sources of empty opinions, the refuges of errors—*errorum asyla*. An active supervision is therefore indispensable. It needs all the care of the reason to keep within the truth, that is to say, to maintain the harmony between the objects and the faculties. Those act upon us, and we act upon the objects, and all with such rapidity that the difference is imperceptible. The change which operates in us is the act of the inner sense; an act in which the natural instinct, emerging from its unity, has, so to speak, to particularize itself. . .

The picture which Herbert traces of the actions and passions of human nature can neither be abridged nor

reproduced in full. His psychology, and especially his physiology, appear to us singular and superannuated. The human and the spiritual, the dense and the subtle, play a part therein; but all these details were not needed to show that there may be peril and complication in the simultaneous play of the organs, the senses, the sentiment, the reason, and the understanding. Let us note but this single passage: 'The faculty is the eternal principle of conformity. The sense* is the art itself of conformity. If there be nothing which conforms, nothing which can be conformed, there is no sensation. For the universal Providence has not willed that any change should take place in us without being felt, *sine sensu.* That which you perceive, then, is neither the faculty or the internal force which applies itself, nor the object, but a resultant of actions originating in collision and unnatural concurrence.'

The inner sense has two sides—that of the soul and that of the body.

1. The sentiments of the soul are those which, proceeding from the faculties that tend to the universal well-being, may flow in upon the sentiments which proceed from objects or from our organs, to calm them, to denominate them, and finally to bring them into relation with the eternal objects, with the universal convictions, and to contribute to promise the supreme beatitude. Of those sentiments, such as relate to God are in number equal to His attributes; namely, Faith, Hope, Love, etc. The supreme attribute of God is Infinity. It is the ultimate sphere of things. Freedom of the will gives some idea of it. Our will is infinite in itself and even in its fetters. These inner sentiments concentrate themselves in a common sense which we call conscience. Those faculties of the internal sense which relate to God have their analogues relatively

* The sense, *sensus*, in Herbert, and generally in the philosophers of that age, signifies the art of sensibility in general, as well external as internal, or, if the reader prefer it, the sentiment, but not one of the five senses. I am not sure but that we might best represent Herbert's meaning by using the word 'perception.'

for this world. Fear, hope, joy, etc., have not God alone for their object. Our faculties extend from divine things to perishable things, and transform thus the affections of the flesh and the blood. But, though diverted from their own object, they still remain divine faculties, and may be maintained in order and measure. Conscience subsists in the things of the world. Freedom of the will, that unique miracle of nature—'unicum illud naturæ miraculum'—promotes all the faculties of the soul. It has its faculty of conformation or its type in the infinity which it retains in us. Infinity is, as it were, the reason of the divine attributes. It envelops them in this sense that nothing is possible outside the infinite. This is the most common of human convictions. All is possible to God, we say, for His power is absolute. Meanwhile, man being the image of God, it is from the Divine wisdom and goodness that all that is good in ourselves emanates. In the same way, in giving us free will, He has given us something of His infinity. So far as he is free, man is infinite; for that which is free is nowhere bounded or determined. But this liberty exists as to the means, not as to the end. Do not listen to those who would suppress even the freedom of the means. It is the reason which speaks in this way, because the reason knows neither fear nor hope. . . . He who feels himself free will not put on himself a yoke, and if the natural instinct be man's first faculty, freedom of the will is his last. This freedom does not exist in things of the vegetative life, but in things of the moral life. God, at the same time that He has put before us eternal beatitude as a necessary object, has abundantly endowed this life with the means of attaining it. There is a certain grandeur in desiring to enjoy eternal happiness with God; there is more in daring to hope for it. As then, it is for our good that free will has been given us, cease to speak of this faculty as evil and profoundly perverted in its nature. If one could not be wicked, how could one be good? So that if you, on your part, show that you have chosen the good,

you may demand, claim as your right, and obtain of the Supreme Goodness, your reward.

2nd. On the side of the body, the sentiment or internal sense is composed of those affections which proceed from the movement of the humours. Lord Herbert, who considers as absurd the reduction of sensibility to five senses, falls into another extreme in making each impression or nervous movement a separate sense. Here we are again plunged deep into a mysterious physiology. Lord Herbert's system is curious, and combines the prejudices of contemporary science with the ingenious observations of an original mind. Thus, there are in the human body four humours to respond to the four elements: the study of vital anatomy reveals to us their spirits, or principles, or atoms, or minute particles, the last asylum of the secrets of nature. But, beside all these hypotheses, the power and the duty of the soul to resist things foreign to its nature are strongly established. The principle of the analogy of the faculties, or of homogeneity between the elements, which we combine in the art of knowledge and will, is happily invoked. Is not everything decadent and perishable in the objects of the faculties which attach themselves to the body? . . . This difference, and other differences, do not they formulate for us a law never to allow the faculties of one order to be invaded by the faculties of another, nor the intelligence to be dominated by the body? In this system the body is simply an inert mass. All action is in the humours, or rather, in certain principles, certain virtues which those humours contain. Thus is constituted the corporeal nature. It is that which feels, it is the body which comprehends. How are these two natures united? How does all this go together? That can be explained only by the existence of a soul of the world which makes its harmony, or by a plastic force.* The inner seens attests for us the accord and combination of all these

* 'Plastic force' is Cudworth's expression; 'the harmony,' that of Leibnitz.

principles in a certain unity. But this whole is animated by the Divine spirit within us. The soul appropriates to itself, regulates, ennobles, exalts our sentiments, and makes them elements of the happiness to which she aspires. Released from the body and from all the inclinations which belong to it, she preserves, she carries with her the plastic force, the motive force, all the intelligence, all the will, all the faculties of joy, hope, and love, finally all its liberties, all which makes the true man; and there is nothing to prevent its assumption of a new matter—a matter more obedient to it than the terrestrial body.

But the spirit, the divinity which is in us, cannot submit to passion. Meanwhile, we have internal sentiments which come from objects by an occult action, and are received in us through the disposition or faculty connected with them. Of these sentiments some are in relation with the body, and the body may experience their action. But for those which have their analogies in the soul, as in the soul all is free, we must admit that it includes corresponding forms, and that it perceives those sentiments by itself, as a matter over which it exercises its power. In the love of beauty, for example, how much must we attribute to the external agent? how much to the internal faculties? A difficult question. There is a certain degree of accord, a certain proportion between the without and the within, and, as it were, a community of forms—'formarum communis.' We must even admit mixed sentiments; for man participates of different natures. What he absorbs from that of the elements, from that of the vegetable, from that of the animal, is the cause that his reason and his will are not entirely upright, but cannot render bad that which is good in itself. Maladies and their remedies produce internal sentiments, passions, and affections of all kinds, which bear witness to the relations between external nature and human nature; the mind intervenes, so to speak, automatically. But from the alternative concourse of so many elements result mixed and composite sentiments, of which we avail ourselves to attack and

outrage nature; but it is to the brute nature, that original sin —'labes ista originalis'—that all this appeals. Human nature, as a whole, is imperfect, but it is neither sullied nor perverse. The universal divine Providence does not will for those extremities. She does not go beyond the means, but she goes as far as they go; that is, she confines herself to placing us in an intermediary state where we possess the means of well-being. The principal is conscience, or rather that common sense of all the internal senses, that faculty which, by virtue of the common beliefs, pronounces upon good and evil. It is in accord with things, with ourselves, and especially with the First Cause. Neglected by the schoolmen of old, it received in the last century—that is, in the sixteenth, the era of the Reformation—a great inspiration of piety and devotion; and was taught the true meaning of penitence. The preachers put it forward as a new and powerful assistance in announcing the just punishment of the wicked. Terror drives the herd into that straight way, whither of their own impulse they ought to have proceeded. It is towards happiness that all the internal sentiments tend; but all these felicities are but degrees of happiness, rising, little by little, to the Supreme Happiness, the proper object of the conscience. The sovereign happiness blends with the eternal beatitude. The more perishable a happiness is, the more does it recede, therefore, from the sovereign happiness. Happiness offers the same degrees as truth. Whence it follows that happiness, like the truth of the understanding, resides in the region of common knowledge. All morality is a matter of common knowledge, which cannot be said of any other science, except, perhaps, of the mathematics. So it is in morality that the universal assent is specially manifested. The distinction between good and evil does not proceed from the objects, but from ourselves. Being our own, it is free, that is to say, it is not a passion implanted in us by any external influence. Far from us here is the *tabula rasa* of the old schoolmen. The inner sentiment assures us that we bear written in ourselves the moral law.

The faculty of love has an elevating influence in general; but if the inner sentiments of the body can raise it, those of the soul may lower it. Hence all varieties of love, as there are all kinds of good. The love of good ought to be governed by the same rules as the comprehension of the true. It may transform itself into love of God, that is to say, into hope in God, but hate having evil for its object; the fear which springs from hate cannot address itself to God. He who says that God is to be feared blasphemes. We must fear evil and its consequences—all that springs from our own wrong-doing—but not the divine justice. In according to us liberty, His Supreme Goodness has restored to us the goodness of which we had been deprived, and has decreed that this goodness should be imputable to us, according thus to unfortunate man the hope of a reward. Rejoice then in your freedom, that is to say, in the power of being wicked, in order that you may take delight in being good, and render thanks to God very good and very great, *Deo Optimo Maximo.*

We have now to speak of the external sense, so designated because it has need of external organs, and depends upon certain dispositions which correspond to it in the objects that are without. The sentiments or rather the sensations of this kind, are like the acts of an analogy between the things and our organization. The beginning of the sensation is a kind of leap at the object ('insaltus'). You feel yourself struck ('incuti') before colour, number, movement, distance, exist as yet for you. This first change, this first effect, indicates a first conformity, or the existence of an internal faculty on which depends all the external sensibility. This is like a presentiment before the sentiment; then the sentiment completes itself; the external sense determines the external relation, perceives and limits the object in all which it has of analogy to our faculties of perception, and thus obtains the notion of all the determinations. It is through a return to the common ideas,

through the action of the inner sense and of reason, that the integral idea of a thing is consummated. It is ridiculous to admit only five senses. We may say that there are five organs or sensorial apparatus, 'sensoria;' but there are as many senses, that is to say, forms of sensation, as there are differences in objects. It is just as if we described of an edifice nothing but its windows and its doors. We will not deny that there cannot exist anything in the intellect which has not previously been perceived by the sense, but on one condition, that is, that we admit a relation, a universal analogy of external to internal differences. When the schoolmen pretend that there is nothing in the intellect but that which sensation puts there, and that it needs only colour, sound, etc., whither do they reduce us? And what will they do with that internal and universal analogy, those universal dogmas, those common ideas, to say nothing of the universal nomenclature? They go much further, they assert that we perceive colour in itself, that the substance or real essence is perceived by accident. Thus the perception of that which is recognised by a common consent would fail of an internal faculty of conformity. On the other hand *we* maintain that we grasp the substance in itself, the colour accidentally. It is an accepted belief that there exists in things a subject of inherence of all the attributes whose presence is not necessary. Is it not a distinction founded in reality, that of the external and internal senses? The external species, those images, those phantoms which we receive from without, deposit there all their crudeness; the fire perceived does not burn, the images of wolves and lambs live in peace. The internal species, on the contrary, the images of beauty, rightness, agreeableness, and the like, continue to affect us in some manner internally, even when they are detached from the objects. Not that they are thus perceived as exterior objects, but in virtue of internal representations with which they find themselves in conformity. To reduce everything to the action of the interior object upon the senses, is to

deny the existence of every internal faculty of conformity—'facultas conformans.'

The fourth source of knowledge or of truth, that is to say, the discursive reason ('discursus'), is, of all our faculties, the most exposed to error. Its particular mission is to operate, by means of ideas or species received or conceived by the external or internal faculties, and to consider, to determine successively and by degrees the analogy of things between them. It is the slowest of our faculties. The schoolmen, who have failed to see the occasional deceitfulness of this faculty, have erred in attempting to resolve everything by it. They might as well have attempted to make us eat by the ear. . . .

Reason (given the sentiment, the perceptions of conformity between the objects and the faculties of the same man), is the search, by means of certain special faculties, 'zeteticæ seu eureticæ,' which are aided by the accepted ideas—a search which has for its object either the essence, or the different attributes of things, or their causes and ends, or that which is common or proper in their natures—a search, finally, which as much by composition as by division explores the analogy of things among them. This almost textual definition, although slightly abridged, is almost identical with that of the dialectics of the school. Lord Herbert sees in it a faculty which often stumbles. The discursive reason is, he says, a wonderful license—'mira licentia discursus.' It is the source of the greatest faults. It is this which denies and again denies, which supposes and which imposes; hence comes blasphemy and imposture. It is this which confounds the limits of our faculties, which subverts or destroys the common beliefs. It is through this that, in despite of the internal consciousness, men have derived their freedom; it is this which has induced them to maintain that they cannot have won the thought of good. But Lord Herbert, who claims for himself to have been the first to define the limits of all our faculties—'metas primi (quod scimus) posuimus'—puts back the reason into its proper rank,

that is, into the last. It is, not the less, a notable attribute of humanity. It has its measure of truth, but of a truth feeble and fragile. It has a wide margin for error, as free will has for evil. We must make use of it, therefore, with many precautions, and remember that it owes all its force and solidity to the common beliefs. Even when it goes astray, it is because it abuses some one or other of these. There is a truth enveloped even in the grossest error.*

Our author does not admit the correctness of the teaching that the reason discursive is infinite, because the number of things doubtful is without limit. He is of opinion, on the contrary, that the number of questions to which anything can give rise is limited, and that the discursive reason, like the faculty of inquiry in general, decomposes into as many of the zetetic faculties as there are possible questions. There are ten in all. There is, first, the question, whether the thing *is, an;* next, what it is, *quid;* and then, in succession, its quality, its quantity, its relation, how, where, when, whence, and wherefore. The reader will not fail to observe that these are veritable categories, and nearly identical with those of Aristotle. He is advised to study them thoroughly, and to cast away the old traditional teaching on this point. For in all the schools, says Lord Herbert, nothing is more erroneous, and great names are invoked only that they may buttress up the false and delusive. Authority is the sole asylum of ignorance.

Without admitting that Aristotle has deserved this somewhat arrogant censure, we acknowledge that Lord Herbert has brought a strong and original intellect to the analysis of these questions, and that he has had, perhaps, this advantage over the Stagyrite himself, of distinguishing or investigating more closely how the mind acts in determining the attributes of things. His description of the world of the soul, or of the conscience, both assists and compels him

* A principle much insisted upon, and applied to theological questions, by Robertson, of Brighton.

to distinguish, with a subtle vigorousness which reminds us of the criticism of Kant, the faculties which are called into play in a somewhat complex operation, and to each he assigns its part and its scope, in a manner which may seem, perhaps, artificial, but which at least puts us in the way of establishing a good classification descriptive of the principles, laws, and forms of the human mind.

As might be expected, the question of the essence is that which he treats with the most amplitude. 'Quid' or 'quiddity' is the attribute through which a thing is defined; the difference which specifies it; the form which characterizes it and constitutes it to the point that it is distinct in nature from everything else. These then are brought face to face with the theory of the differences to which respond in equal number the faculties of our soul. The author's psychological system is placed before us in all its completeness, and nowhere has he expounded it in a more technical form, while promising that those who understand and accept his method shall be wiser for it than for all the teaching of the antiquated and exploded schools—'ex quâ sapientiores evadent, ausim dicere, quam ex protritis philosophorum scholis.'

He observes that, practically, questions are never wholly separated; it is but a hypothesis which divides them. For there is nothing which has only an attribute. There is nothing for example, which has not a certain manner. Questions, therefore, overlap, and even superimpose on, one another: thus, one does not examine only whether the thing is, but if its essence or quality exists, and reciprocally. These complications, or, as he calls them, syzygies, are infinite, and might give rise to various questions of which he has furnished a sketch in his *zetetic.*

That to which he gives this designation is a dialectic, but the dialectic is his own. It is an art of resolving the ten questions already adduced, and their complications with one another, by keeping closely to the distinction between the faculties and the truths, referring analogues

to analogues, classifying the different kinds of truths according to their value, avoiding or dissolving all those faulty and monstrous combinations which originate in ignorance of the organization of the human mind and of its relation to the universal constitution of things. It is also a criticism by the light of which we must read the schoolman and philosopher. In this balance we must weigh all their doctrines. At every assertion or statement, a primary question arises: by what faculty does it prove itself? Or, in other terms, how is it founded in the laws and necessary ideas of the human mind? Sifted in this fashion, logic and rhetoric and generally the study of authors who have secured the public esteem will be a useful exercise for the mind.

