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THE QUEEN

BY MISS G. S. WHITE

STUDENT'S HISTORICAL SERIES.

LIVES OF

THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

BY AGNES STRICKLAND,

AUTHOR OF "LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF SCOTLAND."

Abridged by the Author.

REVISED AND EDITED BY

CAROLINE G. PARKER.

Nov. 6. 1867

NEW YORK: *No. 241*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,

FRANKLIN SQUARE.

1867.

No. 2

IIA28
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.59+

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

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LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

By AGNES STRICKLAND.

DEDICATED BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION

TO

HER MAJESTY

The Queen.

P R E F A C E .

AN epitome of the "Lives of the Queens of England," for the use of schools and families, has frequently been demanded by persons desirous of communicating historical information to youthful students. The interest with which intelligent children invariably seize on these royal biographies, affords a very cogent reason for the preparation of an abridged edition expressly for the use of that numerous and interesting class of readers, to whom some of the more delicate facts of history require to be presented in a modified form.

Every thing necessary to render the "Lives of the Queens" pleasing and instructive for scholastic purposes has been retained in this volume, and carefully chronologized.

The whole series of biographies comprises a domestic history of England from the Norman Conquest to the death of Queen Elizabeth, and of Great Britain from the accession of James I. to the present time, in which all important public events are related. Reference to the authorities will be found in the Library Edition of the "Queens of England," with the portraits and autographs of the queens.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE Queen of England is either queen-regnant, queen-consort, or queen-dowager. The first of these is a female sovereign reigning in her own right, and exercising all the functions of regal authority in her own person—as in the case of her majesty Queen Victoria, who ascended the throne both by rightful inheritance and the consent of the people. No other princess has been enthroned in England under such auspicious circumstances as the present sovereign lady. Mary I. was not recognized without bloodshed. Elizabeth's title was disputed. Mary II. was only a sovereign in name, and as much dependent on the will of her royal husband as a queen-consort. The Archbishop of Canterbury forfeited the primacy of England for declining to assist at her coronation or to take the oaths.

The queen-regnant, in addition to the cares of government, has to preside over all the arrangements connected with female royalty, which, in the reign of a married king, devolve on the queen-consort; she has, therefore, more to occupy her time and attention than a king, for whom the laws of England expressly provide that he is not to be troubled with his wife's affairs like an ordinary husband.

There have been but three unmarried Kings of England, William Rufus, Edward V., and Edward VI.

The Queens of England, beginning the series with Matilda, the wife of William the Conqueror, are forty in number, including her majesty Queen Victoria, the present sovereign, and Adelaide, the late queen-dowager.

Of these, five are queen-regnants, or sovereigns, and thirty-five queen-consorts. Our present series begins, not accord-

ing to rank, but chronological order, with the queen-consorts, of whom there were twenty-six, before a female monarch ascending the throne combined in her own person the high office of Queen and Sovereign of England.

The earliest British queen named in history is Cartismandua, who, though a married woman, appears to have been the sovereign of the Brigantees, reigning in her own right. This was about the year 50.

Boadicea, or Bodva, the warrior-queen of the Iceni, succeeded her deceased lord, King Prasutagus, in the regal office. Speed gives us a curious print of one of her coins, in his chronicle. The description of her dress and appearance on the morning of the battle that ended so disastrously for the royal Amazon and her country, is remarkably picturesque:

“After she had dismounted from her chariot, in which she had been driving from rank to rank to encourage her troops, attended by her daughters and her numerous army, she proceeded to a throne of marshy turfs, appareled after the fashion of the Romans, in a loose gown of changeable colors, under which she wore a kirtle very thickly plaited, the tresses of her yellow hair hanging to the skirts of her dress. About her neck she wore a chain of gold, and bore a light spear in her hand, being of person tall, and of a comely, cheerful, and modest countenance; and so awhile she stood, pausing to survey her army, and being regarded with reverential silence, she addressed to them an impassioned and eloquent speech on the wrongs of her country.” The overthrow and death of this heroic princess took place in the year 60.

There is every reason to suppose that the common law of England, attributed to Alfred, was by him derived from the laws first established by a British queen. “Martia,” says Holinshed, “surnamed Proba, or the Just, was the widow of Gutiline, King of the Britons, and was left protectress of the realm during the minority of her son. Perceiving much in the conduct of her subjects which needed reformation, she devised sundry wholesome laws, which the Britons after her death named the Martian statutes. Alfred caused these laws to be restored in the realm.”

Among the queens of the Saxon Heptarchy we hail the nursing mothers of the Christian faith in England. The first and most illustrious of these queens was Bertha, the daughter of Cherebert, King of Paris, who had the glory of converting her pagan husband, Ethelbert, the King of Kent, to Christianity. Her daughter, Ethelburga, was in like manner the means of inducing her valiant lord, Edwin, King of Northumbria, to embrace the Christian faith. Eanfled, the daughter of this illustrious pair, afterward the consort of Oswy, King of Mercia, was the first individual who received the sacrament of baptism in Northumbria.

In the eighth century, the consorts of the Saxon kings were excluded by a solemn law from sharing in the honors of royalty, because Queen Edburga had poisoned her husband Brihtric, King of Wessex; and even when Egbert consolidated the kingdoms of the Heptarchy into an empire, of which he became the Bretwalda, or sovereign, his queen Redburga was not permitted to participate in his coronation.

Osburga, the first wife of Ethelwulph, and the mother of the great Alfred, was also debarred from that honor; but when, on her death, Ethelwulph espoused the beautiful and accomplished Judith, the sister of the Emperor of the Franks, he violated this law, by placing her beside him on the King's Bench, and allowing her a chair of state and all the other distinctions to which her high birth entitled her. Elfrida, the fair and false queen of Edgar, did not possess the talents necessary to the accomplishment of her design of seizing the reins of government, after she had assassinated her unfortunate step-son at Corfe Castle.

Emma of Normandy, the beautiful queen of Ethelred, and afterward of Canute, plays a conspicuous part in the Saxon annals. The manner in which she sacrificed the interests of her children by her first husband, Ethelred, to those by her second unnatural marriage with the Danish conqueror, is little to her credit, and was certainly never forgiven by her son, Edward the Confessor; though that monarch, after he had witnessed the triumphant manner in which she cleared herself of the charges brought against her by her foes, by passing through the ordeal of walking barefoot, unscathed, over nine red-hot ploughshares in Winchester Cathedral,

threw himself at her feet in a transport of filial penitence, implored her pardon with tears, and submitted to the discipline at the high altar, as a penance for having exposed her to such a test.

Editha, the consort of Edward the Confessor, was not only an amiable but a learned lady. The Saxon historian, Ingulphus, himself a scholar at Westminster monastery, close by Editha's palace, affirms that the queen used frequently to intercept him and his school-fellows in her walks, and ask them questions on their progress in Latin; or, in the words of his translator, "moot points of grammar with them, in which she oftentimes posed them." Sometimes she gave them a piece of silver or two out of her own purse, and sent them to the palace buttery to breakfast. She was skillful in the works of the needle, and embroidered the garments of her royal husband, Edward the Confessor, with her own hands.

Editha, surnamed the Fair, the consort of the unfortunate Harold, whom she married after the death of her first husband, Griffith, Prince of North Wales, was the last Saxon queen.

A more important position in the progressive tableau of history is occupied by the royal ladies who form the series of the mediæval queens, beginning with Matilda of Flanders, the consort of William the Conqueror, the mother of a mighty line of kings, whose august representative, Queen Victoria, at present wears the crown of the Britannic empire.

LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.



Silver Penny of William I. From specimen in the British Museum.

MATILDA OF FLANDERS, QUEEN OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

MATILDA, the consort of the first Norman sovereign of England, was the direct descendant of Alfred the Great, through marriage of her ancestor, Baldwin II., Count of Flanders, with Elstrith, the daughter of that most illustrious of our kings. Matilda was the daughter of Baldwin V., Count of Flanders, a powerful and wise sovereign. Her mother was Adelais, daughter of Robert I., King of France. Matilda was born about the year 1031, and became no less celebrated for her accomplishments than for the grace and beauty of her person. Her skill in needlework was remarkable, and this was then considered the most desirable acquirement that could be possessed by ladies of high rank. The skill of the four sisters of King Athelstan in embroidery, spinning, and weaving, obtained for those royal spinsters the addresses of the greatest princes in Europe. The fame of their excellent stitchery is, however, all that remains of the industry of Matilda's Saxon cousins, but her own great work, the Bayeux tapestry, is still in existence.

Matilda was sought in marriage by several princes, but she had bestowed her affections on a young Saxon noble named Brihtric, and surnamed, from the fairness of his complexion, Meaw, or Snow. He was the Lord of Gloucester, and King Edward the Confessor's envoy at the court of Flanders. His rank and wealth would have rendered him a fitting consort for Matilda, but he did not return her love. Meantime her charms and noble qualities attracted the attention of the most warlike prince of the time—William of Normandy. Seven years did his courtship continue. At last, infuriated by her

making a detracting observation on his birth, he attacked her in Bruges, close to her father's palace, returning from church with her ladies. He struck her, and spoiled her rich array by rolling her in the mud; then springing on his horse, rode off at full speed. Matilda's partiality for Brihtric Meaw had perhaps more to do with her refusal of William of Normandy than the low birth of his mother wherewith she taunted him. Her father, incensed at William's outrageous conduct, made fierce war on him, but suffered not a little in the contest, for the mighty Norman was never slack at retaliation. To the surprise of every one, the victor renewed his suit for the hand of the fair Matilda, and she caused still greater astonishment by courteously accepting him. The reason she gave was, "that she thought the duke must be a man of the highest courage and most daring spirit, to come and beat her in her father's city." Baldwin V. lost no time in concluding the marriage, giving his daughter a great portion in lands, money, rich jewels, and costly array. Matilda and William were married at Chateau d'Eu, in Normandy. He conducted her with her parents in triumphant progress to Rouen, the capital of his duchy, where she made her public entry as his bride. Matilda's and William's bridal mantles, garnished with jewels, together with his helmet, were long preserved in the treasury of Bayeux Cathedral.

Nothing could be more perilous than the position of William's affairs at the time of his marriage with Matilda of Flanders. A formidable party was arraying itself against him in his own dominions, in favor of his cousin, Guy of Burgundy, who as the legitimate descendant of Richard II., Duke of Normandy, boasted a better right to the dukedom than William, the son of the late Duke Robert, by Arlotta, the skinner's daughter of Falaise. William had from the hour of his birth been considered a child of singular promise; he was regarded with peculiar interest by the Normans, although his only claim to the succession was derived from paternal favor. Duke Robert, seeing what a goodly child he was, and having no other, had called his nobles together in the Hôtel de Ville at Ronen previous to his departure to the Holy Land, publicly acknowledged him as his son, and required them to swear fealty to the boy as his successor. William, then only seven years old, was brought in to receive their homage. Duke Robert took him up in his arms and presented him to the nobles as their future sovereign, with these words, "He is little, but he will grow."

Having received their pledge, Duke Robert took his son to

Paris, where he made him perform the same homage to the King of France as if he were Duke of Normandy, and thus secured the paramount sovereign's recognition of young William's title to the succession of the ducal throne.

Duke Robert then departed on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, from which he never returned. William completed his education at the court of Henry I. of France, where he remained till the Normans sent delegates to Paris to claim him as their duke. The King of France soon after invaded his dominions, but William, assisted by Raoul de Gale and Roger de Beaumont, bravely defended Normandy, and displayed military genius which quickly made him the terror of all his foes. His fortunate marriage with Matilda, who was Henry's niece and a direct descendant of the dukes of Normandy, greatly strengthened his cause; but Manger, the Archbishop of Rouen, protested that the marriage between William and Matilda was illegal, as the parties were too nearly related, and excommunicated them. William appealed to the Pope, who nullified the archbishop's sentence, and granted a dispensation to establish the marriage, on condition of their each building and endowing an abbey at Caen, and founding an hospital for the blind. These conditions were joyfully complied with; and Matilda possessing considerable taste for architecture, took great delight in the progress of the stately fanes of St. Stephen and the Holy Trinity. She was a munificent patroness of the fine arts, and afforded liberal encouragement to men of learning. Normandy, so long impoverished by foreign wars, now tasted the blessings of repose. The domestic happiness enjoyed by William and Matilda was very great. Shortly after their marriage he entrusted the government of Normandy to her care, while he crossed over to England to visit his friend and kinsman King Edward the Confessor. King Edward received him with much affection, and, if William's subsequent statement is to be credited, promised to adopt him as his successor to the throne of England.

In due time Matilda gave birth to a prince, whom William named Robert, after his well-remembered father. Richard, William Rufus, Cecilia, Agatha, Constance, Adela, Adelaide, and Gundred, followed in quick succession. They were all children of beauty and promise, and were carefully educated under their mother's superintendence. Meantime Harold, brother to Edith, Queen of England, while on a voyage of pleasure, had been stranded by rough weather on the coast of Ponthieu. Earl Guy, the sovereign of that country, seized and immured him in prison, in the hope of obtaining a large ran-

som. Harold's brother Tostig was married to Judith, daughter to the Earl of Flanders and sister to Matilda, so William compelled the Earl of Ponthieu to release the prisoner and send him to Normandy, where he was received with apparent friendship, and betrothed to one of the daughters of the duke and duchess. William then informed Harold that King Edward had promised to make him his successor to the English crown, and extorted from his reluctant guest a solemn oath to assist in bringing that purpose to effect.

When the news of King Edward's death and Harold's assumption of the royal office reached Normandy, William was transported with rage; especially as Harold had broken his contract to the little Norman princess, and married Editha, widow of Griffith, Prince of Wales, the sister of the two powerful earls, Morcar and Edwin. These circumstances determined William to invade England, and assert his claims as the successor to the realm adopted by King Edward. Previously to his departure to join his ships and troops assembled at the port of St. Vallery, William invested Matilda with the regency of Normandy, and associated their eldest son Robert with her in this dignity.

Matilda, who had prepared an agreeable surprise for her lord, arrived at St. Vallery in a splendid vessel of war called the *Mora*, which she had caused to be built, unknown to him, and magnificently adorned for his acceptance.

William embarked and led the way over the deep in the *Mora*, which by day was distinguished by a blood-red flag, and at night carried a beacon at her mast head, to guide the other ships. Rough weather occurred on the voyage, but only two vessels were lost. The Norman fleet made the port of Pevensey, on the coast of Sussex, September 29, 1066. The knights and archers landed first; last of all came the duke, who, stumbling as he leaped to shore, measured his majestic height upon the beach. "An evil sign is here," exclaimed the superstitious Normans. But the duke, who in recovering himself had filled his hands with sand, cried in a cheerful voice, "I have seized England with my two hands, and that which I have seized I will maintain." Harold was then at York, rejoicing in the victory he had just won at Stanford Bridge, where his traitor brother Tostig and the invading King of Norway, Hardrada, had been defeated and slain. The new peril that impended over England was announced to Harold by a Saxon knight, who had ridden night and day to bring these alarming tidings: "The Normans have landed at Hastings and built up a fort, and they will rend the land from thee and thine unless thou defend it well."

Harold sent envoys to bribe William to depart, but in vain ; so taking active measures for defense, he marched rapidly to the coast of Sussex, and planted his standard at a spot seven miles from Hastings called Heathfield, the site of the town of Battle. The momentous conflict which transferred the realm of England to the Norman conqueror was fought on the 14th of October, the birthday of Harold the last Saxon king. William had drawn up his army in five divisions, himself commanding that in which the knights and nobles of Normandy were embodied. His fine appearance when mounted at their head is thus described by one of his captains: "Never have I seen a man so fairly armed, who rode so gallantly and bore his lance so gracefully. There is no other such knight under heaven; let him fight and he will overcome, and shame be to him that fails him." Taillefer, the warrior-minstrel of Normandy, rode at the head of the chivalry, singing the war-song of Rollo as the battle joined. It was desperately contested. William had three horses killed under him. Harold, after performing prodigies of valor, was slain by a random arrow entering his brain through his eye.

The victorious duke pitched his tent that night in the field of the dead at Senlac. William never called that fatal vale by any other name than *Sanguelac*, or the lake of blood. Sixty thousand men had been engaged on his side; one-fourth at least were slain. With Harold fell all the nobility of the south, and men too numerous to be computed.

The coronation of William, the mighty forefather of our present line of sovereigns, was solemnized in Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day. A violent conflagration broke out in the neighborhood just as Aldred, Archbishop of York, placed the crown on his head; a fierce tumult without followed among the Norman troops stationed to guard the abbey, nor could they be pacified till their beloved chief came out of the abbey and showed himself to them in his coronation robes and diadem.

CHAPTER II.

MATILDA, the duchess Regent of Normandy, received the joyful news of her lord's success while engaged in her devotions in the suburban Church of Nôtre Dame near St. Sever. After returning thanks to the God of battles for the victory, she ordered that the church and priory should henceforth be called "Our Lady of Good Tidings."

Matilda had governed Normandy during the absence of her lord with great prudence and skill. It is, however, sad to record that the first exercise of her power as Queen of England leaves a dark stain upon her memory. In vengeful remembrance of the slight she had received from Brihtric Meaw before her marriage, she obtained from William the grant of all his possessions, and caused the unfortunate Saxon thane to be arrested and conveyed to Winchester, where he died in prison.

William re-embarked for Normandy in March, 1067, to rejoin Matilda and their children. They all met at Fescamp with great joy. William was accompanied by Edgar Atheling, the rightful heir of England, and many Anglo-Saxon nobles. He took infinite pride in displaying his spoils, especially the rich embroidery in bullion and colored silks wrought by the skillful hands of the English ladies; a formidable revolt in England compelled William to leave Matilda before Christmas, after reappointing her and their son Robert regents of Normandy. He sailed from Dieppe, returned to London, and presently quelled the insurrection. He then sent for Matilda and their children to England. She joyfully obeyed the welcome summons, crossed the sea with her family and attendants, and arrived in England soon after Easter. She proceeded immediately to Winchester, where she was joyfully welcomed by her victorious lord. William appointed her consecration as Queen of England to be solemnized on Whit Sunday at Winchester.

The coronation of a queen was a direct innovation of the customs of England, for on account of the crime of Edburga, in poisoning her husband Brihtric, King of Wessex, a solemn law debarred the consorts of Anglo-Saxon kings from sharing in the honors of royalty. The wife of the king was simply styled "The Lady his Companion." William the Conqueror, however, chose to be recrowned at Winchester, and that Matilda should participate in his coronation as his consort. His will prevailed, for he was in a position to command. The beauty of the queen and her five children pleased the people, and the royal solemnity went off without any interruption. The nobles of Normandy attended Matilda to the church, but after Aldred had crowned her she was served by the English, her new subjects.

The first occasion on which the office of champion was instituted was at her coronation at Winchester. During the banquet a bold cavalier named Marmion, armed *cap-à-pie*, rode into the hall and pronounced this challenge three several times: "If any person denies that our sovereign lord William

and his spouse Matilda are King and Queen of England, he is a false-hearted traitor and liar, and I, as champion, do here challenge him to single combat." No person accepted the challenge, and Matilda was ever after called *la reine*. She gave birth the same year to a fourth son, Henry, afterward surnamed Beauclerc. The people of the land regarded the English-born prince with far greater favor than his three elder brothers.

Matilda now commenced her pictorial chronicle of the conquest of England, the Bayeux tapestry. It is a most important historical document, in which the events and costume of that momentous period are faithfully presented to us by the industrious fingers of our first Norman queen, assisted by the daughters of the land. In the cathedral of Bayeux, where it is still preserved, it is called "the tapestry of Queen Matilda." It is a piece of canvas nineteen inches wide, but upward of sixty-seven yards in length, on which is worked, in cross-stitch, the events from Harold's arrival in Normandy to his death at Hastings—many hundred figures of men, horses, birds, trees, houses, castles, churches, and ships are there depicted. It is supposed to have been designed for Matilda by Turolf, a dwarf artist, who, moved by a natural desire of claiming his share in the celebrity which he foresaw would attach to the work, has cunningly introduced his own effigies and name, thus confirming the Norman tradition that he was the person who illuminated the canvas with the figures and colors in preparation for the work.

While in England, Matilda received from the city of London oil for her lamp, wood for her hearth, and imports on goods landed at Queenhithe, with many other immunities which modern queens do not venture to claim. Her table was furnished at the daily expense of forty shillings. Twelve pence each was allowed for the maintenance of her hundred attendants.

Nothing gave greater offense to the English than the establishment of the curfew bell, which was the signal for extinguishing fires and lights in every house at eight o'clock. It was an old Norman custom, and not without its use in preventing conflagrations in wooden houses.

The frequent revolts of the English compelled William to provide for the safety of his queen and family by taking them back to Normandy, where Matilda was very popular, and conducted the regency ably. William rejoined her in Normandy in the year 1074, and remained with her till the following year, when their eldest daughter, the Lady Cecilia, was professed a nun at the abbey of Fescamp.

CHAPTER III.

THE excessive partiality of Matilda for her eldest son Robert, surnamed Courthouse, produced jealous rivalry between him and his younger brothers, William Rufus and Henry. While the royal family was at the castle of L'Aigle, William and Henry threw some dirty water from the balcony of an upper apartment on Robert and his partisans, who were walking in the court below. Robert being just then in an irritable frame of mind, drew his sword and rushed up stairs, with a threat of taking deadly vengeance on the youthful offenders. Nothing but the appearance and authority of the Conqueror, who hearing the uproar, burst into the room with a drawn sword in his hand, prevented fatal consequences resulting from this rude joke. Robert withdrew from the court in sullen displeasure.

Matilda obtained an interview between her husband and son, but it did not produce the reconciliation she had hoped for. Robert assumed a high tone, and reminded his father that he had promised to invest him with the duchy of Normandy and the earldom of Maine. "It is not my custom to strip till I go to bed," replied the Conqueror. Robert made an insolent rejoinder, and quitted the royal presence in anger.

When under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, Robert applied to his too indulgent mother, who supplied him with large sums of money from her private resources, and when these were exhausted by the increasing demands of her prodigal son, she sold her jewels and rich garments for the same purpose, even when Robert had taken up arms against his father and sovereign. William was in England when the startling intelligence reached him of the rebellion of his first-born, and the aid extended to him by Matilda.

There was a stern grandeur, not unmixed with tenderness, in the reproof which he addressed to his offending consort on this occasion. "The observation of a certain philosopher is true," said he, "and I have only too much cause to admit the force of his words—The woman who deceives her husband is the destruction of her house. Where in all the world could you have found a companion so faithful and devoted in

his affection?" continued he, passionately. "Behold my wife, she whom I have loved as my own soul, to whom I have confided the government of my realms, my treasure, and all that I possessed in the world, of power and greatness—she hath supported mine enemy against me—she hath strengthened and enriched him from the wealth which I entrusted to her keeping—she hath secretly employed her zeal and subtlety in his cause, and done every thing she could to encourage him against me!" Matilda's reply to this touching appeal is no less remarkable for its impassioned eloquence, than for the subtlety with which she evades the principal point on which she is pressed, and entrenches herself in the strong ground of maternal love. "My lord," said she, "I pray you not to be surprised if I feel a mother's tenderness for her first-born son. By the virtue of the Most High, I protest that if my son Robert were dead and hidden far from the sight of the living, seven feet deep in the earth, and that the price of my blood could restore him to life, I would cheerfully bid it flow. For his sake I would endure any suffering, yea, things from which on any other occasion the feebleness of my sex would shrink with terror. How can you then suppose that I could enjoy the pomp and luxuries with which I am surrounded, when I knew that he was pining in want and misery? Far from my heart be such hardness, nor ought your authority to impose such insensibility on a mother."

Robert gave battle to his father in 1077, at Archembraye; defeated and unhorsed him in a chance medley encounter, but fortunately recognized him in time to escape the crime of parricide. He knelt and besought his forgiveness, mounted him on his own horse, and led him safely out of the conflict. Moved by Robert's penitence, and the incessant tears and pleading of Matilda, the Conqueror consented to pardon and admit him to his presence. Robert came to Ronen attended only by three persons, made his submission, and a general reconciliation took place. Robert consented to accompany his father to England, and assisted in the defense of the northern counties against Scotland. Matilda never saw him again. Soon after parting with Robert, she had the grief of losing her second daughter, Constance, Duchess of Bretagne.

The year 1078 was remarkable for the great national survey of England, which, by William's order, was then commenced, and entered in two volumes, entitled the Great Domesday Book and the Little Domesday Book.

Matilda's latter years were spent in Normandy; they were embittered by fresh differences between her eldest son

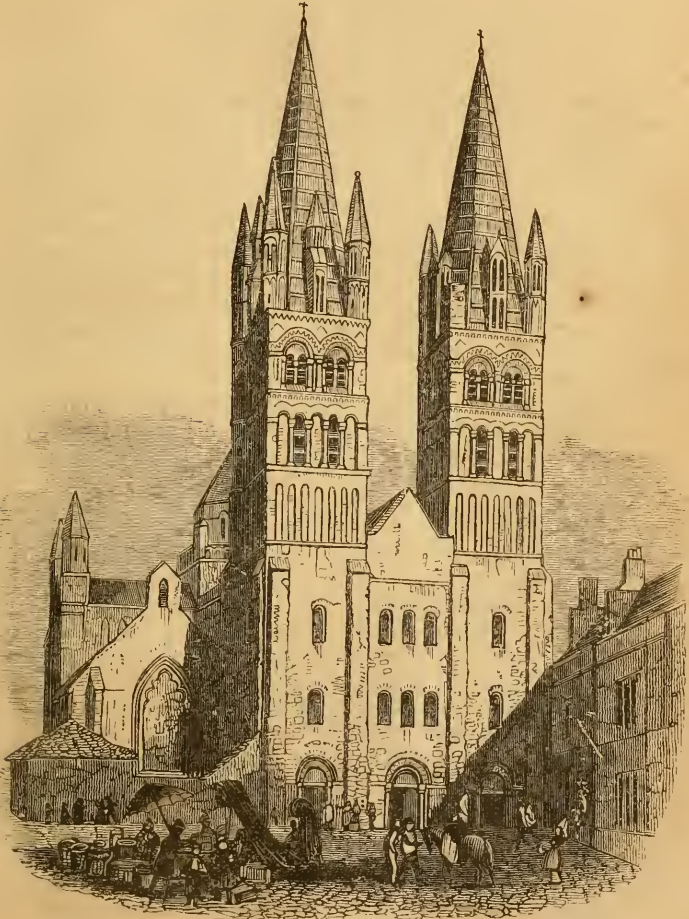
and her husband. Mental uneasiness brought on the lingering illness which conducted her to the grave. William, when informed of her danger, hastened from England, and arrived at Caen in time to receive her last sigh. She expired in November, 1083, in the fifty-second year of her age. She was interred in the Church of the Holy Trinity at Caen. A magnificent tomb was raised to her memory by her lord. Her will is in the register of that abbey.

The portraits of William and Matilda were long preserved on the walls of St. Stephen's chapel at Caen, and are engraved in Montfançon. Matilda's costume is singularly dignified and becoming. Her robe is simply gathered round the throat, a flowing veil falls from the back of her head on her shoulders; it is confined to her brow by a regal diadem, an open circlet of gems. The face is beautiful and delicate, the hair falls in waving tresses round her throat; with one hand she confines her drapery and holds a book; she extends her sceptre with the other. She bore four sons and six daughters to her royal lord. Her second son, Richard, was killed some years before her death by a stag in the New Forest. William Rufus and Henry reigned successively in England. Robert died in prison. Adela, the fourth daughter of Matilda, married Stephen, Earl of Blois, and was the mother of King Stephen.

The loss of his beloved Queen Matilda was passionately lamented by William the Conqueror. His death, four years after her decease, was caused by his horse setting his foot on a piece of burning timber, at the storming of the city of Mantes, starting and flinging him against the pommel of the saddle, which produced violent fever and inflammation. He died at the village of Hermentrude, near Rouen, September 9, 1087, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

William the Conqueror was remarkable for his personal strength and the majestic beauty of his countenance. No one but himself could bend his bow. Like Saul, he was from the shoulders upward taller than his subjects. He was buried in the Church of St. Stephen, at Caen. When Chastillon took Caen in 1562, the Calvinist soldiers broke open his tomb, hoping to meet with a treasure. Finding nothing but his bones, they flung them rudely about the church. The spoilers threw down the monument of Queen Matilda in the Church of the Holy Trinity, broke her effigies, opened her coffin, took a sapphire ring from her finger, and gave it to the abess. The bones were collected, and the tombs of Matilda and the Conqueror restored in 1642; but the French

Republicans at the close of the last century paid a destructive visit to the Church of the Holy Trinity at Caen, and swept away the monumental memorial of the royal foundress



Church of St. Stephen, at Caen. Founded by William the Conqueror.

MATILDA OF SCOTLAND.

FIRST QUEEN OF HENRY I.

MATILDA is the only princess of Scotland who ever shared the throne of a King of England. Her mother, Margaret Atheling, was the granddaughter of the Saxon King Edmund Ironside, the offspring of a marriage between his son Edward Atheling, and Agatha, a Hungarian princess, his consort. Edgar Atheling, Margaret's brother, feeling some reason to mistrust the apparent friendship of the Conqueror, privately withdrew from his court in 1068, took shipping with Margaret, their youngest sister Christina, and their mother, intending to seek a refuge in Hungary with their royal maternal kindred; but by stress of weather, the vessel in which they, with many other English exiles, were embarked, was driven into the Frith of Forth. Malcolm Canmore, the young unmarried King of Scotland, who had just regained his dominions from the usurper Macbeth, happened to be present when the royal fugitives landed, and was so struck with the beauty of the lady Margaret Atheling, that he asked her in marriage of her brother. Edgar joyfully gave the hand of the dowerless princess to the Scottish sovereign, who had received the English exiles most honorably.

Matilda, the subject of this memoir, was the eldest daughter of Malcolm Canmore and Margaret Atheling; she was born about the year 1077. Robert, the eldest son of the Conqueror, was her godfather. His campaign in the north of England, against Newcastle, made him King Malcolm's guest; thus he became the sponsor of the infant Princess Matilda. Some historians assert that the name of the little princess was originally Editha, and that it was, out of compliment to the Norman prince her godfather, changed to Matilda, the name of his beloved mother. The young Scottish princess received her earliest lessons of virtue and piety from her illustrious mother, and of learning from the worthy Turgot, her chaplain, who was preceptor of the royal children of Scotland. There appears to have been an attempt, on the part either of the queen her mother, or her aunt Christina Atheling, Abbess of Romsey, to consecrate Matilda to the Church, greatly to the displeasure of her

father, who meant, as he said, to give her in marriage, and not to devote her to a cloister. Her royal sire was killed at the siege of Alnwick Castle, by the treachery of the besieged, who offered to surrender if the Scottish king would receive the keys in person. Malcolm coming to the gates, was there met by a knight bearing the keys on the point of a lance, which he offered to the king on his knee; but when Malcolm stooped to receive them, he treacherously thrust the point of the lance through the bars of his visor into his eye, and gave him a mortal wound. His brave son Edward was killed, with two younger sons, fighting to revenge this treacherous murder. This was heavy news to pour into the anxious ear of the widowed queen, who then lay on her death-bed attended by her daughters Matilda and Mary.

The dying Queen Margaret consigned the spiritual guardianship of her children to Turgot. He was one of the best writers of his time, and has preserved the words with which she gave him this important charge; they will strike an answering chord on the heart of every mother. "Farewell!" she said. "My life draws to a close, but you may survive me long. To you I commit the charge of my children. Teach them, above all things, to love and fear God; and if any of them should be permitted to attain to the height of earthly grandeur, oh! then, in an especial manner, be to them a father and a guide. Admonish, and if need be, reprove them, lest they should be swelled with the pride of momentary glory, and by reason of the prosperity of this world, offend their Creator and forfeit eternal life. This, in the presence of Him who is now our only witness, I beseech you to promise and perform."

Donald Bane (the brother of Malcolm Canmore), soon after the disastrous defeat and death of that king and his eldest son, seized the throne of Scotland, and commanded all the English exiles, of whatsoever degree, to quit the kingdom under pain of death. Edgar Atheling, Matilda's uncle, then conveyed to England the orphan family of his sister, the Queen of Scotland, consisting at that period of five young princes and two princesses. He supported Matilda, her sister and brothers, who were all minors, privately, from his own means. William Rufus treated Edgar and his adopted family with friendship. The princesses Matilda and Mary were placed by their uncle in the nunnery of Romsey, of which his surviving sister, Christina, was abbess; for the princes he obtained an honorable reception at the court of William Rufus, who eventually sent him at the head of an army to Scotland, with which the Atheling succeeded in re-establishing the young King Edgar,

eldest brother of Matilda, on the throne of his ancestors. Matilda and her sister were a long time pupils among the nuns. They were instructed by them, not only in the art of reading, but in the observance of good manners. They had no home or hope but the cloister, and yet they were not professed as nuns.

When Matilda grew up she was removed to Wilton Abbey, but still under the superintendence of the Abbess Christina, her aunt. It was in fact the same abode where the royal virgins of her race had always received their education. While in these English convents, the Scottish princess was compelled to assume the thick black veil of a votaress, as a protection from the insults of the lawless Norman nobles. The Abbess Christina, her aunt, who was exceedingly desirous of seeing her beautiful niece become a nun professed, treated her very harshly if she removed this cumbrous and inconvenient envelope, which was composed of coarse black cloth or serge; some say it was a tissue of horse hair. The imposition of the black veil was considered by Matilda as an intolerable grievance. She wore it, as she herself acknowledged, with sighs and tears in the presence of her stern aunt; but the moment she found herself alone she flung it on the ground and stamped it under her feet. During the seven years Matilda resided at Wilton nunnery she was carefully instructed in all the learning of the age, of which she afterward became, like her predecessor Matilda of Flanders, a most munificent patroness. She was also greatly skilled in music, for which her love amounted almost to a passion.

Matilda received two proposals of marriage while in her nunnery; one from Alan, Duke of Bretagne, a mature suitor, who demanded her in marriage of his brother-in-law, William Rufus, and obtained his consent; but he was prevented by death from fulfilling his engagement. Had it been otherwise, Matilda's only refuge from this ill-assorted union would have been the irrevocable assumption of the black veil. The other candidate was the young and handsome William Warren, Earl of Surrey, the son of the Conqueror's youngest daughter Gundred, the favorite nephew of William Rufus, and the most powerful of the baronage of England and Normandy. It seems strange that Matilda should have preferred a lengthened sojourn in her cloister to a union with a handsome and wealthy prince of the reigning family, unless her refusal of Warren may be regarded as a confirmation of the statements of Eadmer, her contemporary, and other ancient chroniclers, as to "the special love" that existed between Henry, younger son of the Conqueror, and Matilda, during

the season of their mutual adversity, for Henry was a landless dependent at his brother's court. The nunnery of Wilton was not far from Winchester, the principal seat of the Norman sovereign; and when we reflect on the great intimacy which subsisted between Matilda's uncle, Edgar Atheling, and the sons of the Conqueror, it appears by no means improbable that Prince Henry might have accompanied him in some of his visits to his royal kinswomen, and even have enjoyed the opportunity of seeing Matilda without her veil. The learned Hildebert, her friend and correspondent, has celebrated her personal charms in the Latin poems which he addressed to her both before and after her marriage. The Norman chronicle declares that she was a lady of great beauty, and much beloved by Henry, who was regarded by the people of the land with complacency, from the circumstance of his being an English-born prince. But his poverty and dependence exposed him occasionally to the sneers of the wealthy Norman barons, more especially of his kinsman and rival Warren, who took occasion, from his swiftness in pursuit of the forest game, "which oftentimes," says the chronicle of Normandy, "he, for lack of horse or dog, followed on foot, to bestow the name of 'Deer's-foot' on the landless prince." Henry was in his thirty-second year when the glancing aside of Wat Tyrrel's arrow made him King of England. He was hunting in the New Forest when the cries of William Rufus's attendants proclaimed the fatal accident that had befallen their royal master, and the hasty flight of the unlucky marksman by whose erring shaft he had died.

Prince Henry made the best of his way to Winchester and secured the royal treasury. He hastened to London, and was crowned, August 5th. Before the regal circlet was placed on his brow, "Henry, at the high altar at Westminster, promised to God and the people," says the Saxon Chronicle, "to annul the unrighteous acts that were established in his brother's reign, and he was crowned on that condition." Henry completely secured his popularity with the English people by declaring his resolution of wedding a princess of the blood of Alfred, who had been brought up and educated among them. Accordingly he demanded Matilda of her brother Edgar, King of Scotland. The proposal was exceedingly agreeable to that monarch; but the Abbess Christina, Matilda's aunt, whose Saxon prejudices could not brook the idea that the throne of the Norman line of sovereigns should be strengthened by an alliance with the royal blood of Alfred, protested "that her niece was a veiled nun, and that it would be an act of sacrilege to remove her

from her convent." Henry's heart was set upon the marriage, but he dared not venture to outrage popular opinion by wedding a consecrated nun. In this dilemma he wrote a pressing letter to the learned Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been unjustly despoiled of his revenues by William Rufus, and was then in exile at Lyons, entreating him to return and render him his advice and assistance. Anselm summoned a council of the Church at Lambeth, for the purpose of entering more fully into this important question. Matilda made her appearance before the synod, and was interrogated, in the presence of the whole hierarchy of England, as to the reality of her alleged devotion to a religious life. Eadmer the historian, then secretary of Archbishop Anselm, has recorded the very words uttered by the princess. "I do not deny," said Matilda, "having worn the veil in my father's court, for when I was a child my aunt Christina put a piece of black cloth over my head; but when my father saw me with it, he snatched it off in a great rage, and execrated the person who had put it on me. I afterward made a pretense of wearing it, to excuse myself from unsuitable marriages; and on one of these occasions my father tore the veil and threw it on the ground, observing to Alan, Earl of Bretagne, who stood by, that it was his intention to give me in marriage, not to devote me to the Church." She also admitted that she had assumed the veil in the nunnery of Romsey, as a protection from the violence of the Normans, and that she had continued to wear it through the compulsion of her aunt, the Abbess Christina. "If I removed it," continued Matilda, "she would torment me with blows and reproaches. Sighing and trembling, I wore it in her presence; but as soon as I withdrew from her sight I always threw it off and trampled upon it." This explanation was considered perfectly satisfactory by the council at Lambeth, and they pronounced that "Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, King of Scotland, had proved that she had not embraced a religious life, either by her own choice or the vow of her parents, and she was therefore free to contract marriage." Henry I. promised to confirm to the English nation their ancient laws as established by Alfred, and ratified by Edward the Confessor—in short, to become a constitutional monarch—on those conditions the daughter of the royal line of Alfred consented to share his throne. Her marriage and coronation took place on Sunday, November 11th, 1100.

A beautiful epithalamium, in honor of these auspicious nuptials, was written by Matilda's friend Hildebert, in elegant Latin verse, wherein he congratulates both England and

Henry on the possession of the doubly royal bride Matilda. He eulogizes her virtues, and describes her modest and maidenly deportment, as enhancing her youthful charms, when, with blushes that outvied the crimson of her royal robe, she stood at the altar, invested with her royal insignia, a virgin queen and bride, in whom the hopes of England hailed the future mother of a mighty line of kings. To this auspicious union of the Anglo-Norman sovereign Henry I. with Matilda of Scotland, a princess of English lineage, English education, and an English heart, we may trace all the constitutional blessings which this free country at present enjoys. It was through the influence of his virtuous queen that Henry granted the important charter which formed the model and precedent of that great palladium of English liberty, Magna Charta. When the marriage took place, a hundred copies of this digest of the righteous laws of Alfred and Edward the Confessor were made, and committed to the keeping of the principal bishoprics and monasteries in England; but when these were sought for, in the reign of John, to form a legal authority for the demands of the people, only one could be found, which was exhibited to the barons by Cardinal Langton. This was, in fact, the simple model on which Magna Charta was framed. It is supposed that Henry I., after Matilda's death, destroyed all the copies (on which he could lay his hands) of a covenant which, in the latter years of his reign, he scrupled not to infringe whenever he felt disposed.

The allegiance which the mighty Norman conqueror and his despotic son the "Red King" had never been able to obtain, except through the sternest measures of compulsion, and which, in defiance of the dreadful penalties of loss of eyes, limbs, and life, had been frequently withdrawn from these powerful monarchs, was faithfully accorded to the husband of Maude, the Good Queen, as the Anglo-Saxons called her (Maude being in those times used as the diminutive appellation for the name of Matilda). She was, moreover, "the lady giver of bread." Her charities were of a most extensive character, and her compassion carried her almost beyond the bounds of reason, like her mother St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland. Once her brother, Alexander the Fierce, King of Scotland, when on a visit to the court of her royal husband, entering Matilda's apartments, found her on her knees, engaged in washing the feet of some aged mendicants, in which she entreated his assistance for the benefit of his soul. The warlike majesty of Scotland smiled, and left the room without making any reply to this invitation. Perhaps he had seen too

much of such scenes during the life of his pious mother Queen Margaret, and feared that his sister would carry her works of benevolence to extremes that might prove displeasing to the taste of so refined a prince as Henry Beauclerc. But to do Matilda justice, her good works in general bore a character of more extended usefulness; so much so, that we even feel the benefit of them to this day, in the ancient bridge she built over the Lea. Once being on horseback, in danger of perishing while passing the river Lea at Oldford, in gratitude for her preservation she built the first arched bridge ever known in England, a little higher up the stream, called by the Saxons Bow Bridge. She built it at the head of the town of Stratford; likewise Channel's Bridge, over a tributary stream of the Thames. Matilda founded the hospital at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and one called Christ Church. This excellent queen also directed her attention to the important object of making new roads, and repairing the ancient highways that had fallen into decay during the stormy years which had succeeded the peaceful and prosperous reign of her great uncle, Edward the Confessor.

Meantime the conjugal affection which subsisted between Henry and Matilda excited the ridicule of the Norman nobles, who nick-named them Leofric and Godiva.

CHAPTER II.

THE invasion of Duke Robert, Henry's eldest brother, on his return from the Holy Land, took place in the second year of Matilda's marriage. King Henry's fleet, being manned with Norman seamen, revolted, and brought their Duke Robert in triumph to Portsmouth, where he was joined by the majority of the Anglo-Norman baronage. Robert, too, had his partisans among the English, for Edgar Atheling so far forgot the interests of his niece, Queen Matilda, as to espouse the cause of his friend Robert, who marched direct to Winchester, where Matilda then lay-in with her first-born child, William, surnamed the Atheling. When this circumstance was related to him, he relinquished his purpose of storming the city, saying, "that he would not begin war by an assault on a woman in child-bed." Matilda duly appreciated this generosity of her royal brother-in-law and godfather, and negotiated peace between him and her husband, by compounding Robert's claims for a pension of 3000 marks.

After the peace Henry invited Robert to become his guest at the court, where the easy-tempered duke was feasted and entertained by his royal god-daughter Matilda, who, in her love of music, and the encouragement she bestowed on minstrels, quite coincided with his tastes. So much did Robert enjoy his sojourn at Henry's court, that he stayed there upward of six months, though his presence was greatly required in his own dominions. An unfortunate misunderstanding took place between Henry and the Archbishop Anselm, early in the year 1103, in which the queen tried to mediate, but Anselm was driven into exile.

The Pope addressed several letters to the king on the subject of the dispute. The first of these alludes to the birth of an infant Atheling, as the Anglo-Norman heir was called by the Saxons, in words which imply great respect for Queen Matilda, and informs us how ardently Henry had wished for a son. He nevertheless had fixed his affections, not on the spiritual consolations, but the temporalities of the Church, and was trying how far he might go in seizing the revenues of Canterbury without exciting insurrection.

Saintly, yet no slave of Rome, Matilda displays in her task of peace-making the high spirit of an English princess under all the elaborate terms of ceremonial lowliness in which her letters are couched. She asks the Pope to suspend his threatened fulmination, to give the king her lord time to effect a reconciliation with the archbishop; but follows up this prayer with an intimation that, if matters are driven to an extremity, it may cause a separation between England and the Roman See.

Duke Robert took advantage of the dispute to enter England, attended by only twelve gentlemen. Henry, having speedy information of his landing, declared, if he fell into his hands, he would keep him so closely imprisoned that he should never give him any more trouble. Then Duke Robert, who found he was in danger, went to the queen, and she received and reassured him very amiably; and by the sweet words she said to him, and the fear he was in of being taken, he was induced to sacrifice some pecuniary claims on the king his brother, for which he had resigned the realm of England. Robert indulged in such excess while he was at the English court, that he was often in a state of intoxication for days together.

Henry left the government of England in the prudent hands of Matilda, and embarked for Normandy. While there he consented to meet Anselm the archbishop at the Castle of P'Aigle,

where, through the mediation of his sister Adela, Countess of Blois, a reconciliation was happily effected. Anselm then returned to England, where he was met at Dover by the Queen Matilda, who received and welcomed him with the greatest demonstrations of satisfaction. The same year, 1104, was marked by the birth of a princess, who was first named Alice, but whose name the king afterward changed to that of his beloved and popular queen. The infant princess was afterward the celebrated Empress Matilda.

In the spring Henry once more committed the domestic affairs of his kingdom to the care of Matilda, and having levied an enormous tax on his subjects, to support the expenses of the war, embarked for Normandy. Matilda was principally employed, during the king's absence, in superintending the magnificent buildings of New Windsor Castle, which were founded by Henry, and in the completion of the royal apartments in the Tower of London. Meantime the unfortunate Robert, with the Earl of Mortaigne and all the nobles of their party, were taken prisoners at the decisive battle of Tinchebray, where Edgar Atheling, Matilda's uncle, was likewise taken fighting for his friend, Robert of Normandy. Henry instantly released the aged English prince for love of the queen his niece. Robert was sent by the king close prisoner to Cardiff Castle, where he remained during the rest of his life. Matilda, though alone, enjoyed a degree of power and influence in the state perfectly unknown to the Saxon queens. She was so nobly dowered, withal, that in after reigns the highest demand ever made on the part of a queen-consort was, that she should be endowed with a dower equal to that of Matilda of Scotland. Her royal husband, having spent the winter and spring of 1109 in Normandy, returned to England to visit her and their infant family, and kept court with uncommon splendor in his new castle of Windsor, which had been completed in his absence. It was there that he received the ambassadors who came to solicit the hand of the Princess Matilda for the mature Emperor Henry V. The proposal was eagerly accepted by Henry Beauclerc; and the little bride, then just turned of five years old, was solemnly espoused by proxy to her royal suitor, who was forty years her senior. She was allowed for the present to remain under the care of the queen her mother. A tax of three shillings on every hide of land was levied to pay the portion of the Princess Matilda, by which the sum of 824,000*l.* was raised. In her eleventh year she was sent to her imperial husband with a magnificent retinue, and was crowned with great pomp in the cathedral at

Mentz. The following year Henry summoned that memorable parliament, mentioned as the first held since the Norman conquest, to meet at Salisbury, and there appointed Prince William, then in his thirteenth year, as his successor.

Matilda passed the Christmas festival of the same year, in the company of her royal husband, at St. Albans, she being one of the benefactresses of the new-built abbey. Sanctioned by Henry, she gave it, by charter, two manors. The existence of a portrait of Queen Matilda is certainly owing to this visit; for in a rich illuminated volume, called the Golden Book of St. Albans (now in the British Museum), may still be seen her miniature. The queen is attired in the royal mantle of scarlet, lined with white fur; it covers the knees, and is very long. She is very fair in complexion: has a long throat, and elegant form. She displays with her right hand the charter she gave the abbey, from which hangs a very large red seal, whereupon, without doubt, was impressed her effigy in grand relief. She sits on a carved stone bench, on which is a scarlet cushion figured with gold leaves. This cushion is in the form of the Lord Chancellor's woolsack, but it has four tassels of gold and scarlet.

A fresh revolt in Normandy deprived Matilda of the society of her husband and son in 1117; but the king returned and spent Christmas with her, as she was at that time in a declining state of health, leaving Prince William with his Norman baronage. He was compelled by the distracted state of affairs in Normandy to rejoin his army there,—Matilda never saw either her husband or her son again. Resigned and perfect in all the duties of her high calling, the dying queen remained in her palace at Westminster, lonely though surrounded with all the splendor of royalty, affording, to the last hour of her life, a beautiful example of piety. She expired on the 1st of May, 1118, passionately lamented by every class of the people.

Matilda was buried in Westminster Abbey, on the right side of her royal uncle, Edward the Confessor. Tablets to her memory were set up in many churches,—an honor which she shares with Queen Elizabeth. The king her husband was deeply afflicted when the intelligence of Matilda's death reached him, amid the turmoil of battle in Normandy. He proved the sincerity of his regard for her by confirming all her charities after her death. Matilda's household was chiefly composed of Saxon ladies. The maids of honor were Emma, Gunilda, and Christina, pious damsels, and full of alms-deeds, like their royal mistress. After the death of the queen, these ladies re-

tired to the hermitage of Kilburn, near London, where there was a holy well, or medicinal spring.

There were only two surviving children of Matilda of Scotland and Henry I., William the Atheling and Matilda. The young prince married the daughter of Fulke, Count of Anjou, and remained in Normandy with his bride, attended by all the youthful nobility of England and the duchy, passing the time gayly with feasts and pageants till the 25th of November, in the year 1120; when King Henry (who had been nearly two years absent from his kingdom) proceeded with him and an illustrious retinue to Barfleur, where they embarked for England the same night, but in separate ships.

Fitz-Stephen, the captain of the *Blanche Nef*, the finest vessel in the Norman navy, demanded the honor of conveying the heir of England home, because his father had commanded the *Mora*, the ship which brought William the Conqueror to the shores of England. His petition was granted; and the prince, with his company, entered the galley with light hearts. The prince incautiously ordered three casks of wine to be given to the ship's crew, and the mariners were, in consequence, for the most part intoxicated when they sailed, about the close of day. Prince William, who was desirous of overtaking the rest of the fleet, pressed Fitz-Stephen to crowd his sails, and his men to stretch with all their might to the oars. While the *Blanche Nef* was rushing through the water with the most dangerous velocity, she suddenly struck on a rock, called *Catte-raze*, with such impetuosity, that she started several planks, and began to sink. All was in an instant horror and confusion. The boat was, however, let down, and the young heir of England, with several of his youthful companions, got into it, and having cleared the ship, might have reached the Norman shore in safety; but the cries of his half-sister, Matilda, Countess of Perche, who distinctly called on him by name for succor, moving him with a tender impulse of compassion, he commanded the boat back to take her in. Unfortunately, the moment it neared the ship, such numbers sprang into it, that it instantly sank with its precious freight; all on board perished, and of the three hundred persons who embarked in the *White Ship*, but one soul escaped to tell the dismal tale. This person was a poor butcher of Rouen, named Berthould, who climbed to the top of the mast, and was the next morning rescued by some fishermen. Fitz-Stephen, the master of the luckless *White Ship*, was a strong mariner, and stoutly swam until he saw Berthould on the mast, and asked him if the boat with the heir of

England had escaped; but when the butcher, who had witnessed the whole catastrophe, replied that all were drowned and dead, the strong man's force failed him; he ceased to battle with the waves, and sank.

King Henry had reached England with his fleet, in safety, and for three days remained in agonizing suspense respecting the fate of his children. No one choosing to become the bearer of such evil tidings, at length his nephew, Theobald de Blois, finding it could no longer be concealed, instructed a favorite little page to communicate the mournful news to the bereaved father; and the child, entering the royal presence with a sorrowful face, knelt down at Henry's feet, and told him that the prince and all on board the White Ship were lost. Henry was so thunderstruck with this dreadful news, that he swooned. When he recovered, he broke into the bitterest lamentations, and was never again seen to smile. The body of Prince William was never found, though diligent search was made for it along the shores.

The Anglo-Saxons exulted in the death of William on account of a foolish speech he had made. One of their chroniclers repeats it thus to his disparagement: "The proud youth! he thought of his future reign, when he said 'he would yoke the Saxons like oxen.' But God said, 'It shall not be, thou impious one; it shall not be.' And so it has come to pass: that brow has worn no crown of gold, but has been dashed against the rocks of the ocean." Yet in the last act of his life, William the Atheling manifested a spirit so noble, so tenderly compassionate, and forgetful of selfish considerations, that we can only say it was worthy of the son of Matilda, the Good Queen.

ADELICIA OF LOUVAINE.

SURNAMED THE FAIR MAID OF BRABANT.

SECOND QUEEN OF HENRY I.

THE second consort of Henry I. was Adelia, or Alice of Louvaine, eldest daughter of Godfrey, Duke of Brabant, and Ida, Countess of Namur. The dominions of her father were somewhat more extensive than the modern kingdom of Belgium, and were governed by him with such ability that he was surnamed Godfrey the Great. Adelia inherited the distinguished beauty for which the Lorraine branch of the house of Charlemagne has been celebrated; she was remarkable for her proficiency in feminine acquirements. A standard embroidered in silk and gold for her father, during an arduous contest in which he was engaged for the recovery of his patrimony, was celebrated throughout Europe for the taste and skill displayed in the design; but it was unfortunately captured at a battle near the Castle of Duras, in 1129, by the Bishop of Liege, placed in the Church of St. Lambert, at Liege, and was carried in procession for centuries.

The fame of the fair maid of Brabant's charms and accomplishments, it is said, induced the confidential advisers of Henry I. of England to recommend their sorrow-stricken lord to wed her, in hopes of dissipating that corroding melancholy which, since the loss of his children in the fatal White Ship, had become constitutional. He had been a widower two years when he entered into a treaty with Godfrey of Louvaine for the hand of his beautiful daughter. The contract of marriage was signed on the 16th of April, 1120. King Henry conducted his betrothed bride to England in the autumn. The nuptials were publicly solemnized at Windsor on the 24th of January, 1121. Roger le Poer, Bishop of Salisbury, claimed the right to marry and crown the royal pair, because the fortress of Windsor was within his diocese. But the aged Ralph, Archbishop of Canterbury, proved that the King and Queen of England were his parishioners, and performed the ceremony. The king determined that the Bishop of Salisbury should crown them. The coronation was appointed at a very early hour next day; but the archbishop hastened to the

abbey, when, finding the rival prelate had already placed the royal diadem on the monarch's brow, he sternly approached the royal chair, and asked Henry, "Who had put the crown on his head?" The king evasively replied, "If the ceremony had not been properly performed, it could be done again." On which the choleric old primate raised the crown up by the strap which passed under the chin, and so turned it off his head. He then proceeded to replace it, with all due form, and afterward crowned the fair young queen. The beauty of the royal bride made a great impression on the minds of the people, which the sweetness of her manners, her prudence, and mild virtues, strengthened in no slight degree. Her wisdom early manifested itself in the graceful manner in which she endeavored to conform herself to the tastes of her royal lord. Henry's love for animals had induced him to create an extensive menagerie at Woodstock. The youthful Adelicia knew nothing of zoology previously to her marriage with Henry Beauclerc; but like a good wife, in order to adapt herself to his pursuits, she turned her attention to that study, for we find Philippe de Thuan wrote a work on the nature of animals for her instruction.

Henry I. was keeping the Easter festival, with his beautiful young queen, at Winchester, when the news arrived that Fulke of Anjou had joined a formidable confederacy against him. He sailed for Normandy in April, 1123; and Adelicia was left, as his former queen, Matilda of Scotland, had often been before her, to hold her lonely courts during the protracted absence of her royal consort, and to exert herself for the preservation of the internal peace of England, while war or state policy detained the king in Normandy. When Henry had defeated his enemies at the battle of Terroude, near Rouen, he sent for Queen Adelicia to come to him. She sailed for Normandy, and arrived in the midst of scenes of horror, for Henry took merciless vengeance on the revolters.

When Queen Adelicia returned to England, September, 1126, she was accompanied by King Henry and his daughter, the Empress Matilda, the heiress-presumptive of England, then a widow in her twenty-second year. The princes of the empire had been so much charmed by her prudent conduct and stately demeanor, that they entreated the king, her father, to permit her to choose a second consort from among their august body, promising to elect for their emperor the person on whom her choice might fall. King Henry, however, despairing of a male heir, as he had been married to Adelicia six years, without children, reclaimed his widowed daughter

from the admiring princes of Germany. Henry soon summoned a parliament for the purpose of causing her to be acknowledged as the heiress-presumptive of the crown. This was the first instance that had occurred, since the dim era of British sovereigns, of a female standing in that important position with regard to the succession of the crown. There was, however, neither law nor precept to forbid women from holding the regal office; therefore the people swore fealty to the high and mighty Lady Matilda. Stephen, the king's favorite nephew, third son of Adela, Countess of Blois, was the first who bent his knee in homage to the daughter of his liege lord as the heiress of England, and swore to maintain her righteous title to the throne of her royal father. Stephen was the handsomest man in Europe, and remarkable for his knightly prowess.

The royal family kept their Christmas this year, 1126, at Windsor, at which time King Henry, in token of his esteem for Queen Adelia, gave her the whole county of Shropshire. The Empress Matilda did not grace the festivities with her presence, but remained in the deepest seclusion, abiding continually in the chamber of Adelia; by which it appears that, notwithstanding her high rank and matronly dignity as the widow of an emperor, the heiress of England had no establishment of her own. Early in the following year, King Henry negotiated her marriage, without the consent of his subjects in England, and decidedly against her own inclination, with a foreign prince, whom she regarded with the most ineffable scorn as her inferior in every point of view. In her tender infancy, Matilda was used as a political puppet by her parent to advance his own interest, without the slightest consideration for her happiness. *Then* the victim was led a smiling sacrifice to the altar, unconscious of the joyless destiny to which parental ambition had doomed her. *Now* the case was different; she was no meek infant, but a royal matron, who had shared the imperial throne. Discussions between the king and his daughter proceeded to such heights, that at last the king ordered Matilda to confine herself wholly to the apartments of the queen. Adelia was very delicately situated, acting as a mediator between the contending parties, and conducting herself rather as a loving sister than an ambitious step-dame. The haughty Matilda lived on good terms with her step-mother, for Adelia was the only person with whom she did not quarrel.

Geoffrey Plantagenet, to whom Henry I. soon after pledged the hand of his daughter, was the eldest son of his old antag-

onist, Fulke, Earl of Anjou. He had been the favorite companion of King Henry when on the continent. His fine person, elegant manners, great bravery, and, above all, his learning, made his society very agreeable. Geoffrey's surname of Plantagenet was derived from his putting in his helmet plumes of the flowering broom when he went to hunt in the woods. The ceremony of betrothment between Geoffrey of Anjou and Matilda took place on Whitsunday, 1127. King Henry had given positive commands to Matilda that she should come to Normandy, and that her nuptials should be solemnized by the Archbishop of Rouen immediately on her arrival. The empress bride was so reluctant that he felt himself compelled to undertake a voyage to Normandy in August, to see the marriage concluded, which did not take place till the 26th of that month; and when, at length, Matilda was married, she perpetually quarreled with her husband.

Adelicia frequently attended her royal lord on his progresses. Her presence was, doubtless, of medicinal influence in those fearful hours when the pangs of troubled conscience caused sleep to forsake his pillow or brought visionary horrors in its train. The joyful news that the Empress Matilda had given birth to a prince, cast the last gleam of brightness on his declining years. The young prince was named Henry, after his grandfather, the King of England. The Normans called him Fitz-Empress, but King Henry proudly styled the boy Fitz-Conqueror, in token of his illustrious descent from the mightiest monarch of the line.

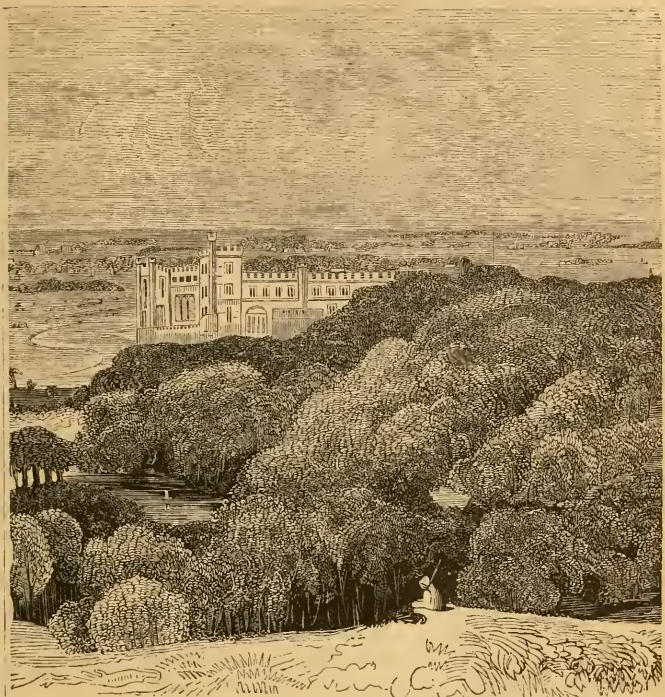
King Henry summoned his last parliament in 1133, for the purpose of causing this precious child to be included in the oath of fealty, by which the succession to the throne was for the third time secured to his daughter, the Empress Matilda. The childless state of the queen was one of the causes of animosity and confidence that subsisted between her and her haughty step-daughter.

Adelicia was not with the king her husband at the time of his death, which took place in Normandy, in the year 1135, at the castle of Lyons, near Rouen, a place in which he much delighted. It is said, that having over-fatigued himself in hunting in the forest of Lyons, he returned much heated, and, contrary to the advice of his courtiers and physicians, made too full a meal on a dish of stewed lampreys, his favorite food, which brought on a violent fit of indigestion, ending in a fever, of which he died, at midnight, December 1st, after an illness of seven days, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He appears to have been perfectly conscious of his approaching

dissolution, for he gave particular directions respecting his obsequies to his natural son, Robert, Earl of Gloucester, whom he charged to take 60,000 marks out of his treasure-chest at Falaise, for the expenses of his funeral and the payment of his mercenary troops. He solemnly bequeathed his dominions to his daughter, the empress. His body being conveyed to England, was buried at his favorite abbey of Reading.

During the life of the king her husband, Adelia had founded and endowed the hospital and conventual establishment of St. Giles, near Wilton; and she resided there during some part of her widowhood, in the house which is still called by her name. She was dowered by King Henry, in the fair domain of Arundel Castle. At this Saxon castle, built and strengthened on the hill above the waters, Adelia was residing when she consented to become the wife of William de Albini "of the Strong Hand," the Lord of Buckenham in Norfolk. Adelia was in her thirty-second year at the time of King Henry's death; she contracted her second marriage in the third year of her widowhood, A.D. 1138. Adelia and her second spouse, William de Albini, were affianced some time previous to their marriage; for when he won the prize at the tournament held at Bourges in 1137, in honor of the nuptials of Louis VII. of France and Eleanora of Aquitaine, Adelaide, the gay queen-dowager of France, fell passionately in love with him, and wooed him to become her husband; but he replied that his troth was pledged to Adelia, the Queen of England. William de Albini was not only a knight stout in combat and constant in loyalty and love, but history proves him to have been one of the greatest and best men of that age. Adelia's second marriage was not, therefore, considered derogatory to the dignity of a queen-dowager of England.

Adelia, by her union with Albini, conveyed to him a life-interest in her rich dowry of Arundel, and he accordingly assumed the title of Earl of Arundel Castle, in her right. It was at this feudal fortress, on the then solitary coast of Sussex, that the royal beauty who had for fifteen years presided over the splendid court of Henry Beauclere, voluntarily resided with her second husband—the husband, doubtless, of her heart—in the peaceful obscurity of domestic happiness, far remote from the scenes of her former greatness. She never sanctioned the usurpation of the successful rival of her step-daughter's right by appearing at his court. And when the Empress Matilda landed in England to dispute the crown with Stephen, the gates of Arundel Castle were thrown open to receive her and her train by the royal Adelia and her husband Albini. It was in the



Arundel Castle.

year 1139 when this perilous guest claimed the hospitality, and finally the protection of the noble pair, whose wedded happiness had been rendered more perfect by the birth of a son, in the second year of their marriage. No sooner was Stephen informed that the Empress Matilda was in Arundel Castle, than he raised the siege of Marlborough, and commenced a rapid march toward Arundel. The spirit with which he pushed his operations alarmed the royal ladies. Adelia doted the destruction of her castle, the loss of her beloved husband, and the breaking up of all the domestic happiness she had enjoyed since her retirement from public life. The Empress Matilda suffered some apprehension, lest her gentle step-mother should be induced to deliver her into the hands of her foe. There was, however, no less firmness than gentleness in the character of Adelia; and the moment Stephen approached her

walls, she sent messengers to entreat his forbearance, assuring him "that she had admitted Matilda, not as *his* enemy, but as her daughter-in-law and early friend," requesting "that Matilda might be allowed to leave the castle, and retire to her brother, the Earl of Gloucester." Stephen raised the siege, and the empress proceeded to join her adherents at Bristol. Adelia and Albin remained neuter in the long civil war, and prevented their vassals from engaging in the contest.

To her third son Adelia gave the name of her deceased lord, King Henry. Her fourth was named Godfrey, after her father and elder brother, the reigning Duke of Brabant.

The royal Adelia crossed the sea in 1150, and retired to the nunnery of Atflingham, near Alost in Flanders, where she died soon after, and there she was buried. Strange as it appears to us, that any one who was at the very summit of earthly felicity should have broken through such fond ties of conjugal and maternal love as those by which Adelia was surrounded, to bury herself in cloistered seclusion, yet there is indubitable evidence that such was the fact. Her lord especially confirmed all her charities, which were of the hospital class, numerous and useful. She must have been about forty-eight years old at the time of her death; and she had been married eleven years to William de Albin, who survived her long enough to be the happy means of composing, by an amicable treaty, the death-strife which had convulsed England for fifteen years, in consequence of the bloody succession-war between Stephen and the Empress Matilda. This great and good man was buried in Wymondham Abbey, Norfolk.



Stephen. From silver coin in the collection of Sir Henry Ellis.

MATILDA OF BOULOGNE, QUEEN OF STEPHEN.

MATILDA of Boulogne was the last of our Anglo-Norman queens. Her mother, Mary of Scotland, was the second daughter of Malcolm Canmore and Margaret Atheling, and sister to Matilda, the first queen of Henry Beauclerc. She was educated by Christina, in the Romsey convent, which she forsook on Matilda's nuptials with Henry I., who gave her in marriage to Eustace, Count of Boulogne. Godfrey of Boulogne, the hero of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and his brother Baldwin, were the uncles of Matilda. She was the heiress of her father, Eustace, Count of Boulogne, who was also a distinguished crusader. There is every reason to believe Matilda was located in the abbey of Bermondsey, and that she espoused Stephen de Blois before her mother's decease. Stephen, the third son of a vassal peer of France, obtained this great match

through the favor of his uncle, Henry I. Stephen was knighted by King Henry previous to the battle of Tinchebray, where he took the Count of Mortagne prisoner, and received the investiture of his lands, and the hand of Matilda, the heiress of Boulogne. He became Count of Boulogne in her right.

The London residence of Stephen and Matilda was Tower-Royal, a palace built by King Henry, and presented by him to his favored nephew. The spot to which this regal-sounding name is still appended, is a close lane between Cheapside and Watling Street. It is a remarkable fact, that Stephen had embarked on board the *Blanche Nef* with his royal cousin, William the Atheling, and the rest of her fated crew; but he left the vessel with the remark that "she was too much crowded with foolish, headstrong young people." After the death of Prince William, Stephen's influence with his royal uncle became unbounded.

Two children, a son and a daughter, were born to the Count and Countess of Boulogne, during King Henry's reign. The boy was named Baldwin, after Matilda's uncle, the King of Jerusalem—a Saxon name, withal, and therefore likely to sound pleasantly to the ears of the English. Prince Baldwin, however, died early. The second child of Stephen and Matilda, a daughter named Mand, born also in the reign of Henry I., died young.

In the latter days of King Henry, while Stephen was engaged in stealing the hearts of the men of England, the virtues of his consort recalled to their remembrance her royal aunt and namesake, Henry's first queen. King Henry's daughter, the Empress Matilda, was the wife of a foreign prince residing on the continent. Stephen and his gentle princess were living in London, and daily endearing themselves to the people by affable behavior. The public mind was certainly predisposed in favor of Stephen's designs, when the sudden demise of King Henry in Normandy left the right of succession to the empress. Stephen, following the example of the deceased monarch's conduct at the time of his brother Rufus's death, left his royal uncle and benefactor's obsequies to the care of Robert, Earl of Gloucester, embarked at Whitsand, a small port in his wife's dominions, in a light vessel, on a wintry sea, and landed at Dover in the midst of such a storm of thunder and lightning, that every one imagined the world was coming to an end. As soon as he arrived in London he convened an assembly of the Anglo-Norman barons, before whom his friend, Hugh Bigod, the steward of King Henry's household, swore "that the deceased sovereign had disinherited the Empress Matilda

on his death-bed, and adopted his most dear nephew Stephen for his heir." On which the Archbishop of Canterbury absolved the peers of the oaths of fealty they had twice sworn to the daughter of their late sovereign. Stephen was crowned by him on the 26th of December, St. Stephen's Day, 1135; his queen hourly expected to bring him an heir, and their son Eustace was born not many hours after his father's coronation, to the delight of the Anglo-Saxons, who regarded Stephen's union with a princess of their race as the best pledge of the sincerity of his professions. Matilda's own coronation took place Easter Sunday, 1136, not quite three months afterward. Stephen was better enabled to support the expenses of a splendid ceremonial in honor of his beloved queen, having, immediately after his own coronation, made himself master of the treasury of his deceased uncle, King Henry, which contained 100,000*l.*, besides stores of plate and jewels.

The Empress Matilda was in Anjou at the time of her father's sudden demise. She was entirely occupied by the grievous sickness of her husband, who was supposed to be on his death-bed. After the convalescence of her lord, as none of her partisans in England made the slightest movement in her favor, she remained quiescent for a season, well knowing that the excessive popularity of a new monarch was seldom of long continuance in England.

David, King of Scotland, invaded the northern counties, under pretense of revenging the wrong that had been done to his niece, the Empress Matilda, by Stephen's usurpation and perjury; but when the hostile armies met near Carlisle, Stephen succeeded in adjusting all differences by means of an amicable treaty, through the entreaties or mediation of his queen, who likewise was niece to David.

An illness so alarming attacked the king, in the midst of the Easter festivities of 1137, that his death was reported in Normandy; on which the party of the empress began to take active measures, both on the continent and in England, for the recognition of her rights. Her husband entered Normandy at the head of an army. Stephen, rousing himself from the pause of exhausted nature, hastened to the continent with his infant heir Eustace, to whom Queen Matilda had resigned the earldom of Boulogne, her own fair inheritance. Stephen, by the strong eloquence of an immense bribe, prevailed on Louis VII. of France, as *suzerain* of Normandy, to invest the unconscious babe with the duchy. The invasion of Queen Matilda's uncle increased the difficulties of her husband's affairs. King David and his army were, however, defeated with im-

mense slaughter, by the warlike Thurstan, Archbishop of York, at Cuton-Moor, in an engagement called the Battle of the Standard. Matilda was mainly instrumental in negotiating the peace which was concluded this year between her uncle and her lord.

The empress made her tardy appearance, in pursuance of her claims to the crown, in the autumn of 1139. She did not arrive until Stephen had made himself master of the castles, and, what was of more importance to him, the great wealth of his three refractory prelates, of Salisbury, Ely, and Lincoln. When the empress was shut up within the walls of Arundel Castle, Stephen might by one bold stroke have made her his prisoner; but he was prevailed upon to respect the high rank of the widow and the daughter of his benefactor, King Henry; nay, he permitted her departure, for he gave to his brother, Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, the charge of escorting the empress to Bristol Castle. While the Earl of Gloucester, on behalf of his sister the empress, was contesting with King Stephen the realm of England at sword's point, Queen Matilda proceeded to France with her son Eustace, and while at that court negotiated a marriage between the Princess Constance, sister of Louis VII., and her boy, then about four years old. The queen presided at this infant marriage, which was celebrated with great splendor. Louis VII. solemnly invested his young brother-in-law with the duchy of Normandy, under the direction of the queen his mother.

It was during the absence of Queen Matilda and her son, Prince Eustace, that the battle, so disastrous to her husband's cause, was fought beneath the walls of Lincoln, on Candlemas Day, 1141. The battle, for which both parties had prepared themselves with a sharp encounter of keen words, was "a very sore one;" but it seems as if Stephen had fought better than his followers that day. Even in extremity he refused to give up the fragment of his sword to any one but the Earl of Gloucester, his valiant kinsman, who conducted his royal captive to the Empress Matilda at Gloucester. The Earl of Gloucester, it is said, treated Stephen with some degree of courtesy; but the Empress Matilda loaded him with indignities, and ordered him into rigorous confinement in Bristol Castle.

The empress made her triumphant entry into the city of Winchester February 7th, where she was received with great state by Stephen's brother, Henry de Blois, Bishop of Winchester and cardinal-legate. David, King of Scotland, was present to do honor to his victorious niece. Henry de Blois resigned the regal ornaments and the paltry residue of her

father's treasure into her hands. The next day he received her with great pomp in his cathedral-church, where he excommunicated all the adherents of his unfortunate brother. In this melancholy position did Queen Matilda find her husband's cause, when she returned from the marriage between the French king's sister and her son, Prince Eustace. She immediately applied herself to the citizens of London; they knew her virtues, for she had lived among them in Tower-Royal with her lord in King Henry's reign; and the remembrance of Stephen's free and pleasant conduct disposed the magistracy of London to render every assistance in their power to their unfortunate king.



Seal of Henry of Blois, Bishop of Winchester, and brother of King Stephen.

Queen Matilda wrote to the synod held by her husband's brother, Henry de Blois, at Winchester, a letter, which she sent by her chaplain, Christian, who delivered it to the bishop. The bishop pretended to be ignorant of the queen's hand,

and would have cast the letter aside, but Christian boldly took it out of his hand and read it aloud. It was an appeal to the clergy in her royal husband's behalf. But the bishop declared that the daughter of their late king was lawfully elected as the *domina* or sovereign lady of England.

The empress bore her honors any thing but meekly. She refused to listen to the counsel of her friends; she treated such of her adversaries whom misfortune drove to seek her clemency with insolence and cruelty; and when her friends bowed themselves down before her, she did not rise in return. Queen Matilda was unremitting in her exertions for the liberation of her unfortunate lord. She proposed, if his life were but spared, that he should not only forever forego all claims upon the crown and succession of England and Normandy, but devote himself to a religious life, either in cloistered seclusion or as a pilgrim, on condition that their son, Prince Eustace, might be permitted to enjoy, in her right, the territories of Boulogne and Mortagne, the grant of Henry I. Her petition was rejected by the victorious empress with contempt, although her suit in this instance was backed by the powerful mediation of Bishop Blois, who was desirous to secure to his nephew his natural inheritance. The obdurate empress, however, repulsed the Bishop Blois so rudely, that when next summoned to her presence he refused to come. Queen Matilda improved this difference between her haughty rival and her brother-in-law to her own advantage, in an interview with him at Guildford. Nor did she rest here. In the name of her son, Prince Eustace, scarcely seven years old, aided by William of Ypres (Stephen's able minister of state), she raised the standard of her captive lord in Kent and Surrey, and, like a true daughter of the heroic house of Boulogne, prepared herself for the struggle.

The empress was not yet recognized as "*regina*," or female sovereign; it was needful for that purpose to obtain the consent of the London citizens. To London she went for that purpose, and, notwithstanding the popularity of her cousin, Stephen's queen, the citizens, when they heard that the "daughter of Maude, their good queen," claimed their homage, looked with reverence on her elder claim, and threw open their gates to receive her with every manifestation of affection.

The first sentence addressed to them by this haughty claimant of the crown of St. Edward was the demand of an enormous subsidy. The citizens of London replied by inquiring after the great charter granted by her father. "Ye are very impudent to mention privileges and charters to me, when ye

have just been supporting my enemies," was the rejoinder. Her heroic brother, Robert of Gloucester, perceiving that the citizens of London were incensed, commenced a civil speech with the words—"Ye citizens of London, who of olden time were called barons . . ." King David was present at this scene, and earnestly persuaded the empress to adopt a more popular line of conduct. The Londoners craved leave to retire to their hall of common council, in order to consider the subsidy. While the empress sat down to her dinner in the banqueting-hall of the new palace at Westminster, a band of horsemen appeared on the other side of the river, and displayed Stephen's banner. Then the bells of every church in London clanged forth clamorous tocsins, and from every house rushed forth one armed citizen at the least. The Norman and Angevin chevaliers hastened to provide for the safety of their domina, who rose in haste from table, mounted her horse, and fled at full speed; before she had well cleared the western suburb, the populace had burst into the palace, and were plundering her apartments. She made for the Oxford road, but her train had become so small with desertion, that excepting Robert of Gloucester and King David, she entered Oxford alone.

A strong reaction of popular feeling in favor of Stephen's queen took place: the citizens of London joyfully received her within their walls once more. Bishop Blois had been induced, more than once, to meet his royal sister-in-law secretly at Guildford. Thither she brought the young prince, her son. Touched by the tears and entreaties of these supplicants of his near kindred, and burning with rage at the insolent treatment he had received from the imperial virago, he solemnly promised the queen to forsake the cause of her rival.

Queen Matilda, with her son and Sir William Ypres, at the head of the Londoners and the Kentishmen, were soon after all admitted within the gates of Winchester. The empress, now closely blockaded in her palace, had ample cause to repent of her vindictive folly in rousing the energies of her royal cousin's spirit, by repulsing the humble boon she had craved in her despair. For nearly two months the most destructive warfare of famine, fire, and sword was carried on in the streets of Winchester; till the Empress Matilda, dreading the balls of fire which were nightly thrown from the legate's castle, prevailed on her gallant brother, Gloucester, to provide for her retreat. He opened a passage for her through the besiegers at sword's point. She and her uncle David, King of Scotland, by dint of hard riding escaped to Lutgershall; while Gloucester

ter, battling by the way, arrested the pursuit, till, almost all his followers being slain, he was taken prisoner September 14th, 1141.

