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CARDINAL POLE.

VOL. I.



# CARDINAL POLE:

OR,

THE DAYS OF PHILIP AND MARY.

An Historical Romance.

BY

WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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# Cardinal Pole.

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## BOOK I.

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PHILIP OF SPAIN.





# I

## HOW A MARRIAGE WAS AGREED UPON BETWEEN MARY, QUEEN OF ENGLAND, AND DON PHILIP, PRINCE OF SPAIN.

No sooner was Mary, eldest daughter of Henry VIII., securely seated on the throne left vacant by the premature death of her brother, Edward VI., than the Emperor Charles V., already related to her through his aunt, Katherine of Aragon, determined to bring about a marriage between the Queen of England and his son Philip. By the accomplishment of this project, which had been conceived by the Emperor during Edward's last illness, the preponderance obtained in Europe by the House of Austria would be largely increased,

and Charles's dream of universal dominion might eventually be realised.

Philip, who was then a widower—his wife, Doña Maria, Princess of Portugal, having died in 1545, in giving birth to a son, the unfortunate Don Carlos—readily acquiesced in his father's scheme, as he fully recognised the vast importance of the match, and Mary alone had to be consulted. But little apprehension could be entertained of her refusal. All the advantages were on the Prince's side. Eleven years younger than the Queen, who was then thirty-eight, Philip was not merely in the very flower of manhood, but extremely handsome, and, as heir to a mighty monarchy, unquestionably the greatest match in Europe. No princess, however exalted, on whom he deigned to smile, would refuse him her hand.

But there were difficulties in the way of the projected alliance, only to be overcome by prudential management. For many reasons the match was certain to be obnoxious to the English nation,

which would not unnaturally be apprehensive of being brought under a foreign yoke. Neither was the Queen altogether her own mistress. Governed by her council—especially by the Lord Chancellor, Gardiner—she could not act in contradiction to their decisions; and some of her ministers would infallibly be hostile to the alliance. However, the Emperor did not despair of silencing the objectors. Neither treasure nor pains should be spared to effect his darling scheme.

The moment, however, for entering upon public negotiations of the marriage had not yet arrived. The realm was still agitated by Northumberland's abortive attempt to seize the crown for his daughter-in-law, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey; religious dissensions prevailed, rendering the meditated re-establishment of the old worship extremely hazardous; while the violent opposition certain to be experienced from the whole Protestant party, might intimidate the Queen and deter her from following her own inclinations.

Proceeding with the caution required by the circumstances, the Emperor enjoined his ambassador at the English court, Simon Renard, a man of great subtlety, in whom he had entire confidence, to sound the Queen warily as to the marriage, but not to propose it to her formally until assured of her assent. Acting upon these instructions, Renard soon discovered that Mary's affections were fixed on her young kinsman, Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, who had been long held captive in the Tower during the reign of Edward, and whom she herself had liberated on her accession. The wily ambassador instantly set to work to undo this knot, and by his machinations succeeded in convincing the Queen that the indiscreet and fickle young Earl was wholly undeserving of her regard, as he had become enthralled by the superior fascinations of her sister Elizabeth. Courtenay was therefore quickly discarded.

But another obstacle arose, which Renard had not foreseen. Ashamed of the weakness she had

just exhibited, the Queen began seriously to think of uniting herself with Cardinal Pole, at that time attainted with treason by an act passed in the reign of Henry VIII., and banished from the realm. Regarding the Cardinal, she said, with feelings akin to veneration, and owing him reparation for the many and grievous injuries he had endured from her father, she would make him amends by bestowing upon him her hand. As he was only a cardinal deacon, a dispensation for his marriage with her could be easily procured from the Pope. She would implore his Holiness to grant her request, and to send Pole as legantine ambassador to England, when the nuptials might be solemnised. The union was sure to meet with the approval of the Holy See, which would perceive in it an earnest of the complete return of the realm to obedience to the Church. Renard did not attempt to dissuade the Queen from her design, feeling his efforts would then only be thrown away, and might serve to confirm her in her purpose, but

contented himself with acquainting the Emperor with her Majesty's design, suggesting that Pole should be detained until after the marriage which they sought to bring about should have taken place.

The hint was not lost upon Charles. At the hazard of incurring the displeasure of the Sovereign Pontiff, Julius III., he determined to prevent the Cardinal from passing into England.

No man of his time possessed higher and nobler qualities than the illustrious Reginald Pole. Sanctity of manners, erudition, wisdom, eloquence, combined to render him one of the most shining lights of the age. Devout without bigotry, tolerant, strictly conscientious, and pure-minded, he was utterly free from debasing passions. Guile and hypocrisy formed no part of his character. Self-denying, abstinent, and laborious, he was ever generous and charitable. Descended from the royal house of York, his mother being Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, daughter of the Duke of

Clarence, brother to Edward IV., Pole attached no undue importance to this adventitious circumstance, but maintained an almost apostolic meekness of deportment. At the advanced period of life he had attained at the period of our history, his looks were in the highest degree venerable and impressive, offering a complete index to his character. A master of the Latin language, which he spoke and wrote with facility and classical elegance, he had delighted in earlier years in the Greek poets and philosophers, but of late had confined his studies wholly to theology. At one time he had enjoyed the favour of Henry VIII., who was fully alive to his great merits, but he incurred the displeasure of the tyrant by the bold opinions he delivered as to the injustice of Katherine of Aragon's divorce and the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn. This opposition to his will was never forgiven by the implacable monarch, and unable to get Pole, who had taken refuge in Italy, into his power, he deprived him of his benefice



and possessions, declared him guilty of high treason, laid a price on his head, and sought to procure his assassination. At last, unable to accomplish his fell purpose, Henry wreaked his vengeance on the Cardinal's mother, the venerable Countess of Salisbury—the last of the whole blood of the royal line of Plantagenet—on his brother, Henry Pole, Lord Montague, Sir Edward Nevil, Sir Nicholas Carew, and other of his friends, all of whom were attainted of high treason, and brought to the block. The slaughter of the aged and unoffending Countess, who was only put to death because she was Pole's mother, is, perhaps, the deepest stain on Henry's character. These wholesale murders deeply afflicted Pole, and cast a gloom over the rest of his days; but he did not cry out for vengeance upon the perpetrator of the foul crimes, knowing that Heaven would requite him in due season. That the snares spread by the tyrant had failed to catch him—that the daggers aimed at his breast had been turned aside—

convinced him he had work to do for which he was miraculously preserved. So he resigned himself to the heavy calamity that had befallen him, but though there was no show of grief on his countenance, the deep-seated wound in his heart never healed. Raised to the Purple by Paul III. on the death of that Pontiff, in 1549 (five years before the date of our history), the eminent and virtuous Cardinal appeared the most fitting person in the conclave to assume the tiara, and, in spite of the intrigues against him, he was elected to the Pontifical throne; but when the news was brought him at a late hour, he modestly bade the messengers wait till the morrow, and his answer being construed into a refusal, another election took place, when the choice fell upon Cardinal del Monte, who took the title of Julius III.

This occurrence caused little disappointment to Pole. He retired to the Benedictine convent of Maguzano, on the margin of the Lago di Garda, where he was visited by Commendone, a secret

envoy from the Pope to England, and made acquainted by this discreet messenger with the Queen's gracious intentions towards him. But with characteristic humility he declined them, alleging that, apart from any other considerations, his age and infirmities forbade him to think of marriage. Her Majesty, however, he added, might count upon his zealous assistance in the great work she had before her, and the rest of his life should be devoted to her service.

Appointed legate from the Holy See to the Queen of England, the Emperor, and Henri II., King of France, with full powers and credentials, Pole set forth on his mission, but by the Emperor's order he was stayed at Dillinghen on the Danube. After some delay, he was suffered to proceed as far as Brussels, where he received a letter from Mary, telling him that matters were not yet ripe for his advent, and that his appearance in England might lead to a religious war. The Emperor also peremptorily enjoined him to remain

where he was, but assigned no reason for the mandate.

Anxious to obtain some explanation, Pole besought an interview with Charles, which, at last, was reluctantly accorded. When the Bishop of Arras brought him word that his Imperial Majesty would receive him, alleging some excuse for the delay, Pole replied, "Truly, I find it more easy to obtain access to Heaven in behalf of the Emperor, than to have access to the Emperor himself, for whom I daily pray." The Cardinal gained nothing by the interview, and could not even learn the cause of his detention. Charles feigned anger, and taxing Pole with unnecessary impatience, reiterated his orders to him not to leave Brussels.

Having secured Pole, who he fancied might interfere with his plans if suffered to go into England, the Emperor wrote to the Queen, expressing his entire approval of her rejection of Courtenay, and hypocritically regretting that the Cardinal's extraordinary indifference to worldly

honours rendered him insensible to the great dignity she designed for him, concluded by offering her his son.

The proposal was well timed, Mary being in the mood to receive it. She did not waste much time in consideration, but sent for Renard, who was fully prepared for the summons, and saw at once by the Queen's looks that his point was gained. She entered upon the business in a very straightforward manner, told him that, having always regarded the Emperor as a father, since his Majesty had graciously deigned to choose a husband for her, she should not feel at liberty to reject the proposal, even if it were not altogether agreeable to her. So far, however, from that being the case, no one could please her better than the Prince of Spain. She, therefore, charged his excellency to acquaint the Emperor that she was ready in all things to obey him, and thanked him for his goodness. Thereupon, she dismissed Renard, who has-

tened to communicate the joyful intelligence to his imperial master.

But though the Queen had been thus won, much yet remained to be accomplished, and all Renard's skill was required to bring the affair on which he was engaged to a triumphant issue.

Informed of the proposal of marriage which their royal mistress had received from the Prince of Spain, the council, with the exception of the old Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Arundel, and Lord Paget, arrayed themselves against it; and Gardiner, who had supported Courtenay, earnestly remonstrated with Mary, showing her that the alliance would be distasteful to the country generally, would alienate many of her well-disposed subjects, and infallibly involve her in a war with France. Finding it, however, vain to reason with her, or oppose her will—for she was as firm of purpose as her royal sire—the Chancellor desisted, and being really solicitous for the welfare and safety of the

realm, proceeded to frame such a marriage-treaty as should ensure the government from all danger of Spanish interference, and maintain inviolate the rights and liberties of the people.

So much obloquy having been heaped upon the memory of this great prelate and statesman, it is right that his conduct in this important transaction, and the care taken by him to guard the country from foreign intervention, should be clearly understood. That Bishop Gardiner was subsequently led into acts of unjustifiable severity towards the adherents of the new doctrines, and became one of the chief instruments in the terrible persecution of the Protestant martyrs, cannot be denied. But it should be borne in mind, that he himself had suffered much for his religious opinions, and the harshness and injustice with which he had been treated in the late reign, chiefly at the instigation of his enemy, Cranmer, the sequestration of his revenues, and long imprisonment in the Tower, had not tended to soften his heart. Neither

side when in power showed much pity for its opponents. But whatever judgment may be formed of Gardiner's acts towards the Protestant party, and his desire to extirpate heresy and schism by fire and blood, it must be conceded that he was one of the ablest statesmen of the day, and that Mary was singularly fortunate in choosing him for her chancellor and prime minister. He speedily replenished an exhausted treasury, repealed obnoxious taxes, and conducted the administration of the kingdom with so much zeal and ability, that, making himself both feared and respected, he obtained the greatest influence at home and abroad. The best proof of his capabilities is to be found in the confusion that reigned after his death, and the impossibility on the moment of finding an adequate successor. Even Cardinal Pole, who was by no means favourably disposed towards him, declared that, as a minister, his loss was irreparable.

All-powerful as he was in the government, and



high as he stood in the Queen's favour, Gardiner was not free from jealousy and distrust, and Pole's appointment as legate from the Holy See to England filled him with uneasiness lest he should be superseded on the Cardinal's arrival. Like the Emperor, he did not give that lowly-minded man entire credit for disinterestedness and disdain of worldly honours. Persuading his royal mistress that the legate's presence in the kingdom at a juncture when nothing was settled, would be fraught with infinite peril to herself and to the Church, Gardiner induced her to write to Pole to delay his coming to a more convenient season; and her letter furnished the Emperor with a plausible pretext for continuing to detain Pole at Brussels.

Obviously it was Charles's interest to win over Gardiner, who, if so minded, might unquestionably mar the marriage-project, even though it had gone thus far, and Renard was, therefore, instructed to spare no pains, and to hesitate at no promises calculated to propitiate the Chancellor. By the

wily arts of the imperial ambassador, a certain understanding was arrived at with Gardiner, who thenceforward withdrew his opposition, and warmly promoted the match; satisfied he could do so without sacrificing the interests of the country. The concurrence of others was procured by promises of pensions and gifts, and Charles V. remitted the vast sum of four hundred thousand crowns of the sun to his ambassador for this purpose.

Matters, therefore, being in good train, an extraordinary embassy, consisting of the Counts D'Egmont and Lalain, the lord of Courrières, and the Sieur de Nigry, were despatched by the Emperor to the English court, to demand formally the Queen's hand in marriage. In anticipation of their arrival a treaty was prepared by Gardiner, its terms having been already discussed with Renard.

The chief stipulations of this treaty were, that the government of the realm should remain, as

heretofore, absolutely and entirely with the Queen, so that, although Philip would have the name of King, he would have no regal authority whatever, and no power to dispose of lands, offices, revenues, and benefices. Spaniards were to be strictly excluded from the government, and from all court offices. The Queen could not be taken out of her kingdom save at her own desire. A jointure of sixty thousand pounds a year, secured on lands in Spain and the Netherlands, was to be settled on her Majesty by Philip. If there should be no issue, and Philip should survive his consort, he engaged to make no claim to the succession. The crown was to descend as provided by the laws of the country. A perpetual league was agreed upon between England and Spain, and the league already subsisting between the former country and France was not to be disturbed.

These conditions, insisted upon by Gardiner, and submitted to by the imperial ambassador, were, it must be owned, sufficiently advantageous to

England. Count D'Egmont and his companions returned with the treaty to the Emperor, who was well enough content with it, being determined to obtain the throne of England for his son at any price.

So far all had gone tolerably smoothly, but a storm was brewing, and soon afterwards burst forth, threatening to dash to pieces this well-planned fabric.

Amongst the powers dissatisfied with the projected match, the most adverse to it was France. Henri II., the reigning monarch of that country, and the Emperor's inveterate foe, had already secured the youthful Queen of Scotland, Mary Stuart, for his eldest son; but the union between Philip and the Queen of England would be more than a counterpoise to his own anticipated aggrandisement. At all hazards, Henri was determined to thwart the alliance.

He therefore secretly instructed his ambassador at the English court, Antoine de Noailles, whose

genius for intrigue eminently qualified him for the task, to stir up a revolt among the discontented nobles, the object of which should be to depose Mary, and place the Princess Elizabeth on the throne. De Noailles was authorised to assure all such as entered into the plan that France and Scotland would lend them aid. By this adroit intriguer's machinations, aided by those of the Venetian ambassador, an extensive conspiracy was soon formed to oppose Philip's landing, to marry Courtenay to the Princess Elizabeth, and proclaim them King and Queen of England. Already indisposed to the match, the people were easily set violently against it. Every imputation that could be cast upon Philip and on the Spanish nation was employed by the conspirators to excite the popular animosity. An army of imperialists, it was asserted, was about to invade the English shores and enslave the people. The terrible Inquisition would be introduced into the country, and atrocities worse than those committed by Torquemada,

the first inquisitor-general, who burnt eight thousand eight hundred heretics and Jews, would be perpetrated. By such representations as these, aided by the undisguised hostility of the Protestant party, the nation became greatly disturbed, and an insurrection seemed imminent.

The Duke of Suffolk, father of Lady Jane Grey, with his brothers, the Lords John and Thomas Grey, entered into the plot. Courtenay, dazzled by the prospect of a crown and the hope of wedding Elizabeth, engaged to put himself at the head of the rebels, but, as the hour approached, he shrunk from the perilous enterprise, and confessed the design to Gardiner. Thus betrayed, the conspirators were obliged to precipitate their plans, which were not intended to have been put into execution till the arrival of Philip. A rising was attempted at Exeter by Sir Peter Carew, but met with little support, and was quickly suppressed by the Earl of Bedford. Several of the conspirators were apprehended, and Carew fled to France.

The Duke of Suffolk and his brothers were equally unfortunate, and after a futile attempt to make a stand in Leicestershire, were arrested and lodged in the Tower.

A far more successful attempt was made by Sir Thomas Wyatt in Kent. Speedily rallying a large force round his standard, he marched towards London, and defeated the veteran Duke of Norfolk, who was sent to oppose him. The rebellion had now assumed a formidable aspect. Wyatt was in Southwark at the head of fifteen thousand men, menacing the metropolis, in which he expected to find an immense number of supporters.

Undismayed by the danger, the Queen repaired to Guildhall, addressed the Lord Mayor and the citizens in language so stirring and energetic, that they promised to defend her to the last; and when Wyatt, designing to take the city by assault, was prevented by the Tower batteries from crossing London Bridge, but subsequently effected a passage higher up the river, and so approached the

capital from the west, his partisans became alarmed at the vigorous preparations made for their reception, and began to desert him. An engagement took place at Charing Cross, which resulted in the defeat of the insurgents, and though Wyatt gallantly fought his way with a few followers to Ludgate, none rose to join him, and he was compelled to retreat to Temple Bar, where he surrendered to Sir Maurice Berkeley, by whom he was taken to the Tower.

By this rebellion, in which she had no share, the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey was sacrificed with her husband. Even Elizabeth was placed in great jeopardy. Both she and Courtenay were sent to the Tower, the dungeons of which were crowded with those implicated in the conspiracy. The Emperor counselled severe measures, representing to the Queen, through his ambassador, that she would never be safe while those who could be put forward by the disaffected as claimants of the crown were permitted to live. But Mary, though



thus urged by Charles, and by the imperial faction in the council, was reluctant to put her sister to death, and Gardiner encouraged her feelings of clemency, as well towards Elizabeth as Courtenay. Neither of them, therefore, though their complicity in the plot was indubitable, were brought to trial, but Elizabeth, after a brief confinement, was sent under a strong guard, and in charge of Sir Henry Bedingfeld, to Woodstock, and Courtenay was taken to Fotheringay Castle. The Duke of Suffolk, with his brothers, paid the penalty of their treasonable acts with their lives, dying unpitied. But Wyat's fate excited much commiseration, his daring and gallantry having won him the sympathy even of his opponents. Many rebels of lesser note were hanged in different parts of the country, but multitudes received pardon on expressing contrition for their offence.

In this manner was the insurrection crushed. Its contriver, De Noailles, remained unmolested, though Renard denounced him to the council,

declaring that he had forfeited his privilege as an ambassador by fomenting rebellion. But the Queen did not desire war with France, which would have certainly followed the plotting minister's arrest. Emboldened by this apparent immunity from personal risk, and utterly regardless of the calamities he might bring on others, De Noailles continued his secret intrigues as actively as ever, encouraging faction, and hoping to the last to defeat the alliance.

The rebellion, however, was serviceable to Mary. It confirmed her authority, and enabled her to perform many acts which she had not hitherto ventured upon. Above all, it elicited undoubted manifestations of loyalty from the great body of the people, and, though the dislike to the Spanish match could not be extinguished, the Queen's emphatic declaration that regard for her husband should never interfere with her duties to her subjects, was held a sufficient guarantee for the security of the country.

The negotiations in regard to the marriage, so rudely interrupted by the outbreak, were now renewed, and Count D'Egmont and the other ambassadors returned to the English court with the treaty duly ratified and signed by the Emperor. Introduced by the Lord High Admiral and the Earl of Pembroke to the royal oratory, they there found her Majesty surrounded by the lords of the council. After an address from the Queen, delivered with a dignity and feeling that powerfully moved the auditors, she exchanged the ratification of the treaty with the Count D'Egmont, who now acted as Philip's proxy. No better representative of the proud Prince of Spain could have been chosen than D'Egmont, himself one of the first lords of the Low Countries, and as distinguished for graces of person, as he was for military genius and prowess in the field.

Kneeling at the altar beside the Queen, D'Egmont espoused her on the part of the Prince; and at the close of the ceremonial, which was performed

by Gardiner, the Count placed on her Majesty's finger a diamond ring of great value, sent to her by the Emperor.

His mission completed, Count D'Egmont repaired to Spain to confer with Philip, who was then at Valladolid.

Gardiner's next step was to have an act confirming the marriage-treaty passed by both Houses of Parliament, and this was accomplished without delay. Lords and Commons were equally satisfied with the provisions of the treaty, and unanimously agreed to it, assuring the Queen that the Prince of Spain would be heartily welcomed on his arrival by all her dutiful subjects.

All being now arranged, the Earl of Bedford, lord privy-seal, and Lord Fitzwaters, with other noblemen and gentlemen, were sent to Spain to conduct Philip to England. Landing at Corunna, the ambassadors proceeded to Santiago, then the capital of Galicia, where they waited for the Prince, who was journeying towards them, with a large

train of attendants, by easy stages from Valladolid. During their stay at Santiago, the ambassadors were sumptuously entertained by the Marquis de Sara, and by others of the Spanish nobility.

On Philip's arrival at Santiago, high mass having been performed in the ancient cathedral, containing the shrine of Saint James of Compostella—the patron saint of Spain—the Prince, in the presence of a large assemblage of 'grandees, dignitaries of the Church, and other important officials, received the treaty of marriage from the Earl of Bedford, ratified it, and solemnly vowed to abide by its conditions.

After a day or two devoted to feasting and pastime, Philip set out for Corunna, and on the 13th July, 1554, all being ready for his departure, he embarked for England in the *Santissima Trinidad*, the finest vessel in the Spanish navy. He was escorted by a hundred and fifty ships, well provided with men and ordnance, and had with him many of the chief nobility of Spain.

During all this time, De Noailles continued his intrigues, vainly endeavouring to excite a fresh revolt, and to his agency may be traced an imposture, which created an extraordinary sensation in London, and might—if it had not been speedily detected—have led to dangerous popular tumults.

A man and his wife, occupying an old tenement in the heart of the city, forming part of a despoiled religious establishment, declared that from a stone wall adjoining their habitation an unearthly voice was heard to issue, proclaiming many strange and terrible things. Ere long, as may be supposed, a curious crowd collected within the court, and the assemblage was gratified by hearing the spirit denounce the approaching marriage of the Queen, which it declared would be full of bale and mischief to the realm. Some of the bystanders called out, “God save Queen Mary!” whereupon the spirit was silent. When they mentioned the Prince of Spain, a deep groan was the response; but when Elizabeth was named, the voice loudly replied,

“So be it!” Furthermore, on the question being propounded, “What is the mass?” it discreetly answered, “Idolatry;” with many other utterances to the same purpose.

A report of this wondrous circumstance quickly spread throughout the city, and on the following day upwards of seventeen thousand persons assembled in the neighbourhood of the structure whence the mysterious voice proceeded. Such as were able to get near the wall heard many treasonable speeches against the Queen, and fresh denunciations of her marriage, which they repeated to those farther off, so that the sayings of the spirit were circulated amongst the immense crowd. Much excitement being caused, and tumults apprehended, the persons belonging to the house were arrested, and strict search being made, a girl, named Elizabeth Crofts, was discovered, artfully hidden in a hole contrived in the thickness of the wall, whence she had managed to speak through a crevice, with the help of a small trumpet. The

impostor was very leniently dealt with, being only made to do public penance for the offence at Saint Paul's.

Another incident occurred about the same time, which, though ridiculous in itself, is worthy of note, as showing that aversion to the Spanish match pervaded all classes, and was even shared by the young. Some three hundred boys, armed with clubs and staves, assembled in Finsbury Fields, and got up a mock fight, which they styled "the Queen against Wyatt." Though intended as a sport, the conflict was carried on with so much good will, that several were wounded on either side, and the boy who represented Philip of Spain, being taken prisoner by the opposite party, was hanged to a tree, and only cut down just in time to save his life.

Calculating on the unconquerable antipathy to the match manifested in so many ways, De Noailles pursued his schemes, persuaded that, when Philip set foot on the English shores, the people by



whom he was so much detested would rise against him, and massacre him and his attendants.

Meanwhile, Lord Clinton, the Lord High Admiral, who himself had no special liking for the Spaniards, or for the Spanish match, though he was full of loyalty towards the Queen, was cruising about the Channel, with eight-and-twenty of the tallest ships in the English navy, to protect the Prince, in case any attempt should be made by the French to attack him on his way, it being reported that four Gascon regiments had been ordered to Rouen, to attempt a descent upon the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth. Lord Clinton was accompanied by the Count de la Chapelle, the Vice-Admiral of the Low Countries, with some fifteen ships, which, however, the rough Englishman did not rate very highly, but called them in derision "mussel-shells."

As the time drew nigh when the Prince's arrival might be expected, Mary exhibited an impatience foreign to her character, but by no

means unnatural under the circumstances. Sumptuous presents had been provided for her intended husband by her order, and preparations on a magnificent scale were made for the marriage ceremonial, which it was arranged should take place at Winchester. All the principal nobility were bidden to the solemnity, and the chief officers of the royal household, and, indeed, all connected with the court, had parts assigned them in the grand reception to be given to the Prince, and in the celebration of the nuptials.

Many, therefore, shared in the Queen's anxiety for Philip's safe and speedy arrival. Up to this time the breezes had been propitious, but contrary winds might arise, and delay the royal bridegroom on his voyage. Some, indeed, prayed that the vessel that bore him might founder, and would have exulted in such a catastrophe, and deemed it a special interference of Providence.

Their prayers were unheard. Tidings were brought by the Marquis de las Naves, the Prince's

avant-courier, who landed at Plymouth, to the effect that his royal master might be daily looked for, and this welcome intelligence was immediately communicated to the Queen, and served to allay her anxiety.