As an example of this act of demonstration first taught by himself—'ars apodeictica, lucusque ignota,'—he puts before us a table in which the ten categorical questions are put and answered in so far as concerns the truth. That is, it is the answer to that unique question: how shall we define truth?

QUESTIONS.	DEFINITION OF TRUTH.	PROOFS.
An—existence.	Truth is.	It is a common be-belief.
Quid—essence.	A conditional conformity.	A belief common and discursive.
Quale—quality.	Fulfilling the conditions which, always and necessarily postulated, are, nevertheless, not always and necessarily present.	A belief common and discursive.
Quantum—quantity.	Able to expound to the full measure of things, if the conditions are fulfilled.	A belief common and discursive.
Ad quid—relation.	Between a certain object, the appearance, the concept, and the intellect.	A common belief and an external or internal sense.
Quomodo—means.	By means of the conditions requisite for the truth of the object, whatever it be, of the appearance, the concept, and the intellect.	A belief common and discursive.

QUESTIONS.	DEFINITION OF TRUTH.	PROOFS.
Quando—time.	When, through those conditions, the objects are in conformity with the homogeneous faculties.	Sense (or perception) external or internal.
Ubi—place.	[Conformity] situated in the exact point of conformation.	Common belief and external or internal sense.
Unde—origin, cause.	Proceeding from a first cause which has arranged the analogy of things, etc.	Belief, common and discursive.
Cujus gratia—end.	Effectively tending to the perfection of man as its final cause.—For its opposite privative, it has ignorance, and its positive, error.	Belief, common and discursive.

Here Herbert might close his book, for the definition of Truth is found, and, as appears, is the summation of the whole, the product as well as the example of all its teaching. By stopping here, he would not have mutilated his doctrine. As a speculative science, it would be known, and with it its consequences as far as they affected the beliefs of the human race, for the author has frequently foreshadowed them. But he thinks himself obliged to deduce them expressly. The design of rectifying the metaphysics of the preachers of his time breathes through every page of his work. He particularly aims at overthrowing the Calvinistic dogma of the depravity of human nature. Often he seems to write for no other purpose than to refute Archbishop Bradwardine. He has, moreover, in the very title of his book, made profession of seeking the truth in itself, independently of Revelation. It is, then, a natural consequence that he should explain his religious views; which is again to explain his views of truth. All religion, like all philosophy, presupposes a theodicy. Lord Herbert's is so much the more important because we can conjecture that it was in his search after religious truth he found his philosophy.

The excellence of a religion is not to be admitted simply because it alleges a revelation. Without the assistance of common beliefs, that is to say, of universal truths, the choice of a revelation or a religion is impossible. Implicit faith, the substitution of faith for the authority of the reason, the infallibility of a Church, the precept of mistrust of one's self, the prohibition of inquiry into the testimony of the official interpreters of the Divine Word, the assertion of secret motives beyond our understanding in the dogmas taught, the power of God which none can limit—all these arguments may be adduced to support a false religion as well as a true. In what ages, for what impostures, in what designs have they not been employed? Consult, then, the universal wisdom before placing your faith in the creeds which put forward these pretensions. A religion is held in honour. Why? The least examination will prove that this can only be the result of deception, of fables accumulated in books during the credulous ages—not of that multitude of rites and traditions which contend with one another for the believer's credulity. You will find that, under all these things, there is the worship of God, there is piety, repentance, the penalties and rewards of the other life. Therefore it is that men have learned to honour and reverence religion—but these are the general property of mankind. What prophet would find any listeners, if he did not claim the authority of God for his utterances, that is, if he did not appeal to a universal idea?

We must seek out, then, the common beliefs concerning religion.

The first is the Existence of a Supreme God. Men have differed respecting plurality of Gods, but respecting God—never. There is no religion which does not recognise a very good and an all-powerful Deity. That God is happy—that He is the act, the course, the means of all things—that He is good, just and wise, is the universal belief. Infinite, almighty, free—these are the attributes respecting

which men have disputed warmly; but Lord Herbert easily connects them with the fundamental ideas, and has no more difficulty in establishing that by the common consent acts of worship are due to God, that of those virtue and piety are the essential, that crime must be expiated—at all events by repentance, and that a justice which punishes and rewards awaits us at the end of life. These are the universal convictions which lie at the bottom of theology; and, according to Lord Herbert, are the five truly Catholic articles of faith. As for the unbeliever, the atheist, such do not really exist; but there are many so wounded by the horrible and mendacious attributes which have been ascribed to the Divinity that they would rather He did not exist. But no religion, no Church has reared itself against these common beliefs, against these articles of the universal faith, against these received doctrines of the true Catholic Church.

Engraved in our hearts, they come from God. It does not follow that every religion is good, nor that all men will be saved. But in every religion, and still more in every conscience, nature or grace has planted the means of rendering itself agreeable to God. May the revelation which derogates in nothing from these dogmas preserve its truth, and if it add thereto, let us profit by what it adds! Only let it rest upon these fundamental principles, and upon each point reply to this question; what faculty is your proof? As for ceremonies, they have their utility; but to maintain, like the bishops, that they are essential to religion, is to practise an imposture.

The Church of the universal belief is the only one which cannot err: she alone teaches the wisdom of nature, or the divine universal providence. Out of it there is no salvation. Whoever invents new dogmas separates from it that which we learn through a revelation—and a revelation is a thing possible in the vigil as in the dream, a thing we ought to profit by. Many things may be the object of a pious belief, and we must deny only that which is directly repugnant

to the divine attribute. All that preceding ages have related of the Divine goodness and mercy, we believe not only possible but real, with the great majority of mankind. It is for the Church to regulate the externals of worship and the hierarchy, and to record the events of past generations, especially those which witnessed to the true divine attributes. For, when once the indubitable truths have been received into the sanctuary of the soul, we may with piety believe all the rest on the Church's authority, provided that we set aside contradictions, and hold firmly to that which inspires concord and saintliness. Do not let us attempt to fathom the secret judgments of God; but as to salvation, let us know no more than this,—that at all times, and in all places, the soul, inspired by the universal convictions, has been able, rejecting every superstition, to accept firmly the five articles of faith; or men, in truth, would be more deplorably divided than the flocks which, scattered over the pastures, turn aside from dangerous herbs to browse upon wholesome plants. This fundamental religion is a circle on which we cannot encroach without destroying its form. Lord Herbert does not prohibit us from enlarging it, provided the figure remains the same and preserves the same centre. It is by this rule that all ecclesiastical additions must be weighed.

Revealed truth rests upon the authority of the Revealer. It is subject to divers conditions, of which the principal is, that it must be received direct; for if it be a tradition or a narrative, it cannot be accepted as more than probable. The divine breath, so to speak, must be felt in it: and in the dream as in waking, in the ecstasy as in sober reflection, a revelation may be consummated which we are bound to esteem divine. As for the revelations which priests have received in past times, the laity must require it to be put beyond doubt that they were really received, that they came from God or one of His angels, that the facts or the words have been faithfully recorded by the hands of those who saw or heard them. Finally, that they must be addressed so

directly to later generations as necessarily to become an article of faith, always in obedience to this supreme law, that nothing be admitted contrary to the universal dogmas. Those, too, were revealed; and, to speak generally, all the internal sentiments of faith, repentance, virtue, everything which is divine in us—is a revelation. When, at an extraordinary invocation, God manifests in an unaccustomed manner a new attribute, it is an instance of grace or particular providence; nature is the universal providence. Every speech or act of piety, even a miracle, if not invalidated by some contradiction, may be—ought to be—accepted with respect. Thus the Decalogue, like every religion, like every law, derives its principal authority from the common convictions of which it is the expression. But the developments which it gives them have such a character of uniformity and utility, that Lord Herbert willingly believes in its miraculously divine origin.

To apply these principles, we must clearly understand what is probable and what is possible. Every relation is but probable; for it depends on the authority of the relator. Probability has its degrees according to the circumstances of which we are judges. Things conformable to the accustomed order are more probable than those astride of it, though we ought to recognise that God can work miracles, if He will. That which a man can know, he may believe. But faith, even the faith of ages, ought to go back to the knowledge of the author. It follows that, every man having in himself the faculties and conditions of truth, the truth accepted by another cannot be an absolute rule for us; it is a truth which is not our own, it is only a probability. We must not reject the history of the Creation or the Redemption on this ground; only, there is a difference between believing and knowing. Assured recognition or certain knowledge is distinct from hearsay faith, 'fides per auditionem:' in every religion, there is the doctrine, and there is the history. Holy writ should always be received, however, with profound respect. What book

inspires us with greater strength and consolation? What is there in its pages which one cannot without impiety believe to be divinely inspired? But if additions contrary to the honour of the Divinity, to His well-known attributes, have resulted from the uncritical temper (incuria) of the times, we must, if we do not correct the Book, at least reject its interpreters. Probability may touch truth very closely; a narrative may be so near to certainty that it would be impertinent to throw doubt upon it. Miracles alleged in support of a new, and perhaps an unjust law, are impositions; a good law or a good religion without miracle should be honoured; but miracles with a good purpose are not only possible, but worthy of belief. If the things legitimately attested are not the truths themselves, they have been sanctioned by truth, 'Veritatis civitate donatæ;' but we must take into account the epochs of their utterance. Dark ages or ignorant races cannot be held worthy of much credence. We must leave to the authors the responsibility of that which they relate. Historical facts should be treated like real objects. If they are of a nature to agree with your internal faculties, if they are in conformity with and favourable to the world's common beliefs, all goes well. If it be otherwise, suppose some secret judgment of God, some gap, some omission in the recital. There are things of which one can affirm neither the truth nor the falsehood; others which, for want of sufficient examination, of a complete verification, are as yet only probable. Such we find in astronomy, in philosophy, in medicine.

The old proposition—every statement is true or false—cannot be adopted without reservation. Let an object be put forward; necessarily there is some truth in it; although since it has not been methodically considered, its essence is not exactly known, but what one affirms of it and which may be false is at least probable and possible. That which implicates contradiction is not necessarily false. The false, to speak correctly, is neither possible nor probable. That which is possible and probable may not be true; but it

involves an imperfect truth rather than a falsehood properly so called. Probability applies to the past; possibility to the future. Prediction is but a simple conjecture, if it be not the perception of an effect in its cause or a prophetic inspiration. The latter can be admitted only when the predictions are clear, precise, detailed, and not conceived in a vague obscurity. What fiction is there, except the fiction of the impossible, which is not realised sometimes and somewhere? This does not mean that we ought to reject every divine faculty, which develops itself in certain circumstances, in certain conditions of the soul, and unveils the things which relate to eternity. The soul, putting aside all that is corporeal, may take flight towards divine things, as happens in a mortal sickness. Our sight reaches the sun; the soul sees beyond it. Eternal beatitude is possible, and as it responds to a faculty of our nature, this faculty does not deceive us.

The whole of Lord Herbert's system of doctrine is contained in the treatise 'De Veritate.' His other philosophical writings do but repeat and illustrate it. It had called forth doubts and objections. The terminology had not been universally approved. He himself informs us that the use he had made of the words 'natural instinct' and 'faculty' had appeared singular; and in a work, of which he finished only the first part, he undertook, in treating of the causes of error, to justify both his ideas and his language.*

In his 'De Causis Errorum,' he expounds anew his theory of the species and conditions of truth. This new exposition is distinguished, perhaps, by a more scientific exactitude; for instance, in the part which treats of the verity of the object, we light upon rules which might still be transported without any considerable modification into a theory of observation applied to the natural sciences. The art of experimentation is not considered with so much analytic detail as in Bacon, but with less minutiæ, less subtlety; we

* 'De Causis, una cum tractatu de Religione Laici, et appendice ad Sacerdotes, necnon quibusdam poematibus.'—London, 1645.

observe, too, a constant anxiety to connect all the rules with a theory of the human mind. Lord Herbert has over Bacon the advantage that he does not attempt to teach a method of which he has not sought out the principles.

The discussion of the errors of the senses is more profoundly conducted, especially in so far as relates to the sight, and the influence of the temperament and of ill health upon the organs. Herbert was acquainted with the medicine, and even to some extent with the chemistry, of his age. He sows, in consequence, his researches upon organic sensibility with observations and suggestions which do not offer, perhaps, more than an interest of curiosity. But this kind of knowledge added to his authority, especially at a time when all science was still mixed up with erudition, and the language of the physics of the schools was incorporated in philosophy. It is when he arrives at the fourth condition of the truth of the concept, that having to demonstrate the existence of a faculty analogous to the object of conception, he goes back to the very heart of his philosophic doctrine. All the affections of the organic senses would be, as it were, null, if he did not refer them in us to certain faculties which produced innumerable notions. These faculties he divided into four classes:

The first are those which, excited by their objects, develop in the soul the common beliefs relative to God or to the world. The second are those internal faculties which, bound to these beliefs by a singular necessity, awaken the sentiment of good or evil in things. The third are external, and tend to the knowledge of the sensible qualities of objects. Finally come the faculties which, traversing these convictions and ideas of all kinds, extend the field of the knowledge of things; these are the discursive faculties. Some have wished to add to this list those other faculties which would respond to grace or a particular providence, and, shut up and silent in the heart, would wake again under the hand of God, and rewaken the preceding faculties. But they offer no characteristics

which enable us to class them with the internal sentiments, and as to the supposition of a sense revealed or ecstatic, such a supernatural revelation does not make faith indubitable, we must proscribe it as a source of imposture or hallucination. It is prudent to attach them to the capital faculties perceptible in every sane and complete man.

A new deduction from all the conditions of the regular action of these faculties brings into light the principle that every man is but a confusion. The reader will understand us now when we say that the supreme rule of truth is, in the system of Herbert, conformation according to analogy. Thus when we oppose faith to reason, and subordinate the former to the latter, we commit generally the mistake of putting the internal senses above or in the place of the common convictions. Faith is an assent given to relation or to prediction. Now the authenticity of the narrative is determined by reason; and as for predictions, error insinuates itself so frequently even into conjectures founded on the chain of causes and effects, that we must employ much more precaution and discernment when dealing with matters outside the natural order. The everlasting fate of the soul in the future life is so conformable to our ideas of Providence, and, in general, to the beliefs of universal wisdom, that the assent of faith is here confirmed by reason. But this is not the case with all that is said of celestial things. Whatever departs from this collective wisdom of humanity is rank heresy. The authority of humanity is itself the result of reason; and, consequently, reason must exercise control over the illusions and the frauds which degrade or annul that authority—fortunate, indeed, if insensate outbreaks do not make its name an excuse for war and devastation. Transmuted truth may be modified, simplified, misunderstood. In the area of the probable and the possible, reason alone should be the arbiter of faith. For all faith we must be able to adduce reason. But by reason we do not mean pure reasoning and argument, the

pure discursive process. Faith combined with reasoning only, without the common beliefs, that is, without reason, begets absurd argumentations and the wildest controversies. By the wisdom of the collective opinions of humanity peace can alone be restored.

We regret that space will not allow us to analyse Herbert's elaborate discussion of that which the schoolmen call the common objects of the external senses, that is to say, the general phenomena of the natural bodies, such as movement, figure, number—all the physical properties. The errors to which observation is subject in this direction are carefully studied. And Herbert concludes by an inquiry into the analogy which exists between faculties and objects, and the author explains the whole order of human knowledge by this principle which he derives from it as a consequence and establishes as a principle, that there are as many faculties in us as there are differences in things.

A second part of the treatise 'De Causis Errorum' was promised, but the author was prevented from fulfilling his promise by the troubles of the times, and the weariness of declining years.

Philosophy cannot be an everyday science, and yet religion is for the whole world. The ministers of worship are the philosophers of the people. If philosophy interpose between the priest and the faithful, what ought the faithful to do? Disdain philosophy or follow it? In other words, what is to be the ordinary religion of the layman? This question—so natural, but so difficult in the ages of fierce ecclesiastical controversy, when controversy expanded into war, Lord Herbert has not succeeded in escaping in his 'History of the Reign of Henry VIII.' In relating the changes of liturgy and creed which that sovereign brought about, oppressing alternately those who wished to abide within, and those who wished to advance beyond, his capricious reforms, Lord Herbert is moved with pity for the mental tortures of sincere men who had been subjected to such experiences, and he pauses in the full current of his

narrative to offer the reader the philosophical refuge of faith in the universal wisdom the expression of the universal providence. This is the theme which he resumes and develops in a little book entitled 'Religio Laici.'