The empress, whose safe retreat to Lutgershall had been thus dearly purchased by the loss of her great general's liberty, being surrounded by the queen's troops at Devizes, only escaped their vigilance by personating a corpse, wrapped in grave-clothes and placed in a coffin, which was borne on the shoulders of some of her trusty partisans to the city of Gloucester, the stronghold of her valiant brother, where she arrived, faint and weary with long fasting and mortal terror. She offered a large sum of gold, and twelve captive earls of Stephen's party, as her brother's ransom. Queen Matilda declared she never would resign this important prisoner but in exchange for Stephen; and caused the Countess of Gloucester to be informed, that unless her terms were accepted, and that speedily, she would send Gloucester to one of her strong castles in Boulogne, there to be kept rigorously. Not that it was in the nature of the queen to make reprisals on a gallant gentleman, whom the fortune of war had placed at her disposal; but as Stephen had been severely incarcerated in Bristol Castle, of which the Countess of Gloucester was the mistress, there was policy in exciting her conjugal fears. Had it not been for this threat, Stephen would never have regained his liberty, for the empress obdurately refused to purchase her brother's freedom by his release. Fortunately the person of Stephen was not in her keeping. The Countess of Gloucester entered into a private treaty with Queen Matilda for the exchange of their illustrious prisoners, the queen giving up herself and young Eustace as hostages until the Earl of Gloucester arrived in exchange, November 1st, 1141, on which day Stephen was liberated and departed from Bristol.

Queen Matilda was not long permitted to enjoy the reunion which took place between her and her beloved consort, for nothing could induce the empress to listen to any terms of pacification, and 1142 commenced with a renewal of hostilities. While Stephen was pursuing the war he was seized with a dangerous malady at Northampton. Matilda hastened to him on the first news of his sickness. It was a return of the lethargic complaint with which he had once or twice been afflicted. Through the tender attentions of his queen, Stephen recovered, and was able to take the field again; which he did with such success, that the party of the empress thought it high time to claim the assistance of her husband, Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, who was now exercising the functions of Duke of Nor-

mandy. He demurred, and the empress, impatient to embrace her first-born son, and to obtain the Angevin and Norman succors to strengthen her party, prevailed upon her brother to urge his arrival. Gloucester left her, as he thought, safe in the almost impregnable castle of Oxford, and embarked for Normandy. As soon as he was gone Stephen besieged the empress in her stronghold. The want of provisions rendered its fall inevitable. One night she, with only four attendants, clothed in white garments, stole through a postern that opened upon the river Thames, which at that time was thickly frozen over and covered with snow. Taking horse at Abingdon, they arrived safely at Wallingford the same night. There she was welcomed by her brother, Robert of Gloucester, who had just returned from Normandy with her son Prince Henry, at the sight of whom she was greatly comforted.

During three years' continuance of civil strife, the youthful Henry of Anjou learned the science of arms under the auspices of his redoubted uncle, the Earl of Gloucester, but the Count of Anjou recalled his heir. Gloucester accompanied his princely nephew to Warcham, where they parted, never to meet again; for that brave earl died of a fever at Gloucester, October 31st, 1147, and was interred at Bristol. With this true-hearted brother died the hopes of the Empress Matilda's party for the present; she soon after quitted England, having alienated all her friends. "Away with her," was the cry of the English population; "we will not have this Norman woman to reign over us." Yet this unpopular claimant of the throne was the only surviving child of their adored Matilda Atheling, whose virtues and holy temper had not been inherited by her daughter, but her niece and name-child, Matilda of Boulogne, who was her pupil.

Stephen and his queen kept their Christmas this year, 1147, at Lincoln, with uncommon splendor, for joy of the departure of the empress.

The mind of Queen Matilda appears, during the year, to have been chiefly directed to devotional matters. It was in 1148 that she carried into execution her long cherished design of founding and endowing the hospital for sick and distressed mariners, and the Church of St. Katherine by the Tower. She and Stephen likewise founded the royal Abbey of Feversham, in Kent, and personally superintended its erection. For many months she resided in the nunnery of St. Austin, Canterbury, to watch the progress of the work, it being her desire to be interred within that stately church. She was at this time in declining health, having gone through many trials and fatigues

during the long years of civil war. The care of this popular queen, that the people should be provided with accommodation during public worship, caused her to found the noble Church of St. Mary at Southampton.

A brief interval of tranquillity succeeded an unsuccessful invasion by the lineal heir, young Henry of Anjou, but Queen Matilda lived not long to enjoy it. Worn out with cares and anxieties, this admirable princess closed her earthly pilgrimage at Heningham Castle in Essex, the mansion of Alberic de Vere, where she died of a fever, May 3d, 1151, in the fifteenth year of her husband's reign. Stephen was forty-seven years old at the time of this his irreparable loss; Matilda was probably about the same age, or a little younger. This lamented queen was interred in the newly erected Abbey of Feversham, of which she had been a munificent patroness. Her epitaph declared "that she lived submissive to God, that she might afterward enjoy His presence. If ever woman deserved to be carried by the hands of angels to Heaven, it was this holy queen." She had not been dead more than two years when the violent contentions between King Stephen and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who refused to crown Prince Eustace, induced Henry of Anjou, who, by his marriage with Eleanora, Duchess of Aquitaine, the divorced Queen of France, had become a powerful prince, to try his fortune once more in England. He effected a landing, January, 1153, and marched directly to the relief of his mother's friends at Wallingford, arriving at a time when Eustace was carrying on operations in the absence of the king his father, who had gone to London to procure fresh supplies of men and money. When the hostile armies drew up in battle array, William de Albini, the widower of the late dowager Queen Adelicia, addressed Stephen regarding the horrors of civil war, and implored him to avoid slaughter by entering into an amicable arrangement. Stephen and Henry accordingly met for a personal conference in a meadow at Wallingford, with the river Thames flowing between their armies, and there settled the terms of pacification—whereby Stephen was to enjoy the crown during his life, on condition of solemnly guaranteeing the succession to Henry, to the exclusion of Prince Eustace and his other children. Henry, on his part, swore to confirm to them the earldom of Boulogne, the inheritance of their mother the late Queen Matilda, and all the personal property and possessions enjoyed by Stephen during the reign of his uncle, Henry I.

Prince Eustace was enraged at the manner in which his interests had been compromised by the treaty of Wallingford,

but he did not long survive it, as he died of a brain fever, August 10th, 1153. He was interred at Feversham Abbey, by the side of his mother. Eustace left no children by his wife, Constance of France. William, the third son of Stephen and Matilda, inherited her fief of Boulogne, which, together with that of Mortagne, and all his father's private property, were secured to him by the treaty of Wallingford. He lived peaceably in the succeeding reign, and died in the year 1160, while attending Henry II. on his return home from the siege of Thoulouse. The Lady Marie de Blois, the only surviving daughter of Stephen and Matilda, took the veil, and was abbess of the royal nunnery of Romsey. She was obliged, on account of the failure of heirs, to leave it and marry, but after the birth of sons returned to her abbey.

King Stephen died at Dover, October 25th, 1154, in the fifty-first year of his age and the nineteenth of his reign. He was buried by the side of his beloved Queen Matilda, and their son Eustace, in the Abbey of Feversham. A noble monument of Stephen and Matilda still survives the storms and changes of the last seven centuries—the ruins of Furness Abbey—founded, in conjugal unity of purpose, by them soon after their marriage, to relieve distressed shipwrecked sailors on that stormy coast. On becoming King and Queen of England they gave additional immunities to this abbey. The busts of the royal founder and foundress still remain on either side the lofty chancel window. Noble works of art they are, full of life-like individuality. Stephen is a model of manly beauty, with a bold and majestic aspect. There is a chaste simplicity truly classical in Matilda's attitude and costume. Her veil flows from beneath the royal circlet in graceful folds on either side her softly-moulded oval face. This portrait of Matilda is the only contemporary memorial which preserves to posterity an authentic representation of a most interesting queen and admirable woman.



Eleanora, wife of Henry II. From her monument at Fontevraud.

ELEANORA OF AQUITAINE, QUEEN CONSORT OF HENRY II.

ELEANORA of Aquitaine, before she became the wife of our first Plantagenet king, had been Queen of France by marriage, and she was sovereign of Aquitaine by inheritance. Her dominions comprised the southern provinces of Gaul from Biscay to Poitou. She was the eldest daughter and heiress of William, sovereign Count of Poitou, and of his wife Eleanora of Chatelherault, and was born before the year 1120, when her mother died soon after the birth of Petronilla, Eleanora's youngest sister. The father of Eleanora did not long survive his wife; he was a crusader, and so pious that his subjects called him St. William. The two little princesses were brought up by their grandfather, the poet Duke of Aquitaine. Eleanora could read and write—wonderful attainments for a princess in her era. She was educated to govern her country as the heiress of her grandfather.

As war often occurred with Aquitaine, the wise prime minister of France, Abbé Suger, proposed a marriage between this great heiress and the heir of Louis VI., who had been elected and crowned during the life of his father. His historical name was Louis VII.; while his father lived he was surnamed Louis the Young. On the marriage of Louis VII. with Eleanora at Bordeaux, August 21st, 1137, her grandsire surrendered his dominions to her, put on a hermit's cowl, and

set out on a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostella, in Spain, where he died soon after.

On the very day of the great threefold solemnity — the marriage of Eleanora, the abdication of her grandfather, and the coronation (as Duke and Duchess of Aquitaine) of the bride and bridegroom—Louis VII. was summoned to the death-bed of his father, at the abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. Eleanora accompanied her spouse. Louis VI. was still in possession of his faculties when they arrived, and his last words to the youthful sovereigns were, “remember royalty is a public trust, of which a rigorous account will be exacted by the disposer of crowns.” Eleanora and her husband made a magnificent entry into Paris, where they were crowned King and Queen of France. She was beautiful, and brilliant in talent, accomplished in music and poetry, and could read and write in Latin. She sang and composed *chansons* in Provençal verse, like the *troubadours*, but she was light in manners and lax in principle. She found the court of France and its young king her husband too rigid in morals. Eleanora ruled her own dominions in separate government. She frequently visited them, and was adored by her subjects. Austerer as Louis VII. was, she swayed him, but involved him in bloody wars. Petronilla, her beautiful young sister, induced the Count of Vermandois to divorce his wife and to marry her. This the Pope refused to sanction, and Eleanora, enraged at the dishonor of her sister, persuaded her husband to declare war on Thibaut, Count of Champagne, brother of the divorced lady. Battle followed, and worse; for the burning of the cathedral at Vitry took place, in which several hundreds of women and children, who took refuge there, were burnt alive. St. Bernard preached against this wickedness; all parties were struck with penitence, and at his recommendation became crusaders. Eleanora, as sovereign of the south of Gaul, offered an army and granted fleets. The day she took the cross she appeared as an Amazon, her ladies did the same, and all mounted on horseback as her body guard. Suger assured his king that the crusade would prove the ruin of France, but Queen Eleanora prevailed. Louis VII. took the cross on Whit Sunday, 1147, and embarked with the feudal muster of France in the fleet of his queen and ally, with her, her ladies, and army. Subsequently all sailed up the Bosphorus, and landed in Thrace. Their crusade lasted nearly two years, until the fatal defeat at Laodicea, occasioned by the ladies' encumbrance of baggage; and it was only by the great valor and military skill of their king that the army of France made good their safe retreat to

Antioch, then governed by Raymond of Poitou, Eleanora's uncle. Most hospitably the shattered Gallic armies were received by Prince Raymond, but the queen showed such levity, that Louis withdrew her suddenly one night from Antioch to Jerusalem. Then first arose the question of divorce, to which the queen replied, "they ought never to have married, as they were cousins too near by the laws of the Church." During her stay in Jerusalem the queen was under some restraint. The royal pair returned to France in enmity, November, 1149. Suger, however, reconciled them, representing to the king that as they were the parents of an infant daughter, who was at present heiress to her mother's dominions, it were wrong to run the risk of disinheriting that child. However, Louis VII. and Suger kept Eleanora from visiting the south, equally to the rage of herself and subjects. The giddy queen mocked perpetually at her husband, who dressed very plainly, shaved closely, and cut off his long curls, which made him look, she said, "more like a monk than a royal warrior." Geoffrey Plantagenet brought his son Henry to Paris, to do homage for Normandy in right of his wife, the Empress Matilda.

Eighteen months after the visit of the Angevin princes, the queen brought into the world the Princess Alice. No son had she given to Louis VII. The death of Geoffrey Plantagenet again brought Henry Plantagenet in 1150 to Paris, where he performed homage as Duke of Normandy to Louis VII. The Queen of France told Henry "that if she could get divorced from Louis, she would lend him a fleet and men to wrest his kingdom of England from King Stephen."

Louis VII. seized several of the fortresses in the south for his daughter, but he found that the queen of the south was stronger in power than the king of the north. Finally, the marriage between Louis VII. and Eleanora of Aquitaine was dissolved by a council of the Church at Baugenci, March 18th, 1152, as being within prohibited cousinship of the fourth degree. Henry and Eleanora, with their relatives, met at Baugenci, and were present when the sentence was pronounced. Eleanora, after some stay at Blois, where she refused the hand of Count Thibaut, the brother of Stephen, King of England, embarked on the Loire toward her own country, after escaping Geoffrey Plantagenet, who waylaid her, meaning to supplant his brother. She met Henry Plantagenet, to whom she had promised marriage months before the divorce was declared, and was united to him at Bordeaux, her native capital, on May Day, 1152. Her eldest son William was born August 17th, in fact a few weeks after. Eleanora was sovereign of a maritime coun-

try, whose ships were used equally for war and commerce. Henry Plantagenet, taking advantage of his wife's power, embarked from Harfleur, and sailed with thirty-six ships to claim England.

Stephen acknowledged him as his successor, and at this time it is supposed that he deceived the beautiful Rosamond Clifford under the pretense of marriage. Henry left England in less than twelve months. On his return the news arrived of King Stephen's death and his own succession. He did not hurry himself to return to England, but bringing Eleanora and her infant boy to Harfleur, they waited there six weeks, had a dangerous passage, and landing at Osterham, December 8th, 1154, they proceeded to Winchester and thence to London. They were crowned in Westminster Abbey, December 19th, 1154. Eleanora was queen of the seas; it was her fleets cruising between France and England that kept all secure, so that her husband obtained his rightful inheritance.

The coronation of the King of England and the luxurious lady of southern Gaul was without parallel for magnificence. Silk and brocade, which she had brought from Constantinople, then the capital of the Greek emperors, had never been seen before in the realm. The queen wore a kirtle with light sleeves, or under gown of Cyprus silk; a pelisson, or open robe of brocade, with very full fur sleeves, over it; a circlet of gems confined the coverchef, a square handkerchief of gauze or lace that served for veil and cap. The king at his coronation appeared with short hair; he wore mustaches, but his beard was shaven; he was attired in the short Angevin cloak, which costume gained him the surname of Court, or Short Mantle.

The king soon withdrew Eleanora into the retirement of Bermondsey Palace, where she gave birth to a boy named Henry, the last day of February, 1155. The English considered Henry II. as the representative of their ancient Saxon line. "Thou art," they said in their petitions, "the son of the glorious Empress Matilda, whose mother was Matilda Atheling, daughter to Margaret, saint and queen, whose father was King Edmund Ironside, great grandson to Alfred the Great." And in recapitulating this descent, our young readers must remember that it holds good for our present Queen Victoria, with some centuries intervening. In answer to the coronation addresses, Henry II., by the advice of his empress mother, convened an assembly of the people and clergy at Wallingford, March, 1156, where he swore to confirm the Great Charter or Magna Charta. Eleanora appeared at this sol-

emn convocation with her two little sons; the baronage of England kissed their hands, and swore to recognize them in the succession. The oldest, Prince William, about four years old, died soon after. English-born Henry then became the heir of Henry II. and Eleanor.

The favorite royal residences were the palaces of Westminster and Winchester, and the sylvan castle at Woodstock. The queen's amusements were chiefly dramatic. Peter of Blois, the king's tutor, congratulated his brother William on the success of his Latin tragedy of *Flaura and Marcus*, acted before the queen. Peter describes the person of his king, saying, that "he was of middle stature, so that among little men he was not overmuch, nor among tall men looked he little. His head round, in token of great wit; his curly hair clipped square shows a lyonous visage. High insteps, he has legs able in riding. Long champion arms and broad breast. His court is a school for well-lettered men, and in his conversation with them he is ever discussing questions. None is more honest (truthful) than our king in speaking, nor in alms more bountiful." Such is the portrait drawn of the great Henry II. by one who knew and loved him well.

Between Queen Eleanor and Henry there was a difference of years too great for perfect union; the age of the wife exceeded that of the husband by twelve years.

During one of his visits to England, Henry II. had formed an attachment to a lady of his own age, Rosamond, the beautiful daughter of Lord Clifford. He had secretly married her, and immured her in a small house difficult of access in Woodstock forest. To this wickedness all his subsequent unhappiness may be traced. One day the queen saw him in Woodstock Chase with a ball of floss silk sticking to his spur; she took up the end and followed him unseen through the thicket, to the little lodge where Rosamond lived unknown. The queen watched her royal partner to a bower, where sat a fair young lady working silk embroidery; then she knew how he came by the ball of floss silk on his spur. Eleanor withdrew unperceived, but when Henry was gone, broke into the presence of her rival, and violently reproached her. Rosamond then for the first time heard that her husband was a married man. Story books tell how Eleanor used poison or drugs. She threatened both, yet she did her no harm, as Rosamond lived for years. But finding she had been deceived, and that the two promising sons she had borne to Henry II. were illegitimate, she retired to Godstow nunnery. These facts occurred in the third year of Henry II.'s royalty, as existing charters

prove grants to Godstow on behalf of Rosamond, both by Henry II. and the Cliffords.

Eleanora continued to increase the royal family. Her best loved son, Richard, was born at the royal palace of Beau-Monte, in Oxford. He was surnamed Cœur de Lion, from his magnanimous qualities. Another son was born at Worcester, September 23d, 1159, handsomer than any, and named Geoffrey. Henry betrothed this babe to Constance, eighteen months old, orphan heiress of Conan, Duke of Bretagne.

Eleanora governed England as queen-regent during the absence of the king. She presented her lord, on his return from Bretagne, with a beautiful little princess named Matilda.

The king's favorite, Lord-Chancellor Becket, had the personal charge of the heir, Prince Henry, and the Princess of France, Marguerite, his little wife, the daughter of Louis VII. Both children loved Becket passionately.

Stephen Becket, devotedly attached to the race of Alfred, had followed Edgar Atheling's banner in his crusades, and was taken prisoner. A Mahometan chief's daughter having aided his escape, he promised her marriage. After Stephen successfully arrived in London, the Syrian princess escaped to England. When she entered London she knew not a word of English, nor where to find her lover, whose Christian name however she remembered well. So she wandered up and down Cheapside, a quieter place than it is now, reiterating mournfully "Stephen! Stephen!" and as Stephen was portreeve, he soon heard her, led her home, had her baptized, and married her. Their eldest son Thomas proved one of the cleverest and handsomest men in the island. Educated in the Church, though not of it, he was an archdeacon, who might leave it and marry if he pleased; but he was not an ordained priest, and was very gay and merry, a favorite of Henry II., his prime minister, and lord-chancellor.

The Anglo-Norman kings were always coveting the vast revenues that passed through the hands of the Church. There were no poor-rates or union poor-houses; the clergy supported the destitute, and employed those who could work chiefly in agricultural or pastoral pursuits or architecture. The Norman sovereigns at the death of a prelate often kept the revenues of church lands and tithes in their hands as long as possible, whereby the poor were starved and deprived of certain employment. The king endeavored to restrict the power of the clergy, but having made Becket primate, he found his favorite took the part of the Church against him. Contention ensued, but matters grew worse after he held the council

of Clarendon, 1164, when the king's wishes were confirmed by a majority of English prelates. Becket excommunicated them all, left England, and sought the protection of the Pope. At this juncture died the Empress Matilda, September 10th, 1167, just as she had, with some appearance of good will to Becket, endeavored to mediate the quarrel.

Meantime Queen Eleanora brought the king a large family of English-born sons and daughters. Her youngest son John saw the light first at Woodstock, 1167; he was his father's



Ruins of ancient Manor House of Woodstock, as they appeared before their removal in 1714.

favorite child. Richard was the beloved of his mother, and was brought up chiefly at Poitou, with the prospect of governing his mother's southern dominions, not independently, but after feudal homage done to his father and mother and his elder brother Henry. Eleanora had three daughters, Matilda, married to Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, from whom Queen Victoria, her consort, and children are directly descended.

Princess Eleanora was married to Alphonse, heir of Castle, and Joanna to William the Good, King of Sicily.

Queen Eleanora assumed the regency of Normandy on the death of the empress, for rebellion had ensued. When that was suppressed, her own subjects, who had never seen her since she was Queen of England, likewise became insurgent, and thither she repaired to Bordeaux, and was received with tears of joy, poems of welcome, and profuse expenditure.

Henry II. meantime was quarreling with Becket. The king was subject to violent fits of passion. He made some furious exclamations against Becket, whereupon four of the knights of his chamber, taking their battle-axes, went and cut down the archbishop when officiating at the altar of Canterbury Cathedral, which was stained with his blood, December 31st, 1171.

CHAPTER II.

FORTUNATELY for Queen Eleanora, she was safely at Bordeaux, her native capital city, when Becket's murder was perpetrated. All Europe was aghast at it, and from that hour her husband's prosperity ceased. He chose to be sovereign ruler in her dominions, and sent to displace all her state ministers, and curb the free and haughty south with garrisons of his veterans. Eleanora told her sons Richard and Geoffrey they owed no obedience in Guienne and Poitou to any king of England, only to the sovereign lord of France. When Henry II. brought his heir, the young king, in 1173, to assist in receiving the long-delayed homage of Raymond, Count of Thoulouse, that noble, rising from his knees, said, "As I have sworn to inform you, as my sovereign, of all dangers, I warn you, oh king! to beware of your wife and sons!" That night his eldest son, the young king, though he always slept in his father's bedroom, decamped simultaneously with his brothers Richard and Geoffrey to France. Eleanora was likewise running away the same night to the protection of her former spouse (Louis VII.), dressed in male habiliments, when Henry II.'s Norman troops encountered her and brought her back very insultingly. Afterward there was no concord between Henry II. and Eleanora. The king brought her to England, embarking at Barfleur and landing at Southampton, July, 1173. He carried her as a captive to Canterbury, where he suffered the ignominious penance of scourging at the altar of the cathedral, as atonement for

the death of Thomas à Becket, who was forthwith canonized without the usual delay, and by the name of St. Thomas of Canterbury became the favorite saint of western Europe.

Now commenced that long mysterious imprisonment at Winchester Castle which occupied the rest of Eleanora's married life. A rival took her place at the English court. The Princess Alice, the daughter of Eleanora's former husband Louis VII. by his succeeding queen, had been betrothed to Richard Cœur de Lion, and consigned to his father for education in England. This princess attracted the affection of her father-in-law, and instead of wedlock with Prince Richard, Henry II. placed her in his wife's place, as first lady in the land, occasioning life-long wars between his sons, France, and himself, besides his captive queen's subjects, who were ever rising in rebellion, with one or other of his sons as leaders; and those princes, when not warring with their sire, were fighting with each other.

Rosamond Clifford expired at Godstow of a long wasting illness, induced by her penitent austerities during twenty years' seclusion. As her death occurred about the time the queen was imprisoned, many false statements occur concerning Rosamond. It was however a youthful shameless rival flourishing at the English court that wronged Eleanora. The sons of Rosamond, at this time twenty-two and twenty, were the pride of England for valor and learning. William, Earl of Salisbury, surnamed Long-espée, was ranked next to his brother Richard for martial prowess. Geoffrey, the young ecclesiastic, was learned and saintly.

Prince Richard, enraged at the treatment of his mother and the strange exaltation of his own betrothed wife, invaded England with the aid of Louis VII., and in company with William the Lion, King of Scotland, who met with complete defeat. Nevertheless Eleanora's sons kept up civil war with their father for several years, until something like a general pacification took place through the mediation of Louis VII., who came on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket. As King Louis went to Winchester he probably saw his former wife, who in 1179 had milder confinement, in a sort of palace restraint, under the care of Robert Glanville, Henry II.'s great justiciary and general. Louis VII. caught his death of cold in his vigil by Becket's tomb, which he had visited on the foolish errand of praying to him as a saint for the life of his young heir, Philip Augustus, supposed to be then dying; yet the father expired and the son lived.

In the midst of a struggle for independent sovereignty

against his sire, Eleanora's eldest son, the young King Henry, died very penitent for his sins against an indulgent father. Henry II. mourned the loss of his turbulent heir with the passionate grief of David for Absalom. The death of young Henry for a short time reunited Henry and Eleanora in mutual grief. Prince Richard now became heir apparent of both England and Aquitaine. He himself, at the age of twenty-seven, having in vain demanded his betrothed Alice, then twenty-three, and finding she was still detained from him, formed an attachment to a princess of great excellence, Berengaria, daughter of King Sancho of Navarre. Reports that Henry II. meant to divorce Queen Eleanora and marry the Princess Alice, impelled Richard to seize his mother's inheritance. All the south was insurgent; the troubadours animated the population to fight for their native sovereign. "Daughter of Aquitania," they sang in their tençons or war songs, "fair fruitful vine, thou hast been torn from thy loving people and led into a strange land. The voice of thy harp is changed, and thy songs to the wail of mourning. Born among us in the bosom of wealth, thou enjoyedst the sports of thy women, and their songs to the lute and tabor; now thou weepst and consumest thyself with sorrow. Return, poor prisoner, return to thy southern cities, if thou canst. Where are thy guards, thy royal escort? where thy maiden train, thy counselors of state? Some dragged far from thy country have suffered cruel deaths, others have been deprived of sight. Thou criest, but the king of the north keeps thee shut up. Cry then, cease not to cry; raise thy voice that thy sons may hear it. Fly, ye that inhabit the coast; fly before Richard, Duke of Aquitaine, for he shall annihilate all who bar him entrance into Saintonge."

For more than two years the Angevin subjects of Henry II. and the Provençal subjects of his queen gave fierce battle to each other, and rebellion prevailed from Rochelle to Bayonne. Geoffrey Plantagenet held out Limoges in the name of his mother, and the arrows of his cross-bowmen were aimed from the castle against his father's life. In a truce of conference the king presented an arrow to Geoffrey which had been just shot through his horse's ear. "Tell me, Geoffrey," he said, "what has thine unhappy father done to thee, that thou shouldst make him a mark for thine archers?" Geoffrey was greatly shocked, asked pardon, and made peace. Richard had, however, conquered the whole of Aquitaine, when Henry II. brought Eleanora to Bordeaux, and bade him surrender his conquests to his mother. Richard, seeing that Queen Eleanora was now treated as sovereign of the south, did

so cheerfully. Yet after a few months Henry sent his queen to England, and placed her in palace restraint. Geoffrey Plantagenet went to Paris to assist at a grand tournament, where he was overthrown in the *melee*, and trodden to death under the feet of the chargers. He is buried at Nôtre Dame. In one of Eleanora's Latin letters she makes this touching mention of her grief for the loss of her sons: "The younger king (her son Henry) and the Count of Bretagne both sleep in the dust, whilst I, their wretched mother, am compelled to live on, tortured by the recollections of the dead."

The misfortunes of Duke Arthur, the posthumous heir of Geoffrey, began before his birth, March 29th, 1187, and they were confirmed at his baptism. It was the pleasure of Henry II. and Queen Eleanora that the boy, whom they looked upon as the heir presumptive to England after Richard, should bear the name of Henry; but Duchess Constance and her Bretons gave him the national name of Arthur, dear to the Celtic races, to the great offense of the Plantagenets. Fearful that Constance should marry her husband's brother, Prince John, who seemed to seek her, Henry II. forced her to marry one of his nobles, the Earl of Chester.

Rumors that the king meant to crown John as heir of England in his own lifetime made Prince Richard fly to arms; and aided by Philip, King of France, again marched to compel his father to give him his wife Alice, or to release him from his engagement. Henry II. sent Prince John with a fleet of Eleanora's ships to conquer Ireland, promising him that kingdom, in order to give some color to his intended recognition as heir of England. Although the Pope had sent John a crown of peacock's feathers for his Irish coronation, he did not add to the minute territory of the English pale, but returned very quickly in 1185. Some trace his surname of Lackland to the paucity of his domain in Ireland. Time wore away uneasily. Richard had attained his thirtieth year, and his bride Alice her twenty-seventh. As she was still detained from him, he flew to arms, and with the assistance of Philip, King of France, defeated his father in every engagement they had in Normandy. Henry II. was forced into a disgraceful peace at Vezelai, where he met Philip and Richard. He returned to Chinon in an agony of wrath, having found that his favorite son John had escaped to his enemies and taken part against him. He cursed his sons so awfully that the prelates in his train vainly entreated him to recall his malediction. Henry's sons by Rosamond were with him in his reverses of fortune, aiding and comforting him. "Thou art my true son and

heir," exclaimed he to the noble Long-espée; "the others are illegitimate." Henry said a few words to the youngest, Geoffrey, and gave him a magnificent ring, which it seems was the episcopal ring of the See of York, leant his head on his bosom, and expired, July 6th, 1189.

King Richard suffered great remorse when he learned how his father had died, but marched to perform his obsequies at the family burial-place of Fontevraud, in Anjou, where the royal corpse had been brought from Chinon, and lay with the face uncovered by the altar, the features still expressing the violent anger which had occasioned his death. Richard entered the abbey. He shuddered, and knelt before the altar to pray, when the blood burst from his dead father's lips, to the horror of all beholders, but most to that of the penitent son. Henry II. had died from rupture of the heart, often the result of great rage.

The first step taken by Richard I. at his accession was the release of his queen mother from her prison palace at Winchester, and he conferred upon her the regency of England during his absence. She immediately made a progress-justiciary throughout England, greatly needed, as the jails were full of poor prisoners, who had been for years awaiting their trials for small offenses or none. The circuits of judges that held assizes at county towns or cities were suspended, or not properly organized. The royal widow declared she had been long enough a prisoner to feel for others in like case.

King Richard, in his indignation at his mother's long imprisonment, had commanded her castellan, Ranulph de Glanville, the day she was released, to be thrown into the deepest dungeon of Winchester Castle, and loaded with chains that weighed one thousand pounds. Yet Eleanora showed no hatred to him and no disgust of her prison, for she returned to Winchester as to her home, after her wise and humane justiciary progress. When her beloved son, Richard I., landed at Portsmouth, August 12, 1189, and hastened to her arms, she brought no railing accusation against the heavily-chained prime minister in the dungeons, but advised her son to see him, and inquire the contents of his father's secret treasure-vault under Winchester Cathedral. Glanville gave an enchanting account of the treasures, and proved all he said. Richard I. reinstated him in all his offices. One piece of revenge, however, Eleanora and Richard indulged in. They put the Princess Alice in the same kind of captivity Queen Eleanora had long endured; and Richard implored his mother to aid him in obtaining the lady he loved, by going in em-

bassy to ask her hand of her sire Sancho, King of Navarre, as soon as he was crowned, which ceremony took place September 3d, 1189. It was fatally distinguished by a terrible massacre of the Jews throughout England. Neither Richard I. nor his mother were blamable, for the people acted thus rather out of jealousy than Queen Eleanora's subjects encouraged the usurious Israelites.

Directly Eleanora's widow-dower was settled by her loving son, she departed on her embassy, stated in the next biography. On her return she governed England as queen-regent with great talent. Our seamen received from this great lady of the south their first naval code, being avowedly modeled from that of Oleron, the most noted maritime guild in Europe.

There is yet much to be told of her proceedings, although Eleanora had arrived at the age when the human frame requires rest.* She had much to do and suffer before she could enter into the peace for which her chastened spirit intensely longed.

* To prevent repetition, the life of Eleanora is comprehended in the two ensuing biographies.



Berengaria.

BERENGARIA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF RICHARD I., SURNAMED CŒUR DE LION.

OUR second Provençal queen, Berengaria, was daughter of Sancho the Wise, King of Navarre, and Beatrice, Princess of Castille. Both Sancho the Wise and his heroic son, Sancho the Strong, had gained great glory by repelling the Moors, who then threatened western Europe. Richard Plantagenet first saw the Princess of Navarre at a grand tournament given by King Sancho at Pampeluna, his capital city. The entanglement with Alice of France prevented their marriage, but a long engagement ensued. The friendship of Richard for her brother, and the kindness Queen Eleanora had received from King Sancho, who had made Henry II. ameliorate the first rigors of her imprisonment, caused her to approve highly of her son's marriage with Berengaria. She undertook the embassy concerning it joyfully. The proposal was accepted by the King of Navarre; and he entrusted Berengaria to the care of the queen, who set out with her to cross Italy to the Bay of Naples, King Richard having appointed to meet them at Messina, on his voyage to the crusade. Berengaria and Eleanora waited during the spring of 1191 at Brindisi. Richard was well known to his betrothed, but etiquette now forbade him to approach her until the council convened at Messina should declare him free from the claims of Alice, whom Philip of France affected to consider as his wife. At length that king,

who was too well aware of all that could be proved against his sister's honor, agreed to receive her back on the restoration of Gisors, her dower-city, and the payment of 50,000 crowns. The council of the Church then declared King Richard free to marry any other woman. Much time having been consumed in these negotiations, and King Richard pressed to sail with his contingent for the crusade, he and Berengaria resolved to marry at leisure in the Holy Land, particularly as a friend was ready to accompany the princess thither. Joanna, the young Queen of Naples, recently left a widow, with an enormous dower, by King William, had been robbed and imprisoned by his successor. Joanna's wrongs were speedily righted by the valiant arm of her lion-hearted brother, and her oppressor, Tancred, had to restore her wealth.

Queen Eleanora had scarcely time to see her daughter before she was forced to sail on her homeward voyage. She gave Berengaria into the charge of the young queen, bidding her "tell her brother to marry that damsel speedily, as he valued her blessing." Then commenced the friendship between Joanna and Berengaria, that never ended but with life, which made the Provençal chroniclers say or rather sing—

"They held each other dear,
And lived as doves in cage;"

shut up together while the crusade campaign lasted. They sailed in the same galley, the strongest of the fleet, under the care of Sir Stephen de Turnham, embarking on the departure of Queen Eleanora, who went to her regency in England.

The crusading force of Richard consisted of 150 merchant-ships for transporting soldiers, and 50 war-galleys rowed with oars. He led the van in the largest, called "Trenc-the-mer," or "Cut the sea," which carried a huge lantern at the poop to rally the fleet in the night. Thus the force sailed for Acre, which Philip, King of France, had begun to besiege. A violent storm scattered the whole armament. Two galleys were wrecked on the coast of Cyprus, which is opposite to the Mediterranean sea-board of Palestine. A third galley, wherein was the Lord-Chancellor of England and the great seal, foundered in the storm. Berengaria's ship made the harbor of Famagusta, but was inhospitably driven to sea again by the despot Isaac, who ruled the island. The princesses were sorely distressed with sea-sickness and terrors for Richard's safety, as his galley could not be seen. He had made with the rest of his fleet a friendly harbor in Crete. When the storm abated he entered the Bay of Famagusta,

where Isaac, who called himself Emperor of Cyprus, with his people, were busy plundering Richard's wrecks. Richard suggested the propriety of their desisting, but received an answer so uncivil that he gave them instant battle; and the quarrel ended in Richard's capture of the whole island and its city in a few hours. He presented the captive Isaac to his bride, loaded with silver chains, and gave his daughter, a beautiful Greek girl, to wait upon her.

While Richard waited for the reassembling and refitting of his fleet, he married Berengaria, and with great pomp had her crowned Queen of England and Cyprus. At this solemnity Queen Berengaria wore a double crown, her hair parted on the brow, her dark tresses in great profusion flowing from under her crown; her mantilla veil white, and her white lawn dress gathered modestly round the throat *à la vierge*. Bands of jewels confined it at the waist and bosom. Richard was a very gay bridegroom, wearing a rose-colored satin tunic belted round his waist, and a mantle of striped silver tissue brocaded with crescents. His sword of Damascus steel had a silver scaled sheath. A scarlet brocaded bonnet was on his head. His Spanish steed was led before him, saddled and bitted with gold; two little gold lions on the crupper stood holding their paws in the act of striking. "Richard," says one of his crusading chroniclers then present, had "yellow curling hair, a bright complexion, a form like Mars himself, and appeared a perfect model of military and manly grace."

Thus was this royal wedding celebrated in the joyous month of May, 1191. Richard made not the least scruple of plundering Limoussa, leaving the despot Isaac imprisoned, and carrying away the Greek princess, his daughter, as a captive.

The voyage was short to Palestine, but Richard encountered a large Saracen war-ship, called a dromond, and though it cast Greek fire, which burnt on water like petroleum, he succeeded in capturing it with great spoils. His princesses were not witnesses of the fight; they again embarked with Stephen de Turnham. Indeed, it was rather dangerous to be shipmate with Richard, who gave battle to all he met. Berengaria and Joanna arrived first in the Bay of Acre, where the whole French army turned out to receive them with the honors of war; and Philip the king, though much grieved at the disgrace of his sister Alice, behaved with high courtesy to the bride of Richard, lifting her out of the boat in his arms. The aid of the bellicose King Richard, when he sailed in with his prize taken on the seas, soon caused the capture of Acre.

Richard established the royal ladies in harem seclusion in a tower still known as that of King Richard. It does not seem that Berengaria and Joanna ever left their guarded seclusion during about eighteen months, which King Richard spent in acts of daring valor, chivalric generosity, and great imprudence. He soon found himself surrounded with implacable enemies. Philip of France was aggrieved concerning Alice; the Duke of Austria was greatly enraged at the capture of the Greek princess, who (as one of the family of the Emperors Comneni) was related to himself. Once Richard was in sight of Jerusalem, but he hid his face and would not look upon it, as the feuds of the Christian princes prevented him from relieving the sacred city. Richard won the battle of Jaffa with great display of heroism, but bringing no result excepting the admiration of his Saracen opponents, who for centuries afterward preserved the remembrance of Melec-Ric, as they called him. On his side he declared he greatly preferred the generous and chivalric Prince of Miscreants, as the crusaders called Saladin, to the crafty Philip of France or the brutal Leopold of Austria.

It was September 29th, 1192, in full conviction of the hopelessness of the contest, that Richard caused his royal ladies to re-embark at Acre under the care of Sir Stephen de Turnham. They were still attended by the Cypriot princess. What had become of all Richard's war-galleys is unknown, or where his army had vanished. He took passage in a vessel belonging to the Master of the Temple, and put on the disguise of a Templar, attended only by a boy as page. The ship was wrecked on the coast of Istria, and Richard had to travel through the provinces of his enemy, Leopold of Austria. Owing to the folly of his page, he was seized in his Templar disguise, sitting by the fire of an inn kitchen, turning the fowls roasting for dinner. Richard made desperate resistance, but was dragged to the Castle of Tenebreuse in Styria, and confined in a prison-room at the top, still in existence.

Better fortune attended the vessel that bore the freight of the three royal ladies; it arrived without accident at Naples. Berengaria was greatly alarmed lest some harm had befallen her lord, as she saw at Rome, exposed for sale, a belt of jewels, which she knew was on his person at the time she took leave of him when she embarked at Acre. Her destination was Poitou, whither she traveled with Queen Joanna, under the escort of the Count of St. Gilles—a crusader returning to his home. He voluntarily undertook this office, although the son of Queen Eleanora's enemy, Raymond, Count of Thoulouse.

Raymond still continued his old practices, and had drawn on himself severe chastisement from Sancho the Strong, Berengaria's warlike brother, as Raymond had invaded Richard's territory in his absence, over which Sancho was keeping guard. The Count of St. Gilles fell in love with Joanna while protecting Queen Berengaria on their dangerous homeward journey. As Eleanora and all her allies were glad to make peace by marriage, Joanna was wedded, at Berengaria's dower-city of Poitou, with the chivalric heir of the troublesome Raymond.

All went well excepting the unaccountable loss of King Richard. No trace of him existed in western Europe but the belt of jewels which had been recognized by Berengaria. At last Blondel, a troubadour knight shipwrecked with him, who had been seeking him for many months on the coasts of the Adriatic, heard an illustrious prisoner was confined in the tower of Tenebreuse. No one could tell his name. Blondel, to ascertain if the captive was his lord, sang beneath the walls of Tenebreuse the first verse of a tenson which he and the king had composed together. Richard immediately answered with the second stanza. Blondel instantly departed to Queen Eleanora, and told her that her son was alive and the place of his detention. It was time; for in the supposition of his death, the dominions of Richard, hitherto very peaceable under the guardianship of his mother and his faithful friends, were attacked on all sides, his worthless brother John having been the first to revolt in England. His intention was, having just been divorced from the wife of his youth, Anne, heiress of Gloucester, to wed Alice, whom his mother still detained prisoner. Queen Eleanora naturally heard of this disgusting project with horror and dismay.

Let our readers dismiss from their minds the assertion of many petty histories, that Eleanora of Aquitaine encouraged John's rebellion against his brother, because it is false. Here are her real sentiments in her Latin letter to the Pope Celestine, entreating his assistance for the release of Richard: "Me, miserable and unpitied as I am! why have I, the queen of two kingdoms, survived to endure calamitous old age? Two sons were left for my consolation, but now they only survive to my sorrow. Richard, the king, is in chains, while John wastes and devastates his captive brother's realm with fire and sword. The Lord's hand is heavy on me; truly his anger fights against me when my sons strive together, if that may be called a strife where one languishes in prison, and his opponent, oh! grief of griefs! lawlessly usurps the unfortunate one's dominions!"

Having thus, by her own letter, settled this historical question, Eleanora left Rouen, and soon curbed the insolence of John in England, keeping Alice safely in Rouen, lest John should marry so shamefully.

The Emperor Henry VI. held a diet at Worms, whither he summoned Richard on charge of high crimes against the empire. Leopold of Austria received large sums from Henry for permitting Richard to appear. Eleanora herself took charge of the Cypriot princess, whom Queen Berengaria gave up to her. The capture and detention of this lady was the principal charge brought against King Richard. Eleanora brought her to the diet, and withal the first installment of the enormous ransom demanded for her son's liberty. The Guelphic princes pleaded Richard's cause with eloquent pathos, and young William Guelph, born at Winchester, was left in prison for his uncle until the rest of the ransom was paid. Richard was then delivered to his loving mother. The story of his having to fight a lion, and of his pulling out its heart, is all a vulgar invention, built on nothing but a metaphor in a *sirvente* of his friend, the troubadour Peyrols.

Richard landed at Sandwich with his mother, in 1195, the Sunday after St. George's Day. He had, soon after, a second coronation, in which his queen did not share: she was at her dower-palace at Poitiers, absorbed in grief for her father, Sancho the Wise, who died after a glorious reign in Navarre of forty-four years.

Richard after his arrival in England accompanied his mother on justiciary progress. Both were received with great affection, for the wise and prompt performance of this duty was greatly prized by the English. Richard treated his mother with the utmost respect: she sat by his side on the bench in all halls of justice. This progress extended to Normandy. Here the queen-mother, at the entreaty of John, brought him into the chamber of his injured king, at whose feet he knelt for pardon. Richard raised him saying, "I forgive you, John, and I wish I could as quickly forget your ill deeds as you will my pardon of them." Richard finished his progress by visiting his Angevin domains. Although near Berengaria, he did not return to her society. The only reason for this estrangement was that he had renewed his intercourse with some profligate associates who had vitiated his private life before his marriage. As there were no heirs to the crown, excepting the Breton boy Arthur, and the mean and cruel John, Richard's subjects, by whom Berengaria's character was generally esteemed, saw with regret the separation

of the royal pair. A Norman hermit met Richard while hunting, and preached him a suitable sermon on his neglect of his virtuous queen, telling him his end and punishment were near. The warlike king answered him slightly and went his way. Richard began the former Anglo-Norman practices by invading the revenues of the Church. He demanded of St. Hugh the present of a fur mantle worth one thousand crowns on his induction to the bishopric of Lincoln. St. Hugh declared he could not buy such things, not knowing aught of their value, but if the king persisted in devouring the sustenance of Church and poor, he must take the money and buy it himself. As soon as the cash was spent, Richard demanded the fur mantle. As this passed even the patience of a saint, the bishop went to Normandy to remonstrate. Having succeeded in touching Richard's conscience, he pursued his advantage by entreating him to reform his evil life, and live as a Christian king ought, with his wife, who had every quality to retain his love. King Richard became penitent and mended his manners, yet put off his return to his queen. Severe illness occurred to him in 1196; his death was expected, and his conscience alarmed him. He sent for all the monks within ten miles, and made public confession of an astounding number of sins. The Christmas of that year he came to Poitiers: it was in the midst of a dreadful famine, and he found Berengaria in the act of distributing corn and nourishment to the starving poor, to obtain which she had parted with every superfluous valuable she possessed. Richard was greatly struck with the contrast of their lives, and having obtained her pardon, he lived with her happily ever after, though his hereafter in this world was very short. The queen determined to follow him in all his battles and campaigns. Richard confirmed in 1196 her English dower of the royalties arising from the tin mines of Cornwall, to the value of two thousand marks yearly. Her dower in Aquitaine was the county of Bigorre and the city of Mans. Richard spent the last three years of his life fighting petty battles with France, in which he performed prodigies of personal valor; his queen always shared the dangers of his campaigns. A dispute with one of his Aquitainean vassals occasioned his last. Vidomar, Lord of Chaluz, had found a pot of Roman coins. King Richard had been informed that Vidomar had discovered a cave full of precious stones and gold statues, and demanded his royalty of them. It was in vain Vidomar offered him the coins he had really found. Richard's expectations had been raised too high for acting

with common sense. He marched and besieged Chaluz, from the walls of which the Poictevin noble, Gordon, shot him in the shoulder with the bolt of a cross-bow. The wound would not have been fatal but for Richard's willfulness in scorning all medical regimen. When dying, the castle was taken. Richard demanded that Gordon, to whom he owed his death, should be brought before him, and asked him why he aimed his bolts at him. "Because you caused the death of my father and my brother," replied the undaunted prisoner. Richard, on the verge of the grave, acknowledged the justice of the reply. With his usual magnanimity he ordered Gordon to be set free. It was not the king's fault that after his death his detestable mercenary general put Gordon to a cruel death.

Berengaria was with her husband in his camp and in attendance on him at his death. He made a verbal will, attested by witnesses of which she was one, leaving two-thirds of his treasures to his brother John and one-third to herself. Richard, having no child, had sent for his nephew and legitimate heir, Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, meaning to bring him up as an accomplished prince, in learning and chivalry worthy to succeed him; but through the obstinacy of Arthur's mother, Constance, the regnant Duchess of Bretagne, Arthur was detained among his native subjects, then considered the most uncivilized people in Christian Europe. This caused his repudiation from his great inheritance, and the recognition of his unworthy uncle, John.

Berengaria was overwhelmed with sorrow for the death of her husband. Her best beloved friend, Joanna, likewise died at this time, while hastening to seek the aid of her warlike brother King Richard for help to her distressed land. Finding him just dead occasioned her such grief that she died prematurely, and entreated Berengaria to bury her at the feet of her best beloved brother Richard. This was done, and her tomb is extant still at Fontevraud, in that position. Berengaria within a few hours after had the additional grief of losing her only sister, Blanche of Navarre, niece to Richard's friend and nephew, the Count of Champagne.

Berengaria, thus suddenly bereft of all that made life dear to her, retired to seclusion, and spent her life in the practice of piety and charity. She did not take vows, but founded at Mans the noble abbey of Espan. Once she met her brother-in-law, King John, at Chinon, her late husband's treasure-city. She there compounded for her English dower with him. More than once great preparation was made for her reception

in England, whither, however, she never went. King John constantly ran in arrears with her English dower, and it was on account of her appeal to Pope Innocent that England was placed under interdict. Berengaria long survived her fraudulent brother-in-law, and became liable to the same troubles during the minority of his son, Henry III. At last her affairs were placed in the hands of the Templars as her receivers and stewards, after which her piteous appeals for her payments cease.



Portrait of Richard II. From the tomb of Fontevraud.

Berengaria did not wholly give up her rank as sovereign of Maine, for she presided as such at a trial by battle in 1216, concerning a false accusation made by the brother of a distressed demoiselle, who wanted to deprive his sister of her portion. The queen is supposed to have died in 1230, but that was only the date of the completion of her abbey of Espan. She lived long after, although she chiefly sojourned there. Sometimes she kept state, in her dower-palace at Mans, the people of which city still show in their High Street a

very ancient structure which they call Queen Berengaria's house. She died at a very advanced age some years after, and was buried at Espan. Although her beautiful enameled statue, colored like life, and representing her in her bridal dress, was displaced at the destruction of the abbey, it is still, with her tomb and inscription, nearly entire, carefully preserved.

From early youth to the grave Berengaria manifested devoted love for Richard; uncomplaining when deserted by him, forgiving when he returned, and faithful to his memory unto death, the royal Berengaria, Queen of England, though never *in* England, little deserves to be forgotten by any admirer of feminine or conjugal virtue.

"Queen Berengaria," says a contemporary chronicler, "was a royal, virtuous, and beautiful lady, who, for love of King Richard, had ventured with him through the world." It is, however, certain that she was the only one of our queens who never reached England.



John. From tomb in Worcester Cathedral.



Isabella. From her tomb at Fontevraud.

ISABELLA OF ANGOULÊME, QUEEN CONSORT TO KING JOHN.

ISABELLA OF ANGOULÊME was sole heiress of one of the feudal sovereignties in the south of France which owed homage to the dukedom of Aquitaine. When John took his brother's dignities he went in progress through his mother's dominions, receiving the homage of the feudatory nobility as her representative; among others, of the Count of Angoulême. It was needful that the heiress should likewise acknowledge John as her sovereign of Aquitaine, and for this purpose young Isabella was sent for by her parents from Lusignan, the castle of her espoused lord, Hugh le Brun, heir of the Count de Lusignan, whither she was sent according to the custom of the times to be educated to the taste of her husband. The young lady was very handsome, scarcely fifteen, descended from Louis VI., and the wealthy heiress of a fine province. King John fell in love with her at the homage, and the next day carried her off when hunting—some say by connivance of her parents, who wished to see her a queen. Nevertheless Isabella screamed, and made piteous lamentation, as she preferred her betrothed lord, Hugh de Lusignan. The gayeties of her abductor's capital city of Bordeaux, and her promised coronation as Queen of England consoled her. She declared to the Archbishop of Bordeaux that she had given no promise to Hugh

de Lusignan since her infancy, and now she preferred King John. He united her in marriage to that king, August 24th, 1200, declaring that no impediment to their wedlock existed. Yet King John was thirty-two, and his young queen not half that age.

Count Hugh de Lusignan had been absent on business relating to the high office he held of the King of France, his sovereign, for he was lord marcher of French Poitou, and it was his charge to keep France from all incursions of the southern powers. He had left Isabella in the charge of his uncle, the Count d'Eu, and was in despair when his relative brought him news of the sudden change which had raised his fiancée to the rank of queen. Count Hugh challenged King John to mortal combat, who excused himself under pretense of his high rank, and offered one of his mercenary soldiers to meet him in the lists, which the injured noble indignantly refused. Queen Eleanora heard of her son's marriage with dismay. She had previously advised him to conciliate the powerful guardians of the borders between her southern dominions and France; and here he had, with his usual perverse folly, made them and all their allies mortal enemies for life. John and his queen sailed for England, only intent on festivity. Isabella was crowned with her royal consort at Westminster, October 8th, 1201. They spent the Christmas at Guildford Castle, on which the young queen was dowered; then they proceeded to Rouen, where John was crowned Duke of Normandy, and Isabella as duchess, with circlets of golden roses. Both of them scandalized the warlike nobles by their luxury and indolence, seldom breakfasting until two o'clock in the afternoon, among a people who usually rose at peep of dawn and dined at noon. From their dream of sloth they were awakened by the tempest raised by Isabella's wronged spouse, Count Hugh. As lord marcher, he had taken the first opportunity which John's incapacity gave him to raise the feudal French militia, and overrun southern Poitou.

Young Arthur, as the son of John's elder brother, claimed his rights, and many in Aquitaine joined his Breton army. Count Hugh took his part. Queen Eleanor was defeated at Mirabel, when her undutiful grandson, having taken her city, besieged her in the citadel, where, notwithstanding her great age, she defended herself valiantly. For once in his life John behaved as if he belonged to the stem of great Plantagenet. He with his Norman and English forces traversed the intervening provinces so rapidly that he was not looked for, relieved his mother's siege, and took prisoners young Arthur and his

sister Eleanora, and their ally Count Hugh, with many barons of Poitou. Queen Eleanora charged him not to hurt Arthur, who was indeed the only male heir of his line. Her sands of life had been rudely shaken, she retired into conventual seclusion, and was never again seen among the affairs of the world. John treated his rival Count Hugh with great contumely, parading him in a cart fettered hand and foot in slow progress through Normandy. While his mother retained her faculties he dared not harm the princely boy Arthur. Many of the barons of southern Poitou he had starved to death in his dungeons. The power of Count Hugh saved his life, but John threw him into hard durance in Bristol Castle.

The last regal act of Eleanora of Aquitaine was to give a wise charter to her well-beloved subjects, the mariner men of her isle Oleron. After her retirement into Fontevraud John murdered his nephew, whom he had imprisoned in the fortress of Falaise, where he stabbed him with his own hand—the boy exclaiming, “Ah, my uncle! spare the son of thy brother Geoffrey! Spare thy race!” At that era, 1203, Queen Isabella had not given John an heir. The assassin king rowed out at night, and having attached weights to the corpse of Arthur, sunk it in the mouth of the Seine. So say the oldest chroniclers, who lived at the time when the murder was investigated before the King of France and his twelve peers. John, as the guilty peer, refused to attend, and was in 1203 bereft of the dukedom of Normandy, as punishment for the death of Arthur. Eleanora of Aquitaine was not so obtuse to public affairs as to be unconscious of this disgrace. She died soon after, early in 1204, and was buried by Henry II., at Fontevraud. Her beautifully enameled statue is still to be seen, in the colors and size of life, although the abbey was ruined in the French Revolution.

With his mother King John lost all fear and shame; his conduct shows the traits of the depraved Provençal, where luxury and wealth had caused corruption, combined with the brutality of the uncivilized English. But ignorance could not be pleaded as his excuse. Like all the sons of Eleanora of Aquitaine, he was learned, and could read good books, of which he had many. He read the Old Testament, the Epistles of St. Austin, and Pliny. After the dower-lands of the Queens of England had been left free by the death of his mother and his composition with Queen Berengaria (which he seldom paid), he dowered Isabella very richly. She brought him an heir at Winchester, named Henry, in 1207, and the year following another son, called Richard. But the marriage of John and Isabella was not happy. He tormented her with jealousy, not only of

Count Hugh, whom he set at liberty in consideration of a heavy ransom, but his suspicions being excited of some person whose name has not transpired, he had him assassinated by his mercenaries, and hung his body over his queen's bed, who, as one may suppose, was nearly frightened to death. Although so murderous on mere suspicion, for no guilt was ever proved against his queen, John set her no good example, for his abduction of Matilda the Fair, the daughter of Lord Fitzwalter, and his subsequent murder of this unwilling captive, brought on him the vengeance of his barons, whose wives and daughters were not better treated. After the birth of two sons John broke every law of the country. He demanded for hostages the heirs of his barons and gentry as pledges of the obedience of their parents. These children he sent to wait upon his queen. Peter Mauluc, one of his worst agents, being dispatched to the Lord de Braose, to demand the surrender of his children, the mother, who knew Peter had aided the king in the murder of Arthur, exclaimed that "She would not give up her little ones to a man who had killed his own nephew." Peter reported this speech to his master, who had the lady, her husband, and five children seized, and starved to death in the dungeons of old Windsor Castle.

Whether for safety or punishment, Isabella passed most of her time confined at Gloucester just before the birth of her second daughter Eleanor. When she inherited the province of Angoumois, at the death of her father, in 1213, she was in high favor with her evil lord, and accompanied him to Aquitaine. Here they found that the whole dukedom was in the greatest danger, owing to the enmity of Count Hugh, who having inherited his father's power, had overrun southern Poitou and Isabella's domains. There was no remedy excepting propitiating him, by giving him for his future wife the princess royal, Joanna, eldest daughter of King John and Queen Isabella, a beautiful child of seven years old. She was surrendered to Hugh, and placed for education in the castle from whence John had stolen the mother. Greatly elated with the settlement of his continental affairs, John returned with his queen to England. He was at that time under interdict from the Pope on account of his non-payment of Queen Berengaria's dower; but he expended the large sums his queen had inherited in hiring the most atrocious mercenary soldiers he could find on the continent. With these he made a terrible progress through England, October 2d, 1214, to overcome his barons, who were insurgent for the renewal of Magna Charta. He was reported to take the greatest pleasure in firing the

house in the morning that had sheltered him over night. Nevertheless he lost power daily. At last he was forced to grant the same charter his ancestor Henry I. and his father Henry II. had agreed to, with many additions most unwelcome to him. This was done at Runnymede, near Windsor, in the summer of 1215. Of course he broke his own laws directly he made them. On a report that the Pope meant to grant his kingdom to France, he patched up a pacification with him, surrendering his royal power into the Pope's hands, who threw his influence into the scale against the barons, and forbade Louis, the heir of France, to accept the donation they had made him of John's dominions. England was in woful straits, between the danger of subjugation to the crown of France or to the Pope. John chose the mischief that was the least tangible. Meantime Louis of France and his invading forces landed. All was surrendered by the barons to him excepting the stronghold of Queen Isabella on the coast of Norfolk. In the autumn of 1216, crossing the Wash between Lincoln and Norfolk, John and his army were almost swept away; he lost his treasure, jewels, and his crown, and arrived at the abbey of Swineshead both ill and ill-tempered. Report says that he was poisoned by a monk there, to prevent him from realizing his threat that he would cause the penny loaf to cost a shilling before long. He was carried forward to Newark-on-Trent, where he died, October 19th, 1216, probably of an autumn fever he had caught in the Lynn marshes. He was buried at Worcester Cathedral, where his portrait statue gives all beholders a correct idea of his person to this day.

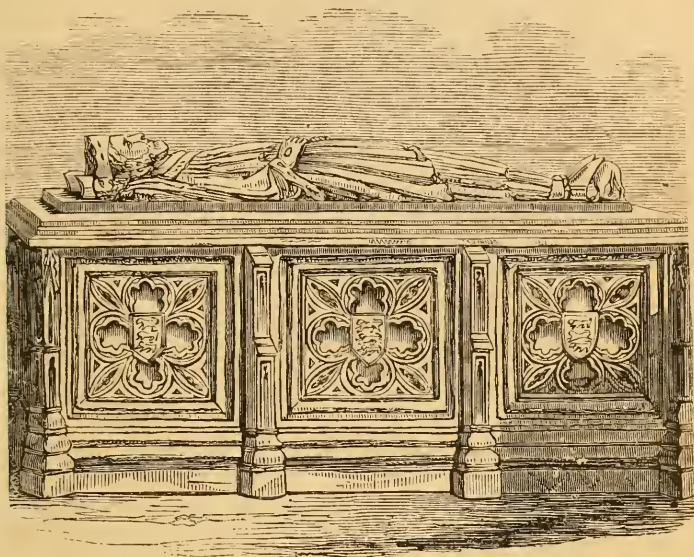
Queen Isabella and the Earl of Pembroke acted with promptitude on this emergency. John's heir was instantly proclaimed in the streets of Gloucester, and was crowned in nine days' time in the cathedral, as Henry III., with a gold throat-collar of his mother's, as all the regalia had been lost in Lincoln Wash. Many persons who abhorred the father swore fealty to the boy of eleven years of age. William Mareschal, Earl of Pembroke, one of the greatest men of his time, was at the head of the young king's affairs, and Hubert de Burgh, who commanded John's southern fleet, gave Louis of France irrecoverable defeat off Dover. The valor and wisdom of these two great men cleared England of the French invaders, and all, in less than twelve months, submitted to the regent sway of Pembroke as protector for young Henry III.

Queens had in several instances governed in England during the absence of their husbands or sons. No power of the kind was offered to Isabella of Angoulême, who hastened back to

her native country as soon as the seas were cleared of invaders. She settled in her native city of Angoulême, July, 1217. Three years afterward her former lover Count Hugh returned from a crusade which he had undertaken to drown the memory of the love he still bore her, and finding her as beautiful as ever, he forsook her little daughter Joanna, and offered to her his rejected hand, and was accepted, with the assurance that she had loved no one but him. They were married on May 22d, 1220. Then ensued a time of grave troubles, as the council of the young king refused to pay the dower of Isabella, under pretense that he had not given her permission to marry a second time; as he was only fourteen, it is not likely she asked it. At last all disputes were settled by the arbitration of the Pope, and by her sending home her daughter Joanna, who had been intended for Count Hugh. Isabella enjoyed more happiness during the ensuing years as the wife of her first lord than in her wretched queenship. She had several children, and might have finished her life serenely but for her foolish pride. Miserable as she had been as Queen of England, she was much elated by the title, and at last declared she could not bear that the man she owned as her husband should kneel in homage to the King of France. Louis VIII., who had contested the crown of England with King John, was dead, and his son Louis IX., known as Saint Louis, on the throne of France. He was worthy of his surname, from his many virtues; but Isabella, the countess-queen, fancying his goodness was weakness, never let her husband have any peace until she had stirred up a foolish war and caused him to revolt to her son. When St. Louis, who was a skillful general, beat them both into better behavior by his victory at Taillebourg, and both renewed homage for their French provinces, Isabella hired an assassin to stab the King of France. As soon as discovery impended, she fled to Fontevraud, where the nuns hid her in the "secret chamber" of the convent. King Louis forgave all offenses, but the pride of Isabella was so much hurt that she died at her retreat of Fontevraud a few weeks after, acknowledging her many sins, and requesting, out of penitence, to be humbly interred in the church-yard, 1246. When her son Henry III. was shown her lowly tomb some years afterward, among those of common folk, he had her body removed into the stately church, laid by Henry II. and Eleanora of Aquitaine, and raised a tomb with the fine portrait statue, still in high preservation, showing her great beauty of features and form.

Her husband, the Count de la Marche, survived her many

years, and took the cross in the last crusade under St. Louis, under whom he died, valiantly. Isabella's numerous family were sent to England, and provided for by her eldest son, Henry III. They were all very unpopular, haughty, and troublesome.



Tomb of King John, at Worcester.



Henry III. From his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

ELEANOR OF PROVENCE,
 SURNAMED LA BELLE,
 QUEEN OF HENRY III.

RAYMOND BERENGER was the last and most illustrious of the royal Provençal counts; even had he not been the sovereign of the land of song, his own verses would have entitled him to a distinguished rank among troubadour poets. His consort Beatrice, daughter of Thomas, Count of Savoy, was celebrated for her literary powers. From her accomplished parents the youthful Eleanor inherited both natural taste and practical talent for poetry. The composition of a poem was the primary cause to which the infanta Eleanor of Provence owed her elevation to the crown-matrimonial of England. Her tutor and her father's major-domo, Romeo, were the persons to whose able management Count Berenger was indebted for his success in matching his five portionless daughters with the principal potentates of Europe. Eleanor, prompted by this sagacious counselor, sent to Richard, Earl of Cornwall, Henry III.'s brother, her Provençal poem on the adventures of Blandin of Cornwall and Guillaume of Miremas, his companion, who undertook great perils for the love of the Princess Briende and her sister Irlonde (probably Britain and Ireland), dames of incomparable beauty. Richard of Cornwall was then at

Poitou, preparing for a crusade. He was highly flattered by the attention of the young princess, called Eleanor la Belle: but it was out of his power to offer his hand and heart to the Provençal beauty, as he was already the husband of one good lady: he therefore recommended her to his brother Henry III. for a queen. That monarch, whose learning far exceeded his wit and judgment, had been disappointed in no less than five attempts to enter the holy pale of matrimony, with as many different princesses. The agreeable impression he received from his brother, Richard Earl of Cornwall, of the beauty and brilliant genius of his fair correspondent, Eleanor of Provence, made him resolve to make a sixth attempt, and his nobles were so obliging as to recommend him to marry the very lady on whom he had secretly fixed his mind. Though Henry's age more than doubled that of the fair maid of Provence, and he was aware that the poverty of the generous count her father was almost proverbial, yet he demanded 20,000 marks as her portion, but finally took her portionless.

Eleanor was dowered in the reversion of the queen-mother Isabella of Angoulême's dower. The bride, having been delivered to King Henry's ambassadors, commenced her journey to England. She was attended on her progress by all the chivalry and beauty of the south of France, a stately train of nobles, ladies, and minstrels. She was met on the French frontier and welcomed by her eldest sister, the consort of St. Louis. She embarked for England, landed at Dover, and on the 4th of January, 1236, was married to King Henry III. at Canterbury, by the archbishop.

Eleanor was just at the happy age for enjoying the spectacle of all the gay succession of shows and devices—streets hung with different-colored silks, gaylands, and banners, also with lamps, cressets, and other lights at night. The most sumptuous and splendid garments ever seen in England were worn at the coronation of the young queen of Henry III. The peaceful and vigorous administration of Pembroke and Hubert de Burgh had filled England with wealth and luxury, drawn from their commerce with the south of France. The elegant fashion of chaplets of gold and jewels, worn over the hair, was adopted by this queen, whose jewelry was of a magnificent order, and is supposed to have cost her doting husband nearly 30,000*l.*—an enormous sum, if reckoned according to the value of our money. For state occasions she had a great crown, most glorious with gems, worth 1500*l.* at that era; her girdles were worth 5000 marks, and the coronation present given by her sister, Queen Marguerite of France, was a large

silver peacock, whose train was set with sapphires and pearls, and other precious stones wrought with silver. This elegant piece of jewelry was used as a reservoir for sweet waters, which were forced out of its beak into a basin of chased silver.

Great offense was taken by the nation at the number of foreigners, especially Italians, who accompanied, or followed, Queen Eleanor to England. Among these was her uncle, Peter of Savoy. King Henry created him Earl of Richmond, and, at the suit of the queen, bestowed upon him that palace in the Strand, which was called from him the Savoy. In the fourth year of her marriage Eleanor brought an heir to England. The young prince was born on the 16th of June, 1239, at Westminster, and received the popular name of Edward, in honor of Edward the Confessor, for whose memory Henry III. cherished the deepest veneration. The celebrated Earl of Leicester was one of the godfathers of Prince Edward, and held him at the baptismal font: he was then in the height of favor, both with Eleanor and the king.

The poet-queen's court affords the first example of a poet-laureate, in the person of one master Henry, whom the king mentions by the appellation of "our beloved versificator."

Queen Eleanor presented her husband with a daughter in the year 1241, who was named Margaret. The following year she accompanied Prince Henry on his ill-advised expedition against the King of France, into which he had been drawn by his mother, Isabella of Angoulême. Eleanor gave birth to another daughter at Bordeaux, named Beatrice. In consequence of the close connection between their queens, Louis IX. was induced to grant a truce of five years to his vanquished foe. Henry and Eleanor then resolved to spend a merry winter at Bordeaux, where they amused themselves with as much feasting and pageantry as if Henry had obtained the most splendid victories. During the residence of the royal family on the continent, Queen Eleanor brought about a union between her youngest sister, Sancha, and the king's brother, Richard Earl of Cornwall, who had recently become a widower.

In 1245 the queen bore a second son, Prince Edmund, and the king levied a fine of fifteen hundred marks on the city of London. A fire broke out in the Pope's palace, and destroyed the chamber in which the principal deed of Magna Charta was kept, which made the queen fancy it was rendered null and void. England was at this period in such a state of misrule, that in Hampshire no jury dared to find a bill against

any plunderer, nor was pillage confined to the undefended ; for King Henry complained that when he was traveling with the queen through that country, their luggage was robbed, their wine drunk, and themselves insulted by the lawless rabble. The queen's unpopularity in London originated from all vessels freighted with corn or wool being compelled to unlade their cargoes at her quay, called Queenhithe ; because the dues formed a part of the revenues of the Queens of England, and the tolls were paid according to the value of the lading. The cry of the land in this reign was against foreign influence and foreign oppression, and it was a proverb, that no one but a Provençal or a Poietevin had any hopes of advancement, either in the state or Church ; so which were held in the greatest abhorrence, the half-brothers of the king or the uncles of the queen, it was difficult to say.

The espousals of the Princess Margaret, the eldest daughter of Henry and Eleanor, then in her tenth year, to the young King of Scotland, Alexander III., who was about twelve, took place at the close of 1251, at York, where the royal families of England and Scotland kept their Christmas together. The youthful bridegroom was knighted by King Henry in York Cathedral, on Christmas Day. The next morning the marriage was solemnized. Henry endeavored to persuade the young Alexander to pay him homage for Scotland ; but the royal boy answered, that "he came to York to be married, not to act without consulting the states of his kingdom."

Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who had passed six years as Governor of Gascony, now returned, to the sorrow of the English court, for his tyranny had caused revolt in Guienne, which King Henry hastened to quell. Queen Eleanor being near her confinement, did not accompany him, but was solemnly invested with the regency of the kingdom, jointly with his brother, Richard, Earl of Cornwall. The queen gave birth to a daughter November 25th, who was christened with great pomp by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the queen's uncle, by the name of Katherine. She died very young, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

When Henry III. appointed Eleanor regent of England, he left the great seal in her custody, enclosed in its casket, only to be used in emergency. Pleas were holden before her in the Court of Exchequer during Henry's absence in Gascony, when she sat on the king's bench. No sooner had Queen Eleanor thus got the reins of empire in her own hands, than she proceeded to play the sovereign in a despotic manner. Remem-

bering her former disputes with the city of London, she demanded a large sum, which she insisted was owed her for queen-gold. For non-payment of this claim Eleanor committed the sheriffs of London to the Marshalsea prison, 1254, and soon sent the lord-mayor to keep them company. Her arbitrary proceedings as queen-regent were regarded with indignation in the city.

Early in the year Henry directed his brother to extort from the luckless Jews the sum required for the nuptial festivities of his heir, and sent for Eleanor to assist him in squandering away the supply in the vain expenses in which they mutually delighted, likewise to grace with her presence the bridal. Eleanor, who loved power well, but pleasure better, on this welcome summons resigned the government to the Earl of Cornwall; and with her sister, the Countess of Cornwall, her second son, Prince Edmund, and a courtly retinue, sailed from Portsmouth on the 15th of May, and at Bordeaux was joyfully welcomed by her husband and their heir, Prince Edward. She crossed the Pyrenees with her son, and having assisted at his nuptials with the infanta Eleanora of Castile, returned with the royal bride and bridegroom to King Henry at Bordeaux. The queen prevailed on him to accept an invitation of King Louis, her brother-in-law.

After the royal family of England had received, during a sojourn of eight days in Paris, all the honor which the power of the king and the wealth of the fair realm of France could bestow, they took their leave of these pleasant scenes. Eleanor, ambitious of being the mother of as many crowned heads as those by whom she had seen the Countess of Provence proudly surrounded at the Feast of Kings, was much elated at the Pope sending her second son, Prince Edmund, then about ten years old, a ring, whereby he professed to invest him with the kingdom of Sicily. Henry was only deterred from rushing into a war, for the purpose of establishing the claims of his boy to this dignity, by the necessity of rendering his paternal succor to the King and Queen of Scots. Eleanor, having heard distressing rumors, had privately dispatched her physician into Scotland, to learn the real situation of her daughter, and ascertained that the King and Queen of Scots were both imprisoned in the castle of Edinburgh, but in separate apartments. Eleanor's trouble of mind brought on a violent illness, and she was confined to her bed at Wark Castle, with small hopes of her life. At last tidings came that Gloucester and Mansel, the English ambassadors, had gained admittance into the castle of Edinburgh by assuming the dress of tenants of Baliol the

governor, and thus were enabled to give secret access to their followers, by whom the garrison was surprised, and the rescued king and queen restored to each other. On Eleanor's convalescence, the King and Queen of Scotland accompanied her and King Henry to Woodstock, where she kept her court with more than ordinary splendor, to celebrate their deliverance from their late adversity. There were then three kings and three queens at Woodstock, with their retinues. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, having obtained his election as successor to the Emperor of Germany, had assumed the title of King of the Romans, while his consort, Queen Eleanor's sister, took also royal state and title.

All this pomp and festivity was succeeded by a season of gloom and care. The departure of the King and Queen of Scotland was followed by that of the new King and Queen of the Romans, who went to be crowned at Aix-la-Chapelle, carrying with them 700,000*l.* A dreadful famine added to the public embarrassment occasioned by the drain on the specie. It was at this season of public misery that Eleanor, blinded by the selfish spirit of covetousness to the impolicy of her conduct, chose to renew her demands of queen-gold on the city of London. These the king enforced by writs of Exchequer, himself sitting there in person and compelling the reluctant sheriffs to distrain the citizens for the same.

Afterward Henry took up his residence in the Tower of London, while Eleanor with a strong garrison kept Windsor. She had pawned her jewels to the Templars. On the return of Prince Edward from a victorious campaign in Wales, finding himself without the means of disbursing the arrears of pay which he owed the troops, and unwilling to disband men whom he foresaw his father's cause would require, he marched straightway to the Temple, and told the master that it was his pleasure to see the jewels of the queen his mother. On this excuse he entered the treasury, broke open the coffers of many persons who had lodged their money in the hands of the Templars, and seized ten thousand pounds sterling, principally belonging to the citizens of London, which, together with the queen's jewels, he carried off to the royal fortress of Windsor. A few months afterward the queen pawned these jewels a second time to her sister's husband, the King of France.

The barons' war was preceded by a dreadful attack on the Jews, the work of plunder commencing with such outrageous yells, that the queen, who was then at the Tower, seized with mortal terror, got into her barge with many of her great ladies,

intending to escape by water to Windsor Castle. But the raging populace, to whom she had rendered herself most obnoxious, seeing the royal barge on the river, made a general rush to the bridge, crying, "Drown the witch! drown the witch!" at the same time pelting the queen with mud, and endeavoring to sink the vessel by hurling down blocks of wood and stone which they tore from the unfinished buildings of the bridge. The poor ladies were pelted with rotten eggs, sheep's bones, and every thing vile. The queen with difficulty escaped the fury of the assailants by returning to the Tower, whence she was privately removed to Windsor Castle, where Prince Edward kept garrison with his troops. This high-spirited prince never forgave the Londoners for the insult they had thus offered to his mother. Though Eleanor had been a most unprincipled plunderer of the Jews, she was accused of patronizing them, because great numbers of them had flocked into England at the time of her marriage with King Henry, the Provençal princes having always granted toleration to them.

The barons having agreed to refer their grievances to the arbitration of King Louis, King Henry took Eleanor with him to France, and left her there in October, 1264, with her children, at the court of her sister Marguerite. The decision of St. Louis did not satisfy the barons, and England was forthwith involved in the flames of civil war. After Henry had thus placed his adored queen in security, and taken a tender leave of her and her young children, he returned to England to encounter the storm. On Passion Sunday, Henry gained a great victory at Northampton over the barons, and took his rebellious nephew, the Earl of Leicester's eldest son, prisoner, together with fourteen of the leading barons.

So well had the royal cause prospered in the commencement of the struggle, that when the rival armies were encamped within six miles of each other, near Lewes, the barons sent word to the king that they would give him thirty thousand marks if he would consent to a pacification. Prince Edward, who was burning to avenge the insults which had been offered to the queen his mother, dissuaded Henry from accepting these terms, and the battle of Lewes followed. It was lost through the reckless fury with which the fiery heir of England pursued the flying Londoners, in order to avenge their incivility in pelting his mother at their bridge. He followed them with his cavalry, shouting the name of Queen Eleanor, as far as Croydon, where he made a merciless slaughter of the hapless citizens. On his return to the field of battle with his

jaded cavalry, he found his father had been captured, with his uncle the King of the Romans; and Edward had no other resource than surrendering himself also to Leicester, who conveyed him, with his other royal prisoners, to the Castle of Wallingford. The remnant of the royal army retreated to Bristol Castle, under the command of seven knights, who reared seven banners on the walls. The queen was said by some to be safe in France, but really privately in the land, for the purpose of liberating her brave son.

Simon de Montfort transferred all his royal prisoners, for safer keeping, to Kenilworth Castle, where Edward's aunt, his countess, was abiding. Lord Roger Mortimer had, much against the wishes of his lady, given his powerful aid to Leicester; but having received some affront since the victory of Lewes, he now turned a complacent ear to the loyal pleadings of Lady Maud in behalf of the queen and her son. Lady Maud Mortimer having sent her instructions to Prince Edward, he made his escape by riding races with his attendants till he had tired their horses, when he rode up to a thicket, where dame Maud had ambushed a swift steed. Mounting his gallant courser, Edward turned to his guard, and bade them "commend him to his sire the king, and tell him he would soon be at liberty," and then galloped off; while an armed party appeared on the opposite hill a mile distant, and displayed the banner of Mortimer. Eleanor had borrowed all the money she could raise on her jewels. When she heard of her son's escape, she proceeded to muster forces and equip a fleet. While she remained wind-bound on the coast of France, the battle of Evesham was fought and won by her son, Prince Edward. Leicester mistook Prince Edward's army for that of his own son, Simon de Montfort, which the prince had intercepted and dispersed. When Leicester discovered his error, he was struck with consternation, and exclaimed, "May the Lord have mercy on our souls! for our bodies are the prince's." Leicester exposed his former benefactor, King Henry, to the shafts of his own friends, by placing him in the front of the battle, where he was wounded with a javelin in the shoulder, and was in imminent danger of being slain by a royalist soldier. "Slay me not; I am Henry of Winchester, your king," exclaimed the royal prisoner. An officer, hearing this, ran to his assistance, rescued him from his perilous situation, and brought him to Prince Edward, who, greeting him with the tenderest affection, knelt and implored his blessing; and then, leaving a strong guard for his protection, pursued his victorious career, gaining the battle, August 4th, 1265. There was not a single drop of blood shed

on the scaffold. Henry, with all his faults and follies, was tender of human life ; neither is it recorded of Queen Eleanor that she ever caused a sanguinary vengeance to be inflicted on any of her foes. King Henry, however, made the Londoners pay pretty dearly for the pelting they had bestowed on the high and mighty lady, his companion. Thus did Eleanor see the happy termination of the barons' wars, and was once more settled with her royal partner on the throne of England. The evening of their days passed peacefully. At the death of Henry III. both his warlike sons, Edward and Edmund, were absent on a crusade, so gently did the tumults of the barons' wars subside, as soon as the king had properly recognized the regular functions of the English parliaments.