Escorted by a strong guard, and attended by a sumptuous retinue, she forthwith proceeded to Guildford, where the Marquis de las Naves was presented to her by Renard, and gave her most satisfactory accounts of the Prince. Next day she continued her journey, and, on reaching Winchester, the loyal inhabitants of that fine old city welcomed her with every demonstration of joy. Well pleased by her reception, she took up her abode at the Bishop's palace, which had been prepared for her by Gardiner.

At the same time, De Noailles, accompanied by some trusty agents, whom he required for a dark scheme he had hatched, journeyed secretly to Southampton, where the Prince meant to disembark.

## II.

## HOW THE SPANISH FLEET ENTERED THE SOLENT SEA.

EARLY on the morning of the nineteenth of July, 1554, the long-looked-for Spanish fleet, conveying the royal bridegroom to our shores, was descried from the loftiest hill of the Isle of Wight, and presented a most magnificent spectacle as it neared that lovely island.

Consisting, as we have intimated, of a hundred and fifty sail—a third of the number being vessels of large size—the fleet formed a wide half-moon, in the midst of which rode the stately ship bearing Philip and the principal nobles of his

suite. The *Santissima Trinidad* rose like a towered castle from the water. From the lofty crenellated turret at the stern floated a broad banner, embroidered in gold, with the arms of Castile and Aragon; its masts, and the turret at the forecastle, corresponding with that at the stern, were gaudily painted; and the sides, elaborately carved and covered with devices, were so richly burnished, that the waves shone with their glow. Armed with the heaviest guns then in use, this splendid vessel had on board, besides her crew and the Prince's suite, three hundred fully equipped arquebusiers.

Other ships there were scarcely inferior to the *Santissima Trinidad* in size and splendour, displaying banners and streamers, and richly painted and decorated according to the Spanish fashion, and all well provided with men and ordnance.

Never before had such a superb fleet ploughed those waters; and when, at a later hour in the day, the Lord High Admiral caught sight of it,

he was sore angered, and internally vowed to lower the Spaniard's pride.

A soft westerly breeze filling the sails, impelled the ships gently on their way, though the surface of the sea was but little agitated. Having risen with the dawn, Philip was now on deck with the Duke of Alva, enjoying the ravishing beauty of the morning, and gazing at the land he was approaching. He could not help being struck by the bold outline and precipitous cliffs of the island in his immediate vicinity, and noted with wonder the tall sharp-pointed rocks, detached from these cliffs, that sprang like pinnacles from the sea.

Passing the Needles, the fleet entered the Solent Sea. On a far-projecting causeway on the left was Hurst Castle, a fortress erected by Henry VIII., and on the right loomed Yarmouth, with its castle. Salutes were fired from both forts. The scenery of the coast now possessed great beauty. On the mainland, noble woods, forming part of the New Forest, at that time of great

extent, and full of deer, grew down to the very margin of the lake-like sea; occasional creeks and openings exhibiting sylvan scenes of extraordinary loveliness, and affording glimpses of ancient towns or sequestered habitations. On the other hand, the verdant slopes and groves of the island formed a delicious picture wholly different from that presented by the bold cliffs on its southern coast. Here all was softness and beauty, and to eyes accustomed to the arid and sunburnt shores of Spain, such verdure had an inexpressible charm.

For some time Philip remained wrapped in contemplation of the enchanting scenery of the island, unable to withdraw his eyes from it. At last he exclaimed, "And this is England! the land I have so longed to behold. How deliciously green is yonder island, and what a contrast it offers to our own coasts! And yon noble woods on the left, which they say are those of the New Forest, where William Rufus hunted and was

slain! What magnificent timber! We have nothing like those oaks."

"It may be not, your Highness," replied Alva; "but I prefer our olives and vines and chesnut-groves to those woods, and our bare brown mountains to those green slopes. If the sun scorches our herbage and burns our soil to brickdust, it makes abundant compensation. We have oil and wine and a thousand luxuries that these English lack, to say nothing of our fiery men and dark-eyed women."

"Your excellency is a true Spaniard," replied the Prince, "but you forget that as soon as I set foot on these shores I shall become an Englishman."

"Heaven forbend!" exclaimed Alva; then checking himself, he added, "I crave your Highness's pardon. Inasmuch as the country will belong to you, you may be right to call yourself an Englishman."



“But I shall be King of England only in name,” said Philip. “As you know, I am debarred by the marriage-treaty from any share in the government, neither can I appoint you, nor any of my nobles, to a post.”

“Out on the treaty!” cried Alva. “Your Highness, I trust, will little regard its terms. Once wedded to the Queen of England, the country will be under your control. This the Emperor well knew, or he would have spurned the conditions proposed to him by the wily Gardiner. Bind you as they may, the council cannot hold you fast, and ere long you will have supreme sway. In two years’ time England will be as much a province of Spain as the Netherlands is now. Then you will reap abundantly the harvest you are sowing. Moreover, by that time the crown of Spain and the imperial diadem may grace your brow.”

“Why do you think so, Alva?” demanded Philip, quickly. “My father suffers much from

gout; but gout, physicians tell me, keeps off all other ailments, and those afflicted with it live long in consequence. When he last wrote to me, the Emperor reported himself in good case."

"Saints keep him so!" cried the Duke. "Yet, as I have just said, ere two years are over, your Highness will surely be King of Spain and Emperor of Germany."

"What means this prediction?" inquired Philip, looking inquiringly at him.

"It means that the Emperor your father, tired with the cares of government, designs to surrender his kingdoms to you."

"Has he said aught of his intent to you, Alva? —or is it mere surmise on your part?" demanded the Prince, unable to disguise the interest he took in the question.

"Your Highness will excuse me if I decline to state how I obtained the information," rejoined the Duke; "but I will stake my life on its correctness."

Philip said nothing more, but remained for some time with his hand upon his lips, absorbed in thought. The flush that overspread his cheeks showed he was much excited. Alva kept his keen eye fixed upon him, and seemed to read what was passing in his breast. After a while, Philip broke the silence.

“It may be as you say,” he remarked; “yet I do not think my father will part lightly with his crown. In a moment of weariness he may talk of abdicating in my favour—but when the fit is over, the design will pass away with it. How would he spend his days if not employed by state affairs?”

“In retirement and holy meditation—in preparation for eternity. Such is his Majesty’s intent.”

“If it be so it is a praiseworthy resolution; and it is to be hoped that Heaven may keep him in it. However, all is uncertain—the firmest man may change his mind.”

“Your Highness says right. Therefore, it will

be well to secure a crown in case of accident. Neither do I despair of your doing so. The English nation, they say, hâte us Spaniards. What matter? They cannot hate us worse than we hate them. They fear our yoke. Let us give them reason for their fears by ruling them so severely that they shall not dare to move hand or foot, save at our pleasure. With such a people nothing but hard and sanguinary measures will do. Their late King, Henry VIII., knew that well, and his subjects obeyed him, crouching at his feet like beaten hounds. But to impose our yoke upon them we must go even beyond the despot Henry. We must pour forth the blood of the English nobles like water, seize upon their possessions, and assume their titles. Do this, extirpate heresy, establish the Inquisition, and your Highness need fear no rebellion."

Alva's eyes blazed as he gave this counsel, and his countenance assumed an expression so terrible that even Philip regarded him with awe.

“The time is not yet come for acting thus,” observed the Prince. “I must first try to ingratiate myself with the people, and win over the council and the nobles by gifts and promises. If those fail, I may have recourse to other means.”

“There, to my mind, your Highness is wrong,” rejoined Alva. “Begin as you mean to go on. You cannot make yourself beloved by this perfidious nation, but you may easily make yourself dreaded. Hesitate not to shed blood—the best blood. Strike boldly, and at the highest. If you have any misgivings, let me do the work for you, and it shall be done effectually. I shall not object to be grand justiciary of the realm.”

And again his features wore the terrible look we have just noticed.

“It is too soon to talk of this,” said Philip. “We will speak of it hereafter.”

“It may then be too late,” rejoined Alva, in a sombre tone. “Once again, I counsel your

Highness not to delay. As soon as you are fairly wedded, throw off the mask."

"And be driven disgracefully from the kingdom," cried Philip. "No; I shall adopt a safer course. A time may come—and that at no distant date—when I may profit by your counsels, and ask your aid."

And he turned to watch the numerous white-sailed little barks steering towards him from Portsmouth.

## III.

OF THE AFFRONT OFFERED TO THE SPANIARDS BY THE LORD HIGH ADMIRAL; AND OF THE PRINCE'S ARRIVAL AT SOUTHAMPTON.

CHARLES V. has been described as more of a Fleming than a Spaniard, and his son Philip as more of a Spaniard than a Fleming. But the Prince bore a strong resemblance to his sire, though he was not so tall as the Emperor, and more slightly and elegantly formed than that martial monarch. Apparently, Philip must have looked like a Scotsman, since he was compared by a Highlander, John Elder, "the Redshank," who saw him on his entrance into London, to "John

Hume, my Lord of Jedward's kinsman." The Redshank seems to have been greatly struck by the royal Spaniard's personal appearance and deportment, for he says, "his pace is princely, and gait so straight and upright as he loseth no inch of height;" adding, "he is so well-proportioned of body, arm, and leg, as nature cannot work a more perfect pattern."

But we have Philip actually brought before us as he lived and moved at the period in question in the portraits of Titian and Sir Antonio More. There we see his slight and singularly elegant figure, and admire his striking costume. There we may peruse his remarkable lineaments, every trait of which has been preserved by the great painters with extraordinary fidelity. Philip's face was a perfect oval, and all the features good, except the mouth, the lower lip of which was too full, and projected beyond the upper—a defect inherited by the Prince from his father, who was considerably under-jawed. Philip's complexion



was fair, of almost feminine delicacy and clearness, his eyes large and blue, and shaded by thick brows meeting over the nose. His hair, worn short, according to the Spanish mode, was of a golden yellow—a circumstance which no doubt caused the Redshank to liken him to “my Lord of Jedward’s kinsman;”—and his pointed beard of the same hue. His forehead was lofty, and white as marble, and his nose long, straight, and perfectly proportioned. In regard to his attire, he was extremely particular, affecting dark colours, as they best suited him; and he had the good taste to dispense with embroidery and ornament. On the present occasion he had in no wise departed from his rule. Black velvet haut-de-chausses, black taffetas hose, velvet buskins, doublet of black satin, all fitting to perfection, constituted his habiliments. Over all, he wore a short black damask mantle furred with sable. His neck was encircled by the collar of the Golden Fleece, and

on his head sat a black velvet cap, having a small chain of gold as its sole ornament.

This costume, chosen with great judgment, was admirably calculated to display the graces of his person, and set off the extreme fairness of his complexion. Moreover, the Prince's demeanour was marked by extraordinary loftiness, and an ineffable air of the highest breeding pervaded his every look and gesture.

Philip was only nineteen when he was first married. Doña Maria of Portugal, the Princess to whom he was then united, died in giving birth to a son, the half-crazed and savage-natured Don Carlos, whose fate is involved in mystery, though it is supposed he was poisoned by his father's orders. It will be seen, as we proceed, how Philip treated his second consort; but we may mention that to neither of those who succeeded her—he was twice again married—did he manifest much affection. To his third wife, the

young and beautiful, Elisabeth de Valois, eldest daughter of Henri II. and Catherine de Medicis, he was unaccountably indifferent, repaying her tenderness and devotion by constant neglect and infidelities. At all times, he seems to have preferred any other female society to that of the one entitled to his regard. His fourth wife, Anne of Austria, was but little better treated than her predecessors. Philip long survived her, and would have married again if he could have found among the royal families of Europe an alliance sufficiently tempting. The sole being he entirely loved was the Infanta Isabella, his daughter by his third wife. She served him as his secretary, during his retirement in the Escorial in his latter days, and when dying, he commended her to his son and successor in these terms: "Philip, I charge you to have always the greatest care of the Infanta, your sister. She has been the light of my eyes."

At the period under consideration, the darker qualities inherent in Philip's nature had not be-

come developed. He grew more impassive, sterner, and severer, as he gained power and advanced in years. He was a profound dissembler, and his designs were inscrutable. None knew when they had forfeited his favour. He caressed those he meant to destroy; whence it was said that there was no difference between the King's smile and the knife. His self-restraint offered a striking contrast to the fiery impetuosity of his father. His policy was subtle, perfidious, Machiavellian. He had not Charles's sagacity, nor Charles's towering ambition, but he had more craft and hypocrisy than the Emperor, equal love of power, and equal capacity for rule. His industry was astonishing, and when his mighty monarchy devolved upon him, comprehending Spain, Flanders, Burgundy, the Two Sicilies, the Indies, and the New World, he passed many hours of each day, and often of each night, in reading petitions, annotating upon memorials, writing despatches, and other toils of the cabinet. No sovereign ever wrote so much as

Philip. Everything was submitted to his inspection. In hatred implacable, in severity unrelenting, fickle in friendship—if, indeed, he could form a friendship—he was equally inconstant in love matters, so that no syren could long hold him in her thrall. His affairs of gallantry, like all the rest of his proceedings, were shrouded in mystery. To none did he give his full confidence, and not even his confessor was allowed to peer into the inmost recesses of his breast. More inflexible than his father, if he had once formed a resolution, whether for good or ill, it was unalterable. But he was slow in coming to a decision. In religion he was bigoted, and firmly believed he was serving the cause of the Romish Church by the rigour he displayed towards heretics. He declared he would rather put to death a hundred thousand people than the new doctrines should take root in his dominions. Throughout his reign the terrible tribunal of the Inquisition was constantly in action. Such was the detestation felt for him

in the Low Countries and in England, that he was called the "Demon of the South;" while his Spanish subjects spoke of him, under their breath, as the "Father of Dissimulations." Despite, however, his perfidy, his bigotry, and his severity, he was a great monarch, and raised the power of Spain to its highest point. After him its splendour began to decline.

In his latter years, Philip led the life of a religious recluse, shutting himself up almost entirely in the Escorial, and performing devotional exercises, vigils, fastings, and penances, with as much zeal as a brother of some severe order. Yet, notwithstanding this austere life, he continued to the last to conduct the affairs of state from his closet. His end was a grand and solemn scene, of which full details have been left us.

After receiving extreme unction, Philip said to his son, "I have sent for you that you may know what death is." He then caused his coffin, which had already been prepared, to be brought into the

chamber where he lay, and the crown to be placed on a death's head on a table beside him. Then taking from a coffer a priceless jewel, he said to the Infanta, "Isabella Eugenia Clara, my daughter, this jewel was given me by the Queen your mother. It is my parting gift to you." He next gave a paper to his son, saying, "You will see from this how you ought to govern your kingdom." A blood-stained scourge was then brought him, and taking it in his hand, he said, "This blood is mine, yet it is not mine own, but that of my father, who used the discipline. I mention this, that the relic may be the more valued." After another paroxysm, he again received extreme unction, and feeling his end approach, he asked for a crucifix, which the Emperor held in his hands when he breathed his last, and which he also desired to hold when dying. In another hour he became speechless, and so continued to the end, his dying gaze being

fixed on a taper of Our Lady of Montserrat, burning on the high altar of the church, which was visible through the open door.

We have stood in the little chamber in the church of the Escorial in which Philip died, and have looked from it at the altar whereon burnt the sacred flame that attracted his last regards.

Philip's suite, as we have already intimated, comprised several nobles of the highest importance, who had been ordered to attend upon him by the Emperor. Besides the Duke of Alva, there was the scarcely less important Duke de Medina Celi, Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, Prince of Eboli, the Admiral of Castile, who was in command of the fleet, the Marquis de Pescara, the Marquis del Valle, the Marquis D'Aguillara, the Conde de Feria, the Conde Olivares, the Conde de Saldana, the Count D'Egmont, and several others equally distinguished. Each of these haughty hidalgos had a train of attendants with him.



With the Prince, also, was the Alcalde of Galicia, the Bishop of Cuença, Father Alfonso de Castro, and several other priests.

Moreover, he had a great painter in his train, Sir Antonio More, who had been previously sent into England to take the Queen's portrait (which may still be seen in the gallery at Madrid), and had now the honour of accompanying the Prince on his voyage.

Two other important personages had preceded Philip to England—namely, the Marquis de las Naves, previously referred to, and Don Juan Figueroa, Regent of the Council of Aragon, a nobleman much in the Emperor's confidence, and to whom an important part had been assigned in the approaching ceremonial.

Shortly after his discourse with the Duke of Alva, which we have reported, Philip withdrew to his state cabin to perform his orisons, and listen to a discourse from the Bishop of Cuença. On his reappearance, he found most of his nobles

assembled on deck, making, as they were all superbly attired, a very gallant show. Only three or four of their number removed their plumed and jewelled caps on the Prince's approach. The rest being grandees of Spain, and entitled to remain covered in the presence of royalty, asserted their privilege. Foremost in the group were the Duke of Alva, the Duke of Medina Celi, Ruy Gomez de Silva, and the valiant Marquis de Pescara—one of the great captains of the age. All these had the cross of Santiago on their mantles. Some of the assemblage were Knights of Calatrava, others Knights of St. Lazarus, or of St. John of Jerusalem, and all wore their orders. Numbering about fifteen, they presented a remarkable array of noble-looking figures, all more or less characterised by pride of look and haughtiness of deportment. It would have been easy to discern at a glance that they belonged to the most vainglorious people then existing—a people, however, as valiant as they were vainglorious.

As we cannot describe these haughty personages in detail, we shall select one or two from the group. The most striking among them was undoubtedly the Duke of Alva, whose remarkable sternness of look arrested attention, and acted like a spell on the beholder. There was a fatal expression in Alva's regards that seemed to forebode the atrocities he subsequently committed in the Low Countries. His gaze was fierce and menacing, and the expression of his countenance truculent and bloodthirsty. His complexion was swarthy, and his short-clipped hair and pointed beard were jet-black. His figure was lofty, well proportioned, and strongly built, and his manner excessively arrogant and imperious. His attire was of deep-red velvet and damask. His mantle was embroidered with the Cross of Santiago, and round his neck he wore the collar of the Golden Fleece.

Full as noble-looking as Alva, and far less arrogant, was the Count D'Egmont, whose tall and

symmetrical figure was arrayed in a doublet of crimson damask. His hose were of black taffetas, and his boots of bronzed chamois. His black silk mantle was passmented with gold, and his velvet hat was adorned with a tall panache of black and white feathers. Like Alva, he wore the order of the Golden Fleece.

Next to D'Egmont stood Sir Antonio More, for whom the Count had a great friendship. The renowned painter was a man of very goodly appearance, and richly dressed, though not with the magnificence that characterised the hidalgos around him. A doublet of black satin, paned with yellow, with hose to match, constituted his attire; his hair and beard being trimmed in the Spanish fashion.

Such was the assemblage which met the Prince as he came forth for the second time that morning. Returning their salutations with the dignity and solemnity of manner habitual to him, he seated

himself on a throne-like chair, covered with purple velvet, which had been set for him on the raised deck.

By this time the fleet had passed the Solent Sea and was off Cowes. The extreme beauty of the Isle of Wight, as seen from this point, might have excited Philip's admiration, had not his attention been drawn to the English and Flemish fleets, which could now be seen advancing to meet him. On came the two armaments, proudly and defiantly, as if about to give him battle, or oppose his progress. When they got within a mile of the Prince, the English ships were ordered to heave to, and soon became stationary; but the Flemish squadron continued to advance until it met the Spaniards, when it wore round and came on with them.

As yet, no salute had been fired by the Lord High Admiral.

"I do not understand such matters," said the Duke of Alva, approaching the Prince; "but it

seems to me that the English Admiral gives your Highness but a cold reception."

Philip made no reply, but, after a moment, observed, "Those are fine ships."

"They are so," replied Alva; "but their commander should be taught to show due respect to his sovereign."

Just then an incident occurred which caused the utmost astonishment, not unmixed with indignation, throughout the Spanish fleet. A shot was fired by the Lord High Admiral across the bows of the Spanish ship nearest him. Philip was made instantly aware of the occurrence, and for a moment exhibited unwonted emotion. His pale cheek flushed, and he sprang from his seat, seeming about to give an angry order, but he presently became calmer. Not so the grandees around him. They were furious; and the Duke of Alva counselled the Prince immediately to fire upon the insolent offender.

"I am as eager to resent the affront as the

Duke," said Count D'Egmont; "but first let an explanation be demanded."

"Make the inquiry with our cannon," said Alva, fiercely; adding, with a scornful look at D'Egmont, "Timid counsels smack of treason."

Regarding the Duke with a glance as disdainful as his own, D'Egmont said, "My loyalty to the Emperor has been often approved. His Highness will be better served by prudence than by rashness. There must be some mistake."

"There can be no mistake, and no explanation ought to be accepted," cried Alva, yet more fiercely. "The affront is a stain upon the honour of our country, and can only be avenged by the destruction of that insolent fleet. Count D'Egmont is not a Spaniard, and therefore does not feel it."

"I should regard the matter differently, if I could believe that insult was intended," rejoined D'Egmont. "But I cannot think so."

"Here comes the explanation," said Philip, as

the Admiral of Castile approached. "How now, my lord?" he added to him. "What means this interruption? For what reason was that shot fired?"

"Because our topsails were not lowered in deference to the English navy in these narrow seas," replied the Admiral. "It is the custom to exact this homage to the flag, and Lord Clinton will not abate a jot of his demands. I am come to ascertain your Highness's pleasure."

"Pour a broadside into the insolent fellow," said Alva. "That is the only answer to return consistent with your Highness's dignity."

"It is not for me to offer counsel," said D'Egmont; "but it is better, methinks, to submit to this affront, which, after all, may not be intended as such, than to hazard the loss of a prize that is so nearly gained."

Philip looked thoughtful for a moment, and then said, in an authoritative tone, "Let the topsails be lowered—in this ship—and throughout



the fleet. Since the demand is warranted, we ought to comply with it.”

The Admiral instantly gave the requisite orders to the officers near him, and ere another minute the topsails were lowered, amid the murmurs of the Spanish grandees, whose glowing cheeks and flashing eyes proclaimed their wrath.

“I did not think this affront would have been endured,” cried Alva.

“Nor I,” cried the Marquis de Pescara, and some others.

“Be patient, my lords—be patient,” observed Philip, significantly. “Our turn will come anon.”

In another minute all the vessels in the Spanish fleet had followed the example of the *Santissima Trinidad*.

This was no sooner done than a loud salute was fired from all the guns in the English navy.

Before the smoke had rolled away, the Spanish fleet replied by a deafening roar of artillery. Lusty cheers were then given by the sailors thronging

the ropes and cross-bars of the English ships, and amid the beating of drums and the shriller music of the fife, a large boat was lowered from the Lord High Admiral's ship, in which Lord Clinton, attended by several officers of distinction, was rowed towards the *Santissima Trinidad*.

On coming on board, the Lord High Admiral was ceremoniously received by Count D'Egmont, who acted as the Prince's mayor-domo, and, after a brief interchange of compliments, on the Admiral's request to be presented to his Highness, he was ushered through two lines of bronze-visaged and splendidly-equipped harquebuzeros to the bulkhead, where Philip was seated, with his nobles drawn up on either side. By all the latter, Clinton was regarded haughtily and menacingly, but, apparently heedless of their displeasure, he made a profound reverence to the Prince, who received him with a graciousness that offered a marked contrast to the defiant looks of his entourage.

“In the Queen’s name, I bid your Highness welcome to her dominions,” said the Admiral; “and I trust I shall be excused if I have appeared uncourteous in the discharge of my duty, which is to maintain her Majesty’s sovereignty in these seas.”

“No need of apologies, my lord,” replied Philip. “The fault was ours, not yours. We ought to have recollected that we are now in English waters. How fares her Majesty?”

“Right well,” said the Admiral, “and only anxious for your Highness’s safe arrival.”

“Is she at Southampton?” pursued Philip.

“No, my lord,” rejoined the Admiral. “Her Grace came these two days past to Winchester, where she will await your Highness’s coming. I had tidings of her so late as yester-morn, brought by my nephew, who is now with me.”

“Is this your nephew, my lord?” inquired Philip, glancing at a tall, well-proportioned young man, standing behind the Admiral.

The blooming complexion, clear blue eyes, brown waving locks, and features of this very handsome young man, proclaimed his Saxon origin.

“Ay, my lord, this is my nephew, Osbert Clinton,” replied the Admiral, eyeing the youth with a pride which the good looks and gallant bearing of the latter might perhaps justify. “He is fresh from her Majesty’s presence, as I have just declared to your Highness. Stand forward, Osbert, and tell the Prince all thou knowest.”

On this the young man advanced, and bowing gracefully to Philip, gave him particulars of the Queen’s journey from London, of her stay at Guildford, of her meeting with the Marquis de las Naves, and of her arrival at Winchester—to all of which the Prince listened with apparent interest.

“What office do you fill at court, young sir, for I conclude you have some post there?” demanded Philip, when young Clinton had done.

“I am merely one of her Majesty’s gentlemen,” replied Osbert.

“I would willingly have made a seaman of him,” interposed the Admiral, “and but that he dislikes the service, he might now be in command of one of yon gallant ships. Sorry am I to say that he prefers a court life.”

“He is in the right,” said Philip. “Unless I am mistaken, he has qualities which will be better displayed in that field than in the one your lordship would have chosen for him—qualities which, if properly employed, must lead to his distinction.”

“Your Highness judges me far too favourably,” said Osbert, bowing profoundly.

“Not a whit,” rejoined Philip; “and to prove my confidence in you, I will attach you—if you list—to my own person.”

“My nephew cannot quit the Queen’s service without her Majesty’s consent,” said the Admiral,

in a tone which, though deferential, showed his dislike of the proposition.

“That is always implied,” said Philip. “But supposing her Majesty agreeable, what says the young man to the arrangement?”

“I am entirely at your Highness’s commands,” replied Osbert, overwhelmed with gratitude.

“And ready to become a Spaniard, and forswear your country, if need be, I make no doubt,” observed the Admiral, gruffly.

“I shall violate no duty to the Queen by serving her consort,” said his nephew; “and England and Spain will be so closely linked together by this most propitious union, that they will become as one land, wherein there will be no divided service or interests.”