Various religions exist; some which once existed are no more. All have had or still have their interpreters; their priests, who assert that they alone possess the divine tradition. How make a choice among their threatening predictions? What would become of the voyager who traversed the universe? inquires Lord Herbert, putting himself in the place of this voyager. If he decide to submit himself unreservedly to his religious superiors, will he pursue the path of faith or of reason? But he will hear it said that original sin has vitiated the faculties of the soul: how then can the faculty of belief be exempt from this original corruption? And if redemption has restored integrity to the faculties, why should not reason have recovered hers? The simple layman will resort therefore to an eclectic process, and consulting alternately reason and faith, sometimes he will implore the Divine assistance in his quest of truth, sometimes will commit himself to the Divine Goodness. But these prayers and this trustfulness presuppose the idea of a Common Father, of a God whose existence all religions recognise. The reader will understand, without further development, how the author points out the road to the traveller who surveys the religious world, furnishing him with a criterion, or test, of the established religions in absolute faith in the dogmas of the universal religion.

Immense—perhaps impracticable—is the examination of the creeds of the world; and in all cases such an examination can be possible only to a very limited number of men; and the necessary consequence is, that we must take as indubitable nothing but the universal, and must firmly adhere to the five articles of common belief.

It is objected, says Lord Herbert, that by this reduction of its creed religion will lose something. It may be so;

but not, assuredly, saintliness of life. A great prejudice, it is added, against the episcopacy and the priesthood, will be the result. Why? The hierarchy and their endowments ('*stipendium*') will be maintained. Will there not be more temples, more people to initiate in sacred things? All the duties of the ministry remain unaltered on condition that ministers do not disfigure the divine attributes; do not place salvation in controversial matters; do not pretend, in a word, to be wiser than their natural faculties—'ne ultra facultates sapiunt.' The traveller to whom Lord Herbert offers himself as a guide, strong in the support of the fundamental beliefs, will accept with gratitude all that in revealed religion increases their evidence and enlarges their influence. He will reject everything which obscures or shakes them, anything which engenders pernicious views or passions. This doctrine is formally presented by the author, not only as indubitable in principle, but as adapted to re-establish peace—invest religion, the hierarchy, and the State with substantial dignity and authority—augment the influence and the severity of the moral laws—and harmonize the true thought and meaning of the sacred books with faith and worship.

His office is not to discuss particular dogmas nor the conditions of salvation. He justifies himself, therefore, for not dwelling upon a particular form of religion, because such was not his subject. The laity have nothing to do with the solution of controversial questions. No one, he says, has a higher opinion of the Scriptures than he himself has. But we must clearly recognise that other religions have taught what he calls the five Catholic truths, and that nothing is more hazardous than to alter them by imprudent additions. The most innocent dogmas of separate sects must not be incorporated with them; each creed must keep its bases separate. Otherwise the truths engraved in the heart of man would depend upon a tradition, and lose their universality. He is not explicit as to what will suffice for salvation; but he counsels the clergy to imitate his

reserve in speaking of the pains and penalties of the future life. As for himself, he submits all that he has written to the judgment of the true Catholic Church.

In an 'Appendix ad Sacerdotes,' he addresses to the priesthood some pressing questions. Is it better, he asks its members, yes or no, that the orthodox religion should be founded upon the thesis of the faith than on the dogma of a universal providence? That it should rest upon contested principles than upon those which all men have accepted? Would it not be better to incur the accusation of atheism than to reject a universal providence, and to refuse a paternal God, a Providence, that is, the means of salvation, to a part of the human race? Is it possible to find in the whole earth any other vestiges of God than the five articles, and to add anything in regard to piety and moral purity which is not already their legitimate consequence? If it be an axiom beyond doubt that God is the Supreme Truth, and can neither deceive nor be deceived, how are we to explain the errors, the schisms, the variations begotten by the interpretation of the Scriptures, if we do not refer them to their interpreters and copyists, and to alterations made in the different manuscripts? In the bosom of particular Churches, have not controversies been originated by sects, each alleging that miracles had been wrought in its behalf? And in this way have there not been produced new dogmas, such as predestination, and justification by faith, which, on the one hand, narrow the supremacy of the universal providence, and, on the other, take away something from the severity of virtue and the chastity of religion? Are not pious actions and reflections preferable to the eternal disputes which make one despair of peace among men? Finally, who has ever seriously denied either of the five articles? Even atheism cannot justify itself by alleging ignorance of them.

There is one objection, or, at least, a doubt, which Lord Herbert has here passed over unnoticed. He maintains that the five articles are at once principles of the human

mind and dogmas invested with the authority of universal assent. The latter point is a fact that needs to be established, and in his philosophical work he affirms it rather than establishes it. At the epoch when he wrote, an attempt to trace a complete picture of the religions of the world would have been fruitless. Even to-day all the clouds are far from dissipated. But at a time when erudition was confined within the limits of the Greek and Roman world, it was possible to learn nearly all that we would care to know of the religious beliefs of the human race in describing the Paganism of antiquity. This subject had already exercised the criticism and scholarship of the age.

It was, in fact, Vossius whom Lord Herbert had consulted on a work which is less read even than those whose contents we have endeavoured to analyse. To give an historical basis to the five articles, we must seek for them under the veil of the religion of the Gentiles, and at the same time explain the reasons which led antiquity to envelop them in so many fables, superstitions, and false dogmas. This was Lord Herbert's aim in a treatise, entitled —'De Religione Gentilium Errorumque apud eos Causis'— (On the Religion of the Gentiles and the Causes of Their Errors). In this work, which is written in a purer Latinity than his other books, and in which he shows more scholarship than critical power, he has endeavoured to discover whether the Gentiles had in their possession the general means of obtaining eternal life.

On this delicate point he had encountered three opinions. 1. Some theologians, whom he designates 'atrocious,' maintain that since the fall of Adam all men have been condemned; that thanks to the death of Christ some are 'elected' by the good pleasure of God, but that the great majority of men, even those who have never heard the name of Christ, are destined to everlasting destruction. These theologians are not sufficiently in God's secrets to have a claim upon our belief, and Herbert tells us that he has rejected them—'sacerdotes illos tandem rejeci.' 2. Other

theologians think that in the moment of death Christ is revealed to those of the heathen who have lived saintly lives. These priests are more compassionately disposed towards the human race; but their improbable opinion is unsupported by history, tradition, or solid conjecture. 3. The scholastics, who leap with marvellous agility from faith to reason and from reason to faith, advance nothing at all calculated to dissipate a scrupulous doubt. However, it is one of their maxims that saving grace is not withheld from him who does his duty. And finally, other writers, among whom he names Franciscus Cellius of Milan, 'De Animabus Paganorum' (On the Souls of the Heathen), maintain, with citations from the Fathers, that virtuous Pagans have been admitted to salvation through the mercy of God. This is the opinion adopted by Lord Herbert, when, after having been at first repelled by the crowd of their odious and absurd superstitions, he discovered that the Gentiles had known the same God as ourselves. But what God? Here naturally comes in the natural theology of which he has so often laid the foundations. He finds that the Gentiles had not been ignorant of its principles, and that they could impute only to their own folly and presumption the errors they had mingled with them.

The origin of the religious cult, the idea of God—present in the primitive worship, present also in the star-worship, and especially in the sun worship, in that of the forces of nature or the spirits of heroes—has been disguised under a multiplicity of different names, and disfigured by additional credulities and superstitious fictions. But a Supreme God—creator of the world—a God very good and very great—has ever been the object of faith and worship. The God of the Gentiles is the same as ours; their God is identical with *the* God. Whatever of truth the heathen creeds contained was the five articles; nothing was true but these. We may sin by a false worship of the true God, as by the true worship of a false God. But there is always something true in a religion; and in that of the Gentiles it is

possible to trace, under many disguises, a belief in a Supreme Being, in the sacredness of virtue, in the necessity of a priesthood and an expiation or a lustration, and, finally, in the certainty of future reward and punishments. All these facts have been so often demonstrated that it would be idle to repeat the proofs which Lord Herbert claims for himself the credit of having discovered. Although this teaching of his was not entirely new, even in his own time, he thought it new; and esteemed himself happier than was Archimedes in the solution of his famous hydrostatic problem, when he had discovered deep down at the roots of the religion of the Gentiles the five dogmas of natural religion. When Christianity came, it disengaged those dogmas from all admixture of impiety, and what it left to Paganism was of such trivial import that Paganism ceased to exist.

A word or two must be added in reference to the critical opinions which have obtained upon Lord Herbert's philosophical and religious system.

First, we shall allude to those of Gassendi, who attempted to refute Herbert, starting from the view-point of a combined empiricism and Christianity.

Gassendi belonged to the Peripatetic school, who interpreted Aristotle on the side of the philosophy of sensations, completed their physics by adopting the system of Epicurus, and absolved themselves by a profession of Christian orthodoxy. He is, as Coleridge puts it, one of the evangelising Epicureans—'inter Epicuros evangelisantes.' No one could be found less capable of treating our philosopher fairly. In opposition to his definition of truth, he defended one which comes from the schoolmen, namely: 'It is the agreement of the intellect knowing with the thing known'—'intellectus cognoscentis cum re cognita congruentia;' and the very object of Herbert's work he misrepresents as a chimera. He failed wholly to perceive the originality or the grandeur of his doctrine. He could see nothing but a new attempt to penetrate the nature of things; and he objects, with all his school, that it is

sufficient for our needs to know their qualities, and that human science has never passed that limit. God has not willed that we should know eternal beatitude itself other than by revelation. After a defence of the categories of peripateticism against Lord Herbert's ten questions, Gassendi, who, in his 'natural instinct,' could see nothing but what the schoolmen already called the intelligence of principles ('intellectus principiorum'), defies him to distinguish with definite precision the common ideas of humanity from other ideas, and refuses to include among them those of God and of the immortality of the soul. Are not these in effect the points which reason disputes, when abandoned to itself? Is there in physics a principle, or in ethics a maxim, which cannot be contested? Are the laws of morality invariable? Had not Lord Herbert been brought up under Christian influences, a very different spirit would have pervaded his system.

Gassendi's objections need not detain us; they involve a doctrine too often discussed, and may be united with those which, forty years later, John Locke addressed to the same adversary. In his war against innate ideas, Locke necessarily met Lord Herbert upon his path, and having been informed that 'a man of so great parts' had, in his book 'De Veritate,' formulated a list of innate practical principles, found there, in reality, the five articles of faith with the six characteristics which are supposed to attest their universality. Lightly discussing the latter, of which he thinks the value more than problematical, Locke maintains that there are, perhaps, a hundred other propositions which deserve as much as the five dogmas the distinction of common ideas, and that it is, for example, impossible to recognise the features which mark the latter, such as purity, independence, universality, immediate manifestation,—with the ideas of virtue considered as the essential of worship, of expiation by repentance, and of retribution after death. There is no authorised definition of virtues and vices, still less is it engraved by nature in our souls. Primordial prin-

ciples such as Herbert supposes, could neither be altered nor effaced; the disagreement which we see in the world upon this very subject of the five dogmas proves that they are very far from being incontestable and invariable. Finally, men show a facility in accepting as principles old women's stories which does not permit us to attribute to their reason an infallible instinct.

The plausibility of these criticisms applies more particularly to Lord Herbert's exaggerated view of the known evidence and enduring authority of his five articles, which he wished to make the 'credo' of philosophy.

'I have taken time,' writes the illustrious Descartes to Father Mersenne, 'to read the book which you have been so good as to send me. And since you have asked my opinion of it, and it treats of a subject at which I have laboured all my life, I think I owe it to you to write it down here. I find in it many very excellent things, *sed non publici saporis,* for there are few persons capable of understanding metaphysics.' Descartes then proceeds to an examination of the work—a very extended one for a man generally so neglectful of the books of others—and though he says that, generally speaking, the author pursues a road very different from that with which he is familiar, his observations are not objections, and attest a general agreement and a frank approval which goes almost as far as the portion devoted to religion. Descartes finds in it many maxims which seem to him so pious and so conformable to common sense that he wishes they might be approved by the orthodox theology; finally, he concludes by saying that he esteems the author far above ordinary minds.

For those acquainted with Descartes, this letter will be remarkable as breaking away from his accustomed reserve to praise another writer, and to disclose his individual feelings.

We see, clearly enough, that he did not look upon

Herbert's doctrine as tending in any way towards scepticism; indeed, we may learn from it not a little of that which Descartes himself endeavoured to teach the human race.

The application which Herbert made of his philosophy to the question of the authority of revelation we have not to consider further; but it is desirable to glance hastily at the influence which he exercised in England over the method of investigating the relations of natural religion to Christianity. The clearness and the freedom with which he has maintained the exclusive right of the former to absolute certainty have not always been imitated; but they have encouraged, however, that school of British Deism which a century afterwards won the admiration of Voltaire.

As the successor or disciple of Herbert, Charles Blunt (1684-1698) is frequently named. He was a publicist who, after composing, at the epoch of the revolution of 1688, a work in favour of the liberty of the Press which was greatly esteemed, had the boldness to say, in another publication, burned by order of the House of Commons, that William and Mary had ascended the throne by right of conquest. He had previously taken up the weapons of theological controversy without being more fortunate. Condemned sometimes by the Bishop of London, sometimes by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who fulminated against a pamphlet in which he had advocated the right of a husband to marry his deceased wife's sister, he killed himself in a fit of despair. He has left to posterity a treatise on 'The Soul of the World' (*Anima Mundi*, 1678), in which may be found all the principal ideas of the 'De Religione Gentilium'—a 'Religio Laici,' which is simply a translation of Lord Herbert's,—and, lastly, a critical treatise, 'The Great Diana of the Ephesians,' in which, tracing back idolatry to its origin, he seems to have in view every religion which is not purely abstract. After him came a dramatist, Charles Gildon, who compiled from his manuscripts a book entitled 'The Oracles of Reason.' In all these Deistical writings the existence of God and the soul is admitted. But it is

said that Gildon retracted this admission in a later work, printed in 1705, 'The Devil's Manual.' Gildon was born in 1665, and died in 1724.

Here we may take the occasion to remark a singularity which is almost a contradiction, and yet it is not uncommon. Herbert is of the same school as Plato and Descartes. His general principles are more favourable, therefore, to religious spiritualism than those of any doctrine exclusively founded upon an experimental knowledge, and deriving everything from sensation. Yet Gassendi and Locke show a greater reserve, a greater deference towards revelation than Lord Herbert; and their doctrines have, perhaps, been less the object of the attacks of theologians than his, since critics have gone so far as to assert that it was Herbert whom Locke confuted in his 'Rational Christianity.' Who knows not, moreover, how Descartes met with bitter enemies in a section of the Church; and the resistance, or rather persecution, which the Jesuits opposed to his disciples in the name of a peripateticism (equivocal enough) touching the distinction of mind and body? In our own days a similar hatred has often led to a similar kindness. But though Herbert's free dealings with the Church may be held to have authorised some reprisals, it is impossible not to be astonished at the vehemency of the onslaughts made upon him. The most intolerant of his adversaries is, perhaps, a Protestant controversialist who taught theology at Kiel. Christian Kortholt, not long after Herbert's death, launched at him an invective, significantly entitled 'De Tribus Impostoribus' (1680)—in which he is gibbeted along with Thomas Hobbes and Benedict Spinoza. Such a classification is a sufficient measure of Kortholt's fatuity. The fervent defender of the Divine providence and of human liberty has nothing in common with Spinozism, and the enthusiastic adorer of the divinity of the cardinal truths stands in direct antagonism to the blind and powerful enemy of every disinterested conviction and absolute idea in religion and morals. It is a calumny upon Lord

Herbert's doctrine to confound it with those which deny everything that he affirms. Herbert was, perhaps, the first to invent the celebrated comparison of nature to a watch, which cannot have made itself. When Kortholt accuses him of principles which undermine revelation or eviscerate its meaning, and affirms that his critical doubts respecting Holy Writ tend to mutilate its doctrine and destroy its authority,—that by his preferences for that which is universal and of ancient origin, he renews the attacks of Celsus against the Christianity which was in his time 'a new doctrine' (*καινὴ διδαχή*),—we are not able to advance any substantial reply to these objections of a rigid orthodoxy. But it is to pass from orthodoxy to fanaticism to call Lord Herbert's religion a pure naturalism, or, in effect, a real atheism, because St. Paul has said that those who are separated from Christ are without God in this world. The unmeasured bitterness of Kortholt disgraces and decries his polemics.