King Henry III. died on the 16th of November, 1272, aged sixty-six, having reigned fifty-six years and twenty days. Queen Eleanor having been appointed Regent of England, she caused the council to assemble at the new Temple on the 20th of November, where, by her consent and appointment, her eldest son, Prince Edward, was proclaimed King of England, by the style and title of Edward I. The remains of King Henry, royally robed and crowned, were, according to his own desire, placed in the old coffin in which the body of Edward the Confessor had originally been interred, and buried near the shrine of that monarch in Westminster Abbey. His recumbent, statue is in fine preservation—a noble work of art. Scarcely had the tomb closed over the mortal remains of her royal lord, ere Eleanor had to mourn the death of her eldest daughter, Margaret, Queen of Scotland. This lady having paid her mother a dutiful visit of condolence on the death of the king her father, died in England in the thirty-third year of her age, and the twenty-second of her marriage, leaving only one daughter, who was married to Eric, King of Norway. The death of the Queen of Scotland was followed by that of her sister, the Duchess of Bretagne, who came, with her lord, to witness the coronation of her royal brother Edward, and died very unexpectedly a few days afterward, in the thirtieth year of her age. Thus Eleanor was bereaved of her husband and both her daughters within one short year. It has been generally asserted that she took religious vows soon after the coronation of Edward I., but she only retired to Ambresbury as a residence in 1280, delaying her profession till she could obtain leave from the Pope to retain her rich dower.

Queen Eleanor constantly received the tenderest attention from her son King Edward. Once, when he was going to

France, to meet the king his cousin on a matter of the greatest importance, and had advanced as far as Canterbury, receiving intelligence of the alarming illness of his mother, he instantly gave up his French voyage and hastened to her. The profession of the royal widow took place in the year 1284, when she obtained leave of the Pope to keep possession of her dower. Two fair princesses in the early flower of their days, Mary, fifth daughter of Edward I., and Eleanor, daughter of the deceased Duchess of Bretagne, approached the altar with their world-weary grandame Queen Eleanor; they were veiled at the same time and place with her.



Henry III. From his tomb in Westminster Abbey.

The charities of Eleanor were exemplary; every Friday she distributed from her convent 5*l.* in silver among the poor. It ought to be remembered, for the better appreciation of this conduct, that the destitute in those days had no support

but conventual alms. She survived the king her husband nineteen years, and died at the nunnery of Ambresbury, June 24th, 1291, during the absence of her son in Scotland. On his return, he summoned all his clergy and barons to Ambresbury, where he solemnly completed the entombing of his mother, on the day of the Nativity of the Virgin Mary, in her conventual church, where her obsequies were reverently celebrated.



Queen Eleanora. From her tomb in Westminster Abbey.

ELEANORA OF CASTILE,
FIRST QUEEN CONSORT OF EDWARD I.

THE marriage of the infanta donna, Eleanora of Castile, with Prince Edward, heir of England, happily terminated a war which her brother, King Alphonso, surnamed the Astronomer, was waging with Henry III. regarding an obsolete claim he made to one of the provinces of Guienne. Henry III., contrary to his usual luck, gave the invaders a sound castigation, and the learned Alphonso was glad to sue for peace, offering the hand of his beautiful half-sister Eleanora, with a dower of the disputed provinces. Moreover, her mother, the widow-queen of Castile, had inherited Ponthieu from the notorious Princess

Alice, her mother. Prince Edward, accompanied by his queen-mother, crossed the Pyrenees to espouse the young princess. The bridegroom was fifteen, the bride not ten years of age. August 5th, 1254, the princely couple were wedded in Burgos, where young Edward received knighthood from the sword of the royal astronomer, who, when he could detach his thoughts from the stars, was renowned on earth as a true Castilian chevalier, heroic in his own person but not fortunate as a general. Prince Edward and his bride returned to Guienne, where Henry III. received them most lovingly, but so far gave way to his usual extravagance, that he spent 300,000 marks on their nuptial feast and on another at Paris, where so many monarchs of western Europe, relatives to the royal family of England, assembled, that it was called the Feast of Kings. When one of them questioned the prudence of the outlay, Henry III. replied, "Say no more, lest men should stand amazed at the hearing thereof!" The caution was more needed, for when the young bride (after several months of festivities) landed at Dover, October, 1255, she was remarked for her vast retinue and very scanty wardrobe. Eleanora was not accompanied by the prince. She was too young for an establishment, and he was finishing his knightly devoir by practice at all remarkable tournaments, and she at her tender age had her education to complete. Henry III. gave her one hundred marks to buy a new wardrobe. He had dowered her very splendidly in England, where Guildford Castle was her favorite residence, and has always been connected with her name. She had been preceded in England by her brother Don Sancho, who provided tapestry to hang the stone walls of her palaces, which the difference of the climate rendered needful to the Spanish-born princess. She was the first to introduce its domestic use in England, where it had only been seen as a pictorial ornament at festivals and chapels. Therefore appropriating it as furniture displeased the people, who were insurgent, and ready to take every offense. The barons' wars soon drove her, with the other ladies of the royal family, to the continent.

Prince Edward conducted his young wife to Bordeaux in 1256, where she remained in safety until her mother-in-law, Queen Eleanora, brought her to Canterbury, October 29th, 1265.

The eldest son of Eleanora of Castile was born at Windsor, 1266; he was named John. Eleanora and Henry were also born at Windsor, and when the succession was thus secured, Prince Edward announced his intention of joining the crusade promoted by St. Louis, King of France, his aunt's husband.

The faithful Eleanora resolved to share the perils of the expedition with him. She preceded him in her departure for Aquitaine. Having bidden farewell to her three lovely infants at Windsor, she met her lord at Bordeaux. From thence he sailed to Ptolomais, and the same campaign won a great battle and stormed Nazareth. He embarked at Cyprus, winning another victory at Cahow, June, 1271. Greater alarm took possession of the Saracens than when lion-hearted Richard waged war on them, and assassination was undertaken against Edward by the prince of the assassins, called the Old Man of the Mountains. A fanatic was obtained, who, under pretense of conversion to Christianity, was familiarly admitted to Edward, and aiming a dagger at his side, planted it in his arm. Wounded as he was, Edward overcame and killed the villain before his attendants appeared on the scene. Then the horrid idea occurred that the weapon had been poisoned, for the wound turned black, and a council of friends and surgeons was held in his sick-chamber. Eleanora, who had attended her lord with the most sedulous care, was present, but if she had sucked the poison from the wound, as it is fabulously asserted, Edward's intimate friends, who were there as well (among others, the historian Hemmingford), would have testified to that fact. When the master of the Temple and the doctors recommended incision, the princess, agonized at what her lord had to suffer, cried and lamented, until his brother Edmund said, "My sister, it is better you should cry than all England weep." Edward, holding out his arm, bade his surgeons "cut away and spare not, he would bear it;" and told his favorite knight, John de Vesci, "to carry the princess away from a sight not fit for her to witness." Sir John carried her away to her ladies, she shrieking and struggling all the time. The surgical operation was effectual, and owing to Edward's virtue of temperance, and Eleanora's tender care of him, he was convalescent in fifteen days. Edward finding his forces decreased with sickness and want, prepared to leave the Holy Land, where Eleanora had recently given birth to a daughter, celebrated under the name of Joanna of Acre. On their arrival in Sicily heavy tidings awaited them. A messenger brought news that their heir, Prince John, had died suddenly; the next, that his brother Henry had expired; and the third day, that Edward's royal sire was dead, and that he was now King of England, as Edward I.

Edward had borne the loss of his infants with firmness, but the last intelligence threw him into agonies of sorrow. His uncle by marriage, Charles, King of Sicily, expressed his sur-

prise that the acquisition of a crown and the death of an old father should afflict him more than the loss of his promising boys. "Eleanora," replied the prince, "may bring me more sons, but the loss of a father can never be replaced."

So well was the representative government working in England, that the young king and queen took a twelvemonth to visit Rome and Paris, and settle for some months at Aquitaine, where Eleanora supplied the loss of her sons by giving birth to one more beautiful than either. She named him Alphonso, after her astronomer brother. A narrow escape from great danger marked this visit to Bordeaux. While sitting on a couch with the king, a flash of lightning killed two attendants close to them, but hurt not the royal pair.

The coronation, for which Eleanora and Edward returned to England, August 2, 1273, was the most splendid ever performed in Westminster Abbey. The King of Scotland, Edward's brother-in-law, came thither to do homage for his earldoms of Cumberland and Huntingdon. He brought two hundred horses as a present to the people, and celebrated the coronation by having them let loose. Any person who could catch one might have it. Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, long an ally of the insurgent barons, absented himself, though summoned; but the Duke of Bretagne gladly did homage for his earldom and castle of Richmond in Yorkshire. Great cooking sheds, where all the populace were fed that chose, had been erected, and smoked and steamed in Palace Yard; many fountains and conduits ran with Gascon wine instead of water, and the rich merchants of Cheapside showered gold and silver out of the windows.

War broke out with Wales instantly the homage was refused. A Bristol merchant-ship captured the bride of Llewellyn, Eleanor, daughter to the king's aunt and his great enemy, Simon de Montfort. She was consigned to the care of the queen, who treated her with great friendship for some years. Llewellyn was obliged to make peace in 1278, or lose his betrothed princess. The queen brought the bride to Worcester, and was present at her marriage with the Welsh prince. Edward, who came to England with the intention of making all its vassal princes submit to his power as Bretwalda or lord paramount of Britain, was soon at war with Wales again. The young Princess of Wales died in the course of a year, and Llewellyn broke the peace by invading the border. He was driven back and slain at the fatal battle of Builth, by Mortimer, chief of the marcher lords in Wales, December 11, 1282. The heads of Llewellyn and his brother

David, crowned with ivy, were fixed on London Bridge. These savage triumphs were interrupted by the death of Eleanora's young son, and England was left without heir male. Then she agreed with her husband that the child she expected should be born in Wales. At the new-built castle of Rhuddlan Princess Isabella was born, but, as a female, not eligible for a Welsh ruler. The following year the faithful Eleanora gave birth, April 25, 1284, to a beautiful prince in Caernarvon Castle, who received the name of Edward, after his royal sire, and was, from the place of his nativity, surnamed Edward of Caernarvon. Here the royal victor presented his infant to the discontented Snowdon barons, who had met to ask him to appoint them a prince to reign over them who was stainless in character, and could speak no language but Welsh. The king assured them "that his queen had just made him father of a Welsh prince quite unimpeached in conduct, and that, as a Welsh woman was suckling him, his first words would and should be in that tongue." Although much discontented at this mode of meeting their request, the fierce Snowdon chiefs kissed the tiny hand of the royal babe, and acknowledged him for their lord. The next attempt of Edward was to unite the whole island by marrying his little Prince of Wales to the small heiress of Scotland, Margaret of Norway, grand-daughter to Alexander III. The children were carried by procuracy the next year; the little bride was then three years old.

In 1290 the Scotch sent for her, with the intention of consigning her to Queen Eleanora for tuition in England. But the little queen died of sea-sickness in a storm off Orkney. The succession to the Scottish crown became disputed between Baliol and Bruce, two Anglo-Norman nobles descended from princesses of Scotland. Edward was really in possession of the country, having put in officials in the name of his daughter-in-law. With full intent of retaining it by force of arms, he bade farewell to his beloved Eleanora, charging her to follow him with all convenient speed to the Scottish border. Eleanora set off in October, but fell sick of an autumnal fever, at Hardeby, in Lincolnshire. Finding herself sinking, she made her will, and prepared for death with great firmness. Messengers had been dispatched announcing her danger if to the king. Edward turned southward and traveled with impetuous speed, but did not arrive in time to receive her last sigh; she expired November 29, 1290. Forgetting, in his grief for her, all his ambitious designs on Scotland, King Edward followed for thirteen days the funeral procession of

his beloved Eleanora from Lincolnshire to Westminster Abbey, the place of her interment. Every night the royal bier rested in the centre of some town or village; the neighboring ecclesiastics came forth to cense, and pray, and keep vigil round it; and King Edward vowed to erect a cross at each of these stations, whence alms were to be distributed, sermons preached, and services sung. There were thirteen of these crosses, models of architectural beauty, erected. The last,



Edward I. From a statue in the choir of York Minster.

Charing Cross, near the place of final destination, was destroyed in the 17th century. Northampton Cross is still to be seen. Fanciful tradition has preserved the memory that Charing Cross was so called by Edward I., as he usually spoke Provençal French, and he meant to say the cross of the dear queen, or *chere reine*. All these crosses were, however, paid for from her own funds, likewise the exquisite portrait-statue and

her tomb at Westminster Abbey, still to be seen in unimpaired beauty.

Eleanora left seven daughters : one only out of four sons survived her, the unfortunate Edward of Caernarvon. The king settled the crown on his daughters successively, in case of the failure of his male line, which never took place, since her present Majesty represents both Edwards. There was a secluded angle in old Westminster Palace, called the Maiden Hall or Tower, where Eleanora's seven daughters were brought up. The princess royal was married to the Duke of Barr or Lorraine ; Joanna of Acre to the premier noble of England, Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester ; Isabella married the Count of Holland ; Mary became a nun ; Blanche, Beatrice, and Berengaria, all born in Aquitaine, died early in life. Out of Eleanora's numerous family, only the nun-princess and the hapless Edward II. reached middle life.



Edward I. From the Tower.

MARGUERITE OF FRANCE,
SECOND QUEEN CONSORT OF EDWARD I.

GRIEF in the energetic mind of our great Edward assumed the character of intense activity; but after he had done more in funeral mementoes than any of his predecessors, he sank into a morbid melancholy. One of our metrical chroniclers emphatically records—

His solace all was reft since she was from him gone,
On fell things he thought, and waxed heavy as lead,
For sadness him o'ermastered since Eleanor was dead.

This forlorn state lasted full four years, when he demanded the hand of Blanche la Belle, eldest sister of Philip le Bel, King of France. Very solicitous was the widower king to learn by his ambassadors whether the features of the French princess were as handsome as report declared; likewise he inquired as to the perfect form of her hands and feet, and the turn of her waist, not forgetting her taste in dress.

After he had been convinced that she was the fairest

princess in the world, his brother Edmund, who had married the dowager-queen of Navarre, and was negotiating the marriage treaty, was in consternation at finding the name of Marguerite, a younger sister of only eleven years, was substituted instead of Blanche. Edward I. in vain remonstrated, and insisted on wedding the maturer beauty. Nevertheless he got no redress. Although he was sixty, and had no time to lose, he was actually left half married to Marguerite. He declared war on her brother, and beat him, which did not soothe his crosses in love, for his endeavors to conquer the Scotch gave his warlike energies employment enough. Baliol, one of the Scotch competitors in whose favor he had declared, after some years of contest gave up his claims in favor of Edward I., to the indignation of the Scotch people. They had, with the aid of their great champion Wallace, expelled or slain all the officials put by the English government in the name of the young Queen Margaret, and declared their independence. The other competitor for the northern throne, Braose, or de Brus, had been a favorite knight of Edward, but on the abnegation of Baliol escaped from him after the battle of Falkirk, and raised his banner in Scotland. Such were the affairs of the island kingdoms, when, by the mediation of the Pope, the disputed marriage of Edward I. and Marguerite was finally settled, that princess having grown up. September 8, 1299, "the May Marguerite, good withouten lack," as the homely chronicler declares, was sent to Dover, "with folk of good array," and was married to Edward I. in his sixtieth year, at the Church of the Holy Trinity in Canterbury, and formally dowered at the door of that church, in the face of the whole congregation, according to the ancient custom of England. Edward I. had little time to devote to his bride, for his northern barons, who had that year long served out their feudal forty days on the hard fighting-ground of Scotland, all decamped while he was perforce absent. Although he allowed himself only three days' wedding festivities, they left him with but the shadow of an army.

The royal bride was left at the Tower of London, without coronation, and there she was almost enclosed in quarantine, for a horrible pestilence was raging in London. It was highly infectious, being no other than the small-pox, which had been imported from Syria by the returned crusaders of Edward's last campaign. The young queen, who extremely delighted in the chase, was glad to exchange her dwelling in the city fortress for Cawood Castle, belonging to the See of York, a convenient distance for Edward I., who often visited her

during his Scottish campaigns. Here he left her in April of 1300, and continued his warlike progress into Scotland. So keen a huntress was the young wife of Edward, that she was eagerly following the hounds on the banks of the Wherfe when she became indisposed, and her attendants hurried her to the first house near, which was at Brotherton, a little village; and there, in a sort of fortress farm-house, pointed out for centuries, she gave birth to Thomas Plantagenet, afterward Duke of Norfolk, June, 1300. Neither the fine vigorous young prince nor his royal mother were the worse for his unceremonious entry into life. The queen had been removed with her infant from her lowly place of refuge to Cawood Castle, and thither came the king down the Ouse to see them. When winter put an end to the murderous campaigns in Scotland, the king again came down that river, and took Marguerite home, progressing southward from one hunting-seat to another, until they gained Westminster Palace, or rather its ruins, for all but the state apartments of St. Edward had been swept away by fire soon after the death of the late queen. Therefore Edward's young consort had no London residence excepting the ever gloomy Tower of London. Marguerite spent much of her time at Woodstock when her royal lord was not on his northern campaigns. Here she gave birth to another son, August 5, 1301, named Edmund. The nun-princess, her step-daughter, came to bear her company in her lying-in chamber, and with her went on pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, after whom the queen had named her eldest boy. The queen brought her infants northward in the summer. Again she fixed her court at Cawood; here her step-daughter Isabella, now the wife of the Earl of Hereford, and older than the queen, was her first lady, and enjoyed her favor and affection. In the succeeding year a mysterious occurrence caused great irritation to King Edward, and no little inconvenience. The treasure-tower at Westminster Abbey had been broken open, and the king's jewels, plate, and all his ready money, amounting to more than 100,000*l.*, were stolen in February 1302-3. All had been in the charge of the monks of Westminster, who were imprisoned, to the great anger of the people, for suspicion universally pointed at Edward, the Prince of Wales, and his two roystering companions, unequalled for lawless audacity—the prince's cousin and first lord of his household, Gilbert de Clare, and his favorite, Piers Gaveston. The great Edward's frown grew darker on his heir day by day, and the cares of the Scotch war exasperated the aged hero's temper to that degree of violence, that

no one who had offended him dared approach him without the intercession of his young queen, who was always ready to soothe his wrath and avert it from his victims, as many papers in our national records prove. The thoughtless son of his beloved Eleanor however took no warning, for he so grossly insulted the Bishop of Chester, when he remonstrated with his daring favorites, Gilbert and Gaveston, as his instigators in his lawless pranks, that the king sternly banished Prince Edward from the court, which he was warned not to approach within fifteen miles. In this exigence the prince applied to his ever kind step-mother, writing to her through his sister Isabel for the favors his father would no longer grant. His tutor wanted the prebend of Ripon, in the gift of the king. This ecclesiastic, the son of a Windsor baker, was not good for much; he was now keeper of the prince's wardrobe, while waiting for ecclesiastical preferment. The prince's letter, written in French, has been preserved at the Tower.

“TO THE QUEEN, HEALTH!

“Very dear lady, as we dare not request on our own behalf our lord the king concerning this or any of our other needs, as you know, my lady; therefore, my lady, we pray your highness to help us as if on your own behalf, my lady, that for your sake Walter Renaud may be advanced to the prebend of Ripon. Very dear lady, the Lord preserve you and keep you with his power forever.”

The queen certainly obtained this first step of preferment for the Windsor baker-priest, and very rapid was his preferment, until he became Archbishop of Canterbury, when he turned on his royal pupil with treacherous malice, siding with his enemies, while the Bishop of Chester, who had justly reproved him for his faults, was the most faithful of friends in poor Edward II.'s dire distress.

Throughout 1304 desperate struggles for mastery took place in Scotland. Late at the close of the year Edward I. sent for his queen to keep Christmas at Dunfermline, and partake of his triumph. Marguerite's journey was dangerous, for the hero Wallace still carried on a desultory warfare, which made traveling perilous. Among the few notices of Marguerite's residence at Dunfermline, is a gratuity in her expense book, of forty shillings paid to the valet that brought the news of the defeat of Wallace by Lord Segrave. Soon after the defeated hero was betrayed by villains into Edward's hands. The royal progress set out southward. Wallace was

brought after its cortége fettered hand and foot—whether thus in Scotland is not certain, but that was the case in Carlisle; for while King Edward and Queen Marguerite rested and feasted in the castle, their illustrious captive bided the bitter winter night fettered in his cart under the gateway. Marguerite dared not plead for him, nor have we any right to assert that she was so inclined. Wallace, dragged after the royal train through England, was sent to the Tower, and cruelly put to death in London, in the midst of the greatest festivities, by which Edward celebrated his entire sovereignty over the insular empire.

Queen Marguerite never had been crowned, yet she had a beautiful crown made by Thomas Frowick, costing 400*l.*, probably for coronation as queen consort of England and Scotland. But the king was very poor since his loss of the contents of his treasure-tower; and the goldsmith, ruined by the delay, and by some old debts of Henry III., sent in a bill which would be considered odd in these times, craving the king, “for God’s sake, and for the sake of the soul of King Henry, his father, to order him payment.” And Frowick was told to take in his bill to the exchequer, having added to it his charge for certain cups and bowls, and he should be paid 440*l.* on account. Thus Queen Marguerite, though she never was crowned, had a rich crown provided at the expense of her lord.

Again the heir of England quarreled with the Bishop of Chester, Lord Treasurer of England, who advised the king to separate from this thoughtless boy his two audacious domestics, de Clare and Gaveston. The king not only dismissed them, but confined his son to the castle and park of Old Windsor, giving him for his sole attendants two very discreet young men, who were forbidden to hold any conversation with him. Prince Edward was very dull, and had recourse to the good offices of the queen, his step-mother. He wrote a French letter to his sister Isabel, “that she would beg the lady-queen his dear mother to ask the king to grant him the restoration of his two attendants, Gilbert and Perot (Piers Gaveston), as then he should be relieved from the anguish he daily suffered.” It was by no means his father’s intention so to lighten his punishment. Nevertheless she succeeded in reconciling him by the next New Year’s Day, when young Edward was knighted, and solemnly received investiture as Prince of Wales.

The Scotch, supposed to be entirely subdued, crowned Robert Bruce as their king. The coronet used on this occasion

was made and privily sent to Bruce by Godfrey de Coigners, who was doomed to death by Edward I. The queen however interfered and begged the man's life of her husband. As for the city of Winchester, its mayor was in the greatest danger. Edward had given him to keep safely Bernard Pereres, a hostage from his turbulent city of Bayonne, who ran away. The great Edward ordered his sheriff of Hampshire to punish Winchester. Its citizens were forthwith reduced to the state of feudal villeins, and its mayor, loaded with enormous fines, was thrown into the Marshalsea. Queen Marguerite remembered that she had been received on her first arrival in England at Winchester with great distinction, and that her husband had given her a charter entitling her to all the fines paid by its citizens; upon which she claimed of the king the hapless mayor, and set him at liberty, nor did she cease pleading for the men of Winchester until their liberties were restored. Soon after the queen went to her palace in their ancient city, where she gave birth to a princess, who was baptized Eleanora, in memory of Edward's first queen, and of her eldest daughter, then dead. But the little princess expired soon after. The same summer the queen set out with King Edward to attend him on his fourth Scottish campaign, as that unconquerable nation was as insurgent as ever. Edward I. waited some days at Burgh-on-Sands, near the Solway, until his son Edward brought up the rear of the army. The king fell ill of dysentery, and his last hour drew near. Not long after the arrival of the prince, the king expressed the utmost fury against the Scotch rebels, and charged his son to behave with kindness to the queen and to her two little sons, Thomas and Edmund. He expired July 7, 1307.

Notwithstanding his father's denunciations against the Scotch, Edward II. abandoned the war, and turning southward, he brought the royal corpse to Westminster Abbey, and had him interred in St. Edward's chapel.

The queen expressed her grief by the means of a commemoration written by her chronicler, John o'London. It is in fine preservation, a beautiful piece of penmanship, among the king's manuscripts at the British Museum. "The noble and generous matron, Queen Marguerite," writes John o'London, "thus invites all men to hear her lamentable commemoration," which seems like a funeral sermon. "Hear ye isles, and attend, my people, for is any sorrow like unto my sorrow? Though my head wears a crown, joy is distant from me, and I listen no more to the sound of my *cithera* and organs. At the foot of Edward's monument, with my little sons, I weep and

call upon him. When Edward died all men died to me." These lamentations for a husband of more than seventy years old from a widow not more than twenty-six, seem exaggerated, yet the after life of Marguerite proved their sincerity. It was in obedience to Edward's dying commands that she went to Boulogne, and assisted at the marriage of her niece Isabella with her step-son Edward II., and while she lived the young queen's conduct was virtuous. The favorite residence of Marguerite in her widowhood was her dower-house of Marlborough, near the forest of Savernake. It was there she died, at the early age of thirty-six, February 14, 1327. She was buried under a



Great Seal of Edward I.

magnificent monument in the Grey Friars' Church, by Newgate Street. Owing to the avarice of Sir Martin Bowes, who coveted and appropriated all the bronze monuments with which this church was replete, that and Queen Marguerite's tomb and portrait-statue was destroyed. Another, however, in fine preservation, is to be seen among the effigies round the tomb of her great nephew, John of Eltham, in Westminster Abbey. She is represented as a royal widow, but not as a professed *religieuse*; she wears a veil and wimple, over which is placed a rich open crown of fleur-de-lis; she has her royal mantle on her shoulders, and a loose robe belted with jewels. Her two sons, Thomas and Edmund, were executors to her

will. Queen Marguerite is the ancestress of all the English nobility bearing the name of Howard, her son, Thomas Plantagenet, Earl-Marshal of England, having his honors carried into that family by his representative, Lady Margaret Mowbray. The calamities of Edmund, the youngest son of Edward I. and Queen Marguerite, almost equaled those of his hapless brother Edward II.



Great Seal of Edward II.

ISABELLA OF FRANCE,

SURNAMED THE FAIR,

QUEEN OF EDWARD II.

ISABELLA was the offspring of a marriage between two sovereigns—Philip le Bel, King of France, and Jane, Queen of Navarre. Three of her brothers, Louis le Hutin, Philip le Long, and Charles le Bel, successively wore the royal diadem of France. She was born in the year 1295. Edward I. was so desirous of an alliance with Philip le Bel, that among his death-bed injunctions to his heir he charged him, on his blessing, to complete the matrimonial treaty with Isabella. This was, in truth, the only command of his dying sire to which Edward II. thought proper to render obedience. Accompanied by his mother-in-law, Queen Marguerite, he left England January 22, 1308, to meet his bride. He landed at Boulogne, where Isabella had already arrived with her royal parents. The next day, January 26, the nuptials were magnificently celebrated in the cathedral there. The beauty of the royal pair excited universal admiration; for the bridegroom Ed-

ward was the handsomest prince in Europe, and the bride had already obtained the name of Isabella the Fair. They embarked for England, February 7th, and landed at Dover the same day. The young queen's outfit was magnificent. She brought with her to England two gold crowns, ornamented with gems, a number of gold and silver drinking vessels, golden spoons, fifty silver porringers, twelve great silver dishes, and twelve smaller ones. Her dresses were made of gold and silver stuff, velvet, and shot taffety. She had six dresses of green cloth from Douay, six beautifully marbled, and six of rose scarlet, besides many costly furs. She brought tapestry for her own chamber, figured in lozenges of gold, with the arms of France, England, and Brabant. The King of France, on the occasion of his daughter's nuptials, had likewise made his royal son-in-law a profusion of costly presents, such as jewels, rings, and other precious articles, all of which Edward immediately bestowed on his favorite, Piers Gaveston. Isabella naturally resented this improper transfer of her father's munificent gifts.

So great was the concourse of spectators at her coronation that many serious accidents occurred, through the eager desire of the people to obtain a sight of the beautiful young queen; a knight, Sir John Bakewell, was trodden to death. Gaveston had the whole management of the coronation ceremonial; but from the beginning to the end it was a scene of disorder. Before the consecration of the king and queen was over the clock struck three; and when the shortness of the winter days are considered, no one can wonder at the fact stated, that though there was abundance of provisions of every kind, there was not a morsel served up at the queen's table before dark. The lateness of the dinner hour appears to have excited the indignation of the hungry nobles more than any other of Gaveston's misdeeds that day. The banquet was badly cooked, and when at last brought to table, ill served, and few of the usual ceremonies were observed. The young queen sent a letter to her father full of complaints against the favorite, saying, moreover, that she was wholly without money. It is possible that if Isabella had been of an age more suitable to that of her husband, her beauty and talents might have created a counter influence to that of the Gascon favorite; but the king was in his three-and-twentieth year, and evidently considered a consort who was only entering her teens as entitled to a very trifling degree of attention, either as a queen or a wife. Isabella was, however, perfectly aware of the importance of her position in the En-

glish court. Isabella's father secretly incited the English barons to a combination against Gaveston, which compelled the king to promise to send him beyond seas. This engagement Edward deceitfully performed, by making him Viceroy of Ireland, which country he ruled with great ability.

Ponthieu, the inheritance of the king's mother, was given for the young queen's use. Gaveston took occasion to return to England, to attend a tournament at Wallingford. The queen, her uncle the Earl of Lancaster, and all the baronage of England, made common cause against him; and Edward, not daring to oppose so potent a combination, sent his favorite to Guienne.

It was not till the fifth year of Isabella's marriage with Edward II. that any well-grounded hope existed of her bringing an heir to England; and the period at which this joyful prospect first became apparent was amid the horrors of civil war. The Earl of Lancaster, at the head of the malcontent barons, took up arms against the sovereign in the year 1312, in order to limit the regal authority, and to compel Edward to dismiss Piers Gaveston from his councils. Isabella accompanied her lord and his favorite to York, and shared their flight to Newcastle; where, not considering either Gaveston or himself safe from the victorious barons, who had entered York in triumph, Edward, in spite of all her tears and passionate entreaties to the contrary, abandoned her, and retreated with Gaveston to Scarborough. The forsaken queen, on the advance of the confederate barons, retired to Tynemouth Castle. Gaveston, being destitute of the means of standing a siege, surrendered to the confederate lords. He was brought to a sham trial, and beheaded at Blacklow Hill, near Warwick.

Edward, after much futile rage, returned to his queen at Windsor. There, November 13, 1312, Isabella, then in the eighteenth year of her age and the fifth of her marriage, brought into the world the long desired heir of England, afterward that renowned monarch, Edward III. Four days after his birth he was baptized with great pomp in the old chapel of St. Edward, in the castle of Windsor. Isabella's influence, after this happy event, was very considerable with her royal husband, and at this period her conduct was admirable. It was through her mediation that a reconciliation was at length effected between King Edward and his barons, and peace restored. Before the amnesty was published, Queen Isabella visited Aquitaine in company with her royal husband; from thence they went to Paris, where they remained at the court of Philip the Fair nearly two months, enjoying

the feasts and pageants which the wealthy and magnificent court of France provided for their entertainment.

The renewal of the Scottish wars in 1314 occasioned a temporary separation between the royal pair. Stirling was besieged by King Robert Bruce, and the English garrison demanded succor of their laggard sovereign. Edward at last took the field in person, only to meet with a disgraceful overthrow at Bannockburn, which the national pride of his subjects never could forgive. During the absence of King Edward in this disastrous campaign, his queen was brought to bed of her second son, Prince John, at Eltham Palace. For four years this queen of evil fame was sweetly engaged with her infant family. The birth of the Princess Eleanora took place in 1318. The household-book notes the king's gift of 333*l.* "to the Lady Isabella, Queen of England, for her churching feast, after the birth of the Lady Eleanora."

Robert Bruce laid siege to Berwick, 1318, when Queen Isabella accompanied her lord into the north, and while he advanced to the border, she, with her young family, took up her abode at the former residence of her late aunt, Queen Marguerite. Earl Douglas marched into England at the head of 10,000 men, and nearly arrived at the village where Queen Isabella and her children resided, when one of his scouts fell into the hands of the Archbishop of York. The queen removed to York, and afterward, for greater security, was taken to Nottingham. She subsequently set out on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket at Canterbury, proposing to pass the night of October 13, 1321, at her own dower-castle of Leeds, in Kent, of which Barthólomew Badlesmere, one of the "associated barons," was castellan. She sent her marshal and purveyors before her to order proper arrangements to be made for her reception. Lady Badlesmere replied with great insolence to the royal messengers, "that the queen might seek some other lodging, for she would not admit any one within the castle without an order from her lord." While the dispute was proceeding between the Lady Badlesmere and the harbingers, the queen and her train arrived at the castle gates, and were received with a volley of arrows, which slew six of the royal escort, and compelled the queen to seek other shelter for the night. Isabella complained bitterly to the king of the murders, and the insolence of Lady Badlesmere in presuming to exclude her from her own castle.

Lady Badlesmere was committed to the Tower of London as a state prisoner, and was threatened with the same fate that had been inflicted on her bowmen, who were hanged. She

suffered rigorous imprisonment; but with all their faults, there is no instance of any monarch of the Plantagenet line putting a lady to death for high treason. But this proved the renewal of the barons' wars of the time of Edward II.

It was at this agitating period that Isabella gave birth to her youngest child, the Princess Joanna, who was called, from the place of her nativity, Joanna of the Tower. Some time before the birth of this infant, two fierce barons of royal descent, having been taken in arms against the king, were brought to the Tower as state prisoners, under sentence of death and confiscation of their great estates. Roger Mortimer, Lord of Chirk, the uncle, was starved to death. Roger Mortimer, the nephew, contrived, while under sentence of death in one of the prison lodgings of the Tower of London, to create a powerful interest in the heart of the beautiful consort of his offended sovereign. He was the husband of a French lady, Jane de Joinville, and was well acquainted with the language that was most pleasing to the queen. His sentence was soon after reprieved from death to imprisonment for life.

In the succeeding year, 1323, we find the tameless border chief, from his dungeon in the Tower, organizing a plan for the seizure of that royal fortress. Again was Mortimer condemned to suffer death for high treason; again he obtained a respite. On the 1st of August the same year, Gerard Alspaye, the valet of Segrave, the constable of the Tower, who was supposed to be in co-operation with him, gave the men-at-arms a soporific potion in a drink provided by the queen; and while the guards were asleep, Mortimer passed through a hole he had worked in his own prison into the kitchen of the royal residence, ascended the chimney, got on the roof of the palace, and from thence to the Thames's side by a ladder of ropes. Segrave's valet then took a sculler and rowed him over to the opposite bank of the river, where they found a party of seven horsemen, Mortimer's vassals, waiting to receive him. With this guard he made his way to Southampton, and from thence sailed safely to Normandy. Edward II. was in Lancashire when he heard of the escape of Mortimer. He roused all England with a hue and cry after him, seeking him in his hereditary demesnes—the marches of Wales.

Meantime, the queen commenced her deep laid schemes for the ruin of Mortimer's enemies, the Despencers. These two Despencers had succeeded to the same sort of ascendancy over the king as Gaveston; they were his principal ministers of state, and they had ventured to curtail the revenues of the queen. A fierce struggle for supremacy between her and the

Despencers, during the year 1324, ended in the discharge of all her French servants, and the substitution of an inadequate pension for herself. The King of France, exasperated by his sister's representations of her wrongs, made an attack on Guienne, which afforded an excuse to the Despencers for advising King Edward to deprive the queen of her last possession in England—the earldom of Cornwall.

Then Isabella denied her company to her lord, and he refused to come where she was. King Charles testified his indignant sense of his sister's treatment, by declaring his intention of seizing all the provinces held by King Edward of the French crown, he having repeatedly summoned him in vain to perform the accustomed homage for them. Edward was not prepared to engage in a war for their defense, and neither he nor his ministers liked the alternative of a personal visit to the court of the incensed brother of Queen Isabella, after the indignities that had been offered to her. So matters continued until Charles of France seized Guienne. Then Isabella herself volunteered to act as mediatrix between the two monarchs, provided she might be permitted to go to Paris to negotiate a pacification. Edward, who had so often been extricated from his political difficulties by the diplomatic talents of his fair consort, accepted her offer. She departed for France in the beginning of May. Her consort, far from suspecting her guileful intentions, permitted his heir, Prince Edward, to accompany her; who, attended by a splendid train of nobles and knights, sailed from Dover, September 12, 1325, and proceeded with the queen, his mother, to Paris, where his first interview with the king his uncle took place in her presence, and he performed the act of feudal homage for his father on the 21st, at the castle of Vincennes. Mortimer and all the banished English lords flocked round Queen Isabella. The English ambassadors, offended at the conduct of the queen and Mortimer, withdrew to England, and informed the king of her proceedings, urging him to command her immediate return with her son. King Edward wrote urgent letters to Isabella herself to that effect, of which this is one:

KING EDWARD TO QUEEN ISABELLA.

“LADY—Oftentimes have we informed you, both before and after the homage, of our great desire to have you with us, and of our grief of heart at your long absence; and as we understand that you do us great mischief by this, we will that you come to us with all speed, and without farther excuses. Before the homage was performed, you made the advance-

ment of that business an excuse; and now that we have sent by the honorable father, the Bishop of Winchester, our safe conduct to you, 'you will not come for the fear and doubt of Hugh le Despencer!' Whereat we can not marvel too much, when we recall your flattering deportment toward each other in our presence, so amicable and sweet was your deportment, with special assurances and looks, and other tokens of the firmest friendship, and also, since then, your very especial letters to him of late date, which he has shown to us.

"And certes, lady, we know for truth, and so know you, that he has always procured from us all the honor he could for you, nor to you has either evil or villainy been done since you entered into our companionship; unless, peradventure, as you may yourself remember, once, when we had cause to give you secretly some words of reproof for your pride, but without other harshness: and, doubtless, both God and the law of our holy Church require you to honor us, and for nothing earthly to trespass against our commandments, or to forsake our company. And we are much displeased, now the homage has been made to our dearest brother, the King of France, and we have such fair prospect of amity, that you, whom we sent to make the peace, should be the cause (which God forefend) of increasing the breach between us. Wherefore we charge you, that ceasing from all pretenses, delays, and excuses, you come to us with all the haste you can. Also, we require of you that our dear son Edward return to us with all possible speed, for we much desire to see him and to speak with him."

King Edward's letter to the Prince of Wales follows:

"VERY DEAR SON—As you are young and of tender age, we remind you of that which we charged and commanded you at your departure from Dover, and you answered then, as we know with good will, 'that you would not trespass or disobey any of our injunctions in any point for any one.' And since that your homage has been received by our dearest brother, the King of France, your uncle. Be pleased to take your leave of him, and return to us with all speed in company with your mother, if so be that she will come quickly; and if she will not come, then come *you* without farther delay, for we have great desire to see you, and to speak with you: therefore stay not for your mother, nor for any one else, on our blessing.

"Given at Westminster, the 2d day of December." [1325.]

After these letters Charles le Bel looked very coolly on his

sister, and urged her to return, with her son, to her royal husband. Isabella had other intentions. About this time she received a deputation from the confederate barons, assuring her "that if she could only raise a thousand men, and would come with the prince to England at the head of that force, they would place him on the throne to govern under her guidance."

Edward II. had been informed of his queen's clandestinely contracting their son in marriage to the daughter of the Count of Hainault. The bride's portion, paid in advance, was required by Isabella to support herself against her unhappy lord.

In the month of June, 1326, King Edward made a last fruitless attempt to prevail on the prince, his son, to withdraw himself from the evil counsels and companions of the queen, his mother, and to return to him. His letter affords indubitable evidence how accurately the king was informed of his wife's proceedings with regard to Mortimer.

But Isabella succeeded in persuading her son that she was the object of the most barbarous persecution. Edward II. sent copies of his letters to the Pope, who thereupon addressed remonstrances to Charles le Bel on his detention of the Queen of England from her royal consort, and charged him, under the penalty of excommunication, to dismiss both Isabella and her son from his dominions. When King Charles had read these letters, he was greatly disturbed, and ordered his sister to be made acquainted with their contents, for he had held no conversation with her for a long time (having become aware of her shameless conduct at Paris with Mortimer). He ordered her to leave his kingdom immediately, or he would make her quit it with shame.

The queen had no adviser left but her dear cousin, Robert d'Artois. They both acted secretly, since the king, her brother, had not only said, but sworn, "that whoever should speak in her behalf should forfeit his lands, and incur banishment." Robert discovered that a plan was in agitation for delivering Isabella, her son, the Earl of Kent, and Mortimer, to Edward II., and came in the middle of the night to warn her of her peril. Accompanied by her son and Mortimer, Isabella left Paris, and traveled to Ostrevant, in Hainault, where she lodged at the house of a poor knight, called Sir Eustace d'Ambreticourt, who received her with great pleasure, and entertained her in the best manner he could.

The Count of Hainault was then at Valenciennes. Sir John, his brother, conducted Isabella to Valenciennes, where the Count of Hainault and his countess received her very gra-

ciously. She remained at Valenciennes during eight days. When she was preparing for her departure, John of Hainault wrote letters to certain knights in whom he put great confidence, in Brabant and Bohemia, "beseeching them, by all the friendship there was between them, to arm in the cause of the distressed Queen of England."

An armament having assembled at Dort for her service, the queen, her son and suite, and Sir John of Hainault, embarked there. The fleet was tossed with a great tempest, but made the port of Oxford in Suffolk, when the queen being got safely on shore, her knights and attendants made her a house with four carpets, open in the front, where they kindled her a great fire of the pieces of wreck, some of their ships having been beaten to pieces in the tempest. Meantime the Flemish sailors landed all the horses and arms before midnight. The queen marched at day-break, with banners displayed, toward the next country town, where she found the houses amply and well furnished with provisions, but all the people fled. The advanced guard, meantime, spread themselves over the country, and seized all the cattle and food they could get; and the owners followed them, crying bitterly, into the presence of the queen, who asked them "what was the fair value of the goods?" and when they named the price, she paid them all liberally in ready money. She was met and welcomed at Harwich by her uncle, Henry of Lancaster, and many other barons and knights. Her force consisted of two thousand seven hundred and fifty-seven foreign soldiers, well appointed, commanded by Lord John of Hainault. Mortimer was the leader of her English partisans. It was asserted that she had been driven into a foreign land by plots against her life, and that she was the most oppressed of queens—the most injured of wives.

When the intelligence of the queen's landing reached the king, he issued a proclamation, proscribing all those who had taken arms against him, with the exception of Queen Isabella, the prince her son, and his brother the Earl of Kent. It is dated September 28, 1326: in it he offers a thousand pounds for the head of the arch-traitor, Roger Mortimer. The queen, who had traversed England with great celerity, immediately published a reward of double that sum for the head of the younger Despencer. The king and the younger Hugh Despencer shut themselves up in Bristol Castle: old Sir Hugh and the Earl of Arundel remained in the town, but these the citizens delivered up soon after to the queen, who had with her army entered Bristol, accompanied by Sir John Hainault.

Sir Hugh Despencer the elder was surrendered to the queen, that she might do what she pleased with him. The children of the queen were also brought to her—John of Eltham and her two daughters. As she had not seen them for a long time, this gave her great joy. She condemned Sir Hugh Despencer to suffer a traitor's death, and although he was ninety years old, he was hanged in his armor, just as he was taken from the queen's presence, under the view of the king and his son, who were besieged in Bristol Castle. Dispirited by this sight, they tried to escape, but the royal fugitive and his hapless favorite were brought back to Bristol, and delivered to the queen as her prisoners. The unfortunate Hugh Despencer would eat no food from the moment he was taken prisoner, and becoming very faint, Isabella had him tried at Hereford, lest he should die before he reached London. His miseries were ended by an execution, at which the queen was present, accompanied with too many circumstances of horror and cruelty to be more than alluded to here. He was put to death at Hereford, the stronghold of the power of Mortimer.

Now the evil nature of Isabella of France blazed out in full view. Hitherto her beauty, her eloquence, and her complaints had won all hearts toward her cause; but the touchstone of prosperity showed her natural character. Yet she was hailed in London as the deliverer of the country. The parliament met, the misdemeanors of the sovereign were canvassed, his deposition was decreed, and his eldest son was elected to his office, and immediately proclaimed king in Westminster Hall by the style and title of Edward III.

The ceremony of Edward II.'s abdication, in this instance, consisted chiefly in the king's surrender of the crown, sceptre, orb, and other ensigns of royalty, for the use of his son and successor. The coronation was solemnized in Westminster Abbey, January the 26th, 1326. Its most remarkable feature was the hypocritical demeanor of the queen-mother Isabella, who, though she had been the principal cause of her husband's deposition, affected to weep during the whole of the ceremony. But the moment she learned that Henry of Lancaster was beginning to treat him with kindness, she had him removed from Kenilworth, and gave him into the charge of brutal ruffians, by whom the royal victim was conducted, first to Corfe Castle, and then to Bristol. There a project was formed by the citizens for his deliverance. When this was discovered, the associate-traitors, Gurney and Maltravers, hurried him to Berkeley Castle, destined to be his last resting-place. The queen's mandate for the murder of her royal husband was con-

veyed in that memorable Latin distich from the subtle pen of Adam Orleton, the master-fiend of her cabinet. Latin was not then punctuated; the sense in English may be read two ways, forming a good lesson in punctuation, and showing to our young readers the use of that most useful art:

Edward to kill fear not, the deed is good.
Edward kill not, to fear the deed is good.

Maurice de Berkeley, the lord of the castle, on the first arrival of the unhappy Edward, had treated him with so much courtesy and respect, that he was not only denied access to him, but deprived of all power in his own house. On the night of the 22d of September, 1327, exactly a twelvemonth after the return of the queen to England, the murder of her unfortunate husband was perpetrated, with circumstances of the greatest horror. No outward marks of violence were perceptible on his person when the body was exposed to public view, but the rigid and distorted lines of the face bore evidence of the agonies he had undergone, and it is reported that his cries had been heard at a considerable distance from the castle where this barbarous regicide was committed. "Many a one woke," adds the narrator, "and prayed to God for the harmless soul which that night was departing in torture."

For some days no one durst offer to bring the dead king to his burial. At last the abbot of Gloucester boldly entered the blood-stained halls of Berkeley with uplifted crosier, followed by his brethren, and throwing a pall, emblazoned with his own arms and those of the Church, over the bier, bade his people, "In the name of God and St. Peter, take up their dead lord, and bear him to his burial in the church to which he had given so many pious gifts." No one dared gainsay him. Edward II. was buried in the cathedral, and there rests at present.

The public indignation was so greatly excited against the infamous assassins of Edward II., suborned by the queen and Mortimer, that they were fain to make their escape beyond seas, to avoid the vengeance of the people. The queen endeavored by the marriage festivities of her son and Philippa of Hainault, to dissipate the general gloom. Nothing but her military despotism enabled her to keep possession of her usurped power. Without sanction of Parliament the queen concluded peace with Scotland and marriage between the Princess Joanna, an infant five years old, and David Bruce, the heir of Scotland, who was about two years older. Isabella ac-

accompanied her young daughter to Berwick, attended by Mortimer, and in their presence the royal children were married in that town, July 12, 1328. The Earl of Kent had, ever since the death of the king his brother, suffered the greatest remorse. Isabella, being aware of his state of mind, caused it to be insinuated to him that the late sovereign his brother was not dead, but a prisoner within the walls of Corfe Castle. He wrote to the governor inquiring the truth, when his letters falling into the queen's hands, she arrested him for treason. His arraignment took place on Sunday, March 13, 1329, and he was executed on the morrow. The queen farther outraged public opinion by presenting the principal part of the estates of this prince of the blood royal to Mortimer's son, Geoffrey.

The death of Charles, King of France, without male issue, having left Isabella the sole surviving child of Philip le Bel, her eldest son, Edward III., considered that he had the best claim to the sovereignty of France. The twelve peers of France decided otherwise, and gave, first the regency, and then (on the birth of the posthumous daughter of Charles le Bel) the throne to Philip of Valois, the cousin of their late king. Edward was eager to assert his claim as the nephew of that monarch, and the grandson of Philip le Bel; but his mother compelled him, sorely against his will, to acknowledge those of his rival, by performing homage for the provinces held of the French crown. Edward III. returned from his last conference with King Philip, at Amiens, out of humor with himself, and still more so with his mother. The murder of his royal father, the infamy of Isabella's life with Mortimer, her cruelty, falsehood, and rapacity, were represented to him by his faithful friends. While her son was in a most indignant frame of mind, Isabella summoned her parliament as queen-regent to meet at Nottingham. The young king had intended to occupy the castle himself, but his mother forestalled him by establishing herself there beforehand, under guard of Mortimer's retainers. At the foot of the castle was a cavernous passage, still known by the name of "Mortimer's hole," through which one night the king and his friends were brought by torchlight to the queen's chamber, where they surprised Mortimer with her. They dragged him into the hall, the queen following, crying out, "*Bel filz, ayez pitié de gentil Mortimer!*" for she knew her son was there, though she saw him not. Mortimer was hurried away, and the castle locked on the queen. The next morning Mortimer and his partisans were led prisoners toward London. On his arrival in London, Mortimer was for a few hours committed to the Tower, previous to his summary execution, which

was instantly carried into effect, the king refusing to hear what the accused had to say in his own vindication—an illegal proceeding which afterward led to the advantage of his heir. Isabella was spared the ignominy of a public trial through the intercession of the Pope, John XXII., who wrote to the young king, exhorting him not to expose his mother's shame.

Castle Rising, in Norfolk, was the place where Queen Isabella was destined to spend the long years of her widowhood. During her confinement Isabella was afflicted with occasional fits of derangement. It is asserted that these aberrations commenced in a violent access of madness, which seized her while the body of Mortimer hung on the gallows. For many months the populace did not know what had become of her. Her derangement was attributed to the horrors of conscience. She was in her six-and-thirtieth year when her seclusion at Castle Rising commenced. The king her son generally, when in England, visited her twice or thrice a year, and never permitted any one to name her in his presence otherwise than with respect.

During the two first years of Isabella's residence at Castle Rising, her seclusion appears most rigorous; but in 1332 she assumed the garb of the Franciscan nuns, yet made no profession. She was soon after permitted to make a pilgrimage to Walsingham, not far from her residence in Norfolk. She died at Castle Rising, August 22, 1358, aged sixty-three. By her will she chose the Church of the Grey Friars, where the mangled remains of her paramour Mortimer had been buried eight-and-twenty years previously, for the place of her interment, where a fine alabaster tomb was erected to her memory, which was destroyed at the Reformation.

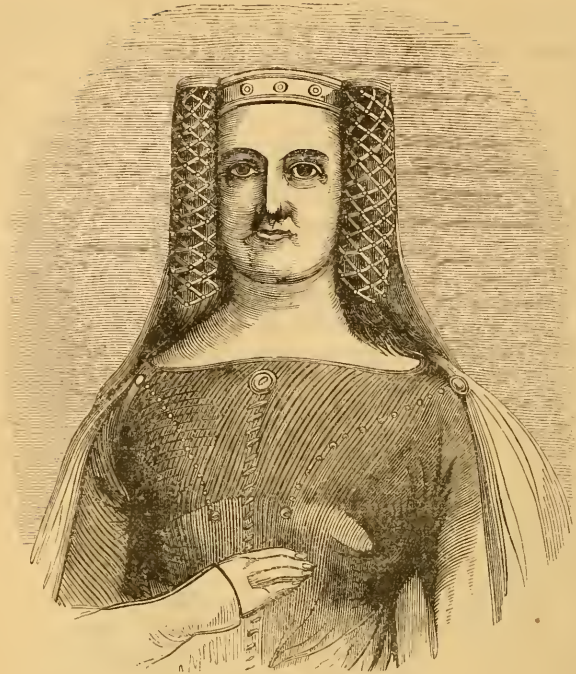
She carried her characteristic hypocrisy even to the grave; she was buried with the heart of her murdered husband on her breast. It was usual for persons buried in Grey Friars, to be wrapped in the garment of the order, as a security against the attacks of the foul fiend. Queen Isabella was buried in that garment, and few stood more in need of such protection.

Isabella's virtuous daughter, Joanna, Queen of Scotland, the faithful and devoted consort of the unfortunate David Bruce, survived her mother only a few days, and was interred in the Church of the Grey Friars within Newgate. Some authors assert that on the same day London witnessed the solemn pageant of the entrance of the funeral procession of two queens—one from the eastern, and the other from the northern road—and that, entering the church by opposite doors, the royal

biers met at the high altar. After the separation of thirty years, the evil mother and the holy daughter were united in the same burial rite.



Edward II. Drawn from his tomb at Gloucester.



Queen Philippa. From her tomb in Westminster Abbey.

PHILIPPA OF HAINAULT,
 QUEEN CONSORT OF EDWARD III.

THERE had been an early affection formed between the son of Edward II. and Philippa, the youngest daughter of the sovereign Count of Hainault, at Valenciennes, when that young prince and his mother took refuge at her father's court. The young lover and his beloved lady, each in their fifteenth year, were domesticated for a fortnight on terms of familiar friendship. Young Edward knew the consent of his father, his council, and Parliament had to be obtained; and as he was a refugee following a disgraced mother, he kept silence regarding his preference, even to the object of it; although her uncle, the famous knight Sir John of Hainault, noticed it and observed to

some of his English suite that their young master affected the society of his niece, the Lady Philippa, more than that of any of her sisters. When success followed the subsequent invasion of England, and seven months afterward young Edward III. was seated on the throne of his hapless father, his council dispatched Adam Orleton, Bishop of Hereford, to look for a wife for their youthful monarch among the princesses at the friendly court of Hainault. The bishop demanded of the council which of the five young ladies they chose to be Queen of England. One of them answered, "We will have her with finest form, I ween."

The bishop then surveyed them all very seriously, "and chose Philippa, who was full feminine." No doubt Edward III. and her uncle guided the bishop so that his choice fell on the right lady. Philippa was married to Edward III. at Valenciennes by procuration, and then embarking at Wisant, she safely landed at Dover with all her suite, Dec. 23, 1327, escorted not by her father, as expected, but by her uncle, John of Hainault. Great festivals celebrated her entry, but her young warrior bridegroom was far away, leading his army against the Scotch, and the fair bride had to set out on a wintry progress northward to find him. York minster was the place where Edward and Philippa met, and were married there January 24, 1327-8. The grandeur of the royal espousals was heightened by a procession of the nobility of Scotland, who came to conclude a lasting peace, fixed by the betrothal of the young king's little sister, Joanna, with David (the heir of King Robert Bruce), who was only seven years old. As the royal hero Bruce died soon, it may be supposed the peace did not last long. The young royal pair of England returned southward to Woodstock.

Conquest wars and civil wars had left England too poor for the young queen's coronation. It did not take place till 1330, at Westminster Abbey. Robert de Vere claimed her bed, her shoes, and three silver basins she had used on the occasion, as his fees as grand chamberlain. The unworthy Isabella yet reigned over England when Philippa gave birth to her eldest son, the renowned Edward the Black Prince, at her favorite country palace of Woodstock. After the example of Blanche of Castile, queen-regent of France, Philippa nourished this infant hero at her own bosom. His great beauty, the size and firmness of his limbs, and his precocious abilities were remarked with pride by the English.

When the dower of Philippa came to be settled, the council found that the usurping queen-regent Isabella had spent

the young queen's portion of 40,000 crowns, and had withal so well provided for herself that her son was left almost without revenue. Such state of affairs precipitated the revolution that followed, when the queen-regent Isabella was hurled from her usurped pre-eminence, and her guilty favorite Mortimer punished according to his deserts, though not by legal trial. The informality occasioned the restoration of his great possessions to his brave son, in whose family the lineal title to the English crown soon merged.

For the first three years of their marriage the extreme poverty of the crown kept the king within the bounds of peace. The young queen's native country was the most industrious corner of Europe, which it clothed by the means of its manufactures. Young as they were, both Philippa and Edward had seen and noted from whence the great wealth of Hainault and Flanders arose. Eleanora of Castile had introduced the Spanish sheep to England, where they had thriven so well, that the wool when exported from this country formed the staple of the Flemish manufacture. Soon after, when she lived in the north of England, during her king's Scotch campaign, Philippa invested some capital in working the coal mines in Tynedale. She may not have been the first person who opened these sources of inestimable wealth to England, but she is the first whose extant documents bear witness to such facts. The communication between Northumberland and her native country is easy, still more so it is with the coast of Norfolk. It was to Norwich that she induced her countryman, John Kempe, to emigrate with his children and kinsfolk, and here she encouraged them to found those woolen manufactories, still the wealth of Norwich, and for which her name is at this hour gratefully remembered by the population of the city.

The queen-consort of Edward III. was not suffered long to cultivate her predilections for the blessed occupations of peace. Her warlike lord made fierce war on Scotland, carrying it on more inhumanly than did his mighty grandsire, Edward I. Philippa followed her warrior king to the field, and was in great danger when the Scots, retaliating, besieged her at Bamborough Castle. Edward flew from his siege of Berwick to her rescue, but disgraced his fair fame afterward by putting the two young sons of the Governor of Berwick to death, because the father would not surrender his charge. He gained this warder town of Scotland afterward by storm, with horrid waste of blood. It has pertained to England ever since. Philippa added to the royal family in her northern campaign

her second son, William, who was born at Hatfield in Yorkshire, 1336.

Now commenced the series of dire succession wars in France between our royal Plantagenets and the French kings. The law of the kingdom of France, called Salic, denied the sceptre to female monarchs or to their descendants, permitting, however, the queen-mothers, consorts, or even sisters of their kings to govern as regent sovereigns, in cases of exigence. More than one, like Blanche of Castile, have done so with great success. The Salic law Edward III. prepared to break by force of invasion, claiming to be King of France as the nearest representative of St. Louis, in right of his own very unsaintly mother, queen-dowager Isabella, whom, notwithstanding, he kept, in palace restraint, prisoner in Norfolk. Philip de Valois, as the nearest male descendant of Louis IX., was recognized as king by all the twelve peers of France, excepting Edward III., who was Duke of Aquitaine, and the Count of Hainault, his queen's father, whose territories comprised the chief part of Holland and Belgium. He was the most wealthy prince in Europe. He urged Edward to assert his ambitious claim, providing him in 1336 with money and arms, putting him at the head of the German princes confederate against France, helping him to be made vicar of the empire, and to be nominated Emperor of Germany, only Edward III. had the good sense to decline the profitless honor. In the midst of all these mighty movements the Count of Hainault died suddenly of the gout. His warlike son-in-law was forced in consequence to delay his French campaign until 1338; when Philippa, following him to his head-quarters at Antwerp or Ghent, kept adding to the royal family princes renowned in history by names derived from their birthplaces in the famous old cities of the Low Countries. Edward and Philippa's third son, Lionel, our present queen's lineal ancestor, was born at Antwerp, November 30, 1338. In due time he grew to be nearly seven feet in height, and was stout in proportion. With this infant Hercules in her arms, the queen returned to England in the autumn of 1339. She visited her prosperous colony of artisans in Norwich, while her royal lord went to see his unhappy mother, the prisoner at Castle Rising in Norfolk. The royal family abode at Norwich from February till Easter, 1340, when Edward III. held a grand tournament with all his chivalry in his queen's favored city.

Hitherto Edward's military successes had been limited to imposing a tributary king on the unwilling Scotch, while the heir of the heroic Bruce, the young King David II., his

brother-in-law, sought refuge in France. But the spring of 1340 was distinguished by the first great naval victory won by an English fleet since the time of Alfred. Edward, who commanded in person, annihilated the French naval forces off Blankenburg, on Midsummer Day, when Philippa gave birth at Ghent to his fourth son, John of Gaunt, or Ghent, Duke of Lancaster. Edward III. landed at Sluys the day after, impatient to bring the news of the victory and to embrace her and his infant.

The mother of Philippa at this period mediated a truce between Edward III. and Philip of Valois, to which the royal hero of England unwillingly consented; both belligerents were, however, utterly penniless. Philippa had surrendered her best crown and all her jewels for her royal husband to pawn to the merchants of Ghent. He had likewise left his kinsman, the valiant Henry Plantagenet, Earl of Derby, in pledge as security for the repayment of his debts. In an utter state of bankruptcy our king and Philippa stole away from Ghent at midnight, December 2, 1343, and embarked in a little ship on the wintry sea, with three nurses and two baby princes. After great danger all landed safely on the Tower wharf, and took possession of the unguarded fortress. And any enemy might have done the same; for our great Plantagenet found to his intense wrath that his faithless castellan, de Beche, had deserted his trust to visit his love in the city, and his garrison had decamped on similar errands. Philippa was obliged to exert all her influence to avert from him the punishment her royal lord meant to inflict with his own hand. At her entreaty, however, the life of de Beche was spared.

The desolating wars in Scotland and his great naval victory were until this period the chief fruits of Edward III.'s warlike career. More deadly strife he knew lay before him, and as a stimulus to the fiercer contest into which he meant to plunge with his companions in arms, he instituted the order of the Garter. Chroniclers tell the romantic story that the king's love for Catherine the Fair, Countess of Salisbury, caused the institution. This lady was as good as she was beautiful; her husband had been taken prisoner by the King of France, and was then confined in the Louvre. Edward III. himself, by the motto he gave to the chivalric order, seemed to express his scorn for all scandal in the words, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*—"Shame be to him that evil thinks." Many ladies were admitted to this high order, of whom Queen Philippa was the chief, wearing the band, embroidered with the above words in jewels, round the left arm, as the king and his knights

wore it beneath the left knee. Like her great ancestress Queen Philippa, her present Majesty wears the jeweled motto and band round her arm.

The first chapter of the order of the Garter was held at Windsor, St. George's Day, 1343, after which the greatest hurry of warlike preparations took place for nearly two years. France and Scotland, closely allied, were equally urgent to repel the attack. The Black Prince, then in the eighteenth year of his age, made his first public appearance at Norwich, by tilting at a grand tournament held at his mother's favorite city, when she made a visit to her *protégés* of the woolen factories established there. The queen was appointed Regent of England when her king departed with their eldest son to invade France, on St. John the Baptist's Day, 1346.

The victory of Cressy was gained August 24, 1346. Here the Black Prince, so called from his black armor, obtained the crest of the ostrich feathers and the motto of *Ich dien*, the spoils of the brave blind King of Bohemia, who fell fighting for France; they are still borne by the Prince of Wales. At Cressy, with less than one-third, the English defeated 100,000 of the feudal militia of France, taking 30,000 prisoners. The Black Prince received from his father's sword after the victory knighthood as banneret, that is on a battle field where the standard royal of the King of England is displayed. In the course of a few days Calais was closely besieged by Edward III.

It was now Queen Philippa's turn to do battle royal with a king. Only one fortnight after the victory of Cressy, David, King of Scotland, invaded England at the head of an army, as a diversion in favor of his French ally. Philippa, as queen-regent, advanced to Newcastle. After reviewing her army, riding through the ranks on her white charger, she retired to pray for its success in defending her kingdom. When a bloody battle was fought, October 17, the King of Scotland, David Bruce, was taken prisoner and his army destroyed. A northern squire, John Copeland by name, took King David after an heroic resistance. The queen sent for the royal prisoner. John Copeland said he would surrender his prisoner to neither woman or child, only to his liege lord. By which speech he alluded to the fact that Philippa had her young son Lionel, eight years old, associated with her in her regency. The queen wrote to her royal lord to ask what was to be done. King Edward dispatched an epistle to John Copeland, bidding him come to speak to him at Calais, which he was besieging. John left his royal captive in a strong castle in Northumber-

land, and hastened to Calais. Here the king received him graciously, and gratefully gave him lands to the amount of 500*l.* per annum, and requested him to deliver King David as prisoner to the queen, and after knighthood and this reward Sir John obeyed the king. Philippa ordered the King of Scotland to be conducted through London, mounted on a tall war-horse, that every one might know him; and having lodged him as prisoner in the Tower of London, the next day she embarked to visit her royal husband at Calais, taking with her a great number of ladies attending on her and on her eldest daughter, the Princess Isabella, betrothed and about to be married to her father's ally, the young Count of Flanders. The arrival of the queen caused a stir of joyful festivals at the siege of Calais—somewhat interrupted by the escape of the princely bridegroom, who ran away to the French king rather than marry the English princess.

It is remarkable that the queen's uncle, Sir John of Hainault, fought against her husband and family at this siege. He was indeed the clearest example of his profession, which was that of a mercenary soldier, hiring himself out with his men-at-arms to the highest bidder, and the King of France just then gave the best wages.

Calais resisted all attempts at capture till thoroughly starved out, when it surrendered, on condition of giving up six of its principal citizens with ropes round their necks, to endure the vengeance of the conqueror. And King Edward, despite of the entreaties of his heroic son and of the reproaches of Sir Walter Mauny, had actually given orders for hanging his prisoners; only Queen Philippa, then at her toilet, hearing an uncommon stir in the camp, inquired the cause, and was told by Sir Walter Mauny the king was ordering the deaths of the six brave citizens of Calais, the mayor, Eustace St. Pierre, his young son, and four of his relatives, who had voluntarily given themselves up to save their fellow-townsmen from massacre and plunder. Philippa was aware Edward would disgrace his great fame by such wickedness; and not pausing to arrange her scattered tresses, or even resume her robes, she flew into her husband's pavilion, and flinging herself on her knees before him, begged, for the sake of herself and her children, born and unborn, that the men of Calais might be given to her. The great Edward murmured at the irresistible terms in which she had couched her petition, for she was within a few weeks of adding to her family, but he gave her the prisoners. Though undaunted, the brave Calaisian hostages were half starved. The generous queen had them bountifully fed, gave them gold

pieces, and restored to those of them who chose to remain in Calais their houses and tenements, which had been given to her with their persons. Soon after this incident, so honorable to the Queen of England, she became the mother of a daughter named Margaret, married afterward to a brave English earl.

The royal pair were at this time in the height of their prosperity. The queen's wise encouragement of the trade of Bristol, the manufactures of Norwich, and the coal mines of Newcastle, aided to support the expenses of the French war. The brilliant success of the English arms rendered the war popular with the people. The ladies imitated the warlike ardor that prevailed, by introducing the armorial bearings of the knights and nobles of their families on their dresses, in square patches, with griffins, dolphins, and other heraldic monsters on red, blue, black, or white in the front of their skirts, which were narrow, with a long train behind. This had a very ugly effect. The queen was as wise and good as ever, but she conformed to this barbarous fashion, which was very unbecoming to her after she grew fat. There is a bust of Philippa in the triforium of Bristol Cathedral, representing her in her youthful beauty, not more than about three-and-twenty years old, the dress simply drawn up in folds round the neck, and the hair falling in rich tresses from the regal circlet of leaves and gems. Her forehead is noble and candid, her features very regular and pretty, her expression indicative of sweet temper and talent.

The great victory at Poitiers placed the Black Prince on the very pinnacle of renown. His old adversary, Philip of Valois, had died broken-hearted, and his son John, a prince of more valor than ability, strove to redeem the ill fortune of France. He was taken prisoner with his younger son, Philip le Hardi. An immense number of noble prisoners, feudal lords of France, were taken with their king, who displayed the utmost heroism, but no generalship. In those days prisoners of war had to buy their liberty by money ransoms, and this custom brought a little wealth back into impoverished England. The Black Prince treated the King of France with the utmost respect. At his entry into London the captive king rode on his own white charger, indicative of empire, while the prince was at his side on a black palfrey or pony. The King and Queen of England entertained their prisoner as a guest with grand banquets at the Tower and at Windsor, where another captive king met John, his ally, David II. of Scotland, who was restored to liberty 1358, at the entreaty of his queen Joanna, Edward III.'s sister.

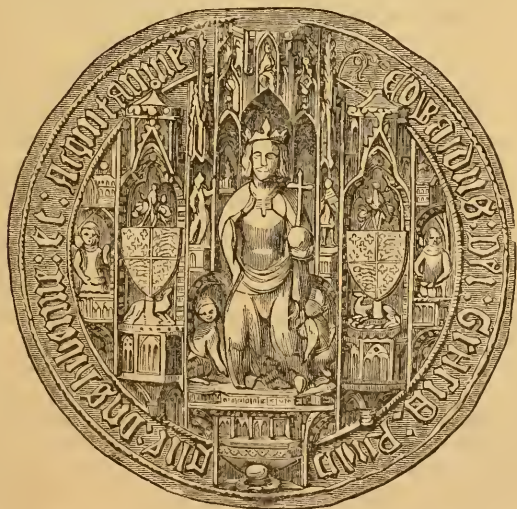
Queen Philippa's eldest son, Edward the Black Prince, formed in early life an attachment to Joanna the Fair, the only daughter of his unfortunate uncle, the Earl of Kent, widow of Lord Holland, and older than himself. He would marry no one else, and the queen, after long denial, consented at last, most reluctantly, to the wedlock. The Princess of Wales went with her mighty lord, 1362, to keep court at Bordeaux, where they became the parents of two beautiful boys. The most promising in character, Edward, died at seven years old; the youngest lived to be the unfortunate Richard II. Philippa's eldest daughter married, 1365, the Lord de Coucy, who remained in England faithfully attending on his unfortunate master, King John of France. The queen's second daughter, Joanna, wedded Pedro the Cruel, King of Spain, the wickedest man and worst husband in Europe. The beautiful English princess died at Bayonne of the plague on her wedding-day. Margaret married the Earl of Pembroke. Philippa's second surviving son, Lionel, enriched himself by marrying Elizabeth de Clare, the heiress of the Earls of Gloucester and Ulster. The lady died very soon, leaving one little girl. Lionel, for whom his father had previously raised the titular dukedom of Clarence from his wife's inheritance of Clare, departed for Milan, taking with him a fine retinue, among whom was Philippa's *protégé*, the famous poet Chaucer. Lionel, Duke of Clarence, married Violante, heiress of the Viscontis Dukes of Milan, but he died a few weeks after his wedding, 1368. His sole representative was Lady Philippa, Countess Clare, in whom was vested his reversionary rights to the English crown. Queen Philippa had adopted this little one; she was at once her grandmother, godmother, and guardian. The young Philippa was given in marriage to Edmund, Earl of March, the eldest son of the traitor Roger Mortimer, but one of Edward III.'s greatest generals and bravest knights of the Garter.

John of Gaunt, the next in military fame to the Black Prince, married the heiress of Lancaster, and was in her right Duke of Lancaster. They were parents of six children, and we shall see their eldest son usurp the English throne under the title of Henry IV. John of Gaunt made a second ambitious marriage with Constance of Castile, heiress of Pedro the Cruel; his descendants are at present on the throne of Spain. Edmund, Duke of York, Philippa's fifth surviving son, married Isabel, the younger sister of Constance. Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, the sixth son of Philippa, married the heiress of the Earls of Hereford. This her youngest son was very much

beloved and indulged by Queen Philippa, to which is attributed the arrogant and willful character which caused his misfortunes. On the whole, Philippa was the mother of twelve children, seven sons and five daughters.

The queen's health failed seriously after hearing the tidings of her son Lionel's decease in Italy. Her mortal malady was dropsy. She was at Windsor Castle when King Edward was summoned to her death-bed. Her youngest son Thomas was present. Philippa especially commended him to his father's care, and having received the king's promise to settle her affairs, and to bury her in Westminster Abbey, and entreating that when his death took place he would be buried near her, she expired happily, with her hand in King Edward's, August 14, 1369. Her monument in the abbey is still in good preservation; her effigy lies at the feet of that of her renowned lord.

Queen's College at Oxford was founded under her patronage and protection, by her chaplain, Robert de Eglesfield. Philippa was infinitely beloved, and her husband's subjects regretted her still more when they experienced the disgrace and contempt into which Edward III. fell in his old age, owing to his dotage on his worthless and wicked mistress, Alice Perrers of despicable memory.



Great Seal of Edward III.



Richard II. From a painting in the Old Jerusalem Chamber in the Palace at Westminster.

ANNE OF BOHEMIA,
FIRST QUEEN CONSORT OF RICHARD II.

ANNE OF BOHEMIA was the daughter of Queen Philippa's niece, the Empress Elizabeth, and Charles IV., Emperor of Germany and King of Bohemia. Anne was born at Prague in 1367. She was betrothed to the young King of England in 1380, just before the death of the emperor, her father. The Duchess of Saxony, aunt to the Princess Anne, and heir-ess of Hainault, resided with her husband at Brussels; she received the bride of England kindly on her journey to the unknown realm of England; for it is plainly to be seen in the correspondence that geography formed no part of imperial ac-

accomplishments; such was the case until the Duke and Duchess of Saxony gave satisfactory information at Prague of the importance of our country.

Richard II. was the sole surviving offspring of the Black Prince and Joanna of Kent. As the Black Prince died before his father, some cabals had been made against the succession of his young son, as contrary to English customs; but the people, devoted to the memory of the brave father, overbore all opposition of the boy's ambitious uncles. Richard was born in the luxurious south; his first accents were in the poetical language of Provence. His mother and half-brothers, her sons by Lord Holland, gave him unconstitutional ideas of his own infallibility. After his accession, Richard had at the rebellion of Wat Tyler acted in his tender years with great firmness and valor, which gave hopes that he would one day equal the renown of his father; while the beauty of his person and his great taste for music and song made him very attractive in his own court. Unfortunately, as England was utterly exhausted after half a century of war, it was scarcely possible to raise taxes for the purposes of government. This was the origin of the terrible rebellion.

The queen brought not any portion, and her journey cost considerable sums. Anne, who had traveled from Brussels to Calais in great danger, embarked on a stormy sea, December 3, 1381. Directly she landed at Dover, the vessel she came in was dashed to pieces before her face by the violence of the ground swell. After three days' rest at Dover Castle, Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle, came with great pomp to escort her from Canterbury. At her London entry the Goldsmith's company threw gilt-silver florins beneath her palfrey's feet, and gold leaf was blown into the air. The marriage did not take place until January 14, 1381-2, and then not publicly, as the king and queen were married at St. Stephen's, the private chapel at Westminster Palace. They retired to Windsor Castle while the preparations for the queen's coronation took place. Owing to the extreme poverty of the exchequer, nothing could be done until the coronal of the dukedom of Aquitaine and all its regalia, richly floriated with jewels, were pawned. Anne's coronation was then solemnized in Westminster Abbey. Something remarkable occurred when the pardon of rebels was announced. The young queen, on hearing a terrible list of exceptions, threw herself upon her knees, and made such piteous intercession, that the king remitted the bloody executions that were to take place; and as they were chiefly from among the people, the people never

forgot her kindness, giving her the name ever after of Good Queen Anne.

The imperial rank of the queen caused her attire to be much noticed and imitated, and great alterations in dress took place, dating from her coronation. The ugly fashion of the horned caps, which she introduced, prevailed for many years. This mode can be compared to nothing better than a cow's horns of great width and height, with a veil two feet square, and deeply depressed in the centre, hung over them. Specimens are still to be seen on the sepulchral brasses of the fourteenth century. Anne of Bohemia introduced pins, such as ladies dress with at the present day; likewise the convenient fashion of side-saddles—previously ladies rode on pillions behind equerries. All ladies in those days adopted a device; Queen Anne's was an ostrich (to symbolize Austria) with a bit of iron in his mouth.

To Anne of Bohemia is ascribed the honor of being the first Queen of England who introduced the Scripture into England translated from the Latin. She was the patroness of the Reformation, and protected Wyckliffe, its earliest mover in England; it is supposed that she had imbibed the principles of her countryman John Huss. In her Protestant predilections her husband's mother, Joanna, Princess of Wales, sympathized with her, and together they swayed the ductile mind of Richard II. in favor of reformation—one of the causes of his unpopularity. His favorite uncle, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was the friend of Wyckliffe; to him and the queen that proto-reformer owed his life. Unfortunately Anne was led into an act of injustice. She agitated divorce between the king's favorite, de Vere, Earl of Oxford, and his lawful wife, the grand-daughter of Edward III., that he might be free to marry her first lady, a German favorite of her own; and when the Pope refused to break the bonds of matrimony, she applied to the anti-pope, for at this time public morality was compromised by rival pontiffs—what one would not do out of principle the other did from expediency. It appears that the queen supported Oxford in putting her German woman in the place of his rightful spouse.

The queen was involved in trouble owing to the expenses of her journey from Prague. The parliament refused to sanction them, and Sir Simon Burley, the friend of the Black Prince, who had been sent to escort her to England, and had won her friendship, was pursued by the malice of the party headed by the king's cousin, Henry of Bolingbroke, son of the Duke of Lancaster, by the turbulent Thomas, Duke of Glou-

cester, the king's youngest uncle, and the Earl of Arundel. The queen was hours on her knees praying for the life of Burley, but was answered, "Pray for yourself and your husband, for this request is useless;" and the judicial murder was committed. The poverty of the government preventing war made the nobles discontented, because they could not be ever plundering France, while universal distress prevailed at home from the imposition of the property tax. Such were the real causes of the troubles of Richard II. and his realm. At this period he could not have committed any errors in government, for he had not been permitted to issue out of his minority until 1389, when he declared himself of age. He then took the reins of government into his own hands, but was much afflicted on learning the death of his unfortunate favorite de Vere, to whom he had given the absurd title of Duke of Ireland, and made viceroy of that realm. The only ill action the queen had ever committed did not prosper, for the lawful wife of de Vere was recognized as his dowager, and the queen's German lady looked upon as an intruder or worse.

Against the queen's advice Richard II. began to govern arbitrarily in 1390. He deprived the city of London of her charter for tearing to pieces the foreign lender of a loan the king negotiated on cheaper terms than the citizens would afford. Anne was now her husband's bosom counselor. She had learned wisdom by her first and only mistake, and very cleverly did she negotiate between the citizens and the king. At last he was inclined to be placable, on the hint given that rich presents were to be made to propitiate him in grand city pageants, if he would condescend to make progress through London.

So the royal pair set out from their favorite palace of Shene (now Richmond) in two separate equestrian processions; the king's took the lead, and the queen's followed. She rode on her palfrey, but two charrettes or benched wagons, painted red, brought up the rear, full of her ladies of honor. The queen assumed her rich crown blazing with jewels at the Southwark Bridge Tower, and crossed London Bridge to the great delight of the assembled crowds. She passed safely over the bridge guarded by her equerries and master of the horse, but one of the red wagons was overturned by the pressure of the crowds going and coming, and all the ladies would have been killed only their horned caps saved their heads; no lives were lost, but their caps and dresses were much discomposed.