“That time is not yet arrived, and never will arrive,” muttered the Admiral.

“You are doubtless anxious to return to your ship, my lord,” said Philip. “I will no longer detain you.”

“I thank your Highness,” replied the Admiral. “We will make all haste we can, but there is little wind, and I fear it will be somewhat late ere we can reach Southampton.”

“It matters not,” said Philip. “I shall not disembark till to-morrow.”

“Your Highness will exercise a wise discretion in the delay, as a better reception can be given you,” returned the Admiral. “I humbly take my leave. Come, nephew.”

“It is my pleasure that your nephew should remain with me, my lord,” said Philip.

“But I am about to despatch him in a swift galley to her Majesty,” remonstrated the Admiral.

“You must find a fresh messenger, my lord,” said Philip. “I have other business for him. However, I would place no constraint upon the young man. He can depart with your lordship if he is so minded.”

“Nay, I desire nothing so much as to remain with your Highness,” cried Osbert, eagerly.

“The Prince was right in saying he was born a courtier,” muttered the Admiral. “I can do nothing with him.”

Making another obeisance, he then quitted the Prince’s presence, and, being formally conducted by D’Egmont to the head of the vessel’s stairs, re-entered the boat, and was rowed back to his ship, in no very good humour.

On reaching it, he immediately issued orders to his fleet to make all way to Southampton, and the noble vessels were soon bending in that direction. The Spanish and Flemish fleets followed in the same track. But so slight was the breeze, that some time elapsed before they passed Calshot Castle and entered Southampton Water.

As the Admiral had predicted, evening was at hand ere the fleets had cleared the broad and beautiful estuary, at the northern end of which stood the ancient and then highly picturesque town of Southampton. The grey walls circling the town, the spires of the churches, and the castle on the



hill, were glowing in the last rays of the setting sun. Crowds could be seen gathered upon the quays, and upon every point of observation. A loud salvo was fired from the castle batteries, and from the ordnance placed on the walls and on the gates. Except the *Santissima Trinidad*, the Lord High Admiral's ship, and that commanded by the Vice-Admiral of the Netherlands, all the other vessels now cast anchor. The three large vessels got as near the port as they could, and then came likewise to an anchor, the ship containing the Prince occupying the foremost position. These movements excited great interest amongst the spectators, whose shouts were loud and continuous.

Intimation having been given to the authorities of the town that the Prince's disembarkation would not take place till next day, his Highness needing repose after his long voyage, no one went on board the royal ship. The ceremonial of the reception, and all public rejoicings and festivities

connected with it, were postponed to the morrow; but it was not until it grew dusk, and they had in some measure satiated their curiosity by gazing at the superb vessel which had brought the illustrious stranger to their port, that the crowd on the quays began to disperse and return to their own dwellings.

It was at this hour that Philip called Osbert Clinton to his state cabin, and, dismissing his attendants, said to the young man, as soon as they were gone,

“I intend to go ashore, incognito, to-night, and pass an hour in Southampton. I would judge with my own eyes of the people I shall have to govern. You shall go with me—I think I can trust myself with you.”

“I will guard your Highness with my life,” said Osbert, resolutely. “But I cannot conceal from you that it is a hazardous step you are about to take.”

“Hazardous or not, I am resolved upon it,” said

Philip. "I like a nocturnal adventure, and the opportunity for one now offers, under circumstances that heighten its zest. My nobles would infallibly oppose my design, and therefore must know nothing of it. One person alone can be trusted, the Count D'Egmont, and he will lend me aid. I must about it at once, for it grows late."

"Your Highness will be in time, for this will be a night of revel and rejoicing in the town," said Osbert. "Pray Heaven no ill may come of the adventure!"

D'Egmont was then summoned, and on his appearance the Prince disclosed his plan to him. The Count strongly opposed it, representing its danger, as Osbert had done, but in the end he was obliged to yield.

"For an hour you and I will change parts," pursued Philip to D'Egmont. "You shall be the Prince, and I the Count. The Count will remain here, and the Prince will go ashore with this young

Englishman as if sent on some special errand. None will be the wiser—not even Alva or Ruy Gomez. Go, order a boat to be got ready instantly. Make some change in your attire. Put on the long dark mantle I have seen you wear at night, and a black cap without a plume. Speak to the attendants as you pass, and tell them you are going ashore.”

“It shall be done,” replied the Count, departing.

While he was gone, Philip retired into an inner chamber and made some change in his own apparel. Just as he had completed his preparations, D’Egmont returned, habited as the Prince had directed. Philip took the count’s mantle, and wrapping himself in it, said, so as to be heard by the attendants, “See the Count D’Egmont and the English caballero to the boat, and let watch be kept for their return. Till then I would not be disturbed.”

Having uttered these words, he muffled up his features and went forth, followed by Osbert. The

ushers took him for the person he represented, and attended him to the stairs.

In this manner the Prince and his companion got into the boat without stoppage of any kind, and were rowed to a landing-place at the quay near the South-gate of the town.

## IV.

## SOUTHAMPTON IN 1554.

GIRDED round by high embattled walls, flanked with numerous towers, all in good repair, and well ordnanced, old Southampton had a proud and defiant look, especially when viewed from the water. Within the walls, situated on an elevated point on the north-west, stood the castle, now totally destroyed, the donjon of which, erected at the time of the Conquest, if not before, commanded with its guns all the approaches to the harbour, as well the country to the north. This strongly-fortified town possessed no less than eight

gates, besides posterns. It was defended on the north and east by a moat of extraordinary width and depth, crossed by drawbridges connected with the gates, and on the south and west by the sea, which washed the foot of its walls; and it contained many large and important mansions, amongst which may be noted the antique palace of Canute, besides several fine churches, hospitals, religious establishments, conduits, and great storehouses, together with a long and goodly street, described by old Leland, in his Itinerary, "as one of the fairest streets that is in any town of all England."

From the summit of the castle magnificent views were obtained of the lovely Isle of Wight in the distance; of the vast woody region known as the New Forest; of the broad estuary spread out like a lake before it, almost always thronged with craft, and sometimes, as now, filled with larger vessels; of the ruthlessly-despoiled but still beauteous abbey of Netley, embosomed in its groves; of the course

of the Itchen, on the one side, and of the Test on the other; or, looking inland towards the north, of a marshy tract, caused by the overflowing waters of the Itchen; of more marshes on the low ground farther on, then more forest scenery, with here and there a village and an ancient castellated mansion, until the prospect was terminated by Saint Catherine's and Saint Giles's hills, near Winchester.

Situated at the point of a piece of high land lying between the confluence of the two rivers just mentioned, namely, the Itchen and the Test, old Southampton was completely insulated by the deep ditch connecting these streams on the north, and continued along the east side of the walls. Without the walls, on the east, lay an extensive suburb, occupying the site of a still older town, which had been sacked and in a great part burnt by French and Genoese pirates in the time of Edward III.—a disaster that caused the second town to be as strongly fortified as we have described it.



And now let us examine the gates, the noblest of which, the Bar-gate, happily still exists. Built at different epochs, the two semicircular towers composing the north-frontage being added to the central arch, which dates back at least as far as the Conquest, this stately structure, which formed the sole entrance to the town from the north, surpassed all the other gates in size and grandeur. Even now, crowded as it is with habitations, and standing in the midst of a busy thoroughfare, it is very imposing. Its massive towers, reverent with age, and carrying back the mind of the beholder to a remote period, are strongly machiolated, and retain much of their pristine character, but the once beautiful pointed archway between them has been disfigured by enlargement. Anciently, there was a double moat on the north of this gate, crossed by a stone bridge and a drawbridge. On the parapets of the first of these bridges the lordly sitting lions now guarding the archway were set.

We may complete our description of the Bar-

gate by mentioning that it contains the Guildhall of the town, or *Domus Civica*, as old Leland terms it. Underneath, below the level of the moat, there was formerly a dungeon.

It may be questioned whether the good folk of Southampton are half so proud of their noble gate as of two extraordinary paintings hanging on the right and left of the central arch, which represent the renowned Sir Bevis, the legendary hero of the town, and the giant Ascapart, who, according to tradition, being conquered by the doughty Danish knight, became his squire. We do not quarrel with these paintings, or with their position, but why should not pictorial representations be likewise given of the peerless Princess Josyan, of whom Sir Bevis was enamoured, and of his marvellous charger, Arundel? The pictures, we venture to suggest, might serve to screen the grievous disfigurements on the south side of the Bar-gate.

The Water-gate and the South-gate, both of which faced the harbour, though inferior in size

and grandeur of appearance to the Bar-gate, were very strongly built, machiolated, provided with double portcullises, and flanked by towers. The other five gates were nearly similar in character; the most important being the East and West-gates.

High, and of great solidity, the walls were further strengthened on the south and west sides by huge buttresses, as may still be seen in the picturesque remains left in these parts of the modern town. The parapets were embrasured, and had bastions at the angles of the walls. Towers were also built for the protection of the floodgates required to admit the sea to the trenches.

All the fortifications, as we have said, were in good condition, having been repaired and strengthened by Henry VIII., who was a frequent visitor to the town, and, still more recently, in the reign of Edward VI. The batteries were furnished with fresh artillery by the former monarch, and a large

piece of ordnance, graven with his name and title of "Fidei Defensor," is still preserved.

Separated from the town by the broad deep moat which was traversed in this quarter by a couple of large drawbridges, the quay extended along the shore to some distance on the east, and was laid out in wharves, and provided with cranes and other machines for landing or embarking cargoes. The harbour was marked out by huge piles driven into the banks, like those which may be seen in the shallow lagunes of Venice. Ordinarily the quay was a very busy scene, but its busiest and blithest time was on the arrival of the Flanders galleys, which came twice or thrice a year, laden with rich freights. Then all the wealthy merchants of Southampton, with their clerks and serving-men, and even with their wives and daughters, repaired to the platform, eager to inspect the goods and rare articles brought by the fleet.

Inhabited by a body of merchants who traded largely with Venice and the East, and almost rivalled the merchants of London in wealth, Southampton gave abundant evidence in its buildings of power and prosperity. In English-street, now known as the High-street, dwelt the chief merchants of the place, and though their habitations were not marble palaces, like those of the Venetians with whom they traded, nor stately structures, like those of the Flemings, who brought rich cargoes to their port, they were substantial timber houses, with high roofs, picturesque gables, and bay-windows. Not only did these houses possess large entrance-halls and spacious chambers panelled with black oak, hung with costly arras, and otherwise luxuriously furnished, according to the taste of their wealthy owners, but they boasted, in many cases, large, dry, well-arched vaults, stored with casks of good Bordeaux, Xerez, Malaga, Alicant, Malvoisie, and Gascoigne wines. Some of these

famous old cellars yet exist. Let us hope they are as well stocked as of yore.

Most of the houses in English-street were remarkable for the elaborate carvings adorning their woodwork, while the handsome porches were embellished with shields and escutcheons charged with armorial bearings. In all cases the upper stories projected beyond the lower, so as to overhang the footways. It is satisfactory to add that the Southampton merchants of that day were noted for the liberality of their dealings, as well as for their princely hospitality to strangers.

About midway in English-street stood Holyrood Church, an antique pile, of which we shall have occasion to speak anon; and contiguous to the South-gate, which then formed one of the outlets to the harbour, was the Domus Dei, or God's House, an ancient hospital, in the chapel of which, now used as a place of worship by French Protestants, were buried the three lords,

Cambridge, Scrope, and Grey, beheaded for conspiring against Henry V., as that warlike prince was about to embark for France to win the glorious battle of Agincourt. And while on this theme, let us not forget that it was likewise from Southampton that the victors of Cressy sailed.

Such was Southampton in the middle of the sixteenth century. It was during the reign of Henry VIII. that its power and importance as a seaport culminated. At the period of which we treat it had begun to decline, though the vast wealth previously acquired by its merchants helped for a while to sustain it. But its trade continued sensibly to diminish in Elizabeth's time, while its rival, Portsmouth, grew in consequence. However, a great future was in store for Southampton. The present century has witnessed its revival and restoration to far more than its mediæval prosperity. With its secure harbour and noble docks,

wherein ride the superb steamers that connect it with the East and West Indies, and indeed with the whole world, few ports in the kingdom can now vie with that of fair Southampton.



## V.

HOW THE PRINCE OF SPAIN OBTAINED A SIGHT OF SIR BEVIS OF SOUTHAMPTON AND HIS HORSE ARUNDEL, OF THE GIANT ASCAPART, THE PRINCESS JOSYAN, KING CANUTE, AND ANOTHER NOTABLE PERSONAGE.

THE platform on which the Prince of Spain and young Clinton stood, after leaving the boat, was entirely deserted, the vast concourse, recently assembled there, having returned, as already stated, to the town. Here and there a sentinel, in steel cap and breastplate, and armed with a halberd, strode to and fro along the solitary quay. One of these sentinels challenged the Prince and his com-

panion on their landing, but a word from Osbert caused the man to retire.

As Philip first set foot on English ground a thrill of exultation ran through his breast, but he allowed no outward manifestation of the feeling to escape him; but after a momentary halt, signified his desire to Osbert to enter the town.

The night was dark, but clear and perfectly calm. Behind, on the smooth sea, which reflected the stars shining brilliantly above, and the lights of the large lanterns hanging at the poops of the vessels, lay the *Santissima Trinidad*, with her scarcely less colossal companions beside her, looming like leviathans in the darkness. Here all seemed buried in repose, for no sound arose from the mighty ships, or from the squadron in their rear. But in front there was a strong light proceeding from a blazing barrel of pitch set on the top of the Water-gate, the flames of which, rising to a great height, illumined the battlements and keep of the castle, as well as the steeples of the

churches and the roofs of the loftier buildings, casting a ruddy glare on the moat beneath, and making the adjacent walls and towers look perfectly black. Moreover, a loud hum, with other sounds arising from the interior of the town, showed that its inhabitants were still astir.

Traversing a drawbridge, near which another sentinel was stationed, Osbert and his royal companion speedily reached the Water-gate. Three or four halberdiers were standing beneath the archway, and advanced to question them, but satisfied with young Clinton's explanation, one of them struck his pole against the massive door, whereupon a wicket was opened, and the pair entered the town.

They were now at the foot of English-street, with the principal features of which the reader is familiar. Active preparations of various kinds were here being made for the anticipated ceremonial of the morrow. Men were employed in decorating scaffolds erected near the gate, and

other artificers were occupied in adorning the fronts of the houses. Though the hour was late, owing to the bustle of preparation, and the numerous strangers within the town, few of the inhabitants of this quarter had retired to rest. Festivities seemed to be going on in most of the houses. Lights streamed from the open casements, while joyous shouts, laughter, and strains of music resounded from within.

All was strange to Philip—the quaint and picturesque architecture of the habitations, the manners, and to some extent the very dresses of the people. But though he was amused by the novelty of the scene, the rudeness, noisy talk, boisterous merriment, and quarrels of the common folk, were by no means to his taste. Naturally, his own arrival in the harbour and expected disembarkation on the morrow formed the universal topics of discourse, and he heard remarks upon himself and his nation, such as he had not hitherto conceived that any one would venture to utter. Little did the

heedless talkers imagine that the haughty-looking stranger, with his face closely muffled in his mantle, who passed them in the street, or lingered for a moment beneath a porch to watch their proceedings, was the Prince of Spain. Well was it, indeed, for Philip that he was not recognised, since there were some discontented folk abroad that night who might not have held his royal person sacred.

Philip took no notice of this opprobrious discourse to his conductor, who would fain have shut his ears to it, but he said within himself, "I begin to understand these people. They are insolent, audacious, and rebellious. Alva was right. They must be ruled with an iron hand."

As he walked along, the Prince glanced through the open windows into the dining-chambers of some of the larger houses, and seeing the tables covered with flasks and flagons, and surrounded by guests, whose condition proclaimed that they had been drinking deeply, he inquired of Osbert

whether his countrymen usually committed such excesses?

“They are somewhat prone to conviviality, I must admit,” replied the young man. “But joy at your Highness’s safe arrival has doubtless made them carouse longer than their wont to-night. Besides, there are many strangers in the town, and the hospitality of the Southampton merchants knows no limit.”

Whether this explanation was entirely satisfactory to the Prince may be doubted, but he made no further remark.

By this time, Philip and his conductor had arrived within a short distance of Holyrood Church. An arch had here been thrown across the street, which some young women were decorating with flowers and ribbons; while a knot of apprentices, in jerkins of grey or russet serge and flat caps, were superintending their operations, and holding torches for them.

All at once a great shouting was heard in the

upper part of the street, whereupon the maidens suspended their task, and called out gleefully to the youths that Sir Bevis and Ascapart were coming. At this intimation the apprentices drew back, and with some others of the townfolk who were assembled there, ranged themselves on either side of the arch.

Presently the clamour increased, showing that the knight of Southampton and his gigantic squire must be close at hand, and in order to get out of the way of the crowd, the Prince and his companion withdrew into a porch, whence they could see what was going on without molestation.

Scarcely had they thus ensconced themselves, when a tumultuous throng burst through the arch. These were followed by a troop of Moors—for such they seemed, from their white garments, turbans adorned with the crescent, and blackened features. The foremost of these Paynims bore torches, but three of them, who marched in the rear, had golden fetters on their wrists, and crowns

on their heads. After these captive monarchs rode their conqueror, bestriding his mighty war-horse, Arundel. Sir Bevis, who was of gigantic proportions, was equipped in an enormous steel corslet, with greaves to match, and had on his head a white-plumed helm, the visor of which being raised, disclosed a broad, bluff, bearded visage. Arundel was of extraordinary size and strength, as he had need to be with such a rider, and had a tufted chamfron on his head, with housings of red velvet.

On the right and left of Sir Bevis strode two personages, whose frames were as gigantic as his own. One of these, clad in a tunic of chain armour, which fully developed his prodigious amplitude of chest, wore a conical helmet surmounted by a crown, and having a great nasal in front, which gave a peculiar effect to his burly features. This was the Anglo-Danish King, Canute. His majesty bore on his hip a tremendous sword, the scabbard of which was in-



scribed with mystic characters, and carried in his hand a spear that would have suited Goliath. His shield was oval in form, with a spiked boss in the centre.

Loftier by half a head than the royal Dane was the giant Ascapart, who marched on the other side of the valorous knight of Southampton. Ascapart's leathern doublet was studded with knobs of brass; a gorget of the same metal encircled a throat thick as that of a bull; his brawny legs were swathed with bands of various colours; and on his shoulders, which were even broader than those of Canute or of his master, Sir Bevis, he carried a ponderous club, which it would have puzzled an ordinary man to lift. At his back hung a dragon's head, no doubt that of the terrific monster slain by Sir Bevis. Despite his attire and formidable club, there was nothing savage in Ascapart's aspect. On the contrary, his large face had a very good-humoured expression; and the same may be asserted both of

Sir Bevis and Canute. It was evident from the strong family likeness distinguishing them that the three giants must be brothers.

As if to contrast with their extraordinary stature, these Anakim were followed by a dwarf, whose appearance was hailed with universal merriment by the spectators. A doublet and cloak of silk and velvet of the brightest hues, with a cap surmounted by a parti-coloured plume of ostrich feathers, formed the attire of this remarkable mannikin. A rapier, appropriate to his size, was girt to his thigh, and a dagger, tiny as a bodkin, hung from his girdle. He rode a piebald horse, and behind him on a pillion sat a plump little dame, representing the Princess Josyan, whose transcendent beauty had bewitched Sir Bevis, and softened the adamant heart of the ferocious Ascapart. It can scarcely be affirmed that the princess's charms were calculated to produce such effects on men in general, but there was doubtless a sorcery about her, which ope-

rated more potently on certain subjects than on others. To ordinary eyes she appeared a fat little woman, neither very young, nor very tempting, with a merry black eye and a comical expression of countenance. Princess Josyan's gown was of green velvet, and her embroidered cap had long lappets covering the ears. In her hand she carried a fan made of peacock's feathers.

In Sir Bevis and his companions Osbert Clinton at once recognised (as perhaps some of our readers may have done) three well-known gigantic warders of the Tower, yclept Og, Gog, and Magog, who, on account of their prodigious stature, were constantly employed in state pageants and ceremonials, while in the consequential-looking pigmy riding behind them he did not fail to detect the Queen's favourite dwarf, Xit, who of late, having received the honour of knighthood from her Majesty, had assumed the title of Sir Narcissus le Grand. The plump little occupant of the pillion, Osbert felt sure must be

Lady le Grand, formerly Jane the Fool, whom the Queen had been graciously pleased to bestow in marriage upon Xit. While young Clinton was detailing these circumstances to the Prince, an incident occurred that brought a smile to Philip's grave countenance.

As Og, the representative of Sir Bevis, was passing through the arch, which his plumed helmet well-nigh touched, he perceived a very comely damsel looking down from a ladder on which she was standing, and laughing at him. Without more ado, he raised himself in his stirrups, and, putting his arm round her neck, gave her a sounding salute. Indignant at this proceeding, the damsel requited him with a buffet on the cheek, but in so doing she lost her balance, and would have fallen if the giant had not caught her, and placed her behind him on the broad back of Arundel, which done, he secured his prize by passing his belt round her waist.

Great was the amusement of the bystanders

at this occurrence, and several of them clapped their hands and called out, "The Princess Josyan!—the Princess Josyan!" One young gallant, however, did not share the general mirth, but, shouting to Sir Bevis to set the damsel down, made an effort to release her. But he was thwarted in his purpose by Magog, or rather, we should say, by the terrible Ascapart, who, seizing him by the jerkin, notwithstanding his struggles, handed him to Sir Bevis, and by the latter he was instantly transferred to the highest step of the ladder which the damsel had just quitted. Satisfied with what he had done, Sir Bevis rode on, carrying away with him his fair captive, amid the plaudits and laughter of the spectators. Highly incensed at the treatment he had experienced, the youth was preparing to descend, when he perceived Xit beneath him, and stung to fury by the derisive laughter and gestures of the dwarf, who was mightily entertained by what had taken place, he pulled off

his thick flat cap, and threw it with such force and so true an aim, that, hitting Xit on the head, it nearly knocked him off his horse.

Greatly ruffled by the indignity thus offered him, Xit, as soon as he recovered his equilibrium, drew his sword, and shrieking out to the apprentice that he should pay for his insolence with his life, bade him come down instantly. But the youth did not care to comply, but joined in the laughter of the spectators, all of whom were prodigiously entertained by the enraged dwarf's cries and gesticulations. At last, Xit, who was preparing to scale the ladder and attack his foe, yielded to the solicitations of Lady le Grand, and rode on, delivering this parting menace: "We shall meet again, thou craven flat-cap, when I shall not fail to avenge the insult offered me."

He then quickened his pace, for the laughter and jests of the bystanders displeased him, and speedily overtook the cavalcade. On coming up with it, he found that the damsel, who was uni-

versally saluted as the Princess Josyan, still maintained her position behind Sir Bevis, and, indeed, seemed perfectly reconciled to it, as she was now chatting in a very amicable manner with her captor. Perhaps her vanity was a little excited by the effect she evidently produced upon the lookers-on. This may account for the proffer she voluntarily made to Sir Bevis, to enact the Princess Josyan on the morrow—a proffer which the courteous knight readily accepted, provided the matter could be accommodated with Lady le Grand, who had a prior claim to the part.

Great was the tribulation of the luckless apprentice who had thus lost his sweetheart. From his elevated position he watched her progress down the street, and could perceive that she manifested no disposition to dismount. But he soon lost sight of her, since, before reaching the bottom of English-street, Sir Bevis and his cortége turned off on the right in the direction of the West-gate.

## VI.

WHAT PASSED BETWEEN MASTER RODOMONT BITTERN AND  
THE PRINCE.

AS soon as the street was clear, Osbert inquired whether his Highness would proceed as far as the Bar-gate, but Philip having now seen enough, declined, and they began to retrace their steps. The tipplers in the houses were still at their cups. Some of them, it is true, had staggered to the windows on hearing Sir Bevis and his cortége pass, but by this time they had got back to the bottle. However, a party of half-inebriate guests issued from a large house so



suddenly, that the Prince and Osbert had no time to get out of their way, but were instantly surrounded.

“Ah! who have we here?” cried one of these roysterers, struck by Philip’s haughty air. “By the life of the Emperor Charles V., a Spanish grandee! Perchance, one of the Prince’s suite.’

“You are right, sir,” interposed Osbert; “this noble cavalier is but newly arrived at Southampton with his Highness the Prince of Spain, and, having come ashore on business, is now returning to his ship.”

“How does the noble cavalier style himself?” demanded the other.

“Call me Don Philip—that will suffice,” said the Prince, haughtily.

“Bezo las manos, Señor Don Felipe,” rejoined the other, taking off his cap. “Your lordship is right welcome to Southampton. Suffer me to introduce myself to you as Master Rodomont

Bittern, a caballero y hombre de honor, who will be proud to do your lordship a service. These are my friends, Nick Simnel and Jack Holiday—both caballeros like myself, and courageous and haughty as bulls. Be known to Don Philip, señores. If your lordship will permit us, we will escort you to the quay.”

“Ay, and go on board with his lordship, an he likes our company,” cried Simnel. “We are in the humour for an adventure.”

“I am ready for aught, save the couch,” said Jack Holiday. “Don Philip will find us jolly cocks, that I promise him.”

“Why should not Don Philip, if he be not pressed, enter worthy Master Tyrrell’s house, and crush a flask of Bordeaux?” said another of the party. “He shall be welcome, I will answer for it.”

“Ay, that he shall, good Master Huttoft,” cried the host, who was standing in his door-

way, and heard what was passing. "He shall have the best my cellar can produce. I pray you, noble sir, come in."

"Enter by all means," said Rodomont to the Prince. "Master Tyrrell is well worth knowing. He is the richest merchant we have—richer than the Italian merchants Nicolini and Guidotti, who dwell near St. John's. Master Tyrrell is a descendant of the famous brothers Gervase and Protasius, who founded the Hospital of God's House. His daughter, Constance, is surnamed the Pearl of Southampton. A ravishing creature, I vow. You will lose your heart the instant you behold her. Your Andalusian beauties are nothing to her."