Of a different order were the criticisms which Culverwell, Richard Baxter, Whitby, and Haliburton directed against Lord Herbert's doctrine. The first two, who followed him very closely, were rather his rivals than his censors, though separated from him by serious differences; and their writings are of sufficient importance to repay a special examination. The last of the four belongs to the early part of the eighteenth century. Later still comes the well-known Deistical writer, John Leland. This Presbyterian minister, who contended with so much force and yet with moderation against the polished incredulity of the eighteenth century, has carefully analysed the teachings of the English Deists.* To the sincerity and to the abilities of Lord Herbert he does full justice, while making some judicious remarks upon his system. First he observes that the creed of the five articles has not been

* 'A View of the Principal Deistical Writers that have appeared in England in the last and present Century,' by John Leland (1691-1766), London, 1798.

adopted by any people, which prevents it from claiming the authority of universal assent, and to some extent impugns its certainty. Next he insists on the entire inadequacy of philosophy to fill the place of all civil or sacerdotal religion.

This argument, though more political, perhaps, than theological, has always exercised—particularly in England—a powerful influence;—and Leland succeeded better in developing it than in demonstrating the perfect compatibility of the existence of separate religions with the universality of the Divine goodness. This is the third point which he most strenuously labours to establish against Lord Herbert by the ordinary arguments of theology. Finally, he good-humouredly but effectively ridicules the simple enthusiasm of the Deist philosopher who believes himself distinguished by a supernatural commission, and, guided by a sign which he does not dare even to define, undertakes to depreciate the authority of the miraculous incident which terrified and converted Paul on the road from Jerusalem to Damascus.

All who have written or spoken of Lord Herbert have done so with esteem; some have overwhelmed him with eulogies. Ben Jonson attributed to him all the virtues; Howell promised him immortality, in three stanzas in which he speaks of 'this metaphysical lord;' even Horace Walpole acknowledges his courage and his profound intelligence. Yet it does not appear that he has exercised any great authority in philosophy, and many of those who have followed in his steps do not confess that he has been their guide. He has imitators rather than disciples. We believe, however, his influence was considerable over Cudworth, who, while diverging less than his master from the straight path of orthodoxy, seems to repeat him in his judgment on the creeds of antiquity and in his doctrine of the immutability of morals. Imitation or similarity is more conspicuous still in Lord Shaftesbury, who, with greater refinement of style and elegance of form, has reproduced his independence,

and his faith in common sense, in the intellectual goodness of humanity, in the assured though tardy supremacy of honesty and reason.

Through Lord Shaftesbury, Herbert seems to touch Hutchinson, and through Hutchinson the metaphysicians of Scotland. His position in our philosophical literature is, therefore, as important as it is interesting; and I think the reader will not be displeased with the space I have given to the incidents of his career, and the characteristics of his writings. In one sense he was the true product of his time. Far removed as he was in thought and sentiment from the Puritans, yet was he deeply moved by that remarkable religious development which we call Puritanism, and his metaphysical doctrines are those of a man in whom the religious spirit was strongly active. If, following the example of the mass of critics, we regard all philosophy in Great Britain as originating with Bacon, we must suppose that the method of observation has produced two schools: the one which in the human soul subordinates everything to experience—of which Hobbes is the most violent representative and Locke the noblest master; the other which, by researches more or less analogous to those of Descartes, has known how to find in reason principles superior to observation and to experience itself. If he carries on the teaching of Bacon, he corrects it, by raising psychology, and through psychology metaphysics, from undeserved neglect. From this point of view, Hallam is justified in describing Lord Herbert as the first metaphysician whom England has produced; just as, from the point of view of religious controversies, Leland has affirmed that he is the most eminent of the Deist writers. Coleridge, severe in general against every philosophy which appeared to him related to the Cambridge school of Rational Theology, reproaches that school with failing to produce a metaphysical doctrine which was, as it were, 'a pre-inquisition of the human soul;' but he recognises that Lord Herbert reached the mouth and descended even some feet into the shaft of that mine, though he retraced his

steps abruptly, and left the task of establishing this *propedentia* to all philosophy to Kant, from whom more than two centuries separate him.* 'Upon questions purely philosophical,' says Mr. Morell,† 'few men who have been independent thinkers and deprived of assistance, have approached so near the truth on some most important points as the philosopher of Cherbury.' We conclude, therefore, by saying, with the most illustrious of the later Scotch metaphysicians,‡ that it is, in truth, surprising that the speculations of a thinker so able and so original, and of a man in all respects so remarkable, should have escaped the observation of those of his countrymen who, after him, have pursued their philosophical investigations in the same spirit.

[In the foregoing analysis of Lord Herbert's doctrines we have adopted, though not literally, and with constant reference to the original, M. de Rémusat's able and elaborate criticism in his 'Lord Herbert de Cherbury, Sa Vie et Ses Œuvres: ou Les Origines de la Philosophie du Sens Commune et de la Théologie Naturelle en Angleterre' (Paris, 1874). We have also referred to S. R. Lee's edition of Lord Herbert's 'Autobiography.']

* 'Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge,' iii., 415.
† 'Historical and Critical View of Philosophy,' i., 197.
‡ Sir W. Hamilton, Professor Reid's Works, note a, p. 781.

CHAPTER VIII.

GLIMPSES OF LIFE AND MANNERS—THE STRAFFORD LETTERS.

> 'Mr. Garrard . . . .
> My new man.'
> ROBERT BROWNING: 'Strafford.'

THE two ponderous folios which, under the title of 'The Strafford Letters,' contain the collection of letters and despatches to and from the great Earl of Strafford, made by the Rev. William Knowles, and published in 1738-9, are not only of value from the historical events which they illustrate, but from the side lights which they reflect on the manners and customs of the time, and on the career and character of the great Minister. Some of these side-lights, with such annotations and explanations as may be necessary, we propose to bring together in the present chapter.

Wentworth, writes to Sir Henry Savile, the scholar, in November, 1620: 'If your health serve you, I shall wish your company at York, and that yourself and friends would eat a Christmas pie with me there.'

[That is, a mince, or, as it was then called, a mutton-pie, neat's tongue not having been substituted for mutton until a later date. The other ingredients were chiefly identical with those which are still in use. It was frequently termed, as we see, a Christmas pie. So run the old rhymes:

> 'Without the door let sorrow lie,
> And if from cold it hap to die,
> We'll bring it in a Christmas pie,
> And evermore be merry!'

Herrick alludes to the domestic custom of setting a watch over the toothsome dainty on the night before Christmas:

> 'Come guard the Christmas-pie,
> That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
> With his fish-hooks don't come nigh,
> To catch it.']

Wentworth, at the close of 1620, was desirous of being elected member for Yorkshire. Of the nature of the exertions he made to secure this result, the following letter to his cousin will enable the reader to judge:

'Good Cousin,' he writes, 'being as you know engaged to stand with Mr. Secretary Calvert to be knights for this Parliament, and Sir John Savile our only opponent, I must make use of my friends, and entreat them to deal thoroughly for us, in regard the loss of it would much prejudice our estimations above: in which number I esteem yourself one of my best and fastest friends. The course my Lord Darcy and I hold is, to intreat the High Constables to desire the Petty Constables to set down the names of all Freeholders within their townships, and which of them have promised to be at York, and bestow their voices with us, so that we may keep the note as a testimony of their good affections and know whom we are beholden unto, desiring them further to go along with us to York on Sunday, being Christmas Eve, or else meet us about two of the clock at Tadcaster. I desire you would please to deal effectually with your High Constables, and hold the same course, that so we may be able to judge what number we may expect out of your wapentake. As I no ways doubt of your uttermost endeavours and pains in a matter of this nature, deeply touching my credit, so will I value it as a special testimony of your love towards me. I hope you will take the pains to go along with us, together with your friends, to York, that so we may come all in together, and take part of an ill dinner with me the next day; when yourself and friends shall be right heartily welcome. Thus, sir, desiring

to hear from you how the country stands affected, and what number we may expect out of your parts,

'I remain,

'Your most assured cousin and friend,

'TH. WENTWORTH.'

A very striking and interesting letter from Wentworth, 'to Sir George Calvert, Principal Secretary of State,' is dated April 28th, 1620:

'Mr. Taylor telling me he would see you before the end of the week, I might not omit to present my service unto you in these few lines. Matter worthy your trouble these parts afford none, where our objects and thoughts are limited in looking upon a tulip, hearing a bird sing, a rivulet murmuring, or some such petty yet innocent pastime, which for my part I begin to feel myself in, having, I praise God, recovered more in a day by an open country air, than in a fortnight's time in that smothering one of London. By my troth I wish you, divested of the importunity of business, here for half a dozen hours; you should taste how free and fresh we breathe, and how *procul metu fruimur modestis opibus,* a-wanting sometimes to persons of greater eminency in the administration of commonwealths. But seeing this is denied to you in your career, and to me as part of my misfortune, I shall pray you may ever receive as full contentment in those more weighty, as we do in these lighter entertainments.'

His brother-in-law, Denzil Holles, in August, 1627, sketched the condition of affairs in Western England:

'I shall desire to learn where your rendezvous is, that I may now and then afflict you with some Western intelligence, for, as you know, we have the active spirit of the time, and accordingly we were the first that cried out upon the dull sleepy time of peace, and desired action, in which virtue does exist. But we now, to our cost, find the old logic rule true. There is no action without passion; for we suffer sufficiently for it, and now we can cry out as fast

on the other side. That since these wars all trading is dead, our wools lie upon our hands, our men are not set on work, our ships lie in our ports unoccupied, to be sold as cheap as fire-wood; nothing will yield money, not to speak of other petty inconveniences we have found by the soldiers ravishing men's wives and daughters, killing and carrying away hogs and sheep off the ground (stealing of poultry was not worth the speaking of), killing and robbing men upon the highway, nay, in fairs and towns (for to meet a poor man coming from the market with a pair of new shoes, or a basket of eggs or apples, and take them from him was but sport and merriment), and a thousand such other petty pranks. Come a dozen of them to a Justice of Peace and Deputy-Lieutenant's house, and make any lady give them five or six pieces to be gone.'

The scholarly mind will rest with pleasure on the following letter from learned Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eton, dated April 8th, 1628:

'Promises are to be kept even to adversaries, then much more to friends, and most to such a friend as I am now saluting; nay, it will abide yet another gradation, that they are to be performed though at an unseasonable time. I did promise you, when we were last merry together at Medleys, a piece of rural philosophy, Dubravius* his book De Piscinis, which I now send you, having borrowed it of Mr. Hales ["the ever memorable" John], one of our bursars. And therefore when you have perused it at full pleasure I shall desire it again. One thing will appear perchance stranger unto you, that a Bohemian gentleman therein named should in one year gather *duodenis sestertiûm* out of his ponds, which no doubt, with our money, I take to be

* This was John Dubraw (or Skale), the Bohemian historian, a native of Pilsen, who died in 1553. He held for some years the Bishopric of Olmutz, and was almost equally distinguished as ecclesiastic, diplomatist, and historian. He wrote a 'History of Bohemia,' in twenty-three books, 'Commentarium in Psalmum Quintum Davidis,' 'De Piscinis,' etc.

almost £6,000 sterling, and that, for aught I conceive, only by carp and pike, for so I understand his *cyprinos* and his *lucios.* True it is, that Bohemia and Moravia are the most Mediterranean countries of Christendom, and their farness from sea hath taught them the skill of nurturing land-fish to an incredible increase; insomuch that they will tell you that an acre of pool there is more worth than an acre of saffron in Austria, who yet say they have the best of the world. But enough of this subject.

'Sorry I am not to be at London when my noblest friends are there. And yet what should I, that am of so small influence, do at those great conjunctions? We poor cloistered men are best in our own cells, *quædam plantæ,* saith Pliny, *gaudent umbrâ.* Yet there do still hang, I know not how, upon me some relics of an hearkening humour; and if I could in a line or two be favoured with your judgment of the event of this Parliament, I should think myself better resolved than if I had gone to ask that question at Delphos; though I could rather wish this turned into a greater favour, and that my ever-honoured Lord Clifford, yourself, and Sir Gervase Clifton, that is, the Medley Triplicity, would at some of your playing and breathing days, take in some of this fresh air. A little interposing of philosophical diet may perchance somewhat lighten the spirits of men overcharged with public thoughts, and prevent a surfeit of State . . . Sir, I have usurped upon too great a part of your time. Pardon me this light diversion, continue to love me, and God's love be with us all.'

During Wentworth's tenure of office, as Lord-Deputy of Ireland, one of his most frequent correspondents was his Chaplain, the Rev. George Garrard, who seems to have been commissioned to collect all the news he could—good, bad, and indifferent—and present it for the amusement, if not the edification of the great Minister. His letters, therefore, are full of interesting and curious passages.

Under the date of December 6th, 1633, he writes:

'Poor Ignatius Jordan is sent for up with a pursuivant from Exeter. The King's decision lately sent out to give liberty to servants after evening prayer to use lawful exercises for refreshment's sake, coming into Jordan's hands, he writes to the Bishop here to desire the King to recall it. The Bishop of Exeter shows the Archbishop the letter, and he shows it to his Majesty: so Ignatius must be chidden. Here begins to be much difference in opinion about the book ['The Declaration of Sports']; for though it be the same verbatim that was published in King James's time, yet it is commanded to be read in all the churches here and in the country. In some churches of London it hath been read; one Dr. Denison read it,* and presently after read the Ten Commandments, then said: "Dearly beloved, you have heard now the commandments of God and Men,—obey which you please."

'One Father Arthur, an Irish priest, who came over at the end of summer from Lisbon, in Portugal, was arraigned at the end of the term for treasonable words against our King, at the King's Bench Bar, which words were directly upon oath proved against him, though he denied them. So he was adjudged to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. At his death he denied them also, but who doth believe him?

'All the Inns of Court were at a common charge to set out a Masque or Barrier this Christmas, which shall be presented at Court on Twelfth Night. It will cost £4,000 or £5,000.

'I hear of two books of Sir Henry Wotton's in the press: the one came forth this week, a panegyric of our King written in Latin, which, no doubt, he, being your old acquaintance, will send you: The other is, the Life and Death of the Earl of Essex and the Duke of Buckingham paralleled in the manner that Plutarch doth.'

In January, 1633, he writes:

* This was Dr. Denison, Curate of St. Catherine Cree, who sometimes in his sermons complimented his parishioners by likening them to 'frogs, hogs, dogs, and devils.'

'We have very plausible things done of late. The book called the Declaration of the King's for rectifying of Taverns, Ordinaries, Bakers' Osteries, is newly come forth. I'll say no more of it, your Agent here will send it to your Lordship. All back-doors to taverns on the Thames are commanded to be shut up, only the *Bear* at the Bridge-foot is exempted, by reason of the passage to Greenwich. To encourage gentlemen to live more willingly in the country, all game fowl, as pheasants, partridges, ducks, as also hares, are by proclamation forbidden to be dressed or eaten in any inns, and butchers are forbidden to be graziers. . .

'I never knew a duller Christmas than we had at Court this year, but we play all the time at Whitehall, and no dancing at all. The Queen had some little infirmity, a bile, or some such thing—which made her keep in; only on Twelfth Night she feasted the King at Somerset House, and presented him with a play, newly studied, long since printed, *The Faithful Shepherdess,* which the King's Players acted in the robes she and her ladies acted their Pastoral in the last year. . . I had almost forgot to tell your Lordship that the Dicing Night the King carried away in James Palmer's hat £1,850. The Queen was his half, and brought him that good luck; she shared presently £900.'

On February 27th, 1633, he tells us of a brave Masque set before their Majesties by the Gentlemen of the Inns of Court:

'They were sixteen in number, who rode through the streets in four chariots, and two others to carry their pages and musicians, attended by one hundred gentlemen on great horses, as well clad as ever I saw any: they far exceeded in bravery any Masque that had formerly been presented by those Societies, and performed the dancing part with much applause. In their company was one Mr. Read, of Gray's Inn, whom all the women and some men cried up for as handsome a man as the Duke of

Buckingham. . . . This Riding Show took so well, that both King and Queen desired to see it again; so that they invited themselves to supper at my Lord Mayor's within a week after, and the Masquers came in a more glorious show with all the riders, which were increased twenty, to Merchant Tailors' Hall, and there performed it again. The Mayor of London, though a sick man, gave them an entertainment beyond any in Scotland, or on the way thither; and the grave aldermen would have presented a purse with £2,000 in gold to the Queen, but my Lord Chamberlain with a little sharpness decried the gift as not a fitting present from such a body: so it was not given, but within two days they sent to the Queen a diamond which cost them £4,000, which was well accepted.