Over the conduit at Cheapside semblances of angels were perched. These flew down and presented the king and queen

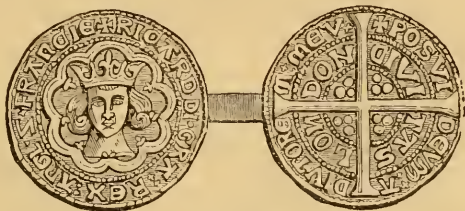
each with a rich golden circlet, and they were entreated to taste the red wine the corporation had provided, flowing out of the conduit for the populace. They were served in golden cups, out of which the king and queen drank "Peace to the City;" and the queen was given a beautiful white pony by the lord-mayor, in the name of the city. She was also presented with golden tablets, illustrative of the life of St. Anne, at the Temple station, and here the lord-mayor Venner ventured to remind the queen of her promised mediation. She replied, significantly, "Leave all to me." Accordingly when she arrived at Westminster Hall, and found the king had already ascended his throne prepared on the king's bench, his queen knelt before him supplicating. "What would Anna?" asked King Richard, in the tenderest accents. "Declare your wish, and it is granted!" "Sweet king!" she replied, "my spouse, my light, my love, without whose life, mine would be but death, be pleased to govern your citizens as gracious lord! Consider to-day what worship, what honor, what splendid public duty have they paid! Far from thy memory, my king, be their offenses. For them I supplicate thus lowly on the ground, that it would please thee to restore to these penitent plebeians their ancient charters and liberties."

"Ascend, Anna, and sit by me," replied King Richard, "while I speak a few words unto my people." He seated the gentle queen beside him on his throne, and then addressed the lord-mayor Venner: "I restore you my royal favor as in the olden time, for I duly prize the presents you have made—and the queen's intercession. Take back the key and sword, and henceforth keep my peace in the city."

There is some majesty in this scene, which is from the Latin chronicle of Dr. Maydston, one of the queen's priests, who witnessed all said and done that day, dated by him, August 29, 1392.

An interval of public tranquillity, unusual in the stormy reign of Richard II., followed. Unfortunately, the country was deprived of her peace-making queen very suddenly, just as the king was preparing to depart for Ireland, then in revolt. Anne of Bohemia died at her favorite palace of Shene, on Whit Sunday, 1394, of the pestilence then prevalent in Europe. The grief of Richard II. resembled frenzy. He called down imprecations on the place of her death, and had the apartments she died in leveled to the ground. He erected a tomb for himself as well as for her in Westminster Abbey, where she was buried. His own monumental statue he had cast in bronze and placed by hers, with their hands locked in

each other: this monument was commenced in 1395 and finished in his reign. It is still to be seen in Westminster Abbey, and is well worthy the attention of our young readers. The Latin epitaph, which is beautiful in its affectionate simplicity, is said to be written by Richard II. himself, who, though an unfortunate king, was learned and had refined taste. His beloved queen brought him no offspring.



Groat of Richard II.



Female Costume, time of Richard II.

ISABELLA OF VALOIS,

SURNAMED THE LITTLE QUEEN,

SECOND CONSORT OF RICHARD II.

RICHARD II., whose principal fault was preferring the indulgence of his private feelings to the public good, could not find it in his heart to give his loved queen a successor of his own age, although the failure of heirs made his reign unquiet. He espoused a young girl, thinking that by the time she grew up his regret for his lost wife might have subsided. The princess whose hand he demanded was Isabella of Valois, the eldest daughter of Charles VI., King of France, and Isabeau of Bavaria, born at the Louvre, 1387, consequently, in 1395 she was but eight years old. The realms of England and France were still nominally at war. Richard II. was very anxious for peace, so was the King of France. Unfortunately, peace was very unpopular with the feudal nobles of England, who had been accustomed to carry on predatory warfare for more than half a century. The king's uncle, Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, violently opposed both the peace and the French marriage.

The little princess amused the court of France by the pretty gravity she assumed when practicing the part of a queen, and the readiness of her reply to the English ambassador, who

officially demanded her consent to be Richard II.'s consort: "that she willingly consented, because she had heard that, if Queen of England, she should be a very great lady."

King Richard promised that if a peace could be agreed upon, he would come to Calais and espouse young Isabella, receiving her there from the hand of her father. Such stormy contradiction occurred in the English council of state to both propositions, that King Richard was forced to buy off the opposition with large sums from his impoverished exchequer. His uncle, Gloucester, who was at the head of it, withdrew his denial for a bribe of 50,000 nobles, and a pension to his son, Humphrey, of 2000 per annum. All the terms were then unanimously agreed upon; the difficult point of the surrender of Calais, which had hitherto stood in the way of peace, was settled by the peace being called a truce of forty years. The negotiators were entirely aware that the English and French would quarrel again before that term had elapsed, which prediction proved true, and thus did France escape the disgrace of formally surrendering Calais to England. Richard II. early in October crossed the seas with his court, and remained at Calais until all was agreed upon. Charles VI., with his queen and the young Isabella, who had been espoused by Richard's kinsman, the Earl-Marshal, as proxy, advanced from St. Omers, where they had waited for the peace. The Kings of England and France met on friendly terms at the camp near Calais, October 27, 1395.

After a sumptuous banquet the young bride entered the tent of Richard II. with her attendants, and was solemnly given to him by Charles VI. The King of England immediately rose and took leave with an appropriate speech, for he spoke French exceedingly well, as all the French nobles present allowed, and no marvel, for Richard Plantagenet of Bordeaux was French by birth, and his first accents had been in that language. The young queen was put into a very grand litter, and being surrounded by all her English ladies of the household, departed to the adjacent town of Calais, escorted by Richard II., his court and army.

All Saints' Day, November 1st, was appointed for the wedding; and at Calais, in the Church of St. Nicholas, Richard II. was married to Isabella of Valois by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at which time he solemnly renounced all claim, by the right of his queen or his descendants by her, to the crown of France, a fatal clause for his popularity with his nobles and people in general, who had not the sagacity to foresee the dreadful effects of perpetual war to both countries. The third day

after the marriage the royal party embarked at Calais for England; a favorable wind carried them over in three hours. The young queen dined at Dover Castle, and slept at Rochester Castle. Next day she arrived at Eltham Palace, then a very favorite sojourn of English royalty. Her grand entry into London was through Southwark Bridge Tower, a pass so narrow that nine persons were crushed to death in their importunate efforts to look upon their king's little queen. It was, however, generally agreed upon by the oldest persons, that so tall and blooming and self-possessed was the young queen, that she might have passed very well for twelve years old. The portion of Isabella was 800,000 francs, her jewels amounted to equal value. Gowns figured all over with trees having pearl branches, with goodly birds and fowls in gems of many colors sitting thereon, were displayed to the wondering eyes of her English ladies, while her crowns, belts, and clasps of jewels amounted to 500,000 crowns. All these jewels were by treaty to be returned, if King Richard died before her education was finished, when she would be fifteen. Until then she lived privately at Windsor Castle, where her studies went on, and Richard only paid her occasional short visits.

Meantime the king's turbulent uncle, Gloucester, made no scruple at avowing to all the nobles discontented at the pacific period, from 1396 to 1398, that a King of England not engaged in war with France was too cowardly to retain his dignity, and he proposed incarcerating Richard in one fortress, and the "daughter of the adversary"—so he styled the King of France—in another. Richard discussed this intention with his loyal friend and kinsman, Roger Mortimer, who had by Parliament been declared heir presumptive to the throne, in case the king had no children, as representative of his grandsire, Lionel, Duke of Clarence. Mortimer and the king's favorite uncle, the Duke of York, comforted Richard by assuring him that these speeches were the mere ebullitions of Gloucester's violent temper, as every one allowed that he was the most ill-behaved knight in Christendom. But when the king's specious kinsman, Henry of Bolingbroke, eldest son of the Duke of Lancaster, began to conspire with their uncle, Gloucester, affairs grew darker. Civil war was for a time averted by the illegal murder of the Duke of Gloucester, whom the king seized by treachery and put secretly to death at Calais; and by the irregular execution of the Earl of Arundel, an ally of Gloucester. But Richard lost the support of his own worthiest supporters by these acts, so adverse to the principles of the English. His inimical cousin, Bolingbroke, became the darling of

the people ; but him he banished on challenging Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, to single combat, on the accusation that he was the murderer of Gloucester at Calais. Richard, just as the duel was to begin at Coventry, stopped it, and banished both the combatants, Bolingbroke for seven years, Norfolk for life, on the plea that the peace of his kingdom would be better preserved if both were absent. However, such sentences were not according to the constitution of England, which the king soon learned to his cost. So closed December, 1398. News came about the same time that his heir and friend, Roger Mortimer, having made a campaign to quell an insurrection in Ireland, had been killed by the treachery of the natives, and that Ireland was likely to be lost to the English. King Richard had already made a campaign in Ireland, and partly by arms, and partly by the justice of his government, kept it in good order for years. He therefore resolved on an expedition thither, but his uncle, John of Gaunt, dying at the time, he seized on the inheritance of Lancaster from his banished cousin, Henry of Bolingbroke, which wrong made the injured party a hero in the eyes of the people.

The king, before he departed for Ireland, paid a visit to Windsor Castle, where he had left his young consort under the tuition of the Lady de Coucy, his own first cousin. He arrived the 1st of May, 1399, and found Isabella grown and improved in all natural and acquired graces, and rapidly assuming, although but in her thirteenth year, the appearance of a beautiful young woman. She was much attached to him ; his visits always caused pleasant festivals for her ; his taste for music and poetry, his power of conversing with her in her native language, and his general attention and tenderness, won her young heart. The king found occasion to dismiss her lady governess for pride and extravagance, and put in her place the widow of Roger Mortimer, who was mother of a young son, Edmund Mortimer, heir presumptive to England. After Richard had attended service at Windsor church with the young queen, he bade her farewell in the churchyard. Raising her in his arms, he kissed her, saying, " Adieu, Madame ! adieu, until we meet again." Isabella was overwhelmed with grief at his departure, over which she mourned so long that illness ensued.

Henry, the disinherited Duke of Lancaster, while King Richard was settling his Irish sovereignty, invaded England with a small force from Bretagne, where he had been passing his exile. Landing at Burlington on Ravenspur, a small promon-

tory now destroyed by the waves, he declared he came for his father's rights and dignities, illegally reft from him by the king. England rose in his favor, at least an overpowering number did; the London militia marched with him to Wales, where Richard had just landed after settling Ireland with that justice and valor which, if it had been exerted in England, would have made him rank as her best king instead of her worst. He was made prisoner in Flint Castle with his council, and conducted to London ignominiously by his usurping cousin. Still he had friends; he had treated Wales with kindness and justice. One of the distinguished Welsh chiefs, Owen Glendower, had had a command in Richard's guard of honor, and was devotedly attached to his king; he pursued the insulting rabble, that surrounded him, with some of his Welshmen, and at Lichfield nearly succeeded in rescuing his beloved king from Henry of Lancaster.

Richard II. was enclosed in the Tower of London, where, during his imprisonment, his abdication took place; his rival being forthwith proclaimed as Henry IV. During the stormy scenes that preceded these changes, Richard II. repeatedly demanded the restoration of his young queen, but it was no part of Henry's policy to permit them to meet.

Isabella had been placed in his power simultaneously with her husband, for the Duke of York, who had been left regent of the kingdom, had surrendered the royal castles of Windsor and Wallingford when Richard became prisoner. When Henry was crowned in October, 1399, at Westminster, she was removed to Sunninghill, and sedulously kept in ignorance of current events. The peace of Henry's reign only lasted six weeks. A plot was formed by the sons of the king's late mother, the Earls of Kent and Huntingdon, for killing him at Windsor. They implicated one of the young queen's servants in it. Isabella heard at Sunninghill that "her husband was on the march to meet her at the head of 100,000 men." She received his half-brothers with transports of joy, and was ready to go with them anywhere to meet King Richard, having all the badges of the usurper, worn by her servants, exchanged for his. Her joy was soon at an end. After some skirmish fighting at Cirencester, her monarch's partisans were overpowered and executed, and she was seized and carried to Havering at the Bower, in Essex, where she remained closely guarded until the death of the unfortunate Richard gave security to his rival.

At the first outbreak of the insurrection Richard had been put on board a small ship of war, carried down the Thames

to the coast of Yorkshire, and hurried to the strong castle of Pontefract. The intention of his crafty rival was to destroy him slowly by poison; but Richard would eat nothing unless the food were tasted, as pertaining to his royal rank. The usurper, one day at the commencement of the year 1400, testifying impatience at the existence of his rival, one of his murderous partisans, Sir Piers Exton, gentleman of his bed-chamber, departed with seven battle-axe men, and being admitted to Richard's prison-room, attacked him as he was sitting down to meat. The deposed king, although unarmed, wrenched from one of his assassins a battle-axe, and defended himself with such desperate valor that four of his assailants were killed. He was felled while chasing the rest, by a cowardly blow on the head from the hand of Sir Piers Exton, who took the advantage of standing on the chair from which Richard had risen. The murderers brought the body of their victim to London, where it was borne in procession to St. Paul's, barefaced, on a bier, the head resting on a black cushion, a few knights in mourning attending it. After lying at St. Paul's for a day or two, that all might recognize his well-known person, Richard's burial took place privately at Langley, Hertfordshire, February, 1400. Thus was young Isabella left a widow in her thirteenth year; but the death of her royal lord was concealed from her, until the inquiries of the King of France, and his demands for her restoration with her dower and jewels, made the wily politician on the English throne seek her hand in marriage for his son Henry, Prince of Wales, who was in love with her. Isabella was then informed that her husband was dead, though the manner of it was concealed from her. She refused all alliance with the family of Richard's enemy, and joined her entreaties with that of her own royal family to be sent home. The whole of the year 1400 was consumed in fruitless negotiation respecting her marriage with the Prince of Wales. As to the required restoration of her portion and jewels, Henry IV. shamelessly answered, "that her fortune had been spent by Richard II., and her jewels divided among his own six children; and as to the dower, or widow's revenue, Isabella having been too young for a wife, it could not be paid." He promised the return of the jewels when his young princes and princesses were disposed to give them up; but this they all refused to do.

Finally, the young widow of the deposed and murdered Richard II. was sent back to her father in France, utterly bereft of all her property. It was July 20, 1402, when Sir Thomas Percy (afterward Earl of Worcester) delivered the young

queen, in the deep weeds of widowhood, to the Count de St. Pol, at Leulinghen, a small town near Boulogne; he and all her ladies took leave of her with streaming eyes, so much had her virtues and sweet manners endeared her to them. Isabella was received by her father's subjects with the utmost love and sympathy; her wrongs and destitution sharpened the enmity between France and England. Her hand was, in 1406, when she entered her nineteenth year, given to her cousin, Charles of Orleans, who was younger than herself, but the most accomplished of his race. A very happy wedlock was early brought to conclusion by Isabella's death in childbed, at the Castle of Blois, September 13, 1410. The Duke of Orleans's grief amounted to frenzy, but after her infant daughter was brought to him, he shed tears and became calmer while caressing it. He mourned Isabella's untimely death in elegies so beautiful, that they are still remembered in France, for he was the best poet of his era. Isabella was at first buried at Blois, and afterward removed to the Church of the Celestines, in Paris.



Armor of the period.



Henry IV. and his queen, Joanna of Navarre. From their monument at Canterbury.

JOANNA OF NAVARRE,
 SURNAMED THE WITCH QUEEN,
 QUEEN CONSORT OF HENRY IV.

THE crimes, real or imaginary, of Charles the Bad, greatly injured the prospects of his numerous family, of whom Joanna was the second daughter, by his queen Jane of France. Joanna was born about 1364, soon after her unfortunate grandsire, King John, expired in captivity at London. Charles le Mauvais, although grandson to Louis X., King of France, and Jane, queen-regnant of Navarre, was miserably poor. He had claimed the barren but warlike kingdom of Navarre as his mother's inheritance, and it was yielded to him by his uncle, Charles le Bel. The inexorable Salic law prevented him, on the deaths of two royal uncles childless, from being King of France, but he was enraged that Edward III., only the son of his aunt, should claim the crown of France, and nearly win it too, despite of the law that forbade the descendants of a female, no less than a female, to inherit the crown of France. Charles had certainly a better claim, as the grandson of the elder brother of Isabella of France, than her son. Charles bore the reputation of a sorcerer, truly terrific to his contemporaries, and if the word is confined to its real meaning, as

concocter of poisons, it was true enough. It was believed that he was skilled in every other kind of mischievous black art—remembrances which were subsequently revived to his daughter's injury.

Joanna was beautiful, but glad to accept the hand of the old warrior, John the Valiant, Duke of Bretagne, although he was widower of two spouses, and was very fierce and irritable, and older than her father. From the year 1381 she and her brothers and sister were state prisoners at Paris, as hostages for their father. When that trouble was over, and Charles the Bad was at his capital, Pampeluna, Joanna was betrothed there to her aged suitor in the summer of 1386, and September 11 she was wedded to him, before his whole court, at Saillé, near Guerand, her father promising her a dowry of 200,000 gold livres, which he never paid. Nevertheless the young duchess won the heart of her old spouse entirely, and contrived to save the lives of several nobles from his fury—as the gallant Clisson, Constable of France, whom he had treacherously resolved to murder. Her father, Charles the Bad, died soon after her wedlock, and Joanna for some years lived magnificently and prosperously; she brought Duke John the Valiant not only an heir to his duchy, but eight other beautiful children. Sometimes she was molested with his jealousy, yet she usually steered her way cleverly through all dangers.

John, Duke of Bretagne, was becoming very aged, while Joanna his spouse was in her bloom, and his little princes and princesses were yet tender children, when the son of his old friend and companion-in-arms, Henry of Lancaster, exiled by Richard II., came to claim his hospitality. John of Gaunt had died of sorrow, and Richard II. had deprived his absent kinsman of his inheritance as Duke of Lancaster. John of Bretagne took the part of the expatriated heir of Lancaster, inasmuch that he gave him succor to invade England, and to establish himself as previously detailed. Whether this favor was owing to the influence of his duchess Joanna, that lady was too cautious to let any one surmise.

The Duke of Bretagne died of the infirmities of old age, November 1, 1399. Joanna nursed him with patience and tenderness. She was left very rich, and with the wardship of her children and of the duchy—indeed, more than, with the plans she had in view, was quite convenient to her. She cautiously watched the proceedings of her late guest, now Henry IV., King of England, while he struggled throughout the first year of the century, marked by the regicide committed by him, February, 1400. Joanna, next year, convinced of his success,

publicly accepted the hand of the royal widower, and, to the consternation of the French, prepared to depart for England, previously declaring her young sovereign, Duke of Bretagne, of age at twelve years; fortunately only to choose his own guardian, which choice fell on the Duke of Burgundy, one of the regents of France. The duke took the government of Bretagne; departed for Paris with Joanna's sons, Arthur and Jules, riding behind each other on one horse. The Duke of Burgundy tried to prevent Joanna from wedding the usurping King of England, but in vain—all her political biases were French; and before she sailed to her betrothed, she gave every preponderance of her influence in Bretagne to her bridegroom's greatest enemies in France—proceedings noticed and never forgiven by the English, as hatred grew hotter between both countries. Joanna had long assumed the title of Queen of England when she embarked, after parting with her boys at Camaret, December 12, taking with her over the wintry seas her two little princesses, Blanch and Margaret, the eldest only three years old, with such a train of Breton and Navarrese attendants on herself and babes as utterly exasperated the English. Furious quarrels between the ambassador of Henry IV., Thomas Percy, and her illegitimate brother, Charles of Navarre, diversified the terrors of her voyage. Danger of death drove her ships into Falmouth, after five days and nights of stormy weather. They traveled by land to Winchester. Here Henry IV. and his court awaited her, and at the Church of St. Swithin she was united to the King of England. Her entry into London, and coronation at Westminster Abbey, January 26, 1402-3, were truly magnificent, and marvelous tournaments closed the nuptial festivities, when the bride sat in the pavilion gallery, showing her beauty to all people.

In the pictures of her coronation she is represented as a very majestic woman, in the meridian glory of her days, with a form of the most symmetrical proportions, and a countenance of equal beauty. Her attitude is that of easy dignity. Her dalmatica differs little in fashion from that worn by Queen Victoria at her inauguration. It partially displays her throat and bust, and is closed at the breast with a rich cordon and tassels. The mantle has apertures through which her arms are seen; they are bare and very fairly moulded. Her hair falls in rich curls on her bosom.

She was the first widow ever married by a King of England; her age was thirty-three, and her personal charms unimpaired. Her royal husband next year confirmed Arthur, her second son, as Earl of Richmond and an English peer. The title of

Earl of Richmond had been conferred by William the Conqueror on his son-in-law the Duke of Bretagne, and always borne by the princes of that family. He sent for his infant sisters. Joanna refused to give them up for four years, but on their betrothals she was forced to let them return. Other troubles were not wanting: her foreign household was carped at in Parliament, and her husband—knowing that the rebellion which succeeded the bloody battle at Shrewsbury had first arisen from the quarrel, on her voyage to her bridal, between the Earl of Worcester, her English chamberlain, and her illegitimate brother, Charles of Navarre—dismissed all her foreign attendants, excepting a few lower servants, chambermaids, cooks, and laundresses; for she pleaded that usages were different in these “departments between England and Navarre.” The English loved not their queen. She was so utterly French, and what the English thoroughly hate—avaricious. She had the grief to see next, her husband’s handsome person rendered hideous by frightful leprosy; moreover his high spirit and gallant bearing sunk under the infliction of (worst of all scourges) a bad conscience. But she had been used to nurse her old husband, the most irritable prince in Christendom, and she retained her influence over King Henry IV. That prince was stricken with apoplexy while at his devotions in Westminster Abbey, and expired March 11, 1413.

In the first years of her widowhood Queen Joanna received attention and respect from Henry V., who was anxious to avail himself of her influence with her son, the Duke of Bretagne. She was even entrusted by her royal step-son with a share in the government, when he undertook his expedition against France. Unfortunately, her second son, Arthur, Earl of Richmond, although a peer of England, attacked the outposts of Henry’s camp near Agincourt, at the head of two thousand French cavalry. Arthur was repulsed, desperately wounded, and made prisoner in the battle the following day. “Henry V. dispatched a messenger over to England, to Joanna, with news of his victory, which filled the nation with universal joy. *Te Deum* was sung in all the churches, and a mighty procession, consisting of the queen, prelates, and nobility, with the mayor and corporation of the city of London, walked from St. Paul’s to Westminster on the following day, to return public thanks to Almighty God.”

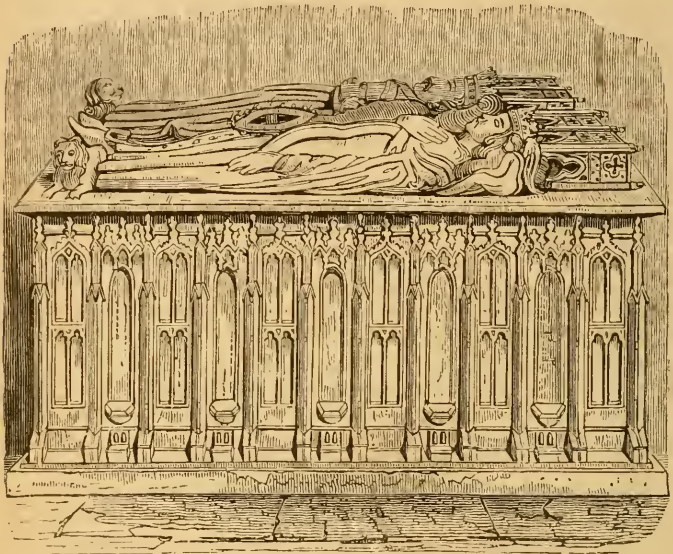
Whosoever might exult in the national triumph of Agincourt, Joanna had little cause for joy. The husband of her eldest daughter, the valiant Duke of Alençon, who clove King Henry’s jeweled coronal with his battle-axe in the *mêlée*, was

there slain. Her brother, Charles of Navarre, the Constable of France, died of his wounds the following day; and Arthur, her gallant son, was a captive. The first interview between Joanna and her captive son is one of the most touching episodes in royal English history. They had not met since he came to England, at twelve years of age, to receive the investiture of the earldom of Richmond from his royal step-father, King Henry IV., in 1403. Twelve years had passed away since that day. Joanna, anxious to ascertain whether Arthur retained any remembrance of her person, placed one of her ladies in the chair of state, and retired among her other attendants in the background to watch the result. Arthur, as might be expected, took the lady who personated the queen for his mother. The lady supported the character she had been directed to personate for several minutes, and told the princely youth to pay his compliments to her ladies. When in turn he came to Joanna, her maternal feelings betrayed her, and she exclaimed, "Unhappy son, do you not know me?" The call of nature was felt. Both mother and son burst into tears and embraced each other tenderly. She gave her son a thousand marks, and supplied him with rich array, and all things requisite for his comfort, but all farther intercourse between Joanna and her captive son was prevented by the king.

But the trials of Joanna only commenced with the battle of Agincourt. She was suddenly arrested at her dower-palace of Havering-Bower, by the order of the Duke of Bedford, the Regent of England, in 1419, under an accusation of witchcraft. All her attendants were removed from her, and she was committed to the custody of Sir John Pelham, at Pevensey Castle. Joanna's principal accuser was her confessor, John Randolf, a Minorite friar, who was at the isle of Guernsey, and sent over to the king in Normandy, where his confessions seemed to have determined Henry V. to proceedings of the utmost rigor against his royal step-mother. Deprived by Henry's order of her rich dower-lands, money, and personals, even to her wearing apparel, she was condemned unheard, and consigned to years of solitary confinement, without the slightest regard to law or justice.

When these strange tidings reached her eldest son, the Duke of Bretagne, he sent an embassy of remonstrance to Henry V., then in his career of conquest at Melun. But Joanna was deprived of any hope she might have founded on the efforts of her first-born for her deliverance, by his falling into the hands of his mortal enemy, the Count de Penthievres, and she had the grief of bewailing in her dismal prison-house the captivity

of both her sons. The return of the royal victor of Agincourt with his beautiful bride brought no amelioration to the condition of the unfortunate queen-dowager. Though Katherine of Valois was nearly related to her in blood, yet she received neither sympathy nor attention from her, but had the mortification of knowing that her dower was appropriated to maintain Katherine's state as Queen of England.



Tomb of Henry IV. and his queen, in Canterbury Cathedral.

In the fourth year of Joanna's incarceration Henry V. was seized with late remorse for the wrong and robbery of which he had been guilty toward his father's widow, and addressed a letter to the bishops and lords of his council, dated July 13, 1422, directing them to restore her dower, and all the rest of her property which had been seized in his name, lest it should prove a farther burden to his conscience; and to let her have four or five new gowns of any color and material she might prefer; to release her from her present restraint, and provide horses for eleven cars for the removal of herself and property to any place within the realm to which she might please to depart. Joanna made choice of Leeds Castle, in Kent, one of her own dower-palaces, where she was immediately visited by

Henry's brother, the Duke of Gloucester, and Cardinal Beaufort. She had certainly been compelled to divest herself of her queenly attire, and to assume the coarse garb of penance. Whether the peace-offering of five or six new gowns, with the royal permission for the injured lady to consult her own taste in the color, material, and fashion of the same, was considered by Joanna as a sufficient compensation for the wrong, and robbery, and weary imprisonment she had undergone, is doubtful. The death of Henry V. occurred in five days after her release, and she put herself into the deepest mourning for him.

Joanna was treated with all proper consideration by the grandson of her deceased consort, the young King Henry VI. She departed this life at Havering-Bower, on the 9th of July, 1437. She survived her first husband, John, Duke of Bretagne, nearly thirty-eight years, and her second, Henry IV. of England, twenty-four. She had nine children by the Duke of Bretagne: eight reached maturity. The corpse of Queen Joanna was interred in Canterbury Cathedral. A superb altar-tomb had been prepared under her auspices for Henry IV., and there their effigies repose side by side, and may still be seen near the monument of Edward the Black Prince.

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Henry V. in his youth.

KATHERINE OF VALOIS,

SURNAMED THE FAIR,

QUEEN CONSORT OF HENRY V.

KATHERINE OF VALOIS was the youngest child of Charles VI., King of France, and Queen Isabeau. She was born October 27, 1401, at the Hôtel de St. Pol, the private residence in Paris of the royal family. There she was reared in infancy, and there her royal sire, Charles VI., spent the dreary time of his lapses from reason. He was unconscious of his misery, but the royal infants were shamefully neglected by their vicious mother. It was a feature in the King of France's dire disease that when he recovered it left him suddenly. One day, when Katherine was three years old, in 1404, he was observed to look around him intelligently, and the next minute he sternly

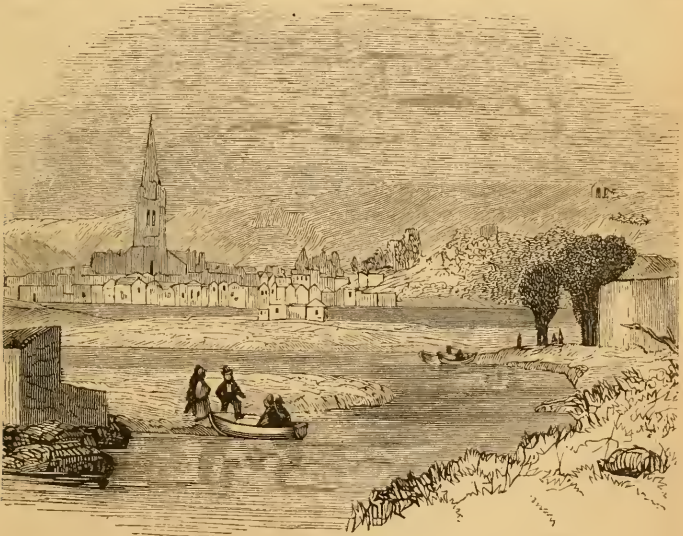
questioned the governess of his little princesses, Michelle and Katherine, regarding the disarray and misery in which they appeared. The lady, who was of high rank, owned that the royal children had not a sufficient supply of clothes, or even of food. "I see I am not better treated," replied Charles; and taking up the silver cup of which he had not yet been deprived, he gave it to her, telling her to sell it, and purchase necessities for his children and those who had not yet deserted them. Directly the wicked queen-mother heard that her royal lord spoke and looked sensibly, her conscience alarmed her, and she decamped with the king's brother, Louis, Duke of Orleans, to Milan, giving orders to her brother, Duke Louis of Bavaria, to abduct the royal children and bring them to her. The Bavarian carried off at the same time the Princess Michelle, who was betrothed to the young Court of Charolois, that young prince, who, with all the other children of the Duke of Burgundy, were educated with the royal family of France at the palais de St. Pol. The Burgundian soldiers who guarded that palace, enraged at the abduction of their own duke's child, pursued them. The Duke of Bavaria fled, and the Burgundian guards took possession of Louis the dauphin, his brothers, and the infant Katherine, besides their own young prince and his little wife Michelle. Not knowing what to do, the Burgundians respectfully asked the dauphin whither he would please to go. "Take me back to my father," replied the princely boy; they conducted him back to Paris with the infant Katherine. Queen Isabeau has been accused of poisoning the dauphin Louis; for the people, weary of her wickedness and of the rapacity with which she and the Duke of Orleans wasted her afflicted husband's revenues, made the poor child regent at fourteen years of age. His preference for his unhappy sire speaks well for him, and the incident altogether shows some of the woes of royal children.

Katherine was educated in the convent of Poissy, where her sister, the Princess Maria, took the veil. After the assassination of the Duke of Orleans in the streets of Paris, the vile Queen Isabeau was imprisoned at Tours. Here her daughter Katherine was sent to her as companion, and grew up with all the beauty that belongs to bright hair in profusion, brilliant white and red complexion, and graceful stature. Her personal attractions were much celebrated, and Isabeau looked to her youngest child as the means of restoring her own lost influence by some great marriage. As to the hero to whom Katherine's hand was given, our renowned Henry V., he was the disappointed lover of her eldest sister, Isabella.

Henry was born in 1387 at Monmouth Castle, belonging to his mother's great inheritance as co-heiress of the Bohuns, Earls of Hereford. He was left motherless in 1394, when he was brought up and educated by his grandmother, the Countess of Hereford, who put herself to some cost for an illuminated missal and some other books, all written with the pen, for his use. His grandsire, John of Gaunt, gave him a harp and harp strings, as he was very musical and skillful on the harp at ten years old. His education was carefully attended to by orders of King Richard, who, when he seized his exiled father's inheritance, took possession of the heir. The king knighted him and took him to serve his first campaign in Ireland, and he was at the castle of Trim in Ireland when Richard's misfortunes occurred. Henry IV. sent a Chester ship to bring his heir and young Humphrey of Gloucester to England. At the coronation he walked as Prince of Wales, but Owen Glendower was even then calling Wales to arms. For two or three years the young Henry pursued his studies at Oxford. At the end of that time he had to fight for his principality and to do battle for his heirship to the English crown at Shrewsbury, where he was wounded, and his valor mainly contributed to gain the victory, July 22, 1402. The lineal claims of the heir of Roger Mortimer to the crown were made public at this insurrection. His son was given into the wardship of the Prince of Wales, who treated him with great kindness, by far the best trait in the character of the renowned Henry V. His chief revenues were derived from his wardship of young Edmund Mortimer's vast estates, which on the death, childless, of that young prince, fell to Anne Mortimer, sister to Edmund and wife of the Earl of Cambridge, second son of the Duke of York. Henry's high rank and poverty, and the desultory war in which he was frequently engaged on the Welsh borders, made him dissolute in his manners. Many actions, such as robbing his father's collectors of the exchequer, were attributed to him, but he was not on good terms with his step-mother, Joanna of Navarre. When his father lay dying at Westminster Palace he had a remarkable interview with him, and promised to lead a more regular life. Henry IV., convulsed with the agitation, fell back in a fit, and his penitent son supposing he was dead, took away the crown which the dying usurper had placed on his pillow. Young Henry finding his possession rather premature, restored it.

On the accession of Henry V. he dismissed his former companions, and professed himself a rigid moralist. He had to fight for his dignity during a short but sharp rebellion and

battle with fifty thousand insurgents in the fields at the north of London. They were led by Sir John Oldecastle, the reformer accused by chroniclers as the corrupter of Henry's youth. Henry, who was in his twenty-seventh year, and had been a leader of armies for at least ten years, soon captured Oldecastle, imprisoned him for treason and heresy, and put him afterward to a cruel death. As Richard II.'s name as a living man had been the war-cry of Oldecastle's revolt, Henry took the opportunity of convincing the people that the rightful king was really dead, and at the same time paying duty to one who had treated him kindly. Henry V. had Richard's body raised from the obscure corner where it had been interred at Langley, carried in a chair with the face uncovered in procession to Westminster, and buried by the side of Anne of Bohemia, in the vacant place the unfortunate king had prepared for himself.



Harfleur.

Henry demanded the hand of Katherine de Valois, with a dowry of two millions of crowns and the restoration of Aquitaine and Normandy, for the civil war had caused the loss of all the English ever had in France, excepting Calais. The French answered with a present of tennis balls, and insulting advice to make a racket with them. Henry resolved on inva-

sion. Just as Henry was about to sail with an invading fleet and army from Southampton, he was informed of a conspiracy to murder him, for which he beheaded his cousin the Earl of Cambridge, who was the husband of Anne Mortimer, sister of the Earl of March, the representative of Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

Henry landed at Harfleur, took that Norman port by storm, and advanced till disease and early winter thinned his army. He retreated, but turned at bay, and finished his brief campaign with victory at Agincourt. Leaving France in panic and mourning, he returned to England, November 27, the same year, where his welcome was rapturous. The fatal loss of Agincourt broke the heart of Katherine's brave young brother, the dauphin Louis, who had tried at fifteen to redeem the fortunes of France. The next dauphin, John, died at fourteen. The Queen of France was suspected of poisoning her eldest sons. The third dauphin, Charles, on whom was placed the onerous regency at fourteen, was kept from all communication with Isabeau. Charles VI., who had been nearly convalescent, on learning the deaths of his young dauphins, fell into agonizing delirium. The queen escaped with Katherine from Tours to the Duke of Burgundy, the enemy of her sons, and put herself in his power, intending to marry Katherine to Henry V. for regaining her power.

The Duke of Burgundy calling for peace in the name of the king, Isabeau brought Katherine the Fair that the conqueror might admire her. Henry professed his admiration and even love, but abated not from his exorbitant demands, upon which the barriers of their interview ground were pulled up. War recommenced. Henry's conquests were so rapid that in two years the cry for peace was renewed, for the Earl of March and the king's brother Clarence had already thundered at the gates of Paris. A treaty was made by which Henry was to inherit all France after the death of Charles VI. if he married Katherine: this was agreed near Troyes, May 20, 1420. Then Henry, advancing to Troyes with fifteen hundred men-at-arms, met Katherine and her mother in the church, where the marriage treaty disinheriting the dauphin was signed, and the king received the hand of the princess at the Church of St. Peter, June 3, 1420. Few were the days he gave to nuptial festivities. He hurried his bride to the siege of Sens, at which her countrymen made the most desperate resistance to her husband; and the cruel massacre of Montereau, stormed within a fortnight of her espousals, was perpetrated almost in her sight. The courts of France and England were now united,

and after the surrender of Melun they approached Paris, that Henry and Katherine might make their state entry, which they did with all the symbols of conquest, while the unhappy monarch Charles VI. passed humbly in the train of his son-in-law and daughter, to the grief of his people, silently felt, for the victor was all powerful.

Katherine ought to have been the richest of our queens, for the appanages of the Queens of France and England were settled on her. A few scanty instalments were all she ever received from her own country, which was if possible more exhausted by internal civil war than England was by nearly a century of foreign war. As the queen's dower was occupied to the full by his step-mother, Joanna of Navarre, it was rendered vacant by a charge of sorcery on that clever but somewhat grasping lady, as previously related. After triumphant progresses through England, in which Henry V. solicited throughout the scanty towns *benevolences* for completing the conquest of France, showing the beautiful princess by his side, whose dower that country was, he brought her back, for her coronation as Queen of England in Westminster Abbey, February 24, 1420-1. James I., King of Scotland, his father's prisoner, taken treacherously and brought up at Windsor Castle, assisted at Katherine's coronation; and the queen promoted his marriage with the king's first cousin, Lady Joanna Beaufort, with whose beauty he had been captivated by seeing her in the gardens from his prison-tower at Windsor Castle. Their love is one of the romances of history, yet true. Our queen is descended from this King and Queen of Scotland.

James I. promised to fight on the side of Henry V., but all his subjects' hearts were on the side of France, many fighting very bravely for the disinherited dauphin, Katherine's brother. Henry V. did not wish to leave England until after the birth of the heir or heiress the queen was expecting to bring him. Bad news forced him to France. The king's best loved brother, Thomas, Duke of Clarence, had been killed at the fatal field of Baugy, by the lance of Swinton, a Scotch knight fighting for France. It was with difficulty that the Earl of March, the lineal heir of England and Clarence's brother-in-arms, brought off the remnant of his English warriors. Henry having solemnly forbidden his wife to lie-in at Windsor, hurried to redeem the fortune of England. Katherine gave birth to a son, December 6, 1421, afterward the hapless Henry VI., but, in disobedience to Henry's commands, chose to be put to lie-in at Windsor Castle. Perhaps Katherine had little respect for the reason of her husband's prohibition, of which

he made no secret. Among other bad traits, to which his splendid conquests blind historians, Henry thought himself a great magician, and in studying this trash, promulgated this oracular saying—

Henry born at Monmouth
 Shall small time reign and much get ;
 But Henry born at Windsor shall lose all of it.

*as it
 not true*

The joy of having an heir born to the usurped kingdoms of England and France made him send for Katherine in the summer of 1422, to come to him at the murderous siege of Meaux. He took Meaux, and came from its horrors to meet his queen and son at Paris in May, but the hand of death was on him. The terrible internal disease, by which he too truly prophesied his short reign, had been aggravated by his exertions at Meaux. However, Katherine and her mighty lord sat at the Louvre on Whit Sunday, gloriously appareled with royal crowns on their heads, but at their public dinner no meat was offered to any one, contrary to the custom of France and certainly to that of England. Great conquerors are always poor, and consequently very mean. Henry marched to Senlis, and Katherine retired to the castle of Vincennes. Dire pain from assuming his armor, forced Henry to be carried in a litter to his wife at Vincennes. Here he died, August 31, 1422, deeply penitent for the wrongs done to Queen Joanua, his step-mother.

Katherine in the midst of her deep grief had now to accompany the corpse of her warlike lord, escorted by an army through France, in the longest funeral procession that history records. All in the black garments of woe, with every symbol of mournful pomp, she traveled day by day a mile from his funeral car, crossed the seas to Dover, landing with the royal corpse. London was entered at night; it was illuminated by every citizen standing at his door with a torch in his hand. The queen never left her husband's body until consigned to the grave near St. Edward's chapel. The tomb is still to be seen. Katherine was at the cost, and to make that greater, the effigy, instead of marble or bronze, had a head cast of solid silver, which was abstracted at the dissolution of the monastery in the time of Henry VIII.

The infant monarch of England, Henry VI., was but nine months old when he succeeded his mighty sire, yet he had to appear before his public, opening Parliament on the throne of England, but sitting on his young mother's lap. The Earl of War-

wick, who was his governor, was endowed by the council with power to inflict corporeal punishment on his royal pupil, and this power was allowed in the king's own name; who, as if he were quite cognizant of the importance of the discipline necessary to be inflicted, exhorts the earl "to chastise us, that we may be brought up in right good nurture." (Kings always spoke of themselves in the plural number as *us* and *we*.) Yet the royal nursling did not like a bit the better these salutary chastisements prescribed for himself in his own name by his council, of whom the warlike Duke of Bedford, (who like all Henry IV.'s younger sons, was childless) was the head.

When the boy at eleven crossed the sea with great pomp to be crowned King of France, he refused to receive any more chastisements. His queen-mother, although the most rational part of his claim was in her right, did not accompany him to her native land, for Katherine kept in retirement, and dwelt in her most secluded dower-palace. At Windsor Castle, apparently early in her widowhood, she had privately married Owen Tudor, one of the guard-noble which Henry V., after the example of Richard II., had drawn from Wales as personal defenders. All were gentlemen with pedigrees of immense length, and were selected for beauty and fine stature as well as valor. Owen Tudor was one of those who had, with his commander, the Welsh chief David (surnamed "Gam," or the One-eyed, having lost an eye in battle), saved Henry V.'s life at Agincourt, when struck down in the fiery onslaught of the gallant Duke d'Alençon. Owen had been made gentleman of the bed-chamber to the king, and succeeded to the office of guarding the infant Henry V. While on duty at Windsor Castle some festival was held, at which the infant king sat on the throne in St. George's Hall, and Queen Katherine sat on a low seat near him. Her household were dancing in the evening and Sir Owen Tudor among them, but making a very elaborate pirouette, he missed his footing and fell on the queen's lap. Her gracious manner of receiving his apologies for this awkward accident convinced her ladies that she liked him well. Time advanced, and her regard led to marriage engagement. Sir Owen began to talk of his royal descent, and that he was rightful King of Britain, as he could prove by his genealogy; and he spoke of his kindred, the ancient chiefs and Princes of Wales; upon which his betrothed queen requested he would introduce them. Two or three Llewellyns and Davids, handsome gentlemen of noble lineage, were brought by him to her presence-chamber, to whom she addressed gracious words in French, which they did not com-

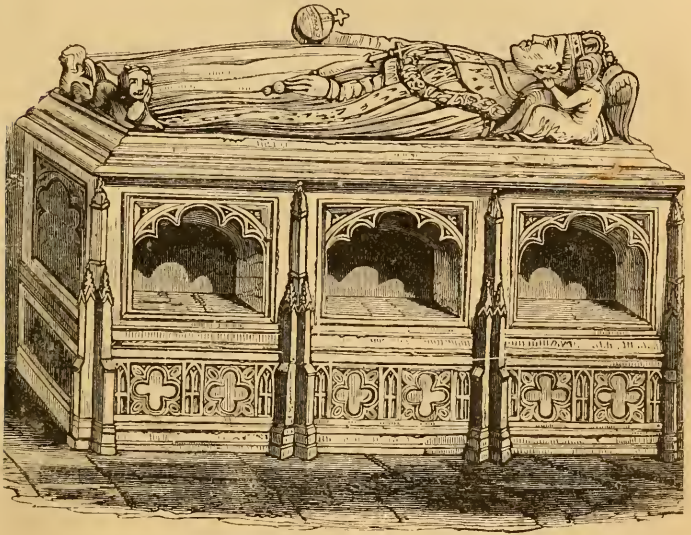
prehend; in English the same; in Italian they answered not. At last she said to Owen Tudor, "that they were the goodliest dumb creatures she ever saw." Owen's kin knew no tongue but Welsh, and the royal beauty had no skill in that ancient language.

At what period Katherine the Fair wedded Sir Owen Tudor was never known. It was under great fear of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, who had succeeded, on the death of his brother, the great Duke of Bedford, as regent for the young king. Queen Katherine and Owen were the parents of four children—Edmund, born at Hatfield, one of the queen's dower-palaces; Jasper, born at Hadham. Both were historical characters. Her third son Owen was born at Westminster Palace. So great was the danger of discovery, that the infant was taken into the abbey directly, and given into the care of the monks, who brought him up to the Benedictine order, in which he died, during the reign of his nephew Henry VII. When suspicion was however aroused, Owen Tudor was sent to Newgate, and the queen, again about to become a mother in 1436, retired in disgrace to Bermondsey Abbey, where her little daughter Margaret was born, but died in a few days. The hapless queen, already near death, wrote a pathetic letter to her royal son, asking for pity and kindness, not even then daring to mention her little ones or her husband. She made her will, but she had nothing to bequeath excepting entreaties that her debts might be paid. The young king sent her consoling messages and a rich present of a gold tablet. The queen died, January 3, 1436-7. The king, just entering his seventeenth year, was grieved and penitent for the cruelty with which his hapless mother had been pursued by his regent Gloucester. It is said he never forgave him.

Henry VI. discovered his young brothers Edmund and Jasper, and sent them to the care of the Lady de la Pole, abbess of Barking, who brought them up. One of these half-brothers, Edmund Tudor, the king created Earl of Richmond. He married the beautiful Margaret Beaufort; they were the parents of Henry VII. and the royal Tudors. The second son, Jasper Tudor, created by his half-brother Henry VI. Earl of Pembroke, was a warrior, to whom the establishment of Henry VII. on the English throne was chiefly due.

Katherine was buried under a stately tomb, in St. Katherine's chapel, Westminster Abbey. When her grandson pulled it down to build Henry VII.'s chapel, her coffin and body were disinterred, and left so at his death. As her great-grandson, Henry VIII., was more noted for destroying the resting-

places of the defunct than restoring them, the queen's coffin remained above ground, and as embalming had preserved it whole for two centuries, the persons who showed the Westminster Abbey made a trade of the poor corpse, charging threepence for its exhibition. At the end of the last century the then dean of Westminster ordered the remains of Katherine the Fair to be buried.



Tomb of Henry V., in Westminster Abbey.



Henry VI. in his youth.

MARGARET OF ANJOU,
QUEEN CONSORT OF HENRY VI.

MARGARET was the youngest daughter of René, surnamed the Good, king of many kingdoms and owner of none, son of Louis II., titular King of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, sovereign Count of Provence, Anjou, and Maine. Her mother was Isabella, claimant of the duchy of Lorraine. Margaret was born at the castle of Pont-à-Mousson, March 20, 1428, and baptized under the crucifix at Toul Cathedral, near Nanci, the capital of High Lorraine. René had been valiant and faithful as the soldier of his unfortunate sovereigns Charles VI. and VII., had fought bravely through the disastrous battles won by Henry V., but he preferred peace, for he was the best musician and poet of that day, and his chansons are still su

by his native Provençals. After her baptism René gave Margaret to the arms of Theophanie, his nurse, who had reared himself and his beloved sister, Marie of Anjou, the queen of Charles VII.

Henry VI. was twenty-four and unmarried; his country was impoverished by thirty years' war, which commenced before he was born. All classes desired peace but the nobles and men-at-arms, enriched by the plunder of France. Suffolk, the statesman-warrior, who had grown grey in the French contest and in the cabinet of the prime minister, Cardinal Beaufort, turned the king's fancy in favor of Margaret of Anjou, by her portrait, which was far more beautiful than any of those which the Duke of Gloucester, the king's uncle, displayed. Suffolk, after a long negotiation, was sent with his accomplished countess, the grand-daughter and heiress of Chancer, to espouse Margaret of Anjou for the king.

Margaret had for the last few years been sojourning at Naples with her brother and sister, of which very unstable realm her father called himself king, and for some years he kept possession of the city and palace of Joanna II., left to him by her will in 1434. Although all was lost in his contest with Alphonso of Arragon, his children had the advantage of being educated in all the accomplishments of Italy. Margaret returned for her betrothment to Nanci. At St. Martin's Church there, she was married, Suffolk acting as the proxy of Henry VI., November, 1444, in the presence of her aunt, Marie of Anjou, Queen of France, and Charles VII., to whom this marriage was the pledge of pacification with England. The bride had not attained her fifteenth year.

At the nuptial tournaments all the knights wore daisies on their helmets as crests. The bridesmaids and every other Lorraine maiden wore garlands of daisies round their heads, in honor of the bride's name and device, as "Marguerite" signifies "the daisy." An enlivening incident occurred on the third day. Ferry of Lorraine, the heir of Duke Antony, the successful competitor for the dukedom of Lorraine, had been long betrothed to Yolante, the elder sister of Margaret. For some mysterious reason René delayed their marriage. The young prince now ran away with his fiancée and married her. Charles VII. interceded for their pardon, and René, whose delay was on account of the dower, was only too glad that Ferry had taken Yolante. For eight days the nuptial festivities continued, and then Margaret was formally consigned to the care of Suffolk and his lady. The kindred families of Anjou were tenderly attached, every individual to each other

and to all. Margaret was surrounded by them in tears. "You are placed on one of the greatest thrones of the world, my niece, but it is scarcely worthy of possessing you," said Charles VII., clasping her in his arms at parting, after accompanying her for leagues on her way.

She left Lorraine in the first days of December, but owing to various impediments in Normandy—regarding the surrender of Anjou and Maine, appanages of her father, and returned to him by her marriage treaty, to the indignation of the English—Margaret was feasted by the Duke of York at Rouen. He was viceroy for Henry VI. over Normandy and the Anglo-French provinces. He was moreover the rightful heir of England.

The bride sailed April 2, and landed at Porchester. From thence she went to Southampton. Her nuptials with Henry VI. were solemnized on the 22d of April, 1445, in Titchfield Abbey. The bridal ring had been made from one garnished with a fair ruby, with which Henry was consecrated the day of his coronation at Paris. The queen received at her bridal a present—not of a lap-dog, but the more characteristic offering of a lion. The king escorted her to Greenwich Palace, his favorite abode, preparatory to her London entrance and coronation, which took place May 30, at Westminster Abbey.

The feuds between Cardinal Beaufort and the Duke of Gloucester, which had commenced long before the birth of the queen, now raged worse than ever. Tender as her years were, she was considered of Beaufort's party by the people. But we earnestly entreat our readers to divest their minds of the mistakes made by Shakespeare, and oh, shame! by historians pretending to teach the young. The charge of witchcraft, for which the Duchess of Gloucester, Eleanor Cobham, was condemned, occurred three years before Margaret set her foot in England or saw Henry VI. Therefore, it was impossible for her to commit the crime of persecuting her.

She was still very young, scarcely seventeen, when Gloucester was found dead in his bed at St. Edmundsbury, where Henry summoned his parliament, January, 1446-7. Girls of that age are never consulted as to murder, therefore the daughter of René the Good may be wholly acquitted of these cold-blooded crimes with which she is charged. Cardinal Beaufort died before the year expired, and when his mighty talents and enormous wealth were lost to his nephew, the remainder of Henry's ministry, headed by Suffolk, became despised as well as hated. Had the queen brought heirs to Lancaster at that time, she would have had her own party. During the short

interval of peace English commerce began to revive, and Margaret in 1448 had saved sufficient from her dower of 4400*l.*, settled on her by that calamitous parliament at St. Edmundsbury, to commence Queen's College at Cambridge, which she meant to enrich from her economy from time to time.

The queen now had to take that part in government which was very difficult for a girl of eighteen, ignorant of its language; but the king began to show symptoms of the fearful brain malady which he had inherited from his grandsire, Charles VI. Heirs were despaired of by the people, and all who were descended from Edward III. began to rally their partisans against the government conducted by Suffolk and the queen, and supported by the ambitious Duke of Somerset, who, though illegitimate, meant to contend for the crown. The most formidable, the Duke of York, descended from Edward III.'s second son, was governing Normandy when Suffolk recalled him.

Charles VII. in 1448-9 renewed hostilities with England, and in the course of two years reconquered Normandy. Somerset, who succeeded York, was beaten on all sides. The queen was an object of suspicion to the nation. The name of Frenchwoman was applied to her reproachfully, and the partisans of the Duke of York failed not to attribute all the losses in France and Normandy to the misgovernment of the queen; insinuating, that the king was fitter for a cloister than a throne, and had in a manner deposed himself, by leaving the affairs of his kingdom in the hands of a woman, who merely used his name to conceal her usurpation, since, according to the laws of England, a queen-consort hath no power, but title only. Queen Margaret invested York with the government in Ireland on a rebellion. He left a strong party in England, at the head of which were those powerful nobles, Richard Neville, Earl of Salisbury, and his son, the Earl of Warwick, the brother and nephew of his duchess. By this faction the Duke of Suffolk was impeached and arrested. The queen, to preserve his life, induced the king to banish him for five years, but the vessel in which he sailed was captured, and he was beheaded after a mock trial by his foes. This murder was done by the authority of the Duke of Exeter, the next legitimate heir to Lancaster. He was high admiral, and these ships were commissioned by him. The insurrection headed by Jack Cade, produced Henry VI.'s first essay in arms. He advanced on London, when the rabble dispersed and fled to Sevenoaks. Queen Margaret accompanied her lord; but so little of the warlike spirit for which she was afterward renowned did she

manifest, that when King Henry would have followed up his success by pursuing the insurgents to their retreat, her feminine terrors prevailed. He therefore gave up the command of his army, and took her to Kenilworth.

Scarcely had Cade been destroyed, and the king and queen returned to London, when the defeated Duke of Somerset arrived at court; and the people were exasperated by finding that every province of France was lost. Nothing remained to the English but Calais, and Margaret's unpopularity became worse than ever. The Duke of York suddenly returned from Ireland in 1451, impeached Somerset in Parliament, and he was sent to the Tower. The badges of the white and red roses were universally assumed at this time, to distinguish the parties of York and Lancaster.

At this unlucky time it was announced in the summer of 1452 that Queen Margaret was likely to bring an heir to the contested throne. Simultaneously a violent illness attacked Henry VI. So dreadful was his malady that it could no longer, as heretofore, be concealed. Margaret brought into the world, October 13, 1452, on St. Edward's Day, a son, who was named after the saint, but the king could not be made to comprehend the event.

All the royal functions of which the unconscious king was incapable were exercised by the scarcely convalescent queen. No one can wonder that she sent for Somerset out of the Tower to help her. The royal infant was created Prince of Wales and his revenue settled. York, who assumed all power, arrested Somerset in the queen's presence-chamber, and she was forced to endure the insult. Fifteen months passed away while the king continued in a state of aberration. At last he began to amend in November, 1453, and seemed to awake as from a long dream. The preceding year he had not taken the least notice of the prince when he was presented to him, to the great anguish of Margaret. Henry's recognition of the infant is thus related by a witness: "On Monday at noon the queen came to him, and brought my lord prince with her. Then the king asked, 'What the prince's name was?' and the queen told him, 'Edward;' and then he held up his hands, and thanked God thereof. And he said he never knew him till that time, nor wist what was said to him, nor wist where he had been whilst he had been sick, till now. And he asked who were the godfathers? and the queen told him, and he was well content. And she told him Cardinal Kemp was dead, and he said he never knew of it till this time. Then he said, 'One of the wisest lords in this land was

dead.' And my lord of Winchester [bishop] and my lord of St. John of Jerusalem were with him the morrow after Twelfth Day, and he did speak to them as well as ever he did ; and when they came out they wept for joy. And he saith he is in charity with all the world, and so he would all the lords were." His son was then fifteen months old, and as beautiful an infant as ever was beheld. The king resumed his devout attention to religion, which had been interrupted during his calamity.

Margaret took prompt measures for Henry's restoration to the sovereign authority, by causing him to be conveyed, though still very weak, to the House of Lords, where he dissolved the Parliament, and the Duke of Somerset was immediately released and reinstated in political power. The triumph of the queen and her party was short-lived. The Duke of York raised an army on the marches of Wales, and aided by his wife's kinsmen, Salisbury and Warwick, drew near London, with the intention of surprising the king there. King Henry had courage, as this day proved, but his holy nature revolted from bloodshed. He sent a message to the Duke of York, to ask "wherefore he came in hostile array against him?" York replied that "He would not lay down his arms unless the Duke of Somerset was delivered up to justice." Henry for once in his life manifested something of the fiery temperament of a Plantagenet. With an angry oath, he affirmed that "He would deliver up his crown as soon as he would the Duke of Somerset." The Earl of Warwick, who commanded York's van-guard, commenced the attack. The battle lasted but an hour. The king's army, made up of gentlemen, was inferior in numbers, and pent up in the town of St. Albans. Desperate fighting ensued in the narrow streets. Somerset fell. The king, who stood under his own standard, was wounded in the neck with an arrow at the commencement of the fight. He remained till he was left *solus* under his royal banner, when he walked very coolly into a baker's shop close by, where York immediately visited him, and bending his knee, bade him "rejoice, for the traitor Somerset was slain." Henry replied, "for God's sake, stop the slaughter of my subjects!" York then took the wounded king by the hand, and led him first to the shrine of St. Alban, and then to his apartments in the abbey. Next day, May 24, the victor took Henry to Westminster.

Meantime Margaret had retired with her ladies and the infant prince to Greenwich, where she remained in suspense during the battle of St. Albans. The news of the slaughter of

her brave friends, Somerset, Northumberland, and Clifford, and the captivity of the king her husband, plunged her into a sort of stupor of despair, in which she remained for many hours. Her chamberlain, Sir John Wenlock, whom she had loaded with benefits, took that opportunity of forsaking her. He was chosen speaker of the Yorkist parliament, which King Henry had been compelled to summon. The king's wound was dangerous, and his malady came on, so that on July 4 he was declared incapable of attending to business, and the Duke of York was commissioned to govern in his name, with the name of protector and an income of four thousand marks. It was in this parliament that Queen Margaret was for the first time publicly censured, by the vote "that the government by the queen, the Duke of Somerset, and their party, had been of late oppressive to the people."

York resigned the custody of the king's person to the queen, and enjoined her to withdraw with him and the infant prince to Hertford Castle. Margaret was not in a condition to resist this arrangement, but soon after returned to the palace of Greenwich with these precious objects of her care, and appeared entirely absorbed in the anxious duties of a wife and mother.

Margaret remained in seclusion two years, at the end of which time her cares had so well restored Henry to health, that suddenly, February 24, 1456, he went to parliament, and taking every one by surprise, declared himself well enough to resume his royal authority. Parliament dutifully allowed his claim, and York could do no better than retreat to Wigmore, while Margaret put the government into the hands of Henry, Duke of Somerset. The king's health again veered, and Margaret withdrew with him to the mid-counties. She was greatly beloved at Coventry, and there she fixed his abode, soothing his malady with music and the melodious voices of young choristers. The king was recovered, September, 1458, so well that he came to London and invited York and his party to a pacification banquet and religious services at St. Paul's Cathedral, where every one walked with an enemy—as the queen with the Duke of York—and vowed eternal amity at the altar. Wonderful to say, the amity lasted till the summer of 1459, when an affray took place with the king's black guard, that is, the cooks and scullions, who soundly beat Warwick's men. All flew to arms; the drawn battle of Bloreheath was fought September 23, and other skirmishes. York and his party were attainted, and fled to their strongholds—York to Ireland, Warwick to Calais, of which he retained the govern-

ment through all reverses, and with it the command of the English fleet.

There was no attempt at pacification afterward. The queen had won the hearts of the heirs of the valiant earls who had fallen at St. Albans; they were burning to avenge their sires. She brought her husband, very ill and infirm, to her safe harbor of Coventry as she called it; likewise their son, who was very lovely and engaging. At six years old he made many partisans by his winning ways, and distributing little silver harts as his badge. The Yorkists now seized London and advanced to battle, and with them came a formidable rival to Margaret's young Prince of Wales, none other than Edward, Earl of March, eldest son of the Duke of York. He was a handsome young warrior of nineteen, Warwick's pupil in war. The Lancastrians met the Yorkist army, July 9, 1460, near Northampton. The queen, imagining herself secure of victory, had induced the king to quit the town of Coventry, July 9, 1460, cross the river Nene, and encamp with his army in the plain near Sandifford. The fiery heir of York then advanced his father's banner, and attacked the host of Lancaster at seven in the morning. The battle lasted but two hours. Ten thousand tall Englishmen were slain or drowned in attempting to repossess the river, and King Henry himself, left all lonely and disconsolate, was taken prisoner. Queen Margaret was not herself in the battle, but, with the infant hope of Lancaster, was posted in a spot whence she could command a prospect of the field and communicate with her generals. When, however, the treachery of Lord Grey of Ruthyn caused a headlong rush of her disordered troops to repossess the river they had crossed so full of ardor, the courage of the heroine yielded to maternal terror; she fled precipitately with her boy and a few faithful followers northward. On the road to Chester she was joined by the Duke of Somerset, and, after a thousand perils, succeeded in reaching Harlech Castle, an impregnable fortress in North Wales, where she was manfully protected by Dafyd ap Jean ap Einion, a Welsh chieftain, who, in stature, resembled one of the Cambrian giants of romance. In this rocky fastness, which appeared as if formed by nature for the shelter of the royal fugitives, they remained safe from pursuit. The Duke of York compelled the king his prisoner to issue summonses addressed to Queen Margaret, commanding her and the prince their son to return to London, under penalty of high treason. The indignation of the queen roused her from her needed rest in North Wales. She remembered that King James of Scotland was descended from a Lancastrian princess. She

took leave of Harlech with thanks, to which the loving Cambrians responded with one of their sweet lays, still extant—"Margaret the Fair, farewell!" She embarked on the Menai, touched at Llincluden Abbey, and sent to the queen-regent, Mary of Gueldres. She and her boy were entertained by the minor king, James III., grandson of Joanna Beaufort, young Edward's great-aunt, at Falkland. Nothing could detain Margaret when she had her quota of arms and men. She unfurled the banner of the Red Rose on the border. Young Clifford and young Percy responded with twenty thousand men. Margaret was at the gates of York and in the city before the duke thereof knew she was in England.

Christmas Eve, 1460, saw the Duke of York at his strong castle of Sandal, by forced marches, and there, with five thousand men, he determined to await the arrival of his son Edward, who was raising forces. Margaret advanced to Wakefield, and appearing under the walls of Sandal Castle, defied the duke to meet her in the field day after day, and used so many provoking taunts "on his want of courage in suffering himself to be tamely braved by a woman," that York, who certainly had had little reason to form a very lofty idea of Margaret's skill as a military leader, determined to come forth and do battle with her and twenty thousand northern men, against the entreaties of his old marcher warrior, Davy Hall, but in less than half an hour he was slain and his army discomfited. Two thousand of the Yorkists lay dead on the field, and the ruthless Clifford, on his return from the pursuit, in which he had slain the young Earl of Rutland in cold blood on Wakefield Bridge, severed the head of the Duke of York from his lifeless body, crowned it with paper, and presented it to Queen Margaret on the point of a lance. She laughed and said, "Put the traitors' heads on York gate, and take care that room be left between the heads of York and Salisbury for those of the Earls of March and Warwick, which she intended should soon keep them company." The demons of war were now let loose in all their destroying fury, and the leaders of the rival parties emulated each other in deeds of horror. Edward, Earl of March, won a battle at Mortimer's Cross, February 1st, which was followed by sanguinary executions. Owen Tudor among others was beheaded. Queen Margaret, however, pushed on impetuously to the metropolis, with the intention of rescuing her captive lord from the thralldom in which he had been held ever since the battle of Northampton. Warwick met her on the former battle-ground at St. Alban's, leading his royal prisoner in his train, intercepted her army, and filled the town with archers; but she intrep-

idly forced her way through a lane into St. Peter's Street, and drove Warwick's archers back upon the van-guard of his army on Barnet heath. Warwick's Londoners proved no match for the stout northern men whom Margaret kept pouring upon them. The Yorkists dispersed and fled in the gloom of a December eve, leaving their royal prisoner, King Henry, nearly alone in a tent. The queen was not aware of his proximity, till his faithful servant, Howe, ran to Lord Clifford's quarters to announce the fact. Attended by Clifford, she flew to greet him, and they embraced with the most passionate tokens of joy. Margaret exultingly presented the young Prince of Wales, who had been her companion during the perils of that stormy day, and requested Henry to bestow knight-hood on the gallant child. This ceremonial performed, the king, with his victorious consort, the Prince of Wales, and the northern lords, went immediately to return thanks, in the abbey-church of St. Alban's, for his deliverance. Then Henry went forthwith to visit and to knight John Gray, the dying commander of Margaret's cavalry, who had won the day by his heroism.

Flushed with her recent triumphs, and cherishing a wrathful remembrance of the disaffection of the Londoners, Margaret sent a haughty demand for provisions for her army to the civic authorities. The lord-mayor, a Lancastrian, loaded some carts, but the citizens, chiefly Yorkist, seized them at Cripple-gate. And Margaret, highly exasperated, gave permission to her fierce northern auxiliaries to plunder the country up to the very gates of London. At which the abbot of St. Alban's, who had given shelter to the queen's friends, the newly widowed Elizabeth Gray and her mother Jacquetta, Duchess of Bedford, sent those ladies in the midst of their grief to beg mercy of the queen for his tenants and neighbors.

St. Alban's was won, but not London, which the victorious young warrior, Edward of York, entered in triumph: he was received by the citizens as their deliverer: and on the 4th of March he was proclaimed king, with universal acclamations, by the style and title of Edward IV. Margaret was the heroine of the northern aristocracy, and to the north she retreated. An army of sixty thousand men was in the course of a few days at her command. Somerset and Clifford prevailed on Margaret to remain with the king and the young Prince of Wales at York, while they engaged the rival sovereign. The Lancastrians were defeated at Ferrybridge and Towton on successive days. Margaret fled, with her consort and her son, to Newcastle, and from thence to Alnwick Castle. A

mournful welcome awaited her there, for its gallant lord had fought and fallen in her cause at Towton.

At the approach of the victorious Yorkists, the royal fugitives sought refuge in Scotland. Accompanied by King Henry, their son, and six followers only, Margaret crossed the border. She received a kind and honorable welcome from the queen-regent of Scotland, and, to the astonishment of all Europe, her son, Edward, Prince of Wales, and the Princess Margaret, sister to the young King James III., were betrothed, on her promise of surrendering the oft-contested town of Berwick. Somerset's vileness in slandering the Queen of Scotland was the cause of breaking up the friendship which Margaret had established. In the first week in April, she and her son, and a party of their followers, embarked at Kirkeudbright for France. Louis was now King of France. He bestowed much apparent regard on Margaret, to cajole her into giving up Calais to him; and as that town was not in her possession, she was easily persuaded to sign a treaty for its surrender; and was complimented by being united with him in the office of sponsor to the infant son of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, afterward Louis XII. of France, whom she presented at the baptismal font.

Margaret had no succor from her own family, for King René and his son were engaged in a ruinous contest with Aragon. Kindred and countrymen had failed her in her sore adversity, but when Pierre Brezé, the seneschal of Normandy, entered as a volunteer, with two thousand men, into her service, she sought once more, and obtained assistance from the Scotch, and placed her devoted champion, Brezé, at the head of the forces with which she was supplied. She then brought King Henry into the field, who had previously been hidden in her safe refuge at Harlech Castle. She left the little Prince of Wales at Berwick, not wishing to expose his tender childhood to a northern campaign. This was her first separation from her son. She captured the important fortresses of Bamborough, Alnwick, and Dunstanburgh, and garrisoned them with Scotch and Frenchmen.

Somerset, for whose house she had sacrificed so much, surrendered the castle of Bamborough to Warwick, on condition of receiving a pension from King Edward. Suffolk and Exeter, likewise, carried perjured homage to the throne of that monarch. Yet Margaret continued courageously to struggle against fortune, and succeeded in winning back Somerset and Exeter to the banner of the Red Rose.

In the spring of 1463 Margaret brought her young prince to

encourage the Lancastrian army at Hexham. Total rout, as usual, was the result of Somerset's generalship. Margaret fled with the prince toward the Scotch border, taking with them as many of the crown-jewels and other treasures as they could secure: among these, as she afterward told her cousin the Duchess of Bourbon, were some large gold vessels, which she hoped to have carried safely into Scotland; but while thus laden, she and her company were overtaken by plunderers, who robbed them of every thing, and even despoiled her and the little Prince of Wales of their ornaments and rich array.

To Hexham forest her equerry, who was the conductor of the party, fled; as for Margaret, she was in no condition to form a judgment as to what course to take, for, as she afterward declared, when they plunged into the dark depths of the forest, she fancied every tree she saw was a man with a naked sword in his hand, who kept crying to her "*à la mort!*" Hexham forest was then a sort of "dead man's ground," which few travelers ventured to cross, except in large parties well armed.

The night closed over the fugitive queen and her boy while they were wandering in the tangled mazes of Hexham forest. Neither of them had tasted food since an early hour in the morning. To add to her distress, Margaret was uncertain whether the king her husband was alive or dead, as they had fled in different directions. Suddenly she perceived, by the light of the rising moon, an armed man of gigantic stature advancing toward her. She guessed that he was one of the forest outlaws. Her courage rose with the greatness of the danger; she called him to her. There is something in the tone and manner of those whose vocation is command which insures involuntary attention. She took the little prince by the hand, and presented him to the outlaw with these words: "Here, my friend, save the son of your king. Take him, and conceal him from those who seek his life. Give him refuge in thine own hiding-place."

The outlaw, who was a ruined Lancastrian gentleman, well remembered her. No belted knight could have acquitted himself more nobly of the trust the unfortunate queen had confided to his honor. Raising the weary prince in his arms, he led the way, followed by the queen and her equerry to his secret retreat—a cave in a secluded spot on the south bank of the rapid little stream which washes the foot of Blackhill, where the royal fugitives were refreshed, and received all the comfort his wife was able to bestow. The local traditions of Hexham still call the robber's den "Queen Margaret's cave." The en-

trance to it is very low, behind the bank of the rivulet, and was formerly concealed from sight and surrounded by wild wood. Its dimensions are thirty-four by fourteen feet: the height will barely allow a full-grown person to stand upright. A massive pillar of rude masonry in the centre of the cave marks the boundary of a wall, once dividing it into two apartments.

Such was the retreat in which the queen and prince remained during two days of agonizing suspense. On the third morning their host encountered Sir Pierre de Brezé and an English gentleman, who, having escaped the robbers at Hexham, had been making anxious search for her and the prince. From these devoted friends Margaret learned the escape of her royal husband, and the terrible vengeance that had been executed on Somerset and her faithful adherents, the Lords Hungerford and Roos. She received these tidings with floods of tears. Soon they met the Duke of Exeter and Edmund Beaufort, the brother and successor of the beheaded Duke of Somerset. Margaret's spirits revived at the sight of these princes, whom she had numbered with the slain of Hexham, and she determined to send them to their powerful kinsman, the Duke of Burgundy, to solicit an asylum at the court of Dijon for herself and the Prince of Wales. The Dukes of Somerset and Exeter offered money to the wife of the hospitable outlaw, which she refused. "Of all I have lost," exclaimed the queen, "I regret nothing so much as the power of recompensing such virtue." Accompanied by Brezé and the squire, and attended by the outlaw of Hexham in the capacity of a guide, Margaret and the young prince her son took the road to Carlisle, from whence she once more went to Kirkcudbright.

But Scotland presented no asylum for her, her presence and that of her son gave alarm; she therefore had to cross the border again, and embarked at Bamborough, where her brave northern friends still held out, and sailed from thence for France. Furious storms drove her into the port of Ecluse, the dominions of her father's foe, Philip, Duke of Burgundy, who had, however, married Isabella of Portugal, granddaughter of John of Gaunt. There she landed the last day of July, 1463, accompanied by her son and some faithful ladies. Sir John Fortescue, one of the greatest authors on English laws and liberty—he had been Henry VI.'s lord chief-justice and tutor to the young prince—followed the adverse fortunes of his royal friends. Margaret had in her prosperity declared that if she could once get the Duke of Burgundy in her power she

would make "the axe pass between his head and shoulders;" nevertheless he behaved to her like a true knight—relieved her necessities and gave her hospitality—although she came to Bruges in a common stage-wagon, and her gown, the only one she had, was only a "robette" or jacket. He sent his sister, the Duchess of Bourbon, to visit her, to whom she told her Hexham adventures; Sir John Chastillon, who was present, heard them; we have translated them from his chronicle, and we wish we had room here for more of the adventures he relates of Margaret; but our readers will find all in the larger editions of the Queens of England, likewise Margaret's portrait and autograph.

Lorraine was at last the place of her retreat; her father allowed her out of his poverty the castle and demesne of Kuerin near St. Michael's town, and two thousand livres per annum. His sister, Marie of Anjou, the dowager-queen of France, used to take her part of the year to her royal castle of Amboise; and Margaret's beloved sister Yolante received her and her exiled Prince of Wales for long visits. Under the tuition of Sir John Fortescue the young prince advanced to manhood with very fair promise of excellence, while they all waited for better times. And they thought these had arrived when Edward IV., in the insolence of prosperity, quarreled with Warwick, who came with his family and the Duke of Clarence, the husband of his eldest daughter, as fugitives, to seek assistance from Louis XI. Margaret was sent for by Louis to meet Warwick at Tours, and be reconciled to him. It was long before she could bend her mind to that expedient. Finally, she pawned Calais to Louis XI., and then, after she had consented that Warwick's youngest daughter, the Lady Anne Neville, should marry her son, which took place at Amboise, August, 1470, a new invasion was prepared against England. Warwick and Clarence led the enterprise and landed at Dartmouth.

Warwick's expedition was triumphant. Edward IV. fled; his queen, Elizabeth Woodville, took sanctuary. Henry VI. was removed from his Tower restraint to Westminster. He had not been ill treated in the Tower, and he was not elated with his restoration. Margaret, in her endeavor to sail with her armament, in which was her son and his bride, was constantly baffled by furious storms; meantime she was not ignorant of the return of King Edward, his success, and the defection of "false, perjured, fleeing Clarence." Her anxiety to reach the scene of action was proportioned to the desperate nature of the closely contested game that was playing there.

Despite of all opposing influences of the elements, she once

more put to sea, March 24. The passage, which with a favorable wind might have been achieved in twelve hours, was protracted sixteen tedious days and nights. On Easter Eve her long-baffled fleet made the port of Weymouth. At the Abbey of Cerne, Queen Margaret, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, kept their Easter festival, at the very time their cause was receiving its death-blow on the fatal heath of Barnet.

When the dreadful news of the death of Warwick and the recapture of King Henry was brought to Margaret, she fell to the ground in a deep swoon, and for a long time remained in utter despair. The soothing caresses of her beloved son in some manner restored her to herself; she departed, with all her company, to the famous sanctuary of Beaulieu Abbey, where she registered herself and companions as sanctuary persons. Here she was visited by the young fiery Duke of Somerset, and many Lancastrian nobles, who welcomed her to England; they strove to rouse her from her dejection by telling her "they had already good puissance in the field, and trusted, with the encouragement of her presence and that of the prince, soon to draw all the northern and western counties to the banner of the Red Rose." Margaret said, "It was her opinion no good would be done in the field, and it would be best for her and the prince, with such as chose to share their fortunes, to return to France." But the gallant young prince would not consent. Margaret at last said, "Well, be it so." She then consented to quit her asylum, and proceeded with the Lancastrian lords to Bath.

Thence they passed on to Tewkesbury. Edward IV. had arrived within a mile of that place before she came, and was ready to do battle with her. Although she had marched seven-and-thirty miles that day with the army, Margaret and her son the prince rode about the field, and from rank to rank, encouraging the soldiers with promises of large rewards, if they won the victory.

The battle was fought on the 4th of May, 1471, and was lost, through the inconsiderate fury of Somerset; who, finding Lord Wenlock inactively sitting on his horse in the market-place of Tewkesbury with his laggard host, when his presence was most required, rode fiercely up to him, and calling him "Traitor!" cleft his skull with his battle-axe. His men, panic stricken at the fate of their leader, fled. The Prince of Wales had no experience as a general, and his personal courage was unavailing. When Queen Margaret saw that the day was going against her, she could with difficulty be withheld from rushing

into the battle; but at length, fainting with the violence of her feelings, she was carried to her chariot by her faithful attendants, and was thus conveyed through the gates of Tewkesbury Park to a small religious house hard by, where her daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales, and other Lancastrian ladies, had already taken refuge. She remained there till Tuesday, May 7th, three days after the battle. The last hope of the unfortunate queen perished at Tewkesbury.

Sir Richard Crofts, to whom the Prince of Wales had surrendered, tempted by the proclamation "that whoever should bring Edward (called prince) to the king, should receive one hundred pounds a year for life, and the prince's life be spared," produced his prisoner. King Edward, struck with the noble presence of the youth, after he had well considered him, demanded, "How he durst so presumptuously enter his realms, with banners displayed against him?"—"To recover my father's crown and mine own inheritance," was the bold but rash reply of the intrepid prince. Edward struck him in the face with his gauntlet, which was the signal for his pitiless attendants to dispatch him with their daggers.