"What do you know of Andalusian beauties, sir?" said Philip.

"By the mass! a good deal," rejoined Rodomont, significantly; "as your lordship will guess, when I tell you I have been at Seville. That is how I knew you for a grandee. I could not

be deceived. Enter, I pray you, and make Master Tyrrell's acquaintance. You will find his daughter all I have described her—the fairest creature you ever clapped eyes on. Not, however, that you will see her to-night, for she is at her devotions. She is as pious as Saint Elizabeth. Had I the choice, I would take Constance Tyrrell in preference to our Queen, whom the Prince, your master, has come hither to marry—ha! ha!”

And the laughter in which he indulged was echoed by his companions.

“Heaven grant the Prince may not have raised his expectations too high on the score of his consort's beauty, or he is like enough to be disappointed,” pursued Rodomont. “Hath your lordship ever beheld her Majesty?”

“How could I, sir?” replied Philip, “since I have never set foot in England before this hour. But I have seen her portrait by Sir Antonio More.”

“Sir Antonio is a court painter, and has

doubtless flattered her," said Rodomont. "By my beard! she is as thin as a whipping-post, and as sour as verjuice."

This sally was followed by a shout of laughter from the party.

"Let me impress upon you the necessity of a little caution, Master Bittern," said Osbert. "You seem to forget that Don Philip is attached to his Highness's person."

"But he is not going to marry the Queen, therefore the question of her good or ill looks can have no interest to him," laughed Rodomont. "After all, tastes differ, and the Prince may think her Majesty charming, though I do not."

"Are you allowed to talk thus freely of great personages in England, sir?" demanded Philip, sternly.

"For the present we are, Señor Don Felipe, but there's no saying what we may come to, now the Prince, your master, is about to take us in

hand, and teach us manners. Ere long, we shall have a padlock placed upon our mouths, I make no doubt. They say we are to have the Inquisition, and an Auto-da-fé once a month to purge us of heresy, and bring back the stray lambs to the fold. What with the Prince, your master, and Cardinal Pole, who is shortly expected, we are likely to have a pleasant time of it. Familiars of the Holy Office will become too familiar with us, and after a few months passed in secret cells, with red-hot pincers and the rack for recreation, we shall be burnt alive in the market-places, shrouded from head to foot in a san-benito, as I have myself seen done in your delightful city of Seville."

"You are trying to frighten us by these horrid descriptions of red-hot pincers and the rack, Rodomont," said Simnel. "But it won't do. Such things will never come to pass in England."

"Be not too sure of that, Nick," rejoined

Bittern. "You yourself may march at the head of a procession of penitents to Smithfield before the year is out."

"May be I shall," rejoined Simnel; "but if I am burned at the stake you will bear me company. However, I refuse to believe that the Prince of Spain has any such fell designs as you calumniously attribute to him. Don Philip will give us an assurance to the contrary. Doubtless he is in his Highness's confidence. I pray your lordship to contradict him. Give him the lie direct."

"Set your mind at ease, sir," rejoined Philip. "The Prince is a good Catholic, that you need not be told. But even his abhorrence of heresy will not induce him to interfere with the religious affairs of this realm, which belong, of right, to the Queen and the Church. You need not fear the establishment of the Inquisition."

As the words were uttered, a passer-by, who

had lingered to hear what was going forward, exclaimed, "'Tis he!" and then, hurrying on his way, speedily disappeared.

The exclamation troubled Philip, and he felt the necessity of instant departure.

"I am sorry I cannot longer continue this discourse, gentlemen," he said, "neither can I accept Master Tyrrell's hospitality. I bid you all good night."

And bowing to the party with a dignity that strongly impressed them, and prevented them from attempting to accompany him, he walked away with Osbert.

"My mind misgives me," said Rodomont, looking after him. "Did I not feel sure the Prince must be on board the *Santissima Trinidad*, I should think this haughty hidalgo was he. What an air he has!"

"A princely air, indeed!" exclaimed Simnel.

"Who was it cried 'Tis he?'" demanded Bittern.



“Nay, I know not,” returned Jack Holiday. “Whoever the fellow might be, he went away quickly.”

“From the glimpse I caught of him, he looked like the French Ambassador,” observed Huttoft. “His Excellency is in Southampton. I saw him this morning.”

“The French Ambassador!” exclaimed Rodomont. “Nay, then, my suspicions are well founded. Gentlemen, we have been conversing with the Prince of Spain.”

Expressions of incredulity arose from the whole party.

“If it be the Prince of Spain, I would not give much for your ears, Rodomont,” said Simnel, laughing. “Bethink you how disrespectfully you spoke of the Queen.”

“I but affirmed the truth in saying she was not a beauty,” rejoined Bittern.

“Ay, but the truth must not be spoken when

her Majesty's looks are in question," observed Simnel. "You are in for it, friend Rodomont."

"Bah! I am not afraid," cried Bittern. "The Prince will be of my opinion when he beholds his royal consort. Mark what I say. There is not a gallant in the Two Castiles fonder of a pretty woman than Don Philip—a pretty woman, d'ye heed? How then will he reconcile himself to one so much the reverse of beautiful as the Queen? But we must watch over his Highness's safety. The French Ambassador is the Prince's worst enemy, and capable of doing him a mischief. Good night, worthy Master Tyrrell. We will have another merry bout to-morrow. Come along, gentlemen — but caution!—caution!—The Prince must not perceive that he is followed."

With this, they all marched down the street.

## VII.

## THE DEVOTEE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE DOMUS DEI.

INSTEAD of proceeding to the Water-gate, near which a noisy throng was still assembled, Philip and his conductor turned off on the left, with the intention of making their exit from the town by the South-gate.

Passing through a Gothic archway, they entered a narrow sombre street, or alley, with old monastic-looking buildings on either side. In this street stood, and still stands, the *Domus Dei*, or God's House, a hospital founded in the reign of Henry III. by two brothers, Gervase and Pro-

tasius, merchants of Southampton, and dedicated by them to Saint Julian, the patron of travellers. Connected with this hospital, ancient even at the period of our history, was a beautiful little chapel, where, as we have already mentioned, the three conspiring lords were buried after their decapitation.

Vespers were being celebrated within the sacred pile as Philip and his conductor passed it; perceiving which, the Prince determined to go in and perform his devotions. Accordingly, they entered the little edifice.

Dimly lighted by the tapers burning at the altar, its massive round pillars, semicircular arches, small windows, and deeply-recessed doorway, could only be imperfectly seen. Within the chancel, the arch of which was of great beauty, three black marble flags told where the traitorous nobles were laid. Here also, side by side, were recumbent statues of the founders of the fane, sculptured in alabaster.

Except the officiating priest and his assistants, there were only two female devotees in the chapel, both of whom were kneeling before the altar.

Philip took a place near them. For some minutes he was so absorbed in his devotions that he did not notice the person beside him, further than remarking that she was young; but as he raised his eyes, he caught sight of a face that at once riveted his attention. Never had he beheld features so exquisitely beautiful, or so sweet in expression. No nun could have a holier or purer look. A tender melancholy pervaded this angelic countenance, adding an inexpressible charm to it. The face was seen by the Prince in profile, but the attitude served to display the classic regularity of the lineaments, the noble brow, white as marble, the delicately-chiselled nose, the short upper lip, and rounded chin. The complexion of the lovely devotee was of dazzling fairness, which lent additional effect to her resplendent black eyes, her finely-pencilled brows, and dusky and luxu-

riant tresses. Her figure was slender, and its perfect symmetry was defined by her black taffetas dress. From her girdle hung a silver rosary. A small ruff encircled her swan-like throat, and a velvet hood fastened to a coverchief lay at the back of her head.

Totally unconscious of the effect produced by her charms, she pursued her devotions, and it was only towards the close of the service that she became aware of the Prince's propinquity, and of the ardent gaze he fixed upon her. The discovery gave her evident annoyance. Whispering to her attendant, she arose hastily, with the design of quitting the chapel. She could not avoid Osbert, who was leaning against a pillar directly in her way. Young Clinton had been as much struck by her beauty as the Prince, and with looks betokening the extent of his admiration, he bowed to her respectfully as she passed. Coldly returning the salute, and drawing the hood over her head, she went forth, followed by her attendant.

Philip did not move till the fair devotee had quitted the chapel. He then arose, and with undisturbed gravity of deportment left the building. As he issued into the street, which we have stated was dark and narrow, the two females could nowhere be discerned. Yet, feeling confident they must have proceeded towards the main street, he speeded in that direction. Osbert went with him, but was not sorry to find, on reaching the archway opening into English-street, that nothing was to be seen of them.

“Whither can she have gone?” cried Philip, in a tone of fierce disappointment; and then without waiting for an answer, he added, “But perhaps you know her.”

Osbert replied in the negative.

“I did not believe the world contained such a paragon,” cried Philip. “But to lose her would be intolerable. Stay! the priest can tell us who she is. Let us go back and question him.”

“Such a step would excite the holy man’s sus-

pitions, and infallibly seal his lips," replied Osbert. "To-morrow I will obtain information for your Highness.'

"But I must be satisfied to-night," cried Philip. "I cannot rest till I feel sure I shall behold her again."

"She appears to have made a great impression upon your Highness," observed Osbert, in a tone that slightly evinced his dissatisfaction.

"More than I like to confess," rejoined the Prince. "I am not accustomed to be thwarted. I must find out who she is, and that without delay."

"I see not how your desire can be gratified," said Osbert. "We have lost all traces of her for the moment."

"You seem reluctant to do my bidding, sir," said Philip. "Are you smitten with her yourself? Take heed! I will endure no rival."

"Far be it from me to dream of rivalry with your Highness," rejoined Osbert. "I am ready to



execute any orders you may deign to give me, but I cannot blind myself to the risk of continuing this quest."

"You are too young to talk of risk, sir," said Philip. "Difficulties and dangers only add zest to an affair of this kind."

"That would be quite true, were I alone concerned in it," rejoined Osbert. "But it is risk to your Highness, and not to myself, that I dread. You would not care to have it known that you have privily visited Southampton to-night. Yet it may become so, without due caution. Even now, methinks, we are watched. Cast your eyes across the street, and beneath the gate of yonder convent of Grey Friars you will perceive the party of tipsy revellers from whom we have but just escaped. Unless I am mistaken, they are playing the spy upon us."

"By Heaven you are right!" cried Philip, looking in the direction indicated, and remarking the group beneath the convent gate. "If we go on,

we shall have those fellows at our heels, or they will join us, which would be worse."

"Not a doubt of it," replied Osbert. "And to speak truth, I am not without uneasiness on another score. That sudden exclamation of a passer-by would seem to indicate that you were recognised—perhaps by an enemy. If I may be so bold, I would counsel your instant return to the ship."

"And leave this adventure unfinished!" exclaimed Philip. "It goes against my inclination. 'Tis not the custom with us Spaniards to halt on the threshold of a love affair. But I yield to the prudence of your suggestion."

"Heaven be thanked!" mentally ejaculated Osbert. "He shall never behold her again, if I can help it."

On this, they once more tracked the dark and narrow street. In another moment they were near the little chapel, and Osbert would have hurried on, but the Prince paused to consider the locality.

Possibly the damsel might be still thereabouts, or she might have entered the hospital which adjoined the chapel, and indeed was connected with it. A lateral passage led to a small quadrangular court, and down this passage Philip went, hoping to make some discovery. Nor was he this time destined to disappointment. On gaining the court, he found that the fair object of his search was advancing towards him with her attendant. She had evidently just left the hospital, as the door was being closed at the moment by an ancient porter, carrying a lamp.

“At last I have found you, madam!” exclaimed the Prince, springing towards her. “I have looked for you everywhere in vain. But I thought fortune would not present such a treasure to my view, only to rob me of it instantly.”

“Let me pass, I entreat you, sir,” cried the terrified maiden.

“Not till I have told you of the passion which your charms have inspired in my breast,” pursued

Philip, detaining her. "You must—you shall hear me."

"Not another word," cried the damsel, haughtily; "I command you to let me go. You will repent this rudeness. Know you whom you thus insult?"

"Pray Heaven she do not tell him who she is!" said Osbert, internally.

"I know you for the fairest creature I have ever beheld," said Philip, "and if I offend you by my speech, blame me not for it, but rather blame your own charms, which compel me to give utterance to my feelings. Did I but know your name, I would at once release you."

"Then learn to your confusion, forward sir," interposed the old attendant, "that my young lady is Mistress Constance, daughter of Master Tyrrell, the rich merchant of English-street, whom you must know by repute."

"What! the Pearl of Southampton!" exclaimed the Prince. "By my faith the title is well bestowed. She does not belie her reputation."

“Ay, the Pearl of Southampton,” cried the old woman. “And a pearl she is, above all price, I can tell you, and not to be meddled with by profane gallants like you, when she is engaged on works of charity.”

“What goodly work has your fair mistress been employed in?” inquired Philip.

“In ministering to the sick within this hospital,” replied the old woman. “But she is always occupied in good works, and hath no time for idle vanities. You would do well to follow her example. When the Prince of Spain arrived in the harbour this evening, and all the town flocked to the quay to welcome him, what did my pious darling do but hie to yon little chapel to return thanks to Heaven for giving him a safe voyage.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Philip. “The Prince ought to be much beholden to her. I thank you in his name, madam,” he added to Constance.

“You are a Spaniard, then, sir?” said Constance, for the first time raising her eyes towards him.

“One of his Highness’s suite,” replied Philip. “I am sure it will delight the Prince that one so fair should take an interest in him. I trust you will again remember him in your prayers.”

“I have prayed for him,” said Constance—“prayed that having arrived here in safety, he may escape all danger from the disaffected—prayed that his marriage with our Queen may be fraught with happiness to both of them, and conduce to the welfare of the realm and the benefit of religion.”

“I rejoice to hear such sentiments fall from your lips. I have heard few like them since I landed. You wish well to the Prince of Spain?”

“I wish well to him because he is to be the Queen’s husband, and she has no more loyal subject than myself. I could not wish him better than to be the chosen spouse of so excellent a Princess.”

“He might be better pleased, madam, if her Majesty resembled you,” observed Philip.

“The Prince cannot be of your opinion, sir,” returned Constance, “for I hear he is singularly

devout. He will require no other graces in her Majesty save those of her mind and heart."

"You have been rightly informed as to the Prince's zeal in religious matters, madam," said Philip. "He is as strict as you appear to be; but he is by no means indifferent to beauty, and I am certain he could not behold you unmoved."

"You do him wrong, sir," said Constance. "The Queen must now exclusively occupy his heart. A thought of any other would be sinful, and a pious prince would never indulge such a thought."

"A very pertinent remark. I trust he may profit by it," muttered Osbert.

"The sin being involuntary, would lie lightly on his conscience," observed Philip. "But I must prevail on the Prince to mention your name to the Queen. She ought to be made acquainted with your merits, and might, possibly, find some place for you near her royal person."

"I pray you, sir, do not. I have no desire to emerge from my present obscurity. But for my

father, I should embrace the life of a cloister. That is my real vocation."

"It must not be, madam!" exclaimed Osbert, unable to restrain himself. "You would do a wrong to society to deprive it of its chief ornament."

"You see, madam, that this gentleman is as much opposed to the step as I myself should be," observed Philip. "You must not quit a world you are so well calculated to adorn. No, no; you must be one of her Majesty's attendants—you must grace a court."

"I grace a court!" exclaimed Constance. "I am not fit for it. But you are mocking me, sir."

"By Saint Iago I am not!" cried Philip. "I was never more serious in my life. I will prove to you I am in earnest——"

"Nay, I desire no such proof, sir," interrupted Constance, alarmed by his impassioned tone. "I



must go. Do not detain me. I have stayed too long already discoursing with a stranger."

"It will be your own fault if I continue a stranger to you, sweet Constance," said Philip. "Rather than you should doubt my sincerity, I will declare myself."

"Hold!" exclaimed Osbert. "Pardon me," he added to the Prince; "I feel it my duty to interpose."

"It would avail me nothing to know your name and quality, sir," said Constance. "Henceforth, we must be entire strangers to each other."

"Not so!—not so! sweet Constance!" cried the Prince. "Will you not suffer me to attend you to your home?"

"I am too well known to need an escort," she rejoined. "Nay, I am peremptory," she added, seeing the Prince meant to accompany her. "You will not, I am sure, disoblige me. Come, Dorcas. Fare you well, sir."

“Adieu, sweet Constance!” exclaimed the Prince; adding, as she disappeared with her attendant, “notwithstanding your interdiction, we *shall* meet again.”

## VIII.

OF THE MURTHEROUS ATTACK MADE UPON THE PRINCE IN  
THE COURT OF THE HOSPITAL.

“CONSIDERING that I have been little more than an hour in England, I have employed my time not unprofitably,” remarked the Prince, gaily.

“If your Highness was in search of an adventure, you have certainly been lucky in meeting with one,” observed Osbert. “But I presume you are now content, and disposed to go on board.”

“Presently,” replied Philip. “But I must

pause for a moment to think over the interview—to recal her words and the music of her voice. She has cast a spell upon me.”

“So it would seem,” muttered Osbert. “Ha! she is here again!” he exclaimed, as Constance and her attendant suddenly re-entered the court.

“Returned so soon!” exclaimed Philip, springing joyfully towards the damsel. Then remarking her agitation, he added, “But what has happened? Have you come to claim our escort?”

“I am come to warn you,” she replied, trembling. “Your life is in danger.”

“The danger is welcome, since it procures me the happiness of seeing you again,” said the Prince.

“Oh! trifle not thus,” she rejoined. “’Tis no imaginary peril. Listen to me, I beseech you. There are some evil-minded men in the street, whose design, I am certain, is to set upon you as you come forth. They have weapons

in their hands, and their talk left me no doubt as to their sanguinary purpose."

"But why should they lie in wait for me?" rejoined Philip, carelessly. "However, be that as it may, I am infinitely obliged to them for proving to me that you are really interested in my safety."

"How could I fail to be, when I learnt from some words that fell from these miscreants, what I might have conjectured before, that you are no less exalted a personage than the Prince of Spain?"

"In what way did the villains obtain the information?" cried Philip. "It must be mere guess-work on their part. But make yourself easy, sweet Constance. They will not dare to assault me; or, if they do, I shall know how to defend myself. Besides, I am not alone. This gentleman, Master Osbert Clinton, I make no doubt, is a tolerable swordsman, and will help me to give a good account of the rogues."

“Your Highness may depend on me,” said Osbert. “But you must not place yourself in this jeopardy. The street is dark and lonely, and favourable to a murtherous attempt of this kind. Already, more than one foul deed has been perpetrated within it.”

“The wretches are lying in ambush ready to attack you unawares,” said Constance. “I saw them extinguish the only lamp in the street, and then retire behind a buttress in the wall.”

“By Holy Mary! my young mistress speaks the truth,” said old Dorcas, her teeth chattering with fright. “I counted the villains. There are six of them.”

“Then they will be three to two,” rejoined the Prince, lightly. “We can manage that odds, eh, Master Clinton?”

“Your Highness must not thus expose yourself,” said Constance. “It will be impossible to escape them. I pray you to be ruled by me, and enter the hospital till a guard be procured.”

“I am well content to do so, if you will tarry with me,” answered Philip. “But who will bring the guard?”

“Be that task mine,” cried Osbert. “As soon as your Highness is in safety, I will fly to procure assistance.”

“Nay, you must not go, sir,” said Constance. “The peril will be as great to you as to the Prince himself. You will only throw away your life in the attempt. I will summon the watch. I shall run no risk.”

“She will, at least, pity me if I fall—I will go!” mentally ejaculated Osbert.

“I will procure your Highness instant admittance to the hospital,” said Constance, “and then——”

“Nay, you must bear me company, or I will not enter,” interrupted Philip.

Osbert waited till they had nearly reached the door of the hospital, and then, drawing his

sword, rushed down the passage leading to the street.

“Ah! rash young man!” exclaimed Constance, in accents of pity which might have gratified Osbert if he could have heard them. “He is rushing to certain destruction.”

Scarcely were the words uttered, when the clashing of steel was heard without, accompanied by other sounds, proving that a desperate conflict was going on.

“I must leave you, Constance, and fly to his assistance,” cried the Prince, plucking his rapier from its sheath.

“No,” she rejoined, holding him. “Your life is too precious to be thus sacrificed—too precious to the Queen.”

“I will strike down these assassins in her name,” rejoined Philip. “I am proof against their blades. The son of Charles V. is not destined to perish thus obscurely.”



“’Twere far better you sought an asylum here; but, if go you will, may Heaven and all good saints guard you!”

And as she relinquished her hold of him, and sought to enter the hospital, she found the door was fastened.

Perceiving this, old Dorcas knocked against it, calling out lustily, “Within! I say, within!” But there being no answer to the summons, she added despairingly, “Deaf old Absalom, the porter, must have gone to bed. What will become of us?”

Meanwhile, the Prince had quickly divested himself of his cloak, and, wrapping part of it round his left arm, leaving the other half hanging down, he flew to the passage, rapier in hand. On reaching it, he found it occupied by Osbert and his assailants. The young man was defending himself like a lion against his opponents, one of whom he had already disabled, but he was compelled to retreat; his position being

such, that for the moment the Prince could render him no assistance. But the foremost of the assassin band caught sight of Philip, and shouting out to his comrades,

“There stands the accursed Spanish Prince who would enslave us! We have him now—we have him!” Whereupon, incited by the words, they attacked Osbert so furiously that they drove him down the passage.

“Ah! why do I find your Highness here?” cried young Clinton, despairingly, as the Prince joined him, and helped him to keep off his assailants.

“You hear what he says, comrades,” cried the leader of the band, a formidable-looking ruffian in a buff jerkin and steel cap, who looked like a disbanded soldier. “I was not mistaken, you see. ’Tis the Prince in person. ’Tis the bloodthirsty tyrant who would rob us of our liberties, and place us under a foreign yoke; who would force us by fagot and fire and other

severities, conceived in hell, to return to the Romish idolatries we have abjured. But he has been delivered into our hands ere the wicked devices of his heart can be accomplished. It is Heaven's will that he should die, and in putting him to death we shall earn the gratitude of our country."

"Besides the hundred rose-nobles each that we are to have for the deed," cried one of his comrades.

"I would do the deed for nothing," shouted another of the band, "for it will redound to our credit. So have at him!"

"Harkye, young sir," cried the leader of the band, addressing Osbert. "We do not desire your life—nay, we would willingly spare you. Our sole object is to crush this spawn of hell. Retire, and leave him to our justice."

"Think you I will stand tamely by and see you execute your ruthless purpose, villain?"

cried young Clinton. "No; I will defend the Prince to my last gasp."

"Your blood be upon your own head, then," rejoined the ruffian. "Upon them, comrades! Strike, and spare not."

"Thou, at least, will never be my executioner," cried the Prince.

And as the ruffian made a desperate lunge at him, he dexterously caught his sword in the hanging part of his cloak, and returning with a full thrust, transfixed his antagonist with his rapier.

"This comes of Spanish practices," groaned the wretch, as he fell to the ground. "Had he fought like an Englishman, without the cloak, I had killed him. Revenge me, comrades," he added, with his last breath.

"I have done thee too much honour in killing thee, vile caitiff," cried Philip, spurning the body with his foot.

The death of their leader caused a momentary pause in the assault. But determined to make sure of their prey, three of the ruffians now attacked the Prince, leaving the fourth engaged with Osbert. But for his activity and address it might now have fared ill with Philip. His cloak saved him from many a deadly thrust aimed at his breast, and distracted his assailants. Strange to say, he was entirely untouched, though all three of his opponents had felt the point of his weapon. He tried to separate them, but without success. They were too wary to be caught by the stratagem.

In this way, he was driven back towards the door of the hospital, before which stood Constance and old Dorcas, unable to gain admittance, and filling the court with cries for help. Precisely at this juncture, and as if to afford him a means of retreat, the door of the hospital was thrown open by old Absalom, the porter, who held a lamp in his hand, and was shaking with terror.

While stepping nimbly backwards in the hope of passing through the doorway, Philip encountered some obstacle, and fell, thus lying at the mercy of his opponents.

In another moment all had been over with him, if Constance had not heroically thrown herself before him, and the ruffians, having some touch of manhood in their breasts, forbore to strike. With terrible oaths, however, they ordered her to stand aside, but, with unshaken resolution, she maintained her place, and they were preparing to execute their fell purpose in spite of her, when a loud clatter in the passage leading to the street warned them that succour was at hand, and made them pause. The next moment, Rodomont Bittern and his friends, shouting and flourishing their swords, and accompanied by two or three torch-bearers, rushed into the court.

“A Rodomont to the rescue!” roared Bittern.  
“Where is Don Philip? Heaven be praised,

we are not too late!" he exclaimed, perceiving the Prince, who by this time had regained his feet. "Down with your swords, villains!" he added to the ruffians. "Down with them instantly, or we will hack you to minced-meat."

"Know you whom you aid?" cried one of the men, regarding him fiercely. "It is the Prince of Spain—the arch-foe of England. But for this foolish damsel we had already destroyed him!"

"Soh! you unblushingly confess your villany?" rejoined Rodomont. "A precious rascal, truly!"

"Ay, and I should have exulted in the deed, if I had accomplished it," retorted the man. "A day will come when you will regret this interference. Think not to detain me."

"Stay him! kill him! suffer him not to escape!" shouted Rodomont to his companions.

But, in spite of the many weapons directed against him, the man fought his way desperately towards the passage, and was close upon it, when a cut on the head staggered him, and he was captured and

disarmed. He was followed by his two comrades, both of whom were more successful than himself, and effected a retreat. The ruffian who had been engaged with Osbert likewise escaped, having broken away amid the confusion caused by the arrival of Rodomont and his party. Some pursuit was made after the miscreants, but it was ineffectual.