'On Shrove Tuesday, at night, the King and the Lords performed their masque. The Templars were all invited and well-placed. They have found a new way of letting them in by a Turning Chair: besides they let in none but such as have tickets sent them beforehand; so that now the keeping of the door is no trouble.'

The introduction of the Hackney Coach (*coche-à-haquenée*) into London is recorded by Garrard on the 1st of April, 1634:

'I cannot omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, though never so trivial: here is one Captain Bailey, he hath been a sea-captain, but now lives on the land, about this City, where he tries experiments. He hath erected according to his ability some four hackney coaches, put his men in a livery, and appointed them to stand at the Maypole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the Town, where all day they may be had. Other Hackney men, seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate. So that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had everywhere

as watermen are to be had by the waterside. Everybody is much pleased with it. For, whereas before Coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper.'

[Every reform provokes the hostility of the 'vested interests' which have battened on the conservatism of the public temper. The London tradesmen complained that they suffered in their business; for when ladies and gentlemen, they said, were compelled to walk in the streets, they could not escape the solicitations of their 'prentices, and were frequently induced to inspect and purchase their wares; but under the new condition of things, they were carried past with a rapidity that defied interruption. The watermen were not unnaturally incensed against a mode of conveyance which threatened to interfere very seriously with the river traffic, and they found a spokesman in Taylor, the water-poet, who in his ballad of 'The Coach's Overthrow,' in the pamphlet of 'The World runs upon Wheels,' and the doggrel poem of 'The Thief,' indulged in the bitterest complaints. Thus, he exclaims:

> 'Carroches, coaches, jades, and Flander wares,
> Do rob us of our shares, our wares, our fares:
> Against the ground we stand and knock our heels,
> Whilst all our profit runs away on wheels;
> And, whosoever but observes and notes,
> The great increase of coaches and of boats,
> Shall find their number more than e'er they were,
> By half and more within this thirty year.
> The watermen at sea had service still,
> And those that staid at home had work at will:
> Then upstart hill-cart coaches were to seek,
> A man could scarce see twenty in a week;
> But now, I think, a man may daily see
> More than the wherrys on the Thames can be.'

One would think he was laughing in his sleeve at his own vehemence of exaggeration when he wrote: 'A coach, like a heathen, a Pagan, an infidel or an atheist, observes neither Sabbath nor holiday, time nor season, robustiously breaking through the toil or net of divine and human law, order, and authority, and, as it were, condemning all Christian

conformity, like a dog that lies on a heap of hay, who will eat none of it himself, nor suffer any other beast to eat any. Even so, the coach is not capable of hearing what a preacher saith, nor will it suffer man or women to have that would hear, for it makes such a hideous rumbling in the streets by many church doors, that people's ears are stopped with the noise, whereby they are debarred of their edifying, which makes faith so fruitless, good works so barren, and charity as cold at invidiousness as if it were a great frost, and by this means souls are robbed and starved of their heavenly manna, and the kingdom of darkness replenished. To avoid which they have set up a cross post in Cheapside on Sundays, near Wood Street, and which makes the coaches rattle and jumble on the other side of the way, further from the Church and from hindering of their hearing.

The hackney coach, however, soon became a recognised public institution, because it amply supplied a felt public want. The four coaches of Captain Bailey had risen in 1637 to 50, in 1650 to 200, in 1662 to 400, and in 1771 to 1,000.

That there was much more 'colour' in the English society of Charles I's. reign than in that of Victoria—a greater picturesqueness of feature, and more love of pomp and 'bravery'—we know from many sources. And here is Gossip Garrard with a narrative suggestive of brightness and brilliancy (May 1st, 1634):

'Our two elected Knights of the Garter, the Earls Danby and Morton, rode in great state through London to Windsor; the King, Queen, and Prince dining that day at my Lord Wimbledon's, and taking up their standing in his balcony. There was a secret vie (rivalry) who should go best attended, as formerly there was betwixt Banbury and Kelly, who best accompanied. But my Lord Danby carried it sheer: for he clothed fifty men in tissue doublets, and scarlet hose, thick laced, twelve footmen, two coaches set out bravely, and all the ancient nobility of England that were out of the Garter, rode with him, and many other Lords and Barons, but the Earl of Shrewsbury, who was sick. There rode with him

the Marquis of Winchester, the Earls of Northumberland, Kent, Worcester, Rutland, Essex, Leicester, Northampton, Norwich, Newport, St. Albans, his son, my Lord Weston rode, also, Wilmot, Goring, with most of the pensioners, Mr. Henry Pucy, Sir Thomas Edmonds, etc. With my Lord Morton rode the Earls of Warwick and Devonshire, the Earls Denbigh, Grandison, and Craven, Sir William Howard, Sir William Bruncker, young William Crofts, some of the equerries, all the rest Scottish lords and gentlemen. That which added much to his show, all the Scotch Colonels that came with Oxenstiern (the son of the great Swedish Minister) rode along too, and most of his company were furnished with the King's horses. At Windsor they were installed, and returned the next day to attend his Majesty on St. George's Eve. The feast here was kept with great solemnity, and fifteen were present.']

On June 17th, 1634, Garrard writes:

'No mercy showed to Prynne; he stood in the pillory, and lost his first ear in the pillory in the Palace at Westminster in full term, his other in Cheapside; where while he stood, his volumes were burnt under his nose, which had almost suffocated.'

[I think I know some authors who would not escape so well as Prynne if the stench of their burning works entered their nostrils!

Garrard's cold reference is to one of the most shameful acts of injustice committed in Charles's reign. William Prynne was a barrister and antiquary, of considerable ability and a good deal of learning. He had graduated at Oxford, and entering the profession of the law, became bencher and reader of the Society of Lincoln's Inn. But having adopted the religious principles of Puritanism, he devoted himself to fierce attacks on the abuses of the time, on political and religious superstitions, and especially on the sacerdotal theories of Archbishop Laud and the High Church Party. But in language of equal vehemence he denounced the

doctrines of Arminianism, the love-locks which the gay gentlemen of the Court cultivated so assiduously, and the custom of drinking healths. At last he turned his attention to the stage, which undoubtedly presented a wide field to an active reformer; but then Prynne was a reformer of the type which always contrives to make reforms unpopular. In his 'Histrio-Mastix or Scourge of Stage Players,' he assailed with truculent invective not only what was corrupt and degrading, but the drama generally, with all its beauty and its power;—the 'King Lear' of Shakespeare,—the poetical masques of Ben Jonson,—these were involved in one indiscriminate censure with stories of incest and adultery. He attacked also the players, and the audiences who patronised them, and the Government which did not prohibit their appearance. He denounced dancing as scandalous and of ill-repute, and asserted that simply to look on at a play was to participate in degrading wickedness. But his fiercest thunders were levelled at women who made a profession of the stage, his anger having been excited in 1629 by the appearance of a company of French players, among whom the female parts were filled by women—who, we may add, had been hooted from the theatre by the suspicious virtue of a British audience.

Now it happened that just before the publication of his book, Queen Henrietta Maria had taken part in a slight dramatic composition of Walter Montague's, 'The Shepherd's Pastoral;' and when the 'Histrio-Mastix' appeared, the passage inveighing against actresses was immediately seized upon as an insult to the Queen. Prynne declared that his proof-sheets had finally been corrected ten weeks before her Majesty took part in Montague's play; but it would seem that the Queen's intention of acting was certainly known about the time that Prynne was completing their revision, and the invective occurs on the last page of the book. Further, the Queen was notoriously fond of dancing, and both she and Charles were lovers of the drama. Prynne was therefore arrested and sent to the Tower, and his prosecution was ordered both before the High Commissioners and in the State Chamber.

Prynne appeared before the latter Court on the 7th of February. On the 17th sentence was pronounced against him—a brutal sentence, which equally violated law and justice. He was condemned to stand twice in the pillory and lose his ears, to pay a fine of £5,000, to have his book burned by the common hangman, to be expelled from Lincoln's Inn and Oxford, and to be imprisoned at the King's pleasure.]

Mr. Garrard helps us to another glimpse of this indomitable man (June 20th):

'Mr. Prynne, prisoner in the Tower, who hath got his ears sewed on, that they grew again as before to his head, is relapsed into new errors. He writ a very scandalous letter to my Lord of Canterbury, abusing him very much, and others of the Lords his Judges. The Archbishop sent it to Mr. [Attorney] Noy, who sent for him, taking a true copy of his letter, witnessed; then showed him his own copy, which, after he had read, he tore into many pieces. He was for this brought to the Lords, whence Order is given to make him close prisoner, and to bar him of pen and ink.'

Two more innovations are recorded on November 10th:

'Dr. Chamberlayne, the Man Midwife, endeavoured to erect a Lecture of Midwifery, which he would have read in his house to the licensed Midwives of London, for which he was to have one shilling for every child born in the city and suburbs of London: other conditions for his advantage he subjoined to this, as bargaining beforehand for his fee in a case of necessity, when he was called. But it would receive no passage from the Bishop of London, who licenses all the midwives of London, nor yet from the College of Physicians. Here is also another project for carrying people up and down in close chairs, for the sole doing whereof, Sir Sander Duncombe, a traveller, now a pensioner, hath obtained a patent from the King, and hath forty or fifty making ready for use.'

[The Sedan Chair and the Hackney Coach were thus almost contemporaneous in their introduction into England. According to Evelyn, Sir Sanders Duncombe imported the idea from Venice; but it is usually asserted that the Duke of Buckingham had had a Sedan in use some years before, and that it had greatly incensed the mind of the populace, who exclaimed that he was employing his fellow-creatures to do the work of beasts. The new mode rapidly became fashionable. It was in a Sedan Chair that Charles I. was conveyed to Whitehall the day before his execution.]

Here is a curious bit of gossip (January 11th, 1634):

'Young Desmond, who married one of the co-heirs of Sir Miles Stanhope, came one morning to York House, where his wife had lived with the Duchess during his two years' absence beyond the seas, and hurried her away half undressed, much against her will, into a coach, and so carried her away into Leicestershire. At Brickhall he lodged, when she in the night put herself into milk-maid's clothes, and had likely to have made her escape, but was discovered. Maud Christian, whom your lordship knows, said, That my Lord of Desmond was the first that ever she heard of, that ran away with his own wife. Long were they not away, but up they come again, agreed, and jointly petition the King. In the first place, he, that his Majesty would please to mediate for him to the Duchess of Buckingham for her pardon, having uncivilly and in a barbarous fashion taken his wife out of her house. Then both humbly entreated his Majesty that they might have their fortune to live on, which is her lands' fifteen hundred pounds a year, which my Lord Denbigh and his Lady kept from them, and would allow them scarce five hundred pounds a year to live on: This I hear the King hath yielded unto, for she was the King's Ward.'

A bit of diplomatic fooling:

'There are two noble gentlemen designed to go Ambas-

sadors; the Viscount Sligo into France, and the Lord Ashton into Spain. Mr. Porter is newly returned from Brussels; he carried a letter from the King to the Infant Cardinal, but brought none back. Mr. Secretary Coke drew the letter in French (your friend and mine, my Lord Cottington, thinking it fitter to have been written in English or Latin) and gave the Cardinal no style but *Vous*, which the Spaniards abhor, a kind of Thouing of one, whereas he expected *Altesse Royal*, or at least *Altesse*. This omission was taken so ill there, that they would have returned a letter without the style of Majesty, which Mr. Porter absolutely refused. A week almost was spent there, after he had taken his leave, to accommodate this business, but it would not be done; so he came away without it.'

How the course of true love does not always run smooth: 'At the end of Christmas was married by the Archbishop of Canterbury my Lord Chamberlain's eldest son to the Lady Mary Villiers, daughter to the Duke of Buckingham, in the closet at Whitehall. It was done privately, and few invited, and sooner than was intended, by reason the young lady began to affect the younger brother, Philip Herbert, and of herself had moved the Chamberlain that she might marry him, saying, he did apply himself to her more than my Lord Herbert did. But the Duchess chid her out of that humour, and now she is married, that affection will vanish.'

[The Lady Mary Villiers, at the time of her marriage to Lord Charles Herbert, was only eleven years old. Their marriage took place on the 8th of January, 1634, and was celebrated by Davenant in verses of little merit. The youthful husband died at Florence in the following year; and the twelve years' old widow was brought up along with the King's children, until, in 1641, she was married by Charles's desire to his kinsman, James Stuart, Duke of Richmond and Lennox. Left a second time a widow in

1655, she found a third husband in brave Thomas Howard, who died in 1678. She herself survived until 1685. While she was a child-widow she became the heroine of a pretty little episode which is pleasantly described by Madame Dunois:

'One day she had climbed a tree in the Royal Gardens to gather some fruit. As nobody was permitted to enter its precincts, this circumstance, together with her black garb and long veil, which spread over the boughs of the tree, made the King, who perceived her at a distance, imagine that some strange bird was perched among the foliage. Mr. Porter, a young courtier, and much in favour with the King, on account of his handsome person, and entertaining manners, was in attendance. Knowing him to be an excellent shot, the King pointed to the supposed bird, and desired him to kill it. Mr. Porter, looking for some time towards the place, and finding the bird out of range, told the King he would take his fusee, and in a moment bring him the prize. But he was ready to die with laughter when, on approaching the tree, he discovered Lady Mary. She smiled at him with an innocent air, and pelted him with the fruit she had gathered; whilst he took more particular notice than he had ever done before of her beauty, the clearness of her complexion, and the brightness of her eyes. "What have you got there, Porter?" she inquired: "what, can't you speak? are you bewitched?" "Oh, madam," he replied, "did you know what brought me here, you would be sensible I have sufficient reason to be surprised. The King happening to catch sight of you in the garden, and mistaking you for a bird, you may guess on what errand I was sent here." "What!" cried she, "to kill me?" "Yes, to kill you, Madam," answered he; "and I promised to take to the King some of your feathers." "Ha, ha, ha," she cried, laughing, "you must be as good as your word. We will play a merry game with him. I will put myself into a large hamper, and be carried into his apartment." She

sent him immediately for a hamper; and one of her gentlemen taking hold of it, and Mr. Porter of the other end, they carried her along, while Mr. Porter made her a thousand pretty speeches, to which she replied with great vivacity. In this manner she passed her time pleasantly enough in the hamper, until Mr. Porter, presenting it to the King, told him he had had the good fortune to catch the big bird alive; and that it was so beautiful he should never have forgiven himself if he had killed it. His Majesty, eager to see it, opened the hamper, and the young beauty, suddenly clasping her arms round his neck, gave him a most agreeable surprise.']

On July 30th, 1635, our gossip writes:

"We have had a very dry summer here in England, insomuch that hay is sold at £5 to £6 a load; the upper grounds bear scarce any grass, but for this last fortnight we have had good store of rain. Wheat was at eight shillings the bushel, but now the prices both of hay and corn fall again. The people also about London this dry season have been apt to hang themselves; two or three fearful examples of men of mean quality we have had this month. My Lord Keeper found one in the act. Going to his house one evening to Canbury, he caused him to be cut down, put him in his coach, and brought him to his house, when he came to himself again. The next day my Lord set his chaplain to examine the cause, and to comfort him; but he would not acknowledge any such fact of his, though they showed him the ring about his neck caused by the rope.'

Here is a note relative to the water supply of London (September, 1635):

'There is a lottery going up at London; Sir Henry Mildmay and Alderman Hammersley have, by his Majesty's command, the oversight of it. It is to raise £4,000 or £5,000 for the bringing of water in a covered arched vault from

above Hodsdon [Hoddesdon], seventeen miles from London, to the city and to Whitehall, A project of Mr. Gage's, which he had in contemplation these seven years. It is he that hath obtained this lottery to advance that public work, although he and his partners will go away with the profit.'

In the following month we read of the success of the Lottery:

'I told your lordship of a lottery set up in Smithfield for the advancement of a water-works, undertaken by Mr. Gage. In twelve days it was drawn dry, every prize gotten by some one or other. The people were so mad of it, no Lotteries having been in London for these many years past, that they flocked from all parts of the city. A broker in Long Lane had in those twelve days it stood there 360 clocks pawned to him, all which money was thrown into that lottery. They have gained £4,000 clear by it, and now having provided new prizes, they have set it up in the borough of Southwark.'