The following day, Queen Margaret was brought to Edward IV. at Coventry, May 11th, by her old enemy Sir William Stanley, by whom, it is said, the first news of the massacre of her beloved son was revealed to the bereaved mother, in a manner that was calculated to aggravate the bitterness of this dreadful blow. Margaret, in agony, invoked terrible maledictions on the head of the ruthless Edward and his posterity, which Stanley was inhuman enough to report to his royal master. Edward was at first so much exasperated, that he thought of putting her to death; but no Plantagenet ever shed the blood of a woman. Margaret and her unfortunate daughter-in-law, the Princess of Wales, entered London together in the train of the haughty victor; it is said they traveled in the same chariot, but were separated immediately on their arrival. Margaret was incarcerated in prison lodgings in that gloomy fortress where her royal husband was already immured—that husband to whom she was now so near, after long years of separation, and yet was to behold no more. The same night that Margaret of Anjou was brought as a captive to the Tower of London, she was made a widow. "That night, between eleven and twelve of the clock, was King Henry, being prisoner in the Tower, put to death, the Duke of Gloucester and divers of his men being in the Tower."

King Edward and the Duke of Gloucester, as if apprehensive of some outburst of popular indignation, left London

early in the same morning that the tragic pageant of exposing the corpse of their royal victim to public view was to take place. Very brief was the interval between the death and funeral of holy Henry. In the evening his hearse was placed in a lighted barge, guarded by soldiers from Calais, and conveyed up the dark waters of the Thames at midnight to his silent interment at Chertsey Abbey.

Death had likewise been busy in the paternal house of Margaret. Her brother, John of Calabria, his young promising heir, and her sister's husband, Ferry of Vaudemonte, all died within a few weeks of each other. King René roused himself from the despair in which he had been plunged by these repeated bereavements to write the following touching letter to Margaret, which she received in the midst of her agonies for the death of her husband and son :

“My child, may God help thee with his counsels ! for rarely is the aid of man tendered in such reverse of fortune. When you can spare a thought from your own sufferings, think of mine ; they are great, my daughter, yet would I console thee.”

The imprisonment of Queen Margaret was at first very rigorous, but it was, after a time, ameliorated through the compassionate influence of Edward's queen, Elizabeth Woodville, who retained a grateful remembrance of the benefits she had formerly received from her royal mistress. She was transferred from the Tower to Wallingford Castle, where she had the happiness of the company of her friend Alice, duchess-dowager of Suffolk, whose son had married Edward IV.'s sister. Her tender-hearted father, King René, was unwearied in his exertions for her emancipation, which was at length accomplished at the sacrifice of his inheritance of Provence, which he ceded to Louis XI. at Lyons, in 1475, for half its value, that he might deliver his beloved child from captivity.

The agreement between Edward IV. and Louis XI. for the ransom of Margaret of Anjou was finally settled August 29th, 1475, while Edward was in France. Louis undertook to pay fifty thousand crowns for her liberation, at five instalments. She safely arrived at Dieppe in the beginning of January, 1476. It was requisite, for the validity of the deeds of renunciation she had to sign, that she should be at liberty. Therefore Sir Thomas Montgomery took her to Rouen, and consigned her to the French ambassadors ; and on the 29th of January she signed a formal renunciation of all rights her marriage in England had given her. The home to which her father welcomed Margaret was at that time at Reculée, about a league from Angers, on the river Mayence, where he had a castle that

commanded a view of the town, with a beautiful garden and a gallery of paintings and sculpture, which he took delight in adorning with his own paintings, and ornamented the walls of his garden with heraldic designs carved in marble. Margaret had lost her beauty with excessive weeping; a dry leprosy transformed this princess, who had been celebrated as the fairest in the world, into a spectacle of horror. She seldom left her retreat at Reclée; but she is considered to have been the person who kept alive the interests of the Lancastrian party for her royal consort's kinsman, the young Earl of Richmond, of whom Henry VI. had prophesied "that he should one day wear the crown of England."



Queen Margaret. From portraits in Queen's College.

King René died in 1480; he bequeathed "one thousand crowns in gold to his daughter Margaret, Queen of England, the castle of Queniez, and two thousand livres per annum." Her father, with his last breath, had consigned her to the care of the faithful officer of his household, Francis Vignolles, Lord

of Moraens, who had shared all his struggles. This brave soldier took the fallen queen to his own home, the château of Dampri re, near Saumur, where she closed her troublous pilgrimage, August 25th, 1483, in the fifty-first year of her age. She was buried in the cathedral of Angers, in the same tomb with her beloved parents, without epitaph or inscription, or any other memorial, excepting her portrait on glass in a window of the cathedral, which had been painted, twenty years previously, by her father.

Margaret's eldest sister Yolante survived her two years; she had a beautiful daughter, called Margaret of Anjou the younger. Maria Louisa, Napoleon's empress, possessed her breviary, in which there is one sentence supposed to have been written by the once beautiful, powerful, and admired Margaret, Queen of England—

“Vant  des vanit s, tout la vant  !”

“Vanity of vanities, all is vanity !”

The above autograph of Margaret of Anjou is in the Register or Collection entitled Sceau x., vol. v., p. 183, in the MSS. Royal Lib., Paris.



Queen Elizabeth Woodville.

ELIZABETH WOODVILLE,
QUEEN CONSORT OF EDWARD IV.

JACQUETTA OF LUXEMBURG, the fair young widow of the old warlike Duke of Bedford, took for her second spouse his favorite knight, the brave and handsome Sir Richard Woodville, when she came to England in 1435 to claim her dower. The time of the birth of her eldest child Elizabeth, the issue of marriage kept secret for fear of Parliament, probably occurred in 1436. The matter burst out with great scandal the year after. Sir Richard was arrested and imprisoned in 1437; but as the king's mother had married in lower degree to Owen Tudor, the young king was glad to pardon the second lady in his realm, as an excuse for showing mercy to his dying queen-mother, Jacquetta's knight was therefore pardoned and sent home. They settled very happily at Grafton Castle, where

they became the parents of a large family of handsome sons and beautiful daughters, among whom Elizabeth was fairest of the fair.

The Duchess of Bedford kept the rank of the king's aunt. His royal mother had died miserably in 1437, as shown in her life. Duchess Jacquetta, on occasions of ceremony, was the first lady in the land until the marriage of the king. Her daughter Elizabeth took high rank among the maids of honor of Margaret of Anjou, and was the belle of her court, as two letters extant from Richard Duke of York and his friend the Earl of Warwick prove, recommending a Welsh hero, one of their knights-marshal, Sir Hugh Johns, as a husband, they dwell on his great love inspired by her beauty and sweet manners; the letters show familiar acquaintance with Elizabeth, but they were of no avail. The court beauty had no fortune but her face, the Welsh champion none but his sword. She made a better match the same year with the heir of Lord Ferrers of Groby, John Gray, rich, valiant, and years younger than the rejected Sir Hugh. Lord Ferrers was possessor of the ancient domain of Bradgate, which was afterward to derive lustre as the birthplace of his descendant, Lady Jane Grey. Elizabeth was appointed one of the four ladies of the bed-chamber to Margaret of Anjou. John Gray held military command in the queen's army. His death left Elizabeth with two infant sons, in 1460.

Rancor so deep pursued the memory of John, Lord Gray, that his harmless infants, Thomas and Richard, were deprived of their inheritance of Bradgate. Elizabeth herself remained mourning and destitute at Grafton the first two years of Edward IV.'s reign. Hearing that the young king was hunting in the neighborhood of her mother's dower-castle at Grafton, Elizabeth waited for him beneath a noble tree known in the traditions of Northamptonshire as "the queen's oak," holding a fatherless boy in either hand; and when Edward, who must have been well acquainted with her previously at the English court, paused to listen to her, she threw herself at his feet, and pleaded for the restoration of her children's lands. Her downcast looks and mournful beauty not only gained her suit, but the heart of the conqueror. He was unwilling to make her his queen, but she left him to settle the question; knowing that he had betrayed others, her affections still claved to the memory of the husband of her youth. Her indifference increased the love of the young king. The struggle ended in his offering her marriage, which took place May 1, 1464. The marriage gave great offense to the mother of Edward IV. This

lady, who, before the fall of her husband, Richard Duke of York, at Wakefield, had assumed the state of a queen, had to give place to the daughter of a knight. It was on Michaelmas Day, 1464, that Edward IV. finally declared Elizabeth to be his wedded wife, at Reading Palace.

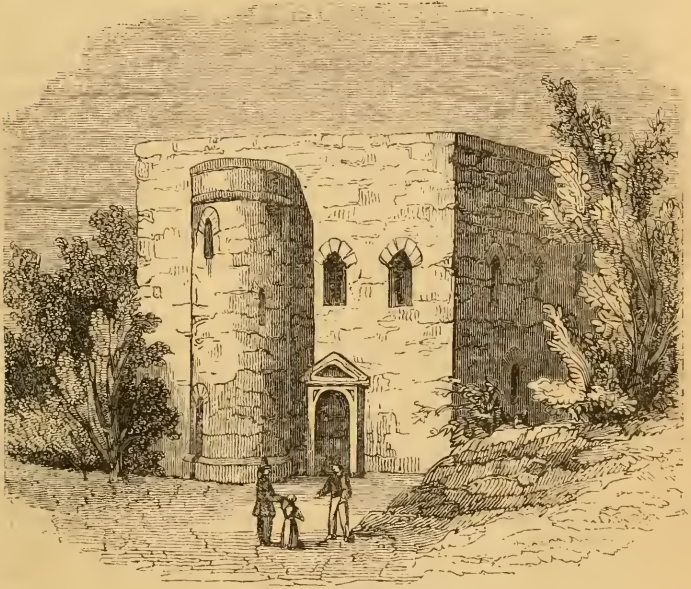
The queen's eldest daughter, Elizabeth, was born at Westminster Palace about five months afterward. The royal physicians, by means of their foolish studies of astrology, had assured King Edward that his expected child by his queen would prove a prince. The king, who was deep in the same kind of lore, had persuaded himself that his expected infant would wear the crown of England. One of these physicians, Dr. Dominic, obtained leave to station himself in the queen's withdrawing-room, leading to her bed-chamber, in order that he might be the first to carry the tidings of the heir to Edward IV. Hearing the child cry, he called to one of the queen's ladies, asking, "What her grace had?" The ladies were not in the best humor, being unwilling to answer "only a girl." So one of them replied, "Whatsoever the queen's grace hath here within, sure 'tis a fool that standeth there without." Poor Dr. Dominic, being much confounded by this sharp answer, dared not enter the king's presence.

Elizabeth was crowned May 16, 1465, with great solemnity, in Westminster Abbey, the young Duke of Clarence officiating as high-steward. Elizabeth and Warwick were on friendly terms, as he stood godfather to her eldest daughter. The baptism of this princess for a while conciliated her two grandmothers, Cicely, Duchess of York, and Jacquetta, Duchess of Bedford, who were likewise her sponsors. The christening was performed with royal pomp, and the babe received her mother's name of Elizabeth—a proof that Edward was more inclined to pay a compliment to his wife than to his haughty mother. As prime-minister, relative, and general of Edward IV., the Earl of Warwick had, from 1460 to 1465, borne absolute sway in England; yet Edward at that time so far forgot gratitude and propriety as to offer some personal insult to Isabel, his eldest daughter, who had grown up a beauty. Warwick had certainly been in hopes that, as soon as Isabel was old enough, he would have made her his queen, a speculation forever disappointed by the exaltation of Elizabeth; so he gave his daughter Isabel in marriage to the Duke of Clarence, and England was soon after in a state of insurrection. As popular fury was especially directed against the queen's family, the Woodvilles were advised to retire for a time.

The first outbreak of the muttering storm was a rebellion

in 1468, in Yorkshire, under a freebooter called Robin of Redesdale, declared by some to have been a noble, outlawed for the cause of the Red Rose. The murder of the queen's father and brother followed in 1469. When the king advanced to suppress these outrages, he was seized by Warwick and his brother Montague, and kept at Warwick Castle, where an experiment was tried to shake his affection to Elizabeth by the insinuation that her whole influence over him proceeded from her mother's skill in witchcraft. The Yorkist king escaped speedily to Windsor, and was soon once more in his metropolis, which was perfectly devoted to him, and where, it appears, his queen had remained in security during these alarming events. Again England was his own; for Warwick and Clarence, in alarm at his escape, betook themselves to their fleet, and fled. Then the queen's brother, Anthony Woodville, intercepted and captured the rebel ships, but not that in which Warwick and Clarence, with their families, were embarked, which escaped with difficulty to the coast of France. The queen was placed by the king in safety in the Tower, before he marched to give battle to the insurgents. She was the mother of three girls, but had not borne heirs-male to the house of York. Edward IV. narrowly escaped being once more thrown into the power of Warwick, who had returned to England; but being warned by his faithful serjeant of minstrels, Alexander Carlile, he fled half dressed from his revolting troops in the dead of night, and embarked at Lynn with a few faithful friends. Elizabeth was thus left alone, with her mother, to bide the storm. She was resident at the Tower, where her party still held Henry VI. prisoner. While danger was yet at a distance, the queen's resolutions were remarkably valiant; yet the very day that Warwick and Clarence entered London, she betook herself to her barge, and fled up the Thames to Westminster—not to her own palace, but to a strong gloomy building called the Sanctuary, which occupied a space at the end of St. Margaret's church-yard. Here she registered herself, her mother, her three little daughters—Elizabeth, Mary, and Cicely, with the faithful Lady Scrope, her attendant, as sanctuary-woman; and in this dismal place, November 1, 1470, the long-hoped-for heir of York was born. The queen was most destitute; but Thomas Milling, abbot of Westminster, sent various conveniences from the abbey close by. Mother Cobb, resident in the Sanctuary, charitably assisted the distressed queen, and acted as nurse to the little prince. Nor did Elizabeth, in this fearful crisis, want friends; for Master Serigo, her physician, attended herself and her son; while a

faithful butcher, John Gould, prevented the whole Sanctuary party from being starved into surrender. The little prince was baptized, soon after his birth, in the abbey, with no more ceremony than if he had been a poor man's son.



The Sanctuary at Westminster.

Early in March the queen was cheered by the news that her husband had landed, and soon after, that his brother Clarence had forsaken Warwick. The metropolis opened its gates to Edward IV., who hurried to the Sanctuary to embrace his wife and new-born son. The very morning of this joyful meeting, Elizabeth, accompanied by her royal lord, left Westminster Palace, but soon after retired to the Tower of London, while her husband gained the battles of Barnet and Tewkesbury. The news of his success had scarcely reached her, before the Tower was threatened with storm by Falconbridge; but her valiant brother Anthony Woodville being there, she, relying on his aid, stood the danger this time without running away.

After Edward IV. had crushed rebellion by almost exterminating his opponents, he turned his attention to rewarding

the friends to whom he owed his restoration, and bestowed princely gratuities on those humble friends who had aided "his Elizabeth," as he calls her, in that fearful crisis.

When Edward IV. fled in the preceding year from England, he landed with a few friends at Sluys, the most distressed company of creatures ever seen; for he pawned his military cloak, lined with marten fur, to pay the master of his ship, and was put on shore in his waistcoat. The Lord of Grauthuse received, fed, and clothed him, lending him besides money and ships, without which he would never have been restored to his country and queen. Edward invited his benefactor to England. Lord Hastings received him, and led him to the far side of the quadrangle of Windsor Castle, to three chambers. These apartments were very richly hung with cloth of gold arras; and when Grauthuse had spoken with the king in the royal suite, he presented him to the queen's grace, they then ordered the Lord-Chamberlain Hastings to conduct him to his chamber, where supper was ready for him. After refreshment, the king had him brought immediately to the queen's own withdrawing-room, where she and her ladies were playing with little balls like marbles, and some of her ladies were playing with nine-pins. Also King Edward danced with Elizabeth, his eldest daughter. In the morning the king came into the quadrant, the prince also, borne by his chamberlain, called Master Vaughan, bade the Lord Grauthuse welcome. The innocent little prince, afterward the unfortunate Edward V., was then only eighteen months old. Then the queen ordered a grand banquet in her own apartments, at which her mother, her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Exeter, the king, and the Lord of Grauthuse all sat with her at one table.

Elizabeth, in January, 1477, presided over the espousals of her second son, Richard Duke of York, with Anne Mowbray, the infant heiress of the duchy of Norfolk. St. Stephen's chapel, Westminster, where the ceremony was performed, was splendidly hung with arras of gold on this occasion. The queen led the little bridegroom, who was not five, and her brother, Earl Rivers, led the baby bride, scarcely three years old. They afterward all partook of a rich banquet, laid out in the Painted Chamber. Soon after this infant marriage, all England was startled by the strange circumstances attending the death of the Duke of Clarence. The queen had been cruelly injured by Clarence. Her father and her brother had been put to death in his name; her brother Anthony, the pride of English chivalry, had narrowly escaped a similar fate: moreover, her mother had been accused of sorcery by his party.

She did not soothe her husband's mind when Clarence gave him provocation. In fact, on the first quarrel, his arrest, arraignment, and sentence followed. He was condemned to death, and sent to the Tower. In his dismal prison a butt of malmsey was introduced one night, where he could have access to it. The duke was found dead, with his head hanging over the butt. Gloucester was certainly absent from the scene of action, residing in the north. On St. George's Day succeeding this grotesque but horrible tragedy, the festival of the Garter was celebrated with more than usual pomp; the queen took a decided part in it, and wore the robes as chief lady of the order. Her vanity was inflated excessively by the engagement which the King of France had made for his son with her eldest daughter.

In the last years of King Edward's life he gave the queen's place in his affections to the beautiful Jane Shore, a goldsmith's wife in the city, whom he had seduced from her duty. His death was hastened by the pain of mind he felt at the conduct of Louis XI., who broke the engagement he had made to marry the dauphin to the Princess Elizabeth of York, but an intermittent fever was the cause. When expiring, he made his favorites, Lords Stanley and Hastings, vow reconciliation with the queen and her family. He died with great professions of penitence, at the early age of forty-two, April 9, 1483. Excepting the control of the marriages of his daughters, his will gave no authority to the queen. She was left, in reality, more unprotected in her second than in her first widowhood.

The Duke of Gloucester had been very little at court since the restoration. He was now absent in the north, and caused Edward V. to be proclaimed at York, writing letters of condolence so full of kindness and submission, that Elizabeth thought she should have a most complying friend in him. Astounding tidings were brought to the queen at midnight, May 3, that the Duke of Gloucester had intercepted the young king with an armed force on his progress to London, had seized his person, and arrested her brother, Earl Rivers, and her son, Lord Richard Gray. In that moment of agony she, however, remembered, that while she could keep her second son in safety the life of the young king was secure. With the Duke of York and her daughters she left Westminster Palace for the Sanctuary; and she, and all her children and company, were registered as Sanctuary persons. Dorset, the queen's eldest son, directly he heard of the arrest of his brother, weakly forsook his trust as constable of the Tower, and came into sanctuary to his mother. The Archbishop of York brought

her a cheering message, sent him by Lord Hastings in the night. "Ah!" replied Elizabeth, "it is he that goeth about to destroy us."—"Madame," said the archbishop, "be of good comfort; if they crown any other king than your eldest son, whom they have with them, we will on the morrow crown his brother, whom you have with you here. And here is the great seal, which in like wise as your noble husband gave it to me, so I deliver it to you for the use of your son." And therewith he handed to the queen the great seal, and departed from her in the dawning of day.

With the exception of the two beautiful and womanly maidens, Elizabeth and Cicely, the royal family were young children. The queen took with her into sanctuary Elizabeth, seventeen years old at this time, afterward married to Henry VII. Cicely was in her fifteenth year. These princesses had been the companions of their mother in 1470, when she had formerly sought sanctuary. Richard, Duke of York, born at Shrewsbury in 1472, was at this time eleven years old. Anne, born in 1474, after the date of her father's will (in which only the eldest daughters are named), was about eight years old. Katherine, born at Eltham about August 1479, then between three and four years old. Bridget, born at Eltham 1480, Nov. 20th, then only in her third year; she was afterward professed a nun at Dartford.

Gloucester's chief object was to get possession of the Duke of York, then safe with the queen. As the Archbishop of Canterbury was fearful lest force should be used, he went, with a deputation of temporal peers, to persuade Elizabeth to surrender her son, urging "that the young king required the company of his brother, being melancholy without a play-fellow." To this Elizabeth replied, "Troweth the protector—ah! pray God he may prove a protector!—that the king doth lack a playfellow? Can none be found to play with the king but only his brother, which hath no wish to play because of sickness? as though princes, so young as they be, could not play without their peers—or children could not play without their kindred, with whom (for the most part) they agree worse than with strangers!" According to the natural weakness of her character, she nevertheless yielded to importunity, and taking young Richard by the hand, said, "I here deliver him, and his brother's life with him, and of you I shall require them before God and man. Farewell! mine own sweet son. God send you good keeping! God knoweth when we shall kiss together again!" And therewith she kissed and blessed him, then turned her back and wept, leav-

ing the poor innocent child weeping as fast as herself. When the archbishop and the lords had received the young duke, they led him to his uncle, who received him in his arms with these words: "Now welcome, my lord, with all my very heart!" He then took him honorably through the city to the young king, then at Ely House, and the same evening to the Tower, out of which they were never seen alive, though preparations went on night and day in the abbey for the coronation of Edward V.

It is possible that Hastings's death had some influence in the imprudent surrender of young York. If Elizabeth had any secret joy in the illegal execution of her brother's rival and enemy, very soon she had to lament a similar fate for that dear brother, and for her son, Lord Richard Gray, who were beheaded by Sir Richard Radcliffe, June 24th, when the northern army, commanded by that general, commenced its march to London.

When the massacre of every friend to the rights of his brother's children was completed, and the approach of 9000 dreaded northern borderers intimidated the Londoners, the false protector entirely took off the mask. Buckingham induced Edward IV.'s confessor, Dr. Shaw, who was brother to Gloucester's partisan the lord-mayor, to preach a sermon against Edward V.'s title, on pretense that Edward IV.'s betrothment with Lady Eleanor Butler had never been dissolved by the Church. Shaw likewise urged the immediate recognition of the Duke of Gloucester as sovereign, putting aside the children of Clarence on pretense of his attainder by Parliament. Faint acclamations of "Long live Richard III." were raised by hired partisans, but the London citizens angrily and sullenly dispersed. Radcliffe's forces approached Bishopsgate on the 26th, and Richard III. was proclaimed king. The unhappy Queen Elizabeth Woodville and her daughters witnessed the proclamation of the usurper from the abbot's house in the abbey. Richard then made his state visit to the Tower and city. Elizabeth and her daughters must perforce have been witnesses of his coronation, July 6, 1483.

Soon after, the usurper, his wife, and son, now called Edward, Prince of Wales, made a grand progress to Warwick Castle. The unfortunate sons of Elizabeth meantime were closely imprisoned under the care of Sir Robert Brakenbury, one of Richard III.'s northern commanders, who had been given the lieutenancy, under the notion that he would obey implicitly the usurper's orders. Accordingly, Richard sent one of his gentlemen of the bed-chamber, John Green, ordering

him to kill Edward IV.'s sons forthwith. Brakenbury returned for answer "he would die first." A midnight consultation took place between Richard III. and his master of the horse, Sir James Tyrell, who left Warwick Castle August 2, with commands to Brakenbury from King Richard that he was to surrender the keys of the Tower to Sir James Tyrell for one night. On his ride from Warwickshire the master of the horse was attended by two retainers, one his squire, Miles Forrest, a northern champion of immense strength, the other his horse-breaker, John Dighton, a big, broad, square knave. Sir James had requested his own brother, Tom Tyrell, a brave gentleman, to aid him, but met with positive refusal, by which, if he lost the usurper's favor, he gained from his country the appellation of "honest Tom Tyrell."

The three murderers reached the Tower of London after dark, August 3. Sir James Tyrell demanded the Tower keys; and in the very dead of the night, when sleep weighs heaviest on young eyelids, one of the Tower wardens who waited on the hapless princes, Will Slaughter by name, guided the assassins through the secret passages, which still may be traced, from the lieutenant's house to the portcullis gate-way. There is a little dismal bed-chamber hidden in the space between that tower and the Wakefield tower, approached with winding stone stairs, and which has leads on the top and an ugly recess in the walls, reaching to the ground and even beneath it. The leads communicated by a door to the Wakefield tower leaded roof, and thence to the water-stairs by a bricked-up door-way, still plainly to be seen. No spot could be more convenient for secret murder. Tradition has pertinaciously clung to it and called this fatal prison-lodging the Bloody Tower.

Sir James Tyrell did not enter the chamber where the poor victims were sleeping, but his strong ruffians crept silently in, and oppressing the princes with their great strength and weight, stifled them with the bed-clothes and pillows. When the murders were completed, Forrest and Dighton laid out the royal corpses on the bed, and invited Sir James Tyrell to view their work. Tyrell ordered them to thrust them down the hole in the leads, which they did, and threw heavy stones upon them. Edward IV. had lately strengthened that part of the Tower, little thinking the use to be made of it, as a poet born in his time makes him say—

"I made the Tower strong; I wist not why—
Knew not for whom."

When Tyrell returned the keys to the lieutenant Brakenbury,

the latter found his young prisoners had vanished. The murderous trio rode back to Warwick Castle to report their doings to the head assassin. Richard III. approved of every thing his unscrupulous favorite and master of horse had done, excepting the disposal of his nephew's corpses. He insisted that they should be raised from that niche and buried in consecrated ground with burial service. The averseness of Sir Robert Brakenbury to have aught to do with the murders, threw great difficulty in the way of the usurper's commands, prompted by the first twinge of conscience. It is from the confession of Sir James Tyrell, put to death twenty years after for conspiring with the de la Poles, that these particulars are gathered, but he could not say where the poor children were ultimately buried; all he heard was that Richard III.'s orders had been issued to the priest of the Tower, who had in the dead of night taken the bodies whither no one knew, as the old man died two or three days after.



Edward V. From a MS. in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth.

The secret was not guessed for two centuries ; but when in 1674 Charles II. altered the White tower into a record office, under the flight of stairs leading up to the beautiful Norman chapel, was discovered a chest containing the bones of two children of the age of the murdered heirs of York. The orders of the usurper being fulfilled to the letter, the ground was consecrated as pertaining to the sacred place above ; and deeply secret the interment was. Charles II. had the poor remains of the heirs of York buried among their ancestors in Westminster Abbey, where our young readers may remark the monument and inscription near Henry VII.'s chapel.

We must now return to the life of their unfortunate mother, Elizabeth Woodville, who being in sanctuary, early heard when and where her sons were murdered, which, says Sir Thomas More, struck to her heart like the sharp dart of death : she swooned, and fell to the ground, where she lay long insensible. After she was revived and came to her memory again, with pitiful cries she filled the whole mansion. Her breast she beat, her fair hair she tore, and calling by name her sweet babes, accounted herself mad when she delivered her younger son out of sanctuary, for his uncle to put him to death. She kneeled down and cried to God to take vengeance ; and when Richard unexpectedly lost his only son, for whose advancement he had steeped his soul in crime, Englishmen declared that the agonized mother's prayer had been heard. The wretched queen's health sank under the anguish inflicted by these murders, which had been preceded by the illegal execution of her son, Lord Richard Gray, and of her brother, at Pontefract. She was visited in sanctuary by a priest-physician, Dr. Lewis, who likewise attended Margaret Beaufort, mother to Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, then an exile in Bretagne. The plan of uniting the Princess Elizabeth with this last scion of the house of Lancaster, was first suggested to the desolate queen by Dr. Lewis. She eagerly embraced the proposition. The Duke of Buckingham, having been disgusted by Richard, his partner in crime, rose in arms ; but after the utter failure of his insurrection, Elizabeth was reduced to despair, and finally was forced to leave sanctuary, and surrender herself and daughters into the hands of the usurper, in March. She was then closely confined, with her daughters, in obscure apartments in the palace of Westminster. From thence she wrote to her son Dorset at Paris to put an end immediately to the treaty of marriage between Richmond and the Princess Elizabeth. The friends who had projected the marriage were greatly incensed ; but these steps were the evident result of the personal restraint the queen was then enduring.

The successful termination of the expedition undertaken by the Earl of Richmond, to obtain his promised bride and the crown of England, at once avenged the widowed queen and her family on the usurper, and restored her to liberty after the battle of Bosworth. Instead of the despotic control of Richard III.'s squire Nesfield, the queen, restored to royal rank, joyfully welcomed her eldest daughter, who was brought to her at Westminster from Sheriff Hutton, remaining with her till the January following the battle of Bosworth, when she saw her united in marriage to Henry of Richmond, the acknowledged King of England.

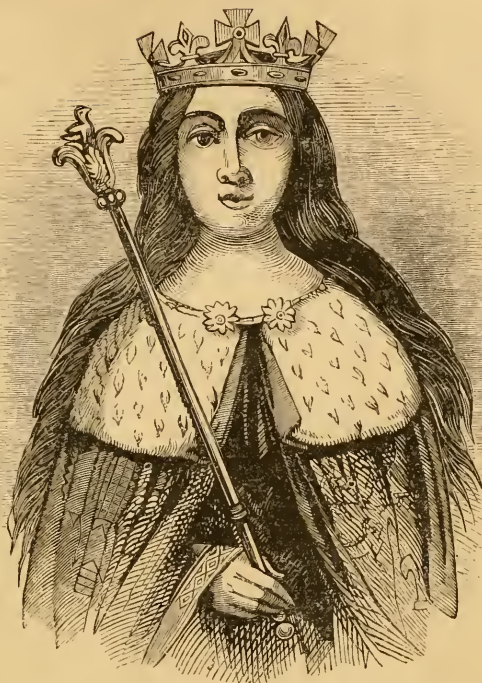
One of Henry VII.'s first acts was to invest the mother of his queen with the privileges befitting the widow of an English sovereign. Unfortunately Elizabeth had not been dowered on the lands anciently appropriated to the Queens of England, but on those of the duchy of Lancaster. However, a month after the marriage of her daughter to Henry VII. she received possession of some of the dower-palaces, among which Farnham, of 102*l.* per annum, was by her son-in-law added to help her income. The Parliamentary Act, whereby she was deprived of her dower in the preceding reign, was ordered by the judges to be burnt. Much is said of her ill treatment by Henry VII. However, at the very time she is declared to be in disgrace for patronizing the impostor who personated the young Earl of Warwick, she was chosen by the king, in preference to his own beloved mother, as sponsor to his dearly-prized heir, Prince Arthur. The last time the queen-dowager appeared in public was in a situation of the highest dignity. At the close of the year 1489 she received the French ambassador in great state; the next year Henry VII. presented her with an annuity of 400*l.* Soon after she retired to the royal apartments at Bermondsey Abbey.

Elizabeth Woodville expired the Friday before Whitsuntide, 1492. Her will shows that she died destitute of personal property; but no wonder, for the great possessions of the house of York were chiefly in the grasp of the old avaricious duchess, Cicely of York, who survived her hated daughter-in-law several years. Edward IV. had endowed his proud mother as if she were a queen-dowager; while his wife was dowered on property to which he possessed no real title. On Whit Sunday the queen-dowager's corpse was conveyed by water to Windsor, and thence privately, as she requested, through the little park, conducted unto the castle. Her three daughters, the Lady Anne, the Lady Katherine, and the Lady Bridget (the nun-princess) from Dartford, came by way of the Thames,

with many ladies. And her son, Lord Dorset, who kneeled at the head of the hearse, paid the cost of the funeral.

In St. George's chapel, north aisle, is the tomb of Edward IV. On a flat stone at the foot of this monument are engraven, in old English characters, the words—

King Edward and his Queen, Elizabeth Widville.



Anne, Queen of Richard III. From an ancient painting on glass.

ANNE OF WARWICK, QUEEN OF RICHARD III.

ANNE OF WARWICK, the last of our Plantagenet queens, and the first who had previously borne the title of Princess of Wales, was born at Warwick Castle, 1454. Her father, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick, surnamed the King-maker, possessed an income of twenty-two thousand marks per annum, but had no male heir, his family consisting but of two daughters: the eldest, Lady Isabel, was very handsome. But the Lady Anne was considered the finer woman of the two. The closest connection subsisted between the families of the Duke of York and the Earl of Warwick. Richard Plantagenet, afterward Richard III., was two years older than the Lady

Anne; he was born October 2, 1452, at his father's princely castle of Fotheringay. He was the youngest son of Richard, Duke of York, and his duchess Cicely Neville, the Earl of Warwick's aunt. The cousins, Anne of Warwick and Richard of Gloucester were companions when he was about fourteen, and she twelve years old. Richard had been created Duke of Gloucester, at his brother's coronation, and consigned to the military tuition of the Earl of Warwick, at Middleham Castle. At the grand enthronization of George Neville, the uncle of both, as Archbishop of York, Richard was a guest, seated in the place of honor in the chief banqueting-room upon the dais, under a canopy, with the Countess of Westmoreland on his left hand, his sister, the Duchess of Suffolk, on his right, and the noble maidens his cousins, the Lady Anne and the Lady Isabel, seated opposite, near the young prince, while the Countess of Warwick sat lower. Richard formed a strong affection for his cousin Anne; but succeeding events proved that the lady did not bestow the same regard on him which her sister Isabel did on his brother Clarence, nor was it to be expected, considering his disagreeable person and temper. As Lady Anne did not smile on her crook-backed cousin, there was no inducement for him to forsake the cause of his brother, King Edward.

The Earl of Warwick and the Duke of Clarence embarked for Calais, Warwick's government, in 1468, where the Countess of Warwick and her daughters were abiding. Clarence married Isabel in the Lady-church at Calais, in the presence of the countess and her daughter Anne. The Earl of Warwick, accompanied by his countess and Lady Anne, returned with the newly-wedded pair to England, where he and his son-in-law soon raised a civil war that shook the throne of Edward IV. After the loss of the battle of Edgecote, the Earl of Warwick escaped with his family to Dartmouth, where they were taken on board the Calais fleet, of which he was master.

On the voyage they encountered the Earl Rivers, with the Yorkist fleet, who gave Warwick's ships battle, and took most of them; but the vessel escaped which contained the Neville family. While it was flying from the victorious enemy a dreadful tempest arose. In the midst of this, the tempest-tossed bark made the offing of Calais; but in spite of the distress on board, Vaublere, whom Warwick had left as his lieutenant, held out the town against him and would not permit the ladies to land; he, however, sent two flagons of wine on board for the Duchess of Clarence, with a private message assuring Warwick "that the refusal arose from the townspeople,"

and advising him to make some other port in France. The Duchess of Clarence soon after gave birth, on board ship, to the babe to whom had been allotted so disastrous an entrance into a troublesome world, and the whole family landed safely at Dieppe the beginning of May, 1470. When they were able to travel, the Lady Anne, her mother and sister, attended by Clarence and Warwick, journeyed across France to Amboise, where they were graciously received by Louis XI., and that treaty was finally completed which made Anne the wife of Edward, the promising heir of Lancaster. This portion of the life of Anne of Warwick is so inextricably interwoven with that of her mother-in-law, Queen Margaret, that it were vain to repeat it a second time. Suffice it to observe that the bride was in her seventeenth, the bridegroom in his nineteenth year, and that the match was one of mutual love. The prince was well educated, and, moreover, eminently handsome. The ill-fated pair remained in each other's company from their marriage at Angers, in August, 1470, till the fatal field at Tewkesbury, May 4th, 1471. It is said by some writers Anne was with her husband, Edward of Lancaster, when that unfortunate prince was hurried before Edward IV. after the battle of Tewkesbury; and that Richard, Duke of Gloucester, was the only person present who did not draw his sword on the royal captive, out of respect to the presence of Anne, as she was the near relative of his mother, and a person whose affections he had always desired to possess. The murdered Prince of Wales, last scion of the royal house of Lancaster, was buried the day after the battle of Tewkesbury, under the central tower of that stately abbey.

After Margaret of Anjou was taken away to the Tower of London, Clarence privately abducted his sister-in-law, under the pretense of protecting her. As he was her sister's husband, he was exceedingly unwilling to divide the united inheritance of Neville of Warwick and Montague of Salisbury, which he knew must be done if his brother Gloucester carried into execution his avowed intention of marrying Anne. But very different was the conduct of the young widow of the Prince of Wales from that described by Shakspeare. Instead of acting as chief mourner to the hearse of her husband's murdered father, she was sedulously secluding herself. Concealment was needful, for Anne was actually under the same attainder in which her hapless mother and Queen Margaret were included. Her mother thus was totally unable to protect her, being a prisoner in the Beaulieu sanctuary, the egress from thence being securely guarded by the armed bands of

Edward IV. They were away nearly two years from the battle of Tewkesbury. The Duke of Gloucester at length made out the disguise of his cousin, Anne of Warwick. Immediately after this discovery he entered her in the sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and thither transferred her person. The attainder hanging over her forced her to accept of this assistance. She was afterward removed to the protection of her uncle George, the Archbishop of York, and was even permitted to visit and comfort her mother-in-law, Queen Margaret, at the Tower.

The marriage of the Lady Anne and Richard, Duke of Gloucester, took place at Westminster, 1473. Some illegalities were connected with this ceremony, assuredly arising from the reluctance of the bride, since the parliamentary rolls of the next year contain a curious act, empowering the Duke of Gloucester "to continue the full possession and enjoyment of Anne's property, even if she were to *divorce him*, provided he did his best to be reconciled and re-married her,"—ominous clauses relating to a wedlock of a few months! which proved that Anne meditated availing herself of some informality in her abhorred nuptials. The birth of her son Edward at Middleham Castle, 1474, probably reconciled the unhappy Duchess of Gloucester to her miserable fate. She and her consort lived chiefly at Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire, an abode convenient for the office borne by him as governor of the northern marches. As a very active war was proceeding with Scotland, in the course of which Richard won several battles and captured Edinburgh, his reluctant wife was not much troubled with his company, but devoted herself to her boy, in whom all her affections centered. During her abode at Middleham she lost her sister the Duchess of Clarence, who died December 12, 1476.

The death of Edward IV. caused a great change in the life of Anne. The Duke of Gloucester, who had very recently returned from Scotland, left Anne and his son at Middleham when he departed, with a troop of horse, to intercept his young nephew Edward V., on progress from Ludlow to London. Richard's household-book at Middleham affords some notices regarding the son of Anne of Warwick, during his father's absence. Geoffry Frank is allowed 22s. 9d. for green cloth, and 1s. 8d. for making it into gowns for my lord prince and Mr. Neville; 5s. for choosing a king of West Witton, in some frolic of rush-bearing, and 5s. for a feather for my lord prince; and Dirick, shoe-maker, had 13s. 1d. for his shoes; and Jane Collins, his nurse, 100s. for her year's wages. There

are charges for mending his whip, 2*d.*, and 6*s.* 8*d.* to two of his men, Medcalf and Pacok, for running on foot by the side of his carriage.

Anne of Warwick arrived in London, with her son, in time to share her husband's coronation, yet her arrival was but just before that event, as her rich dress for the occasion was only bought two days preceding the ceremony. Short time had the tire-women of Anne of Warwick to display their skill in the fitting of her regal robes. Sunday, July 4, Richard, who had previously been proclaimed king, conducted his queen and her son in great state, by water, from Baynard's Castle to the Tower, where his hapless little prisoners were made to vacate the royal apartments, and were consigned to a tower near the water-gate, since called the bloody tower. The same day Anne's only child, Edward, was created Prince of Wales. The grand procession of the king and queen, and their young heir, through the city, took place on the morrow, when they were attended from the Tower by four thousand northern partisans, whom the king and queen called "gentlemen of the north," but who were regarded by the citizens as a suspicious looking pack of vagabonds. The next day, July 5th, the coronation of Richard III. and his queen took place, with an unusual display of pageantry, great part of which had been prepared for the coronation of the hapless Edward V. The champion of England, after the coronation banquet, rode into Westminster Hall, and made his challenge without being gainsayed. The lord-mayor served the king and queen with ipocras, wafers, and sweet wine; and by that time it was dark night. As soon as the lights, wax-torches, came up the hall, the lords and ladies went up to the king and made their obeisance. And anon the king and queen rose up and went to their chambers.

From Windsor Castle the queen and Prince of Wales then commenced a splendid progress, in which they were accompanied by the Spanish ambassador, who had come to propose an alliance between the eldest daughter of his sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, and the son of Richard III. The queen took up her abode at Warwick Castle, the place of her birth and the grand fental seat of her father, which belonged to the young Earl of Warwick (the son of her sister Isabel and the Duke of Clarence), and it is especially noted that the queen brought her young nephew with her, and he dined at her table, where his imbecility was noted. Richard III. joined his queen at Warwick Castle, where they kept court with great magnificence for a week. It must have been at this visit that the portraits of Queen Anne, of Richard III., and their son,

were added to the Rous roll. They are good miniatures, whole lengths in water-colors. Richard III. is decidedly awry, one shoulder higher and thicker than the other. His boy is short, but holding himself in the same attitude as his sire. Anne's face is wonderfully worked up, though so small. She wears the curious stiffened gauze head-gear of the time, but looks woful and consumptive. Her portrait, illustrating the library edition of this work, is taken from another artist living in her day, for it shows her in her coronation attire, a handsome young woman, in health and content, for there is no reason to suppose, on any evidence, that she objected to be queen. As such she wears a close dress, and is without jewels, save a row of large pearls round her throat: the royal mantle, with its cordon, is attached to her dress. Her sceptre is a plain rod, surmounted with a cross of pearls. Her hair is simply and gracefully flowing, and a veil, depending from the back of her head, relieves the heavy outline of the arched crown, which, with all its symbolical intimations of imperial dignity, is an ill exchange for the beautiful floriated circlet of our earlier queens.

The court arrived at York, August 31. The recoronation of the king and queen, likewise the reinvestiture of Prince Edward of Gloucester as Prince of Wales, took place soon after at this city; measures which must have originated in the fact, that the sons of Edward IV. having been put to death during the northern progress of the court, the usurper considered that oaths of allegiance, taken at the recoronation, would be more legal than when the right heirs were alive. The overflowing paternity of Richard, which, perhaps, urged him to commit some of his crimes, thus speaks in his patents for creating his son Prince of Wales: "Whose singular wit and endowments of nature, wherewith (his young age considered) he is remarkably furnished, do portend, by the favor of God, that he will make an honest man." But small chance there was of such a miracle.

After the coronation had been performed in York Cathedral, Queen Anne walked in grand procession through the streets of the city, holding her little son by the right hand; he wore the demi-crown appointed for the heir of England. Five marks were paid to Michell Wharton, for bringing the prince's jewels to York on this occasion. A formidable insurrection, headed by the Duke of Buckingham, recalled Richard to the metropolis: he left his son, for security, among his northern friends, but Queen Anne accompanied her husband. If Anne had even passively consented to the unrighteous advancement

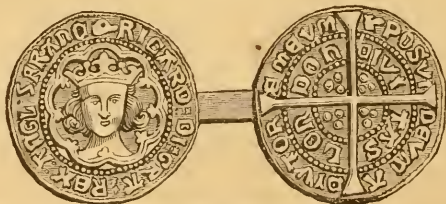
of her family, punishment quickly followed; for her son, on the last day of March, 1484, died at Middleham Castle. His death is mentioned by the family chronicler with great mystery, yet so as to infer that this boy, so deeply idolized by his guilty father, came by his end in some sudden and awful manner. His parents were not with him, but were as near as Nottingham Castle when he expired.

The loss of this child, in whom all Anne's hopes and happiness were garnered, struck to her heart, and she never again knew a moment's health or comfort. Richard had no other child; his declining and miserable consort was not likely to bring another; and if *he* did not consider her in the way, his guilty and ruffianly satellites certainly did, for they began to whisper dark things concerning the illegality of the king's marriage, and the possibility of its being set aside. As Edward IV.'s parliament considered that it was possible for Anne to divorce Richard in 1474, it can not be doubted that Richard could have resorted to the same manner of getting rid of her, when queen. Her evident decline, however, prevented Richard from giving himself any trouble regarding a divorce; yet it did not restrain him from uttering peevish complaints to Rotherham, Archbishop of York, against his wife's sickliness and disagreeable qualities. Rotherham, who had just been released from as much coercion as a King of England dared offer to a spiritual peer who had not appeared in open insurrection, ventured to prophesy, from these expressions, "that Richard's queen would suddenly depart from this world." This speech got circulated in the guard-chamber, and gave rise to a report that the queen, whose personal sufferings in a protracted decline had caused her to keep her chamber for some days, was actually dead. Anne was sitting at her toilet, with her tresses unbound, when this strange rumor was communicated to her. She considered it was the forerunner of her death by violent means, and, in a great agony, ran to her husband, with her hair disheveled, and with streaming eyes and piteous sobs asked him, "What she had done to deserve death?" Richard soothed her with fair words, bidding her "be of good cheer, for in sooth she had no other cause." The next report which harassed the dying queen was, that her husband was impatient for her demise, that he might give his hand to his niece, the Princess Elizabeth of York. This rumor had no influence on the conduct of Anne, for her kindness to her husband's niece is thus mentioned by one who knew them both: "The Lady Elizabeth (who had been some months out of sanctuary) was, with her four younger

sisters, sent by her mother to attend the queen at court, at the Christmas festivals kept with great state in Westminster Hall. They were received with all honorable courtesy by Queen Anne, especially the Lady Elizabeth, who ranked most familiarly in the queen's favor, who treated her as a sister; but neither society that she loved, nor all the pomp and festivity of royalty, could cure the languor or heal the wound in the queen's breast for the loss of her son." The young Earl of Warwick was, after the death of Richard's son, proclaimed heir to the English throne, and as such took his seat at the royal table during the lifetime of his aunt, Queen Anne. As these honors were withdrawn from the ill-fated boy directly after her death, it is reasonable to infer that he owed them to some influence she possessed with her husband, since young Warwick, as her sister's son, was her heir as well as his.

Within the year that deprived Anne of her only son, maternal sorrow put an end to her existence by a decline, slow enough to acquit her husband of poisoning her—a crime of which he is accused by most writers. She died at Westminster Palace on March 16, 1485, in the midst of the greatest eclipse of the sun that had happened for many years. Her funeral was most pompous and magnificent. Her husband was present, and was observed to shed tears, deemed hypocritical by the bystanders; but those who knew that he had been brought up with Anne, might suppose that he felt some instinctive yearnings of long companionship when he saw her deposited in that grave, where his ambitious interests had caused him to wish her to be.

She was interred near the altar at Westminster, not far from the place where subsequently was erected the monument of Anne of Cleves. No memorial marks the spot where the broken heart of the hapless Anne of Warwick found rest from as much sorrow as could possibly be crowded into the brief span of thirty-one years.



Groat of Richard III.



Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York. From their monument in Westminster Abbey.

ELIZABETH OF YORK, QUEEN CONSORT OF HENRY VII.

THE events of Elizabeth of York's early life have already been detailed in the biography of her mother, Queen Elizabeth Woodville. The dauphin, Charles, heir of Louis XI., King of France, was betrothed to this Princess Royal of England, 1475. Although the match never took place, it secured to her a good education; she was taught to speak and write French well; likewise, Edward IV. sent for a scrivener from the city, who taught the princess to write good court hand as well as himself. Moreover, the king amplified the state of his daughter's establishment with a portion of the tribute Louis paid him for keeping the peace; and when the contract was ratified in 1480, Elizabeth was called Madame la Dauphine, and served in great state. Her warlike sire fell ill in 1483, and Louis XI., trusting that Edward IV. would be incapacitated from invading France, broke the treaty by wooing Mary of Burgundy for his son. Elizabeth's father and only protector dying the ensuing April, terrible reverses befell his family.

From Westminster Palace Elizabeth, her sisters, and her brother Richard were hurried into sanctuary in the adjoining abbey by their mother. The events that followed have been narrated. How much the subsequent murders afflicted Eliza-

beth may be gathered from the words of the blind poet-laureate of her court, Bernard Andreas. "The love," he says, "Elizabeth bore her brothers was unheard of, and almost incredible."

The betrothment, privately negotiated between Elizabeth of York and Henry of Richmond, by their mothers, was the first gleam of comfort that broke on the royal prisoners in sanctuary after the murder of the innocent princes in the Tower. The young princess promised to hold faith with her betrothed: in case of her death before her contract was fulfilled, her next sister, Cicely, was to take her place.

Owing to the utter failure of Buckingham's insurrection, the situation of Elizabeth of York and her mother became very irksome. Soldiers, commanded by John Nesfield, a squire of Richard III.'s guard, watched night and day round the abbey, and reduced them to great distress. Thus they struggled through the sad winter of 1483, but surrendered themselves in March. The princess was forced to own herself the illegitimate child of Edward IV.; she had to accept a wretched annuity, and as a favor, was permitted to contemplate the prospect of marrying one William Stillington. She was separated from her unfortunate mother when they left sanctuary, and received at court by Richard III.; his queen, her near relative, was kind to her. Here she found her father's old friend, Lord Stanley, in an office of great authority at Westminster Palace, as steward of the royal household, a place he held in the reign of Edward IV. This nobleman was step-father to Henry of Richmond, the betrothed husband of the Princess Elizabeth; his wife was exiled then, in disgrace with the usurper, for having projected the union of her son with Elizabeth.

In fact, Margaret Beaufort had been her state governess, and she had lived with her and Stanley from her earliest years. Very soon the young princess began, when she found Lord Stanley alone, to speak to him by the name of "Father Stanley," and to entreat his help. Lord Stanley, scarcely then well from the battle-axe blow he had shared with the oak table in the Tower, at Richard III.'s terrible council of June 13, was alarmed and reluctant to stir against the usurper. The tears and swooning of Elizabeth at the end of her fruitless appeal to him caused him to explain that he feared if he stirred for her he should lose his life with her talking about it, and that as he could not write, he was not able to summon his friends without leaving his court office, which would rouse the tyrant's suspicions.

Elizabeth assured him of her secrecy, and said she could

write for him in as good a hand as the scrivener who taught her. Finally he came at ten that night, with his squire, Breton, in disguise, to the apartments allotted her at Westminster Palace. Elizabeth then wrote at his dictation to his brother, Sir William Stanley, who had been her dear brother's lord-steward at Ludlow, his son and heir, Lord Strange, at Latham House, to Sir James and Sir Edward Stanley of Manchester, to the brave Sir Gilbert Talbot, and Sir John Savage, at Sheffield Castle, telling them the time was ripe to stir and rise, and to come disguised as Kendal merchants from the north, to the old inn at Islington called the Eagle, where they would see an eagle's foot chalked on the shutter, and he would meet them and consult. Elizabeth having read the letters to Lord Stanley, he took out his seal, carefully sealed them, and consigned them to his trusty squire, Breton, who departed for Cheshire with them.

On Breton's return the princess went with her "Father Stanley" in disguise to the old suburb inn, and there they found the valiant scions of Stanley, Talbot and Savage, all ready to risk their lives for her if she would promise to complete her engagement with Henry, Earl of Richmond, then an exile in Brittany. Elizabeth forthwith wrote a letter to her betrothed; trusty Breton departed with it for Rennes. Henry was grandson to John of Gaunt by an illegitimate wedlock, grandson of Queen Katharine of Valois, of the French blood royal, and, what was better worthy attention, the representative of the ancient line of British kings, a claim excessively popular just then in the English southwest counties as well as in Wales.

Although he was in love with another young lady, and had never seen the fair Elizabeth, a very favorable answer was returned by Henry, and Breton delivered it safely. Fortune had changed once more with the fair heiress of York, her little cousin, Edward of Gloucester, died a few months after the murder of her loved brothers, leaving the usurper childless. The queen her aunt, struck with mortal grief, was evidently drooping to the tomb; and all her uncle's hateful partisans loudly declared that their royal master ought to wed his niece. Anne of Warwick did not believe that Elizabeth wished for this disposal of her hand, although she herself knew the report, and dreaded lest she should be murdered to leave her husband free. Yet she sent for her niece in early spring, 1484-5, and gave her the place of honor at her side at a grand festival. Before March was spent, the unfortunate queen of Richard expired.

The indignation of the English people kept Richard III.

from outraging humanity by forcing an early marriage with his niece. By way of punishment for her aversion he shut her up with Clarence's son, the young Earl of Warwick, in the strongest and most gloomy castle in Yorkshire, Sheriff Hutton. No one in London knew where she was. However, the population of the adjacent counties thronged the gates of Sheriff Hutton, with the news of Richard III.'s fall, and the heiress of York was brought to Leicester the very evening of the victory. Elizabeth witnessed the entry of the triumphant army. She met the corpse of the tyrant on its way toward the Gray Friars he had founded, to be interred. She is said to have exclaimed, "Uncle, how like you now the slaughtering of my brethren dear?" She found herself surrounded by her friends of the house of Stanley, and in a day or two was conducted to her mother, and installed in the royal apartments of Westminster Palace.

Henry, on the day of the victory, September 3, had been crowned with Richard III.'s crown, found in a hawthorn bush on Bosworth field, and greeted by the acclamations of the whole army as Henry VII. He arrived in London a few days after, and renewed at the Bishop of London's palace at St. Paul's, before the privy council, his vow to marry Elizabeth of York. But his coronation took place, October 30, without any allusion to the title he derived from her, and from that hour the discontents of the Yorkists began. Elizabeth suffered no little uneasiness, as well as the people. One thing was certain, rendering royal marriages and festivals nearly impossible; there was not one penny in the royal purse. Near Christmas the House of Commons, when granting Henry VII. the usual royal supplies called tonnage and poundage, added a petition, "that he would please to take the Princess Elizabeth to wife," and when this was read every member of the assembled houses of Parliament rose and bowed to the king, who answered "that he was most willing so to do." From that day Elizabeth of York was treated as queen-consort, but she never had the slightest recognition as queen-regnant, either by her husband, his government, or even by the warmest partisans of the line of York.

Henry and Elizabeth were married January 18, 1485-6, at Westminster Abbey, by their kinsman, Cardinal Bourchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, "by whose hand," says a quaint chronicler, "was first tied together the sweet posy of the red and white roses." Elizabeth, very soon after the marriage, gave hopes of offspring that would unite the rival lines. She retired to the city of Winchester to pass the summer, holding

her court there, surrounded by her sisters, her mother, and her mother-in-law, Margaret of Richmond, for whom she appears to have cherished the greatest esteem. Henry VII. wished his wife to give birth to his heir in the castle, because tradition declared that it was built by King Arthur, his ancestor. Prince Arthur Tudor was born there, September 20, 1486. The health of the queen, it appears, was always delicate, and she suffered much from an ague that autumn. Her mother-in-law, Lady Margaret, busied herself greatly at this time; for, besides regulating the etiquette of the royal lying-in chamber, she likewise arranged the pageantry of the young prince's baptism. Elizabeth of York had the satisfaction of seeing her mother distinguished by the honor of standing god-mother for this precious heir. The king, according to ancient custom, sat by the queen's bedside, ready to give with her their united blessing as the concluding ceremony of the royal baptism, which took place in Winchester Cathedral.

The next year a rebellion broke out in behalf of the Earl of Warwick, who was personated by a youth named Lambert Simnel. It was but a few months since the queen and young Warwick had been companions at Sheriff Hutton: the public had since lost sight of him, and this rebellion was evidently got up to make the king own what had become of him. He had been kept quietly in the Tower, from whence, to prove the imposition of Lambert Simnel, he was now brought in grand procession through the city to Shene, where he had lived in the life of Edward IV., with Elizabeth of York, and her young brothers and sisters. The queen received him with several noblemen, and conversed with him; but he was found to be very stupid, not knowing the difference between the commonest objects. Henry very magnanimously forgave Lambert Simnel, and with good-humored ridicule promoted him to be turnspit in his kitchen at Westminster, and afterward made him one of his falconers. This act of grace was in honor of Elizabeth's approaching coronation. She preceded the king to London, and on the 3d of November, 1487, she sat in a window at St. Mary's hospital, Bishopgate Street, in order to have a view of his triumphant entry into the metropolis, in honor of the victory of Stoke over the rebels.

The queen then went with Henry to their palace at Greenwich. On the Friday preceding her coronation she went from London to Greenwich, royally attended on the broad-flowing Thames to the Tower, where, when she landed, the king received her. The Londoners were anxious to behold her in her royal apparel. She must have been well worth seeing: she

had not completed her twenty-second year, her figure was tall, elegant, and majestic, her complexion brilliantly fair. The royal apparel consisted of a kirtle of white cloth of gold, damasked, and a mantle of the same, furred with ermine, finished with rich knobs of gold and tassels. On her fair yellow hair, hanging at length down her back, she wore a crest of gems, and a rich crown. Thus attired, she quitted her chamber of state, her train borne by her sister Cicely, who was still fairer than herself. The king resolved that Elizabeth should possess the public attention solely that day: he therefore ensconced himself in a closely-latticed box, erected between the altar and the pulpit in Westminster Abbey, where he remained with his mother, hidden during the whole ceremony. The queen's mother was not present, but her son Dorset, who had undergone imprisonment in the Tower on suspicion during the Earl of Lincoln's revolt, was liberated, and permitted to assist at his sister's coronation. November, 1489, previously to the birth of her daughter Margaret, the queen performed the ceremony of taking to her chamber at Westminster Palace, which was partly a religious service. The royal infant was born November 29th. She was named Margaret, after the king's mother, and that noble lady, as godmother, presented the babe with a silver box full of gold pieces. At the christening festival, a play was performed before the king and queen in the white hall of Westminster Palace. The queen's second son, Henry, afterward Henry VIII., was born at Greenwich Palace, June 28, 1491. He was remarkable for his great strength and robust health from his infancy. During the retirement of the queen to her chamber previously to the birth of her fourth child, the death of her mother, Elizabeth Woodville, occurred: the royal infant proving a girl, was named Elizabeth, in memory of its grandmother.

Toward the close of 1492 commenced the rebellion in behalf of Perkin Warbeck, who personated Richard, Duke of York, the queen's brother, second son of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville. The remaining years of the century were involved in great trouble to the king, the queen, and the whole country; the lord-chamberlain, Sir William Stanley (brother to the king's father-in-law), was executed, with little form of justice. The bodies of the queen's brothers were vainly sought for at the Tower, in order to disprove the claims of the impostor; and when the queen's tender love for her own family is remembered, a doubt can not exist but that her mental sufferings were acute at this crisis.

Elizabeth was in 1495 so deeply in debt, that her consort

found it necessary, after she had pawned her plate for 500*l.*, to lend her 2000*l.* to satisfy her creditors. Whoever examines the privy-purse expenses of this queen will find that her life was spent in acts of beneficence to the numerous claimants of her bounty. She loved her own sisters; they were destitute, but she could not bear that princesses of the royal line of York should be wholly dependent on the English noblemen (who had married them dowerless) for the food they ate and the raiment they wore; she allowed them all, while single, an annuity of 50*l.* per annum for their private expenses, and paid to their husbands annuities for their board of 120*l.* each, besides perpetual presents. In her own person she was economical: when she needed pocket-money, sums as low as 4*s.* 6*d.* at a time were sent to her from her accountant, Richard Decons, by one of her ladies, to put in her purse. Then her gowns were mended, turned, and new-bodied; they were newly-hemmed when beaten out at the bottom, for which her tailor was paid 2*d.* She wore shoes which only cost 12*d.*, with latten or tin buckles; but the rewards she proffered to her poor affectionate subjects, who brought her trifling offerings of early peas, cherries, chickens, bunches of roses, and posies of other flowers, were very high in proportion to what she paid for her own shoes.

The royal children were reared at Shene. The queen lost her little daughter Elizabeth in September, 1495: this infant, if her epitaph may be trusted, was singularly lovely in person. There was no peace for England till after the execution of the adventurous boy who took upon himself the character of the queen's brother. For upward of two years Henry VII. spared the life of Perkin, but, inspired with a spirit of restless daring, which showed as if he came "one way of the great Plantagenets," this youth nearly got possession of the Tower, and implicated the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, his fellow-captive, in his schemes. Perkin, after undergoing many degradations, was hanged at Tyburn, November 16, and the less justifiable execution of the Earl of Warwick followed. This last prince of the name of Plantagenet was beheaded on Tower Hill, November 28, 1499.

A dreadful plague broke out in England after this event, when Henry VII., fearing lest the queen should be among its victims, took her out of the country, in May, to Calais for more than a month. She entertained the Archduke Philip of Austria most royally while she remained at Calais. A marriage between her beautiful little daughter Mary, and Charles, afterward the great Emperor Charles V., was agreed upon

at this time, and the marriage treaty between Arthur, Prince of Wales, and the youngest daughter of Spain, Katharine of Arragon, was concluded. The following January the queen presided at the betrothment of her eldest daughter Margaret with James IV. of Scotland, performed in her palace and chapel of Shene, and publicly celebrated and announced at St. Paul's Cathedral. Arthur, Prince of Wales, died on the 2d of April, at Ludlow, within five months of his marriage to Katharine of Arragon. Henry and Elizabeth were at Greenwich Palace when the news arrived of their heavy loss. The king's confessor was deputed by the privy council to break the sad news to him. Before his usual time the priest knocked at the king's chamber door, and when admitted he requested all present to quit the room, saying in Latin, as he approached, "If we receive good from the hand of God, shall we not patiently sustain the ill he sends us?"—"He then showed his grace that his dear son Arthur was departed to God. When the king understood those sorrowful heavy tidings, he sent for the queen, saying, 'that he and his wife would take their painful sorrow together.' After she was come and saw the king her lord in his deep grief, she with pious words besought him that he would, after God, consider the weal of his own noble person, of his realm, and of her. 'And,' added the queen, 'remember that my lady, your mother, had never no more children but you only, yet God by his grace has ever preserved you, and brought you where you are now. Over and above, God has left you yet a fair prince and two fair princesses, and God is still where he was, and we are both young enough. As your grace's wisdom is renowned all over Christendom, you must now give proof of it by the manner of taking this misfortune.'"

In August, 1502, Elizabeth made a progress toward the borders of Wales, to visit and offer at Arthur's tomb. Her accounts at this time show tender remembrances of her family; she clothed an old woman who had been nurse to her brother, Edward V., and rewarded a man who had shown hospitable attention to her uncle Earl Rivers, in his distress at Pontefract, just before his execution. The queen's seventh confinement was expected in February, 1502-3. The accouchement was to take place at the royal apartments of the Tower of London, and all things were prepared there for her reception.

After Christmas the queen was with her ladies rowed by her bargeman, Lewis Walter, and his watermen, in a great boat from Richmond to Hampton Court. She stayed there eight days. Hampton Court was a favorite residence of

Elizabeth of York, long before Cardinal Wolsey had possession of it, for in the spring of this year there is a notation that she was residing there. She was, with her ladies, finally rowed by Lewis Walter and his crew from Richmond to the Tower, very late in January. Her finances were low, for she borrowed 10*l.* of one of the king's gentlemen-ushers, in order to pay the officers of the Mint their fees, which they craved as customary on account of a royal residence at the Tower.

On Candlemas Day, February 2, the queen brought into the world a princess, who was named Katherine. The fatal symptoms which threatened Elizabeth's life afterward must have been wholly unexpected, since the physician on whom the king depended for her restoration to health was absent at his dwelling-house beyond Gravesend. The king sent for this person, but it was in vain that Dr. Hallyswurth traveled through the night, with guides and torches, to the royal patient in the Tower: the fiat had gone forth, and the gentle, the pious Elizabeth expired February 11, 1502-3, the day she completed her thirty-seventh year. The king was overwhelmed with grief and consternation; he retired into the deepest seclusion, permitting no one to speak to him on any business whatsoever. When the news of Elizabeth's decease spread through the city the utmost sorrow was manifested among all ranks of her subjects. The bells of St. Paul's tolled dismally, and were answered by those of every church and religious house in the metropolis or its neighborhood. Meantime the queen was embalmed at the Tower. The day after her demise being Sunday, her corpse was removed from the chamber where she died to the chapel within the Tower, under the steps of which then reposed, unknown to all, the bodies of her murdered brothers, Edward V. and Richard, Duke of York.

On the twelfth day after the queen's death her corpse was put in a carriage covered with black velvet, with a cross of white cloth of gold. An image exactly representing her was placed in a chair above in her rich robes of state, her crown on her head, her hair about her shoulders, her sceptre in her right hand, her fingers well garnished with rings and precious stones, and at each end of the chair was a gentlewoman kneeling on the coffin, which was in this manner drawn by six horses, trapped with black velvet, from the Tower to Westminster Abbey, when the grave being hallowed by the Bishop of London, the body was placed in it.

Henry VII. survived his consort seven years: his character deteriorated after her loss. The active beneficence of the royal Elizabeth had formed a counteracting influence to his avari-

cious propensities, since it was after her death he became notorious for his rapacity and miserly habit of hoarding money. He died in the spring of 1509, like his ancestors worn down with premature old age, and was laid by the side of his queen in the magnificent chapel at Westminster Abbey which bears his name.



Queen Katharine. From a miniature by Holbein.

KATHARINE OF ARRAGON, FIRST QUEEN CONSORT OF HENRY VIII.

· ISABEL, queen-regnant of Castile, and Ferdinand, King of Arragon, married in 1469. These sovereigns, though each governing independently, allied their forces to wrest Granada from the infidel Moors. The siege was tedious, and the queen, expecting an increase to her family, wished to spend Christmas at Toledo. On her way thither several of the strongholds of the Moors surrendered to her. At Alcala des Henares she tarried perforce, and there brought forth her youngest daughter. The little infanta was named Katharine, and in a few weeks accompanied her royal mother back to the siege

of Granada, where Isabel always was attended by the rest of her children. All had nearly been destroyed by a furious sally of the Moors, who fired the Spanish camp, and overthrew the tents of the royal children. Katharine being then a baby, was with difficulty saved.

It was from Granada, the bright home of her childhood, that Katharine of Arragon derived her device of the pomegranate. The city was named from that fruit being its produce. Pomegranates were the armorial bearings of its Moorish kings. Katharine, too, derived from the pomegranate her motto, *Not for my crown*, for the crown of the pomegranate is worthless, and always thrown away. How oft must Katharine have remembered the glorious Alhambra of Granada, with its pomegranates and myrtles, when drooping with ill-health and ill-treatment under the grey skies of the island to which she was transferred. Her betrothment to Arthur, Prince of Wales, eldest son of Elizabeth of York and Henry VII., took place 1494. The young spouses were permitted to correspond for the sake of cultivating mutual affection and improving their Latinity. Some pretty letters in that language are extant from both.

Katharine embarked at Corunna August 17, 1501, with her governess, a sage and noble widow, Donna Elvira Manuel, four young Spanish ladies, and a train of lords and ecclesiastics. So disastrous was the voyage, so often was the ship beaten back, that Plymouth was not seen until October 2. Prince Arthur was summoned from Ludlow, and set out with his father to meet the bride on her progress from the west of England. The English populace were greatly astonished at the large round hats worn by Katharine and her *donnas* when they made their equestrian public entry, a fashion followed in England for many years. On the marriage morning, November 14, after the ceremony, Arthur endowed the princess with one-third of his revenues at the door of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The English ladies were greatly surprised at Katharine's dress. At her bridal she wore upon her head a coif of white silk, with a scarf bordered with gold, and pearls, and precious stones, five inches and a half broad, which veiled great part of her visage and her person. This was the celebrated Spanish *mantilla*. "Her gown was very large, both the sleeves and also the body had many plaits; and beneath the waist certain round hoops, bearing out the gown from the waist downward." Such was the first arrival of the farthingale in England, revived at times as hoop petticoats and crinolines.

In the elaborate pageantry the princely pair were very pret-

tily allegorized. She as "my Lady Hesperus," and he as "the star Arcturus," from which the Celtic name of Arthur is derived.

After the tournaments and pageants were finished, Henry VII. dismissed all the Spanish retinue, but Donna Elvira and two or three maids of honor. Queen Elizabeth conducted the Prince and Princess of Wales to her own dower-palace of Baynard's Castle, made as comfortable as an abode on Thames bank could be in a rainy November. Soon after the prince must have taken there his fatal intermittent fever. Very ghastly does he look in his marriage portrait by Mabuse, very thin-faced and pallid, with rings of light yellow hair, not set off by his bridal dress of white satin. His features are noble and regular, though bony. Prince Arthur had completed his fifteenth year on the 20th of September; Katharine wanted a month of sixteen at the marriage. Their court was kept at Baynard's Castle until near Shrovetide, when they traveled to Ludlow Castle, Edward V.'s former residence. They had only a Lent reign in their Welsh principality, for the prince expired, April 2, 1502, rather unexpectedly, although he had been long ill and drooping, indeed never strong since his birth, for he was a seven-months' child. He left a will, endowing his sister Margaret, just married to James IV. of Scotland, with all his personals, even his clothes, leaving not the least memorial, not even a ring or a jewel, to his nominal wife.

Elizabeth of York, though cast down with grief for the loss of her eldest son, had sympathy for poor Katharine, left desolate where all was foreign to her. The good queen sent for her to London, having had her own litter lined with deep mourning, and in this hearse-like vehicle Katharine was carried to that ancient building looking down upon Twickenham and Richmond Bridge, called since Arragon House. This was her home not only during her mourning seclusion, but until her second marriage. She did not enjoy long the kind care of the queen, whose death occurred early in 1503. Then poor Katharine's troubles began in earnest, all arising from her great dower. It consisted of 200,000 crowns. Only one instalment had been received, and until the whole was paid Henry VII. refused to allow her the revenue Arthur had given at the door of St. Paul's. In the course of a few months the king was desirous of marrying her himself, a proposal which Katharine rejected. Henry, Prince of Wales, was then proposed and accepted by Ferdinand and Isabel, as Elvira, her governess, assured them that there was no reason that could prevent the princess from marrying any one of Arthur's nearest relations. Katharine

rine, however, wished to return; she had not learned English, and did not approve of either offer. Her father, as she was deprived of her dower, would not pay the rest of her portion. Very miserably Katharine describes her poverty in England, as letters extant show. She had no clothes, no means of paying her servants; neither king had pity on her. No one felt for her but her mother, Queen Isabel, who, though dying, was exceedingly anxious to have Katharine's marriage settled with Henry, Prince of Wales. Their betrothment took place when Henry was fourteen, June 24, 1504. A papal bull legalized the engagement, a copy of which, sealed with gold, was sent Queen Isabel, then on her death-bed. Katharine's position did not improve, and she was crushed with grief at the loss of her admirable mother. Notwithstanding her betrothment with his heir, Henry VII., instigated by a bad old Spaniard, the resident ambassador, Puebla, did not lose the idea of marrying her himself; he therefore kept her very poor, to compel her into giving up her separate establishment and living at his table and in his palace. Next spring he caused Fox, his son's tutor, to make the boy protest against his betrothal with Katharine, not publicly, but in a room underground in Shene Palace. Henry VII., finding Katharine averse to his suit, proposed to her sister Joanna la Folle, queen-regnant of Castile, who inherited her mother's realm, but had gone mad at the death of her husband, Philip the Fair. Both had visited Henry VII. at Windsor, on their voyage to Spain, February, 1505-6. Ferdinand, who had to govern the kingdom of his insane daughter, replied that she was mad, and could marry no one. Henry VII., considering this answer a political falsehood, went on with his cunning schemes, until he fell mortally ill, and became convinced that death would prove his only permanent engagement. Puebla was exchanged, at Katharine's earnest entreaty to her father for a more honorable ambassador; and then the poor princess had some months' peace. The king on his death-bed sent for Katharine and Henry, and entreated them to marry as soon as possible after his decease.

The Prince of Wales assured his father of his compliance, adding that it was his own earnest wish. Henry VII. expired the next day, April 22, 1509. Margaret Beaufort, who survived her son, acted as regent for her grandson. The king and Katharine were married privately, that is, with only their lords and ladies in attendance on them, at the Friar Observant's Church, close to Greenwich Palace, June 11, 1509. Henry himself notes the day in his letter to Margaret of Savoy, still extant, likewise in his letter to his bride's father, announcing his happiness, add-

ing as a climax, that if "Katharine and he were still free, he would choose her for his wife before all other women." The unfortunate friar Forrest, Peto, and others belonging to the Observant Church at this time, were witnesses of this royal marriage, to their own great tribulation in after life. Young Henry had entered his seventeenth year, he had attained his majestic height, he had finished his learned education; and the difference of years between him and a young lady of twenty-two was no longer perceptible. There is complete evidence under his own hand that he loved Katharine.

The regency of the Lady Margaret, the king's grandmother, and her life expired together, the day that Henry VIII. attained his eighteenth birthday, June 22. Nevertheless, this death was not announced, so as to dim the splendid ceremony of the coronation of Henry and his newly-wedded wife, which took place June 24.

The long-disputed marriage portion was now paid by her father; and in a remarkable letter to him, dwelling on her married felicity, Katharine likewise mentions how happy he had made her by giving her the means of paying her faithful ladies their long arrears of salaries. Among these were her faithful kinswoman Donna Maria de Salines, regarding whose marriage portion Katharine had formerly been very anxious, but a rich English noble, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, married Donna Maria without money, endowed as she was besides beauty with many virtues, proofs of which will appear, before this biography is closed. At present Katharine promoted her to a high station in her household.

The queen took to her chamber with the usual ceremonies after Christmas, 1510. On New Year's Day she brought into the world a prince whose birth and baptism were hailed with such noisy and perpetual festivals, that in the universal uproar the tender babe took cold, and died in a few weeks.

The robust youth of Henry VIII. was chiefly employed in the violent exercises of the tilt-yard and the chase, while Katharine, who had arrived at maturer years, governed for him his realms, which for the first twenty years of his life bore witness by their prosperity of her beneficence. When the young king thought fit to make war in France for his rights in Guienne and Normandy, his queen sustained a Scottish invasion, and repulsed it with as much spirit as Queen Philippa. Flodden field, gained by Lord Surrey, rivaled the victory at Neville's cross. The young king, meantime, was besieging towns, and gaining skirmish encounters in Picardy, in faint imitation of his great ancestor Edward III. Wolsey, the Ipswich

butcher's son, the politician-priest, was the favorite minister both of Henry and Katharine at this stirring period. The great advantage gained at Flodden, August, 1513, brought Henry home, as the war was evidently ended. He landed privately at Dover the latter end of September, and rode post, *incognito*, and surprised the queen at Richmond. The French war concluded with a marriage between Louis XII. and the king's beautiful young sister Mary. Katharine accompanied the royal bride to Dover, October, 1514, and bade her an affectionate and tearful farewell; with Mary went, as attendant, Anne Boleyn, then a girl. The November following the queen again became the mother of a living prince, but the infant died in a few days, to her infinite sorrow. Louis XII. likewise died, and his lovely bride was left a widow after eighty-two days' marriage. In a very short time she stole a match with the Duke of Suffolk at Paris, who had been sent by the king to take care of her and her property. All the influence of Queen Katharine, who called Wolsey to her assistance, was needful to appease the wrath of King Henry at the presumption of his favorite. The married lovers were, however, favorably received at Greenwich Palace by the queen, and publicly married after the Easter of 1515.

The queen brought into the world a daughter, February 18, 1516. The babe was baptized Mary, after her aunt the bride of Suffolk. The new-born princess was consigned to the care of an illustrious lady, nearly related to the royal family, with whom Queen Katharine had early formed a tender friendship. This was the Countess of Salisbury, daughter of the unfortunate George, Duke of Clarence. The same spring Queen Katharine welcomed at her Greenwich palace Margaret Tudor, Henry VIII.'s eldest sister, queen-mother of Scotland, who brought with her Margaret Douglas, her infant daughter by the Earl of Angus, whom she had married after the death of James IV.

The national jealousy of the Londoners regarding foreigners broke out into that insurrection of the apprentices in London, which is called in our domestic history the "Ill May Day" of 1517. There is no evidence that the queen unduly patronized foreigners, yet the popular fury was directed against her countrymen. The Duke of Norfolk was sent to quell the uproar. This he did with such vengeance, that great numbers of the unfortunate boys who had raised the riot were soon seen hanging over their masters' sign-posts. The London mothers supposed all were to be immolated in the same manner. Calling together all their female relatives, they went to the palace,

and raised such a piteous wail for mercy, that the queen heard the cry of maternal agony in the retirement of her chamber. She summoned her sister-queens, Margaret of Scotland and Mary of France, to aid her; they flew with disheveled hair to the king, and kneeling before him, obtained mercy for the misguided boys.

Katharine's nephew, the eldest son of her sister Joanna, who afterward made his name so illustrious as the Emperor Charles V., visited England, May 26, 1517. Henry VIII. rode by torch-light to Dover Castle, where he arrived in the middle of the night, when the young emperor, sea-weary, was fast asleep; but being awakened with the bustle of the king's entrance into the castle, he rose and met him at the top of the stairs. Charles stayed three days, when Henry and Katharine embarked at Dover, the emperor having appointed a second meeting with them on the opposite coast.

Their purpose in crossing the Channel was to hold that congress with Francis I., between Ardres and Guisnes, which has been called for its magnificence "the field of cloth of gold." Katharine had here the satisfaction of forming an intimacy with a royal lady, whose mind was a kindred one with her own; this was Claude, Queen of France, surnamed the Good.



Silver Medal of Henry VIII.



Henry VIII. From a picture by Holbein.

CHAPTER II.

BEFORE the sad record of Katharine's misery is unrolled, let us present to the reader a description of her husband, ere his evil passions had marred his constitutional good humor and comeliness. "His majesty is about twenty-nine years of age," wrote the Venetian envoy, "as handsome as nature could form him—handsomer by far than the King of France. He is exceedingly fair, and as well proportioned as possible. He is an excellent musician and composer, an admirable horseman and wrestler. He possesses a good knowledge of the French, Latin, and Spanish languages, and is very devout. He is uncommonly fond of the chase, and never indulges in this diversion without tiring eight or ten horses. He takes great delight

in bowling, and it is the pleasantest sight in the world to see him engaged in this exercise, with his fair skin covered with a beautifully fine shirt. He plays with the hostages of France, and it is said they sport from six thousand to eight thousand ducats in a day. Aflable and benign, he offends no one. He has often said he wished that every one was content with his condition, adding, 'we are content with our islands.'"

Katharine was at this time about thirty-four. The difference of years is scarcely perceptible between a pleasing woman of that age, and a robust and active man of twenty-nine. In her best known portrait, she appears a bowed down and sorrow-stricken person, spare and slight in figure, and near fifty years old. But, even if that picture of Holbein really represents Katharine, it must be remembered that she was not near fifty all her life; therefore she ought not to be entirely identified with it, especially as all our early historians mention her as a handsome woman, and Sir John Russell, one of Henry's privy council, puts her in immediate comparison with Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, declaring she was not to be easily paralleled when in her prime.