No sooner was Philip freed from his assailants, than he turned to express his gratitude to Constance.

“I owe my life to you,” he said; “nay, more, you have risked your own life to preserve mine. How can I requite you?”

“By forgetting that you have ever beheld me,” she replied.

“That were impossible,” he rejoined. “Ask something that I can perform.”

“I desire nothing,” she returned; “and, indeed, I do not merit your gratitude. It is the hand of Heaven that has guarded your Highness, not mine



—guarded you for the Queen, to whom your safety is dearer than her own life, and who might not have survived your loss. I must now retire for a short space, to compose myself ere I return home. Once more, I implore you to forget me. Farewell for ever!”

And without another word, and in spite of Philip's appealing looks, she entered the hospital with Dorcas.

“It would be well if I could forget her,” thought Philip, as Constance disappeared; “but that is beyond my power. I could not tear her from my heart without a pang greater than I could endure. Yet it would be a crime to trouble the peace of one so pure and holy-minded. No matter! I should be wretched without her. Come what will, we must meet again.”

## IX.

DERRICK CARVER.

FROM these thoughts he was recalled to what was going on by Rodomont, who called out, "Here is one of the murtherous villains who attacked your Highness. Will it please you to question him?"

Philip turned at the words, and by the light of the torches which were held towards him, was enabled to examine the captive. The man, whose hands were tied behind his back by a belt, was of middle height, and rather powerful frame, and seemed to be decently attired; but his garments

were sullied with blood, which flowed from several bodily wounds, as well as from a deep gash across the temple. His head was uncovered, and his matted black locks were dabbled in gore. His features, which were strongly marked, and remarkably stern in expression, were of a ghastly hue; but notwithstanding the smarting of his wounds and evident faintness from loss of blood, his looks were resolute, and his black eyes blazed fiercely. He did not quail in the least before the searching and terrible glance fixed upon him by the Prince.

“Do any of you know this man?” demanded Philip, after regarding him steadfastly for a short space.

“By the body of Saint Alphonso, which reposes at Zamora! I should blush to avow myself acquainted with the felon hound,” rejoined Rodomont. “But luckily I have never seen him before; and every one else appears to be in the same predicament. How art thou called, fellow? Speak

out, or the thumb-screw shall force the truth from thee."

"Torture would not make me speak," replied the man, firmly. "But I have no desire to conceal my name. It will profit you little to know it. I am called Derrick Carver, and I am of Brightelmstone, in Sussex."

"Derrick, thou art most appropriately named Carver," rejoined Rodomont; "but instead of carving his Highness, as was thine atrocious design, thou shalt thyself be carved by the knife of the executioner."

"By whom wert thou instigated to this attempt?" demanded Philip. "Some greater hand than thine own is manifest in the design."

"A far greater hand," rejoined Derrick Carver. "The hand of Heaven is manifest in it."

"Deceive not thyself, insensate villain," rejoined Rodomont. "'Tis the Prince of Darkness who hath inspired the black design. He has deserted thee, as he deserts all his servants."

“I am no bond slave of Satan, but a faithful servant of the Most High,” said Carver. “It was Heaven’s wish that I should fail; but though my sword has been turned aside, there are others left that shall find the tyrant out.”

“There is clearly some conspiracy on foot,” said Osbert, who by this time had joined the Prince. “I have my own suspicions at its author, which I will presently communicate to your Highness. But that these are hired assassins is certain. By their own showing, they were to have a hundred rose-nobles each for the deed.”

“Said I not right that Beelzebub was at the bottom of it?” cried Rodomont. “A hundred rose-nobles! Is that the sum for which thou hast bartered thy soul, thou damnable Derrick? Wert thou to be paid in *French* coin—ha! Carver?”

“Your suspicions tend the same way as mine own, I perceive, sir,” observed Osbert.

“Mine tend towards the French ambassador, M. de Noailles,” rejoined Rodomont. “I speak it

openly. I'll be sworn this attempt is his excellency's contrivance."

"Like enough," said Philip. "But the truth must be wrung from that villain's lips."

"Nothing can be extorted from me, seeing I have nothing to confess," rejoined Derrick Carver, boldly. "I cannot answer for the motives that actuated those engaged with me, but my own were righteous in intent. I meant to free the Protestant Church from its deadliest enemy, and my country from subjection to Spain. I have failed; but, I say again, others will not fail, for there are many to take my place. The blood of the saints will not be shed in vain, but will cry out incessantly for vengeance."

"Peace, blasphemer!" exclaimed Rodomont, "or we will have thy tongue plucked forth."

"Hear me out, and then deal with me as you list," said Derrick Carver. "I am no hired assassin. Scarce half an hour ago I was lamenting the perilous condition of the Church and the

realm, when I heard that the enemy of both was in Southampton, almost unattended. Those who told me this designed to slay him, and I unhesitatingly joined them, without fee or promise of reward, being moved thereto, as I deemed, by a divine impulse. That is all I have to say."

"Let him be kept in some place of security till he can be further interrogated," said the Prince. "And let the clothes of the villain who fell by my hand be searched to see whether there are any papers about him that may lead to the discovery of his employer."

"It shall be done," replied Rodomont. "As to this Derrick Carver, he shall be clapped in the dungeon below the Bar-gate, the strongest prison in Southampton, and if we have to put him to the question, ordinary and extraordinary, we will have the truth from him. But your Highness may take my word for it 'tis a *French* design."

"I thank you for your zeal, good Master Bittern," said Philip, "and in consideration of the

services you have rendered me, I am content to overlook the freedom of speech in which you indulged a little while since. But I must enjoin you to be more careful in future."

"I shall not fail," replied Rodomont, bowing respectfully. "My excuse is, that I knew not whom I was addressing. Your Highness may ever count on my loyalty and devotion," he added, placing his hand upon his heart.

At this juncture the priest, who had officiated in the little chapel of the Domus Dei during Philip's visit to it, entered the court with his assistants, and after inclining himself reverently before the Prince, proceeded to congratulate him on his miraculous preservation.

Replying in suitable terms, Philip declared he was so fully convinced of Heaven's interposition in his behalf, that he desired at once to offer up thanks for his providential deliverance, and prayed the holy father to accompany him to the chapel for that purpose.



The priest readily assented, and led the way to the sacred edifice, into which, after a brief delay, Philip, with Osbert and the rest of the assemblage, including even Derrick Carver, were admitted.

Again the tapers were lighted at the altar, and again the Prince knelt down before it; but this time there was no fair devotee beside him to distract his thoughts, and his prayers were full of fervour and gratitude.

It was a strange and solemn scene, and impressed even Rodomont and his companions, whom recent events had served to sober.

The demeanour of Derrick Carver was stern and unmoved; but when the priest uttered a heartfelt prayer for the Prince's deliverance, he could not repress a groan. As Osbert looked round at this moment, he fancied he could discern, within the deep recess of the doorway, the figure of Constance Tyrrell. If it were so, however, she had vanished before the others quitted the chapel.

His devotions over, Philip arose, and in taking

leave of the priest, promised the holy man an offering to Saint Julian, the patron saint of the chapel. He then bowed to the others, and declining further attendance, passed forth with Osbert, and proceeding to the quay, entered the boat which was waiting for him, and returned to the *Santissima Trinidad*.

At the same time Derrick Carver was conveyed by Rodomont and the others to the Bar-gate, and locked up in one of the gloomiest cells of its subterranean dungeon.

## X.

## THE MEETING AT THE GUILDHALL.

NO suspicion whatever had been entertained of the Prince's absence from the ship. He was supposed to be alone in the state-cabin, where, as we know, the Count D'Egmont had been left as his representative, and, after the strict orders given to that effect, the Count remained entirely undisturbed. As time wore on, and midnight drew near, D'Egmont began to feel uneasy, and it was a relief to him when, shortly afterwards, the Prince appeared with Osbert.

“I fear you must be fatigued with waiting

for me, Count," said Philip, as soon as the usher had retired. "I have stayed longer on shore than I intended."

"I trust your Highness has been amused," observed D'Egmont, assisting the Prince to take off his mantle. "Heavens! what do I see?" he exclaimed. "The cloak is cut in pieces."

"Not unlikely," replied Philip, laughing. "It has warded off more than one deadly thrust. Your cloak has done me good service, Count. Without it, Queen Mary might have wanted a husband, and the Emperor an heir to his dominions."

"Your Highness has acted rashly and unwisely in thus exposing yourself," cried D'Egmont. "Recollect how much hangs upon your life. The destinies of the world would be changed if aught befel you. The saints have guarded you at this moment of peril, and will continue to guard you, but it is tempting Heaven to jeopardise your safety unnecessarily."

“You assume that I have acted rashly, D’Egmont,” rejoined Philip, “but I did not provoke the conflict. Set upon by assassins, I was compelled to defend my life. Thanks to your cloak and to my own right hand, I have come off without a scratch.”

“I do not presume to ask for particulars,” said the Count. “But I trust you have not been recognised. If so, your secret visit to the town will be known to all within it to-morrow, and will assuredly be reported to the Queen.”

“I have thought of that,” rejoined the Prince. “Precautions must be taken lest any idle tale be told her Majesty. No tidings of the occurrence can reach her to-night, and at daybreak you shall convey a letter to her, wherein I will inform her that I landed privily with the design of hastening to Winchester to throw myself at her feet, when my purpose was prevented by this untoward circumstance. Osbert Clinton shall accompany you. Having been with me

at the time of the attack, he will be able to answer any questions the Queen may put to him relative to it."

"Your Highness will be pleased to give me my lesson previously," remarked Osbert. "I presume I must say nothing of Constance Tyrrell?"

"Nothing but what will recommend her to the Queen," rejoined Philip. "Her Majesty will be pleased to learn that the damsel preserved my life by stepping between me and the weapons of the assassins."

"And did she so?" inquired D'Egmont.

"Ay, in good sooth," returned Philip; "and it was worth the risk I ran to be so protected. Constance Tyrrell is \*the fairest creature my eyes ever lighted on. Her charms have completely enthralled me."

"Then let me counsel your Highness to shake off the fascination as speedily as possible," said D'Egmont, gravely. "It was an unlucky chance

that threw the temptress in your way at this juncture."

"Lucky or not, I shall not relinquish her," rejoined Philip. "Were you to preach to me as energetically as Father de Castro, you would produce no effect, so you may spare your breath. And now to prepare the letter to the Queen."

So saying, he withdrew into an inner chamber, from which he presently emerged with the letter, sealed with a broad seal, and tied with a silken thread.

"This for her Majesty's own hands," he observed, with a smile, while delivering it to D'Egmont. "Be it your business to obtain an audience before any messenger from Southampton can reach her. All will then go well. As you serve me discreetly," he added, significantly, to Osbert, "so shall you prosper."

With this, he dismissed them, and summon-

ing his groom of the chamber, prepared to retire to rest.

In obedience to the Prince's commands, Count D'Egmont, accompanied by Osbert and a small train of attendants, went ashore at an early hour in the morning, and as soon as horses could be procured, started for Winchester.

A glorious day dawned upon Southampton. A morning gun, fired from the batteries of the castle, awoke the slumbering town into sudden animation, while another gun from the English admiral's ship had a similar effect upon the crews of the combined fleets studding the smooth waters. Men could be seen on the decks, or amidst the rigging, actively employed in decorating the vessels with banners and streamers. Hundreds of boats came ashore to obtain fresh meat, bread, fruit, vegetables, and milk; and the quays, which were speedily thronged, became a perfect Babel. Horses and mules, bearing heavy panniers, laden with pro-



visions, crossed the drawbridges, and were soon sent back for fresh stores, the supply being far from equal to the demand.

In the town all was bustle and excitement. The church bells began to peal joyously, and the streets were soon thronged with townsfolk, clad in holiday attire. But there was considerable misgiving amongst those who were aware of the occurrence of the previous night. At an early hour the mayor and aldermen repaired to the Guildhall, which, as we have previously mentioned, occupied the interior of the Bar-gate, and here they found the Earl of Arundel, Lord Steward of the Queen's Household, the Marquis of Winchester, Lord High Treasurer, and other noblemen, who had met to investigate the attempt upon the Prince's life, and to consider the measures necessary to be adopted to ensure his Highness's safety on his disembarkation.

Nothing, it appeared on inquiry, had been found upon Derrick Carver; but on the body of the man slain by Philip, a letter, written in the French

language, was discovered, which, though very cautiously worded, bore evident reference to the dark transaction. The plan, no doubt, had been precipitated by the recognition of the Prince during his secret visit to the town. Diligent, but hitherto fruitless, search had been made for the four other ruffians engaged in the attack. These daring miscreants being yet at large, it was possible some further attempt might be made, and no precaution, said the Earl of Arundel, who presided over the meeting, must be neglected to ensure the Prince's safety. The guard must be doubled, and persons of assured loyalty must be placed near his person, while the slightest attempt at outbreak or commotion must be instantly repressed.

“It would have been a lasting disgrace to the country,” continued the Earl, “if the Prince whom our Queen has chosen as her spouse, and whom we are all bound to love, honour, and defend, had been basely assassinated on setting foot on our shores, and we may be thankful that we have been

spared that foul reproach—thankful, also, that the design was not conceived by an Englishman. But for the present, for reasons which will be apparent to you all, a veil must be thrown over the mysterious occurrence. Out of these walls none of you will speak of it. The preservation of public tranquillity necessitates this caution. Some rumours of the attempt may be bruited abroad, but it will be best to discredit them. Doubtless the Prince desires to keep his nocturnal visit to the town secret. Nothing, therefore, must be publicly said of it. This you will carefully observe. Bear in mind, also, that you will have many Spaniards in your town to-day. They are a fiery nation, easily roused to anger, and if this unlucky affair be talked about they may resent it, and quarrels and bloodshed will ensue. It is the Queen's desire that all who come with her destined consort be cordially welcomed. As loyal subjects, I am sure you will carry out her wishes."

The mayor and the town authorities having promised compliance with his lordship's instructions, the meeting broke up.

Before leaving the Bar-gate, however, the Earl of Arundel desired to see the prisoner. Accordingly, he was conducted by the mayor to the subterranean dungeon, where, in a dark and noisome cell, the floor of which was humid with the drippings from the stone walls, they found the miserable wretch stretched upon a few trusses of straw. His wounds had been bound up, but little beyond had been done for his comfort. Pained by the light of the lamp flashed upon him by the officer in attendance on the visitors, he tried to turn aside his head, but ineffectually.

“Raise him, that I may look at him,” said the Earl of Arundel to the officer.

The execution of the order gave the poor wretch so much pain that he could not repress a groan. But though he was suffering excruciating agony,

his courage did not desert him, and his answers to the interrogations put to him showed unfaltering resolution. Threats of torture could wring nothing from him, and he sternly refused to betray his accomplices.

“I gave no order to have his wounds dressed,” said the mayor. “By whom hath he been tended, Piers?”

“By Master Malwood, the chirurgeon,” replied the officer.

“I thank him not for his care,” said the prisoner. “Had he let me be, I had ere this escaped man’s malice.”

“He speaks the truth, an please your worship,” observed Piers. “Master Malwood declared, that if left to himself, the poor wretch would die before the morning.”

“But who sent for Master Malwood, answer me that, sirrah?” demanded the mayor.

“Nay, I am not to blame, your worship,” rejoined Piers, humbly. “The chirurgeon was sent

by Mistress Constance Tyrrell, at her proper charge."

"This is the second ill turn she hath done me," said Derrick Carver. "But for her the idolatrous tyrant had not escaped me, and now she preserves me for a lingering death."

"Thou art like the wild beast, who would tear the hand put forth to succour him," cried the mayor, in disgust. "Will it please your good lordship to question him further?"

"Not now," replied the Earl of Arundel. "Who is this Mistress Constance Tyrrell of whom he hath just spoken?"

"The daughter of one of our wealthiest merchants," replied the mayor; "a very pious damsel, and ever engaged in acts of charity."

"Is she a heretic?" demanded the Earl.

"Not so, my lord; she is a most zealous Catholic, and it is most like she will enter a nunnery," replied the mayor.

"Accursed be she, then!" cried Derrick Carver.

“Had I known this, I would have resisted the surgeon.”

“Let us hence, my good lord,” cried the mayor. “If he continues these blasphemies, we shall have the walls fall upon us and crush us.”

“Before your worship goes, I would fain know whether I may admit Mistress Constance Tyrrell to the prisoner,” said Piers. “She hath asked to see him, but I would not grant the request till I had your worship’s sanction.”

“Let her not come near me,” cried Derrick Carver. “Her presence will trouble me.”

“For that very reason she shall have admittance to thee,” rejoined the mayor. “She hath helped to cure thy body—may she now help to save thy soul!”

“I need not her aid,” rejoined Derrick Carver. “She hath more need of my teaching than I have of hers.”

“If I thought thou wouldst taint her with thy

heresies, I would keep her from thee," said the mayor. "But I have no such fear. Admit her when she will, Piers."

And he quitted the cell with the Earl.



## XI.

OF PHILIP'S PUBLIC DISEMBARKATION AT SOUTHAMPTON.

BEFORE noon the preparations for the Prince's reception were complete. All the houses in High-street had been hung with carpets and costly stuffs, and otherwise decorated. From the Water-gate to the porch of Holyrood Church, where high mass was to be performed for the Prince, the street was kept clear by archers and arquebusiers fully equipped, and drawn up on either side, their steel caps and breastplates glittering in the brilliant sunshine.

By-and-by a grand cavalcade of richly-apparelled nobles, well mounted, and followed by long trains

of esquires and pages wearing their liveries, rode towards the quay. Noticeable amongst these were the Earls of Shrewsbury, Derby, and Sussex, but the personage who attracted most attention was the Duke of Norfolk.

This venerable peer, whose long confinement in the Tower, commencing at the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., and extending throughout that of his son, Edward VI., had neither broken his spirit nor impaired his bodily vigour, rode a high-spirited charger, which he managed with all the address and grace of a youthful cavalier. Norfolk's attire was of almost regal magnificence, being of purple velvet, edged with miniver, and richly embroidered, and his charger was trapped in cloth of gold, of red and yellow sheen. Behind him rode eighteen pages, each mounted on a handsome courser, and each clad in cloth of gold.

After the Duke of Norfolk and his attendants had ridden by, six mounted trumpeters, with the royal badge on their scarlet surcoats, came on, and

made the welkin ring with the din of their silver clarions. After the trumpeters walked a troop of lacqueys, sumptuously attired in silk and velvet. Then came other nobles and gentlemen of the train, all superbly mounted, and vying with each other in the splendour of their apparel, and the number of their pages and esquires.

Next came a band of minstrels playing upon tambours and rebecs. Then more lacqueys in the royal liveries, and after them Sir Edward Hastings, Master of the Horse, who was followed by two grooms leading a Spanish jennet, caparisoned in cloth of silver, the bridle, poitral, and saddle being studded with silver roses. This beautiful animal had been sent by the Queen for her intended consort.

Next came Sir Robert Rochester, Comptroller, and after him rode the Marquis of Winchester and the Earl of Arundel. Each of these noblemen was magnificently attired, and followed by a long train of attendants. Then came a mounted guard,

preceding the town authorities, who marched two abreast, this part of the procession being closed by the mayor on horseback.

Passing through the Water-gate, on the summit of which the royal standard now floated, the whole of the splendid cavalcade crossed the drawbridge, and proceeded to that part of the quay where it was intended the disembarkation should take place. A vast concourse had here assembled, but a wide space near the water was kept clear by the guard, and within this the procession drew up.

It was now high tide, and close to the strand lay the Queen's barge, gorgeously decorated, and having a broad banner embroidered with the arms of England on the stern.

The Earl of Arundel, with the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Winchester, and the principal nobles, having dismounted, entered this bark, and were immediately rowed by two banks of oarsmen to the Prince's ship. In front of the royal barge stood six trumpeters.

Four other gilded barges followed. The course of these gorgeous barks was watched with momentarily-increasing interest by the thousands of spectators on the quays, on the town walls, and on other points of observation.

With her decks crowded with arquebusiers in their full accoutrements, and banners floating from her turrets, the *Santissima Trinidad* made a most gallant show, exciting the wonder and admiration of all who gazed upon her. Her companions on the right and left were likewise splendidly decorated, and, indeed, every vessel within sight fluttered with banners and streamers.

As the royal barge approached the Prince's ship, loud fanfares were sounded by the trumpeters, and immediately several officials in rich habiliments, and bearing white wands, appeared at the head of the stairs. On gaining the deck, the Earl of Arundel and the other nobles were conducted with the utmost ceremony to Philip, whom they found surrounded by the Dukes of

Alva and Medina Celi, Don Ruy Gomez, and the rest of the grandees composing the Prince's suite.

On this occasion Philip had laid aside his customary black habiliments, and wore a doublet and hose of crimson silk, with a robe of cloth of gold. His boots were decked with golden strings, and bordered with pearls. All the grandees forming his *entourage* were dressed with extraordinary magnificence, and made a most splendid display.

Philip received the English nobles with the greatest courtesy, and being informed that the Earl of Arundel was the bearer to him, from her Majesty, of the insignia of the most noble Order of the Garter, he immediately bowed his head, and while the collar was passed over his neck by the Earl, the Duke of Norfolk buckled on the garter. When this ceremony had been performed, and an interchange of formal salutations had taken place between the English nobles

and the Spanish grandees, the Prince was conducted to the royal barge, the English nobles entering it with him. The Spanish grandees, with various officials, gentlemen, and pages, in attendance upon the Prince, went ashore in the other boats.

On the part of the quay reserved for the disembarkation, a rich Turkey carpet had been laid, and upon this stood four henchmen in parti-coloured attire of crimson velvet and yellow silk, sustaining an embroidered canopy of red damask, fringed with golden thread. The pages, esquires, and other officials having first landed, the royal barge was brought close to the strand, and a railed plank, covered with striped cloth, being laid upon it, offered an easy passage to the Prince, whose deportment, as he slowly traversed it, was singularly haughty and majestic.

On the instant that Philip stepped ashore a royal salute was fired from the castle batteries, the roar being prolonged by every gun in the English fleet.

At the same time vociferous acclamations arose from the spectators.

“Heaven save your Highness!—welcome to England!” exclaimed a voice from amidst a group near the canopy.

The voice sounded familiar to Philip, and glancing in the direction of the speaker, he recognised Rodomont Bittern, who with his friends had managed to obtain a position with the mayor and the town authorities. Rodomont’s exclamation, uttered in a loud voice, and with unmistakable heartiness, found many an echo. Pleased by the cordiality of the welcome, Philip bowed graciously around, and in so doing addressed a slight smile of recognition to Rodomont.

A brief pause now ensued, but as soon as the grandees had landed, and ranged themselves behind him, Philip drew his sword, holding it aloft till he got beneath the canopy, when he again stood still, and returned the blade to the scabbard. This



action surprised all the lookers-on, and gave rise to many comments.

“By Saint Jude! a strange proceeding!” observed Jack Holiday to his companions. “Are we to understand that the Prince intends to rule England with the sword?”

“By the mass! it looks like it,” rejoined Simnel.

“Tut! you are wrong in your surmise,” cried Rodomont. “His Highness draws the sword in the defence of our country. That I take to be the meaning of the act.”

Attended by the aldermen, the mayor now advanced towards the Prince, and reverentially presented him with the keys of the town, laid upon a velvet cushion.

Philip did not take the keys, but graciously bidding the mayor arise, said in clear and distinct accents, “I thank you, sir, and I thank all those with you for this welcome. You know what has brought me here. I come not in search of men or treasure, having sufficient of both in the country

I have left. As the chosen husband of your wise and virtuous Queen, I come to dwell among you, not as a foreigner, but as a native Englishman. To you, my good lords," he added to the English nobles, who were ranged on either side of the canopy, "I am much beholden for the assurances of loyalty and devotion which you have already proffered me, and I here publicly declare that you, and all her Majesty's faithful subjects, shall ever find me anxious to promote the welfare of the kingdom, to observe its laws, conform to its customs, and defend it against all enemies."

Then, turning to the Spanish grandees, who were standing behind him, he said, "My lords, you all, I am well assured, share the gratification I experience at the very friendly reception that has been given me. Hitherto, you have been strangers to the people of England, but this must be so no longer. Spaniards and Englishmen must henceforth be brethren, bound together by ties of strictest amity. It shall be my aim to encourage

and maintain a good understanding between the two nations, and, seconded by you, and by these noble English lords, I cannot fail in my design."

"We are ready to obey your Highness in all things," said the Duke of Alva, with a haughty inclination of his head, while the other grandees made similar professions.

"He may talk till he is tired," muttered the Lord Admiral. "There will be no cordial understanding between us."

This opinion was shared by several others. Indeed, the English nobles were deterred by the arrogance of the Spanish grandees from making advances towards them.

"It is my wish to observe all good old English customs," pursued the Prince. "If I unintentionally neglect any of them, I hope to be made aware of the omission. I would fain drink a health to all present."

“A cup of wine for his Highness!” cried the Earl of Arundel.

“Nay, my good lord, let me have a flagon of English ale,” said the Prince. “I should prefer your national beverage.”

“As your Highness pleases,” rejoined Arundel, bowing. “A flagon of ale on the instant.”

The Prince’s choice caused considerable merriment, and warmed many a heart towards him.

“A cup of ale!” exclaimed Simnel. “This is carrying complaisance to the highest point.”

“His Highness is resolved to become an Englishman, that I can plainly perceive,” observed Rodomont, “and takes what he conceives to be the shortest way to his object. Heaven bless him! he is a most gracious Prince.”

At this juncture, a silver flagon, filled with ale, was brought on a salver, and presented by the Earl of Arundel to the Prince, who, taking the cup, bowed graciously around.

“His Highness drinks to you all, good sirs!” cried the Earl of Arundel, in a loud voice.

“To all, of whatever degree!” said the Prince, raising the goblet to his lips.

Most opportunely, at the moment, another discharge was fired from the castle guns, followed by a loud flourish of trumpets and drums. From the shouts that were also raised, it was evident that the Prince was rising rapidly in popular favour.