In his monthly letter for December, 1635, Garrard encloses what he calls 'a rare piece,' a letter of the Viscount Wimbledon, written to the Mayor of Portsmouth:

'MR. MAYOR AND THE REST OF YOUR BRETHREN,

'Whereas at my last being at Portsmouth, I did recommend the beautifying of your streets by setting in the signs of your Inns to the houses, as they are in all civil towns, so now I must recommend it to you more earnestly in regard of his Majesty's figure or statue, that it hath pleased his Majesty to honour your town more than any other, so that these signs of your inns do not only obscure his Majesty's figure, but outface it, as you yourselves may well perceive. Therefore I desire you all, that you will see that such an inconveniency be not suffered; but that you will cause against the next spring, that it be redressed, for

any disgrace offered his Majesty's figure is as much as to himself. To which end, I will and command all the officers and soldiers *not to pass by it without putting off their hats.* I hope I shall need to use no other authority to make you do it, for that it concerneth your obedience to have it done, especially now you are told of it by myself. Therefore I will say no more, but wish health to you all, and so rest,

'Your assured loving friend,

'WIMBLEDON.'

'Oct. 22, 1635.'

That the medical practice of the day was sufficiently rough—not to say barbarous—and, one would suppose, much more likely to kill than cure, we infer from the following experiences of Lord Cottington (January, 1635):

'Your friend and mine, my Lord Cottington, hath not been well. He took, a fortnight before Christmas, a great cold, with his going abroad, and, keeping on ill diet, eating cheese and salt meats, he increased it. After Christmas day was over, he would needs go to Hanworth, was overthrown in a coach in Brainford town, where he sprained his leg about the ankle, yet went on it. The next day he would out a hawking in raw cold weather, staying out long and late. Sitting by the fire, his leg began to ache, yet complained not much; at bedtime he retired, but before morning he and all with him concurred it was the gout. A hot piece of sheep's skin they applied; then other medicines. I know not what tobacco leaves they applied to it; it raged so that it made him sick and feverish. Dr. Baskerville is sent for; he lets him bleed; and within two days brings him to London. I then saw him much worse than when he went from home. Mayence, Baskerville, Moore, and Winston fall to consultation. They agree, by glysters, purges, and a plaister on his breast to free him for the present of this phlegm and viscous matter that he continually spits up, and for the future to make an issue in his arm, to carry those defluxions that they fall not on his

lungs. This they have done, and God hath blessed their endeavours; so that, I thank God, he is pretty well again.'

The same letter furnishes an illustration of the extent to which our ancestors carried their Christmas mummeries and revels in an age which was much less serious than our own, an age better provided with leisure for holiday-making, and a riper temper for enjoying it:

'The Middle House Temple have set up a Prince, who carries himself in great state, one Mr. Vivian, a Cornish gentleman, whose father, Sir Francis Vivian, was fined in the Star-Chamber about a castle he held in Cornwall, about three years since. He hath all his great officers attending him, Lord Keeper, Lord Treasurer, eight white Staves at the least, Captain of his Pensioners, Captain of his Guard, two Chaplains who on Sunday last preached before him, and in the pulpit made there bow legs to his excellency before they began, *which is much laughed at.* My Lord Chamberlain lent him two fine Cloths of State, one hung up in the Hall under which he dines, the other in his Privy Chamber; he is served on the knee, and all that come to see him kiss his hand on their knees. My Lord of Salisbury hath sent him pole-axes for his pensioners. He sent to My Lord of Holland, his justice in Eyre, for venison, which he willingly sends him; to the Lord Mayor and Sheriff of London for wine: all obey. Twelfth day was a great day. Going to the Chapel many petitions were delivered him, which he gave to his Masters of the Requests. He hath a favourite, whom, with some others, gentlemen of great quality, he knighted at his return from Church, and dined in great state. At the going out of the chambers into the garden, when he drank the King's health, the glass being at his mouth, he let it fall, which much defaced his purple satin suit—for so he was clothed that day, having a cloak of the same down to his foot, for he mourns for his father who lately died. It costs this Prince

£2,000 out of his own purse; I know of no other design, but that all this is done to make them fit to give the Prince Elector a loyal entertainment, with masks, dancings, and some other exercises of wit, in orations or arraignments, that day that they invite him.'

Of the end of this gorgeous mummery we hear in Garrard's next letter:—

'The Wednesday before (Shrove Tuesday) the Prince of the Temple invited the Prince Elector and his brother to a masque at the Temple, which was very completely fitted for the variety of the scenes, and excellently well performed. Thither came the Queen with three of her ladies disguised, all clad in the attire of citizens; Mrs. Basset, the great lace-woman of Cheapside, went foremost, and led the Queen by the hand. My Lords of Holland and Goring, with Henry Percey and Mr. Henry Jermyn, waited on them somewhat disguised also. This done, the Prince was deposed, but since the King knighted him at Whitehall.'

Writing in March, 1686, he tells us something concerning Archbishop Laud and the poor Players:

'Upon a little abatement of the Plague, even in the first week of Lent, the Players set up their Bills and began to play in the Blackfriars and other Houses. But my Lord of Canterbury quickly reduced them to a better order; for, at the next meeting at Council his Grace complained of it to the King, declared the solemnity of Lent, the unfitness of that liberty to be given, both in respect of the time and the sickness, which was not extinguished in the city, concluding that if his Majesty did not command him to the contrary, he would lay them by the heels if they played again. My Lord Chamberlain stood up and said, that my Lord's Grace and he served one God and one King; that he hoped his Grace would not meddle in his place no more than he did in his; that Players were under his command. My Lord's Grace replied, that what he had spoken no ways touched upon his place, etc., still concluding as he had done

before, which he did with some vehemency reiterate once or twice. The King put an end to the business by commanding my Lord Chamberlain that they should play no more.'

References to the Plague are of frequent occurrence. Writing on March 22nd, Garrard says:

'In the beginning of March, there died one hundred of the Plague; then nothing but talking of removing from London, besides much in the country near the King's houses, at Hampton, Chelsea, Brentford, everywhere westward more or less. But, God be thanked, these two last weeks it abates; this present week there died in the total 222, whereof of the Plague 65. And there is great hopes conceived, that this dry cold weather will, by the mercy of God, extinguish it.'

The want of newspapers of the modern type led the correspondents of that age to gather up in their lengthy sheets of gossip—once or twice a month—those 'moving accidents,' and 'sad occurrences,' and 'frightful catastrophes' which now fall to the province of the indefatigible penny-a-liner. Yet it is not easy to understand what pleasure the Lord Deputy, with the rule of a kingdom on his shoulder, could find in such a paragraph as the following (from Garrard's letter, April 28, 1637):

'We had one strange week presently after I writ last; in this place divers killed and hanged themselves, all in one week, which made it more remarkable. A vintner in Grace Church Street, a rich man near to, because his wife angered him with scolding, cut his throat and died, his name Burton, a Yorkshire man. Another, a young man who was heir to a very good fortune, because his uncle would not allow him for his expenses what he desired, hanged himself in his chamber. A maid of Mr. Basset, the great lace man in Cheapside, being troubled in conscience for deceiving her master when she was his apprentice, cut her throat, or

endeavoured it, but she escaped death. A young gentleman in the Inner Temple shot himself with a pistol, but escaped; the bullet mounted, and went out at his shoulder; he did it because he had spent his means, and did not know how to live. . The last was one Mr. Shirley, a Bachelor of Divinity of Trinity College in Cambridge, who had been tutor at least to an hundred pupils. At this time he had thirty and odd Fellows and Scholars of that College to whom he had been tutor. He dined in Cheapside with two of his scholars in some friend's house, ate well, took tobacco after dinner, went down to take horse to go that night to Ware, but went back to his chamber, saying he had left something behind him, where, with his canonical girdle upon a tack, where he used to hang his cloak, he hanged himself; was very warm when he was cut down, his flesh quivered, but neither the art of physicians nor surgeons could get life in him.'

On the 24th of July, Garrard writes of an event of greater public importance:

'Some few days after the end of June, in the Palace-yard, two pillories were erected, and then the sentence of Star-Chamber against Burton, Bastwicke, and Pryune was executed. They stood three hours in the pillory; Burton by himself, being degraded in the High Commission Court three days before. The place was full of people, who cried and howled terribly, especially when Burton was cropped. Dr. Bastwick was very merry; his wife, Dr. Poe's daughter, got a stool, kissed him; his ears being cut off, she called for them, and put them in a clean handkerchief, and carried them away with her. Bastwick told the people, the Lords had Collar-days at Court, but this was his Collar-day, rejoicing even much in it. Since, warrants are sent from the Lords to the Sheriffs of the several counties where they are to be imprisoned, to receive them and see them placed.'

[Few incidents revealed more clearly the growth of a strong popular feeling against the arbitrary policy of Charles and his advisers than this barbarous scene in Palace-yard.

Prynne, untamed by suffering, published a violent attack upon Laud's system of Church Government; and very similar pamphlets were almost simultaneously issued by Burton, a clergyman, and Dr. Bastwick, a physician. The three agitators were summoned before the Star Chamber, at first on a charge of high treason, and when the judges advised that this could not be maintained, on a charge of felony. They were ordered to put in their defence immediately, on pain of being considered to have acknowledged their guilt. They replied that they had been deprived of pen, ink, and paper. The materials were furnished; but they were warned that their declarations must be signed by counsel, while for several days the advocates they had chosen were not allowed access to them. They asked permission to attach their own signatures, but the harsh condition was insisted upon. 'My lords,' exclaimed Prynne, 'you ask what is impossible.' Eventually, they were sentenced to stand in the pillory, to lose their ears, to pay a fine of £500, and to be imprisoned for life.

When Prynne lost his ears in 1634, the public made no sign; but in 1637 a vast and excited crowd gathered round the place of punishment, and strewed herbs and flowers before the martyrs of the pillory, as if they were conquerors fresh from the honours of some well-fought field. One might have thought it a great popular holiday. The prisoners bore themselves bravely, and held free converse with the people. Bastwick, as we have seen, was 'pleasant and witty' all the time. Prynne protested his innocence of the crimes laid to his charge. Mr. Burton declared that the pillory was the happiest pulpit he had ever preached from. A couple of hours having passed, the hangman began to cut off his ears. 'There were very many people,' says a contemporary. 'They wept and

grieved much for Mr. Burton, and, at the cutting off of each ear, there was such a roaring as if every one of them had at the same instant lost an ear.' A young man, as he gazed on the brutal scene, was like to faint. 'My son,' said Burton, 'why are you pale? My heart is not weak; and if I needed more strength, God would not let me want it.' A kindly hand gave Bastwick a posy, on which a bee alighted. 'See,' he cried, 'this poor bee; on the very pillory it comes to suck the honey of the flowers; and I, shall I not taste the honey of Jesus Christ?' He lent to the hangman his knife; and, calling into requisition his medical knowledge, taught him how to cut off his ears quickly, and to lop them so close to the head that 'he might come there no more.' The hangman next hacked away at Prynne's ears, which had been roughly cropped three years before, inflicting terrible pain; but the stout Puritan endured it without a groan. And when the three sufferers returned to their prisons, they went attended by the applause and sympathy of the multitude. So profound and so extensive was the feeling of compassion, so mingled was it with a sentiment of admiration, that it was deemed prudent to remove them to the most inaccessible places of captivity; and Prynne was despatched to Jersey, Burton to Guernsey, and Bastwick to the Scilly Isles.]

The manners of the young nobility showed a good deal of licence, and their hot blood frequently broke bounds:

'The Lord Lumley,' says Garrard, 'had a strange mischance befal him, the Lord Savage being with him in a coach: in a strait (narrow) lane, his coachman unadvisedly pressed upon some gentlemen afoot, so that he gave them much offence, young Mohun and one Burrows the herald's son. Young Mohun struck at the coachman with his cane, the coachman lashed at him with his whip: he instantly drew his sword, ran the coachman often through, hurt the Lord Lumley through the arm; which made a great combustion in the place. Though it was early in the morning,

yet it was conceived those young men were in drink. Both of them are by the Lord Lumley brought into the Star Chamber; yet the Lord Mohun's wife makes great means to have the business taken (hushed) up.'

I have confined myself in my quotations almost entirely to social subjects; but here are two passages from the Lord Deputy's letters of a very suggestive character, if there be truth in the adage that history repeats itself. The question of a Royal Residence in Ireland is often discussed. It was anticipated by Wentworth:

'His Majesty will justify me,' he writes (Dublin, September 27, 1637), 'that at my last being in England, I acquainted him with a purpose I had to build him a house at the Naas, it being unseemly his Majesty should not have one here of his own, capable to lodge him with moderate conveniency (which in truth as yet he has not) in case he might be pleased sometimes hereafter to look upon this kingdom. . . His Majesty seemed to be pleased with all, whereupon I procured and have in a manner finished it.'

The 'original sin' theory of the Irish character may seem to find some confirmation in Wentworth's strong expressions (Dublin, May 15, 1637):

'There is a nation of the Irish the whilst, that wander abroad, most of them criminous, all loudly affected people, that forth of an unjust yet habitual hatred to the English Government, delight to have it believed, and themselves pitied, as persecuted forth of their country, and ravished of their means for their religion only; stirring and inciting all they can to Blood and Rebellion, and keeping themselves in countenance, by taking upon them to be Grand Signiors, and boasting and entitling themselves to great territories, whose very names were scarcely heard of by their indigent parents.'

We return to Gossip Garrard, who, in his letter of

October 9th, 1637, records many particulars of exceptional interest. For instance, how much is recalled by its very first paragraph, with its jumble of news!

'Looking on my diary, I find a son of my Lord Warwick's, Henry Rich, drowned in the Low Countries; Breda besieged; a Whelp, whereof Mr. Popham was Captain, sunk in the sea, being one of my Lord of Northumberland's fleet; Sir Henry Calthorp, Attorney of the Court of Wards, dead; the Duke of Sussex married, great gifts, £5,000 in a white satin purse, a great necklace of pearl, with a pearl chain, and other jewels, given to them by the Duchess of Richmond; the Duchess of Sussex dead in Scotland; Ben Jonson dead in England; a ballad made of the events sung to the King when he was in the New Forest, . . . horrible ado against the Bishops in Scotland for seeking to bring in amongst them our Church Service; strange flocking of the people after Burton, when he removed from the Fleet toward Lancaster Castle. Mr. Ingram, sub-warden of the Fleet, told the King that there were not less than one hundred thousand people gathered together to see him pass by, betwixt Smithfield and Baron's Well, which is two miles beyond Highgate. His wife went along in a coach, having much money thrown to her as she passed along.'

'The great ship of the King's, built in the great dock at Woolwich, which is 1,637 tons, built in the same year of our Lord, not by design, but yet it is so fallen out, is named *The Sovereign*. Both King and Queen at the last Full of the Moon went to see her launched, but it could not then be done, the tides not falling so great as they expected; but the next spring-tides they hope to do it. She is the goodliest ship that was ever built in England. The length of her keel is 128 feet, her main breadth and wideness from side to side 48 feet, her length from the fore-and of the beak-head unto the after-end of the stern, *a prora ad puppim*, 232 feet. She is in height, from the bottom of the keel to the top of her lanthorn, 76 feet. She beareth five lanthorns, hath three flush-decks, a forecastle,

one half-deck, a quarter-deck, and a round-house. She carries 144 great guns of several sorts, cannon, deck cannon, culverin, murdering pieces, besides a great many loop-holes out of cabins for musket-shot and chase-ordnance. She carrieth eleven anchors, one weighing 4,400 pounds, and according to those are her cables, masts, sails, and cordage. My Lord Northumberland had the happiness to light on the name which most pleased the King, *The Sovereign.*'

This ship, designed and built by Phineas Pett, was christened at first 'The Sovereign of the Seas,' afterwards changed to 'The Royal Sovereign.' Some of her ports were never mounted; and she carried, therefore, in reality, not more than 106 guns.