Although her life was self-denying and devout, Katharine delighted in conversation of a lively cast; she often invited Sir Thomas More to her private suppers with the king, and took the utmost pleasure in his society. The celebrated Erasmus gives a brilliant list of the great and virtuous men who were patronized at the English court when Katharine presided as queen of Henry VIII., declaring the residence of the royal couple "ought rather to be called a seat of the Muses than a palace;" adding, "What household is there, among the subjects of their realms, that can offer an example of such united wedlock? Where can a wife be found better matched with the best of husbands?" For more than a century Queen Katharine's needlework was famous, rich specimens of which were shown in the royal apartments at the Tower.

For the first time in her life Katharine had, after her return from France, manifested some symptoms of jealousy, excited by Henry's admiration of Mary Boleyn. She reasoned with the young lady, and brought her to confess that she had been in fault. Mary directly after married William Carey. He was a younger brother and wholly without fortune, yet he was a near kinsman of King Henry by descent from the Beauforts.

The Emperor of Germany paid a long visit to her court in 1522. The queen received him standing at the hall door of Greenwich Palace, holding the Princess Mary by the hand. Charles V. bent his knee and craved his aunt's blessing, which

she gave him, perhaps in the character of mother-in-law, for his ostensible errand was to betroth himself to her daughter Mary, a little girl of six years old. The emperor stayed six weeks in England. During his visit a bon-mot of his was circulated at court, which obtained for himself and his aunt the active enmity of Wolsey. When Charles heard of the execution of Buckingham, he said, in allusion to Wolsey's origin and Buckingham's title, "Then has the butcher's dog pulled down the fairest buck in Christendom." Katharine detested the odious part Wolsey took in this judicial murder. She did not conceal her opinion, which brought upon her Wolsey's hatred. The war with France, which followed the emperor's visit to England, occasioned the return of Anne Boleyn to her native country, when she received the appointment of maid of honor to Queen Katharine, of whose court she became the star.

The recent passion of Henry VIII. for Mary Boleyn blinded the queen to the fact that he had transferred his love, with increased vehemence, to her more fascinating sister. His love for Anne Boleyn was nevertheless concealed even from its object, till his jealousy of young Percy caused it to be suspected by the world. Meantime the queen's health became delicate, and her spirits lost their buoyancy. Probably the expectation of her speedy demise prevented the king from taking immediate steps for a divorce after he had separated Anne Boleyn and Lord Percy. Katharine herself thought the end of her life was near. To her rival she behaved with invariable sweetness. Once only she gave her an intimation that she was aware of her ambitious views. The queen was playing at cards with Anne Boleyn, when she thus addressed her: "My Lady Anne, you have the good hap ever to stop at a king; but you are like others, you will have all or none."

The divorce in 1527 was the talk of every one. The king and Wolsey now employed underhand expedients to prevent the friendless queen's messengers from informing her relatives of the predicament in which she found herself; for she made no mystery of her resolution to appeal to legal means of defending her cause. Placing it before Bishop Fisher, she retained him as her counsel, in case the ecclesiastical inquiry should take place.

Long delays, however, took place before the divorce court was held at Blackfriars, and the king and queen summoned to attend in person, 18th of June, 1529. When the crier called, "Henry, King of England, come into court," he answered, "Here," in a loud voice from under his canopy, and proceeded

to make an oration on the excellence of his wife, and his extreme unwillingness to part from her, excepting to soothe the pains and pangs inflicted on him by his conscience. Then "Katharine, Queen of England," was cited. She answered by protesting against the legality of the court. Her name was again called: she rose a second time. She took no notice of the legates, but, attended by her ladies, made the circuit of the court to where the king sat, and knelt down before him, saying, "Sir, I beseech you, for all the loves there hath been between us, and for the love of God, let me have some justice. Take of me some pity, for I am a poor stranger, born out of your dominions; I have here no counselor, and I flee to you, as to the head of justice within your realm. Alas! alas! I take God to witness that I have been to you a true, humble, and obedient wife. I have been pleased with all things wherein you had delight; I loved all those you loved, only for your sake. This twenty years have I been your true wife, and by me ye have had divers children, although it hath pleased God to call them out of the world, which has been no fault of mine. If you have found any dishonor in my conduct, then am I content to depart; but if none there be, then I beseech you, thus lowly, to let me remain in my proper state." The queen rose up in tears, made a low obeisance to the king, and walked out of court. "Madam," said Griffiths, her receiver-general, on whose arm she leaned, "you are called back;" for the crier made the hall ring with the summons, "Katharine, Queen of England, come again into court." The queen replied to Griffiths, "I hear it well enough; but on—on, go you on." When the crier was tired of calling Queen Katharine back into court, Henry, who saw the deep impression her pathetic appeal had made on all present, commenced one of his orations, lamenting "that his conscience should urge the divorce of such a queen, who had ever been a devoted wife, full of all gentleness and virtue."

Katharine was again summoned before the court. She refused to appear, and was declared contumacious. The rage and threats of Henry VIII. forced Wolsey and the other legate to a private interview with her. They arrived at Bridgewell Palace quite unexpectedly. She was at work with her maids, and she came to them with a skein of red silk about her neck. "You see," said the queen, showing the silk, "my employment; in this way I pass my time with my maids, who are indeed none of the ablest counselors; yet have I no other in England, and Spain, where there are those on whom I could rely, is, God knoweth, far off." "If it please your grace," re-

plied Wolsey, "to go into your privy chamber, we will show you the cause of our coming." "My lord," said the queen, "if you have any thing to say, speak it openly before these folk; I would all the world should see and hear it." Then began Wolsey to address her in Latin. "Pray, good, my lord," replied the queen, "speak to me in English, for I can, thank God, understand English, though I *do* know some Latin." Then Wolsey offered in the king's name to place the Princess Mary next in order of succession to the issue by the second marriage, if she would consent to the divorce. "My lord," returned the queen, "I can not answer you, for I was set among my maids at work, little dreaming of such a visit, and I need counsel: but as for any in England, their counsel is not for my profit. Alas! my lords, I am a poor woman, lacking wit to answer persons of wisdom as ye be. Therefore, I pray you, be good unto me, and your advice I would be glad to hear." The queen then went to her withdrawing-room with the legates, and remained there some time. It must be observed that from this interview the queen gained over both legates to her cause; indeed they never would pronounce against her; and Wolsey now found that all the pains he had taken to injure Katharine, his once beneficent mistress and friend, was but to exalt Anne Boleyn, his active enemy.

As the king still remained Katharine's malcontent husband, for the divorce seemed far off as ever, the royal pair went on a progress together; and there was no apparent diminution of affection between them, although they were accompanied by Anne Boleyn, the queen showing no marks of jealousy or anger against her. The royal progress first tarried at the More, a manor in Hertfordshire, and then bent its course to Grafton, in Northamptonshire. Here Campeggio went to bid farewell to the king. Wolsey accompanied him; they were almost driven from the royal abode by the king's attendants. Queen Katharine fell ill. Thomas Boleyn and his daughter ruled all events; they were working the ruin of Wolsey, whom the queen pitied, although in the earlier stages of the divorce he had been ranked among her enemies. The divorce excited the greatest interest among all sorts and conditions of persons in England. The women, from high to low, took the part of the queen; while unmarried men, or those on whom the marriage-yoke sat heavily, were partisans of Henry. The queen was residing at Greenwich Palace, Whitsuntide, 1531, when the king sent to her, announcing that he had, by the advice of Dr. Cranmer, obtained the opinions of the universities of Europe concerning the divorce, and found several which

considered it expedient; he therefore entreated her, for the quieting of his conscience, that she would refer the matter to arbitration. The queen replied, "God grant my husband a quiet conscience; but I mean to abide by no decision excepting that of Rome." The king heard her determination with gloom and fury. He accompanied her to Windsor after Trinity, 1531; but on the 14th of June he left the royal castle, and sent to Katharine imperious orders to depart from thence before his return. "Go where I may," was the reply of the forsaken queen, "I am his wife, and for him will I pray!" She immediately retired from Windsor Castle, and never again beheld her husband nor child. Her first abiding-place was her manor of the More, in Hertfordshire; she then settled at Amptill, whence she wrote to Pope Clement, informing him of her expulsion from her husband's court.

Katharine had hitherto been her daughter Mary's principal teacher in the Latin language; she was now separated from her, but, more intent on her benefit than desirous of saddening her young heart with complaints of wrongs, she wrote a sensible letter, without allusion to her own troubles, but recommending attention to her studies under her new tutor, Dr. Featherstone:

"DAUGHTER:—I pray you think not that forgetfulness has caused me to keep Charles so long here, and answered not your good letter, in the which I perceive ye would know how I do. I am in that case, that the absence of the king and you troubleth me. My health is metely good; and I trust in God that he, who sent it me, doth it to the best, and will shortly turn all to come with good effect. And in the mean time I am very glad to hear from you, especially when they show me that ye be well amended. I pray God to continue it to his pleasure.

"As for your writing in Latin, I am glad that ye shall *change from me* to Maister Federston, for that shall do you much good to learn from him to write right; but yet sometimes I would be glad, when ye do write to Maister Federston of your own inditing, when he hath read it that I may see it, for it shall be a great comfort to me to see you keep your Latin, and fair writing and all. And so I pray to recommend me to my Lady of Salisbury. At *Woburn*, this Friday night. Your loving Mother,

"KATHARINE, THE QUEEN."

Katharine wrote to her daughter another letter full of excellent advice, praying her to submit to her father's will, justly considering that if Mary did not exasperate her father, he would, at one time or other, acknowledge her rights as a child; and, at her tender age, her opinion could be of no moment. At the conclusion of this letter, the queen desires to be remembered to her dear good Lady of Salisbury, Mary's governess; "tell her," adds the pious Katharine, "that to the Kingdom of Heaven we never come but through many troubles." Another

letter of the queen was written to Cromwell on occasion of having heard news that the princess was ill. Katharine sued humbly to Henry's agent for permission to see her child, saying, that "A little comfort and mirth she would take with me, would be a half-health to her. For my love let this be done." Yet this maternal request was refused. At this juncture Pope Clement addressed a private letter of exhortation to Henry, advising him to take home Queen Katharine, and put away "one Anna," whom he kept about him. The king was staggered, and resolved to suspend his efforts to obtain the divorce. Cromwell offered his advice at that critical moment to separate the English Church from the supremacy of Rome, and at the same time to enrich the king's exhausted finances by the seizure of Church property. The consequences of this stupendous step fill many vast folios devoted to the questions of contending creeds and interests; the object of these unambitious pages is but to trace its effects on one faithful feminine heart, wrung with all the woes that pertain to a forsaken wife and bereaved mother. The death of Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1532, and the appointment of the king's esteemed theologian, Dr. Cranmer, in his place, gave a prospect of the conclusion of the long agitated question of the divorce. The king dissolved his wedlock by a decision pronounced under his own supremacy. He married Anne Boleyn in the commencement of the following year. Cranmer held the divorce court near the queen's residence at Amptill, where she was cited to appear, but she ignored it. Finally, she was declared contumacious; and the sentence that her marriage was null and void, and never had been good, was read at Dunstable, May 23, 1533.

Sorrow had made cruel havoc in the health of the hapless queen while these slow drops of bitterness were distilling. When Lord Mountjoy, her former page, was deputed to inform her that she was degraded from the rank of Queen of England to that of dowager-princess of Wales, she was on a sick-bed: it was some days before she could permit the interview. "Her grace," he wrote, July 3, "was then lying upon her pallet, because she had pricked her foot with a pin, so that she might not well stand or go, and also sore annoyed with a cough." Nevertheless, she commanded the instrument to be brought to her, and drew her pen through the words "princess-dowager" wherever they occurred. The paper still remains in our national archives with the alterations made by her agitated hand; and the scene concluded with her protestations that she would "never relinquish the name of queen." Indeed the implicit

obedience Henry's agents paid her, even when they came to dispute her title, proved how completely she was versed in the science of command. Her servants had been summoned by Mountjoy to take an oath to serve her but as Princess of Wales, which she forbade them to do; therefore many left her service, and she was waited upon by a very few, whom the king was obliged to excuse from the oath. The same summer, her residence was transferred to Bugden (now called Buckden), a place belonging to the Bishop of Lincoln, four miles from Huntingdon. At this time of her sorest troubles, one of her gentlewomen began to execrate Anne Boleyn. The queen dried her streaming eyes, and said, earnestly, "Hold your peace! Curse not—curse her not, but rather pray for her; for even now is the time fast coming when you shall have reason to pity her, and lament her case." The queen regained in some degree her cheerfulness and peace of mind at Bugden, where the country people began to love her exceedingly. Her returning tranquillity was interrupted by Archbishop Lee and Bishop Tunstal, who came to read to her six articles, showing why she ought to be considered only as Prince Arthur's widow, and that she ought to resign the title of queen. The last remnant of Katharine's patience gave way: in a climax of choler and agony she vowed, "she would never quit the title of queen, which she would retain till death, concluding with the declaration that she *was* the king's wife and not his subject, and not liable to his acts of parliament." A great historian most aptly remarks, "that Henry's repudiated wife was the only person who could defy him with impunity: she had lost his love, but never forfeited his esteem." The queen, in the midst of these degradations, retained some faithful friends, and had many imprudent partisans. Reginald Pole, whom she loved with a mother's tenderness, had passionately espoused her cause long before it had occasioned the division from Rome. The ladies of Henry's court exerted their eloquence in conversation so warmly against the divorce and the exaltation of Anne Boleyn, that the king sent two of the most contumacious to the Tower.

A reign of terror now ruled the shuddering realm. From the time of the executions of Fisher and More, Henry's two most illustrious victims, Katharine's health became worse. She was willing to live for her daughter, and thinking the air of Bugden too damp for her constitution, she requested the king to appoint her an abiding-place nearer the metropolis. Henry issued his orders to Cromwell to remove her farther off, to Fotheringay Castle, a place notorious for its bad air. Katharine

positively refused to go there, "unless drawn with ropes." The king sent the Duke of Suffolk to break up her household at Bugden; and in a most malignant spirit he fulfilled this commission. At the termination of the contest relative to her change of residence, the Duke of Suffolk behaved with such personal insolence to the repudiated queen, that she left his presence abruptly. She was next removed to Kimbolton Castle, where she commenced the dreary new year of 1535, with her comforts greatly diminished. Her nominal income as Prince Arthur's widow was 5000*l.*; but it was so ill paid that Sir Edmund Bedingfeld, during the lingering malady that followed her arrival at Kimbolton, wrote more than once that the household was utterly devoid of money.

The persecution Henry was carrying on against the unfortunate Father Forrest, Katharine's former confessor, and one of the witnesses of her marriage, caused inexpressible anguish to her at Kimbolton. Abell, the queen's other chaplain, was detained in cruel confinement, and both were put to the most horrible deaths. Father Forrest was burnt alive in a manner too terrible for detail; but, contrary to his own anticipations, his dreadful doom was not executed till two years after the death of the queen. When Katharine found the welcome hand of death was upon her, she sent to the king a pathetic entreaty to indulge her in a last interview with her child, imploring him not to withhold Mary from receiving her last blessing. This request was denied. A few days before she expired, she caused one of her maids to come to her bedside, and write a farewell letter to the king, which she dictated in the following words:

"MY LORD AND DEAR HUSBAND:—I commend me unto you. The hour of my death draweth fast on, and, my case being such, the tender love I owe you forceth me, with a few words, to put you in remembrance of the health and safeguard of your soul, which you ought to prefer before all worldly matters, and before the care and tendering of your own body, for the which you have cast me into many miseries and yourself into many cares. For my part I do pardon you all, yea, I do wish and devoutly pray God that He will also pardon you.

"For the rest I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father unto her, as I heretofore desired. I entreat you also, on behalf of my maids, to give them marriage portions, which is not much, they being but three. For all my other servants I solicit a year's pay more than their due, lest they should be unprovided for.

"Lastly do I vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things."

King Henry received Queen Katharine's letter some days before her death. He shed tears on perusing it, and sent to Capucius, entreating him to hasten to Kimbolton, to greet her kindly from him. It has been generally supposed that the king

gave leave to Lady Willoughby, formerly Donna Maria de Salines, an attendant and distant relative of his dying queen, to visit her; but this faithful lady made her way to her without Henry's sanction:—It was at nightfall, about six o'clock on New Year's Day, when Lady Willoughby arrived at Kimbolton Castle gate, almost perished with cold and exhausted with fatigue from her dreary journey, being much discomposed, also, by a fall from her horse. Bedingfeld, the castellan, demanded of her the license that authorized her to visit Katharine. She piteously represented her sufferings, and begged to come to the fire; adding, "her letters she would show them in the morning." By her eloquence she prevailed on them to usher her into her dying friend's chamber: but when once she was safely ensconced therein, "we neither saw her again, nor beheld any of her letters," wrote Bedingfeld. Eustachius Capucius, the emperor's ambassador, arrived at Kimbolton, January 2, 1535-6. After dinner he was introduced into the dying queen's chamber, where he stayed a quarter of an hour. Bedingfeld was present at the interview, but was much disappointed that he could send no information as to what passed, for Katharine conversed with the ambassador only in Spanish. Capucius, with the physician, paid her visits next day, when none but her trusty women were present, who either knew no Spanish, or would not betray what passed, if they did. Lady Willoughby, of course, spoke to her dying friend in the dear language of their native Castile. Katharine expired, January 7, in the presence of Capucius and Lady Willoughby, with the utmost calmness.

Katharine of Arragon left a will, which proves how slight were her debts, yet she felt anxiety concerning them. On her just mind, even the obligations she owed her laundress had their due weight. It furnishes, too, another instance of the pitiful meanness of Henry VIII. There is a sentence alluding to the disposal of her gowns "which he holdeth," showing plainly that he had detained the best part of his wife's wardrobe. Will it be believed that, notwithstanding Henry shed tears over her last letter, he sent his creature, lawyer Rich, to see whether he could not seize her little property without paying her trifling legacies and debts? and whether the debtors and legatees of the broken-hearted queen were ever satisfied, is a doubtful point; but the property Katharine could claim for the liquidation of her debts and obligations to her faithful servants, was, even by Henry's own arbitrary decisions, considerable, being the arrears of the 5000*l.* per annum, due from her jointure as Arthur's widow. This stipend, either from malice or poverty, had not been paid her. A scanty maintenance was all

that Katharine received from her faithless spouse; and when the noble portion she had brought into England is remembered, such dishonesty appears the more intolerable. Even a new gown, as appears by the will, was obtained on trust. It appears likely that she possessed no more of her jewels than were on her person when she was expelled from Windsor Castle by the fiat of her lord.

Tradition declares that her funeral approached Peterborough by an ancient way from Kimbolton, called Bygrame's Lane. The last abbot of Peterborough, John Chambers, performed her obsequies. The place of burial was in the church, between two pillars on the north side of the choir, near to the great altar. At Greenwich, King Henry observed the day of Katharine's burial with solemn obsequies, all his servants and himself attending them dressed in mourning. He commanded his whole court to do the same. Queen Anne Boleyn would not obey; but in sign of gladness, dressed herself and all the ladies of her household in yellow, and amid them all, exulted for the death of her rival. "I am grieved," she said, "not that she is dead, but for the vaunting of the good end she made." She had reason to say this, for nothing was talked of but the Christian death-bed of Katharine; and many books were written in her praise, blaming King Henry's actions. A short time after Queen Katharine's interment some friends of hers ventured to suggest to King Henry "that it would well become his greatness to rear a stately monument to her memory." He answered "that he would have to her memory one of the goodliest monuments in Christendom." This was the beautiful abbey-church of Peterborough, which he spared on account of its being her resting-place. Thus the whole of this magnificent structure may be considered the monument of Katharine of Arragon, although the actual place of her repose was never distinguished excepting by a small brass plate. The grand abilities of Katharine of Arragon, her unstained integrity of word and action, united with intrepid firmness, commanded even from her enemies that deep respect which her sweetness, benevolence, and other saintly virtues would not have obtained, unsupported by these high queenly qualities. Sustained by her own innate grandeur of soul, her piety, and lofty rectitude, she passed through all her bitter trials without calumny succeeding in fixing a spot on her name.



Queen Anne Boleyn. From a painting by Holbein.

ANNE BOLEYN,
SECOND QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

ANNE BOLEYN was the eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn and Lady Boleyn, and was born about the year 1501.

Hever Castle in Kent, Rochford Hall in Essex, and Blickling Hall in Norfolk, have each been named by historians and topographers as the birthplace of Anne Boleyn. The evidences are strongly in favor of Blickling Hall: the local tradition that Anne Boleyn was born there is so general that it pervades all classes in that neighborhood, even to the peasantry.

The first years of Anne Boleyn's life were spent at Blickling, with her sister Mary and her brother George, afterward the unfortunate Viscount Rochford. Thomas Wyatt, the cel-

ebred poet, was in all probability her playfellow, for his father, Sir Henry Wyatt, was her father's coadjutor in the government of Norwich Castle. The first misfortune that befell Anne was the loss of her mother, Lady Boleyn, who died in the year 1512. Sir Thomas Boleyn married again. Anne's step-mother was a Norfolk woman of humble origin.

After the death of Lady Boleyn, Anne resided at Hever Castle under the superintendence of a French governess called Simonette, and other instructors, by whom she was very carefully educated, and acquired an early proficiency in music, needlework, and many other accomplishments. While her father was at court, or elsewhere, Anne constantly corresponded with him, both in her own language and in French. She wrote one of the fairest and best hands of that age. These acquirements were rare indeed among ladies in the early part of Henry VIII.'s reign. The Princess Mary Tudor, King Henry's youngest sister, was affianced to Louis XII. of France, in September, 1514. This makes it certain that Anne was at least double the age stated by her biographers, for it is neither likely that a child of seven years old would have acquired the knowledge which Anne possessed at that time, nor that an appointment would have been sought, much less obtained, for her in the suite of the departing princess.

The fair young Boleyn, as one of the maids of honor to the Princess Mary, had, of course, a place assigned to her near the person of the royal bride at the grand ceremonial of the espousal of that princess to Louis XII. of France, which was solemnized August 13, 1514, in the Church of the Grey Friars, Greenwich, the Duke de Longueville acting as the proxy of his sovereign. In September Anne attended her new mistress to Dover, who was accompanied by the king and queen, and all the court. At Dover they tarried a whole month on account of the tempestuous winds, which did great damage on that coast, causing the wrecks of several gallant ships, with awful loss of life. It was not till the 2d of October that the weather was sufficiently calm to admit of the passage of the royal bride. Long before the dawn of that day, Anne and the rest of the noble attendants, who were all lodged in Dover Castle, were roused up to embark with their royal mistress. King Henry conducted his best loved sister to the sea-side, and there kissed her, and committed her to the care of God, the fortune of the sea, and the governance of the French king, her husband. She and her retinue went on board at four o'clock in the morning. Great perils were encountered on the voyage, for a tempestuous hurricane presently arose and scattered the fleet. The ship

in which Anne sailed with her royal mistress was separated from the convoy, and was in imminent danger for some hours; and when at last she made the harbor of Boulogne, grounded in the mouth of the haven. Fortunately the boats were in readiness, and the terrified ladies were safely conveyed to the shore. Wet and exhausted as the fair voyagers were, they were compelled to rally their spirits the instant they landed, in order to receive, with the best grace their forlorn condition would permit, the compliments of a distinguished company of French princes, prelates, nobles, knights, and gentlemen, who were waiting on the strand to offer their homage to their beautiful young queen.

The fair travelers were conducted with solemn pomp to the town of Boulogne, where they obtained needful rest and refreshment, with the liberty of changing their wet garments. Anne proceeded with her royal mistress and the rest of the train, by easy journeys, till within four miles of Abbeville, when the bride and all her ladies, clad in glittering robes, mounted white palfreys, forming an equestrian procession of seven-and-thirty. Queen Mary's palfrey was trapped with cloth of gold: her ladies were dressed in crimson velvet. Anne Boleyn was an assistant at the nuptials of her royal mistress with the King of France, which were solemnized with great pomp in the church of Abbeville. After the ceremony was over there was a sumptuous banquet, at which the queen's English ladies were feasted, and received especial marks of respect. But the next day, October 10, the scene changed, and, to the consternation and sorrow of the young queen, and the lively indignation of her followers, all were dismissed by the king her husband, and ordered to return home. Anne Boleyn and two other ladies were the only exceptions to this sweeping sentence. Her skill in the French language was doubtless the reason of her detention, and in this she must have been very serviceable to her royal mistress, who, but for her company, would have been left a forlorn stranger in her own court.

After the death of Louis XII., Anne Boleyn, instead of returning to England with the royal widow Queen Mary, entered the service of the consort of Francis I., Queen Claude, the daughter of the deceased King, Louis XII. This princess, who was a truly amiable and excellent woman, endeavored to revive all the moral restraints and correct demeanor of the court of her mother, Anne of Bretagne. Queen Claude was always surrounded by a number of young ladies, who walked in procession with her to church, and formed part of her state whenever she appeared in public. In private, she

directed their labors at the loom or embroidery-frame, and endeavored, by every means in her power, to give a virtuous and devotional bias to their thoughts and conversation.

Anne Boleyn returned to England, according to the most authentic accounts, in the year 1522. A dispute had arisen between her father and the male heirs of the Butlers for the inheritance of the last Earl of Wiltshire, Anne's great-grandfather, which had proceeded to such a height that the Earl of Surrey suggested to the king that the best way of composing their differences would be by a matrimonial alliance between a daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn and the heir of his opponent, Sir Piers Butler. Henry agreed, and directed Wolsey to bring about the marriage. Anne's sister, Mary Boleyn, had been married to William Carey nine months before Wolsey received this commission, in November, 1521; therefore Anne was recalled from France for the purpose of being made the bond of peace. She was then twenty years of age. The first time Henry saw her after her return to England was in her father's garden at Hever, where he encountered her by accident, and admiring her beauty and graceful demeanor, entered into conversation with her, and was so much charmed with her sprightly wit, that on his return to Westminster he told Wolsey "that he had been discoursing with a young lady who had the wit of an angel, and was worthy of a crown." Wolsey is said to have suggested Anne's appointment as maid of honor to the queen.

The following rules were observed with regard to the table of the ladies in the household of Queen Katharine, to which Anne was now attached: Each maid of honor was allowed a woman-servant and a spaniel as her attendants. A chine of beef, a manchet, and a *chet* loaf, offered a plentiful breakfast for the three; to these viands was added a gallon of ale. The brewer was enjoined to put neither hops nor brimstone into their ale, the first being deemed as horrible an adulteration as the last. The maids of honor, like officers in the army and navy at the present day, dined at mess, a circumstance which shows how very ancient that familiar term is. "Seven messes of ladies dined at the same table in the great chamber. Manchets, beef, mutton, ale, and wine were served to them in abundance, to which were added hens, pigeons, and rabbits. On fast-days their mess was supplied with salt salmon, salted eels, whiting, gurnet, plaice, and flounders."

The first thing Anne did was to engage herself in a romantic love affair with Henry, Lord Percy, the eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland, regardless of the family arrangement

by which she was pledged to become the wife of the heir of Sir Piers Butler. Percy, like herself, had been destined by paternal policy to a matrimonial engagement wherein affection had no share. He had exhibited great reluctance to fulfil the contract into which his father had entered for him in his boyhood with the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and it was still unratified on his part when he appeared at court as an *élève* of Cardinal Wolsey. The office which Percy filled about the person of the minister required that he should attend him to the palace daily, which he did; and while his patron was closeted with the king, or engaged at the council-board, he was accustomed to resort to the queen's ante-chamber, where he singled out Mistress Anne as the object of his exclusive attention, and such love was nourished between them that a promise of marriage was exchanged, and, reckless alike of the previous engagements which had been made for them in other quarters by their parents, they became what was then called troth-plight, or insured to each other. Henry determined to separate the lovers. Accordingly he sent for Wolsey, and, expressing himself very angrily on the subject of the contract into which Anne Boleyn and Percy had entered, charged him to take prompt steps for dissolving their engagement. The cardinal returned to his house at Westminster, and sending for Lord Percy, there, before several of his servants, reproved him for his engaging himself to Anne Boleyn.

Nor was this unceremonious lecture the only mortification the unfortunate lover was doomed to receive. His father, the Earl of Northumberland, a man in whose cold heart and narrow mind the extremes of pride and meanness met, came with all speed out of the north, having received a summons in the king's name; and, going first to Wolsey's house to inquire into the matter, was received by that proud statesman in his gallery, where he delivered a stern lecture to his son, threatening to disinherit him if he did not give up his plight to Anne Boleyn.

The luckless heir of Northumberland was, in the sequel, compelled to fulfil his involuntary contract to Lady Mary Talbot, one of the daughters of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

Henry's jealous pique at the preference Anne Boleyn had shown for Percy, induced him to inflict upon her the mortification of discharging her from Queen Katharine's household, and dismissing her to her father's house. Anne Boleyn, having no idea of the real quarter whence the blow proceeded by which she was deprived of her lover and the splendid prospect that had flattered her, naturally regarded the interference of

Wolsey as a piece of gratuitous impertinence of his own, and in the bitterness of disappointed love, nourished that vindictive spirit against him which no after submissions could mollify.

After a period sufficient to allow for the subsiding of ordinary feelings of displeasure had elapsed, the king paid an unexpected visit to Hever Castle. But Anne, too indignant to offer her homage to the tyrant whose royal caprice had deprived her of her affianced husband, would not appear, but took to her chamber, under pretense of indisposition, on Henry's arrival at the castle, and never left it till after his departure. To propitiate the offended beauty, Henry, on the 18th of June, 1525, advanced her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, to the peerage by the style and title of Viscount Rochford, one of the long contested titles of the house of Ormond. He also, with the evident intention of drawing the whole family to his court once more, bestowed on the newly-created viscount the high office of treasurer of the royal household, and appointed William Carey, the husband of Mary Boleyn, a gentleman of the privy-chamber.

It is scarcely probable that Anne continued unconscious of the king's passion, when he followed up all the favors conferred on her family by presenting a costly offering of jewels to herself; but when Henry proceeded to avow his love, she recoiled from his lawless addresses with the natural abhorrence of a virtuous woman, and falling on her knees, she made this reply: "I think, most noble and worthy king, your majesty speaks these words in mirth to prove me, without intent of degrading your princely self. Therefore, to ease you of the labor of asking me any such question hereafter, I beseech your highness, most earnestly, to desist and take this my answer (which I speak from the depth of my soul) in good part. Most noble king! I will rather lose my life than my virtue, which will be the greatest and best part of the dowry I shall bring my husband." Henry, having flattered himself that he had only to signify his preference in order to receive the encouragement which is too often accorded to the suit of a royal lover, met this earnest repulse with the assurance that "he should at least continue to hope."—"I understand not, most mighty king, how you should retain such hope," she proudly rejoined. "Your wife I can not be, both in respect of mine own unworthiness, and also because you have a queen already; your mistress I will not be."

It was at this juncture she went back to France, and entered the service of Margaret, Duchess of Alençon, the French

court having reassembled in the year 1525-6 with renewed splendor, to celebrate with a series of fêtes and rejoicings the emancipation of Francis I. from his captivity. All historians agree that Anne returned to England with her father in the year 1527, when he was recalled from his diplomatic mission; but those who have not taken the trouble of tracing the dates of Percy's marriage and his subsequent succession to the earldom, erroneously assert that her acquaintance with the king commenced that year.

After an absence of four years, Anne Boleyn resumed her place in the palace of Queen Katharine, in compliance, it is supposed, with her father's commands, and received the homage of her enamored sovereign in a less repulsive manner than she had done while her heart was freshly bleeding for the loss of the man whom she had passionately desired to marry. If her regrets were softened by the influence of time and absence, it is certain that her resentment continued in full force against Wolsey for his conduct with regard to Percy, and was treasured up against a day of vengeance. Wolsey, perceiving the danger that threatened him, exerted all his arts of pleasing to conciliate the offended beauty, and prepared many feasts and masques to entertain her and the king at his own house. This induced her to treat him with feigned civility, but the hatred of a vindictive person dissembled is always far more perilous than the open violence of a declared foe. Anne, however, went farther than dissembling, for she condescended to the use of the most deceitful blandishments in order to persuade the cardinal that she had a great regard for him.

The question of Henry's divorce from Katharine was now mysteriously agitated under the name of "the king's secret matter," and Wolsey, far from suspecting the real object for which the king was desirous of ridding himself of his consort, became the blind instrument of opening the path for the elevation of his fair enemy to a throne. The intrigues which pre-
ceded the public proceedings for the divorce have been related in the life of Katharine of Arragon. A splendid farewell fête was given to the French ambassadors at Greenwich, May 5, 1527, and at the masque with which the midnight ball concluded, the king gave a public mark of his preference for Anne Boleyn by selecting her for his partner.

But when Henry confided to Wolsey his desire of making Anne Boleyn his wife, the minister threw himself at the feet of his royal master, and remained several hours on his knees reasoning with him on the infatuation of his conduct, but without effect. Henry's passion was again quickened by the stimulus

of jealousy, for about this time we find Anne coquetting with Sir Thomas Wyatt, her early friend and devoted admirer.

“One day, while Anne Boleyn was very earnest on her embroidery, Wyatt was hovering about her, talking and complimenting her (for which their relative employments about the king and queen gave him good opportunity), he twitched from her a jeweled tablet, which hung by a lace or chain out of her pocket. This he thrust into his bosom, and, notwithstanding her earnest entreaties, never would restore it to her, but wore it about his neck under his cassock. Now and then he showed it to her, in order to persuade her to let him retain it as a mark of her favor, or at all events to prove a subject of conversation with her, in which he had great delight. Anne Boleyn, perceiving his drift, permitted him to keep it without farther comment, as a trifle not worth farther contest. Henry VIII. watched them both with anxious jealousy, and quickly perceived that the more Sir Thomas Wyatt hovered about the lady, the more she avoided him. . . . Well pleased at her conduct, the king,” says Sir Thomas Wyatt, “fell to win her by treaty of marriage, and in his talk on that matter took from her a ring, which he ever wore upon his little finger.”

Anne Boleyn had gained some little wisdom by her disappointment in regard to Percy, for Wyatt declares, “that all this she carried with great secrecy.” Far different was the conduct of the king, who was extremely anxious to display his triumph over Wyatt. Within a few days after, he was playing at bowls with Wyatt, the Duke of Suffolk, and Sir Francis Bryan. Henry was in high good humor, but affirmed that in the cast of the bowl he had surpassed his competitor Wyatt. Both Wyatt and his partner declared, “By his leave, it was not so.” The king, however, continued pointing with his finger on which he had Anne Boleyn’s ring, and, smiling significantly, said, “Wyatt, I tell thee it is *mine*.” The ring, which was well known to him, at last caught the eye of Sir Thomas Wyatt, who paused a little to rally his spirits. Then taking from his bosom the chain to which hung the tablet, which the king likewise remembered well, and had noted it when worn by Anne Boleyn, he said, “And if it may like your majesty to give me leave to measure the cast with *this*, I have good hopes yet it will be mine.” Wyatt then busied himself with measuring the space between the bowls with the chain of the tablet, and boldly pronounced the game to be his. “It may be so,” exclaimed the monarch, haughtily spurning from him the disputed bowl; “but then I am deceived!” and, with an angry brow, he broke up the sport. This double-meaning

dialogue was understood by few or none but themselves; but the king retired to his chamber with his countenance expressive of the resentment he felt. He soon took an opportunity of reproaching Anne Boleyn with giving love-tokens to Wyatt, when the lady clearly proved, to the great satisfaction of her royal lover, that her tablet had been snatched from her and kept by superior strength.

No one who dispassionately reflects on these passages in Anne's conduct can reconcile it either with her duty to her royal mistress, or those feelings of feminine delicacy which should make a young and beautiful woman tremble at the impropriety of becoming an object of contention between two married men. Wyatt prudently resigned the fair prize to his royal rival, and if Anne abstained from compliance with the unhallowed solicitations of the king, it must, we fear, be ascribed rather to her caution than her virtue, for she had overstepped the restraints of moral rectitude when she first permitted herself to encourage his attentions. In the hour that Anne Boleyn did this, she took her first step toward a scaffold, and prepared for herself a doom which fully exemplifies the warning, "Those who sow the whirlwind must expect to reap the storm." Ambition had now entered her head; she saw that the admiration of the sovereign had rendered her the centre of attraction to all who sought his favor, and she felt the fatal charms of power—not merely the power which beauty, wit, and fascination had given her, but that of political influence. In a word, she swayed the will of the arbiter of Europe, and she had determined to share his throne as soon as her royal mistress could be dispossessed.

In this position were affairs when the noted epidemic called "the sweating sickness" broke out, June 1, in the court. Henry, in his first alarm, yielded to the persuasions of Wolsey and his spiritual directors, and sent the fair Boleyn home to her father at Hever Castle, while he effected a temporary reconciliation with his injured queen. His penitentiary exercises with Katharine did not, however, deter him from pursuing his amatory correspondence with her absent rival.

Anne and her father were both seized with this alarming epidemic early in June. The agitating intelligence of the peril of his beloved was conveyed to Henry by express at midnight. He instantly dispatched his physician, Dr. Butts, to her assistance. Anne was in imminent danger, but through the skill and care of Dr. Butts, she was preserved to fulfill a darker destiny. The shadow of death had passed from over her, but the solemn warning was unheeded, and she

fearlessly pressed onward to the fatal accomplishment of her wishes.

The king was induced to declare to Anne Boleyn and her father, that it was his intention to make her his consort whenever he should be released from his present marriage. After this intimation, he became a frequent visitor at Hever Castle. He used to ride thither privately from Eltham or Greenwich. The local tradition of Hever points out a certain hill which commanded a view of the castle, where he used to sound his bugle to give notice of his approach. The oak-paneled chamber and the antique gallery are still shown at the castle where he used to have interviews with Anne Boleyn.

Her love of pleasure and thirst for admiration rendered Anne impatient to emerge from the retirement of Hever Castle; and the fears of the pestilence having entirely passed away, she returned to court on the 18th of August. The queen was sent to Greenwich, and her fair rival was lodged in a splendid suite of apartments contiguous to those of the king. The time-serving portion of the courtiers flattered the weakness of the sovereign by offering their adulation to the beautiful and accomplished object of his passion. She was supported by the powerful influence of her maternal kinsmen, the Duke of Norfolk and his brethren, men who were illustrious, not only by their high rank and descent from the monarchs of England and France, but by the services they had rendered their country, both by sea and land; yet the voice of the great body of the people was against her. They felt the cause of their injured, their virtuous queen, as their own; and their indignation was so decidedly manifested, that Henry, despotic as he was, ventured not to oppose the popular clamor for the dismissal of his fair favorite. Anne Boleyn was accordingly required by her royal lover to retire to Hever Castle for the present. This sort of temporizing policy was not agreeable to her, but the king insisted upon her departure. So great was her displeasure, that she vowed she would return to court no more. Henry did every thing in his power to conciliate her. He continued to write the most impassioned letters to her, and to give her the earliest intelligence of the progress of the expected legate.

The revenues of the See of Durham (or, at any rate, that portion of the immunities of the bishopric which were situated in the metropolis) were bestowed upon her, and Durham House became the London residence of herself and her parents. It was pleasantly situated on the banks of the river, on the very spot in the Strand now occupied by the Adelphi build-

ings. This, however, did not content Anne, and when, after an absence of two months, she consented, at the entreaties of the king, seconded by the commands and even the tears of her father, to return to court, it was only on condition that a more splendid and commodious residence should be allotted her. Henry took infinite pains to please her in this matter, and at length employed Wolsey as his agent in securing Suffolk House for her abode.

Anne took possession of this stately mansion early in December. Henry induced his courtiers to attend the daily levees which she, like a rival queen, held with all the pomp of royalty. She had her ladies in waiting, her train-bearer, and her chaplains, and dispensed patronage both in church and state. At Christmas the king joined his family at Greenwich, and Anne Boleyn outraged all propriety by accompanying him. Scandal, of course, was busy with her name; what lady who submitted to occupy a position so suspicious could escape with a reputation unblemished?

The first introduction of Tindal's translations of the holy Scriptures was, according to Strype, effected while Anne Boleyn was the all-powerful favorite of Henry, served with royal pomp, and attended by a suit of maids of honor like a queen. Among the ladies of her retinue, Mistress Gaynsford was a fair young gentlewoman who was loved by Anne's equerry, a youth of noble lineage, named George Zouch. George one day snatched a book out of young Mistress Gaynsford's hands, to which she was attending more than he approved when in his company. It was no other than Tindal's translation of the Gospels, which had been lent to her by her mistress, Anne Boleyn, to whom it had been privately presented by one of the Reformers. It was proscribed by Cardinal Wolsey, and kept secretly from the king. Mistress Gaynsford, knowing its importance, tried to get it back from her lover, but George Zouch remained perversely obstinate, and kept it to tease her. One day he went with other courtiers to the king's chapel, when he took it into his head to read the book he had snatched from his beloved, and was soon so utterly absorbed in its contents, that the service was over before he was conscious of the lapse of time. The dean of the chapel, wishing to see what book the young gentleman was perusing with such attention, took it out of his hand; when, finding it was the prohibited version of the Scriptures, he carried it to Cardinal Wolsey. Meantime Anne Boleyn asked Mistress Gaynsford for the book she had lent her, who, greatly terrified at its loss, confessed that George Zouch had stolen it, and detained it to torment her. Anne

Boleyn sent for George, and inquired into the matter. When she heard the fate of the book she was not angry with the lovers; "But," said she, "it shall be the dearest book that ever dean or cardinal detained." She then hastened to the king, and entreated that he would interpose to recover her stolen volume, a request with which he instantly complied. The first use she made of her recovered treasure was to entreat the king to examine it. This circumstance is supposed to have precipitated the fall of Wolsey. Anne Boleyn had not forgiven, she never did forgive, the interference which had deprived her of her first love, Percy. The anger she had conceived against the cardinal on that occasion remained, after a lapse of six years, an unquenchable fire. In the hope of making him an instrument in her aggrandizement, she had, as we have seen, condescended to employ the arts of flattery, till she perceived that he was playing a game as fine and as false with her as she with him, and that it was no part of his intention to make her an amend for the loss of a countess's coronet by assisting her to encircle her brow with a queenly diadem. Anne dissembled no longer than till Wolsey (entangled in the perplexities of the net he had woven for his own destruction) had committed himself irrevocably with the queen, and at the same time incurred the suspicions of the king by his sinuous conduct. She then placed in Henry's hands letters written by the cardinal to Rome, which afforded proofs of his duplicity. These she had obtained from her kinsman, Sir Francis Bryan, and they weighed heavily against the minister.

Having once declared her hostility, Anne was not of a temper to recede: she pursued her advantage with steady implacability, and in this she was fiercely seconded by her uncle Norfolk and the Duke of Suffolk, Henry's brother-in-law; for Anne Boleyn held no terms with any one who showed him pity; nor did she rest till she had succeeded in obtaining his arrest for high treason, after he had retired to Cawood, near York, when, as if to bring to his mind the cause that had incurred this deadly hatred, her former lover, Percy, then Earl of Northumberland, was the person employed to execute the royal warrant. The happiness of this young nobleman had been irreparably blighted by his separation from the woman of his heart, and his compulsory marriage with another. He trembled with violent agitation when he arrested Wolsey, whom he treated in a very ignominious manner, causing his legs to be bound to the stirrups of his mule like a common malefactor. The unhappy prisoner expired at Leicester.

In the spring of 1530, Anne's father, now Earl of Wiltshire,

was appointed, with several eminent divines, to attend the congress between the Pope and the Emperor at Bologna, on the part of Henry VIII. The earl, when introduced into the presence of Clement, gave great offense by refusing to comply with the usual ceremony of kissing his holiness's toe, and, if we may believe Foxe, "his lordship's dog made matters worse by biting it." Cromwell's bold expedient of separating England from the papal see smoothed Anne Boleyn's path to the queenly chair. As a preparatory step for her elevation to a still higher rank, Henry created Anne Boleyn Marchioness of Pembroke. Many instances had occurred of great peerages falling to ladies, but this is the first of a female peer being created. Anne was then residing, with almost queenly pomp, at Windsor Castle, and there the ceremony took place which made her a peeress of the realm.

On the 13th of October, Anne, attended by the Marchioness of Derby and a chosen retinue of ladies, arrived at Dover with the king; and early on the following morning they all embarked for Calais, where they arrived at ten in the forenoon. Though Anne sojourned four days with Henry at Boulogne, the absence of the ladies of the French king's family prevented her from appearing at the festivities that were provided for her royal lover. On the 25th, she returned with the two kings to Calais. "After supper on the Sunday evening, 28th of October, came in the Marchioness of Pembroke, with seven ladies in masking apparel of strange fashion, made of cloth of gold slashed with crimson tinsel satin, puffed with cloth of silver and knit with laces of gold. These ladies were led into the state chamber by four damsels dressed in crimson satin, with tabards of pine cyprus. Then the lady marchioness took the French king, and every lady took a lord. In dancing, King Henry removed the ladies' visors, so that their beauties were shown." The French king then discovered that he had danced with an old acquaintance, the lovely English maid of honor to his first queen. He conversed with her some little time apart, and the next morning sent as a present a jewel valued at 15,000 crowns. On the 30th of this festive month, "the two sovereigns mounted their horses, and Henry having conducted his royal guest to the verge of his dominions, they dismounted on French ground; and there they joined hands with loving behavior and hearty words, embraced each other, and so parted." The weather was so tempestuous that Anne and her royal lover were detained a fortnight at Calais after the departure of Francis I. On the 14th of November they safely crossed the Channel, and landed at Dover.

CHAPTER II.

THE time and place of Anne Boleyn's marriage with Henry VIII. are disputed points in history. Some authors have affirmed that she was privately united to the king at Dover the same day they returned from France. The unpopularity of this union was the cause of the profound secrecy with which the nuptials between Henry and his fair subject were solemnized; for the same cause it was necessary to keep the fact from publicity as long as it was possible to do so.

The testimony of Wyatt, however, who was not only a contemporary, but a witness too deeply interested not to be correct on such a point, confirms the assertions of Stowe and Godwin that this event, so fatal to the bride, who was to purchase the brief possession of a crown with the loss of her head, took place on St. Paul's Day, January 25, 1533. "On the morning of that day, at a very early hour," says a contemporary, "Dr. Rowland Lee, one of the royal chaplains, received the unwonted order to celebrate mass in an unfrequented attic in the west turret of Whitehall. There he found the king, attended by Norris and Heneage, two of the grooms of the chamber, and the Marchioness of Pembroke, accompanied by her train-bearer, Anne Saville, afterward Lady Berkeley. On being required to perform the nuptial rite between his sovereign and the marchioness, in the presence of the three witnesses assembled, the chaplain hesitated. Henry is said to have assured him that the Pope had pronounced in favor of the divorce, and that he had the dispensation for a second marriage in his possession. As soon as the marriage ceremony had been performed the parties separated in silence before it was light, and Viscount Rochford, the brother of the bride, was dispatched to announce the event in confidence to Francis I.

Anne remained in great retirement, as the nature of the case required, for her royal consort was still, in the opinion of the majority of his subjects, the husband of another lady. It was, however, found impossible to conceal the marriage without affecting the legitimacy of the expected heir to the crown. For this cause, therefore, on Easter Eve, which this year was April 12, the king again openly solemnized his marriage with Anne Boleyn, and she went in state as his queen. "On the

8th of May, Cranmer presided at the public tribunal at Dunstable, which it was thought expedient to hold on the former marriage. The proceedings terminated May 23, when Cranmer pronounced, not a divorce, but a sentence that the king's marriage with Katharine had been, and was, a nullity and invalid, having been contracted against the Divine law. Five days after, he gave at Lambeth a judicial confirmation to Henry's union with Anne Boleyn."

As early as the 28th of April, Henry issued his letters of summons to the wives of his peers, requiring them "to give their attendance, they and their women, at the approaching solemnity of his dearest wife Queen Anne's procession from Greenwich to the Tower, and at her coronation, on the feast of Pentecost; wherefore he requires them to be at his manor of Greenwich on the Friday before that feast, to attend his said queen from thence to the Tower of London that day, and the next day to ride through the city of London with her on horseback." In obedience to the royal order, the lord-mayor and his civic train embarked at New stairs at one o'clock, May 19. Fifty barges of the city companies followed the lord-mayor. Every one in London who could procure boat or wherry embarked on the Thames that May morning, and accompanied the chief of the city to Greenwich.

The barges were fitted up with innumerable little colored flags; at the end of each hung a small bell which, wavering in the wind, sent forth a low chime. The lord-mayor and his attendant flotilla cast anchor just before Greenwich Palace, and while they waited the queen's pleasure made the goodliest melody. Precisely at three o'clock Anne issued from her palace, attired in cloth of gold, and attended by a fair bevy of maidens. When the queen entered her barge, those of the citizens moved forward. The barge of her father the Earl of Wiltshire, that of the Duke of Suffolk, and many of the nobility, followed that of the queen. At her landing the lord-chamberlain and the heralds were ready to receive her, and brought her to the king, who, with loving countenance, welcomed her at the postern by the water-side. As soon as he met her, he kissed her, and she turned about and thanked the lord-mayor very gracefully before he returned to his barge. In the midst of that picturesque splendor who could have anticipated what was in store for Anne Boleyn on the second anniversary of that gay and glorious day? and what was to be transacted within the gloomy circle of that royal fortress, of which she then took such proud possession, when May 19 had twice returned again?

The queen sojourned with her husband at the Tower some days, during which time seventeen young noblemen and gentlemen were made knights of the Bath, as attendants on her coronation. The royal progress through the city, which was usual to all the queens her predecessors on the eve of their coronations, was appointed for Anne Boleyn on the last day of May.

The queen was conveyed in an open litter covered with cloth of gold shot with white, and the two palfreys which supported the litter were clad, heads and all, in a garb of white damask, and were led by the queen's footmen. Anne was dressed in a surcoat of silver tissue, and a mantle of the same, lined with ermine; her dark tresses were worn flowing down her shoulders, but on her head she wore a coif with a circlet of precious rubies. Over her was borne a canopy of cloth of gold, carried by four knights on foot. She was followed by her officers of state and ladies. Thus the queen was brought to Westminster Hall, which was richly hung with golden arras and newly glazed. The queen rode in her litter to the very midst of the hall, where she was taken out, led up to the high daïs, and placed under the canopy of state. On the left side was a cupboard of ten stages, filled with cups and goblets of gold marvelous to behold. In a short time was brought to the queen "a solemn service in great standing spice-plates, and a *voide* of spice (which was no other than comfits or sugar-plums), besides ipocras and other wines, which the queen sent down to her ladies. When they had partaken, she gave thanks to the lord-mayor, and to the ladies and nobles who had attended on her. She then withdrew herself, with a few ladies, to the white hall, and changed her dress, and remained with the king at Westminster that night.

The bright morrow was that coronation-day, on which the heart and wishes of Anne Boleyn had been for so many years steadfastly fixed. It was Whit Sunday, and the 1st of June—of all days the most lovely in England, when the fresh smell of spring still blends with early summer. That morning of high festival saw the queen early at her toilet, for she entered Westminster Hall with her ladies a little after eight, and stood under her canopy of state in her surcoat and mantle of purple velvet, lined with ermine, and the circlet of rubies she wore the preceding day. Then came the monks of Westminster in rich copes, and the bishops and abbots in their splendid copes and mitres. Ray-cloth (striped-cloth) was spread all the way from the daïs in Westminster Hall, through the sanctuary and palace, up to the high altar in Westminster

Abbey. She was crowned by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. After mass was over she went to St. Edward's shrine, and there offered, and withdrew into a little retiring-room on one side of the choir. The nobility had in the mean time assumed their coronets; and when the queen had reposed herself, she returned with the procession in the former order, excepting that the proud and triumphant father of the queen supported her sceptre-hand, and on her left hand she was assisted by Lord Talbot, as deputy for his father, the Earl of Shrewsbury. Thus she was led into Westminster Hall, and then to her withdrawing-chamber, where she waited till the banquet was prepared, which took place with great magnificence.

Henry, notwithstanding his separation from the See of Rome, was desirous of obtaining the Pope's sanction to his second marriage, but the fulminations from Clement were manifold on the occasion of the interdicted nuptials. That pontiff annulled Cranmer's sentence on Henry's first marriage, and on the 11th of July published his bull, excommunicating Henry and Anne, unless they separated before the ensuing September, when the new queen expected her confinement. Henry sent ambassadors to the foreign courts, announcing his marriage with his fair subject, and his reasons for what he had done.

At this season Anne enjoyed all that grandeur and power could bestow. Henry, withal, in order to exalt her to the utmost in her queenly dignity, caused her initial **A** to be crowned and associated with his own regal **H** on the gold and silver coins that were struck after their marriage. Henry VIII. was the first and last monarch of England who offered this compliment to his consorts—a brief and dearly purchased honor it was to some of those unhappy ladies. Francis I. sent very friendly messages and compliments of congratulation, by Queen Anne's uncle Norfolk, not only to the king, but to herself, at which both were highly gratified. Henry, who fully persuaded himself that the infant of which Anne expected soon to be the mother would prove a son, invited King Francis to become its sponsor. Francis obligingly signified his consent; but, to the great disappointment of King Henry, on the 7th of September, 1533, Queen Anne gave birth to a daughter, afterward the renowned Queen Elizabeth. This event took place in the old palace of Placentia at Greenwich.

The succession was entailed by act of Parliament on this infant, in default of heirs-male; persons were required at the same time to acknowledge the king's supremacy, and to swear

fealty to the king's heirs by Queen Anne, which excluded the Princess Mary from the succession. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and Sir Thomas More refused to take this twofold oath, on scruples of conscience; both had previously enjoyed a great degree of Henry's favor, both had much to lose and nothing to gain by their rejection of a test which they regarded as a snare. They were the fast friends of Queen Katharine, and had incurred the animosity of her triumphant rival by counseling the king against forsaking the wife of his youth. The resentment of Anne Boleyn is supposed to have influenced the king to bring these faithful servants to the scaffold.

The new Pope, Paul III., thundered forth his anathema against Henry and Anne provided they did not separate, forbidding Henry's subjects to pay him their allegiance. Henry fortified himself by seeking the alliance of the Protestant princes of Germany. The decided opposition of the See of Rome and the ecclesiastics of that Church against Anne Boleyn's marriage with the king, and her recognition as Queen of England, led her to espouse the cause of the infant Reformation as a matter of party; but as she adhered to all the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic ritual, and professed the doctrine of transubstantiation, a Protestant she can not be called, with truth. The martyrdoms of Bilney, of Frith, and several other pious reformers, were perpetrated while she was in the height of her power; and though it would be unjust to attribute to her the murderous cruelty exercised by Henry and his spiritual advisers, there is no record of any intercession used by her to preserve these blameless martyrs from the flames. Yet it is scarcely likely that to have saved them would have been a work of greater difficulty than compassing the destruction of her political opponents. The only great boon that the Reformation owes to Anne Boleyn is, that the translation of the Scriptures was sanctioned through her influence. There is an interesting letter in Ellis's royal collection, signed "Anne the Queen," for the protection of a merchant, who was involved in peril for importing from Holland some of those precious copies of the Bible, which, as yet, were contraband pearls of great price in England. Her own private copy of Tindal's translation is still in existence.

In the autumn of the year 1535, Queen Anne was flattered with the hope of bringing a male heir to the throne, to the great joy of the king. Anne was now at the summit of human greatness. She had won the great political game for which she had vindictively entered the lists with the veteran statesman who had separated her from the man of her heart; she

had wreaked the vengeance she had vowed for the loss of Percy, and laid the pride and power of Wolsey in the dust; she had wrested the crown-matrimonial from the brow of the royal Katharine; the laws of primogeniture had been reversed, that the succession to the throne might be vested in her issue, and the two men who were the most deservedly venerated by the king and the people of England, More and Fisher, had been sacrificed to her displeasure. But in all these triumphs there was little to satisfy the mind of a woman whose natural impulses were those of virtue, but who had violated the most sacred ties for the gratification of the evil passions of pride, vanity, and revenge. Anne Boleyn was a reader of the Scriptures, and must have felt the awful force of that text which says, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Conscious of her own responsibility, and finding far more thorns than roses in the tangled, weary labyrinth of greatness, Anne directed her thoughts to the only true source of happiness—religion, which had hitherto been practiced by her rather as a matter of state policy, than as the emanation from a vital principle in the soul. She became grave and composed in manner, and, ceasing to occupy herself in the gay pursuits of pleasure, or the boisterous excitement of the chase, spent her hours of domestic retirement with her ladies, as her royal mistress Katharine had formerly done before her—in needlework and discreet communication. Wyatt tells us that the matchless tapestry at Hampton Court was for the most part wrought by the skillful hand of this queen and her ladies; "But far more precious," he says, "in the sight of God, were those works which she caused her maidens and those about her daily to execute in shirts and other garments for the use of the poor; and not contented with that, her eye of charity, her hand of bounty, passed through the whole land: each place felt that heavenly flame burning in her—all times will remember it."

The change that had taken place in the manners of Anne Boleyn and her court has been attributed to the influence of the celebrated reformer, Hugh Latimer, whom she had rescued from the durance to which Stokesley, Bishop of London, had committed him. But for the powerful protection of Anne, Latimer would, in all probability, have been called to testify the sincerity of his principles at the stake five-and-twenty years before he was clothed with the fiery robes of martyrdom. At her earnest solicitation the king interposed, and Latimer was restored to liberty. The queen next expressed a wish to see and hear the rescued preacher; and Latimer, instead of ad-

dressing his royal protectress in the language of servile adulation, reminded her of the vanity of earthly greatness, and the delusions of human hopes and expectations. Anne listened with humility, and entreated him to point out whatever appeared amiss in her conduct and deportment. Latimer, in reply, seriously represented to her how much it behooved her, not only to impress the duties of morality and piety on her attendants, but to enforce her precepts by example. Anne, far from being offended at his sincerity, appointed him for one of her chaplains, and afterward obtained his promotion to the See of Worcester. To her credit it is also recorded, that she directed a certain sum from her privy-purse to be distributed to every village in England, for the relief of its distressed inhabitants. With greater wisdom she planned the institution of a variety of manufactures, with a view of giving more permanent assistance to those who were destitute of a livelihood, and without employment. For the last nine months of her life she distributed 14,000*l.* in alms; she also caused many promising youths to be educated and sent to college at her expense, with the intention of rendering their talents and learning serviceable in the Church. In all these things Anne performed the duties of a good woman and an enlightened queen; and had she attained to her royal elevation in an honest and conscientious manner, in all probability the blessing of God would have been with her, and prospered her undertakings. But however powerful her religious impressions might have been, it is impossible that a real change of heart had taken place while she continued to incite the king to harass and persecute his forsaken Queen Katharine, by depriving her of the solace of her daughter's company, and exacting from the disinherited princess submissions from which conscience and nature alike revolted. There were moments when Anne felt the insecurity of her position in a political point of view, and well must she have known how little reliance was to be placed on the stability of the regard of the man whose caprice had placed the queenly diadem on her brow. At the best, she was only the queen of a party, for the majority of the nobles and people of England still regarded Katharine as the lawful possessor of the title and place which Henry had bestowed on Anne.

When the long expected tidings of Katharine's death arrived, Anne, in the blindness of her exultation, exclaimed, "Now I am indeed a queen." It is said that she was washing her hands in a costly basin when Sir Richard Southwell brought the intelligence to her, on which she instantly gave him both the basin and its rich cover as a reward for his tidings. The same

evening she met her parents with a countenance full of pleasure, and bade them rejoice with her, for the crown was now firmly fixed on her head. On the day of her royal rival's funeral she not only disobeyed the king's order which required black to be worn on that day, but violated good taste and good feeling alike by appearing in yellow, and making her ladies do the same. The change in Henry's feelings toward Anne may, in all probability, be attributed to the disgust caused by the indelicacy of her triumph. She had been ill and out of spirits previously to this event, which was attributed to the sufferings incidental to her condition, for she was again likely to become a mother; but after the death of Queen Katharine she recovered her vivacity, and assumed so haughty a carriage that she offended every one.

The season was now at hand when Anne was, in her turn, to experience some of the bitter pangs she had inflicted on her royal mistress, when she, in like manner, found herself rivaled and supplanted by one of her female attendants, the beautiful Jane Seymour. Jane must have been a person of consummate art, for she was on terms of great familiarity with the king before Anne entertained the slightest suspicion of their proceedings. Entering the room unexpectedly one day, the queen surprised Jane seated on Henry's knee, receiving his caresses with every appearance of complacency. Struck, as with a mortal blow, at this sight, Anne gave way to a transport of mingled grief and indignation. Henry, dreading his consort's agitation might prove fatal to his hopes of an heir, endeavored to soothe and reassure her, saying, "Be at peace, sweetheart, and all shall go well for thee." But the cruel shock Anne had sustained brought on the pangs of premature travail, and she brought forth a dead son, January 29.

When the king was informed of this misfortune, instead of expressing the slightest sympathy for the sufferings of his luckless consort, he burst into her apartment, and furiously upbraided her "with the loss of his boy." Anne, with more spirit than prudence, passionately retorted, "That he had no one to blame but himself for this disappointment, which had been caused by her distress of mind." Henry sullenly turned away, muttering, as he quitted her apartment, that "she should have no more boys by him." These scenes, which occurred in January, 1536, may surely be regarded as the first act of the royal matrimonial tragedy which, four months later, was consummated on Tower Hill.

Anne slowly regained her health after her dangerous accouchement and painful disappointment, but not her spirits.

She knew the king's temper too well not to be aware that her influence was at an end forever, and that she must prepare to resign, not only her place in his affections, but also in his state, to the new star by whom she had been eclipsed. When she found that she had no power to obtain the dismissal of her rival from the royal household, she became very melancholy, and withdrew herself from all the gayeties of the court, passing all her time in the most secluded spots of Greenwich Park. It is also related that she would sit for hours in the quadrangle court of Greenwich Palace in silence and abstraction, or seeking a joyless pastime in playing with her little dogs, and setting them to fight with each other. The king had entirely withdrawn himself from her company ever since her rash retort to his unfeeling reproach, and now they never met in private. She had not the consolation of her infant daughter's innocent smiles and endearments to beguile her lonely sorrow, for the Princess Elizabeth was nursed in a separate establishment, and the sweet tie of maternity had been sacrificed to the heartless parade of stately ceremonials. She had alienated the regard and acquired the enmity of her uncle Norfolk; Suffolk, Henry's principal favorite, was one of her greatest foes.

The king's impatience to rid himself of the matrimonial fetters, which precluded him from sharing his throne with the object of his new passion, would not brook delays, and, in the absence of any proof of the queen's disloyalty to himself, he resolved to proceed against her on the evidence of the invidious gossips' tales that had been whispered to him by persons who knew that he was seeking an occasion to destroy her. Three gentlemen of the royal household, Brereton, Weston, and Norris, with Mark Smeaton the musician, were pointed out as her paramours; and, as if this had not been enough, the natural and innocent affection that subsisted between Anne and her only brother, George, Viscount Rochford, was construed into a presumption of a crime of the most revolting nature. This dreadful accusation proceeded from the hatred and jealousy of Lady Rochford, who, being in all probability an ill-assorted companion for her accomplished husband, regarded his friendship and confidential intercourse with the queen, his sister, with those malignant feelings of displeasure which prompted her murderous denunciation of them both.

On Monday, May the 1st—an evil May Day for her—Anne Boleyn appeared for the last time in the pride and pomp of royalty with her treacherous consort, at the jousts at Greenwich. Her brother, Viscount Rochford, was the principal challenger, Henry Norris one of the defenders. In the midst

of the pageant, which was unusually splendid, the king rose up abruptly, and quitted the royal balcony with a wrathful countenance, followed by six of his confidential attendants. Every one was amazed, but the queen appeared especially dismayed, and presently retired. The sports broke up, and Lord Rochford and Henry Norris were arrested at the barrier on the charge of high treason; Sir Francis Weston was taken into custody at the same time. The popular version of the cause of this public outbreak of Henry's displeasure is, that the queen, either by accident or design, dropped her handkerchief from the balcony at the feet of Norris, who, being heated with the course, took it up, and, it is said, presumptuously wiped his face with it; then handed it to the queen on the point of his lance. At this Henry changed color, started from his seat, and retired in a transport of jealous fury, and gave orders for the arrest of the queen, and all the parties who had fallen under suspicion of sharing her favors.

It is very possible that the circumstances actually occurred as related above, and that Henry, who was anxiously awaiting an opportunity for putting his long meditated project against the queen into execution, eagerly availed himself of the first pretext with which her imprudent disregard of the restraints of royal etiquette furnished him, to strike the blow. Without speaking to the queen, the king rode back to Whitehall, attended by only six persons, among whom was his devoted prisoner Norris, who had hitherto stood so high in his favor that he was the only person whom he ever permitted to follow him into his bed-chamber: Norris had been, as we have mentioned, one of the three witnesses of Henry's secret marriage with Anne. On the way, Henry rode with Norris apart, and earnestly solicited him to obtain mercy by acknowledging his guilt. Norris stoutly maintained his innocence, and that of the queen, nor would he consent to be rendered an instrument in her ruin. When they reached Westminster, he was dispatched to the Tower.

The public arrest of her brother and his luckless friends struck a chill to the heart of the queen; but of the nature of their offense and that she was herself to be involved in the horrible charges against them, she remained in perfect unconsciousness till the following day. She sat down to dinner at the usual hour, but the meal passed over uneasily, for she took the alarm when she found that the king's waiter came not with his majesty's wonted compliment of "Much good may it do you." Instead of this greeting, she noted a portentous silence among her ladies, and that her servants stood

about with downcast looks, their eyes glazed with tears, which inspired her with dismay and strange apprehensions. Scarcely was the *surnap* removed, when the Duke of Norfolk, with Audley, Cromwell; and others of the lords of the council, entered. At first, Anne thought they came from the king to comfort her for her brother's arrest, but when she noticed the austerity of their countenances, and the ominous presence of Sir William Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, behind them, she started up in terror, and demanded "why they came?" They replied, with stern brevity, "that they came by the king's command to conduct her to the Tower, there to abide during his highness's pleasure."—"If it be his majesty's pleasure," rejoined the queen, regaining her firmness, "I am ready to obey;" and so, pursues our authority, "without change of habit, or any thing necessary for her removal, she committed herself to them, and was by them conducted to her barge." It is, however, certain, from the evidence of Kingston's letters, that she underwent a harsh examination before the council at Greenwich before her embarkation, unless the cruel treatment, which she complained of receiving from her uncle Norfolk on that occasion, took place in the barge, where, it is said, she was scarcely seated, ere he entered into the subject of her arrest, by telling her "that her paramours had confessed their guilt." She protested her innocence vehemently, and passionately implored to be permitted to see the king, that she might plead her own cause to him. To all her asseverations of innocence the Duke of Norfolk replied with contemptuous ejaculations.

It was on the 2d of May that Anne was brought as a woful prisoner to her former royal residence—the Tower. Before she passed beneath its fatal arch she sank upon her knees, as she had previously done in the barge, and exclaimed, "O Lord! help me, as I am guiltless of that whereof I am accused!" Then perceiving the lieutenant of the Tower, she said, "Mr. Kingston, do I go into a dungeon?"—"No, madam," said he, "to your own lodging, where you lay at your coronation." The recollections associated with that event overpowered her, and, bursting into a passion of tears, she exclaimed, "It is too good for me. Jesus have mercy on me!" She knelt again, weeping apace, "and, in the same sorrow, fell into a great laughter"—laughter more sad than tears. After the hysterical paroxysm had had its way, she looked wildly about her, and cried, "Wherefore am I here, Mr. Kingston?"

The clock had been just on the stroke of five when Anne

entered the Tower. The lords, with the lieutenant, brought her to her chamber, where she again protested her innocence. Then, turning to the lords, she said, "I entreat you to beseech the king in my behalf, that he will be a good lord unto me;" as soon as she had uttered these words they departed. She protested in the strongest terms her innocence of having wronged the king. "I am the king's true wedded wife," she added; and then said, "Mr. Kingston, do you know wherefore I am here?"—"Nay," replied he. Then she asked, "When saw you the king?"—"I saw him not since I saw him in the tilt-yard," said he. "Then, Mr. Kingston, I pray you to tell me where my Lord Rochford is?" Kingston answered, "I saw him before dinner in the court."—"Oh! where is my sweet brother?" she exclaimed. The lieutenant evasively replied, "That he saw him last at York Place" (Whitehall Palace), which it seems was the case. "I hear say," continued she, "that I shall be accused with three men, and I can say no more than—nay. Oh, Norris! hast thou accused me? Thou art in the Tower, and thou and I shall die together: and, Mark, thou art here too! Mr. Kingston," she exclaimed, "shall I die without justice?"—"The poorest subject the king hath has that," replied the cautious official. A laugh of bitter incredulity was her only comment.

The unfortunate queen was subjected to the insulting presence and cruel espionage of her great enemy, Lady Boleyn, and Mrs. Cosyns, one of her ladies, who was equally disagreeable to her. These two never left her, either by day or night, for they slept on the pallet at the foot of her bed, and reported even the delirious ravings of her hysterical paroxysms to those by whom her fate was to be decided. They perpetually tormented her with insolent observations, and annoyed her with questions, artfully devised, for the purpose of entangling her in her talk, or drawing from her own lips admissions that might be turned into murderous evidence of her guilt. She complained "that they would tell her nothing of my lord, her father," for whose fate she was evidently apprehensive. She expressed a wish to be served in her prison by the ladies of her privy-chamber whom she favored most, and concluded by defying her aunt. Lady Boleyn retorted in these words: "The desire and partiality you have had for such tale-bearers has brought you to this." In Kingston's letters to Cromwell, her minutest sayings are detailed; but it is to be observed, that he often speaks from the reports of her pitiless female tormentors.

There were times when Anne would not believe that Henry

intended to harm her; and after complaining that she was cruelly handled, she added, "But I think the king does it to prove me;" and then she laughed, and affected to be very merry—merriment reminding us of

"Moody madness, laughing wild
Amidst severest wo."

Reason must indeed have tottered when she predicted "that there would be no rain in England till she was released from her unmerited thralldom." To this wild speech Kingston familiarly rejoined, "I pray, then, it be shortly, because of the dry weather."

Anne entreated Kingston to convey a letter from her to Cromwell, but he declined so perilous a service. She was, at times, like a newly-caged eagle in her impatience and despair. "The king wist what he did," she said, bitterly, "when he put such women as my Lady Boleyn and Mrs. Cosyns about me." She had two other ladies in attendance on her in her doleful prison-house, of more compassionate dispositions, we may presume, for they were not allowed to have any communication with her, except in the presence of Kingston and his wife, who slept at her chamber door.

On the 10th of May, an indictment for high treason was found by the grand jury of Westminster "against the Lady Anne, Queen of England; George Boleyn, Viscount Rochford; Henry Norris, groom of the stole; Sir Francis Weston, and William Brereton, gentlemen of the privy-chamber; and Mark Smeaton, a performer on musical instruments. Smeaton endeavored to save his life by pleading guilty to the indictment. He had previously confessed, before the council, the crime with which he and the queen were charged. The three gentlemen, Norris, Weston, and Brereton, resolutely maintained their innocence and that of their royal mistress, though urged by every persuasive, even the promise of mercy, if they would confess. They persisted in their plea, and were all condemned to death.

In that reign of terror, English liberty and English law were empty words. Almost every person whom Henry VIII. brought to trial for high treason was condemned as a matter of course; and at last he omitted the ceremony of trials at all, and slew his noble and royal victims by acts of attainder.

Queen Anne and her brother, Lord Rochford, were brought to trial May 16, in a temporary building which had been hastily erected for that purpose within the great hall in the Tower. There were then fifty-three peers of England; but from

this body twenty-six were named by the king as "lords triers," under the direction of the Duke of Norfolk, who was created lord high-steward for the occasion, and sat under the cloth of state. The duke's hostility to his unfortunate niece had already betrayed him into the cruelty of brow-beating and insulting her in her examination before the council at Greenwich. The Earl of Northumberland, Anne's first lover, was named on the commission for her trial. He appeared in his place, but was taken suddenly ill, the effect, no doubt, of violent agitation, and quitted the court before the arraignment of the Lord Rochford, which preceded that of the queen. He died a few months afterward.

Lady Rochford outraged all decency by appearing as a witness against her husband. Rochford defended himself with great spirit and eloquence, so that his judges were at first divided, and, had the whole body of the peers been present, he might have had a chance of acquittal; but the lords triers were a number selected by the crown for this service. The trial was conducted within strong walls, the jurors were picked men, and by their verdict the noble prisoner was found guilty. After he was removed, Anne, Queen of England, was called into court by a gentleman-usher. She appeared immediately in answer to the summons, attended by her ladies and Lady Kingston, and was led to the bar by the lieutenant and the constable of the Tower. The royal prisoner had neither counsel nor adviser of any kind, but she had rallied all the energies of her mind to meet the awful crisis: neither female terror nor hysterical agitation were perceptible in that hour. She presented herself at the bar with the true dignity of a queen, and courtesied to her judges, looking round upon them all without any sign of fear. Neither does it appear that there was any thing like parade or attempt at theatrical effect in her manner, for her deportment was modest and cheerful. When the indictment was read, which charged her with such offenses as never Christian queen had been arraigned for before, she held up her hand courageously, and pleaded "not guilty." She then seated herself in the chair which had been provided for her use while the evidence against her was stated.

The crimes of which she was accused were, that she had wronged the king her husband at various times, with the four persons above named, and also with her brother, Lord Rochford: that she had said to each and every one of those persons, that the king never had her heart: that she privately told each, separately, "that she loved him better than any person in the world." To this was added "a charge of con-

spiring against the king's life." The queen defended her own cause with ready wit and great eloquence. "It was reported without the doors, that she had cleared herself in a most wise and noble speech." Another of the floating rumors that were in circulation among the people before the event of her trial was publicly known, was, that having a quick wit, and being a ready speaker, the queen did so answer all objections, that her acquittal was expected. The decision of the peers is not required, like the verdict of a jury, to be unanimous, but is carried by a majority. If all had voted, no doubt but she would have been saved. After the verdict was declared, the queen was required to lay aside her crown and other insignia of royalty. This she did without offering an objection, save that she protested her innocence of having offended against the king.

This ceremony was preparatory to her sentence, which was pronounced by her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, as lord high-steward of England, and president of the court commissioned for her trial. She was condemned to be burnt or beheaded, at the king's pleasure. Anne Boleyn heard this dreadful doom without changing color or betraying the slightest symptom of terror; but when her stern kinsman and judge had ended, she clasped her hands, and raising her eyes to Heaven, made her appeal to a higher tribunal in these words: "Oh, Father! oh, Creator! Thou, who art the way, the life, and the truth, knowest whether I have deserved this death." Then turning to her earthly judges, she said, "My Lords, I will not say your sentence is unjust, nor presume that my reasons can prevail against your convictions. I am willing to believe that you have sufficient reasons for what you have done; but then they must be other than those which have been produced in court, for I am clear of all the offenses which you then laid to my charge. I have ever been a faithful wife to the king, though I do not say I have always shown him that humility which his goodness to me and the honor to which he raised me merited. I confess I have had jealous fancies and suspicions of him, which I had not discretion and wisdom enough to conceal at all times. But God knows, and is my witness, that I never sinned against him in any other way. Think not I say this in the hope to prolong my life. God hath taught me how to die, and he will strengthen my faith. Think not that I am so bewildered in my mind as not to lay the honor of my chastity to heart now in mine extremity, when I have maintained it all my life long, as much as ever queen did. I know these my last words will avail me nothing but for the jus-

tification of my chasity and honor. As for my brother, and those others who are unjustly condemned, I would willingly suffer many deaths to deliver them; but, since I see it so pleases the king, I shall willingly accompany them in death, with this assurance, that I shall lead an endless life with them in peace." Then with a composed air she rose up, made a parting salutation to her judges, and left the court as she had entered it.

The lord-mayor, who was present at the arraignment of Anne Boleyn, said afterward, that "*he* could not observe any thing in the proceedings against her but that they were resolved to make an occasion to get rid of her." As the chief judge in the civic court of judicature, and previously as an alderman of the city of London, this magistrate had been accustomed to weigh evidences and pronounce judgments on criminal causes, therefore his opinion is of importance in this case. Camden tells us that the spectators deemed Anne innocent, and merely circumvented. This accords with the lord-mayor's opinion. Smeaton was not confronted with her, and, as far as can be gathered of the grounds of her condemnation, it must have been on his confession only. It is said she objected "that one witness was not enough to convict a person of high treason," but was told "that in *her* case it *was* sufficient." In these days the queen would have had the liberty of cross-questioning the witnesses against her, either personally or by fearless and skillful advocates. Moreover, it would have been in her power to have summoned even her late attendant, Mistress Jane Seymour, as one of her witnesses. The result of that lady's examination might have elicited some curious facts. After her trial, Anne was conveyed back to her chamber, the Lady Boleyn, her aunt, and Lady Kingston only attending her.

The same day the king signed the death-warrant of his once passionately loved consort, and sent Crammer to receive her last confession. Anne appeared to derive comfort and hope from the primate's visit—hope, even of life; for she told those about her, "that she understood she was to be banished, and she supposed she should be sent to Antwerp." Crammer was aware of Henry's wish of dissolving the marriage with Anne Boleyn, in order to dispossess the little Princess Elizabeth of the place she had been given in the succession, and he had probably persuaded the unfortunate queen not to oppose his majesty's pleasure in that matter. The flattering idea of a reprieve from death must have been suggested to Anne, in order to induce her compliance with a measure so repugnant to her natural disposition and her present frame of mind.

When she was brought as a guarded prisoner from Greenwich to the Tower, she had told the unfriendly spectators of her disgrace "that they could not prevent her from dying their queen," accompanying these proud words with a haughty gesticulation of her neck. Yet we find her, only the day after her conference with the archbishop, submitting to resign this dearly prized and fatally purchased dignity without a struggle.



Great Seal of Henry VIII.