“How does your Highness like the beverage?” inquired the Earl of Arundel, as he took back the goblet.

“It will improve upon acquaintance, I make no doubt,” replied Philip. “At present, I find it somewhat too potent.”

“A strong head is needed to stand it,” observed the Lord Admiral, with an ill-disguised sneer.

After this, Philip remained for some little time beneath the canopy, conversing with the English nobles, and evidently striving to propitiate them,

and he appeared to be successful in his efforts. He showed himself extremely easy of access, and amongst other persons presented to him was Rodomont Bittern.

“This is not the first time we have met, sir,” observed Philip, to the surprise of most who heard him.

“Since your Highness deigns to recollect the circumstance, be assured I shall never forget it,” replied Rodomont.

“Nay, you have rendered me a great service,” said the Prince, “and it shall not pass unrequited. Is Master Tyrrell here?”

“Ay, your Highness,” replied Rodomont. “He is yonder, with the town-council.”

“Let him come forward. I would speak with him,” said Philip.

Accordingly, the worthy merchant, much to his dismay, was brought before the Prince. He was so confused that he would have neglected the necessary obeisance, if he had not been prompted

by Rodomont, who, indeed, half forced him to incline his person.

“I am glad to see you again, good Master Tyrrell,” said Philip, smiling, “and have to thank you for your hospitable intentions towards me last night.”

“Your Highness will forgive me. I knew not whom I was addressing,” stammered Tyrrell. “It is true that I subsequently learnt from my daughter——”

“That she had rendered me a most signal service, which I trust adequately to requite,” interrupted the Prince. “No more of that now, sir. But rest assured that her Majesty will not be less grateful than myself to fair Mistress Constance.”

“I am not quite so sure of that,” thought Rodomont.

With further assurances of his consideration, the Prince then dismissed Master Tyrrell, who retired with Rodomont, both being charmed with his Highness's affability.

Though the foregoing conversation was not altogether intelligible to the Spanish grandees, it caused them great surprise, and even disquietude.

“As I live, his Highness seems to know these people,” observed Alva to the Duke of Medina Celi. “Where can he have met them?”

“I am as much in the dark as yourself,” replied the other. “But, in my opinion, he must have gone ashore secretly last night.”

“By my faith! you are right,” rejoined Alva, bending his heavy brows. “Some idle affair of gallantry, I’ll be sworn. He is ever engaged in such adventures. I must inquire into the matter, and take him to task for his imprudence.”

The English nobles, who were somewhat better acquainted than the Spaniards with the Prince’s proceedings, laughed amongst themselves at what was passing.

Influenced by their royal master’s deportment, the Spanish grandees showed a disposition to relax from their stiffness and hauteur, and ere long



engaged in friendly discourse with the English nobles, though their manner still continued grave and formal.

Meantime, another boat had come ashore, bringing the Bishop of Cuença, and Father Alfonso de Castro, the Prince's confessor. On landing, these ecclesiastics immediately knelt down and recited a prayer, and as he arose the bishop pronounced a solemn benediction on the assemblage.

Several other boats followed, filled with Spanish arquebusiers, who, being very fine-looking men and splendidly accoutred, excited much curiosity as they ranged themselves on the platform. The object of this guard was made speedily apparent by the arrival of some thirty large coffers, each enveloped in a cover bearing the Prince's escutcheon. These coffers, supposed to contain gold in bullion, were subsequently conveyed to the castle under the guard of the arquebusiers. Many speculations were indulged in as to how this treasure was to be employed—the general im-

pression being, that it would be used in bribing certain of the council and of the nobility.

As soon as the treasure was landed, the Prince mounted his jennet, the Master of the Horse holding the stirrup, and the cortége returned to the town. Richly - caparisoned chargers were brought for the Spanish grandees, who rode behind the Prince, while the English nobles preceded him.

## XII.

HOW THE PRINCE HEARD HIGH MASS IN HOLYROOD CHURCH ;  
AND HOW HE ONCE MORE BEHELD SIR BEVIS AND HIS  
COMPANIONS.

AMID the thunder of cannon, the ringing of bells, the beating of drums, the braying of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, the waving of scarves and kerchiefs, accompanied by joyous acclamations, Philip entered Southampton by the Water-gate.

Bending lowly in return for the clamorous welcome given him by the occupants of the gallery adjoining the gate, the Prince continued to bow gracefully right and left as he rode slowly up the

street. Philip was never seen to greater advantage than on horseback, and his stately figure now commanded universal admiration. As he went on, he descried many a comely damsel at the windows, but she he most desired to behold was not visible.

Passing through the triumphal arch reared across the street, which, now that it was completed, had a charming effect, he dismounted at the Gothic porch of Holyrood Church, near which the English nobles were ranged to receive him.

Internally, the church presented an imposing appearance, being richly decorated for the occasion. The aisles were densely crowded, but the broad nave was kept clear, and along it a crimson cloth was stretched. The pillars were also covered with embroidered cloths, and ornamented with paintings. Superb vessels of gold and silver, chalices, reliquaries and pixes, decked the altar, above which stood an image of the Virgin, then but newly set up. Large tapers burnt on either side. Priests

and deacons in their stoles, with white-robed choristers and incense-bearers, filled the chantry.

As Philip, preceded by the Bishop of Cuença and Father de Castro, and followed by a splendid train of English and Spanish nobles, marched along the nave, the priests advanced to meet him, while the air was filled with fragrance. At the same time the roof resounded with jubilant symphonies. A large velvet cushion had been placed on the right of the altar for the Prince, and on this he knelt down, while the English and Spanish nobles grouped themselves on either side. Mass was then solemnised, the Bishop of Cuença and Father de Castro officiating with the English priests.

On issuing from the church, Philip was greeted with loud acclamations from the crowd, which he graciously acknowledged. Mounting his jennet, and attended by a gallant train, consisting of the English and Spanish nobles, he proceeded along High-street towards the Bar-gate, where he was

told by the Earl of Arundel that a pageant awaited him.

The same manifestations of popular satisfaction that had hitherto attended him continued during this part of his course, and no untoward incident occurred to mar the general harmony.

On approaching the Bar-gate, Philip perceived beneath its archway the gigantic Sir Bevis of Southampton, armed as he had appeared on the previous night, and seated on his mighty charger Arundel. Royal Canute was stationed on the right of the puissant champion, and savage Ascart on the left. Behind were the Moorish kings.

Thus placed, the gigantic figures had a very picturesque effect, and harmonised well with the ancient structure. A trumpet being sounded, a fancifully-attired dwarf issued from a postern in one of the flanking towers, and strutted towards the Prince.

“Who art thou, and what is thy business?”

demanded Philip, as the dwarf made him a very ceremonious obeisance.

“My name may perchance have reached your Highness’s ears,” replied the mannikin, proudly. “I am called Sir Narcissus le Grand, and am one—perchance not the least distinguished—of her Majesty’s attendants.”

“I am aware that her Majesty has a dwarf to divert her,” replied the Prince, laughing. “But I fancied the diminutive varlet’s name differed from thine.”

“There is no other dwarf but myself in her Majesty’s household,” returned the mannikin. “Before I received the honour of knighthood, I was called Xit, and I am still occasionally so designated by those who are on familiar terms with me.”

“That name has brevity to recommend it, and therefore suits thee better than the other,” observed the Prince.

“Nay, an your Highness thinks so, I am ready

to resume the appellation. Xit is a name of which I have no reason to be ashamed, seeing I have ever borne it with honour. Perchance your Highness designs some distinction for me. The Cross of Santiago, or the Toison d'Or, would not be ill bestowed."

"By Saint Anthony! a modest proposition!" exclaimed Philip. "I marvel thou dost not ask to be made a grandee of the first class."

"That is indeed my ambition," replied Xit. "I shall then be privileged to remain covered in your Highness's presence, like the proud lords I see yonder. But, though dazzled by the thought, I must not forget the business in hand, which is to acquaint your Highness that the Knight of Southampton, the redoubted Sir Bevis, with his slave Aspart, and the regal Canute, all of whom you behold under yon archway, welcome you to England, and shout with me 'God save Prince Philip!'"



“God save Prince Philip!” vociferated the three giants in concert.

“Thanks for the welcome,” replied Philip. “Your pageant is good, but it lacks its chief character. Where is the Princess Josyan?—she should be with Sir Bevis.”

“Highness,” said Xit, somewhat embarrassed, “there are two princesses, and since they cannot agree as to which shall take precedence, it was deemed best that neither should appear. They are within the Bar-gate. If you desire it, they can be summoned.”

“Bring forth the youngest and fairest of them,” rejoined Philip.

Xit bowed, and hastened to execute the Prince’s command.

In another instant he reappeared, leading by the hand a comely young damsel, attired in a kirtle of green velvet, and having a glittering caul on her head, in whom Philip was at no loss to recognise

the captive made by Sir Bevis on the previous night. A bright blush suffused her cheeks, serving to heighten the effect of her charms, but otherwise she did not seem much abashed, but tripped gaily with her little conductor towards the Prince.

“Highness,” said Xit, as he presented her, “in this damsel, ordinarily known as Lilius Ringwood, you behold the Princess Josyan.”

Scarcely were the words uttered, than a lattice, immediately above the central arch of the Bargate, was thrown open, and an angry female face appeared.

“’Tis false!” screamed Lady le Grand, for she it was—“’tis false, I say! I am the real Princess Josyan, and no one shall usurp the part. I am shut up here under lock and key, or I would soon strip that vile hussy of her attire, which belongs of right to me. Doff it at once, minion.”

“Retire on the instant, I command you, ma-

dam," screamed Xit, shaking his hand furiously at her.

"I shall obey no orders of thine, thou contemptible little monster," rejoined Lady le Grand, in a shrill voice. "Let me out, or it shall be worse for thee. How dare you put another woman in my place? Lilius Ringwood shall not enact the part assigned to me."

"Marry but she shall," rejoined Xit. "His Highness desired that the youngest and fairest of the two claimants should be brought forth. Thou art neither so young nor so lovely as Lilius, and art consequently superseded. Retire, I say."

Before Lady le Grand could make any further rejoinder, Philip interposed.

"But what says Sir Bevis himself?" he demanded. "Since he is chiefly concerned in the matter, the choice of a princess ought to rest with him. Methinks he cannot hesitate."

"Assuredly not, your Highness," rejoined the

gigantic warrior, inclining his head. "I am right glad of the exchange."

"Then take fair Liliash to him," said Philip. "Remember the fate of the strong man of Israel," he added to Sir Bevis, "and be not subdued like him. Otherwise, thou mayst have reason to repent thy choice."

"No Delilah shall enslave me, your Highness," rejoined the giant, as the damsel was placed behind him by Ascapart.

"That remains to be seen," laughed Liliash, as she settled herself on the pillion.

Mortified by the success of her young rival, Lady le Grand retreated from the window, amid the jeers and laughter of the beholders, all of whom were mightily entertained by the incident.

No sooner was this important point settled, than Sir Bevis rode forth from the archway with the fair Liliash behind him, her countenance radiant with triumph. Bending in knightly fashion to

the Prince, the gigantic warrior bade his companions attend him, and struck into a street on the right. Calling for his piebald steed, Xit followed the procession, without troubling himself further about Lady le Grand.

## XIII.

## THE ABBESS OF SAINT MARY.

PHILIP next proceeded to the castle, in the principal court of which he found his arquebusiers drawn up. Long before this the treasure had been locked up in one of the strongest chambers of the donjon. Not being familiar with a Norman castle, the Prince examined the ancient fortress with much interest, and, ascending to the summit of the keep, enjoyed the magnificent view commanded from it.

His inspection of the castle completed, Philip

was conducted to a public place in the centre of the town, which derived its name of St. Michael's-place from a venerable and beautiful church standing in the midst of it. Facing the east end of this reverend pile was the habitation designed for his temporary abode.

In St. Michael's-place, as elsewhere, a large crowd had congregated, who cheered the Prince lustily on his appearance, and did not seem inclined to disperse even when he had dismounted and entered his lodgings.

The quaint architecture of the habitation, the bay-windows filled with painted glass, the low-raftered roofs, the walls panelled with oak darkened by age, the numerous small apartments, the stiff cumbrous furniture—all so different from the vast gilded saloons and open courts suited to another clime with which he was familiar—were far from displeasing to Philip, and when the Earl of Arundel apologised for the scant accommodation of the place, the Prince courteously assured him that the

house was very much to his taste. "What sufficed for your great monarch, Henry the Eighth," he said, "may well suffice for me."

Pleading fatigue, he then retired to a private chamber, and was not disturbed until the return of the Count D'Egmont and Osbert Clinton from Winchester, when they were immediately admitted to his presence.

D'Egmont brought a letter from the Queen, which he delivered to the Prince, but, without manifesting any impatience to ascertain its contents, Philip laid it on the table beside which he was seated, and proceeded to question the Count as to his visit.

"Pass by all other matters," he said, "and come to the point. What did her Majesty think of my nocturnal adventure? Was she satisfied with the explanation offered her?"

"Not entirely, I fear, your Highness," replied D'Egmont, "though she said little to warrant such a conclusion."



“You were careful not to alarm her?” said Philip, turning to Osbert.

“She pressed me very shrewdly,” replied the young man, “but I trust I succeeded in allaying her suspicions, which were evidently aroused by the description I was obliged to give of your fair deliverer, Constance Tyrrell. Her Majesty inherits something of the disposition of her august sire, and is inclined to jealousy.”

“That does not augur well for my future comfort. Jealousy in a wife is intolerable,” replied Philip. “Let us see what is said in her letter,” he added, opening it. “There is nothing here but congratulations on my safe arrival, and deep concern at the attack upon my person. Not a word as to my intended visit to Winchester. Apparently, her Majesty does not attach much credence to that part of the story.”

“She is not easily imposed upon,” observed D’Egmont. “It must be admitted that your

Highness has given her just cause for suspicion. She will not believe that eagerness to behold her induced you to quit the ship privily at night. Her penetration pointed to a different motive, and all she heard seemed to confirm her doubts. At one moment she had resolved to come over to Southampton, but fortunately she relinquished that design. Mischief might else have been made by the opponents to the marriage."

"Pshaw! I have no fears on that score," said Philip. "But I am glad she did not come. She might have interfered with my plans."

At this moment an usher entered, stating that Mistress Constance Tyrrell was without, and besought an audience of the Prince.

"By Saint Iago! this is better than I expected," cried Philip, overjoyed. "Is she alone?"

"No, your Highness," replied the usher. "The lady abbess of St. Mary, Winchester, is with her."

“I would the lady abbess were in her nunnery, or anywhere but here!” exclaimed Philip, in a tone of pique. “Admit them.”

On this the usher withdrew, and the next moment Constance entered the room, accompanied by a religious dame of very stately deportment. The abbess of St. Mary was attired in a long black gown, the ample folds of which swept the ground. The sleeves of her robe were loose, and over her shoulders was spread a sable mantle, with a hood attached to it. A barbe of plaited linen covered the lower part of her face, and, with the close-drawn hood, effectually concealed her features. On the entrance of two ladies, D’Egmont and Osbert retired.

Stepping quickly towards Constance, Philip took her hand, preventing her from making the lowly obeisance she contemplated. After greeting her very courteously, he turned to the abbess, and saluting her respectfully, said,

“Holy mother, to what am I indebted for this visit? Can I serve you in aught?”

“For myself I seek nothing, Prince,” replied the abbess, in a voice that vibrated through Philip’s breast, occasioning him an uneasy feeling. “I am a messenger from the Queen to this young maiden. Her Majesty, having been informed that, under Heaven, the chief instrument of your preservation from a great peril was Mistress Constance Tyrrell, who heroically shielded you from the weapons of assassins, has sent me to bring the damsel to Winchester. This is my mission, which I was enjoined to execute without delay; but I have consented to defer my departure for a short space, as Mistress Constance hath a request to prefer to your Highness.”

“I thank you for your consideration, holy mother,” replied Philip. “The fair Constance can ask nothing of me that I will not readily grant.”

“Make no rash promises, Prince,” remarked the abbess. “First hear her request.”

“I pray you speak, then, fair mistress,” said Philip, in an encouraging tone to Constance. “You need not apprehend a refusal.”

“The boon is greater than I ought to ask,” said Constance, trembling. “Yet I must summon courage to make it. In a word, then, your Highness, I would solicit pardon for the miserable wretch who dared to raise his sacrilegious hand against your royal person.”

“Pardon for that miscreant!” exclaimed the abbess. “Impossible!”

“For myself I would willingly grant your request,” replied Philip, in a troubled tone, “but I have not the power. The Queen alone can pardon this offender against her laws. You must appeal to her.”

“But your Highness will second me,” observed Constance. “A word from you, and it will be done.”

“Be not too sure of that,” said the abbess, sternly. “The Queen is compassionate, but just. To pardon a wretch like this would be fraught with evil consequences. It may not be.”

The force and decision with which these words were pronounced struck the Prince, and he looked hard at the abbess. But her features were wholly undistinguishable.

“The lady abbess is right,” he said, after a pause. “I fear the appeal to the Queen will be in vain. Yet say to her that, if possible, I would have the man spared.”

“The man is a heretic, as I understand,” remarked the abbess. “If he will abjure his errors, and discover his accomplices, mercy may, perchance, be shown him—not otherwise.”

“I fear, then, he must die,” replied Constance. “He is obstinate in his opinions.”

“Then he deserves to perish,” rejoined the abbess, “and you are wrong in seeking to save him.”

“My hope is to make him profitable to the

Catholic Church," said Constance. "If he be put to death now, he will be deemed a martyr by those of his own faith. In time I may bring about his recantation."

"'Twere a good act, if you could accomplish it, fair Constance," observed Philip; "but I fear you deal with impracticable material. But how comes it you take so much interest in this Derrick Carver, for such, if I recollect aright, is the caitiff's name?"

"I know not whence my compassion for him springs," she replied. "But I have visited him in his cell, and fancy I can discern something of good in him."

"Be not deceived, damsel," said the abbess. "There can be no good in one capable of the crime which this man hath attempted. But if you are in earnest as to his conversion, I promise you you shall have an opportunity of attempting the work. I have interest enough with the Queen for that."

"I am glad to hear you say so, holy mother,"

observed the Prince. "And I shall rejoice if the fair Constance succeeds in her attempt. But be this as it may, I do not feel relieved from the weight of obligation I am under to her. When you present her to the Queen, say I shall be well pleased if her Majesty can place her among her gentlewomen."

"I will do more," rejoined the abbess. "I will use all the influence I possess with her Majesty to see the damsel well bestowed in marriage."

"Not if I can prevent it," thought Philip.

A suspicion in regard to the abbess, which the Prince had begun to entertain, being confirmed, he begged a word with her in private, and on her ready assent, led her into the deep recess of a bay-window.

Entirely changing his manner towards her, he then said, "I know not how to account for it, holy mother, but while talking to you I could almost imagine myself engaged in converse with her Majesty."



“A strange supposition,” observed the abbess, in a blander tone than before.

“It is the highest compliment I could pay you,” pursued Philip. “That you should resemble so admirable a sovereign is the best proof of your merit.”

“I am much flattered by your Highness’s good opinion,” returned the abbess, still more blandly; “but how can you tell that I am like the Queen, since you have never beheld her Majesty?”

“I can perfectly judge by the many descriptions given me of her,” said the Prince. “In disposition I am sure you are exactly like her. Remove your hood, I pray you, that I may see whether the resemblance extends to feature.”

“I cannot comply with your Highness’s request, as I have a vow which prohibits me from disclosing my countenance to any of your sex,” she replied; “but I will own that I am like the Queen.”

“I was quite sure of it,” said Philip. “Per-

mit me for a moment to address you as her Majesty."

"'Tis a strange whim," replied the abbess, complacently, "and I ought not to consent to it. But your Highness is singularly persuasive. I am not without curiosity to know what you would say to the Queen."

"What I have to say may sound like the language of passion, and may not suit your ears," rejoined Philip.

"But, as the Queen, I may listen to it," she rejoined, with something of tenderness in her tones.

"Then, I would throw myself at your feet, as I do now," cried Philip, kneeling as he spoke. "I would press your hand to my lips, and assure you of my unalterable love and fidelity. I would tell you how I have burned with impatience to behold you—how I have counted the hours of my long voyage, and have rejoiced as each day brought me nearer to you. In the strongest terms I could

employ I would express my sense of the honour you have conferred upon me in choosing me for your husband, and I would endeavour to convince you that it will be the chief business of my life to increase your felicity and extend your power. Not a cloud shall overshadow your future existence if I can drive it away—but all shall be serenity and sunshine. This is what I would say to the Queen,” he added, rising.

“Your language is so impassioned, Prince,” she returned, “that I am almost as much moved as her Majesty could be by your words. For the moment, I will suppose myself the Queen——”

“It is so understood,” interrupted Philip.

“I fear you feign this passion, Prince,” she continued. “To love one unknown, unseen, with the ardour you profess, is impossible, and yet I ought not to say so, for though I have never beheld you till now, your image has long occupied my breast. I hope you may not be disappointed in me. It shall be my anxious study to win your affection

by entire devotion and submission to your will, and I trust, with Heaven's grace, to succeed."

"Doubt it not," replied the Prince, fervently. "You are sole mistress of my heart, and will ever maintain paramount sway over it."

"I am foolish to ask it," she said, "yet I would fain have your assurance that it is not my crown that has enticed you hither?"

"Rest easy on that score," rejoined the Prince. "You yourself are the magnet that has attracted me. You would have been as much prized without your kingdom as with it."

"I cannot believe you; yet the assurance is so sweet, that I will yield to the delusion," she rejoined. "But I must listen to these honeyed words no longer. Once more, I must become the abbess."

"To others, but not to me," rejoined Philip.

On this, they left the recess, and returned to where Constance was standing.

"What shall be done for this damsel?" said

## XIV.

FATHER ALFONSO DE CASTRO.

SHORTLY afterwards, the usher announced the Bishop of Cuença and Father Alfonso de Castro. No fitting opportunity having hitherto occurred of describing these two personages, we will now say a few words respecting them. The Bishop of Cuença was a perfect courtier, polished in manner, witty, sarcastic, and a bon vivant. His features were handsome, and his looks intelligent, but wily. His attire was as elegant as his position as an ecclesiastic permitted. His person was tall, well

formed, his complexion olive, his eyes dark and intelligent.

A far more striking personage than the bishop was Father Alfonso de Castro. He possessed one of those austere countenances in which the old Spanish painters delighted. In age he was about sixty, and his long life seemed to have been spent in practices of penance and devotion. A few scattered locks, marked by the tonsure, clothed his reverend head. His figure, once tall and erect, was now bent, and his gait feeble and slow. His complexion was sickly, and his eyes deep sunken, but still full of lustre.

Father de Castro was a profound theologian, and had written much against heresy, menacing the professors of the new doctrines with such severe punishments, that he had not unjustly acquired the title of "*Hæresio-matrix acerrimus.*"

A grave salutation passed between the Bishop of Cuença and the abbess, but, when the Prince presented his confessor to her, she said,

“ I am already acquainted with Father de Castro through his writings. I have perused his learned commentary on the Twelve Minor Prophets, and his homilies on the Psalms. I have also read his three books on the Just Punishment of Heresy, and I entirely agree with him. But the work that has afforded me the deepest ratification is his masterly treatise on the Validity of the Marriage between Henry VIII. and Katherine of Aragon. That treatise has been the Queen their daughter’s constant companion, and has solaced her during many an hour of affliction.”

“ I grieve to hear that so excellent a Princess has endured so much,” replied Father de Castro; “ but it was the consciousness that truth and justice were on her side, and not my poor production, that sustained her during her trials. Yet I must rejoice that I have been able to pour balm into her soul. However, her sorrows are now over, and she will reap the reward of her long suffering and patience. Heaven’s blessing will descend upon

her head and upon her people. She will be happy in her marriage, and from her loins princes shall spring, who shall govern this realm wisely and well, and maintain it in the true faith."

"Heaven grant it may be so!" exclaimed the abbess, fervently. "As the old religion has been restored by the Queen, her most earnest desire is that it should be so firmly established that no fears need be entertained of a relapse into schism."

"Having read my treatise on the Punishment of Heretics, holy mother, you know the measures I recommend," replied Father de Castro. "To prevent the further spreading of this pestilence, it must be thoroughly rooted out."

"That will be a work of much time and difficulty, father," replied the abbess, with a sigh. "But I do not despair of its full accomplishment."

"An Auto-da-Fé, such as we have in Spain, of frequent occurrence, would soon sweep off the tainted," observed the Bishop of Cuença. "I trust



to see the Holy Inquisition established in this country.”

“That can never be, my lord,” replied the abbess.

“Wherefore not, good sister?” demanded the bishop.

“Because Englishmen would never submit to it,” rejoined the abbess. “Such an attempt would cause a rebellion which nothing could put down. On this point, Romanists and Protestants would unite. The throne would not be secure, and in the confusion heresy might again become triumphant. Heaven avert such a contingency! But there is nothing to apprehend. The Queen will never yield to such counsels.”

“You appear to be in her Majesty’s confidence, holy mother,” observed the bishop, dryly.

“I am so far in her confidence, my lord,” replied the abbess, “that I know her to be decidedly adverse to the Inquisition, and that she will never authorise its introduction in her kingdom.”

“Possibly the Prince her husband may incline her to different views,” remarked the bishop.

“No, my lord,” replied the abbess; “the Queen is not accustomed to change her mind, and will never act contrary to her judgment.”

The bishop looked surprised at the vivacity of the abbess, but Philip hastened to interpose, and said, “The lady abbess is right, my lord. I shall never seek to influence her Majesty’s opinions in aught that concerns her kingdom. That I have sworn—and by my oath I shall abide.”

“Unless his Holiness shall grant you absolution,” muttered the bishop.

Philip then briefly explained to the bishop and his confessor why he had sent for them, and had just made an end, when Count D’Egmont entered, and said that M. de Noailles was without, and besought a moment’s audience of his Highness.