'I mentioned before an attempt to bring in our English Church-Service into Scotland, which made a great hubbub there, and was repelled with much violence by the common people, though women appeareth most in the action, flinging their stools at the Bishop, and rending his episcopal garments off him, as he went forth of the Church, others flinging stones at him in the streets, so that if the Earl of Roxburgh had not sought to quiet them, and receive him into his coach, they had stoned him to death. A second attempt hath been made, of which fresh news is come thence to the Court, wherein they have sped worse. Besides, some of the nobles, and many of the gentry and better sort appear in it, who withstand it with greater violence than before, so that there is no hope that it will be effected.'

[While England had adhered to Episcopacy, because the Anglican Reformation had been effected with the sanction and assistance of the bishops, in Scotland the Episcopal form of Church Government had lost the confidence of the people, because the Scotch prelates had strenuously opposed the great Protestant movement. Early in the 17th century, however, James replaced the bishops on the sacerdotal

thrones from which they had been summarily deposed, because he needed their aid in ruling the clergy; but the people and the clergy remained Presbyterian, having embraced the New Doctrine, as taught by Calvin, with all the force and tenacity of the Scotch character. The ceremonies still dear to the majority of Englishmen they rejected as the rags and tatters of Papistry; and it was with difficulty James had persuaded the clergy to observe Easter and Christmas, and to retain the kneeling attitude at prayer. He had prudently refrained from attempting more. But in their passion for uniformity, Charles and Laud could not rest until they had imposed a liturgy upon the Scottish Church. They took into their counsels some of the Scottish Bishops, who proceeded to draw up a Prayer-Book on the model of the Anglican, but more distinctly adverse to the Calvinistic teaching. It was revised by Laud, approved by the King, and ordered to be introduced into all the churches of Scotland. On the 23rd of July, 1637, the Dean of Edinburgh attempted to read the new service-book for the first time in St. Giles's Cathedral. He had scarcely began, when the women present broke out into a storm of wrath. It is said that stools were hurled at the head of the officiating priest. At the end of one of the prayers a man said, 'Amen.' 'Dost thou say mass in my lug (ear)?' exclaimed a virago, and dashed her Bible in his face. In a few weeks the whole country was ablaze with religious strife. Sixty-eight petitions were presented to the King by the Duke of Lennox. The outbreak was encouraged by the nobles, who feared that Charles would compel them to restore the lands which they had confiscated from the ancient Church, and by patriots who objected not so much to a liturgical form of prayers as to a form sent from England.]

Amongst Strafford's gossiping correspondents was Lord Conway. Writing to him in October, 1637, he tells a story of Sir Toby Matthew—son of the Archbishop of York

and a pervert to Rome—knighted by James I.—and author of a 'Life of St. Teresa,' and a translation of St. Augustine's 'Confessions':

'My Lord of Newport was so fierce in complaining for his wife being made a Papist, that the matter was debated at the Council-Table, when the King did use such words of Wat Montague and Sir Toby Matthew, that the fright made Wat keep his chamber longer than his sickness would have detained him, and Don Tobiah was in such perplexity that I find he will make a very ill man to be a martyr, but now the dog doth again wag his tail.

'The other day, he having infinitely praised chocolate, my Lady of Carlisle desired that she might see some with an intent to taste it. He brought it, and in her chamber made ready a cup full, poured out one half and drank it, and liked that so well that he drank up the rest—my Lady expecting when she should have had a part, had no share but the laughter.'

Mr. Garrard again (November 9th, 1637):

'There is newly presented to the King a book written by one Chillingworth, of the University of Oxford, and born in Oxford—a book long promised and expected; the title, *The Religion of Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation.* I should be very sorry if it were not so. It hath endured many trials, and now comes out licensed by the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, by Dr. Prideaux and Dr. Fell, the two professors of Divinity. I have read some part of it, and like it well.

'There are to be two Masques this winter, one at Christmas, which the King with the young Noblesse do make; the other at Shrovetide, which the Queen and her ladies do present to the King. A great room is now in building, only for this use, betwixt the Guard-Chamber and Banqueting-House, of fir, only weather-boarded, and slightly covered.'*

* It cost £2,500, and was built because the King would not have his pictures in the Banqueting-house hurt with lights.

With reference to Chillingworth's great work we afterwards read (December 16th, 1637):

'Mr. Chillingworth, for writing his book, to be Lady Margaret Lecturer in Oxford, to which is annexed a Prebendary in Worcester, with six-score pound a year.'

Here is a romantic story:

'A grandchild of Vanlooe's, rich Peter Vanlooe, was to be married to a son of Sir Thomas Read's—he who lay seven years in the Fleet, and spent but 18d. a week; he lives now at Brocket Hall, near Hatfield.* Read hath estated upon this second son of his £1,500 a year, and a match was intended with Mrs. Vanlooe, who had a portion of £4,000 and £400 a year, after the death of her father, young Peter. Monday, the 11th of this month (December), they were to be married. The day before, in the afternoon, she sends to speak with one Mr. Alexander, a third son of the Earl of Stirling, Secretary of Scotland here. He comes, finds her at cards, Mr. Read sitting by her; she whispers him in his ear, asking him if he had a coach (he was of her acquaintance before). He said, yes. She desired Mr. Read to play her game, and went to her chamber, Mr. Alexander going with her. Being there, she told him that to satisfy her friends, she had given way to marry the gentleman he saw, but her affection was more (inclined) to him; if his were so to her, she would instantly go away with him in his coach and be married. So he carried her to Greenwich, where they were married by six that evening.'

And now for a pathetic story:

'My worst news comes last—the death of the Lady of Northumberland, who died the 6th of this month of the small-pox. She was about seven weeks gone with child, whereof she miscarried two days after the pox appeared in

* In recent times famous as the residence of Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston.

her face, so that they never came out kindly after. She was a virtuous and religious young lady, so apt and well fitted for him,* which by his wisdom he had wrought her to, that hardly he will find the like. All the time of her sickness I was an eye-witness of his love and care of her; never out of her chamber, seldom from her bedside, not parting from her till all the visible signs of death were on her, about one hour and an half before she expired. He took her death most heavily: Passion hath the least outward power of him of any man I know, yet in this it had got on him a great mastery. My Lord Conway and I never left him: bad comforters both, for he held his peace, and I could not tell what to say; in these things time doth all. . . He intended a solemn funeral and a costly one, which would have been a fortnight in preparing, but my Lord of Salisbury made it his earnest suit to him to do it with all speed and privacy, especially since she died of that disease, and that two of his daughters were sick of the same disease in the house; which was yielded unto. So she was embalmed, sent in a barge to Sion, from whence his servants attended to Petworth, where she is interred.'

A literary and a dramatic item:

'Sir Toby Matthew hath written two Characters, one formerly on the Lady Carlisle, another lately on our Queen, of which he is so enamoured, that he will have it translated into all languages, and sent abroad. I find none to put that value upon it that he doth himself; it is held a ridiculous piece.

'Two of the King's Servants, Privy Chamber both, have writ each of them a play, Sir John Suckling and Will Barclay, which have been acted in Court, and at the Blackfriars, with much applause. Suckling's play cost £300 or £400 setting out; eight or ten suits of new clothes be gave the players; an unheard of prodigality.'

* This was Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, who, both as Admiral and General. did good service to the State. His sympathies, politically, were with the Constitutional Party.

Suckling's play was his 'Aglaura:' of Barclay's I can find no trace.

Writing on the 20th of March, Garrard says:

'Archy is fallen into a great misfortune: a fool he would be, but a foul-mouthed knave he hath proved himself. Being in a tavern in Westminster, drunk, he saith himself, he was speaking of the Scottish business, he fell a railing on my Lord of Canterbury, said he was a monk, a rogue, and a traitor. Of this his Grace complained to the Council, the King being present: it was ordered he should be carried to the Porter's lodge, his coat pulled over his ears, and (he) kicked out of the Court, never to enter within the gates, and to be called into the Star-Chamber. The first part is done, but my Lord of Canterbury hath interceded to the King, that there it should end. There is a new Fool in his place, Muckle John, but he will ne'er be so rich, for he cannot abide money.'

[Archie, or Archibald Armstrong, had held the position of Court Fool or Jester for several years. He came to England some time in the reign of James I., who took infinite delight in the jester's shrewd and epigrammatic utterances. There was a good deal of the pawky humour of the Scotch about the man, and his courage was not inferior to his sagacity. When James told him that he had granted permission to Prince Charles to undertake the celebrated Spanish expedition, he boldly answered, 'I must change caps with your Majesty?' 'Why?' asked the King. 'Why, who sent the Prince into Spain?' 'But supposing,' continued the King, 'that the Prince should come safely back again?' 'Why, in that case,' replied Archie, 'I will take my cap from my head, and send it to the King of Spain.'

Archie, in due time, followed the Prince to Madrid, and enjoyed the pleasures of the Spanish capital as fully as any of the young English nobles whom the Prince's presence

had attracted thither. He found favour in the eyes of the Infanta and her ladies, and jested merrily with them; but their women's tongues were frequently silenced by his caustic wit. One day they were extolling the gallantry of the Duke of Bavaria, who, with an inferior force, had defeated the army of King James's son-in-law, the Elector Palatine. 'I will tell you a strange thing,' said he; 'is it not more singular that one hundred and forty ships should have sailed from Spain to attack England, and that not ten of them should have returned to tell what became of the rest?'

Archie had all the dislike of a North countryman and a Presbyterian for Archbishop Laud, and never missed an opportunity of discharging his barbed arrows at that powerful prelate. On one occasion, he asked permission to say grace at a dinner where Laud was among the foremost; 'Great praise,' he said, 'be to God; and *little Laud* to the Devil.' The stool thrown at the Dean of Edinburgh's head when he attempted to read Laud's Service-Book in the Church of St. Giles, he called 'the stool of repentance.' Meeting the Archbishop, soon afterwards, on his way to the council-chamber, 'Ah,' said he, 'who's the fool now? When brought before the Council to atone for the last insolence he had offered the Archbishop, he pleaded 'the privilege of his cloth.' The order for his dismissal, to which Garrard refers, is dated March 11th, 1637, and runs as follows: 'It is this day ordered by his Majesty, with the advice of the Board, that Archibald Armstrong, the King's fool, for certain scandalous words of a high nature, spoken by him against the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, his Grace, and proved to be uttered by him by two witnesses, shall have his coat pulled over his head, and be discharged of the King's service, and banished the Court; for which the Lord Chamberlain of the King's household is prayed and required to give order to be executed. And immediately the same was put into execution.'

After his disgrace, Archie retired to his reputed place of

birth, Arshurst, in Cumberland, where he died in 1772 at a ripe old age. The volume known as 'Archie's Jests' has no more to do with the Court Fool than Tom Miller's had with the old comedian. But his portrait faces the title-page, and under it is a rhyming inscription which bears testimony to his success in his vocation:

'Archie, by Kings and Princes famed of late,
Jested himself into a fair estate;
And, in this book, doth to his friends commend,
His jeers, taunts, tales, which no man can offend.'

Archie was, indeed, one of the most fortunate of jesters. James I. granted him a monopoly of the manufacture of tobacco-pipes. The city of Aberdeen bestowed upon him the honour of its freedom.

Of the pretensions put forward by the servants of the great nobles, and their audacious violations of law and order, the chronicles of the time afford numerous examples. Here is an illustration from the pages of our friend Garrard, who, though appointed Master of the Charterhouse in 1637, had continued to furnish Strafford with a monthly budget of news:

'One Carr, a servant of Marquis Hamilton's, was arrested before Wallingford House, which bred a mighty tumult. The sergeant carried him into a house near Charing Cross, whither flocked many of the Marquis's servants and others, burst open the house, setting ladders to it to unglaze and untile it, got in, beat the sergeants, so that one of them died since, threatened to blow up the house with gun-powder, took the prisoner, brought him forth, and, with swords drawn, conducted him to Whitehall, and there put him in. The King resented this very ill, and hath caused his proclamation since to be published for apprehending the principals, who were the murtherers and chief causers and fomenters of this unlawful assembly, who in their madness neither regarded the justices, constables, nor any other whatsoever.'

Garrard continued his letters, but they seem not to have been preserved by the Lord Deputy, who, involved in affairs of State which tasked even his boldness of resolution and activity of intellect, probably gave scant attention to the items of personal news so much affected by his gossiping correspondent.

APPENDIX.

NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

Page 1. Lord Howard of Effingham was created Earl of Nottingham in 1596.

Page 2. Sir Dudley Carleton was raised to the peerage in 1621, as Viscount Dorchester.

Page 6, line 8, *for* 'fuller' *read* 'future.'

Page 12, line 4, *for* 'Charles I.' *read* 'Prince Charles.'

Page 21 (note). Middleton's play was tremendously popular. 'I doubt not,' writes a contemporary scribe, 'but you have heard of our famous play of "Gondomar," which hath been followed with extraordinary curiosity, and frequented by all sorts of people, old and young, rich and poor, masters and servants, papists, wise men, Churchmen, and Scotsmen.' And he adds, 'but to obtain a place, it was necessary to be at the theatre as early as one o'clock,' or about two hours before the usual time of beginning. Its nine representations (it is said, perhaps with exaggeration) brought in the large amount of £1,500. When the play was suppressed, author and actors were summoned before the Privy Council. Middleton thought it advisable to go into hiding; the players received 'a round and sharp reproof,' and were bound in £300 to be on their good behaviour. According to one authority, Middleton was imprisoned; but this is improbable, as the play had been duly licensed, and both he and the players seem to have escaped actual punishment.

Page 24, line 26, *for* 'gentlemen' *read* 'gentleman.'

Page 31, line 4, *for* 'Burham' *read* 'Barham.'

Page 43, last line but one, *read* 'where' *for* 'when.'

Page 40. The reference is to Francis Peck's 'Desiderata Curiosa; or, a Collection of Scarce Pieces relating to English History,' edit. 1779 (2 vols. in 1, 4to.).

Page 47. See Richard Baxter's 'Reliquiæ Baxterianæ; a Narrative of his Life and Times, written by himself' (ed. Sylvester), 1696.

Page 48. See Sir Thomas Herbert's 'Memoirs of the Two Last Years of Charles I.' (edit. 1702, including Colonel Cooke's and Firebrace's 'Narratives').

Page 50. See Neal's 'History of the Puritans' (ed. by Dr. Toulmin, 1822).

Page 52. See Sir John Berkeley's 'Memoirs; containing an Account of his Negotiation for Restoring Charles I.,' in the *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. ix. Also published separately, in 1699. See also Ludlow's 'Memoirs.'

Page 55. Dr. Henry Hammond, Vicar of Penshurst, was a theologian of great repute. His 'Thirty-one Sermons on Several Occasions' were reprinted in the Anglican Library, in 1849. His works are comprised in 4 vols., folio, ed. 1684.

Page 56. See John Ashburnham's 'Narrative of his Attendance on Charles I.,' edit. 1830.

Page 65, line 3, *for* 'restriction' *read* 'restrictions.'

Page 67, line 11. George Sandys (1577-1644) published his paraphrases of the Psalms and the Song of Solomon in 1636 and 1642; Edward Fairfax (d. 1632) his 'Godfrey of Bullogne' in 1600; and Sir John Harrington (1534-1582) his translation of the 'Orlando Furioso' in 1591. Robert Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, wrote his 'De furamenti Obligatione' in 1647.

Page 67, line 8 from bottom, *for* 'despair' *read* 'despise.'

Page 74 (note), *for* 'See *ante*, Chapter I.,' *read* 'See pp. 21, 22.'

Page 78, line 6, *for* 'pickshank' *read* 'pickthank.'

Page 88. The reference is to the 'Indictment, Arraignment, Tryal, and Judgement at large of 29 Regicides of Charles I., begun 9th October, 1660.' See also Howell's 'State Trials,' and 'England's Black Tribunal; containing, The Trial of King Charles I., the Loyal Martyrology, the Loyal Confessors, etc., with Historical Preface, by a True Churchman,' 1737.

Page 91 (note), *for* 'Burghill' *read* 'Broghill.'

Page 100, line 5 from bottom, *for* 'Coltin' *read* 'Cotton.'

Page 117 (note †), *for* 'Falieri,' *read* 'Faliero.'

Page 123, line 4, *for* 'Branden' *read* 'Brandon.'

Page 126. The following are the titles of some of the most curious *brochures* on the subject of the execution of Charles I.:

The Imprisonment and Death of King Charles I., related by one of his judges, being extracts from the Memoirs of E. Ludlow. (Aungervyle Society Publications.)

England's Black Tribunall; set forth in the Triall of King Charles I. at the pretended Court of Justice . . . . together with his majestie's Speech immediately before he was murdered on a scaffold. (London: 1660.)