She received, May 17, a summons to appear in the archbishop's court at Lambeth, to answer certain questions as to the validity of her marriage with the king. She was compelled to attend in person, and was conveyed privately from the Tower to Lambeth. The place where this strange scene in the closing act of Anne Boleyn's tragedy was performed, was, we are told, a certain low chapel or crypt in Cranmer's house at Lambeth, where, as primate of England, he sat in judgment on the validity of her marriage with the king. The unfortunate queen admitted the pre-contract with Percey, and every other objection that was urged by the king against the legality of the marriage. Cranmer pronounced "that the marriage between Henry and Anne was null and void, and always had been so." Perhaps she now submitted in the fond hope of preserving, not only her own life, but that of her beloved broth-

er, and the three unfortunate gentlemen who had so courageously maintained her innocence through all the terrors and temptations with which they had been beset. If so, how bitter must have been the anguish which rent her heart when the kuell of these devoted victims, swelling gloomily along the banks of the Thames, reached her ear as she returned to her prison after the unavailing sacrifice of her own and her daughter's rights had been accomplished at Lambeth! That very morning her brother and the other gentlemen were led to execution, a scaffold having been erected for that purpose on Tower Hill. Mark Smeaton, being of ignoble birth, was hanged. He said "Masters, I pray you all to pray for me, for I have deserved the death." This expression is considered ambiguous, for either he meant that he had committed the crime for which he was to die, or that he merited his punishment for having borne false witness against his royal mistress. It was however reported, even at the time, that Mark Smeaton's confession was extorted by the rack, and that he was not confronted with the queen lest he should retract it. Anne evidently expected that he would make the *amende* on the scaffold, for when she was informed of the particulars of the execution and his last words, she indignantly exclaimed, "Has he not, then, cleared me from the public shame he hath done me? Alas! I fear his soul will suffer from the false witness he hath borne. My brother and the rest are now, I doubt not, before the face of the greater King, and I shall follow to-morrow."

The renewed agony of hope, which had been cruelly and vainly excited in the bosom of the queen by the mockery of declaring that her marriage with the sovereign was null and void, appears soon to have passed away. She had drunk of the last drop of bitterness that mingled malice and injustice could infuse into her cup of misery, and when she received the awful intimation that she must prepare herself for death, she met the fiat like one who was weary of a troublesome pilgrimage, and anxious to be released from its sufferings.

Anne was earnest in preparing herself for death with many and fervent devotional exercises, and whatever may have been said in disparagement of her by Catholic historians, it is certain that she did not die a Protestant. She passed many hours in private conference with her confessor, and received the sacraments according to the doctrine of transubstantiation. The penance she imposed upon herself for her injurious treatment of her royal step-daughter, the remembrance of which lay heavily upon her mind when standing upon the awful verge of eternity, is most interestingly recorded by Speed, who quotes it from

the relation of a nobleman: "The day before she suffered death, being attended by six ladies in the Tower, she took the Lady Kingston into her presence-chamber, and there, locking the door upon them, willed her to sit down in the chair of state. Lady Kingston answered 'that it was her duty to stand, and not to sit at all in her presence, much less upon the seat of state of her the queen.'—'Ah! madam,' replied Anne, 'that title is gone. I am a condemned person, and by law have no estate left me in this life, but for clearing of my conscience. I pray you sit down.'—'Well,' said Lady Kingston, 'I have often played the fool in my youth, and, to fulfill your command, I will do it once more in mine age;' and thereupon sat down under the cloth of estate on the throne. Then the queen most humbly fell on her knees before her, and, holding up her hands with tearful eyes, charged her, 'as in the presence of God and his angels, and as she would answer to her before them when all should appear to judgment, that she would so fall down before the Lady Mary's grace, her daughter-in-law, and, in like manner, ask her forgiveness for the wrongs she had done her; for, till that was accomplished,' she said, 'her conscience could not be quiet.'" This fact is also recorded in Kingston's letters to Cromwell, but not so circumstantially as in the account quoted by Speed, from which we learn that Anne Boleyn continued to occupy her own royal apartments in the Tower (with the presence-chamber and canopied chair of state), commonly called the queen's lodgings, and that she had the free range of them even after the warrant for her execution was signed, although tradition points out more than one dismal tower of the royal fortress as the place of her imprisonment.

The queen was ordered for execution on the 19th of May, and it was decreed by Henry that she should be beheaded on the green within the Tower. It was a case without precedent in the annals of England, for never before had female blood been shed on the scaffold; even in the Norman reigns of terror, woman's life had been held sacred, and the most merciless of the Plantagenet sovereigns had been too manly, under any provocation or pretense, to butcher ladies.

On Friday, the 19th of May, the last sad morning of her life, Anne rose two hours after midnight, and resumed her devotions with her almoner. When she was about to receive the sacrament she sent for Sir William Kingston, that he might be a witness of her last solemn protestation of her innocence of the crimes for which she was sentenced to die before she became partaker of the holy rite. It is difficult to imagine any person wantonly provoking the wrath of God by incurring the crime

of perjury at such a moment. She had evidently no hope of prolonging her life, and appeared not only resigned to die, but impatient of the unexpected delay of an hour or two before the closing scene was to take place. This delay was caused by the misgivings of Henry, for Kingston had advised Cromwell not to fix the hour for the execution so that it could be exactly known when it was to take place, lest it should draw an influx of spectators from the city.

It does not appear that Anne condescended to implore the mercy of the king. She knew his pitiless nature too well even to make the attempt to touch his feelings after the horrible imputations with which he had branded her, and this lofty spirit looks like the pride of innocence, and the bitterness of a deeply-wounded mind. While Kingston was writing his last report to Cromwell of her preparations for the awful change that awaited her, she sent for him, and said, "Mr. Kingston, I hear I shall not die afore noon, and I am very sorry therefor, for I thought to be dead by this time, and past my pain."—"I told her," says Kingston, "that the pain should be little, it was so subtle." And then she said, "I have heard say the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck," and put her hands about it, laughing heartily. "I have seen men and also women executed, and they have been in great sorrow," continues the lieutenant of the Tower, "but, to my knowledge, this lady hath much joy and pleasure in death. Sir, her almoner is continually with her, and hath been since two o'clock after midnight." Just before she went to execution, she sent this message to the king: "Commend me to his majesty, and tell him he hath been ever constant in his career of advancing me. From a private gentlewoman he made me a marchioness, from a marchioness a queen; and now he hath left no higher degree of honor, he gives my innocency the crown of martyrdom."

The scaffold prepared for the decapitation of the unfortunate queen was erected on the green before the Church of St. Peter-ad-Vincula. The hour appointed by her ruthless consort for her execution having been kept a profound mystery, only a few privileged spectators were assembled to witness the dreadful, yet strangely exciting pageant. A few minutes before twelve o'clock, the portals through which she was to pass for the last time were thrown open, and the royal victim appeared, led by the lieutenant of the Tower, who acted as her lord chamberlain at this last fatal ceremonial. Anne was dressed in a robe of black damask, with a deep white cape falling over it on her neck. Instead of the pointed black velvet hood edged

with pearls, which is familiar to us in her portraits, she wore a small hat with ornamented coifs under it. The high resolve with which she had nerved herself to go through the awful scene that awaited her as became a queen, had doubtless recalled the lustre to her eyes, and flushed her faded cheek with hues of feverish brightness, for she came forth in fearful beauty. "Never," says an eye-witness of the tragedy, "had the queen looked so beautiful before." She was attended by the four maids of honor who had waited upon her in prison. Having been assisted by Sir William Kingston to ascend the steps of the scaffold, she there saw assembled the lord-mayor and some of the civic dignitaries, and her great enemy the Duke of Suffolk, with Henry's natural son, the Duke of Richmond, who had, in defiance of all decency and humanity, come hither to disturb her last moments with their unfriendly espionage.

There, also, was the ungrateful blacksmith-secretary of state Cromwell; who, though he had been chiefly indebted to the patronage of Anne Boleyn for his present greatness, had shown no disposition to succor her in her adversity. The fact was, he meant to make alliance offensive and defensive with the family of Henry's bride-elect, Jane Seymour. Anne accorded him the mercy of her silence when she met him on the scaffold. She came there, as she with true dignity observed, "to die, and not to accuse her enemies." When she looked round her, she turned to Kingston, and entreated him "not to hasten the signal for her death till she had spoken that which was on her mind to say;" to which he consented, and she then spoke—"Good Christian people, I am come hither to die according to law, for by the law I am judged to die, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak any thing of that whereof I am accused, as I know full well that aught that I could say in my defense doth not appertain unto you, and that I could draw no hope of life from the same. But I come here only to die, and thus to yield myself humbly unto the will of my lord the king. I pray God to save the king, and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler or more merciful prince was there never. To me he was ever a good and gentle sovereign lord. If any person will meddle with my cause, I require them to judge the best. Thus I take my leave of the world and of you, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me." She then with her own hands removed her hat and collar, which might impede the action of the sword, and taking the coifs from her head, delivered them to one of her ladies. Then covering her hair with a little linen cap (for it seems as if her ladies were, too

much overpowered with grief and terror to assist her, and that she was the only person who retained her composure), she said, "Alas, poor head! in a very brief space thou wilt roll in the dust on the scaffold; and as in life thou didst not merit to wear the crown of a queen, so in death thou deserveth no better doom than this."

All present were then in tears, save the base court sycophants who came to flatter the evil passions of the sovereign. Anne took leave of her weeping ladies in these pathetic words: "And ye, my damsels, who, while I lived, ever showed yourselves so diligent in my service, and who are now to be present at my last hour and mortal agony, as in good fortune ye were faithful to me, so even at this my miserable death ye do not forsake me. And as I can not reward you for your true service to me, I pray you take comfort for my loss; howbeit, forget me not, and be always faithful to the king's grace, and to her whom, with happier fortune, ye may have as your queen and mistress. And esteem your honor far beyond your life; and, in your prayers to the Lord Jesu, forget not to pray for my soul." Among these true-hearted adherents of the fallen queen was the companion of her childhood, Mrs. Mary Wyatt, Sir Thomas Wyatt's sister, who, faithful through every reverse, attended her on the scaffold. To this tried friend Anne Boleyn gave, as a parting gift, her last possession—a little book of devotions, bound in gold, and enameled black, which she had held in her hand from the time she left her apartment in the Tower till she commenced her preparations for the block. Mary always wore this precious relic in her bosom. Some mysterious last words, supposed to be a message to Sir Thomas Wyatt, the queen was observed to whisper very earnestly to Mrs. Mary Wyatt before she knelt down. One of her ladies covered her eyes with a bandage; and then they withdrew themselves some little space, and knelt down over against the scaffold, bewailing bitterly and shedding many tears. And thus, and without more to say or do, was her head struck off; she making no confession of her fault, but saying, "O Lord God, have pity on my soul!" She died with great resolution. Her eyes and lips were observed to move when her head was held up by the executioner. It is also said that before those beautiful eyes sunk in the dimness of death, they seemed for an instant mournfully to regard her bleeding body as it fell on the scaffold.

It does not appear that the last moments of Anne were disturbed by the presence of Lady Boleyn and Mrs. Cosyns. The gentler females who, like ministering angels, had followed

their royal mistress to her doleful prison and dishonoring scaffold, half fainting and drowned in tears as they were, surrounded her mangled remains, now a spectacle appalling to woman's eyes; yet they would not abandon them to the ruffian hands of the executioner and his assistants, but, with unavailing tenderness, washed away the blood from the lovely face and glossy hair, that scarcely three years before had been proudly decorated with the crown of St. Edward, and now, but for these unbought offices of faithful love, would have been lying neglected in the dust. One weeping lady took the severed head, the others the bleeding body of the unfortunate queen, and having reverentially covered them with a sheet, placed them in a chest which there stood ready, and carried them to the church, which is within the Tower; where they deposited it.

There is, however, some reason to doubt whether the mangled remains of this hapless queen repose in the place generally pointed out in St. Peter's Church within the Tower as the spot where she was interred. It is true that her warm and almost palpitating form was there conveyed in no better coffin than an old elm-chest that had been used for keeping arrows, and in less than half an hour after the executioner had performed his office, thrust into a grave that had been prepared for her by the side of her murdered brother. And there she was interred, without other obsequies than the whispered prayers and choking sobs of those true-hearted ladies who had attended her on the scaffold, and were the sole mourners who followed her to the grave. It is to be lamented that history has only preserved one name out of this gentle sisterhood, that of Mary Wyatt, when all were worthy to have been inscribed in golden characters in every page sacred to female tenderness and charity.

Anne Boleyn was in her thirty-sixth year at the time of her execution. She had been maid of honor to four queens; namely, Mary and Claude, Queens of France, Margaret, Queen of Navarre, and Katharine of Arragon, the first consort of Henry VIII., whom, in an evil hour for both, she supplanted in the affections of the king, and succeeded in her royal dignity as Queen of England. She only survived the broken-hearted Katharine four months and a few days.



Queen Jane Seymour. From a drawing by Holbein.

JANE SEYMOUR,
THIRD QUEEN CONSORT OF HENRY VIII.

SCRIPTURE points out with an especial odium the circumstance of a handmaid taking the place of her mistress. Odious enough was the case when Anne Boleyn supplanted the right royal Katharine of Arragon, but a sensation of horror must pervade every mind when the conduct of Jane Seymour is considered. Her wedding preparations proceeded simultaneously with the heart-rending events of Anne Boleyn's last agonized hours. The wedding-cakes must have been baking, the wedding-dinner providing, the wedding-clothes preparing, while the life-blood was yet running warm in the veins of the

victim, whose place was to be rendered vacant by a violent death. Jane Seymour had arrived at an age when the timidity of girlhood could no longer be pleaded as excuse for passive acquiescence in such outrages on common decency. Jane was the eldest of the eight children of Sir John Seymour, of Wolf Hall, Wiltshire, and Margaret Wentworth, daughter of Sir John Wentworth. Through the latter a descent from the blood-royal of England was claimed. Jane's childhood and early youth are involved in obscurity, but there is reason to suppose that, like Anne Boleyn, her education was finished and her manners formed in the court of France. It is probable that she entered the service of Mary Tudor, queen of Louis XII.; her brother certainly did. Sir John Seymour subsequently made interest for his daughter to be placed as a maid of honor to Anne Boleyn.

Henry VIII.'s growing passion for Jane soon awakened suspicion in the mind of Anne Boleyn; it is said that her attention was one day attracted by a jewel which Jane Seymour wore about her neck, and she expressed a wish to look at it. Jane faltered, and drew back, and the queen snatched it violently from her, so violently that she hurt her own hand, and found that it contained the portrait of the king, which had been presented by himself to her fair rival. Jane Seymour had far advanced in the same serpentine path which conducted Anne herself to a throne, ere she ventured to accept the picture of her enamored sovereign, and well assured must she have been of success in her ambitious views before she presumed to wear it in the presence of the queen. Anne Boleyn was not of a temper to bear her wrongs patiently, but Jane Seymour's fortune was in the ascendant, hers in the decline: her anger was unavailing.

While the last act of that diabolical drama was played out which consummated the destruction of poor Anne, it appears that her rival retreated to her paternal mansion, Wolf Hall, in Wiltshire. There the preparations for her marriage with Henry VIII. were proceeding with sufficient activity to allow her wedding to take place the day after the executioner had rendered the king a widower. On the morning of the 19th of May, 1536, Henry VIII., prepared for the chase, was standing under a spreading oak, still to be seen in Richmond Park, breathlessly awaiting the signal-gun from the Tower, announcing that the sword had fallen on the neck of Anne Boleyn. At last, the sullen sound of the death-gun boomed along the windings of the Thames. Henry started with ferocious joy. "Ha, ha!" he cried, with satisfaction, "the deed is done. Un-

couple the hounds and away!" At night-fall the king was at Wolf Hall, in Wilts, telling the news to his elected bride; the next morning he married her.

It is commonly asserted that the king wore white for mourning the day after Anne Boleyn's execution; he certainly wore white, not as mourning, but because he on that day wedded her rival. Among others of the king's privy council present at the marriage was his obsequious agent, Sir John Russell, who, having been at church with the royal pair, gave as his opinion, "That the king was the goodliest person there, and that the richer Queen Jane was dressed the fairer she appeared; on the contrary, the better Anne Boleyn was appareled the worse she looked; but that Queen Jane was the fairest of all Henry's wives, though both Anne Boleyn, and Queen Katharine, in her younger days, were women not easily paralleled." The king and his bride went to Winchester, where they sojourned a few days, and from thence returned to London, in time to hold a great court on the 29th of May. Here the bride was publicly introduced as queen, and her marriage festivities were blended with the celebration of Whitsuntide.

The crown was entailed on the children of Queen Jane, whether male or female; at which time Lord Chancellor Audley, expatiating on all the self-sacrifices Henry had endured for the good of his people, concluded by proposing "that the lords should pray for heirs to the crown by this marriage," and sent the commons to choose a speaker. The speaker they chose was the notorious Richard Rich, who had sworn away the life of Sir Thomas More; he outdid the Chancellor Audley in his fulsome praises of the king, thinking proper to load his speech with personal flattery, "comparing him, for strength and fortitude to Sampson, for justice and prudence to Solomon, and for beauty and comeliness to Absalom." Thus did the English Parliament condescend to encourage Henry in his vices, calling his self-indulgence self-denial, and all his evil good; inflating his wicked willfulness with eulogy, till he actually forgot, according to Wolsey's solemn warning, "that there was both heaven and hell." Queen Jane ostensibly mediated the reconciliation between the Princess Mary and the king. In the correspondence which ensued between the father and daughter, about twenty days after the marriage of Jane Seymour, she is frequently mentioned by the princess as "her most natural mother the queen." She congratulates her on her marriage with the king, praying God to send them a prince. From one of Mary's earlier letters, it is evident that the princess had known Jane Seymour previously to her mar-

riage, and had been treated kindly by her. The Catholic historians have mentioned Queen Jane with complacency, on account of her friendliness to Henry's ill-treated daughter; the Protestants regard her with veneration as the mother of Edward VI. and the sister of Somerset; and thus, with little personal merit, accident has made her the subject of unlimited party praise. The Princess Mary was permitted to visit her step-mother at the palaces of Richmond and Greenwich, Christmas, 1537. That season was saddened to Queen Jane by the loss of her father, Sir John Seymour. He left his family at the very pinnacle of exaltation—his eldest daughter the triumphant Queen of England, his eldest son created Lord Beauchamp, and lord chamberlain for life.

Henry's third queen supported her dignity with silent placidity. Whether from instinctive prudence or natural taciturnity, she certainly exemplified the wise proverb, "that the least said is the soonest mended;" for she passed eighteen months of regal life without uttering a sentence significant enough to bear preservation. The terror of the axe seems to have kept even this favored queen in the most humiliating state of submission during the term of her sceptred slavery. In all things presenting a contrast to her predecessor, Jane Seymour took for her motto BOUND TO OBEY AND SERVE.

Jane Seymour, like many other persons suddenly raised in the world, enforced very rigorous rules regarding the etiquette of dress at her court. The maids of honor were expected to wear very costly girdles of pearls, and if not very fully set, they were not to appear in her royal presence. The number of pearls required was more than one hundred and twenty, since Lady Lisle sent that number to Anne Basset, one of her daughters, who was maid of honor to the new queen. But the girdle was not sufficiently rich, therefore the young lady could not exhibit it before the queen.

As the king's two former wives (though afterward repudiated and discrowned) had received the honors of splendid coronations, he was of course desirous of thus distinguishing the beloved Jane Seymour; but her coronation was delayed by pestilence, and still farther procrastinated by promise of the long-desired heir to the throne. To obviate the chance of his present consort taking any fancies in her head, Henry graciously announced his intention of remaining near her at Hampton Court, where she took to her chamber September 16, 1537, with all the ceremonies appertaining to the retirement of an English queen in her situation. An insalubrious state etiquette after Jane had taken to her chamber (according to the queenly

custom), obliged her to confine herself therein a whole month, and during this long space of time the royal patient was deprived of the needful benefits of air and exercise; but, after all, it is expressly declared, by a circular notification, "that the queen was happily delivered of a prince on Friday, October 12, being the vigil of St. Edward's Day, and had she been kept in a state of rational quiet, it is probable she might have recovered. But the intoxication of joy into which the king and the court were plunged at the appearance of the long-desired heir of England, seemed to deprive them of all consideration of consequences, or they would have kept the bustle attendant on the ceremonial of his christening far enough from her. It took place on the Monday night after the birth of the prince. The procession commenced in Jane's very chamber, where regal etiquette imperiously demanded that she should play her part in the scene; nor was it likely that a private gentlewoman raised to the queenly state would seek to excuse herself from any thing pertaining to her dignity, however inconvenient. It was the rule for a Queen of England, when her infant was christened, to be removed from her bed to a state couch. The baptism of the prince took place by torch-light, in the chapel of Hampton Court, where the future defender of the reformed religion was presented at the font by his sister and Catholic successor, the Princess Mary. There, too, unconscious of the awful event that had changed her fortunes in the dawn of her existence, after she had been proclaimed heiress of the realm, came the young motherless Elizabeth, who had been roused from her sweet slumbers of infant innocence, and arrayed in robes of state, to perform the part assigned to her in the ceremony. In this procession Elizabeth, borne in the arms of the aspiring Seymour (brother to the queen), with playful smiles carried a cap called a chrysom for the son of her for whose sake her mother's blood had been shed on the scaffold, and herself branded with the reproach of illegitimacy. And there the Earl of Wiltshire, the father of the murdered Anne Boleyn, and grandfather of the disinherited Elizabeth, made himself an object of contemptuous pity to every eye by assisting at this rite, bearing a taper of virgin wax, with the towel about his neck. How strangely associated seem the other personages who met in this historical scene! how passing strange, in the eyes of those before whom the seroll of their after life has been unrolled, it is to contemplate the Princess Mary joining Cranmer (afterward sent to the stake in her reign), who was associated with his enemy the Duke of Norfolk, all as sponsors in this baptismal rite! The font of solid silver was guarded by

Sir John Russell, Sir Nicholas Carew, Sir Francis Bryan, and Sir Anthony Browne, in aprons, and with towels about their necks. The Marchioness of Exeter carried the child under a canopy. The prince's wet-nurse (whom he afterward called "Mother Jack," from her name of Jackson) walked near to her charge. After the prince was baptized, his style was proclaimed by Garter: "God, in his Almighty and infinite grace, grant good life and long to the right high, right excellent, and noble Prince Edward, Duke of Cornwall and Earl of Chester, most dear and entirely-beloved son of our most dread and gracious lord, Henry VIII." The Lady Mary gave her godson a cup of gold; Cranmer gave him three great silver bowls and two great pots, which were borne by the father of Anne Boleyn. The Duke of Norfolk presented a similar offering. In the returning procession, the Princess Elizabeth was led away by the Princess Mary, her sister. The train of the infant princess—for, though but four years old, she had a train—was carried by the Lady Herbert, sister of the future queen, Katharine Parr. The heir of England was borne back in solemn state, with trumpets sounding before him, to his mother's chamber, there to receive her blessing. King Henry had remained seated by the queen's couch during the whole of the baptismal rite, which, with all its tedious parade, took up two or three hours, not being over till midnight. What with the presence of King Henry—rather a boisterous inmate for a sick chamber, what with the procession setting out from the chamber, and the braying of the trumpets at its entrance when it returned (the herald especially notes the goodly noise they made there), and, in conclusion, the exciting ceremonial of bestowing her maternal benediction on her newly-baptized babe, the poor queen had been kept in a complete hurry of spirits for many hours. The natural consequence of such imprudence was, that on the day after, she was indisposed, and on the Wednesday received all the rites of the Roman Catholic Church for the dying. Nevertheless she amended, and was certainly better; but she did not live over the night of October 24.

The king left Hampton Court directly for Windsor, part of his council remaining to order the funeral. In a dispatch from the council to the ambassador of France, the death of the queen is clearly attributed to having been suffered to take cold and eat improper food.

The day after her death she was embalmed; the next day, in the chamber of presence, a hearse with twenty-four tapers was set up. This done, the corpse was reverently conveyed from the place where she died, placed under the hearse, and

covered with a rich pall of cloth of gold; lights were burning night and day, with six torches and wax lights upon the altar, divine service being performed. All ladies were in mourning habits, with white kerchiefs over their heads and shoulders, kneeling about the hearse. A watch of these ladies, with the Princess Mary at their head as chief mourner, was kept nightly in the queen's chamber round the royal corpse to the last day of October, when the Bishop of Carlisle, her almoner, assisted by the sub-dean and the Bishop of Chichester, performed all ceremonies, and attended the removal of the coffin, with great state and solemnity, to Hampton Court chapel, till November 12, when the queen's funeral procession set out from Hampton to Windsor, for interment in St. George's Chapel, which was done with all the pomp and majesty possible. The Princess Mary paid all the duty of a daughter to her friendly step-mother, by attending as chief mourner. In every instance the rites of the ancient church were performed. Queen Jane was interred in the midst of the choir at St. George's Chapel; an epitaph was composed for her, comparing her, in death, to the phoenix, from whose death another phoenix, Edward VI., sprang.

Two queens of Henry had been previously consigned to their last repose, but not with royal pomp. Katharine of Arragon was buried as his brother's widow, and not as his wife. As to Anne Boleyn, her poor mangled corpse was not vouches, as far as her unloving spouse was aware, the religious rites bestowed on the remains of the most wretched mendicant who expires on the highway of our Christian land. Jane Seymour was the first spouse, out of three, whom he owned at her death as his wedded wife. His respect for the memory of his lost queen can be best appreciated by the circumstance of his wearing black for her loss, even at the Christmas festival, when the whole court likewise appeared in deep mourning. As this worldly-minded king detested the sight of black, or any thing that reminded him of death, so entirely that he was ready to violently assault persons who came to court in mourning for their friends, the extent of his self-sacrifice may be imagined, for he did not change his widower's habiliments till Candlemas. The infant prince, whose birth cost Jane her life, was nursed at Havering Bower. He inherited his mother's beauty, her starry eyes, and regular features. Margaret, Lady Bryan, who had faithfully superintended the childhood of Henry's two daughters, had now the care of their brother, Jane Seymour's motherless babe. Her descriptions of his infancy at Havering are pretty. She says, "that my lord prince's

grace is in good health and merry; and his grace hath three teeth out, and the fourth appearing." She complains, however, "that the princely baby's best coat was only tinsel, and that he hath never a good jewel to set on his cap; howbeit, she would order all things for his honor as well as she could, so that the king (Henry VIII.) should be contented withal." The lord chancellor visited him at Havering; he assured



Edward VI. From a drawing by Holbein.

Cromwell that he never saw so goodly a child of his age, "so merry, so pleasant, so good and loving of countenance, and so earnest an eye, which made sage judgment of every one that approached him. And albeit, his grace waxeth firm and stiff, and can steadfastly stand, and would advance himself to go if they would suffer him; but, as me-seemeth, they yet do best, considering his grace is yet but tender, that he should not

strain himself as his own courage would serve him, till he come to be above a year of age." Again, from Hunsdon, Lady Bryan wishes Henry VIII. had seen "my lord prince's grace, who was pleasantly disposed; the minstrels played, and his grace danced and played so wantonly that he could not stand still."

The day the little motherless prince completed his ninth year, he took his first lesson in French with great spirit. He progressed so favorably in all his studies that he was considered an infant prodigy. He succeeded to the throne, January 28, 1547, on his royal father's death, and was proclaimed king by the title of Edward VI. He continued to pursue his studies diligently, under the careful tuition of Dr. Cox, taking great pleasure in learning. He wrote a very curious journal of his life, which, unfortunately, was very short, for he departed this life on the 6th of July, 1553, aged fifteen years, eight months, and eight days.



Queen Anne of Cleves. From a painting by Holbein.

ANNE OF CLEVES,

FOURTH QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

HENRY VIII. had, as we have seen, disposed of three queens before he sought the hand of Anne of Cleves; and, though historians have said much of his devotion to the memory of Jane Seymour, she had not been dead a month ere he made a bold attempt to provide himself with another wife. Francis I., when Henry requested to be permitted to chose a lady of the royal blood of France for his queen, replied, "that there was not a damsel of any degree in his dominions who should not be at his disposal." Henry took this compliment so literally, that he required the French monarch to bring the fairest ladies of his court to Calais, for him to take his choice. "It

is impossible," replied Francis, "to bring ladies of noble blood to market, as horses were trotted out at a fair."

Reasons of a political nature, combined with his earnest wish of obtaining a fair and gentle helpmate for his old age, induced Henry to lend an ear to Cromwell's flattering commendation of the princesses of the house of Cleves. Anne was the second daughter of John III., Duke of Cleves, by his consort Marie, the heiress of William, Duke of Juliers. She was born the 22d of September, 1516, and was brought up a Lutheran, her father having established the reformed faith in his dominions.

Anne's eldest sister, Sybilla, was married to John Frederick, Duke of Saxony, who became the head of the Protestant confederation in Germany, known in history by the term of "the Smalcaldic League." He was the champion of the Reformation, and for his invincible adherence to his principles, and his courage in adversity, was surnamed "the lion-hearted Elector." Sybilla was famed for her talents, virtues, and conjugal tenderness, as well as for her winning manners and great beauty. It was mentioned, as a peculiar recommendation for Anne and her younger sister, the Lady Amelie, that they had both been educated by the same prudent and sensible mother who had formed the mind of Sybilla, and it was supposed their acquirements were of a solid kind, since accomplishments they had none, with the exception of skill in needlework. Henry commissioned Hans Holbein to paint the portraits of both Anne and Amelie for his consideration; but though he determined to take his choice, Cromwell's agents at the courts of Cleves and Saxony had predisposed him in favor of Anne, by the reports they had written of her charms and amiable qualities.

The death of the Duke of Cleves, Anne's father, which occurred February 6, 1539, occasioned a temporary delay in the early stage of the proceedings; but her mother, as well as her brother, Duke William (who succeeded to the duchy), were eager to secure so powerful an ally to the Protestant cause as the King of England, and to see Anne elevated to the rank of a queen. Dr. Barnes was the most active agent employed by Cromwell in the negotiations for the matrimonial treaty, and was never forgiven by Henry for the pains he took in concluding the alliance. Henry's commissioner for the marriage, Nicholas Wotton, gives his sovereign the following particulars of Anne of Cleves:

"As for the education of my said ladye, she hath from her childhood been, like as the Ladye Sybille was till she was mar-

ried, brought up with the lady duchess her mother, and in manner never from her elbow—the lady duchess being a very wise lady, and one that very strictly looketh to her children. All I have asked report her to be of very gentle conditions, by which she hath so much won her mother's favor, that she is very loath to suffer her to depart from her. She occupieth her time much with the needle. She can read and write her own [language], but French and Latin, or other language she knoweth not, nor yet can sing or play on any instrument; for they take it here in Germany for a rebuke and lightness, that great ladies should have any knowledge of musick. Her wit is so good, that no doubt she will in a short space learn the English tongue, whenever she putteth her mind to it. I could never hear that she is inclined to the good cheer of this country; and marvel it were if she should, seeing that her brother, in whom it were somewhat more tolerable, doth so well abstain from it. Your grace's servant, Hans Holbein, hath taken the effigies of my Ladye Anne and the Ladye Amelye her sister, and hath expressed their images very lively."

The miniature executed by Holbein was exquisite as a work of art, and the box in which it came over "worthy the jewel it contained:" it was in the form of a white rose, delicately carved in ivory, which unscrewed, and showed the miniature at the bottom. It is engraved from a drawing from this curious original. The features are regular, although the costume, a stiff German imitation of the prevalent mode, is unbecoming. The five-cornered hood of Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour has been modified into a heavy coif of white lawn or lace. The shoulders are deformed by hard triangular epaulettes, the waist is short, and the elbows loaded with drapery without form or taste. The face of the young lady, however, appeared sufficiently lovely to decide Henry on accepting her, and the negotiation was completed at Windsor early in the same month in which arrived Holbein's flattering portrait. The contract of marriage was signed at Dusseldorf, September the 4th, 1539. All matters of state policy and royal ceremonials being arranged, the bride-elect bade a long, and, as it proved, a last farewell to her mother, her brother and sisters, by all of whom she was tenderly beloved. She quitted her native city of Dusseldorf the first week in October, 1539, and, attended by a splendid train and escort, left the pleasant banks of the Rhine for the stranger-land of which she was now styled the queen.

At Antwerp many English merchants met her grace four miles without the town, clad in velvet coats and chains of

gold. The next day the English merchants brought her on her way to Stetkyn, and gave her a gift. She then proceeded, at the same rate of twenty miles a day, through Tokyn, Bruges, Oldenburgh, Nienport, and Dunkirk, to Gravelines, where the captain received her honorably. The next day she arrived in the English pale at Calais between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, so that she and her ladies must have quitted their pillows and commenced their journey long before it was light.

The lord admiral with a low obeisance welcomed the royal bride, and brought her into Calais by the lantern-gate, where the ships lay in the haven garnished with their banners, pensils, and flags, pleasant to behold; and at her entry was shot such a peal of guns, that all her retinue were astonished. The town of Calais echoed the royal salute with a peal of ordance along the coast. "When she entered the lantern-gate, she stayed to view the king's ships called the Lyon and the Sweepstakes, which were decked with one hundred banners of silk and gold."

The new queen was detained by the perversity of winds and waves so long, that she kept her Christmas festival perforce at Calais. At last she embarked with her train, and, attended by a royal convoy of fifty ships, sailed with a prosperous wind, December 27, and had so quick a passage, that she landed at Deal the same day at five o'clock. She was honorably received by Sir Thomas Cheyney, lord warden of the port, and proceeded immediately to a castle newly built, supposed to be Walmer Castle, where she changed her dress, and remained till the Duke and Duchess of Suffolk and the Bishop of Chichester, with a great company of knights, esquires, and the flower of the ladies of Kent, came to welcome her to England; by them she was conducted to Dover Castle, and there she rested till the Monday, which was a wintry and inclement day. But notwithstanding the storm that raged abroad, she obeyed the instructions that had been issued for the manner and order of her journey, and commenced her progress to Canterbury. On Barham downs she was met by the Archbishop of Canterbury and a great company of gentlemen, who attended her to St. Augustine's without Canterbury. On New Year's Eve she was conducted to Rochester, where she remained in the bishop's palace all New Year's Day.

Henry, who was impatient to see her, rode to Rochester *incognito* on the morrow, with eight gentlemen of his privy-chamber, all dressed alike in coats of marble color (some sort of grey), expecting, no doubt, that his highly praised Ger-

man bride would rival both the bright-eyed Boleyn and the fair Seymour. On his arrival, he dispatched Sir Anthony Browne, his master of the horse, to inform Anne that "he had brought her a New Year's gift, if she would please to receive it." The knight afterward declared, "that he was struck with consternation when he was shown the queen, and was never so much dismayed in his life as to see a lady so far unlike what had been represented." He had, however, the discretion to conceal his impression, well knowing how greatly opinions vary as to beauty, and left the king to judge for himself. When Henry, whose impatience could no longer be restrained, entered the presence of his betrothed, a glance sufficed to destroy the enchantment which Holbein's pencil had created: the goods were not equal to pattern, and he considered himself an injured man. He recoiled in bitter disappointment. It is possible that Anne was not a whit more charmed with Henry's appearance and deportment than he with hers, especially as he was not in the most gracious of moods. But, although somewhat taken by surprise at the abrupt entrance of the formidable sponse to whom she had been consigned by the will of her country, she sank upon her knees at his approach, and did her best to offer him a loving greeting. Evilly as Henry was disposed toward the luckless princess, he was touched with the meekness and deep humility of her behavior. He did violence to his feelings so far as to raise her up with some show of civility. The interview only lasted a few minutes, but scarcely twenty words were exchanged. Anne's mother-tongue, the German of the Rhine, familiarly called "high Dutch," was so displeasing to Henry's musical ears, that he would not make any attempts to converse with her by means of an interpreter; yet he was previously aware that "his wife could speak no English, he no Dutch." The moment he quitted her presence, he sent for the lords who had brought her over, and indignantly addressed the following queries to the lord admiral: "How like you this woman? Do you think her so personable, fair, and beautiful as report hath been made unto me? I pray you tell me true." The admiral evasively rejoined, "I take her not for *fair*, but to be of a *brown* complexion."—"Alas!" said the king, "whom shall men trust? I promise you I see no such thing as hath been shown me of her pictures or report. I am ashamed that men have praised her as they have done, and I love her not." The New Year's gift which he had provided for Anne, was a partlet of sable skins to wear about her neck, and a *muffy* furred; that is to say, a muff and tippet of rich sables. This he had intended to present with his own hand to her;

but not considering her handsome enough to be entitled to such an honor, he sent it to her the following morning by Sir Anthony Browne, with as cold a message as might be. He made bitter complaints of his hard fate to Lord Russell, Sir Anthony Browne and Sir Anthony Denny. The latter gentleman told his sovereign "that persons of humble station had this great advantage over princes; that they might go and choose their own wives, while great princes must take such as were brought them."

Henry returned to Greenwich very melancholy, and when he saw Cromwell, gave vent to a torrent of vituperation against those who had provided him with so unsuitable a consort, whom, with his characteristic brutality, he likened to a "great Flanders mare." Cromwell endeavored to shift the blame from himself to the lord admiral, for whom he had no great kindness, by saying, "that when that nobleman found the princess so different from the pictures and reports which had been made of her, he ought to have detained her at Calais till he had given the king notice that she was not so handsome as had been represented." The admiral replied, bluntly, "that he was not invested with any such authority: his commission was to bring her to England, and he had obeyed his orders." Cromwell retorted upon him, "that he had spoken in his letters of the lady's beauty in terms of commendation, which had misled his highness and his council." The admiral, however, represented, "that as the princess was generally reported for a beauty, he had only repeated the opinions of others; for which no one ought reasonably to blame him." This altercation was interrupted by the peremptory demand of the king, "that some means should be found for preventing the necessity of his completing his engagement." A council was summoned in all haste, at which the pre-contract of the lady with Francis of Lorraine was objected by Henry's ministers as a legal impediment to her union with the king.

Anne, who had advanced as far as Dartford (with a heavy heart no doubt), was delayed in her progress, while her brother's ambassadors, by whom she had been attended to England, were summoned to produce documentary evidence that the contract was dissolved. They declared that the engagement between the Lady Anne of Cleves and the Marquess of Lorraine had been merely a conditional agreement between the parents of the parties when both in their minority; and that in the year 1535 it had been formally annulled. Cranmer and the Bishop of Durham were of opinion that no just impediment to the marriage existed. Cromwell also represented to the king

the impolicy of embroiling himself with the Protestant princes of Germany, in such forcible terms, that Henry passionately exclaimed, "Is there, then, no remedy but that I must needs put my neck into the yoke?" Having in these gracious words signified his intention of proceeding to the solemnization of his nuptials, he ordered the most splendid preparations to be made for his marriage.

The public reception of Anne of Cleves by Henry took place on the 3d of January, on Blackheath, where was pitched a rich tent of cloth of gold, and divers other tents and pavilions, in which were made fires, with perfumes for her and her ladies. From the tents to the park gate at Greenwich all the furze and bushes were cut down, and an ample space cleared for the view of all spectators. She came down from Shooter's hill toward the tents; and was met by the Earl of Rutland, her lord chamberlain, and her other officers of state. Then Dr. Kaye, her almoner, presented to her, on the king's behalf, all the officers and servants of her household, and addressed her in an eloquent Latin oration, of which the unlearned princess understood not a word; but it was answered with all due solemnity in her name by her brother's secretary, who acted as her interpreter. "Then the king's nieces, the Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter to the Queen of Scots, and the Marchioness of Dorset, daughter to the Queen of France, with the Duchess of Richmond, and other ladies, to the number of sixty-five, saluted and welcomed her grace. Anne alighted from the chariot in which she had performed her long journey, and with most goodly manner and loving countenance returned thanks, and kissed them all; her officers and councilors kissed her hand, after which she, with all the ladies, entered the tents and warmed themselves.

The circumstance of Anne being marked with the small-pox explains the mystery of why Holbein's portrait pleased the king so much better than the original. No artist copies the cruel traces of that malady in a lady's face; therefore the picture was flattered, even if the features were faithfully delineated.

When Anne was advertised of the king's coming, she issued out of her tent, being appareled in a rich gown of cloth of gold, made round, without any train, after the Dutch fashion; and on her head a caul, and over that a round bonnet or cap, set full of orient pearl. At the door of the tent she mounted on a fair horse, richly trapped with goldsmith's work; and, surrounded by her Flemish attendants, who were on foot, she marched toward the king, who, perceiving her approach, came

forward somewhat beyond the cross on the heath, and there paused a little till she came nearer. Then he put off his bonnet, and came forward to her, and with most loving countenance and princely behavior saluted, welcomed, and embraced her; and she likewise, not forgetting her duty, with most amiable aspect and womanly behavior, received his grace with many sweet words and great praises.

When the king had conversed a little with her, which must have been by means of an interpreter, he put her on his right hand, and they rode side by side together to Greenwich Palace. As they passed, they beheld from the wharf how the citizens of London were rowing up and down on the Thames, every craft in its barge garnished with banners, flags, streamers, pensils, and targets, some painted and blazoned with the king's arms, some with those of her grace, and some with the arms of their craft or mystery.

A splendid scene it must have been, that gorgeous cavalcade, extending from Blackheath, through the park, to the water's edge, and the broad-bosomed Thames so gayly dight with the flags and gilded barges of the queen of merchant cities, and all the aquatic pageantry which wealth and loyalty could devise to do honor to the sovereign's bride. As soon as she and the king had alighted from their horses in the inner court, the king lovingly embraced her, and bade her "welcome to her own;" then led her by the left arm through, and so brought her up to her privy-chamber, which was richly prepared for her reception. There Henry, eager to be released from the irksome part of playing the loving bridegroom and gracious sovereign, left her, and retired to give vent to his discontent in his own. He was attended by his anxious premier Cromwell, to whom he exclaimed, "How say you, my lord; is it not as I told you? Say what they will, she is nothing fair. Her person is well and seemly, but nothing else." The obsequious minister assented to the royal opinion—nay, swore "by his faith, that his sovereign said right;" yet ventured to observe, by way of commendation, "that he thought she had a queenly manner withal." This Henry frankly allowed. Cromwell lamented "that his grace was no better content," as well indeed he might, since his own ruin was decreed from that hour.

When the lord chamberlain inquired of the king, "What day his majesty would be pleased to name for the coronation of the queen?"—"We will talk of that when I have made her my queen," was the ominous reply of the moody monarch. Next day Henry sent for all his council, and repeated his

favorite expression, "that he was not well handled about the contract with the Prince of Lorraine," and required that Anne should make a solemn protestation that she was free from all pre-contracts. This she did in the presence of all his council and notaries. When Henry was informed by Cromwell that the lady had made the above protest in the most clear and positive terms, he repeated his first ungracious exclamation, "Is there, then, none other remedy, but I must needs against my will put my neck into the yoke!" Cromwell escaped from the royal presence as quickly as he could, leaving his master in what he politely terms "a study or pensiveness;" in other words, an access of sullen ill humor, in which he remained till the Monday morning, when he declared "that it was his intention to go through with it," and directed that the nuptials should be solemnized on the following day, January 6th, commonly called Twelfth Day. However reluctant the royal bridegroom was to fulfill his distasteful matrimonial engagement, he made his personal arrangements that morning with much greater speed than the bride, and had donned his wedding garments so long before she was ready, that he thought proper to exercise his conjugal privilege beforehand by grumbling at having to wait. His bridal costume was a gown of cloth of gold, raised with great flowers of silver, and furred with black jennettes. His coat, crimson satin, slashed and embroidered, and clasped with great diamonds, and a rich collar about his neck. In this array he entered his presence-chamber, and calling Cromwell to him, said, "My lord, if it were not to satisfy the world and my realm, I would not do what I must do this day for any earthly thing." Then one of the officers of the household informed him the queen was ready. On which he, with his lords and officers of state, advanced into the gallery next the closets, and there paused, and, with some expressions of displeasure that she was so long in coming, sent the lords to fetch the queen. The tardy bride had endeavored, it should seem, to console herself for Henry's insulting demurs by taking her own time, and making a very elaborate and splendid toilet. She was dressed in a gown of rich cloth of gold, embroidered very thickly with great flowers of large oriental pearls. It was made round and without a train, which, it appears, was not admired in England. She wore her long luxuriant *yellow* hair flowing down her shoulders, and on her head a coronal of gold full of costly gems and set about with sprigs of rosemary. About her neck and waist she wore jewels of great price. Thus arrayed, Anne of Cleves came forth from her closet between the Earl

of Overstein and the Earl of Essex, with a composed countenance and grave demeanor. The lords went before her in procession, and when they reached the gallery where the king was, she greeted him with three low obeisances and courtesies. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cranmer, received them and married them together. The Earl of Overstein gave Anne away : round her wedding-ring was inscribed—

God Send Me Weel to keep.

A more appropriate motto could scarcely have been chosen for a wife of Henry VIII. No doubt the poor queen had that prayer very often on her lips. When the nuptial rites were ended, the royal pair walked hand in hand into the king's closet, and there heard mass. After mass was over they took wine and spices ; then the king departed to his chamber, and all the ladies attended the queen to her chamber.

Henry's countenance bore a more portentous aspect on the morrow, and when his trembling premier Cromwell entered his presence to pay his duty, he received him with a frown, and angrily reproached him for having persuaded him to a marriage so repugnant to his taste. Solemn jousts were nevertheless kept in honor of the royal nuptials on the Sunday, which much pleased the foreigners. On that day the queen was appareled after the English fashion, with a French hood. The only allusion Henry was ever known to make to his beautiful and once idolized queen Anne Boleyn after her murder, was in one of his bursts of contempt for her more homely namesake. The little Princess Elizabeth having made suit by her governess to be allowed to come and pay the duty of a daughter to the new queen, whom she had the most ardent desire to see, "Tell her," was the reply, "that she had a mother so different from this woman, that she ought not to wish to see her." Elizabeth addressed a very pretty letter to her royal step-mother to excuse her absence.

During the first few weeks after Henry's marriage with Anne of Cleves, he treated her with an outward show of civility on all public occasions ; and as long as they kept the same chamber, he was accustomed to say "Good-night, sweetheart!" and in the morning, when he left her apartment, "Farewell, darling!" These honied words, however, only covered increasing dislike, which, when he found there was no prospect of her bringing him a family, he openly expressed in the rudest terms. Even if Anne of Cleves had been gifted with those external charms requisite to please Henry's fastidi-

ous eye, her ignorance of the English language and of music, and, above all, her deficiency in that delicate tact which constitutes the real art of pleasing, would have prevented her from gaining on his affections. Henry had been used to the society of women of superior intellect and polished manners. Such had been Katharine of Arragon, such Anne Boleyn; and Jane Seymour, if she lacked the mental dignity of the first, or the genius and wit of the second, made up for both in the insinuating softness which was, no doubt, the true secret of her influence over Henry's mind. Anne of Cleves was no adept in the art of flattery, and, though really "of meek and gentle conditions," she did not humiliate herself meanly to the man from whom she had received so many unprovoked marks of contempt, and she ceased to behave with submissive complaisance. Henry then complained to Cromwell "that she waxed willful and stubborn with him." Anne required advice, and sent often to Cromwell, requesting a conference with him, but in vain. Cromwell knew he was in a perilous predicament, surrounded by spies and enemies, and, like the trembling vizier of some Eastern tyrant, who sees the fatal bowstring ready to be fitted to his neck, deemed that one false step would be his ruin: he positively refused to see the queen.

A company of the knightly gallants of the court held jousts, tourney, and barrier at Durham House on May Day, all dressed in white velvet, in honor of the king's recent marriage with Anne of Cleves. Their majesties honored the pageant with their presence, and were honorably feasted and entertained by their bachelor hosts. This was the last time the king and queen appeared in public together. In addition to all his other causes of dissatisfaction, Henry now began to express scruples of conscience on the score of keeping a Lutheran for his wife. Anne, who had been unremitting in her endeavors to conform herself to his wishes, by studying the English language and all things that were likely to please him, became weary of the attempt, and was at length piqued into telling him, that "If she had not been compelled to marry him, she might have fulfilled her engagement with another, to whom she had promised her hand." Henry only waited for this; for though he had lived with Anne between four and five months, he had never, as he shamelessly acknowledged, intended to retain her permanently as his wife, especially as there was no prospect of her bringing him a family. Her situation was rendered more wretched by the dismissal of her foreign attendants, whose places were supplied by English ladies appointed by the king. When the Flemish maids of honor were

about to depart, and the queen's chamberlain applied to Cromwell for their safe conduct, the cautious minister, who had carefully kept aloof from the slightest communication with Anne or her household, availed himself of this opportunity of sending a secret warning to his royal mistress "of the expediency of doing her utmost to render herself more agreeable to the king." Anne acted upon the hint, but without any sort of judgment, for she altered her cold and reserved deportment into an appearance of fondness which, being altogether inconsistent with her feelings, was any thing but attractive. Henry, knowing that it was impossible she could entertain affection for him, attributed the change in her manner to the representations of Cromwell, to whom he had confided his intentions of obtaining a divorce; and this suspicion aggravated the hatred he had conceived against him, for having been the means of drawing him into the marriage. Henry had recently become deeply enamored of the young and beautiful Katharine Howard, niece to the Duke of Norfolk, and passionately desired to make her his wife. The leaders of the Roman Catholic party were eager to secure the twofold triumph of obtaining a queen of their own way of thinking, and effecting the downfall of their great enemy, Cromwell. There is every reason to believe that the death of his unpopular favorite was decreed by Henry himself at the very time when, to mask his deadly purpose, he bestowed upon him the honors and estates of his deceased kinsman, Bourchier, Earl of Essex. The fact was, he had a business to accomplish, for which he required a tool who would not be deterred by the nice feelings of a gentleman of honor from working his will—the attainder of two ladies allied, one by blood, the other by marriage, to the royal line of Plantagenet—Gertrude, Marchioness of Exeter, the widow of one of his kindred victims, and Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, the mother of the other.

Exactly one month after this villainy, Cromwell was arrested by the Duke of Norfolk at the council-board, and sent to the Tower by the command of the king, who, like a master-fiend, had waited till his slave had filled up the full measure of his guilt before he executed his vengeance upon him. Another victim, but a blameless one, was also selected by Henry to pay the penalty of his life for having been instrumental in his marriage with Anne of Cleves; the pious and learned Dr. Barnes, whom the queen had greatly patronized, but was unable to preserve from the stake. Her own reign was drawing to a close. A few days after Cromwell's arrest she was sent to Richmond, under pretense that her health required change of air.

Cranmer brought Anne's divorce before the convocation. The reasons alleged for releasing the sovereign from his matrimonial bonds with his queen were as follows: "That she was pre-contracted to the Prince of Lorraine. That the king, having espoused her against his will, had not given an inward consent to his marriage, which was incomplete; and that the whole nation had a great interest in the king's having more issue, which they saw he could never have by this queen."

At last the convocation of the clergy, without one dissentient voice, pronounced the marriage to be null and void, June 9, and that both parties were free to marry again. The next day, Archbishop Cranmer reported to the House of Lords this sentence, in Latin and English, and delivered the documents attesting it, which were sent to the commons. A bill to invalidate the marriage was twice read, and passed unanimously, July 13, being only the eighth day from the commencement of the whole business. Cranmer, who had pronounced the nuptial benediction, had the mortifying office of dissolving the marriage—Anne of Cleves being the third queen from whom he had divorced the king in less than seven years. The queen, being a stranger to the English laws and customs, was spared the trouble of appearing before the convocation, either personally or by her advocates.

When all things had been definitely arranged according to the king's pleasure, Suffolk, Southampton, and Wriothesley were appointed by him to proceed to Richmond, for the purpose of signifying his determination to the queen, and obtaining her assent. Scarcely had the commissioners commenced their explanation, when the terrified queen, fancying, no doubt, that their errand was to conduct her to the Tower, gave instant acquiescence. So powerfully were her feminine terrors excited on this occasion, that she fainted and fell to the ground before the commissioners could explain the true purport of their errand. When she was sufficiently recovered to attend to them, they soothed her with flattering professions of the king's gracious intention of adopting her for a sister, if she would resign the title of queen; promising that she should have precedence before every lady in the court, except his daughters and his future consort, and that she should be endowed with estates to the value of 3000*l.* a year. Anne was greatly relieved when she understood the real nature of the king's intention, and she expressed her willingness to resign her joyless honors with an alacrity for which he was not prepared. Five hundred marks in gold were delivered to her by Henry's commissioners as the first instalment of her re-

tiring pension, as his unqueened consort and discharged wife. Anne, having been kept without money, thankfully and meekly received this supply, without noticing the mortifying conditions on which it was proffered. She evidently esteemed herself a happy woman to escape from her painful nuptial bonds with Henry, without the loss of her head, and in token that she was quite as willing to be rid of him as he could be to cast her off, she cheerfully drew her wedding-ring from her finger and sent it back to him, together with a complaisant letter in German, the substance of which was explained by the commissioners to their royal master. The same persons came again to Richmond, July 17, and executed the king's warrant for breaking up Anne's household as Queen of England, by discharging all the ladies and officers of state who had been sworn to serve her as their queen, and introducing those who had been chosen by himself to form her establishment as the Lady Anne of Cleves, in her new character of his adopted sister. Anne submitted to every thing with a good grace. "She took her leave openly of such as departed, and welcomed very gently her new servants at that time presented to her by them," although she had not been allowed the privilege of selecting them for herself. "She was even so complaisant as to profess herself under great obligations to the king's majesty, and that she was determined to submit herself wholly to repose in his goodness; that she would receive no letters nor messages from her brother, her mother, nor none of her kin and friends, but she would send them to the king's majesty, and be guided by his determination."

Henry was so well pleased at the restoration of the nuptial ring and the obliging demeanor of his discarded queen, that he dispatched his commissioners to her again to present unto her "certain things of great value and richness which his grace then gave to her; also to show to her letters which his majesty had received from the duke her brother, and from the Bishop of Bath, ambassador from England, then resident at the court of the Duke of Cleves: which letters being opened and read, she gave most humble thanks to the king's majesty that it pleased him to communicate the same to her."

As far as her little power went, Anne was at this time a friend to the Reformation, yet soon after became a convert to the Church of Rome. Owen Oglethorpe owed his promotion as a bishop to her favor. Anne was so fond of her step-daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, that the only favor she asked of Henry after the dissolution of their marriage was, that she might sometimes be permitted to see her; a request which

Henry was graciously pleased to grant, on condition that she should not be addressed by his daughter and her attendants by the style and title of queen, but simply as the Lady Anne of Cleves.

After her divorce Anne continued to reside at her palace at Richmond: on the 6th of August Henry *honored* her with a visit. She received him with a pleasant countenance, and treated him with all due respect; which put him into such high good humor that he supped with her merrily, and demeaned himself so lovingly, and with such singular graciousness, that some of the bystanders fancied he was going to take her for his queen again. There is little doubt, however, that he was already married to Katharine Howard, whom two days afterward he publicly introduced to his court as his queen. Perhaps he considered it prudent to pay a previous visit to Anne, to ascertain whether any objection would be raised on her part to his investing another with her lawful title. Anne wisely treated the affair with complacency. The Duke of Cleves wept with bitter mortification when he received the account of his sister's wrongs, and found himself precluded from testifying the indignation they inspired: Anne, on the contrary, manifested the most lively satisfaction at having regained her freedom. The yoke of which Henry complained had, certainly, been no silken bond to her; and no sooner was she fairly released from it, than she exhibited a degree of vivacity she had never shown during her matrimonial probation. The Duke of Cleves manifested a lofty spirit of independence, and could never be induced to admit the invalidity of his sister's marriage. The Bishop of Bath, who had been sent over to reconcile him, if possible, to the arrangement into which Anne had entered, could get no farther declaration from him than the sarcastic observation, that "He was glad his sister had fared no worse." A prudent regard to her pecuniary interests, in all probability, withheld this much injured princess from returning to her father-land, and the fond arms of that mother who had reluctantly resigned her to a royal husband so little worthy of possessing a wife of "lowly and gentle conditions."

Meekly as Anne demeaned herself in her retirement, a jealous watch was kept, not only on her proceedings, but the correspondence of herself and household, by King Henry's ministers. Anne prudently escaped involving herself in any of the political intrigues of the times: and with truly queenly dignity avoided all appearance of claiming the sympathy of any class of Henry's subjects. But she was not so much forgotten by

the people of England as the French ambassador imagined. The friends of the Reformation regarded her as the king's lawful wife, and vainly hoped the time would come when, cloyed with the charms of the youthful rival for whom he had discarded her, he would fling his idol from him, as he had done the once adored Anne Boleyn, and reinstate the injured Fleming in her rights.

On the fall of Katharine Howard, an effort was made by the Duke of Cleves, and the Protestant party, to effect a reunion between Anne and the king. The duke's ambassadors opened the business to the Earl of Southampton, but Crammer, warned by the fate of Cromwell, ventured not to urge Henry, and the negotiation came to nothing. Perhaps Anne herself was unwilling to risk her life, by entering again into the perilous thralldom from which she had once been released. The tragic fate of her fair young rival must have taught her to rejoice that she had saved her own head by resigning a crown without a struggle. In June, 1543, Anne received a friendly visit from her step-daughter, the Princess Mary, who stayed with her some days, a species of intercourse kept up every year through Anne's life. Presents of embroidery, and Spanish silk for needlework, often passed between these friends.

No event of any importance occurred to break the peaceful tenor of Anne's life till the death of Henry VIII. She visited the court of her royal step-son, Edward VI., June 26, 1550. Her affairs had got into some disorder at that period, so that she found herself under the necessity of applying to her brother the Duke of Cleves for his assistance. That prince represented her distress to the English government, and with some difficulty obtained for her the munificent grant of four hundred pounds toward paying her debts. The pensions of such of her servants as were paid by the crown being in arrear, she petitioned the king for them to be liquidated; but the official reply coolly stated, "that the king's highness being on his progress, could not be troubled at that time about payments." Anne had acquired the English language and English habits, and formed an intimate friendship with Henry's daughters. England had therefore become her country, and it was natural that she should prefer a residence where she was honored and loved by all to whom her excellent qualities were known to returning to her native land, after the public affronts that had been put upon her by the coarse-minded tyrant to whom she had been sacrificed by her family. The last public appearance of Anne of Cleves was at the coronation of Queen Mary, where she had her place in the regal procession, and rode in

the same carriage with the Princess Elizabeth, with whom she was always on the most affectionate terms. That precedence which Henry VIII. insured to her she always enjoyed, nor did any of the ladies of the royal family attempt to dispute it with her.

The repudiated wife of Henry VIII. possessed the placid domestic virtues which seem in a manner indigenous to German princesses. "She was," says Holinshed, who lived in her century, "a lady of right commendable regard, courteous, gentle, a good housekeeper, and very bountiful to her servants." She spent her time at the head of her own little court, which was a happy household within itself, and we may presume well governed, for we hear neither of plots, quarrels, tale-bearings nor mischievous intrigues, in her home circle. She was tenderly beloved by her domestics, and well attended by them in her last sickness. She died at the age of forty-one, of some declining illness, which she took calmly and patiently. Her will shows the most minute attention to all things that could benefit her own domestic circle.

Anne of Cleves expired peacefully at the palace of Chelsea, July 19, 1557, five days after she had executed her will. Her beneficent spirit was wholly occupied in deeds of mercy, caring for the happiness of her maidens and alms-children, and forgetting not any faithful servant however lowly in degree. She was on amicable terms with Mary and Elizabeth, and left both tokens of her kindness. Although she was a Lutheran when she came to this country, it is very evident from her will that she died a Roman Catholic. Queen Mary appointed her place of burial in Westminster Abbey, where her funeral was performed with some magnificence. She is buried near the high altar of Westminster Abbey, in a place of great honor, at the feet of King Seburt, the original founder. Her tomb is seldom recognized—in fact, it looks like a long bench placed against the wall, on the right hand facing the altar. On closer inspection, her initials A and C, interwoven in a monogram, will be observed on parts of the structure, which is rather a memorial than a monument, for it was never finished.



Queen Katharine Howard. From a painting by Vander Werff.

KATHARINE HOWARD, FIFTH QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

THE career of Katharine Howard affords a grand moral lesson, a lesson better calculated to illustrate the fatal consequences of the first heedless steps in guilt, than all the warning essays that have ever been written on those subjects. She was the fifth child and second daughter of Lord Edmund Howard, by Joyce, or Jocosa, daughter of Sir Richard Culpepper, of Holingbourne, in Kent, and widow of Sir John Leigh, knight. The earliest date that can be given for Katharine's birth is 1521 or 1522. She is supposed to have been born at Lambeth, where her father, Lord Edmund Howard, had a house. That brave commander, who by his valor and military skill had so

greatly contributed to the victory at Flodden Field, which preserved England from being overrun by an invading army, had reaped no other reward than glory for his brilliant services on that memorable day. He inherited only a younger son's portion, and having married, not from motives of interest, but pure affection, a lady who brought him ten children, he and his numerous family had to struggle with poverty, which his elevated birth and distinguished reputation rendered the more irksome. Lord Edmund was not only without money, and destitute of credit, but at last so deeply involved in difficulties, from the steps taken by his creditors to recover the sums he had borrowed at usurious interest, that he was compelled to conceal himself under various disguises, for fear of arrest. His lady and children, among whom was the future Queen of England, were of course exposed to the bitterest hardships and privations in consequence of this painful adversity. Lord Edmund obtained the appointment of comptroller of Calais, which he probably owed to the powerful interest of his niece, Anne Boleyn, when her star was in the ascendant; but, in the interim, severe privations were suffered by him and his children. His lady sank under the difficulties of her position, and died early in life, leaving several of her children helpless infants. Katharine, who had been reared at her uncle's, Sir John Culpepper, at Holingbourne, in the nursery, as the playfellow of his little heir, Thomas Culpepper, with whom her name was afterward to be painfully connected in the page of history, was subsequently received into the family of her father's step-mother, Agnes Tylney, duchess-dowager of Norfolk. It was an evil hour for the little Katharine when she left the paternal roof, and the society of the innocent companions of her infant joys and cares, to become a neglected dependent in the splendid mansion of a proud and heartless relative; and could her brave father have foreseen the consequences of this arrangement, it is easy to imagine how much rather he would have placed her on her bier, than have permitted the demoralizing associations to which she was exposed in her new home. The Duchess of Norfolk was so perfectly unmindful of her duties to her orphan charge, that Katharine was not only allowed to associate with her waiting-women, but compelled at night to occupy the sleeping apartment that was common to them all. Unhappily they were persons of the most abandoned description, and seem to have taken a fiendish delight in perverting the principles and debasing the mind of the nobly-born damsel who was thrown into the sphere of their polluting influence.

Katharine, unfortunately for herself, while yet a child in age, acquired the precocious charms of womanhood, and before she had even entered her teens, attracted the attention of a low-born villain in the household of the duchess, named Henry Manox. He was a player on the virginals, probably Katharine's instructor on that instrument, and might take advantage of the opportunities too often afforded to persons in that capacity to prefer his suit, and by degrees to establish himself on terms of unbecoming familiarity with his pupil. While at Lambeth she formed a fatal intimacy with a female of low birth, of the name of Mary Lassells, who was the nurse of her uncle Lord Willaim Howard's child. On the death of Lady William Howard, Mary Lassells entered the service of the Duchess of Norfolk, and was permitted to sleep in the dormitory which the daughter of Lord Edmund Howard shared with the female attendants of the duchess. When Mary Lassells repeated some of Manox's bold remarks to Katharine, she was greatly offended, and cried, "fie upon him!" and then, unable to control or defer the effusion of her indignation, she proceeded with Mary Lassells in quest of him to the house of Lord Beaumont, where he was, and there passionately upbraided him with his baseness. Manox, by way of excuse, replied, "that his passion for her so transported him beyond the bounds of reason, that he wist not what he said." Whether Katharine had the weakness to be satisfied with this apology is not stated, but she was once, and once only, seen with him afterward, walking at the back of the duchess's orchard at Lambeth. Her infatuation for the low-born musician was however of ephemeral date; soon after her arrival at Lambeth she was entangled in another clandestine courtship. Her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, retained in his service a band of gentlemen, whom he called his pensioners or household troop. They were, for the most part, persons of better birth than fortune, and many of them claimed some degree of affinity to their lord, whom they were ready to follow to the field, to back him in his quarrels with his neighbors, or even, if required, in defiance to the sovereign. One of these bold spirits, named Francis Derham, became deeply enamored of Katharine Howard, and being allied to her in blood, and an especial favorite with the old duchess, he aspired to nothing less than winning her for his wife. Katharine appears to have been kept without money by the duchess, and having the passion for finery natural to girls of her age, allowed Derham to supply her with all those little ornaments to her dress which she was unable to obtain for herself. On one occasion, when she was languishing to possess an artificial

flower called a French fennel, which was universally worn by the ladies of Henry VIII.'s court, Derham told her, "He knew of a little woman in London with a crooked back, who was skilled in making all sorts of flowers of silk;" and Katharine requested him to employ this person to make a "French fennel" for her, bidding him pay for it, and she would pay him again when she had the means. Derham complied with her wish, and when he had put her in possession of this coveted piece of finery, she dared not wear it till she had prevailed on Lady Brereton to say she gave it to her. Derham has been represented as a person in the lowest class of society: this is a mistake, for not only was he a relation of the ducal line of Howard, but evidently a gentleman of some property. Whenever the inconsiderate Katharine desired silks, satins, or even velvet, for her habiliments, she allowed him to procure them for her, under the vague promise of reimbursing him for his outlay at some future period. On the New Year's Day they exchanged love-tokens. Derham gave Katharine a silk heart's-ease, and she gave him a band and sleeves for a shirt, with many kind expressions at the same time, forgetting that she, in whose veins the blood of the Plantagenets and Carlovingian monarchs mingled, was no mate for one of her uncle's gentlemen-at-arms; she consented to become the troth-pledge or affianced wife of Francis Derham. In Scotland, to this day, the acknowledgment that passed between Katharine Howard and Derham would constitute binding wedlock. Derham asked her permission to call her "wife," and entreated her to call him "husband," to which Katharine replied, "she was content that it should be so." The only care the Duchess of Norfolk appears to have taken for the preservation of her youthful grand-daughter's honor was, to have the doors of the chamber in which she and her waiting-women slept locked every night, and the keys brought to her; but this caution was defeated by the subtlety of one or other of her attendants, by whom they were privily stolen away, and Derham was admitted in defiance of all propriety. Sometimes he would bring strawberries, apples, wine, and other things to make good cheer with, after the duchess was gone to bed.

Derham gave all his money into Katharine's keeping; and once, when he was going on some secret expedition, he left the bond for a hundred pounds that was due to him in her custody, telling her, "that if he never returned, she was to consider it as her own." Katharine inquired whither he was going, but he would not satisfy her on that point. How long his absence lasted, and of the nature of the business in which

he was engaged, there is no evidence; but as he was afterward accused of piracy, it is possible that he had embarked in a desperate enterprise of that kind, with a view of improving his fortunes. Derham was occasionally tormented with jealousy, and fears of losing Katharine. He especially dreaded her going to court; and as she was eager to go, they had high words on this subject. Derham told her, "If she went, he would not tarry long in the house;" on which she replied, "He might do as he list." For the sake of obtaining more frequent opportunities of being in Katharine's company, Derham gave up his post in her uncle the duke's military retinue, and entered the service of the duchess-dowager of Norfolk, to whom he became gentleman-usher.

After a time, the duchess became suspicious of Derham's conduct. One day she entered unexpectedly the apartment where the damsels in her state establishment sat together at their appointed tasks of embroidery, tapestry, or spinning, and found Derham, not only trespassing within this forbidden bound, but presumptuously romping with her youthful kinswoman Katharine Howard; on which, being greatly offended, she beat them both, and gave Mrs. Bulmer a box on the ears for sitting by and permitting such familiarity. Yet she did not dismiss Derham, because he was their relation, though she frequently chid the young lady, and sometimes punished her on his account; but the tender age of Katharine, who was not then fourteen, appears to have blinded her as to the peril in which she stood. At length the dreadful truth was forced upon the attention of Katharine's careless guardian by one of the women who had long been privy to the matter. Derham would, in all probability, have paid with his blood the penalty of his audacity, but he fled before the storm, and took refuge in Ireland, where he pursued the vocation of a pirate. The matter was hushed up out of respect to the feelings of Katharine's noble father, and for the sake of her sisters and other members of her illustrious family, who would have been in some degree involved in her disgrace had it been made public. The household of the duchess was purified of the abandoned women who had warped the youthful mind of Katharine, and the damsel was herself placed under a salutary restraint. It appears, however, that she contrived, through the agency of a female in the house, named Jane Acworth, who possessed the pen of a ready writer, to carry on a secret correspondence. After a time her secretary, as she called this person, married a gentleman of the name of Bulmer, and went to live at York; and Katharine, separated from all evil asso-

ciates, acquired, as she advanced toward womanhood, the retiring grace and feminine reserve natural to that season of life. She even became remarkable for her modest and maidenly deportment. When Derham found means to return clandestinely from Ireland, she positively refused to have any communication with him. His attachment was, however, of an enduring character, and his unwelcome constancy was to her productive of the most fatal results. There was at that time a report in circulation, that a matrimonial engagement was in contemplation between Katharine Howard and her maternal kinsman, Thomas Culpepper; and Derham attributing her altered manner to her preference of this gentleman, asked her angrily, "If she were going to be married to him, for he had heard it so reported?"—"What should you trouble me therewith? for you know I will not have you," was Katharine's contemptuous rejoinder; "and if you heard such report, you heard more than I do know." Culpepper was Katharine Howard's first cousin, being the nephew of her deceased mother. The vehement opposition of Derham to Katharine's intention of going to court appears like an assertion on his part, as far as circumstances would permit, of a right to control her actions.

At a banquet given by the Bishop of Winchester to his royal master a few weeks after his marriage with Anne of Cleves, Henry VIII. first became attracted by Katharine Howard. When Gardiner observed the impression made by the charms of the fair niece of his patron the Duke of Norfolk, he contrived that the king should have frequent opportunities of seeing her. The king was observed by many citizens of London to pass over the Thames to her in a little boat, frequently in the day-time, and also at midnight. Katharine Howard's appointment as maid of honor to Anne of Cleves took place at the time when the queen was deprived of her foreign attendants. How far the king's addresses were encouraged by the youthful Katharine is not known. She seems to have behaved with greater propriety than either Anne Boleyn or Jane Seymour under similar circumstances; for no one has accused her of treating the queen with disrespect, or presuming to assume airs of state in rivalry to her. Derham had vanished so entirely from the scene, that no one knew whether he were living or dead. This was an auspicious circumstance for Katharine. The old Duchess of Norfolk took infinite pains to secure the royal alliance for her fair young *protégé*. She bestowed costly array and jewels on her to enhance her native attractions, and instructed her in what

manner to demean herself to the king, so as to please him. She was even guilty of the folly of commending Katharine to the king as a person worthy of the honor of becoming his wife, and one calculated to promote his happiness. If Katharine had flattered herself with the idea, that because some years had passed away since her early misconduct had occurred it was forgotten, she must have been undeceived when she received the following letter from one of her former unprincipled confidantes, the person through whose assistance she had carried on a clandestine and forbidden correspondence with Derham :

JOAN BULMER TO KATHARINE HOWARD.

“If I could wish unto you all the honor, wealth, and good fortune you could desire, you would neither lack health, wealth, long life, nor yet prosperity. Nevertheless, seeing I can not as I would express this unto you, I would with these my most hearty salutations let you know, that whereas it hath been shown unto me that God of his high goodness hath put unto the knowledge of the king a contract of matrimony that the queen hath made with another before she came into England, and thereupon there will be a lawful divorce had between them ; and as it is thought the king of his goodness will put you in the same honor that she was in, which no doubt you be worthy to have, most heartily desiring you to have in your remembrance the unfeigned love that my heart hath always borne toward you, which for the same kindness found in you again hath desired always your presence, if it might be so, above all other creatures, and the chance of fortune hath brought me, on the contrary, into the utmost misery of the world and most wretched life. Seeing no ways, then, I can express in writing, knowing no remedy out of it, without you of your goodness will find the means to get me to London, which will be very hard to do ; but if you write unto my husband and command him to bring me up, which I think he dare not disobey, for if it might be, I would fain be with you before you were in your honor ; and in the mean season I beseech you to save some room for me, what you shall think fit yourself, for the nearer I were to you the gladder I would be of it, what pains soever I did take.

“I would write more unto you, but I dare not be so bold, for considering the great honor you are toward, it did not become me to put myself in presence ; but the remembrance of the perfect honesty that I have always known to be in you, and the report of Sir George Seaford, which hath assured me that the same thing remains in you still, hath encouraged me to this. Whereupon I beseech you not to be forgetful of this my request ; for if you do not help me, I am not like to have worldly joys. Desiring you, if you can, to let me have some answer of this for the satisfying of my mind ; for I know the Queen of Britain will not forget her secretary, and favor you will show your *unble sarvant*, with heart unfeigned,
JONE BULMER.”

“YORK, the 12th day of July.”

The letter of Joan Bulmer was only the foretaste of what Katharine had to expect. No sooner was the rumor of the king's divorce from his new queen, combined with the report of his passion for her, spread abroad, than she found herself

beset with those persons whom, of all the world, it was most to her interest to have kept at a distance. The evil spirits who had departed from her for a season returned to harass and intimidate her with demands which she wanted the moral courage to withstand. In fact, she had no power to extricate herself from these degrading connections, unless she had revealed her former misconduct to the king. But even if Katharine had been permitted by her family to make such a disclosure to her royal lover, she was placed in a predicament that left her only the alternative of becoming a queen, or confessing her own disgrace: she chose the first.

The nuptials of the royal Bluebeard of English history with Katharine Howard were privately solemnized within a few days after he was released from his marriage vows to Anne of Cleves. The day, the hour, the witnesses, and the person by whom the nuptial benediction was pronounced, are not on record; but on the 8th of August, 1540, Katharine Howard was introduced by Henry at Hampton Court as his queen. On that day she took her seat at chapel in the royal closet by his side. She afterward dined in public, on which occasion she placed her youngest step-daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, opposite to herself at table, and always gave her the place of honor next to her own person, because she was the daughter of her cousin Anne Boleyn.

The historians of this period bear universal testimony to the passionate fondness of the king for his new consort. Marillac, the French ambassador, who had enjoyed the opportunity of paying his compliments to the royal pair on their marriage, in a letter to his own sovereign Francis I., dated September 3, 1540, gives the following lively sketch of Katharine's appearance in her bridal court, and Henry's demeanor to her: "The new queen is a young lady of moderate beauty, but superlative grace: in stature she is small and slender. Her countenance is very delightful, of which the king is so greatly enamored, that he knows not how to make sufficient demonstrations of his affection for her, and very far exceeds the caresses he ever bestowed on the others. She is dressed after the French fashion, like all the other ladies of this court, and bears for her device round her arms, *Non aultre volonté que le sienne*, 'No other will than his.'" The only authentic portrait of the Howard queen is an original sketch of her among the Holbein heads in the royal library at Windsor. She is there represented as a fair blooming girl in her teens, with large laughing blue eyes and light brown hair, which is folded in Madonna bands on either side a brow of

child-like simplicity. It is the countenance of an unintellectual little romp trying to assume an air of dignity, and reminds us of a good-humored Flemish peasant rather than a courtly beauty and a queen. Instead of the slender graceful proportions described by Marillac, she is so plump and round, that she appears literally bursting out of her tight boddice, which is made very high, and fits closely to her shape. It opens a little in front, and is fastened with a small round brooch. Her head-dress is a small French hood sitting quite flat to the head, with a narrow plaited border.

If the charms of royalty and power had lulled the young queen into forgetfulness of the precarious tenure on which these perilous distinctions were held by Henry's wives, she was full soon reminded that the sword was suspended over her own head by a single hair. Within three weeks after her marriage with the king, mysterious reports to her disparagement were in circulation, for, on the 28th of August, the attention of the privy council was called to the fact that a certain priest at Windsor was accused, with others of his company, for having spoken unbecoming words of the queen's grace, for which he and another person had been apprehended. The priest was committed to the custody of Wriothesley, the king's secretary, and the other incarcerated in the keep of Windsor Castle. How alarming any investigation of scandals that might lead to the discovery of those passages in her early life which have been detailed must have been to the queen may be imagined. With such a secret as she had on her mind, her diadem could have poorly compensated her for the agonizing apprehensions under which she must have writhed while the examinations were pending. Henry, being in the first intoxication of his bridal happiness, passed the matter lightly over. "The priest was simply enjoined to confine himself to his own diocese, and admonished by his majesty's command to be more temperate in the use of his tongue;" but the person from whom he had heard the unbecoming words of the queen, which had been unguardedly repeated by him, was confined till farther order. It was, in all probability, this affair that afforded her enemies the first clue to Katharine's early errors, though the cloud passed over for a time. If she had been of a vindictive temper, a severer penalty might have been paid by those who had thus maligned her within the verge of her own court, and measures would have been taken to put to silence every tongue that ventured to disparage her.

Neither pomp nor regal splendor distinguished the court of Katharine Howard. We find no records of her indulging her

love of dress in the purchase of costly robes or jewelry, nor of gifts bestowed on her kindred or favorites. So quiet and unostentatious was the tenor of her life at this period, that the only matter worthy of notice during her residence at Hampton Court is the order to her tailor, dated March 1, to supply a few needful articles for the use of the venerable Countess of Salisbury, at that time an attainted prisoner in the Tower of London, under sentence of death, and despoiled of all her substance.

As Katharine's influence with the king increased, she grew impatient of the tutelage of her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, who certainly did not possess the art of conciliating the affections of the ladies of his family, since he was at open variance with his wife, his sister, his daughter, his niece, and his step-mother, the duchess-dowager of Norfolk. It might be that Katharine took part in the quarrel between him and the last-named lady, with whom she was certainly on terms of the greatest confidence; but from whatever cause their disagreement arose, it was highly imprudent of the queen, who was naturally an object of jealousy and distrust to the Protestant party, to deprive herself of the protection and support of her powerful kinsman. The event afforded a striking exemplification of the divine proverb, that "a house divided against itself can not stand." Katharine, in the pride of youth and beauty, and blinded by her boundless influence over the mind of a royal husband, forgot, perhaps, that the throne to which his capricious passion had exalted her was based on the graves of three of her predecessors, and that it was only too likely to prove in her own case (as in that of Anne Boleyn) a splendid ascent to a scaffold; she imagined, that while she was all-powerful with Henry, she might defy the rest of the world. The early follies of Katharine were known to too many not to have reached the persons most interested in destroying her influence with the king; and if they delayed striking the blow that was to lay her honors in the dust, it was only to render it more effectual. There was an insurrection in Yorkshire, headed by Sir John Neville. Henry, attributing this to the influence of Cardinal Pole, gave orders for the execution of the venerable Countess of Salisbury, his mother, who had lain under sentence of death in the Tower for upward of a twelvemonth.