“What! the perfidious assassin! how dares he approach me? But he shall rue his temerity,” cried Philip, placing his hand upon his sword.

Then instantly becoming calm, he added, "But he could not have come more opportunely for my purpose. Admit him, D'Egmont. Once within this chamber, he is my prisoner. Place a guard at the door, and let him not go forth without my order."

"No harm must be done him," said the abbess, in a low, deep voice.

"I have not sent for him," rejoined Philip. "If he rushes to his own destruction it is not my fault."

"It was madness in him to come here at all," said D'Egmont. "The Duke of Alva, who has heard of the attempt, and suspects De Noailles of its contrivance, is in the ante-chamber."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Philip. "The Duke will know how to act," he added, with a significant glance at D'Egmont.

"If any injury be done the ambassador, there will be war with France," observed the abbess, in the same low, deep tone as before.

“No harm shall befall him, if he be not proved guilty of this foul plot,” rejoined Philip. “But, if it be his contrivance, he shall not escape the punishment he merits. Admit him, Count.”

## XV.

## THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR.

D'EGMONT withdrew, and almost instantly reappeared with the French ambassador.

M. de Noailles made a very gallant appearance, being splendidly attired in white and silver. He removed his plumed and jewelled cap as he entered the room, and advanced with a very smiling and confident air towards Philip. While he was being presented to the Prince by the Count D'Egmont, the Duke of Alva entered the room. At the same time, two Spanish halberdiers stationed themselves near the door.

Philip received the ambassador with freezing politeness.

“Considering the relations unfortunately subsisting between my father, the Emperor, and the King, your master, I scarcely expected this visit from your excellency,” he said.

“I do not appear before your Highness in my quality of ambassador, but as a simple gentleman,” replied De Noailles. “I could not hear of the felon attack made upon you last night without desiring to offer my congratulations on your escape; but I might have hesitated to do so if rumour, with its customary malice, had not sought to fix the contrivance of the dark deed on me.”

“No one who knows your excellency could for a moment suspect you of planning such an affair,” rejoined Philip. “You would never strike a dishonourable and cowardly blow. Others may suspect you—I do not.”

“He does not suspect him, because he is sure of his guilt,” muttered Alva.

“Having received this most gratifying assurance from your Highness, I will retire,” said De Noailles, slightly alarmed, “entreating you to believe that though placed by circumstances in an inimical position, I rejoice in your auspicious arrival in this country, and trust that Heaven may guard you from all ill, and shed its blessings upon you and her Majesty.”

“Perfidious villain! I marvel that lies of such magnitude choke him not,” exclaimed the Duke of Alva, involuntarily clutching his poniard.

“I thank your excellency for your good wishes, which I am convinced are as sincere as your vehement denial of all complicity in this black affair,” rejoined Philip. “But I must detain you a few minutes longer. You have come most à propos. I am about to interrogate one of my assailants, and shall be glad that you should be present during the examination.”

“The villain, as I have heard, is confined in

the dungeon of the Bar-gate," replied De Noailles. "I will attend there whenever your Highness may desire."

"He is uneasy, and would fain get away," muttered Alva, who was watching the ambassador narrowly.

"I shall not need to give you that trouble," remarked Philip. "The examination will take place here."

"In this chamber!" exclaimed De Noailles, startled. "I thought the man was desperately wounded, and like to die."

"It is true he is badly hurt, but he hath life enough in him left to speak, as your excellency will find. He will be here anon," observed Philip.

"But the scene will be disagreeable to me," cried the ambassador. "I must crave your permission to withdraw."

And without waiting for consent, he turned to



depart ; but D'Egmont and Alva planted themselves in his way.

“ A prisoner ! ” he ejaculated, in consternation.

“ Ay, a prisoner at his Highness's pleasure, ” rejoined Alva.

“ I protest against such violation of my privilege, ” cried De Noailles, with mingled terror and anger.

“ You can claim no privilege, ” rejoined the Duke, sternly. “ You stated expressly that you came here as a private gentleman, and not as an ambassador. Back, sir, at your peril. ”

Seeing there was no possibility of escape, De Noailles tried to assume a bold and unconcerned demeanour ; but his nerves sustained another and yet severer shock as the door was thrown open, and a litter, the curtains of which were closely drawn, was borne into the room, under the conduct of Osbert Clinton. In attendance upon the wounded man was Malwood, the chirurgeon.

Behind the litter came Rodomont Bittern, and the four bearers were Rodomont's friends, who had voluntarily undertaken the office, in order to be present at the examination.

## XVI.

## THE EXAMINATION.

AFTER consulting the Prince by a look, Osbert caused the litter to be set down in the middle of the chamber. As the curtains were drawn aside by Rodomont, and the livid features of Derrick Carver were fully revealed to view, Philip narrowly watched the effect of the ghastly spectacle on De Noailles; but he stood the ordeal firmly.

“Raise thyself, Carver,” cried Rodomont to the prisoner.

“Where am I?” groaned the wretched man.

“In the presence of the Prince of Spain,” re-

joined Rodomont. "Art thou prepared to answer his interrogations?"

"I am too feeble to talk," replied Derrick Carver, sinking backwards.

"I have a potent elixir with me which will restore his natural forces," said Malwood.

"Give me the phial. I will administer the dose," cried Rodomont, pouring a few drops down the prisoner's throat.

"Enough!—enough!" exclaimed Malwood, staying his hand.

"By the girdle of St. Francis! it acts like magic," cried Rodomont. "The colour is coming to his cheeks, and his eyes look brighter."

"His pulse begins to beat firmly," said Malwood. "He is now able to answer any question your Highness may desire to put to him," he added to the Prince.

At a sign from Philip, Father de Castro here approached the litter.

"Who art thou?" demanded Derrick Carver,

slightly raising himself, and regarding the priest sternly.

“I am the confessor of the Prince of Spain,” replied the other; “and lost as thou now art, steeped in sin, it will gladden me to reconcile thee to Heaven. Dire as is thine offence, and justly as it calls for condign punishment, I will strive to intercede for thee with his Highness, provided thou wilt make clean thy breast and recant thine errors.”

“Think not to move me,” replied Derrick Carver. “I have the stuff in me of which martyrs are made, as you will find. If I be doomed to a death of torture, Heaven will give me constancy to bear it. I grieve not for myself, but for my fellow-countrymen, who have much bitter persecution to endure.”

“Pity is wasted on him, father,” said Rodomont.

“No, my son,” rejoined De Castro. “Our Church is never without commiseration for the

most hardened sinner, who may be received into its bosom even at the last hour."

"You prate of pity, yet would enforce obedience to your doctrines by torture and burnings," said Derrick Carver. "If I mistake not, you are the ruthless Father de Castro who hath written and preached on the punishment of heretics, and hath been the means of consigning many true believers in the Gospel to the flames."

"I am he you suppose, unhappy man," replied De Castro. "I am a physician to those who are sick of soul. If the only remedy for their disease be fire, ought I to hesitate to prescribe it?"

"Then treat me as thou hast treated others, merciless priest," rejoined Derrick Carver. "Thou wilt see what will ensue. Cast abroad my ashes to the winds, and they will cause a tempest which will crush thee and the Prince thy master."

"Hold thy peace, thou crazy fellow! Thou ravest," cried Rodomont.

"Not at thy bidding, base hireling of Spain,"

rejoined Derrick Carver. "I hold thee in utter contempt. I am an Englishman, and will bend to no foreign yoke — a Protestant, and will never abandon my faith. I give my life for my country and my religion. Wilt thou give thy dog's life for either?"

"My patriotism and religious zeal do not lead me to turn assassin, Carver," rejoined Rodomont. "Neither doth it become thee, who hast sold thyself for French gold, to talk of subserviency. I am a loyal subject to the Queen, and a foe to traitors, of whom thou, Derrick, art the vilest."

"Thou accusest me falsely," rejoined Carver. "No French gold has ever touched my hand."

"Answer the question I am about to put," said the Prince, approaching; "and beware! for thy life depends upon thy truthfulness. It is useless to deny that thou wert hired for this deed. Name thy employer, and I will obtain thy pardon from the Queen. I promise it on my royal word."

“You will not credit what I say,” rejoined Carver. “Why, therefore, should I speak?”

“Look round this assembly,” pursued Philip, “and say whether any one within it is known to thee.”

“I see none but Spanish nobles and priests,” rejoined Carver, in accents of contempt.

“Look again, Derrick,” said Rodomont. “They are not all Spaniards. There is a Frenchman among them.”

“It may be,” replied the wounded man. “What is that to me?”

“Much,” replied Rodomont.

“I pray your excellency to approach the litter,” said Philip to the French ambassador.

“Readily,” replied De Noailles, advancing. “Have you ever beheld me before?” he said to the prisoner.

“Equivocate not, but answer plainly, Derrick,” said Rodomont. “Have you ever beheld his excellency before?”



“I have,” replied the prisoner. “I saw him last night, in a house near the West-gate.”

“You are mistaken, sirrah; you cannot have seen me!” cried De Noailles.

“Truth only will avail you,” said the Prince to the prisoner. “What passed between you and his excellency?”

“Not a word—not a look. I do not think he even noticed me,” rejoined Carver.

“But there were others with you whom he did notice?” said the Prince. “Trifle not with me. It imports me to know who they were, and what occurred.”

“The villain’s statement respecting me is utterly false,” cried De Noailles. “I did not stir from my lodgings last night.”

“Your excellency must needs be in error there,” remarked Rodomont, “since you were seen and recognised in the High-street, about half an hour before this murtherous attack took place, thus allowing ample time for its concoction. More-

over, this letter, found on the body of the ruffian slain by the Prince, may serve to prove your share in the dark transaction."

"I deny the charge altogether," cried De Noailles. "'Tis a device of my enemies. When the matter is regularly investigated, and before a competent tribunal, I can easily clear myself."

"Justice shall be done you, sir, of that you need not doubt," said Philip, sternly. "As to you, fellow," he added to the prisoner, "little as you deserve it, you shall have a pardon. But understand. You owe life and freedom to Mistress Constance Tyrrell—not to me."

"Are no conditions annexed to the pardon?" inquired Derrick Carver.

"None; it is unconditional," replied the Prince. "Here is her Majesty's order," he added, giving Rodomont the paper, signed by the abess. "Are you content?" he added to Constance, who had approached at the moment.

“I am,” she replied, with a look of unutterable gratitude.

“With your Highness’s permission,” said Rodomont, “the prisoner shall be taken to the hospital of the Domus Dei, where he can remain till his wounds be healed, and if there be a spark of gratitude in his breast, the residue of his life will be devoted to extolling your Highness’s clemency.”

“I trust he may become a good Catholic through your instrumentality,” said the Prince to Constance. “Take him away,” he added to Rodomont.

Upon this, Rodomont directed the bearers to remove the litter, and making a profound obeisance to the Prince, he followed it out of the room.

“My part in this strange performance is now over, I presume,” observed De Noailles to the Prince.

“Your excellency is at liberty to depart,” rejoined Philip, coldly. “Attend him,” he added, glancing at Alva and D’Egmont.

The look was so significant that it did not escape the ambassador, and caused him to pause.

“No treachery, I trust, is intended?” he said. “Your Highness will bear in mind that my person is sacred.”

“So is mine,” rejoined Philip, sternly. “Yet that circumstance did not save me from attack.”

“Your Highness would not insinuate——”

“I insinuate nothing,” said Philip. “Go, sir! Heaven go with you!”

Seriously alarmed, the ambassador did not dare to stir a step. The terrible looks of the Duke of Alva froze the blood in his veins. While he stood irresolute, the lady abbess went up to him, and said, “I will go with you.”

“It seems, then, that I am really in danger,” stammered De Noailles.

“Without me you will never quit this place alive,” replied the abbess.

And signing to Constance to follow her, she left the room with the ambassador, the Duke of Alva and the Count D’Egmont having gone out before them.

As De Noailles and the two ladies entered the ante-chamber they found it full of armed men, while both the Duke and D’Egmont had drawn their swords.

“Pass on, holy mother, and take your charge with you,” said Alva to the abbess and Constance. “We must have a word with his excellency.”

“I will not affect to misunderstand your purpose, my Lord Duke,” said the abbess, “but it must not be. I forbid it.”

“You, holy mother!”

“Yes, I, the Queen!” she rejoined.

“The Queen!” exclaimed Alva, sheathing his sword. “Nay, then, we must needs obey. Your

excellency will excuse this momentary interruption. Pray pass on."

As may be supposed, the ambassador was not slow to avail himself of the permission.

**End of the First Book.**



## BOOK II.



### THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.





## I.

### OLD WINCHESTER FROM SAINT CATHERINE'S HILL.

KNOW you the fair hill, crowned by a clump of trees, with a zone around its waist, and a carpet of smooth turf spread out upon its banks, arising from the well-wooded and well-watered meads in the immediate vicinity of the ancient city of Winchester? If you are a Wykehamist you know it well. Graven on the brow of the hill is a labyrinth, or maze, the work of a poor student, who, being debarred from the delights of home during the holiday-season, occupied his weary hours in this strange task, while his heart-sickness

found relief in a ditty, still sung by his successors at Wykeham's famous school. The legend goes on to relate that the hapless youth, who thus carved a memorial on the hill, pined away and died beneath one of the trees on its summit. If so, his gentle spirit must still haunt the spot! Lower down, an entrenchment, deeply cut in the chalk, and attributed to the Dane, encompasses the hill. The base of the mount is washed by the silver Itchen—a stream dear to old Izaak Walton, whose remains have rested, ever since his "ninety years and more" were told, in the adjacent cathedral. Other hills there are hard by—as Saint Giles's, whereon the greatest fair in England was annually held from the period of the Conquest to the reign of Henry VI.; and Saint Mary Magdalene's, on which the Empress Maud and the valorous prelate Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen, met to treat—but neither of these eminences are comparable in beauty of form, or in charm of situation, to fair Saint Catherine's Hill.

If you are a Wykehamist, we repeat, you well know Saint Catherine's Hill. Oft, in happy, by-gone days—far too soon flown—have you wended, with a joyous band of your schoolfellows, across the meadows and by the brink of the meandering Itchen towards your favourite hill. Oft, in summer-tide, have you plunged into the deep pool hard by the mill—oft have you thrown the line upon the glassy water and dragged forth the speckled trout—oft have you lingered on the rustic bridge and watched the light skiff, rowed by a comrade, shoot swiftly under it—oft have you joined the merry groups seated on the banks at the foot of the hill, or started in the mimic chase with the fleetest runners of the crew—oft have you climbed the steep sides of the eminence, have tracked its circling trench, threaded the intricacies of its maze, or, reclining beneath the shade of its trees, enjoyed the glorious prospect of the ancient city commanded from the point. Oft thence have you gazed upon the turrets and

crocketed pinnacles of the venerable pile, erected by your benefactor, the revered William of Wykeham. Deep is the debt you owe him. Nobler seat of learning there cannot be than Winchester College ; second only in architectural beauty to regal Eton. Well-nigh five hundred years has your famous school endured. May it last five hundred more !

Beautiful, most beautiful, is, now-a-days, the view from Saint Catherine's Hill ; but in the middle of the sixteenth century, when we must now regard it, it was infinitely more so. From this height, the fine old city, skirted on the south by lordly trees, was beheld in its highest perfection. Thronged with convents, colleges, hospitals, churches, and other buildings of ancient date, and great beauty of architecture, and boasting one of the grandest cathedrals in the kingdom, Winchester had then a grave, monastic air — something of which it yet retains, despite the many and grievous changes it has undergone. True, its

religious communities and charitable establishments had been suppressed by Henry VIII., and their revenues seized upon, but the spoiler had spared the edifices. Most of these monasteries and convents were restored by Mary, and the long exiled monks and nuns had just got back to their old abodes.

The aspect of Winchester, however, at the epoch in question, was martial as well as monastic. Besides well-fortified walls, flanked by numerous towers, and defended by bastions, the city possessed two large castles, one of which, built by William the Conqueror, occupied a commanding position on the south-west, and covered a vast area with its works and outworks. This fine old Norman castle, eventually demolished by Cromwell, was besieged and taken by the Dauphin of France in the reign of John, but it held out gallantly against Simon de Montfort and the Barons in the days of Henry III. In Mary's time it was in good repair, and well supplied with ordnance and men.

Wolvesey Castle, as the other fortress was called, stood in the lower part of the city, to the south-east of the cathedral. Though less advantageously situated than the upper stronghold, it rivalled it in magnitude. The two giants tried their strength in the time of the warlike Henry de Blois, but were too well matched for any decided result to ensue. Wolvesey Castle was built by the valiant prelate we have just mentioned on the site of the old Saxon palace wherein Egbert, Alfred, Edgar, and Canute had dwelt, and derived its name from the tribute of wolves' heads exacted from the Welsh princes by Edgar, and paid at the palace gates. Soon after the completion of Wolvesey by De Blois, it was attacked by the Empress Maud, who had possession of the upper fortress, and was invested at the same time by the Earl of Gloucester, and David, King of Scotland, but it held out against all its assailants. During this conflict the city suffered much from the contending parties, but especially from the

adherents of Stephen. Fire-balls thrown from Wolvesey Castle caused a tremendous conflagration, whereby the Abbey of St. Mary, the royal palace, the suburb of Hyde, with its superb monastery of St. Grimbald, commenced by Alfred the Great, and a multitude of churches, were destroyed. Dismantled by Henry II., who dreaded its strength, Wolvesey was restored and re-fortified at a later period, and afforded shelter from the Barons to the half-brothers of Henry III. During all this time, and for upwards of another century, Wolvesey was occupied by bishops, who, belonging to the church militant, kept it in a good state of defence. Later on, it became less of a fortress, and more of an episcopal palace, and such it was at the period of our history, for though none of its fortifications were destroyed, and its walls, towers, and donjon were still standing, the buildings were devoted to pacific purposes. Great trees were allowed to grow up in its courts, and fair gardens were laid out beneath its walls. The principal apartments were



in the keep, and here Mary was now lodged, while her large retinue found ample accommodation in the numerous towers and out-buildings. Gardiner had fitted up the palace splendidly for his royal mistress's reception. During her stay at Wolvesey, unbounded hospitality reigned there; and never at any time—not even in 1522, when Henry VIII. feasted the Emperor Charles V. in its halls—had greater profusion been displayed within the castle. Of this vast and stately pile, demolished by Cromwell, some picturesque ruins, o'ergrown with ivy, are still left, attesting its former extent and grandeur.

Wolvesey Castle was connected by a subterranean passage with the cathedral, so that communication could be kept up with that edifice during a siege. Opposite the gate-tower was the noble entrance to Wykeham's college. Near at hand was another college, founded by John de Pontissara, and still nearer, the hospital called "La Carité," appertaining to the cathedral. Tall

trees sheltered these edifices, and added to their beauty. Indeed, this part of the city was so densely planted with timber, that it looked like a grove.

The most striking object in old Winchester, as in the existing city, was the cathedral. This ancient and splendid structure demands a far more lengthened description than we are able to afford it. The scene of many highly important events, it has been the place of coronation of our earlier kings, and their mausoleum. Egbert, Edmund the son of Alfred the Great, Edred, Canute, and Hardicanute, found here a sepulchre. Alfred's honoured remains, temporarily deposited within the cathedral, were afterwards removed to the adjacent abbey of Hyde, which he commenced, but did not live to complete. Here, amongst other holy personages, Saint Swithun, Bishop of Winchester in the ninth century, the patron saint of the city and the cathedral, found a grave. Here, also, lie the bones of many an illustrious prelate—Bishops Walkelin, Edyngton, and Wyke-

ham; Bishops de Blois and Waynflete, Cardinal Beaufort, Prior Silkstede, Bishop Fox, and Gardiner himself, of whom our story treats. Built at different epochs, Winchester Cathedral offers examples of various styles of architecture, which, though dissimilar, produce a magnificent whole. Upon its site stood a more ancient church, reared by the Saxon king, Kenewalch, which was partially pulled down in the eleventh century, when the present edifice was commenced by Bishop Walkelin, who preserved such portions of the original fabric as suited his design. The greater part of the east end of the existing structure, including the massive central tower, is Walkelin's work; and that tower, though somewhat heavy, is a noble specimen of Norman architecture. Considerable alterations were next made, towards the close of the twelfth century, by Bishop Godfrey de Lucy, who rebuilt the Lady Chapel. About 1350 a new nave was commenced by Bishop Edyngton, and the work was continued by the

illustrious William of Wykeham, and after him by Cardinal Beaufort, and brought to a completion by Bishop Waynflete. The vast and lofty columns on either side of the nave, each pillar being about twelve feet in diameter, produce a grand effect, and the coup d'œil of the interior from the great western portal is superb beyond description. The transepts, wherein may still be seen the huge round pillars and vast circular arches, piled upon one another to the roof—the original work of Walkelin—constitute, perhaps, the most interesting part of the edifice.

Brief allusion can only be made to the marvels of the choir; to its elaborately carved stalls with their miserères, canopies, pinnacles, and other ornaments; to the magnificent carved screen behind the altar-piece; to the glories of the great east and west windows; to the superb chantries of Cardinal Beaufort, Bishop Waynflete, and Bishop Fox, all of extraordinary beauty and richness. On the south side of the nave, and exhibiting

infinite richness of ornament and extreme delicacy of carving, is the mortuary chapel of William of Wykeham, in which may be seen a recumbent marble statue of that venerated personage, his head supported by angels, and three kneeling figures at his feet. In the north aisle, near the presbytery, is the mortuary chapel of Bishop Gardiner. In the Silkstede Chapel, in the south transept, will be found the lowly grave of gentle Izaak Walton.

And now a word in regard to the city itself. The early history of Venta, Caer Gwent, or the White City, as Winchester was originally called, is lost in obscurity, but the remote antiquity of the place is unquestionable. The Celt, the Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, and the Norman, have successively occupied the spot. Whether good King Arthur held his court in the White City and banqueted his peerless knights at the Round Table, still preserved in the castle hall, may be doubted. But it is certain that, as the residence of our great

Saxon kings, and the seat of their government, Winchester was the most important city in the island. In the days of Cerdic it was the capital of the West Saxons, and, on the dissolution of the Heptarchy, it became the metropolis of England. The most illustrious name connected with Winchester is that of Alfred the Great. Compelled to abandon the city for a while to the Danes, this great monarch and lawgiver re-took it, restored it to its pristine splendour, and dwelt within it to his latest day. Canute also had his palace in Winchester, and died there. From Egbert to Edward the Confessor—a period of two hundred and forty years—all our old Saxon kings were crowned within the cathedral, and most of them found graves in its vaults. William the Conqueror loved Winchester, and strengthened it by the proud castle on the hill. William Rufus was buried in the cathedral, and the saints deposited there, resenting the intrusion of so impious a mo-

## II.

## SAINT CATHERINE'S CHAPEL.

AT the period of our history the finishing-point to the beauty of Saint Catherine's Hill was given by an exquisite Gothic chapel placed upon its summit. Erected in the thirteenth century, this little temple was much resorted to by the devout on account of the reliques it contained of Saints Birinus, Swithun, and Ethelwold. Within it might also be seen a ploughshare which, while red hot, had been trodden upon without injury by the beautiful Queen Emma, mother of Edward the Confessor. Constant pilgrimages were made to the

shrine, and on the festival of Saint Catherine, to whom the chapel was dedicated, a long procession of religious personages of both sexes, headed by the Bishop of Winchester, and accompanied by an immense concourse, came forth from the city and ascended the hill, when the Bishop and those with him entering the chapel, placed rich gifts upon the altar. At such times, the spectacle of the vast assemblage kneeling around the little fane, or raising the choral hymn to heaven, must have been highly impressive. Formerly, Saint Catherine's Chapel had been well endowed, but its revenues were appropriated by Wolsey to his "twins of learning," Ipswich and Oxford. From this time, until the return to the old worship under Mary, the place was completely neglected. Restored by Gardiner, an aged priest, Father Jerome, who had officiated within it in former days, was appointed to its care. At the same time its precious reliques were brought back. Luckily, during the season of its desecration, it had sustained no material injury



—its extraordinary reputation for sanctity having probably saved it—and it was now nearly as beautiful as ever. At least, its custodian, good Father Jerome, thought so.

In the olden time, it had been customary with devotees, after early immersion in the clear waters of the Itchen, to repair to Saint Catherine's Chapel, hear matins, and perform other devotional exercises. This practice, healthful alike to body and soul, was now revived. Welcome to Father Jerome were all who came there to pray.

At an early hour on the morning of the third day after the Prince of Spain's public entry into Southampton, a remarkably handsome young gallant—tall, graceful in figure and deportment, and very becomingly attired in a doublet of green velvet slashed with white silk, and wearing a small velvet beret of the same colour, adorned with a white plume, on his head—issued from the south gate of Winchester, and passing through the grove of stately elms, colonised by rooks, then environing

this side of the ancient city, struck across the charming valley watered by the Itchen.

The morning was lovely enough to have tempted the veriest sluggard to quit his couch, and our handsome young galliard seemed fully alive to its beauties. The sun had but just o'er-topped sweet Saint Catherine's Hill. The grass was heavy with dew, and a thin haze hung in some parts of the valley, but this quickly disappeared. All nature looked bright and smiling. The warblers of the grove carolled blithely, the larks soared aloft rejoicingly, and a cloud of clamorous rooks, quitting the tall trees near the city, winged their way towards the marsh lands farther south. Scared by the young man's approach, the stately heron started from the river in which he was fishing, while other aquatic fowl dived beneath the green water-weeds and disappeared.

At no time are we so susceptible to Nature's beauties as at early morn. Our senses of delight are quicker then than at any other season, and

invigorated by the freshness of the atmosphere, we find something to charm in every object we behold. So it was with the young gallant in question. He was familiar with the scene around him, yet he discovered beauties in it of which he had been hitherto unconscious. His eye ranged along the valley through which strayed the winding Itchen, pleased with all it encountered, until his gaze settled on the secluded hospital of Saint Croix.