The Execution of the late King justified, and the Parliament and the Army therein vindicated; published for satisfaction to the Kingdome. (London: 1649.)

The full proceedings of the High Court of Justice against King Charles in Westminster Hall, on Saturday the 20

of January, 1648. Translated out of the Latine by I. C. (London: 1655.)

A Handkirchife for loyall Mourners, or a cordiall for drooping spirits, groaning for the bloody murther, and heavy losse of our gracious King. (London: 1649.)

The Tragical Actors, or the Martyrdom of the late King Charles, wherein Oliver's late falsehood, with the rest of his gang, are described in their several actions and stations. (London: 1660.)

A faithful subject's sigh on the universally lamented death . . . of that nation's . . . prince . . . Charles I. . . . most barbarously butchered by his rebellious subjects. (In verse.) (London: 1649.)

Page 128, line 15, *for* 'acolossis' *read* 'molossis.'

Page 136, line 22, *for* 'February 1st' *read* 'February 18th.'

Page 157, line 16, *for* 'wily' *read* 'witty.'

Page 158. An edition of Sir John Reresby's 'Travels and Memoirs' appeared in 1831.

Page 159. See B. H. R. Capefigue's 'Philippe d'Orléans, Régent de France,' 2 vols., 1840.

Page 163. The reference is to Sir Anthony Weldon's 'Court and Character of King James I.,' included (No. 9) in Morgan's 'Phœnix Britannicus; a Miscellaneous Collection of scarce and curious Tracts, Historical, Political, Biographical, Satirical, Critical,' etc.; a quarto volume, published in 1732. It was also reprinted (and edited by Sir Walter Scott) in 'Secret History of the Court of James I.,' along with the narratives of Osborne, Heylin, and Peyton, in two volumes, 1804.

Page 164, line 24, *for* 'Ward' *read* 'Wood.' The reference is to Anthony à Wood's 'Athenæ et Fasti Oxonienses,' edited by Dr. P. Bliss, in 4 vols., 4to., about 1820. The first edition of Wood's 'Athenæ' appeared in 1691-2; a second edition, corrected and enlarged, in 1721.

Page 168, line 15 from bottom, *for* 'Matthews' *read* 'Matthew.' The same misprint occurs in the first line of the next page.

Page 172. See 'Private Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby,' edited by Sir Harris Nicolas, ed. 1827. The reader who cares not for 'high philosophy' and vague speculation may skip the next twelve pages. Sir Kenelm was born in 1603, and died in 1665. He is best known, perhaps, as 'the husband of a fair wife,' and as a believer in the virtues of the 'sympathetic,' or vulnerary powder, and other nostrums of the age.

Page 189. The Latin comedy of 'Ignoramus,' written by George Ruggle (1575-1622), was printed in 1662, and has been twice or thrice reprinted. Its principal feature is its bitter satire of the legal profession.

Page 190. The poems of Bishop Corbet were published, with notes and a memoir, by Gilchrist, in 1807.

Page 192. The 'Memoirs of the Embassy of the Marshal de Bassompierre to the Court of England in 1626' were translated by Wilson Croker, and published, with notes, in 1819. The French original will be found (vols. xix., xx., xxi.) in the second series of the 'Collection de Mémoires sur l'Histoire de France,' by Messieurs C. B. Petitot and J. N. Mommerqué, published in 1820-1829.

Page 193. The reference is to Bishop Goodman's 'History of his own Times,' edit. by Brewer, 1839.

Page 200. Madame de Motteville's 'Memoirs' are included in Petitot's Collection (vols. 36-40) already referred to.

Page 201, line 9. Reference is so often made to Sir Balthasar Gerbier d'Ouvilly that it seems desirable to note that he was born at Antwerp about 1591, and settled in England as a member of the Duke of Buckingham's household about 1613. He was more of a courtier and diplomatist than an artist; but he painted several miniatures and other pictures, and was the author of some curious works (for notices of which see Walpole). His 'Counsel and Advice to All Builders' (1613) is a curiosity, as containing no fewer than forty dedications. He was employed both by James I. and Charles I. on confidential missions. To the latter king he acted as Master of the Ceremonies, and was knighted by him in 1628, in which year he entertained Charles I. and his Queen at a supper which cost him about £1,000. He died in 1667 at Hempsted-Marshal, the seat of Lord Craven, the building of which he was at the time directing. See Walpole's 'Anecdotes of Painting,' etc.

Page 203. Voiture's Poems are included in the fifth volume of the 'Recueil des plus belles Pièces des Poètes François,' ed. 1752. The impromptu is quoted by Jesse in his 'Memoirs of the Court of England.' Line 12 from bottom, *for* 'the orderly' *read* 'the Duke himself.'

Page 207. The 'Poems on the Duke of Buckingham and his Assassination' were reprinted by the Percy Society in 1850. These illustrate in a very striking manner the hatred he had inspired.

Page 214. *Assassination of the Duke of Buckingham.*—Amerigo Salvetti (his right name was Alessandro Antelminelli) held the post of Tuscan Resident at the Court of Charles I. His despatches for the years 1625-28 were translated by the late Mr. Heath Wilson, and in 1887 the translation was issued by the Historical MSS. Commission as a special appendix to their eleventh report. Though it cannot be said that they furnish any very novel information, or reveal any political secrets, they are full of interesting details. Here is Salvetti's account of the Duke of Buckingham's death. Writing on the 5th of September, 1628, he says:

'Immediately after my arrival at this place the news reached me of the tragical end of the Duke of Buckingham at Portsmouth.

The author of it is in the position of a gentleman, and it is said that the cause of his act was that the Duke refused to give him the company of infantry which he maintained was his by right when his captain died. He avenged himself by a stab with a knife which killed the Duke before he had time to say a word. The news of this fatal blow has spread rapidly over the whole kingdom; and, if I may express myself frankly, the appearances of satisfaction are almost universal. His Majesty more than any-one is touched to the quick by this assassination: he feels it so much that they say that he is both profoundly afflicted and incensed. The Duke's relatives and dependents are those who will be most affected by this loss. As to others, they rejoice in the prospect of dividing the spoils and the offices which he held in the Government. All the principal members of the Privy Council went immediately to his Majesty to offer their services; and as all the active management of the Government was in the hands of the Duke, it will require some time to make the arrangements which may be rendered necessary by a possible change of policy in home and foreign affairs. It is only too evident that the people are gratified by the death of the Duke, and they seem to think that they have gained by the act of his slayer that deliverance which Parliament never could obtain. The murderer is named Felton. He is a prisoner, and will be strictly examined to discover if he has accomplices, after which, in conformity with the laws, he must die.'

A few days later he adds some particulars of the affair:

'The blow was given so suddenly that it was not actually seen by anyone. The Duke was heard to exclaim, "Vile animal! you have killed me!" and with his own hand he drew the knife from the wound; then, stepping back as if to draw his sword, he fell to the ground, and blood flowed from his mouth and nostrils. In seven or eight minutes he expired without uttering a word. On the fall of the Duke many of those present drew their swords and turned towards Monsieur de Soubise, who was in the ante-room, and who ran a special risk of being killed from the circumstance that several took it into their heads that he had struck the blow, inasmuch as about an hour previously some warm words had passed between him and the Duke in public. The actual murderer, seeing that the crowd threw itself upon Soubise, called out, "The Duke is dead, and it was I who killed him." One of those standing by with his sword drawn made a lunge at him. This Felton parried, and, throwing down his sword, said, "Do what you like with me." He was made prisoner, and, being questioned, he said that he had struck the blow, and that he had intended to do so for some days. Being asked if he was sorry for what he had done, he said "No," and that if it were still to do he would do it, having no fear except of the displeasure of God.'

Page 216. As illustrating the different points of view from

which the assassination of Buckingham was regarded, the following contemporary verses may be cited :

'A CHARITABLE CENSURE ON THE DEATH OF THE D. OF B.

'What ! shall I say now George is dead,
That hee's in hell? Charitie forbidd.
What though hee's damn'd by common fame,
Yet God's eyes may behold noe staine.
What though he was infect with sinne,
What man on earth liues not therein ?
Shall wee therefore limitt God's power ?
His mercie's seen at the last houre.
If to the kingdome hee did harme,
Yet thy tongue still thou ought'st to charme ;
Great Charles in him beheld not it,
For thee to taxe him 'tis not fitt.
Envie cease, and give him his due ;
Speak of him what thou know'st is true ;
And for one good deed let him meritt
To have his bodd, silence inherit.
Call but to mind that deed in Spaine,
For which thou once didst loue his name.*
If all were badd, yet that alone
Should make thee now his death bemoane.
Then, Felton, sure thou art to blame,
By whose strong hand our George was slaine.'

'FELTON COMMENDED, ETC.

'Immortall man of glorie ! whose brave hand
Hath once begun to disenchaunt our land
From magique thraldome ! One proud man did mate
The nobles, gentles, commons of our State ;
Struck peace and warr at pleasure, hurl'd downe all
That to his idoll greatness would not fall
With grovelling adoration ; sacred rent
Of Brittaine, Saxon, Norman princes ; spent
Hee on his pandors, minions, pimps, and whores,
Whilst their great royall offspring wanted dores
To shutt out hunger, had not the kinde whelpe
Of good Eliza's lyon gave them helpe ;
The seats of justice forc'd to say, they lye ;
Unto our auntient English libertie
The staine of honour, which to deedes of praise
And high atchievements should brave spiritts raise ;

* The breaking off of the match between Prince Charles and the Infanta.

The shippes, the men, the money cast away,
Under his onely all-confounding sway;
Iliads of griefe, on toppe of which hee bore
Himselfe triumphant, neither trayned in lore
Of artes nor armes . . . .
Naught but illusion were wee, 'till this pride
Was by thy hand cut off, stout Machabee!
Nor they, nor Rome, nor did Greece ever see
A greater glorie. To the neighbour flood
Then sinke all fables of old Brute and Ludd,
And give thy statues place! In spite of charme
Of witch or wizard, thy most mightie arme,
With zeale and justice arm'd, hath in truth wonne
The prize of patriott to a Brittish sonne.'

(*From Sloane MS. No.* 603.)

Page 219. Salvetti, the Tuscan Resident, furnishes a description of the Duke's splendid ways. 'The Duke,' he says, 'feasted their Majesties on Sunday in the most splendid manner, when they were waited upon and served by the Duke and ten other nobles. They were entertained before the supper with various musical performances, after it with dances and comedies; but the principal spectacle was a marine view representing the sea which divides England from France, and above it the Queen-Mother of France, sitting on a regal throne amongst the gods, beckoning with her hand to the King and Queen of Spain, the Prince and Princess Palatine, and the Prince and Princess of Piedmont, to come and unite themselves with her there amongst the gods, to put an end to all the discords of Christianity—a fanciful and mystic conceit, which indicates a desire that such a peaceful result might be attained by the instrumentality pointed out in this fiction. The greater part of the night was consumed with dances and other pastimes, the whole being concluded with a splendid refection of sweetmeats; after which, the hour being late, their Majesties remained at the Duke's residence to sleep. Next day the entertainments were renewed with royal magnificence. The expenses have amounted to some thousands of pounds sterling.'

Page 221. Add to the list of authorities J. H. Jesse's 'Memoirs of the Court of England.'

Page 243. Lord Falkland's poems have been edited by Dr. Grosart in 'Miscellanies' (vol. iii.), in the 'Fuller's Worthies' Library,' 1870-1873.

Page 247 (note), *for* 'National' *read* 'Rational.

Page 271, line 11, *for* 'various' *read* 'curious.'

Page 287. Authorities: S. R. Gardiner, 'History of England;' Clarendon, and other contemporary writers; Comte de Lally Tolendal, 'Essai sur la Vie de Strafford,' 1795; Miss E. Cooper,

'Life of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford,' 1872; the Strafford Letters; J. Rushworth, 'Historical Collections,' 8 vols. folio, 1659-1701; Forster, 'Lives of Eminent British Statesmen,' etc.

Page 310. Gregorio Panzani, a priest of the Oratory, arrived in England in 1636 on a special mission from Rome to compose some differences among the Catholics. He says that Lord Herbert talked to him about his contemplated 'History of Henry VIII.,' assuring him that if he told the truth he would have little good to say of that sovereign, and that he would treat his subject as favourably as possible to the Roman Church. And he expressed his willingness to submit his book, 'De Veritate,' to the judgment of the Pope (Gardiner, viii. 137, 138).

Page 361. Charles Blount (not Blunt) was born in 1654, and committed suicide in 1698. His 'Miscellaneous Works' bear date 1685. His 'Religio Laici' is a translation of Herbert's 'De Religione Laici' (1645), though in his dedication of it to Dryden he says: 'I have endeavoured that my discourse shall be only a continuance of yours' (Dryden's poem 'Religio Laici'), 'and that, as you taught men how to believe, so I might instruct them how to live.' There is a memoir of Blount in the *Biographia Britannica.*

Page 365. John Hutchinson's 'Works, Philosophical and Theological,' were published in 1749, in 12 vols. See vols. viii. and ix., 'Religion of Satan, or Natural Religion.'

Page 370. John Taylor (1580-1654) was called 'The Water-Poet' because he at one time plied as a waterman on the river Thames. A list of his numerous productions will be found in Sir Egerton Brydges' 'Censura Literaria.'

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have been exaggerated or misunderstood, as Sir Thomas Herbert continued in close attendance on the King throughout his captivity. From the time that he was deprived of his usual retinue 'he would never suffer his hair to be cut, nor cared he to have any new clothes; so that his aspect and appearance was very different from what it had used to be; otherwise, his health was good, and he was much more cheerful in his discourses towards all men, than could have been imagined after such a mortification of all kinds. He was not at all dejected in his spirits, but carried himself with the same majesty he had used to do. His hair was all gray, which, making all others very sad, made it thought that he had sorrow in his countenance, which appeared only by that shadow.'*

As the political complications of the kingdom increased in difficulty, and involved every day more serious consequences to the King, his friends devoted all their energies to the perfection of a plan of escape.

Amongst the household was a gallant and ingenious man named Henry Firebrace. He was known to the King, and privately summoned to join him at Carisbrooke, for which purpose he applied to the Commissioners for permission to wait upon the King as page of the bedchamber, and obtained their consent. His first step was to open up communications with the King's friends in the island, among whom was one of the conservators or wardens of the island, named Captain Titus, and through his means he obtained entire freedom of access to his Majesty. When he had any letters to deliver, he concealed them in a certain flaw in the royal bedchamber, where in due time the King also deposited his answer. And in the wainscot, which was covered by thick hangings, was made an aperture, through which the King could secretly communicate with his attendants, instantly letting fall the tapestry on the approach of any suspicious person.

These preliminaries having been effected, Firebrace and

* Clarendon, vi. 190-198.

Titus proceeded to elaborate their plans; taking into their confidence Mr. Edward Worsley of Gatcombe, Mr. John Newland of Newport, and a Mr. Richard Osburn, or Osborne, 'a gentleman of an ancient family and singular good parts,' who had been placed about the King's person by the Parliament, but had been converted by Charles's gracious manner and conversation into a zealous Royalist. They decided, after long discussion, on the following project of escape.

The King, at a certain signal made by Firebrace, a stone thrown against his bedroom window, was to force himself through the casement, and lower himself therefrom by a stout rope. Firebrace had some misgivings as to the narrowness of the opening; but Charles felt certain that where his head could pass, his body would follow. On his safely gaining his feet, Firebrace would conduct him across the court, where no sentinel was stationed, to the great wall, which he was to descend by means of a thick rope, with a stick attached to it for a seat. Then, climbing the low counterscarp, he would find a horse ready saddled (with boots and pistols), and Osborne and Worsley, well mounted, waiting to escort him across the island to the seashore, where Mr. Newland would be in readiness with a well-appointed sailing-boat.

The night came. Charles dismissed his attendants, as if he were retiring to rest. Worsley and Osborne, meanwhile, had gained their appointed posts; and on the other side of the island was Newland, with his well-found craft. Firebrace took up his station beneath the King's window, and gave the signal.* 'Then his majesty,' says Firebrace, 'put himself forward, but, too late, found himself mistaken, he sticking fast between his breast and shoulders, and not able to get backward or forward; but that, at the instant before he endeavoured to come out, he mistrusted, and tied a piece of his cord to a bar of the window within, by means whereof he freed himself back. Whilst he stuck, I

* See G. Hillier, 'Narrative of the Detention of Charles I.,' *passim.*