Never before, it seemed to him, had the ancient edifice looked so lovely, so sequestered, as it did now. Though partially screened by trees, enough was visible to evidence its size and architectural beauty—the lofty gateway, the roofs of the quadrangular courts, and the square tower of the venerated church. A slight mist, enveloping but not hiding the outline of the pile, gave it a dreamlike character.

The hospital of Saint Croix was even then more than three hundred years old, having been erected

in 1136 by Bishop Henry de Blois, of whom previous mention has been made. It was subsequently enlarged by Cardinal Beaufort, and is still, we are happy to say, in an admirable state of preservation. Here the hospitality of monkish times is still practised on a small scale. Like many other similar institutions in Winchester and elsewhere, Saint Croix was deprived of its rents and revenues by Henry VIII., but sufficient was fortunately saved from the spoiler's grasp to preserve it from utter extinction. New life was communicated to the decaying old hospital by Mary, and it was the thought of its unexpected revival that gave it special interest in the eyes of the young man who now gazed upon it. Contrasting its present condition with the past, he rejoiced that a fabric so lovely, and designed for such benevolent purposes, should have escaped destruction.

After indulging in these reflections for a brief space, he walked on, bestowing a glance as he crossed the wooden bridge over the Itchen at the

trout shooting through the clear stream. He had now reached the foot of Saint Catherine's Hill, whither, apparently, he was bound, and disdainingly to take the easy but circuitous path conducting to the little chapel, he speeded up the steepest part of the acclivity, across the Danish entrenchment, and did not halt for a moment till he gained the summit of the hill. He then turned to enjoy the splendid prospect commanded from the spot of the ancient city and its environs, which we have already endeavoured to bring before the reader.

While he was thus occupied, the door of the little chapel was opened by a priest of venerable and benevolent aspect, who stepped towards him, bade him a kindly good-morrow, and bestowed a benison upon him.

“What brings Master Osbert Clinton to Saint Catherine's Hill so early?” inquired the old priest.

“Nothing more than to hear matins in your

chapel, good Father Jerome," replied Osbert. "I trust I am in time."

"You are in ample time, my son," replied the old priest, smiling. "Matins have not yet been said, and will not commence for half an hour. Except myself, you are the first on Saint Catherine's Hill this blessed morning. Indeed, I marvel to see you here so soon. That a young gallant like Master Osbert Clinton, engaged in all the gaieties of court, should have come to this little chapel to pray at so early an hour, argues a strength of devotion for which, I own, I scarcely gave him credit."

"I will not attempt to deceive you, good father," returned Osbert. "It is not merely the desire to pray within your chapel that has brought me here, but the hope of meeting a fair maiden——"

"Dare you make such an avowal to me, young sir?" interrupted Father Jerome, in a tone of stern rebuke.

"Nay, father, be not angry with me," said

Osbert. "You will pardon me, I am sure, when you know my motive. My object is to caution the damsel, and this is the only opportunity I may have of doing so."

"Methinks I know the damsel you allude to, my son," returned Father Jerome. "Mistress Constance Tyrrell, is it not? She was here yesternorn, and, after performing her devotions, poured forth the secrets of her heart to me, and besought my counsel."

"You are aware, then, of the perilous position in which she is placed, and of the necessity of extricating her from it without delay?"

"I know she is beloved by some exalted personage, and that she is full of apprehension——"

"Well may she be so, holy father," said Osbert. "I dare not tell you by whom she is beloved. Suffice it, that her position at court is fraught with peril. But it shall be my business to guard her."

“You love her, then, my son?” observed Father Jerome.

“Passionately,” replied Osbert. “But I have not yet ventured to tell her of my love.”

“You are encouraging a hopeless passion, my son, and I beseech you to check it while you can. But what tidings do you bring of the Prince of Spain? When comes he from Southampton?”

“This very day,” returned Osbert. “I am to form part of the train which will escort his Highness hither. We shall set forth at noon, at which hour the Prince, with a large cavalcade, will leave Southampton, so we shall meet him mid-way.”

“I am told he is a well-favoured Prince, but haughty and reserved of manner,” remarked Father Jerome.

“I have not found him so,” replied Osbert. “To me he has been singularly condescending, and, indeed, he is gracious to all.”

“I am right glad to hear it. That speaks well



for him. Long and earnestly have I prayed that our good Queen's union may be happy. Much does our holy Church owe her. Look down upon that city, my son. Regard those monasteries, convents, and hospitals. They have all been restored by her. Once more within yon noble cathedral mass is celebrated, and all the rites of the Romish Church performed. To Queen Mary we owe this blessed change. By her Saint Croix has likewise been restored, and it is to her benign influence that this little chapel has been again opened for worship—that the reliques of the saints have been brought back to it—and that I, myself, am enabled to officiate within it. By Queen Mary heresy and schism have been overthrown, and our holy Church delivered from bondage. May Heaven long preserve her! She is our hope and strength—our pillar and defence.”

“I cry ‘Amen’ to that prayer with all my heart,” said Osbert. “Heaven grant the Prince may prove a good husband to her!”

“ You speak as if you doubted it, my son,” rejoined Father Jerome. “ But I cannot tarry for further converse. I must leave you now. The hour for matins is at hand. After prayers, if you have aught further to say to me, I shall be at your service.”

With this, he re-entered the chapel, and presently a bell began to ring. Many persons, chiefly country-folk, obeyed the summons, coming from different parts of the valley, and entered the chapel, the door of which now stood open.

Osbert, however, did not enter with them, as he had caught sight of two female devotees slowly ascending the hill, in whom he recognised Constance Tyrrell and her old attendant, Dorcas. He waited till they gained the brow of the eminence, and then advancing towards the damsel, respectfully saluted her. Her appearance surprised and distressed him. She looked sad and pale, and traces of recent tears were on her cheeks. Scarcely returning his salutation, she entered the chapel,

followed by old Dorcas, who appeared to be as full of affliction as her young mistress. Osbert went in after them, and knelt down by the side of Constance at the altar. But she did not once look towards him, and, indeed, seemed wholly unconscious of his presence.

At the close of the service, Osbert quitted the chapel with the country-folk, and waited outside, thinking Constance would soon come forth. But he was doomed to disappointment. More than an hour elapsed and she did not appear. At the expiration of that time the chapel door was opened by Father Jerome, who looked very grave. Addressing Osbert, the old priest said, "Do not tarry here longer, my son. Mistress Constance Tyrrell has much to say to me, and seeks my ghostly counsel."

"But I will wait for her, good father," cried Osbert. "I care not how long I stay. I *must* speak with her."

"Impossible! my son," replied Father Jerome.

“I enjoin you to depart. Constance does not desire to see you. Stifle the unfortunate passion you have conceived for her. It can never be requited.”

“In Heaven’s name! what has happened, good father? Tell me, I adjure you?” cried Osbert.

“Question me not, but go!” said Father Jerome, authoritatively. “Constance will not come forth while you remain here. I myself will accompany her to Winchester.”

“But will you tell me nothing more? Will you not give me a hope?” ejaculated Osbert, despairingly.

The old priest shook his head, and, with a compassionate glance at him, closed the door, and bolted it inside.

Osbert was half inclined to force an entrance into the chapel, but feeling the impropriety of such a proceeding, he tore himself away, and rushed wildly down the hill, scarcely knowing whither he went.

## III.

HOW THE PRINCE OF SPAIN RODE FROM SOUTHAMPTON TO WINCHESTER; HOW HE HEARD HIGH MASS AT THE CATHEDRAL, AND VISITED THE QUEEN PRIVATELY AT WOLVESEY CASTLE.

PHILIP prolonged his stay at Southampton from Friday, the 20th of July, 1554, the day on which he made his public entry into the town, till the following Monday. Before leaving, he dismissed his fleet, which set sail for Cadiz, under the command of the Admiral of Castile. The Flemish squadron also departed at the same time. Nothing was allowed to transpire publicly in regard to the Queen's secret visit to Southampton.

After protecting the French ambassador from the Prince's vengeance, in the manner previously related, Mary returned to Winchester, taking Constance Tyrrell with her. Next day, the Count d'Egmont, attended by Osbert Clinton, brought her Majesty a set of diamonds, of inestimable value, as a present from Philip. Somewhat later in the same day, the noble Spanish dames, the Duchess of Medina Celi, the Marchionesses Pescara, de Farria, and del Valle, the Countesses Olivares, de Saldana, and de Modica, with several other gentlewomen, who had accompanied their consorts to be present at the approaching solemnity, arrived at Wolvesey Castle in magnificent chariots and litters provided for them by the Queen.

Meantime, Southampton continued in a fever of excitement, nothing being thought of in the town but revelry and rejoicing. On Sunday, Philip heard mass in Saint Michael's Church, and rode forth afterwards with his train to Netley

Abbey, then in possession of the Marquis of Winchester, Lord High Treasurer, to whom it had been granted on the dissolution of the monasteries, and after being sumptuously entertained by his noble host, he returned, in the cool of a most delicious evening, by water to Southampton.

About noon on Monday, the 22nd, the Prince quitted Southampton, attended by a magnificent escort, comprising, in addition to his own suite, the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquis of Winchester, the Earls of Arundel, Derby, Worcester, Bedford, Rutland, Pembroke, and Surrey; with the Lords Clinton, Cobham, Darcie, Matravers, Talbot, and many others, numbering with their gentlemen and esquires upwards of two thousand horse. Never before had such a vast and splendid cavalcade passed through the Bar-gate. Stationed at the gate were Sir Bevis, with the Princess Josyan seated behind him on the broad back of Arundel, Ascapart, Canute, and Xit—the latter mounted on his little piebald horse—and when the royal

cortége had passed by, these personages followed it at a short distance. Hundreds of persons on foot accompanied the cavalcade, which proceeded at a slow pace, half way to Winchester, when it encountered another large company of noblemen and gentlemen sent to meet it by the Queen. Amongst these were the Count d'Egmont and Osbert Clinton. Swelled by this addition, the cavalcade, which had now assumed the proportions of an army, pursued its course towards Winchester, the trees by which the valley of the Itchen was shaded affording protection from the scorching sunbeams. Erc long Philip came upon the hospital of Saint Croix, the secluded beauty of which might have attracted more of his attention had not Winchester itself, at the same moment, burst upon his view. Cries of admiration broke from the Spaniards as they caught sight of the ancient and picturesque city.

From Saint Croix to the South-gate the road was lined on either side by well-dressed spectators



the right of the choir was assigned to the Prince by Gardiner. Every other stall had a noble occupant; the one next to Philip being tenanted by the Duke of Norfolk.

High mass was then celebrated, Gardiner and the bishops officiating at the altar. After *Te Deum* had been solemnly sung, Philip retired into the sacristy adjoining the Silkstede Chapel with Gardiner, where a brief, but very friendly, conference took place between them. To the Prince's inquiries as to when he might be permitted to see the Queen, Gardiner replied, that the public presentation could not, according to court etiquette, take place till the morrow, but that he would engage to procure his Highness a private interview with her Majesty that evening.

On quitting the cathedral, the Prince was ceremoniously conducted by the Earl of Arundel to the deanery, which had been prepared for his reception. Here a grand banquet was subsequently

served, at which the Lord Chancellor and all the principal English and Spanish nobles sat down.

In the evening, while Philip was alone, the Earl of Arundel and the Grand Chamberlain, Sir John Gage, were introduced, and informed him that they were enjoined by her Majesty to conduct him to her presence. Expressing the liveliest satisfaction, the Prince said he was ready to accompany them at once, and, immediately arising, he went forth with them into the deanery garden, whence, by a private way, he was brought to a postern in the walls of Wolvesey Castle. Of this postern Sir John Gage possessed the key, and the door being unlocked, gave them admittance to the gardens of the castle.

After tracking a long arcade of formally clipped yew-trees, they came upon a wide grass-plot, soft as velvet to the foot, laid out in front of the keep-tower, wherein, as we have already stated, were the Queen's apartments. Close to this charming

lawn were parterres, embellished with knots of flowers, in the taste of the period. At the farther end stood the stately donjon reared by stout Henry de Blois, between which and the grass-plot lay a broad terrace-walk. This scene, beautiful at all times, was now rendered doubly beautiful by the light of a full summer moon hanging right above the keep, and flooding the place with radiance.

As the Prince and his attendants entered this fairy region, three persons were walking upon the grass-plot. These were the Queen, Gardiner, and one of her Majesty's ladies—the latter, however, being at some distance from the other two.

“There is her Majesty,” observed the Lord Chamberlain. “Shall I announce your Highness?”

Receiving Philip's prompt assent, Sir John Gage advanced towards Mary, and after an instant's consultation with her, Philip was formally presented—the Lord Chamberlain withdrawing as soon as he had performed his office. Gardiner

also retired with the lady in attendance, and the royal pair were left alone together. Mary was very richly attired, and, viewed by this witching light, really looked attractive. Some excuse may therefore be found for the impassioned admiration which Philip expressed on beholding her features, now for the first time revealed to his gaze.

Mary was small of stature, with beautiful hands and feet. Her person was well made, but too thin, and her carriage, though majestic, was exceedingly stiff, and lacked the grace which ease alone can impart. In her younger days she had been accounted good-looking, but she could scarcely be considered so now. Her eyes were large and grey, and her glances keen and steady. Her face was round, her tresses inclining to red, if they did not even actually attain that hue, and the nose too flat and large. Her lips, too, were thin and compressed. Altogether, there was a hardness and severity about her face that destroyed its pleasing

character, while premature wrinkles about the eyes and brow gave her age.

If Mary did not inherit the beauty either of her father or mother, she had many of the qualities by which both were characterised. She had the courage, firmness, and obstinacy of Henry VIII., and she had all the virtues belonging to the unfortunate Katherine of Aragon. Her conduct, under the trials to which she was exposed, was most exemplary, and even her enemies could find no fault with it. Firmly attached to the principles of the Catholic religion, in which she had been brought up, she never wavered for a moment in her adherence to her faith, but would have suffered martyrdom rather than renounce it. When commanded by the council under Edward VI. to desist from the performance of mass, she still continued to celebrate it in private.

Mary spoke well in public, and possessed a voice so sonorous that she could be distinctly heard by a large assemblage. Her stirring address to the

citizens at Guildhall gave the coup de grace to Wyatt's formidable rebellion. She also possessed many accomplishments, playing so well upon the lute and spinet as to astonish and delight professed musicians by her skill. She also greatly excelled in embroidery, and in other female work. Her intellectual accomplishments were of a high order, though they did not excite so much astonishment in those days of learned ladies as they would in our own. She spoke French and Spanish perfectly, and read Italian with ease, though she did not speak it. She was also mistress of Latin. At the request of Catherine Parr she translated into English Erasmus's Paraphrase of the Gospel of St. John. Since her accession to the throne, all her time, except the hours of devotion, had been given to affairs of state. She arose at daybreak, performed her religious duties, heard mass, and thenceforward devoted herself to public business, being easy of access to all who desired to approach her. Bigoted Mary was, intolerant and

severe towards those who differed with her on points of faith; but she had many redeeming qualities, which should have saved her from the obloquy to which she has been subjected.

Such was Mary when she met her affianced husband on that lovely moonlight night in the garden of Wolvesey Castle — a night ever afterwards cherished in her memory as the happiest of her existence. Blissful, indeed, were her feelings as she paced to and fro upon that soft sward with her royal lover, listening to the vows he breathed in low and passionate tones, and believing all he said. Philip felt his power, and exercised it. From that moment he obtained mastery over her heart. From that moment, to the latest of her existence, she fondly loved him. Ingrate that he was, he but poorly requited her affection.

We shall not record the words he uttered. Idle words were they, such as feigned passion has ever at command, but they produced the effect designed. Suspicious as Mary was by nature, she

had no suspicion now. She persuaded herself that Heaven had rewarded her at last for all her sufferings by bestowing upon her a fond and faithful spouse.

Two hours elapsed before their moonlight walk was over—two happy, happy hours to the Queen. Then she re-entered the keep, while Philip, attended by the Earl of Arundel and Sir John Gage, returned to the deanery.



## IV.

## OF THE PUBLIC MEETING BETWEEN THE ROYAL PAIR.

IT having been arranged that the public meeting between the royal pair should take place on the following day, six richly carved and gilt chariots, covered with cloth of gold, drawn by horses trapped in white velvet embroidered with silver lions, and ridden by pages of honour attired in the royal liveries, were sent to convey the Prince and his suite to Wolvesey Castle. Attendant upon the chariots were a number of henchmen, likewise habited in the royal liveries, and mounted on richly-caparisoned horses, and besides these

there was a guard of two hundred arquebusiers, fully equipped.

Precisely at noon Philip came forth from the deanery, attended by all his grandees, gorgeously attired, and glittering with jewels, and entered the chariot appointed for him. The Dukes of Alva and Medina Celi had places beside him. Preceded by mounted trumpeters and kettle-drums, making a loud bruit, the train moved towards Wolvesey Castle, the Prince being everywhere greeted by acclamations from those who witnessed his progress. At the noble gateway of Wykeham's College were stationed the warden and fellows in their gowns, and ranged by the side of the walls in files two deep stood the scholars, who shouted lustily and waved their caps as the Prince passed by. The young Wykehamists were still vociferating as the chariot containing the Prince passed beneath the arched gate-tower then forming the main entrance to Wolvesey Castle. At this gate, above which floated the royal standard,

stood Og, Gog, and Magog, towering by the head and shoulders above the other halberdiers. The giants had now resumed their ordinary garb of yeomen of the guard, but were instantly recognised by the Prince.

Before the principal entrance of the keep stood a vast number of gentlemen, esquires, and pages, all splendidly appalled, and as Philip's chariot drew up, Sir John Gage, Grand Chamberlain, with Sir Henry Jerningham, Vice-Chamberlain, bearing their wands of office, came forth to assist his Highness to alight. The entrance-hall was filled with noble personages, amongst whom were the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, the Earls of Arundel and Derby, Sir Edward Hastings, Master of the Horse, the Earl of Bedford, Lord Privy Seal, the Lord Paget and Sir William Petre, both Secretaries of State, with many others. Bowing graciously as he passed through this splendid throng, the Prince was conducted by Gardiner

to the great hall, where he found the Queen surrounded by a bevy of lovely dames. Mingled with the English ladies, and contrasting strongly with them from their rich Southern complexions, dark eyes, and jet-black tresses, were the noble Spanish dames, making altogether a most dazzling group. At the farther end of the hall, which was hung with costly arras, and otherwise gorgeously decorated, was a cloth of estate, embroidered with the arms of England and Spain. Under it were two velvet fauteuils.

On perceiving the Queen, Philip flew towards her, and, without tarrying for a formal presentation by Sir John Gage, embraced her, kissing her lovingly, to the amusement of all the ladies around, and then, taking her hand, led her towards the canopy at the farther end of the hall, no one presuming to follow them. As the royal pair seated themselves on the fauteuils, and entered into tender converse, many a curious eye was

directed towards them. However, they heeded not observation, but seemed entirely engrossed by each other.

Thus they continued discoursing for more than an hour. The Queen then rose, and the Prince rising likewise, Sir John Gage and Sir Henry Jerningham marshalled them into an adjoining chamber, where a grand banquet was laid out. Here they both sat down at the high table, and were waited upon by Gardiner, the rest of the company occupying the lower tables. Near the royal pair stood a cupboard filled with splendid salvers, flagons, and other vessels of gold and silver. In the course of the banquet, a goblet of wine being filled for the Queen by Gardiner, she drank from it to Philip; after which, the Prince pledged her in return from the same loving cup. At the close of the banquet, the Queen and Prince, attended by all the company, adjourned to the grass plot, where they walked for some time, enjoying the cool air. A concert in the great hall, at which

many skilful musicians and singers assisted, brought the evening to an end. Attended by his grandees, Philip then returned to the deanery.

No meeting took place between the royal pair next day, the Queen being occupied in preparations for the marriage-ceremonial, which was appointed for the morrow.

Philip passed his time in visiting several places in and about the city. At Wykeham's College, whither he first repaired, he was received by the warden and fellows, and shown over the ancient structure, appearing to be much struck by the great hall, the beautiful chapel, the cloisters, and the refectory. In the hall the whole of the students were assembled, and a Latin address was recited to him by the senior scholar. On his departure, the Prince ordered the contents of a well-filled purse to be distributed amongst the youths, and the walls of the old quadrangle resounded with the joyous shouts of the recipients of the gift.

Accompanied by the Bishop of Cuença and

Father de Castro, Philip next visited "La Carite," with several other religious establishments and hospitals, and left large presents behind him. This done, at the head of a brilliant retinue, consisting of the chief English and Spanish nobles, he rode up to William the Conqueror's castle, and examined it throughout, mounting to the top of the donjon, whence he beheld Southampton, and the Isle of Wight in the far distance. In the great hall of the fortress he was shown King Arthur's Round Table, at which his august sire, the Emperor Charles V., had sat when he was the guest of Henry VIII.

"I was honoured with a seat at the Round Table on that ever-memorable occasion, your Highness," observed the old Duke of Norfolk. "Seldom hath such a party been assembled—not perhaps since the days of good King Arthur himself. Both your royal father and my late gracious master—whose soul God preserve!—played the boon companion, and bandied so many

merry jests, that we could scarce contain ourselves for laughter. And yet they were nowise displeased, for state was banished from the Round Table, no one being able to say who sat above the other. On yonder wall, I mind me, was inscribed this distich in letters of gold:

Carolus, Henricus vivant; defensor uterque,  
Henricus fidei, Carolus ecclesiæ."

"You describe an enviable banquet, my Lord Duke," replied Philip; "and I marvel not it lives in your memory. But you shall sit again at that board, and as my guest, and though I cannot hope to rival my father, or your late royal master, as a boon companion, I will put no constraint upon your mirth."

The Duke of Norfolk bowed his thanks, and they quitted the hall. From the castle, Philip rode with his train to the Hospital of Saint Croix, with the beautiful and secluded situation of which he had been much struck as he approached Win-



chester. Passing through the ancient gateway, he dismounted in the court, where were drawn up the brotherhood in their long dark gowns, adorned with a silver cross—vestments and badges still retained by the fraternity. After examining the Hundred Men's Hall, and noting the statue of Cardinal Beaufort in a niche in the upper part of the chamber, Philip proceeded to the venerable church, where he heard mass. Well pleased with his visit, he caused a piece of gold to be given to each of the brethren.

On quitting Saint Croix, the Prince did not return at once to Winchester, but crossing the valley, and fording the Itchen at a place pointed out to him by Osbert Clinton, who acted as his guide, he rode up Saint Catherine's Hill. Good Father Jerome, who had watched the train ascending the mount, advanced to meet him. Courteously saluting the old priest, Philip put several questions to him respecting the chapel.

“Will it please your Highness to alight and view the reliques?” said Father Jerome.

Readily assenting, Philip dismounted, Osbert holding his bridle the while.

The Prince then entered the chapel with Father Jerome, leaving all his suite outside to contemplate the magnificent prospect of the city. His first act was to prostrate himself before the altar, and in this pious posture he remained for several minutes, fervently occupied in prayer.

“Apparently he is devout,” thought Father Jerome, as he stood behind him, with his hands meekly folded upon his breast. “And yet unholy passions rule his heart.”

When Philip had concluded his devotions, Father Jerome unlocked a casket, and exhibited the various saintly reliques it contained, which the Prince regarded with due reverence. The old priest next displayed the wondrous ploughshare which had proved harmless to Queen Emma, and

related the legend connected with it. While looking about the chapel, Philip noticed upon the credence-table near the altar a little tablet of gold, with an agate on either side, garnished with rubies, and having a large pearl pendant.

“How came this trinket here, father?” he inquired, fixing a steadfast look on the old priest. “It was my gift to a damsel who preserved my life.”

“I know it, Highness,” replied Father Jerome. “But the maiden felt she could not keep the tablet, and hath left it as an offering to Saint Catherine’s shrine. In my humble mind she has done well.”

“Has she confessed to you, father?” demanded Philip.

“I am not bound to answer that question, even to your Highness,” replied Father Jerome. “Nevertheless, I will answer it. She has confessed.”

“Then you know all?”

“All, Highness. And I pity her from my soul.”

“And you blame me?”

“I said not so, Highness,” replied the priest, somewhat evasively.

“Where is she?” asked Philip, after a pause, and in tones of deep emotion.

“Highness,” replied Father Jerome, “she has returned to Southampton, where she is about to bury her woes in a convent. I applaud her determination.”

“Father, this step must be prevented,” rejoined Philip. “She must not take the vows.”

“I do not think she will yield to any persuasions to the contrary,” replied Father Jerome. “Her resolution is taken.”

“Make the attempt—I command you,” cried Philip, imperiously. “See her without delay. Use all the arguments you can employ. If you succeed, count on my gratitude.”

“Your Highness shall be obeyed, although I confess I like not the task,” said Father Jerome, bowing his reverend head.

“As an earnest of my good will, take this purse, and employ its contents as you list.”

“I take it, only to bestow its contents on the poor,” said the priest, as Philip quitted the chapel.

Philip then mounted his jennet, and rode down the hill with his train. The changed expression of his countenance did not escape notice, but no one ventured to remark upon it. Under the guidance of Osbert Clinton, the Prince made his way along the banks of the Itchen, to the old stone bridge, said to be the work of St. Swithun, and crossing it, re-entered the city by the eastern gate, and proceeded to the deanery, halting by the way to examine the ancient City Cross.

While Philip was making the various visits we have described, most of the inhabitants had opportunities of beholding him, and all were favourably impressed by his youth, his handsome person, his proud yet affable deportment, and, above all, by the grace and skill with which he managed his fiery Andalusian barb.

That evening, the Prince had a long conference with Simon Renard, the Spanish ambassador, and Don Juan de Figueroa, Regent of the Council of Aragon, a nobleman much in the Emperor's confidence, and who had been sent by him to England, charged with a most important mission, which he had hitherto kept secret, but which he now proceeded to disclose to the Prince. The revelation then made seemed to yield Philip extraordinary satisfaction.

END OF VOL. I.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.