Henry's mistrust of the papal party, in consequence of the late insurrection, induced him to leave the administration of affairs in the hands of Cranmer, and Seymour, Earl of Hertford, the brother of the late Queen Jane, when he proceeded on his journey into Yorkshire. Queen Katharine was the companion of his journey: they left London early in July, passed some

days at the palace at Grafton, and so traveled through Northampton and Lincolnshire to York. The progress was attended with some degree of splendor, but more of terror. Henry was received by his subjects on the road as a destroying angel, ready to inflict the vengeance of heaven on the counties implicated in the late revolt. As the best propitiation they could devise, the men of Lincolnshire offered him money in all the towns through which he passed with his fair young queen.

It was during this fatal progress that Katharine, when at Pontefract Castle, sealed her own doom by admitting Francis Derham into her household, as a gentleman in waiting and private secretary to herself. When we reflect on the nature of some of the letters the unfortunate Katharine was in the habit of receiving, we may readily suppose she preferred the dreadful alternative of employing Derham as her amanuensis rather than a person unacquainted with her fatal secret. It is a doubtful point whether the "mysteries of writing," and consequently of reading letters, were among the accomplishments of this ill-fated queen. It is certain that no letter written by her can be found. The Duchess of Norfolk has been accused of having herself introduced Derham into her grand-daughter's court, and desiring her to give him some appointment in her household. Neither of these unhappy ladies had the moral courage to put a stern negative on his audacious demand of preferment. That it was not willingly given may certainly be inferred from the fact, that Katharine had been Queen of England upward of a year before she granted this appointment, dated August 27, 1541. Her cousin Thomas Culpepper had a long private interview with her at Lincoln, in her closet or privy-chamber at eleven at night, no one being present but Lady Rochford, her principal lady in waiting, by whom he was introduced. The conference lasted many hours, and at his departure the queen presented him with a chain and a rich cap. This secret meeting was afterward construed into a proof of improper intimacy between the queen and her kinsman.

Katharine, being of a plastic age and temper, readily adapted herself to Henry's humor, and made it her study to amuse and cheer him when he came to her fatigued and harassed with the cares of state. The increase of her influence during this progress was beheld with jealous feelings by those who were desirous of destroying her credit with the king. At this momentous crisis the archbishop communicated to his colleagues, the Earl of Hertford and the lord chancellor, the particulars of the queen's early misconduct in the house of

the Duchess of Norfolk, which had been conveyed to him by John Lassells, brother of the vile woman who had connived at the indiscretions, and finally the guilt, of the unhappy girl. This disclosure was stated to have taken place in a conversation between Lassells and his sister, in consequence of his advising her to ask for a place in the queen's household, as others had done; to which Mary said "she did not wish to enter into the service of the queen, but that she pitied her." "Why so?" asked Lassells. "Marry!" replied the other, "because she is light both in conditions and living," and then she related the tale of Katharine's lapse from virtue with Derham in revolting terms. Alas, for the motherless child who had, in the most perilous season of woman's life, been exposed to the contaminating society of such a female! The disclosure was regarded by the Earl of Hertford and the lord chancellor as a matter proper to be laid before the king, and the task was deputed to Cranmer.

The queen, unconscious how dark a cloud impended over her, was receiving fresh tokens of regard every hour from Henry VIII. They arrived at Windsor October 26, and proceeded to Hampton Court on the 30th, in readiness to keep the festival of All Saints. Henry and Katharine both received the sacrament that day. Henry, on this occasion, while kneeling before the altar, raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed aloud, "I render thanks to thee, O Lord! that after so many strange accidents that have befallen my marriages, thou hast been pleased to give me a wife so entirely conformed to my inclinations as her I now have." He then requested his confessor, the Bishop of Lincoln, to prepare a public form of thanksgiving to Almighty God for having blessed him with so loving, dutiful, and virtuous a queen. This was to be read on the morrow, which was All Soul's Day; but on that fatal morrow, while Henry was at mass, the paper that contained the particulars of the misconduct of her whom he esteemed such a jewel of womanhood, was put into his hands by Cranmer, with a humble request that he would read it when he was in entire privacy. The object of Cranmer in presenting the information against the queen to Henry in the chapel, was evidently to prevent the announcement to the people of the public form of thanksgiving which had been prepared by the bishop. The absence of Katharine from her accustomed place in the royal closet, afforded the archbishop the better opportunity of striking this decisive blow. Henry at first treated the statement as a calumny invented for the destruction of the queen; for, as he himself afterward declared,

“he so tenderly loved the woman, and had conceived such a constant opinion of her honesty, that he supposed it rather to be a forged matter than the truth, and yet, the information having been once made, he could not be *satisfied* till the certainty thereof were known, but he would not in any wise, that in the inquisition any spark of scandal should arise against the queen.” He then dispatched the lord privy seal to London, where John Lassells was secretly kept, to try if he would stand to his saying. Lassells reiterated his tale, and added that “He would rather die in the declaration of the truth, since it so nearly touched the king, than live with the concealment of the same.” His sister was also examined, who gave evidence of the early misconduct of the queen.

The facts that both Derham and Manox were in the royal household were, of course, fatally corroborative of her deposition. The king instantly ordered Derham to be taken into custody on an accusation of piracy, because he had been formerly noted in Ireland for that offense, making that pretense lest any spark of suspicion should get abroad from his examination. The arrest was effected; and Henry’s wrathful jealousy having been powerfully excited by a report that the old Duchess of Norfolk should have had the folly to say, when in the queen’s chamber, to a certain gentlewoman, “There,” pointing to Derham, “this is he who fled away into Ireland for the queen’s sake,” caused him to be examined very sharply as to the nature of his connection with the queen. Derham boldly acknowledged “that a promise of marriage had been exchanged between himself and the queen many years previous to her union with the king. That he was accustomed to call her wife, and she had often called him husband, before witnesses; that they had exchanged gifts and love-tokens frequently in those days; and he had given her money whenever he had it. He solemnly denied that the slightest familiarity had ever taken place between them since Katharine’s marriage with the king.” This was the substance of his first statements, freely given, nor could the extremity of torture wring from him any thing of farther import against the queen; neither is there the slightest evidence tending to convict her of having renewed her criminal intimacy with him. On the contrary, it would appear by the bitter scorn of her expressions, when compelled to name him, that he had become the object of her greatest aversion after she had seen the folly of her early infatuation, and felt the blight his selfish passion had been the means of casting on her morning bloom of life.

According to the historical traditions of Hampton Court, the

wretched Katharine called incessantly on the name of her royal husband, and made more than one desperate attempt to see him. The first time was at the hour when she knew he would be at mass in the chapel, and although she had been ordered to confine herself to her own chamber, she was not so strictly kept but she watched her opportunity to rush into the private gallery leading from her bedroom to the queen's entrance to the royal closet in the chapel, and was with difficulty prevented from bursting into his presence, with the declared intent of throwing herself at his feet and imploring his mercy, or claiming his protection. When she was stopped and carried back, she struggled violently, and her screams were heard by every one in the chapel. On another occasion, she escaped from her chamber through the low door in the alcove at the bed's head, into the back stairs' lobby, and though instantly pursued, she reached the foot of the private stair, called "the maid of honor's stair," before she was overtaken and brought back.

When the result of the first day's investigation was brought to the king by the persons employed in that business, he seemed like a man pierced to the heart; and after vainly struggling for utterance, his pride and firmness gave way, and he burst into a passion of tears. He left Hampton Court the next morning without seeing the queen, or sending her any message. The same day the council came to her in a body, and informed her of the charge that had been made against her. She denied it with earnest protestations of her innocence, but the moment they were gone fell into fits so violent that her life and reason were that night supposed to be in danger. When this was reported to the king, he sent Cranmer to her in the morning with a deceitful assurance, that "If she would acknowledge her transgressions, the king, although her life had been forfeited by the law, had determined to extend unto her his gracious mercy." Katharine, who was in a state of frantic agony when the archbishop entered, was overpowered with softer emotions on hearing the message, and unable to do more than raise her hands with expressions of thankfulness to the king for having shown her more mercy than she had dared to ask for herself. In the evening Cranmer returned to her again, when, finding her more composed, he drew from her a promise "that she would reply to his questions as truly and faithfully as she would answer at the day of judgment, on the promise which she made at her baptism, and by the sacrament which she received on All Hallows' Day last past." In the whole course of these interrogations,

there is nothing more extraordinary than the perversity of Katharine in refusing to acknowledge that, as far as an obligation which had not received the sanction of the Church could go, she was plighted to her kinsman, Francis Derham, before she received the nuptial ring from King Henry. But, with the same headstrong rashness which had characterized her conduct from childhood, she determined to cling to her queenly dignity at all hazards rather than admit of any plea that would have the effect of rendering her subsequent marriage with the king null and void.

King Henry remained in the neighboring palace of Oatlands, whither he had withdrawn to await the result of these investigations. He appears to have been torn with contending passions, and not venturing to trust to his own feelings with regard to his unhappy queen, he left all proceedings to the direction of Cranmer and the council. Katharine was now placed under arrest, and her keys were taken away from her. On the 11th of October, the Archbishop of Canterbury, with Wriothesley and Mr. Comptroller, received orders to go to the queen, and signify to her the king's pleasure that she should depart on the following Monday to Sion House, while the inquiry pended.

Those who at first raked up the most trivial gossips' tales (that eight years ago circulated among the menials of the Duchess of Norfolk) in order to establish the fact of a pre-contract between Derham and the queen, now cautioned their colleagues "by no means to mention their *pre-contract*, lest it should serve her for an excuse to save her life." The council had, in fact, come to the resolution of proceeding against the queen on the awful charge of adultery, and finding it impossible to convict her of that crime with Derham, they determined to fix it on some other person. But so circumspect had been the deportment of Katharine since her marriage, that the only man to whom she had ever manifested the slightest degree of condescension was her first cousin, Thomas Culpepper, the son of her uncle, Sir John Culpepper, of Holingbourne in Kent. His name is found among the royal appointments at the marriage of Anne of Cleves, and he distinguished himself in the jousts at Durham House in honor of those nuptials.

The removal of Katharine as a degraded prisoner from Hampton Court to Sion took place November 18. Her disgrace was proclaimed to her attendants, who were assembled in the Star Chamber for that purpose, and her household was discharged. The Duke of Norfolk was dispatched, by order of the king, to make search at the duchess's house at Lambeth for Derham's

papers and effects; before his arrival, however, the old duchess, with the assistance of the yeomen of her kitchen, and some others of her people, had broken open the coffers and trunks belonging to Derham, and destroyed every thing that was likely to be brought in evidence against herself, or any of the parties implicated in a knowledge of the queen's early history. When the duke reported what had been done by his step-mother, she and all her servants were placed under arrest, and very strictly examined by the council. It was then shown that the old duchess had broken open Derham's trunks and examined the contents but nothing farther could be found than several bundles of papers, some ballads, and books with musical notes for playing on the lute. How his trunks and personal property came to be in the Duchess of Norfolk's house can only be accounted for on the supposition that his office at court did not entitle him to lodgings in the palace; that he was only there in rotation with other gentlemen-in-waiting, and that his general home was in the house of his noble kinswoman, the Duchess of Norfolk. Although his parentage is a mystery, for he appears as if standing alone in the world, connected only by some unexplained tie of kindred with the noble house of Howard, yet he always had the command of money, as we find by his costly presents to Katharine when she was living as a dependent in the house of the duchess. Derham, from first to last, represented himself as the affianced husband of the queen, and there can be no doubt, as the ecclesiastical law then stood, that he could have invalidated her marriage with Henry, or any other man, by the proofs he adduced of his prior claim to her hand.

Queen Katharine and her grandmother were both at this period sick nearly unto death with grief and terror, and in their separate prisons they were assailed with subtle interrogatories day after day by members of King Henry's council, of which the purport was to outrage all the ties of nature by rendering them witnesses against each other. Culpepper and Derham were arraigned for high treason in Guildhall before the lord-mayor, contrary to any previous form of law—justice was out of the question, for on the right hand of the intimidated civic magistrate sat the lord chancellor, on his left the Duke of Suffolk. By those state officers of the crown, some of whom had previously presided while the prisoners were questioned by torture, Derham and Culpepper were adjudged guilty, and condemned to the dreadful death decreed to traitors. But though this sentence was pronounced, no proof of the crime of which they were accused had been established, and as it was considered necessary to substantiate the charge against the

queen, they were respited for a few days—not in mercy, but that they might be subjected to fresh examinations by torture. They bore the extremity of their sufferings from day to day, if not unshrinkingly, without permitting any thing that could criminate the queen to be wrung from the weakness of exhausted nature. Culpepper maintained the innocence of his royal kinswoman to the last, unswervingly, nor could the extremity of torture draw from Derham an admission that the slightest criminality had passed between himself and Katharine since her marriage with the king.

Derham was hanged and quartered, and Culpepper beheaded. Both protested their innocence of the crime for which they suffered. The heads of both were placed on London Bridge.

The new year opened dismally on the fallen queen, who was still confined to the two apartments, hung with mean stuff, that had been allotted to her in the desecrated abbey of Sion. Her reflections during the two dreary months she had worn away in her wintry prison may be imagined; they were months replete with every agony—shame, grief, remorse, and terrible suspense. Katharine had, indeed, received a promise in the king's name from Cranmer that her life should be spared; but if, relying upon the sacredness of that promise, she had fondly imagined the bitterness of death was passed, she must have been the more astounded when the bill for her attainder was brought into the House of Lords. She was without friends, counselors, or money at this awful crisis. The only person who might have succored her in her sore distress was her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, if he had been so disposed. But Katharine had offended her uncle by withdrawing herself from his political tutelage. Like her fair and reckless cousin, Anne Boleyn, she had spurned his trammels in the brief hour of her queenly pride, and when the day of her adversity arrived, he not only abandoned her to her fate, but ranged himself on the side of her enemies.

Katharine Howard had no trial; but as soon as the bill for her attainder had passed, she was conveyed by water from her doleful prison at Sion to the Tower of London, under the charge of the Duke of Suffolk. From the length of the voyage and the season of the year, darkness must have closed over the wintry waters of the Thames before the forlorn captive arrived at her destination, exhausted with fatigue and benumbed with cold. If this were the case, she was spared the horror of beholding the heads of her seducer Derham, and her unfortunate cousin, Thomas Culpepper, over the bridge. One night of sus-

pense was passed by Katharine in her new prison lodging before her fate was sealed. How that interval was spent is unrecorded.

Henry gave his assent the following day, February 11, to the bill of attainder against his once idolized consort. The same instrument included the names of Jane, Lady Rochford, Thomas Culpepper, and Francis Derham. The severed heads of those gentlemen had been for the last two months withering on London Bridge; so to them the sentence was immaterial. Katharine made the Duke of Suffolk the bearer of a pathetic message to the House of Lords, requesting the intercession of the peers with his majesty, not for her own life, but that he would be graciously pleased to have compassion on her brothers, that they might not suffer for her faults; lastly, she besought his majesty, that it would please him to bestow some of her clothes on those maid-servants who had been with her from the time of her marriage, since she had now nothing else left to recompense them as they deserved.

No one appears ever to have felt deeper contrition for the offenses of her youth than this unhappy queen. When she was informed that she must prepare for death, she addressed her confessor, Dr. Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, in these words, which were afterward delivered by him to a noble young lord of her name and near alliance: "As to the act, my reverend lord, for which I stand condemned, God and his holy angels I take to witness upon my soul's salvation, that I die guiltless. What other sins and follies of youth I have committed, I will not excuse; but am assured that for them God hath brought this punishment upon me, and will, in his mercy, remit them, for which, I pray you, pray with me unto his Son my Saviour, Christ." Cranmer had humanely tried, by every means in his power, to induce Katharine to preserve her life by acknowledging a pre-contract with Francis Derham. But she repelled the idea with scorn; and, with the characteristic firmness of a Howard, determined rather to go to the block as Queen of England, than to prolong her dishonored existence on the terms suggested. The Church of Rome allowed no divorce except in cases of pre-contract; and, as Katharine would not admit that she was troth-plight to Francis Derham, there was no other mode of severing Henry's matrimonial engagement with her than by the axe of the executioner. The interval allowed to the unqueened Katharine Howard between her condemnation and the execution of her sentence was brief. More time to prepare for the awful change, from life to eternity, would have been granted to the lowest criminal who should have been found

guilty by the laws of his country, than was allotted to her who had shared the throne of the sovereign. The royal assent to her attainder was signified to her February 11, and she was brought to the block on the morning of the 13th, 1542.

She was only in her twentieth year. But Katharine Howard, though still in the morning of life and the bloom of beauty, was already weaned from the world: she had proved the vanity of all its delusions, and the deceitfulness of royal favor. More sympathy would, in all probability, have been manifested for the young and deeply penitent queen, if she had had any other companion on the scaffold than the Lady Rochford, whose conduct in regard to her accomplished husband and Anne Boleyn had rendered her an object of general execration. Katharine Howard submitted to the headsman's stroke with meekness and courage, and her more guilty companion imitated her humility and piety in the closing scene of their fearful tragedy.

The last words of Lady Rochford were, "That she supposed God had permitted her to suffer this shameful doom as a punishment for having contributed to her husband's death by her false accusation of Queen Anne Boleyn, but she was guilty of no other crime." This declaration was made on the scaffold, probably after she had seen the head of her royal mistress severed by the axe of the executioner. If urged by conscience at the dreadful moment to acknowledge the guilt of perjury and murder, she would scarcely have marred her dying confession by falsely protesting her innocence of the more venial offenses for which she had been sentenced to die with the queen. The scaffold whereon Katharine Howard and Lady Rochford suffered was the same on which Anne Boleyn, the Marquess of Exeter, and the venerable Countess of Salisbury had been previously executed. It was erected within the Tower, on the space before the Church of St. Peter-ad-Vincula. It has been long since removed; but its site may still be traced by the indelible stains on the flints, which faintly map out the dimensions of the fatal spot where so much royal and noble blood was spilt by the headsman's axe during the Tudor reigns of terror.

Thus died in the flower of her age, and in the eighteenth month of her marriage, Queen Katharine Howard, the fifth wife of Henry VIII., and the second queen whom he had sent to the block, after repudiating a lawful wife to obtain her hand. He had assumed the title of King of Ireland a few days before the execution of his fifth consort. She therefore died the first Queen of England and Ireland.

The mangled form of Katharine Howard was borne from the bloody scaffold to a dishonored grave in St. Peter's Church by the Tower with indecent haste, and with no more regard to funeral obsequies than had been vouchsafed to her equally unfortunate cousin, Anne Boleyn, near whom her remains were interred.



Suit of Armor, with Limboys, presented by the Emperor Maximilian to Henry VIII



Queen Katharine Parr. From a painting by Holbein.

KATHARINE PARR, SIXTH QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

KATHARINE PARR was the first Protestant Queen of England. She was the only one among the consorts of Henry VIII. who, in the sincerity of an honest heart, embraced the doctrine of the Reformation, and imperiled her crown and life in support of her principles.

Katharine Parr was not only Queen of England, but an English queen. Although of ancient and even royal descent, she claimed by birth no other rank than that of a private gentlewoman. Like Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, Katharine Parr was only the daughter of a knight; but her father, Sir Thomas Parr, was of a more distinguished ancestry than

either Sir Thomas Boleyn or Sir John Seymour, being a representative of the ancient baronial families of Marmion, de Roos, de Lancaster, and the Nevilles. Katharine's mother, Maude Green, was the co-heiress of Sir Thomas Green of Boughton and Green's Norton in Northamptonshire.

Sir Thomas and Lady Parr were frequent residents in the court; but the child who was destined hereafter to share the throne of their royal master, first saw the light at Kendal Castle, in Westmoreland, the time-honored fortress which had been the hereditary seat of her ancestors from the days of its great Norman founder, their progenitor Ivo de Tallebois.

Sir Thomas and Lady Parr had two other children, William, their son and heir, afterward created Earl of Essex and Marquess of Northampton, and Anne, the wife of William Herbert, the natural son of the Earl of Pembroke, to which dignity he was himself raised by Edward VI. Sir Thomas Parr died in the year 1517, leaving his three infant children to the guardianship of his faithful widow, who is said to have been a lady of great prudence and wisdom, with a discreet care for the main chance. He willed his daughters, Katharine and Anne, to have eight hundred pounds between them, as marriage portions. Four hundred pounds, Katharine's moiety of the sum provided by her father for the nuptial portions of herself and her sister, would be scarcely equal to two thousand pounds in these days, and seems but an inadequate dowry for the daughters of parents so richly endowed with the gifts of fortune as Sir Thomas and Lady Parr. It was, however, all that was accorded to her who was hereafter to contract matrimony with the sovereign of the realm. It has generally been said that Katharine Parr received a learned education from her father; but, as she was only in her fifth year when he died, it must have been to the maternal wisdom of Lady Parr that she was indebted for those mental acquirements which so eminently fitted her to adorn the exalted station to which she was afterward raised. Katharine was gifted by nature with fine talents, and these were improved by the advantages of careful cultivation. She both read and wrote Latin with facility, possessed some knowledge of Greek, and was well versed in modern languages. How perfect a mistress she was of her own, the elegance and beauty of her devotional writings are a standing monument. Somebody who affected skill in prognostication, casting her nativity, said that she was born to sit in the highest seat of imperial majesty. This she heard and took such notice of, that when her mother used sometimes to call her to work, she would reply—"My hands are ordained

to touch crowns and sceptres, and not spindles and needles." This incident affords one among many instances in which the prediction of a brilliant destiny has insured its own fulfillment, by its powerful influence on an energetic mind. It is also an exemplification at how precocious an age the germ of ambition may take root in the human heart. But, however disposed the little Katharine might have been to dispense with the performance of her tasks, under the idea of queening it hereafter, Lady Parr was too wise a parent to allow vain dreams of royalty to unfit her child for the duties of the station of life in which she was born; and notwithstanding Katharine's early repugnance to touch a needle, her skill and industry in its use became so remarkable, that there are specimens of her embroidery at Sizergh Castle, the seat of her Strickland relatives, preserved to this day. The friend and companion of Katharine's childhood and early youth was her young kinswoman Elizabeth Bellingham, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Robert Bellingham, of Burneside, a beautiful village near Kendal. This young lady, who was nearly related to Katharine, both through the Parrs and Stricklands, was brought up at Kendal Castle under the maternal auspices of Dame Maud Parr, and shared the studies of the future Queen of England, who formed so tender a regard for her, that when the wild dreams of childhood touching her royal destiny were strangely realized, one of her first exercises of queenly influence was to send for her cousin Elizabeth Bellingham to court, and bestow an appointment in her royal household upon her. Though Dame Maud Parr had scarcely completed her twenty-second year at the time of her husband's death, she never entered into a second marriage, but devoted herself entirely to the superintendence of her children's education. In the year 1524 she entered into a negotiation with her kinsman Lord Dacre, for a marriage between his grandson, the heir of Lord Scrope, and her daughter Katharine, of which the particulars may be learned from some very curious letters preserved among the Scrope MSS. These letters certify that Katharine Parr was under twelve years of age in the year 1524; she could not, therefore, have been born *before* 1513. We also learn that Lord Dacre was anxious that his youthful grandson should participate in the advantages of the liberal education Lady Parr was bestowing on her children, and that he placed due importance on the fact that the lady came of a family celebrated for sound sense and good conduct, a point little regarded now in the marriages of the heirs of an illustrious line. Lady Parr and all her

lineage had a great reputation for wisdom, it seems; but the wisdom of this world formed so prominent a feature in the matrimonial bargain which the sagacious widow and the wary Lord Scrope were attempting to drive in behalf of their children, that the affair came to nothing.

So, at a very tender age, Katharine Parr was given in marriage to her first husband, Edward, Lord Borough of Gainsborough, a mature widower, with children who had arrived at man's estate. Henry, the second of these sons, after his father's marriage espoused his young step-dame's friend and kinswoman, Katharine Neville, the widow of Sir Walter Strickland of Sizergh. Katharine was only fifteen years old at the period of her first widowhood. She had no children by Lord Borough. Soon after the death of her husband, Katharine was bereaved of her last surviving parent, and considered it prudent to take up her abode with Lady Strickland. That lady, though she had, by her marriage with Katharine's step-son Henry Borough, become her daughter-in-law, was quite old enough to afford matronly countenance to the youthful widow of Lord Borough, whom, according to the quaint custom of the time, she called "her good mother." Katharine Parr and Lady Strickland were alike descended from the Nevilles of Raby; Sir Walter Strickland, the deceased husband of the latter, was also a relative of the Parrs; and as Lady Strickland held of the crown the wardship of her son, young Walter Strickland's person and estates, she remained mistress of Sizergh Castle, even after her marriage with Henry Borough. At no other period of her life than the interval between her mother's death and her own marriage with Neville, Lord Latimer, could Katharine Parr have found leisure to embroider the magnificent counterpane and toilet-cover, which are shown at Sizergh Castle as trophies of her industry. As the ornamental labors of the needle have become once more a source of domestic recreation to the ladies of England, a brief description of these beautiful and well preserved specimens of Katharine Parr's proficiency in that accomplishment may not be displeasing. The material on which both counterpane and toilet-cover are worked is the richest white satin, of a fabric with which the production of no modern loom can vie. The centre of the pattern is a medallion, surrounded with a wreath of natural flowers, wrought in twisted silks and bullion. A spread eagle, in bold relief, gorged with the imperial crown, forms the middle. At each corner is a lively heraldic monster of the dragon class, glowing with purple, crimson, and gold. The field is gayly beset with large flowers in gor-

geous colors, highly embossed and enriched with threads of gold. The toilet is *en suite*, but of a smaller pattern. The lapse of three centuries has scarcely diminished the brilliancy of the colors or tarnished the bullion; nor is the purity of the satin sullied, though both these queenly relics have been used, on state occasions, by the family in whose possession they have remained as precious heir-looms and memorials of their ancestral connection with Queen Katharine Parr. The apartment which Katharine occupied in Sizergh Castle is still called "the queen's room." It is a fine state chamber, in that ancient portion of the castle, the D'Eyncourt tower. It opens through the drawing-room, and, like that, is paneled with richly-carved black oak, which is covered with tapestry of great beauty. The designs represent hunting in all its gradations, from a fox-chase up to a lion hunt, varied with delineations of trees and flowers, and surrounded with a very unique border, in which young tigers are fighting and brandishing their claws at each other, in the manner of enraged kittens. Splendid patterns for modern needlework might be taken from these spirited devices. Over the lofty carved chimney-piece are the arms of England and France, supported between the lion and the Tudor dragon, with the motto VIVAT REGINA. The date, 1569, proves they were put up some years after the death of Katharine Parr, though doubtless intended to commemorate the fact that this apartment was once honored by her use. The bed, with its hangings of costly crimson damask, is shown as the veritable one in which she reposed; but the fashion of the bedstead is too modern to favor the tradition.

Katharine was under twenty years of age when she became, for the second time, the wife of a mature widower, and again undertook the office of a step-mother. Her residence at Sizergh Castle led to her marriage with John Neville, Lord Latimer, a kinsman of Lady Strickland. Lord Latimer was related to Katharine in about the same degree as her first husband, Lord Borough. He had been previously married twice, and had two children. After Katharine became the wife of Lord Latimer, she chiefly resided with him and his family at his stately mansion of Snape Hall, in Yorkshire. The good temper and sound sense of Katharine taught her to perform the difficult duties that devolved upon her, in the character of a step-mother, with such conscientious gentleness, that she insured the love of all the families with whom she was connected in that capacity. Lord Latimer was so strenuous a Roman Catholic, that he became one of the leaders of

the northern insurrection on account of the suppression of the monasteries and the sequestration of the Church property by Cromwell, in 1536. This revolt, though chiefly proceeding from the miseries of a starving population, assumed the tone of a domestic crusade against the supporters of the Reformation, and was called "the Pilgrimage of Grace." It was well for him that his wife was related to the king, and the niece of a favored member of the royal household—Sir William Parr. Likewise her sister, Lady Herbert, had an appointment in Jane Seymour's court. That Katharine Parr was not only acquainted with Henry VIII., but possessed a considerable influence over his mind some years before there was the slightest probability of her ever becoming the sharer of his throne, is certified by the history of the Throckmorton family, to which we are principally indebted for the following details. Sir George Throckmorton, the husband of Katharine Parr's aunt, having incurred the ill-will of Lord Cromwell, in consequence of some disputes arising from the contiguity of their manors of Coughton Court and Oursley, Cromwell endeavored to compass the ruin of his aristocratic neighbor by accusing him of having denied the king's supremacy. The existing documents of his family prove that Sir George was released through the influence of his kinswoman, Katharine Parr, and advised with by the king, at her suggestion, about Cromwell, immediately before the arrest of that minister, which was in the June of that year. This fact throws a new light on the fall of Cromwell, and leads us to infer that his ruin was caused not, as Burnet and his copyists assert, by the enmity of Katharine Howard, but of her unsuspected successor Katharine Parr, at that time a member of the Church of Rome. It was probably from the eloquent lips of this strong-minded and intrepid lady, when pleading for the life of her uncle, that Henry learned the extent of Cromwell's rapacity, and the real state of the public mind as to his administration; and thus we may, perhaps, account for the otherwise mysterious change in the royal mind, when the monarch, after loading his favorite with honors and immunities, suddenly resolved to sacrifice him to popular indignation as a scape-goat, on whose shoulders the political sins of both king and council might be conveniently laid.

Cromwell was the third great statesman of Henry VIII.'s cabinet, within the brief period of ten years, whose fall is attributable to female influence. Wolsey and More were the victims of Anne Boleyn's undisguised animosity, and the influence of Katharine Parr appears to have been equally fatal

to Cromwell, although her consummate prudence in avoiding any demonstration of hostility has prevented her from being recognized as the author of his ruin, save in the records of the house of Throckmorton.

The execution of the unfortunate queen, Katharine Howard, in February, 1542, preceded the death of Katharine Parr's second husband, Lord Latimer, about twelve months. The conversion of Katharine to the principles of the reformed religion did not, in all probability, take place till after the decease of Lord Latimer, when, unbiassed by the influence of that zealous supporter of the ancient system, she found herself at liberty to listen to the impassioned eloquence of the apostles of the Reformation—men who were daily called upon to testify the sincerity of their profession through tortures and a fiery death. The house of the noble and learned widow soon became the resort of such men as Coverdale, Latimer, and Parkhurst; and sermons were daily preached in her chamber of state by those who were desirous of restoring the practice of the Christian religion to its primitive simplicity. At an early stage of her widowhood she was sought in marriage by Sir Thomas Seymour, the brother of the late Queen Jane, and uncle to the infant heir of England. Sir Thomas Seymour enjoyed the favor of his royal brother-in-law in a high degree, and was the handsomest and most admired bachelor of the court. How it happened that the learned and devout Lady Latimer should be the one to fix the wandering heart of this gay and reckless gallant, has never been explained. As the Seymours were among the political leaders of the anti-papal party, it is probable that Sir Thomas might be induced to attend the religious assemblies that were held at the house of this distinguished lady, till a more powerful interest was excited in his mind by her winning deportment. Be this as it may, it is certain that Katharine had determined to become his wife at that time, if her will had not, for wise purposes, been overruled by a higher power. A more important destiny was reserved for her, and while she delayed her union with the man of her heart till a proper interval from the death of her husband should have elapsed, her hand was demanded by a third widower, in the decline of life, and the father of three children by three different wives. This widower was no other than her sovereign, who had remained in a disconsolate state of gloomy celibacy since the execution of his fifth queen. When Henry first made known to Katharine that she was the lady whom he intended to honor with the sixth reversion of his hand, she was struck with dismay.

Fear was not, however, her only objection to becoming the wife of Henry; love was, for awhile, victorious over ambition in the heart of Katharine. Her affection for Seymour rendered her very listless about the royal match at first, but her favored lover presumed not to contest the prize with his all-powerful brother-in-law and sovereign. A rival of Henry's temper, who held the heads of wives, kinsmen, and favorites as cheaply as tennis-balls, was not to be withstood; and the bride-elect, accommodating her mind as she best might to the change, prepared to assume, with a good grace, the glittering fetters of a queenly slave. The arrangements for the royal nuptials were made with a celerity truly astonishing; barely three months intervened between the proving of Lord Latimer's will, and the day when Katharine exchanged her briefly-worn weeds of widowhood for the bridal robes of a Queen of England—robes that had proved fatal trappings to four of her five predecessors in the perilous dignity to which it was the pleasure of her enamored sovereign to advance her. The nuptials of Henry VIII. and Katharine Parr, instead of being hurried over secretly in an obscure corner, like some unhalloved mystery (as was the case in his previous marriages with Anne Boleyn and Katharine Howard), were solemnized much in the same way as royal marriages are in the present times, without pageantry, but with all suitable observances. The ceremony was performed by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, in the queen's closet at Hampton Court, and the high respect of the monarch for his bride was proved by his permitting the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, his daughters, and his niece, the Lady Margaret Douglas, to assist at these nuptials.

On the day of her marriage, Queen Katharine presented her royal step-daughter and bride-maid, the Princess Mary, with a magnificent pair of gold bracelets set with rubies, and the yet more acceptable gift in money of 25*l*. Of course the Princess Elizabeth, who also assisted at the bridal, was not forgotten. Katharine Parr had now for the third time undertaken the office of a step-mother—an office at all times of much difficulty and responsibility, but peculiarly so with regard to the children of Henry VIII., who were the offspring of queens so fatally opposed as Katharine of Arragon, Anne Boleyn, and Jane Seymour had successively been. How well the sound sense and endearing manners of Katharine Parr fitted her to reconcile the rival interests, and to render herself a bond of union between the disjointed links of the royal family, is proved by the affection and respect of her step-children, and

also by their letters after King Henry's death. Whether a man who had so glaringly violated the duties of a father to his daughters as Henry had done, deserves any credit for paternal care in his choice of his sixth queen, it would be difficult to say; but it was scarcely possible for him to have selected a lady better qualified to conduce to the happiness of his children, to improve their minds, and to fit them, by the inculcation of virtuous and noble sentiments, to adorn the high station to which they were born.

The union of the sovereign with the pious and learned Lady Latimer was the cause of great joy to the University of Cambridge, where the doctrines of the Reformation had already taken deep root. The opinions of this erudite body on the subject are eloquently expressed in their congratulatory address to Henry on his marriage. Katharine Parr, while queen-consort of England, continued to correspond with the University of Cambridge, in the name of which the celebrated Roger Ascham thanks her for her royal benefactions and the suavity of her letters. "Write to us oftener," says the enthusiastic scholar, "most learned queen, and do not despise the term erudition, most noble lady; it is the praise of your industry and a greater one to your talents than all the ornaments of your fortune. We rejoice vehemently in your happiness, most happy princess! because you are learning more amid the occupations of your dignity, than many with us do in all our leisure and quiet."

Queen Katharine's situation at this period was not unlike that of Esther in the house of Ahasuerus. Her attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation naturally rendered her an object of jealous ill-will to Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, the leader of the anti-papal Henrican party: and as early as the second week after her marriage, this daring ecclesiastic ventured to measure his power against that of the royal bride, by an attack on an humble society of reformers at Windsor. Anthony Persons, a priest, John Marbeck, a chorister, Robert Testwood, and Henry Filmer, were the leading persons attached to this community, but it was suspected that they received encouragement from members of the royal household. A few MS. notes on the Bible, and a Latin Concordance in progress of arrangement, which were found in the house of Marbeck, furnished an excuse for the arrest, trial, and condemnation of himself and his three friends. Nothing could induce them to betray any person in the royal household, to save themselves from the fiery death with which they were menaced. Marbeck found an intercessor sufficiently powerful

and courageous to represent his case to the king. Henry was shown the Latin Concordance, of which several hundred pages were completed. "Poor Marbeck!" exclaimed he, with an unwonted burst of sympathy, "it would be well for thine accusers if they had employed their time no worse." A reprieve was granted to Marbeck; but Persons, Testwood, and Filmer were sent to the stake, July 26, two days after their condemnation. Though the flames of their martyrdom were kindled almost in the sight of Henry's Protestant queen, she was unable to avert the fate of the victims; and well aware was she that the blow which produced this fell sacrifice of human life was aimed at herself, and would be followed by an attack on persons in her immediate confidence. Such were the scenes that marked the bridal month of Katharine Parr as Queen of England—that month which is generally styled the honey-moon. Her elevation to the dangerous dignity of queen-consort afforded her, however, the satisfaction of advancing the fortunes of various members of her own family. She bestowed the office of lord chamberlain on her uncle, Lord Parr of Horton; she made her sister, Lady Herbert, one of her ladies of the bed-chamber; and her step-daughter, Margaret Neville, the only daughter of her deceased husband, Lord Latimer, she appointed one of her maids of honor.

One of the first fruits of Queen Katharine's virtuous influence over the mind of the king was, the restoration of his daughters, the persecuted Mary and the young neglected Elizabeth, to their proper rank in the court, and recognition in the order of succession to the crown. The privy-purse expenses of the Princess Mary bear evidence of many little instances of kindness which she, from time to time, received from her step-mother. When Mary was taken ill, on her journey between Grafton and Woodstock, the queen sent her own litter to convey her to Ampthill, where she was herself residing with the king. On the New Year's Day after her marriage, Queen Katharine sent her footman, Jacob, with the present of a cheese to Mary.

Notwithstanding the great difference in their religious tenets, a firm friendship ever subsisted between Katharine Parr and Mary. They were near enough in age to have been sisters, they excelled in the same accomplishments, and the great learning and studious pursuits of these royal ladies rendered them suitable companions for each other. The more brilliant talents of the young Elizabeth were drawn forth and fostered under the auspices of her highly gifted step-mother. Katharine Parr took also an active part in directing the studies of the

heir of England, and her approbation appears to have been the greatest encouragement the prince could receive. In a letter, written in French, to Queen Katharine, Edward notices the beauty of her penmanship. "I thank you," says he, "most noble and excellent queen, for the letters you have lately sent me, not only for their beauty, but for their imagination; for when I see your fair writing and the excellence of your genius, greatly surpassing my invention, I am sick of writing. But then I think how kind your nature is, and that whatever proceeds from a good mind and intention will be acceptable: and so I write you this letter."

A modern author has noticed the great similarity between the handwriting of Edward VI. and Katharine Parr, and from this circumstance it has been conjectured that Katharine superintended the education of one or other of the juvenile members of the royal family, previous to her marriage with King Henry. Certain it is, that after she became queen she took great delight in directing the studies of her royal stepchildren. It is evident that Edward VI., Queen Elizabeth, and their youthful cousins, Lady Jane and Lady Katharine Gray, all imbibed her taste for classic literature, and her attachment to the principles of the Reformation. She induced not only Elizabeth, but Mary, to translate passages from the Scriptures. Each of these princesses compiled a little manual of devotions in Latin, French, and English, dedicated to their accomplished step mother. Queen Katharine's celebrity as a scholar and a theologian, did not render her neglectful of the feminine accomplishment of needlework, in which, notwithstanding her early resistance to its practice, she much delighted. Like Henry's first excellent queen, Katharine of Arragon, she employed her hours of retirement in embroidering among her ladies. It is said that a portion of the hangings which ornamented the royal apartments of the Tower, before they were dismantled or destroyed, were the work of this queen; the only specimens, however, that are now to be found of her skill and industry in this pleasing art, are those preserved at Sizergh Castle. Her taste in dress appears to have been excellent, uniting magnificence of material with simplicity of form. In fact, she enacted the queen with as much royal state and splendor as the loftiest of her predecessors. At a grand festival in the palace of Westminster she received the Spanish ambassador: this grandee, in his dispatches home, has described her dress with the zeal of a milliner. She wore a kirtle of brocade, and an open robe of cloth of gold; the sleeves lined with crimson satin, and trim-

med with three-piled crimson velvet; the train more than two yards long. Suspended from the neck were two crosses, and a jewel of very rich diamonds; in her head-dress, also, were many rich and beautiful ones. Her girdle was of gold, with very large pendants.

In the original miniature of this queen, from which the engraving of her likeness for her biography, in the library edition of the "Lives of the Queens of England," is taken, Katharine is represented with very small and delicately marked features, hazel eyes, and golden hair, folded in simple Madonna bands. Her forehead is lofty and serene, indicative of talent and sprightly wit. She wears a round crimson velvet hood or cap of state, edged with pearls, and surmounted with a jeweled band of goldsmiths' work set with rubies and pearls, which confines a long black veil, that flows from the back of the head-dress over the shoulders.

Katharine's celebrated work, the Lamentations of a Sinner, was written after her marriage with the king. This little volume, next to the writings of Sir Thomas More, affords one of the finest specimens of English composition of that era. It is a brief but eloquent treatise on the imperfection of human nature in its unassisted state, and the utter vanity of all earthly grandeur and distinction. Within the limited compass of about 120 miniature pages, it comprises the elements of almost all the sermons that have been leveled against papal supremacy. The royal writer does not forget to compliment King Henry for having emancipated England from this dominion. The most remarkable passage in the book is, perhaps, that in which Katharine deploras her former attachment to the ceremonials of the Church of Rome, some of her biographers having erroneously asserted that she was brought up in the principles of the Reformation. The adulation of a woman of superior intellect was necessary to Henry's happiness. Katharine presently discovered his weak point, and, by condescending to adapt herself to his humor, acquired considerable influence over his mind.

Early in the year 1544, King Henry gave indubitable tokens of the favor with which he regarded Queen Katharine, by causing his obedient parliament to settle the royal succession on any children he might have by her, in case of the decease of Prince Edward without issue. Several of the queen-consorts of England have exercised vice-regal power, either by usurpation, or by the consent of the sovereign; but Katharine Parr was the first and only one on whom the style and title of queen-regent was solemnly conferred, and who signed herself as such.

She entered upon her high office by imploring the Divine protection for her royal husband and his realm in the following prayer, which she composed for their use :

“O Almighty King and Lord of Hosts! who by thy angels therennto appointed dost minister both war and peace, who didst give unto David both courage and strength, being but a little one, unversed and inexpert in feats of war, with his sling to set upon and overthrow the great hugh Goliath, our cause now being just, and being enforced to enter into war and battail, we most humbly beseech thee, O Lord God of Hosts, so to turn the hearts of our enemies to the desire of peace, that no Christian blood be spilt. Or else grant, O Lord, that, with small effusion of blood and little damage of innocents, we may to thy glory obtain victory; and that the wars being soon ended, we may all, with one heart and mind, knit together in concord and amity, laud and praise Thee, who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.”

Humility, even to the lowest degree of prostration, pervades Katharine Parr's letters to her formidable consort. She writes to him twice in August, and certifies him that my lord prince and the rest of his children are in good health. The queen was at Hampton Court at that time, where she appears chiefly to have resided during Henry's absence, though she was not always stationary there. One of her most interesting letters, that to the Princess Mary on the subject of her translations of Erasmus's paraphrases, is dated from Hanworth. In the same letter she acknowledges the present of a purse, which her royal step-daughter had made for her.

During the first month of her regency, Katharine succeeded in restoring Elizabeth to her absent sire's good graces by her epistolary intercessions in her behalf. She had, for some cause, been in deep disgrace with him for a year. Elizabeth wrote an eloquent letter, July 31, 1544, expressing her grateful sense of the queen's goodness in having shown much solicitude about her health, and also for having conveyed her dutiful messages to the king in all her letters, to whom she had not herself, at that time, ventured to write. Henry VIII., in his letter, dated September 8, sends his blessing to all “our children,” which indicates that he had forgiven Elizabeth. He details with soldier-like plainness, to his fair regent at home, the auspicious progress of his campaign on the hostile shores of France. Boulogne surrendered to the arms of Henry VIII. after a fierce siege; he made his triumphant entry into the town September 18. His council in England, by command of the queen-regent, issued a general order, September 19, “that a public thanksgiving should be offered up to Almighty God in all the towns and villages throughout England, for the taking of Boulogne.” This was one of the last acts of Queen

Katharine Parr's regency, for the king returned to England October 1, finding it impossible to follow up his victorious career in France, because his Spanish allies had made a separate peace with Francis I. Katharine had governed with such prudence during the brief period in which the sovereign power of the crown had been confided to her administration, as to leave no cause of complaint to either party. On the last day of the year 1544, the Princess Elizabeth wrote from Ashridge to her royal step-mother a long complimentary letter, accompanying a New Year's gift, which is still in existence: being an autograph translation from the Italian, beautifully written on vellum, in the form of a small quarto, entitled, "The Glasse of the Synnefull Soule, and addressed to oure Moste Noble and Vertuous Queene Katerin." It is in the religious style of the time, and has occasional strains of true eloquence. The cover, embroidered with blue and silver threads by the hands of the learned young princess, has the queen's initial letters K. R. introduced. Thus it appears that Katharine Parr was an Italian as well as a classic scholar and an accomplished mistress of her own language, and that she still continued to perform the office of preceptress *con amore* to Elizabeth.

CHAPTER II.

WITH nothing to gain, and every thing to lose by her religion, Katharine courageously maintained the opinions to which she had become a convert; and, in her zeal for the translation of the Holy Scriptures, left no means untried for the accomplishment of that good work. She appointed Miles Coverdale to the office of her almoner, and rendered him every assistance in his labor of love. The learned Nicholas Udall, master of Eton school, she employed to edit the translations of Erasmus's Paraphrases on the four Gospels; in which the Princess Mary was induced, by her royal step-mother, to take an active share.

The first editions of these paraphrases (of which so important a use was afterward made by Crammer and Somerset) was published 1545, at the sole expense of Queen Katharine Parr.

When Katharine was first called to the unenviable distinction of sharing the throne of Henry VIII., the poverty of the crown precluded the king from indulging his love of pomp

and pageantry in any of the public *fêtes* and rejoicings which had been so frequent in the first thirty years of his reign. The expense of a coronation for the new queen was out of the question; and, though she was dowered in the same proportion as her predecessors had been, it must have been a source of comfort to Katharine that she enjoyed a fine income as the widow both of Lord Borough and Lord Latimer, independently of her royal allowance as queen-consort of England. The expenses of the queen's breakfast, on an average calculation, amounted only to 70*l.* per annum. It was commanded by the lord great-master at Westminster, in the month of June, 35th, Henry VIII., that the queen's maids should daily have a chine of beef served to them for breakfast.

The University of Cambridge, dreading the spoliation with which it was threatened, implored the protection of the learned queen. Katharine, who was not forgetful of the affection and respect which had ever been manifested for her person and character by this erudite body, exerted her utmost influence with her royal husband to avert the storm that impended over that ancient nursery of learning and piety.

The triumph which Katharine Parr's virtuous influence obtained, in this instance, over the sordid passions of Henry and his greedy ministers, ought to endear the name of the royal patroness of learning to every mind capable of appreciating her magnanimity and moral courage. The beauty, the talents, and rare acquirements of Katharine Parr, together with the delicate tact which taught her how to make the most of those advantages, enabled her to retain her empire over the fickle heart of Henry for a longer period than the fairest and most brilliant of her predecessors. But these charms were not the most powerful talismans with which the queen won her influence. It was her domestic virtues, her patience, her endearing manners, that rendered her indispensable to the irritable and diseased voluptuary, who was now paying the severe penalty of bodily tortures and mental disquiet for the excesses of his former life. Henry had grown so corpulent and unwieldy in person, that he was incapable of taking the slightest exercise, much less of recreating himself with the invigorating field sports and boisterous pastimes in which he had formerly delighted. The days had come unexpectedly upon him in which he had no pleasure. His body was so swollen and enfeebled by dropsy, that he could not be moved to an upper chamber without the aid of machinery. Hitherto, the excitement of playing the leading part in the public drama of royal pomp and pageantry had been one of the principal objects of his life;

deprived of this, and with the records of an evil conscience to dwell upon in the weary hours of pain, his irascibility and impatience would have goaded him to frenzy, but for the soothing gentleness and tender attentions of his amiable consort. Katharine was the most skillful and patient of nurses, and shrank not from any office, however humble, whereby she could afford mitigation to the sufferings of her royal husband. It is recorded of her, that she would remain for hours on her knees beside him, applying fomentations and other palliatives to his ulcerated leg, which he would not permit any one to dress but her. She had already served an apprenticeship to the infirmities of sickness, in her attendance on the death-beds of her two previous husbands, and had doubtless acquired the art of adapting herself to the humors of male invalids. A royally-born lady might have been of little comfort to Henry in the days of his infirmity, but Katharine Parr had been educated in the school of domestic life, and was perfect in the practice of its virtues and its duties. She sought to charm the *ennui* which oppressed the once magnificent and active sovereign in the unwelcome quiet of his sick-chamber, by inducing him to unite with her in directing the studies and watching the hopeful promise of his beloved heir Prince Edward.

CHAPTER III.

THE arrival of the plenipotentiaries to negotiate a peace between England and France in the commencement of the year 1546, caused the last gleam of royal festivity and splendor that was ever to enliven the court of Henry VIII. Claude d'Annebaut, the admiral who had a few months previously attempted a hostile descent on the Isle of Wight, and attacked the English fleet, was the ambassador-extraordinary on this occasion. King Henry presented Katharine Parr with many jewels of great value, that she might appear with suitable *éclat*, as his consort, to the plenipotentiaries of France. He also provided new and costly hangings and furniture for her apartments, as well as plate, which she naturally regarded as her own property; but a long and vexatious litigation was instituted with regard to these gifts after the death of the king. The increasing influence of Katharine with King Henry, and the ascendancy she was acquiring over the opening

mind of his son, the future sovereign, were watched with jealous alarm by the party most inimical to the doctrines of the Reformation. Wriothesley, the lord chancellor, who had been the base suggester to Henry VIII. of a breach of faith to Anne of Cleves, and afterward pursued that monarch's fifth unhappy queen, with the zest of a blood-hound, till her young head was laid upon the block, waited but for a suitable opportunity for effecting the fall of Katharine Parr. Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, was his confederate in this intention, but so blameless was the conduct; so irreproachable the manners, of the queen, that, as in the case of Daniel, it was impossible for her deadliest foe to find an occasion against her, except in the matter of her religious opinions. In these she was opposed to Henry's arbitrary notions, who was endeavoring to erect the dogma of his own infallibility on the ruins of papacy. Every dissent from his decisions on points of faith had been visited with terrible penalties.

The most interesting victim of the fierce persecution that ensued, in the spring and summer of 1546, was the young, beautiful, and learned Anne Askew. She was a lady of honorable birth and ancient lineage, and having become a convert to the new faith, was for that cause violently driven from her home by her husband, Mr. Kyme, of Lincolnshire. She then resumed her maiden name, and devoted herself to the promulgation of the religious opinions she had embraced. It was soon known that the queen's sister, Lady Herbert, the Duchess of Suffolk, and other great ladies of the court countenanced the fair gospeller, as she was called, nay—more: that the queen herself had received books from her in the presence of Lady Herbert, Lady Tyrwhitt, and the youthful Lady Jane Gray, which might bring her majesty under the penalty of the statute against reading heretical works. The religious opinions of a young and beautiful woman might, perhaps, have been overlooked by men with whom religion was a matter of party, not conscience; but the supposed connection of Anne Askew with the queen, caused her to be singled out for the purpose of terrifying or torturing her into confessions that might furnish a charge of heresy or treason against her royal mistress. The unexpected firmness of the Christian heroine baffled this design; she endured the utmost inflictions of Wriothesley's vindictive fury without permitting a syllable to pass her lips that might be rendered subservient to this purpose. Anne Askew had been supported in prison by money which had been conveyed to her, from time to time, by persons supposed to be in the service of the ladies of the

queen's bed-chamber; and the lord chancellor's inquisitorial cruelty was especially exercised in his attempts to extort from the hapless recipient of this charity the names of her secret friends. It is well known that when Sir Anthony Knevet, the lieutenant of the Tower, endeavored by his directions to the jailer to modify the ferocious, and it seems illegal, requisition of Chancellor Wriothesley to inflict severer agonies on the tender, but unshrinking victim, his lordship threw off his gown, and, with the assistance of his pitiless accomplice Rich, worked the rack till, to use Anne's own words, they well-nigh plucked her joints asunder.

The terror and anguish which must have oppressed the heart of the queen at this dreadful period may be imagined. Not only was she unable to avert the fate of the generous Anne Askew and the other Protestant martyrs, but she was herself, with some of her nearest and dearest connections, on the verge of the like peril. The queen's sister, Lady Herbert, had been secretly denounced to Henry as an active instrument in controverting his edict touching heretical works. This was a subtle prelude for an attack upon the queen herself; for when Henry had reason to suppose she received and read books forbidden by his royal statutes, he was prepared to take every difference in opinion, expressed or insinuated by her, in the light not only of heresy, but treason. Henry's anger was always the most deadly and dangerous when he brooded over an offense in silence. Queen Katharine had been accustomed, in their hours of domestic privacy, to converse with him on theological subjects, in which he took great delight. The points of difference in their opinions, and the ready wit and eloquence with which the queen maintained her side of the question, gave piquancy to these discussions. Henry was, at first, amused and interested; but controversies between husband and wife are dangerous pastimes to the weaker vessel, especially if she chance to have the best of the argument. On subjects of less importance to his eternal welfare, Katharine might possibly have had tact enough to leave the victory to her lord; but, laboring as she saw him under a complication of incurable maladies, and loaded with a yet more fearful weight of unrepented crimes, she must have been anxious to awaken him to a sense of his accountability to that Almighty Judge, at whose tribunal it was evident he must soon appear. She was, perhaps, the only person, for the last ten years, who had had the moral courage to speak, even in a modified manner, the language of truth in his presence. Henry was, at last, exceedingly displeased that his queen should presume to doubt the infallibil-

ity of his opinions. One day she ventured, in the presence of Gardiner, to remonstrate with him on the proclamation he had recently put forth forbidding the use of a translation of the Scriptures, which he had previously licensed. This was at a time when his constitutional irascibility was aggravated by a painful inflammation of his ulcerated leg, which confined him to his chamber. Perhaps Katharine, in her zeal for the diffusion of the truths of Holy Writ, pressed the matter too closely, for the king showed tokens of dislike, and cut the matter short. The queen made a few pleasant observations on other subjects, and withdrew. Henry's suppressed choler broke out as soon as she had left the room. "A good hearing it is," said he, "when women become such clerks; and much to my comfort to come, in mine old age, to be taught by my wife!" Gardiner, who was present, availed himself of this scornful sally to insinuate things against her majesty, which a few days before he durst not, for his life, have breathed to the king. But now that an offense had been given to the royal egotist's self-idolatry, he was ready to listen to any thing that could be said in disparagement of his dutiful and conscientious wife; her tender nursing, her unremitting attentions to his comfort, together with her amiable and affectionate conduct to his children, were all forgotten. Gardiner flattered him, to the top of his bent, on his theological knowledge and judgment, in which he declared "that his majesty excelled the princes of that and every other age, as well as all the professed doctors of divinity, insomuch that it was unseemly for any of his subjects to argue with him so malpertly as the queen had just done. That it was grievous for any of his counselors to hear it done, since those who were so bold in words, would not scruple to proceed to acts of disobedience;" adding, "that he could make great discoveries, if he were not deterred by the queen's powerful faction." In short, he and his fellows so filled Henry's mistrustful mind with fears, that he gave them warrant to consult together about drawing of articles against the queen, wherein her life might be touched.

At this momentous crisis, when the life of the queen might be said to hang on a balance so fearfully poised that the descent of a feather would have given it a fatal turn, the bill of articles that had been framed against her, together with the mandate for her arrest, were dropped by Wriothesley from his bosom in the gallery at Whitehall, after the royal signature of the king had been affixed. Fortunately it happened that it was picked up by one of the attendants of the queen, and instantly conveyed to her majesty, whose sweetness of temper

and gracious demeanor had endeared her to all the household. It is impossible but that shuddering recollections of the fell decree which doomed Henry's second consort, Anne Boleyn, to be either burned or beheaded, at the king's pleasure, and of the summary proceedings by which his last queen, Katharine Howard, was hurried to the block, without even the ceremony of a trial, must have pressed upon her mind, as she glanced at the appalling document. Her virtue, it is true, could not be impugned as theirs had been, but she had disappointed the expectation confidently stated by the king in the act for settling the succession to the crown, "that their union might be blessed with offspring."

When Katharine Parr became aware from the perusal of the paper so providentially brought to her, that a bill for her attainder was prepared, and saw that the king had treacherously given his sanction to the machinations of her foes, she concluded that she was to be added to the list of his conjugal decapitations, and fell into an hysterical agony. She occupied an apartment contiguous to that of the sick and froward monarch, and as she fell from one fit into another, her shrieks and cries reached his ears. Finding they continued for many hours, he sent to inquire what was the matter. Katharine's physician, Dr. Wendy, informed the royal messenger "that the queen was dangerously ill, and that it appeared that her sickness was caused by distress of mind." When the king heard this, he was either moved with unwonted feelings of compunction, or reminded, by his own increased infirmities, which had confined him for the last two days to his bed, of her unrivaled skill as a nurse; and feeling, perhaps for the first time, how much he should miss her in that capacity if death deprived him of her services, he determined to pay her a visit. This act of royal condescension was the more remarkable, because it was attended with great personal inconvenience to himself, for he was carried in a chair into Queen Katharine's apartment, being at that time unable to walk. He found her heavy and melancholy, and apparently at the point of death, at which he evinced much sympathy, as if really alarmed at the idea of losing her. She testified a proper degree of gratitude for the honor of his visit, "which," she assured him, "had greatly revived and rejoiced her." She also expressed herself much distressed at having seen so little of his majesty of late, adding, that her uneasiness at this was increased by her apprehensions of having been so unhappy as to have given him some unintentional offense. Henry replied only with gracious and encouraging expressions of his good-will. During the rest of

this interview, Katharine behaved in so humble and endearing a manner, and so completely adapted herself to the humor of her imperious lord, that, in the excitement caused by the reaction of his feelings, he betrayed to her physician the secret of the plot against her life. The physician being both a good and a prudent person, acted as a mediator with his sovereign in the first instance, and is said to have suggested to the queen the proper means of effecting a reconciliation. The next evening the queen found herself well enough to return the king's visit in his bed-chamber. She came attended by her sister, Lady Herbert, and the king's young niece, Lady Jane Gray, who carried the candles before her majesty. Henry welcomed her very courteously, and appeared to take her attention in good part, but presently turned the conversation to the old subject of controversy, for the purpose of beguiling her into an argument. Katharine adroitly avoided the snare, by observing "that she was but a woman, accompanied with all the imperfections natural to the weakness of her sex; therefore, in all matters of doubt and difficulty, she must refer herself to his majesty's better judgment, as to her lord and head; for so God hath appointed you," continued she, "as the supreme head of us all, and of you, next unto God, will I ever learn."—"Not so, by St. Mary!" said the king. "Ye are become a doctor, Kate, to instruct us, and not to be instructed of us, as oftentime we have seen."—"Indeed," replied the queen, "if your majesty have so conceived, my meaning has been mistaken, for I have always held it preposterous for a woman to instruct her lord; and if I have ever presumed to differ from your highness on religion, it was partly to obtain information for my own comfort, regarding certain nice points on which I stood in doubt, and sometimes because I perceived that, in talking, you were better able to pass away the pain and weariness of your present infirmity, which encouraged me to this boldness, in the hope of profiting withal by your majesty's learned discourse."—"And is it so, sweetheart?" replied the king; "then we are perfect friends." He then kissed her with much tenderness, and gave her leave to depart.

On the day appointed for her arrest, the king, being convalescent, sent for the queen to take the air with him in the garden. Katharine came, attended, as before, by her sister Lady Herbert, Lady Jane Gray, and Lady Tyrwhitt, her step-daughter. Presently the Lord Chancellor Wriothesley, with forty of the guard, entered the garden, with the expectation of carrying off the queen to the Tower, for not the slightest intimation had reached him of the change in the royal caprice.

The king received him with a burst of indignation, saluted him with the unexpected address of "Beast! fool! and knave!" and, sternly withdrawing him from the vicinity of the queen, he bade him "avaunt from his presence." Katharine, when she saw the king so greatly incensed with the chancellor, had the magnanimity to intercede for her foe, saying, "She would become a humble suitor for him, as she deemed his fault was occasioned by mistake."—"Ah, poor soul!" said the king. "Thou little knowest, Kate, how evil he deserveth this grace at thy hands. On my word, sweetheart, he hath been to thee a very knave!"

Katharine Parr treated the authors of the cruel conspiracy against her life with the magnanimity of a great mind, and the forbearance of a true Christian. She sought no vengeance, although the reaction of the king's uxorious fondness would undoubtedly have given her the power of destroying them if she had been of a vindictive temper; but though Henry was indeed, through the intercession of Katharine, to overlook the offense of Wriothesley, he never forgave Gardiner the part he had taken in this affair, which proved no less a political blunder than a moral crime.

Katharine Parr, though she had labored, at the peril of being sent to the scaffold, to obtain toleration and liberty of conscience for those of her own religion, had hitherto carefully abstained from implicating herself with the intrigues of either party. Now she naturally threw the weight of her quiet influence into the scale of those who supported the doctrine of the Reformation.

When the physicians announced to those in attendance on the sovereign that the hour of his departure was at hand, they shrank from the peril of incurring the last ebullition of his vindictive temper by warning him of the awful change that awaited him. The queen, worn out with days and nights of fatiguing personal attendance on her wayward lord, during the burning fever which had preyed upon him for more than two months, was in all probability unequal to the trial of witnessing the last fearful scene, for she is not mentioned as having been present on that occasion.

Sir Anthony Denny was the only person who had the courage to inform the king of his real state. He approached the bed, and leaning over it, told him "that all human aid was now vain; and that it was meet for him to review his past life, and seek for God's mercy through Christ." Henry, who was uttering loud cries of pain and impatience, regarded him with a stern look, and asked, "What judge had sent him to pass

this sentence upon him?" Denny replied, "Your physicians." When these physicians next approached the royal patient to offer him medicine, he repelled them in these words: "After the judges have once passed sentence on a criminal, they have no more to do with him; therefore begone!" It was then suggested that he should confer with some of his divines. "I will see no one but Cranmer," replied the king, "and not him as yet. Let me repose a little, and as I find myself so shall I determine." After an hour's sleep he awoke, and becoming faint, commanded that Cranmer, who had withdrawn to Croydon, should be sent for with all haste. But the precious interval had been wasted, and before the archbishop entered Henry was speechless. Cranmer besought him to testify by some sign his hope in the saving mercy of Christ; the king regarded him steadily for a moment, wrung his hand, and expired. Henry VIII. expired at two o'clock in the morning of January 28, 1546-7, at his royal palace of Westminster, in the thirty-eighth year of his reign, and the fifty-sixth of his age. In his will Henry places the children he may have by his queen Katharine Parr in the order of succession immediately after his only son, Prince Edward, giving them precedence of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth. If, therefore, the queen had borne a posthumous daughter to Henry, a civil war would unquestionably have been the result. The words are—

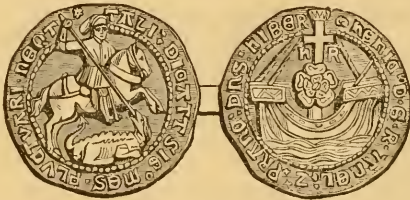
"And per default of lawful issue of our son Prince Edward, we will that the said imperial crown, and other the premises, after our two deceases, shall fully remain and come to the heirs of our entirely beloved wife Queen Katharine that now is, or of any other our lawful wife that we shall hereafter marry."

The last sentence seems ominous enough to the childless queen, implying that Henry meant to survive her, and was seriously providing for the contingency of his issue by a seventh queen. The preamble to the legacy he bequeaths to Katharine Parr contains, however, a very high testimony to her virtues:

"And for the great love, obedience, chastity of life, and wisdom being in our wife and queen, we bequeath unto her for her proper life, and as it shall please her to order it, three thousand pounds in plate, jewels, and stuff of household goods, and such apparel as it shall please her to take of such as we have already. And farther, we give unto her one thousand pounds in money, and the amount of her dower and jointure according to our grant in Parliament."

This legacy, when the relative value of money is considered, as well as the destitution of the exchequer at the time, will not be thought so inadequate a bequest as it appears. Katharine Parr was amply dowered by Parliament, and by the king's patents; and she had two dowers besides, as the widow of

the Lords Borough and Latimer. She was supposed to have made great savings while she was queen-consort. After the death of the king, she received all the honors due to his acknowledged widow—he left two, be it remembered; but *she* was prayed for as queen-dowager in the presence of the young king, by her old enemy Gardiner, in the following prayer for the royal family: “I commend to God Queen Katharine, dowager, my Lady Mary’s grace, and my Lady Elizabeth’s grace, your majesty’s dear sisters.” Edward VI. wrote a Latin letter of condolence to his widowed step-mother, calling her his dear mother, and concluding, “Farewell, venerated queen.”



George (Gold) Noble.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING the brief period of her royal widowhood, Katharine Parr, now queen-dowager, resided at her fine jointure-house at Chelsea, on the banks of the Thames, which, with its beautiful and extensive gardens, occupied the pleasant spot now called Cheyne Pier. Sir Thomas Seymour renewed his addresses to Katharine so immediately after King Henry’s death, that she was wooed and won almost before she had assumed the widow’s hood and barb, and sweeping sable pall, which marked the relict of the departed majesty of England. Seymour had opportunities of confidential communication with the widowed queen even before the funeral of the royal rival for whom she had been compelled to resign him when Lady Latimer; for he was a member of the late king’s household, and had been appointed by Henry’s will one of the council of regency during the minority of the young king. His person and characteristics are thus described by Hayward: “The

Lord Sudely (he had been elevated to that title by his nephew, Edward VI.) was fierce in courage, courtly in fashion, in personage stately, in voice magnificent, but somewhat empty in matter." He was still in the prime of life, and possessed of the peculiar manners calculated to charm the softer sex. Though he had made more than one attempt to secure a splendid alliance, he had the art to make the queen-dowager believe that he was still a bachelor for her sake. Katharine, after having been the wife of three mature widowers in succession, to the last of whom that joyless bauble, a crown, had tricked her into three years, six months, and fourteen days of worse than Egyptian bondage, found herself, in her thirty-fifth year, still handsome, and apparently more passionately beloved than ever by the man of her heart.

Thirty-four days after Henry's death, a written contract of marriage and rings of betrothal were exchanged between Katharine and Sir Thomas Seymour, but the nuptials were not solemnized till some months later. According to Edward VI.'s journal this event took place in May, but it was certainly not made public till the end of June. Great censure has been passed on Queen Katharine for contracting matrimony again so soon after the death of her royal husband. But she owed neither love nor reverence to the memory of a consort who had held a sword suspended over her by a single hair for the last six months of their union; and Henry himself had previously led her into a similar breach of widowly decorum, by inducing her to become his wife within almost as brief a period after the death of her second husband, Lord Latimer, as her marriage with Seymour after his own. In the latter end of May, Queen Katharine was sojourning at St. James's Palace for a few days, and while there, she wrote the young king a Latin letter on the subject of her great love for his late father, Henry VIII. This was rather an extraordinary subject for the royal dowager to dilate upon, since she was at the very time married to Seymour. She added to her letter many quotations from Scripture, and expressed an earnest desire that the young monarch would answer the epistle, which he did, in the same learned language. The artless young sovereign was, in the end, not only induced to recommend his wily uncle to his widowed step-mother for a husband, but led to believe that it was actually a match of his own making. King Edward, in his journal, notices the anger of the lord protector at the marriage of the admiral with the queen-dowager. Somerset and his council loudly condemned the presumption of the audacious Seymour, in daring to contract this

lofty alliance without leave or license of those who exercised the authority of the crown. They did what they could to testify their hostility, by withholding from Queen Katharine all the jewels that had been presented to her by the late king, under the pretext that they were not her personal property, but heir-looms to the crown.

Somerset is supposed to have been excited to injurious treatment of the widow of his royal master and benefactor, Henry VIII., by the malice of his duchess, who had always borne envious ill-will against Katharine Parr. Open hostility between them broke out after the marriage of Katharine with the admiral, in consequence of the Duchess of Somerset refusing any longer to fulfill her office of bearing up the train of the queen-dowager, alleging, "that it was unsuitable for her to submit to perform that service for the wife of her husband's younger brother." According to Lloyd, "the duchess not only refused to bear up the queen's train, but actually jostled with her for precedence; so that," continues he, quaintly, "what between the train of the queen, and the long gown of the duchess, they raised so much dust at court, as at last put out the eyes of both their husbands, and caused their executions." The pretense on which the Duchess of Somerset grounded her presumptuous dispute for precedency with the queen-dowager in the court of Edward VI. was, that as the wife of the protector and guardian of the realm, she had a right to take place of every lady in England. It is possible that, with the exception of the ladies of the royal family, she might; but the act of Henry VIII., whereby it was provided that Anne of Cleves should take precedence after his queen and the princesses his daughters, of every other lady in the realm, settled the matter of Katharine Parr's precedency beyond contravention; and the arrogant duchess was compelled to yield, but never forgave the mortification.

The tender affection which the young king lavished on the queen-dowager, and his reverence for her talents, virtue, and piety, excited the jealousy and ill-will, not only of the Duchess of Somerset, but of her husband also, and the vulgar insolence of the former was systematically exerted to keep so powerful a rival from the court. The king was certainly far more attached to his uncle, Thomas Seymour, than to the protector, and Katharine Parr had always been to him in the place of the mother whom he had never known. Edward's practice of coming by the private entrance unattended into Queen Katharine's apartments, where no official spies could intrude to witness and report what passed between him and

the admiral, caused great uneasiness to the protector and his party. Edward's best loved sister, Elizabeth, and his accomplished cousin, Lady Jane Gray, were in the interest of the admiral, both being pupils of Queen Katharine, and residing under her roof.

When Queen Katharine had been the wife of her beloved Seymour some months, there was a prospect of her becoming a mother. Her raptures at the anticipation of a blessing which had been denied to all her other marriages, carried her beyond the bounds of discretion; her husband was no less transported than herself: the feelings of paternity with them amounted to passion. The queen was then at Hanworth, one of the royal manors belonging to her dower, from whence Seymour escorted her to his principal baronial residence, Sudely Castle.

The residence of the Princess Elizabeth under their roof was fatal to the wedded happiness of Seymour and Katharine. The queen, forgetful that a blooming girl in her fifteenth year was no longer a child, had imprudently encouraged the admiral to romp with her royal step-daughter in her presence. Afterward, when she found her husband took improper liberties with the princess in her absence, she was displeased with both, and very sharply reproved the princess's governess for her neglect of her duty to her royal pupil, in permitting her to fall into such reprehensible freedom of behavior. Conjugal jealousy apart, Katharine Parr had great cause for anger and alarm; for the princess was under her especial care, and if aught but good befell her at the tender age of fifteen, great blame would, of course, attach to herself. She saw, indeed, the expediency of separating her household from that of the princess, and acted upon it without delay. There is no reason to believe that she cherished vindictive feelings against Elizabeth, for she continued to correspond with her in a friendly manner.

Queen Katharine had a princely retinue in attendance upon her, in her retirement at Sudely Castle, of ladies in waiting, maids of honor, and gentlewomen in ordinary, besides the appointments for her expected nursery and lying-in chamber, and more than a hundred and twenty gentlemen of her household, and yeomen of the guard. She had several of the most learned men among the lights of the Reformation for her chaplains, and she caused divine worship to be performed twice a day, or oftener, in her house, notwithstanding the distaste of the admiral, who not only refused to attend these devotional exercises himself, but proved a great let and hin-

drance to all the pious regulations his royal consort strove to establish.

At Sudely Castle Katharine Parr gave birth, August 30, 1548, to the infant whose appearance had been so fondly anticipated both by Seymour and herself. It was a girl, and though both parents had confidently expected a boy, no disappointment was expressed. On the contrary, Seymour, in a transport of paternal pride, wrote an eloquent description of the beauty of the new-born child to his brother the Duke of Somerset.

The charge of the admiral having caused the death of Queen Katharine by poison can only be regarded as the fabrication of his enemies. On the contrary, his manner toward her, when she was evidently suffering under the grievous irritability of mind and body incidental to puerperal fever, appears from the deposition of Katharine's step-daughter, Lady Tyrwhitt, one of the most faithful and attached of her ladies, to have been soothing and affectionate.

Wild and gloomy fantasies had superseded the first sweet gushings of maternal love in Katharine's bosom, and she appeared unconscious of the existence of the babe she had so fondly anticipated. She exerted herself to dictate her will, which is still extant in the Prerogative office; it is dated September 5, 1548, and it is to the following effect: "That she, then lying on her death-bed, sick of body, but of good mind, and perfect memory and discretion, and perceiving the extremity of death to approach her, leaves all to her husband." The witnesses are two well known historical characters,

ROBERT HUYCK, M.D.,

and

JOHN PARKHURST,

persons of high reputation and even sacred authority in a sick-chamber, being her physician and chaplain; the latter became subsequently a bishop of the Reformed Church, highly distinguished for his Christian virtues. In after life, Parkhurst always mentioned Katharine Parr with great regard, as his "most gentle mistress." She was only in the thirty-sixth year of her age, having survived her royal husband, Henry VIII., but one year, six months, and eight days. Lady Jane Gray, who was with Queen Katharine at Sudely Castle at the time of her death, officiated at her funeral solemnity as chief mourner. The limits of this work will not admit of detailing the particulars of the intrigues which led to the fall of the lord admiral. Suffice it to say, that he had organized measures for

supplanting his elder brother, the Duke of Somerset, in the office of guardian to King Edward. The youthful majesty of England was actually brought before his own council, to be made a witness against his best beloved uncle for the purpose of bringing him to the block.

Bishop Latimer accused Lord Thomas Seymour, that when Queen Katharine, his wife, had daily prayer morning and afternoon in his house, he would get him out of the way, and was a contemner of the Common Prayer. Lord Seymour was beheaded on Tower Hill, March 20, 1549. There was only an interval of two years, one month, and three weeks between the death of Katharine's third husband, King Henry VIII., and the execution of her fourth, who survived her just six months and fourteen days. The child of Queen Katharine and Lord Seymour was named Mary. She ought to have been the heiress of great wealth, and even if the act of attainder which had been passed on her father operated to deprive her of the broad lands of Sudely and the rest of his possessions, she was fully entitled to inherit the large fortune of the queen-dowager, her mother, if she had had friends to assert her rights. She remained a little while at her uncle Somerset's house at Sion; and then, according to her father's dying request, was conveyed to Grimsthorpe in Lincolnshire, where Katharine, dowager-duchess of Suffolk, lived. There she was brought, with her governess, Mrs. Aglionby, her nurse, two maids, and other servants.

It is stated that the only child of the admiral Lord Thomas Seymour by Queen Katharine Parr died in her thirteenth year. She, however, lived to be a wife and mother. The traditions and papers of her last descendant prove that the Duchess of Suffolk provided for her by marrying her to Sir Edward Bushel.

The splendid chapel at Sudely, where Queen Katharine was interred, was desecrated and unroofed by Cromwell's soldiers, who wantonly destroyed the tomb and effigies of our first Protestant queen.

Her body was discovered in its leaden envelope by some ladies, in May, 1782, in perfect preservation.

Sudely Chapel, and Queen Katharine Parr's monument, have been splendidly restored by the present munificent possessor of Sudely Castle, John Coucher Dent, Esq., in a style of magnificence which would astonish the original founders. A considerable portion of Sudely Castle has also been restored.



Queen Mary. From a painting by Holbein.

MARY,

FIRST QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

MARY, our first queen-regnant, was the only surviving child of Henry VIII. and Katharine of Arragon; she first saw the light on the banks of the Thames, at Greenwich Palace, February 18, 1515-6. The princess was baptized, the third day after her birth, at the Grey Friars' Church, adjacent to Greenwich Palace. The infant was carried by the Countess of Salisbury; Cardinal Wolsey was her godfather; her godmothers were the Princess Katharine Plantagenet and the Duchess of Norfolk. She was named Mary, after the favorite sister of Henry VIII. Various rich presents were bestowed on the

princess by her sponsors and relatives. Cardinal Wolsey gave a gold cup; her aunt, Mary Tudor, gave a pomander of gold; the Princess Katharine a gold spoon; and the Duchess of Norfolk presented a primer, richly illuminated. Mary was reared, till she was weaned, in the apartments of the queen her mother, and the first rudiments of her education were commenced by that tender parent as soon as she could speak. The nursery establishment of the princess was occasionally stationed at Ditton Park, in Buckinghamshire. The care of her person was consigned to Lady Margaret Bryan, who superintended the temperate meals of the royal infant, which consisted of one dish of meat with bread. The Countess of Salisbury was state governess and head of her household. Hanworth was one of the earliest residences of the princess's childhood, but while her parents were absent in France, at the celebrated "field of cloth of gold," she kept court in royal state at their palace of Richmond. Here the privy council frequently visited her. By the order of the king the royal child, only three years old, had to greet some foreign guests sent by her father, and to amuse them by playing on the virginals. The infant performer must have been exceedingly docile and well trained, not only to receive strangers, but to play her tunes when required. The privy council sent minutes to the king and queen of her tractable behavior.

When her royal parents returned to England, Mary went back to her nursery at Ditton Park, but she made a long visit to the king and queen at Greenwich the succeeding Christmas. She was a very lovely infant, her complexion rosy, her eyes brown, and "right merry and joyous." The king, who was passionately fond of children, would not part from her till after her fourth birthday. The little princess was amused by the performance of a company of children, who acted plays; 6s. 8d. was given to a man who managed the little actors, Heywood by name.

In her sixth year Mary was betrothed to Charles V. He passed five weeks in England; the little princess became well acquainted with him, and learned, young as she was, to consider herself as his empress. The care of Mary's excellent mother was now sedulously directed to give her child an education that would render her a fitting companion to the greatest sovereign of modern history, not only in regard to extent of dominions, but in character and attainments. Dr. Linaere wrote a Latin grammar for her use.

Queen Katharine requested Ludovicus Vives, a Spaniard of great learning, to draw up a code of instructions for the edu-

cation of Mary. He sent a treatise in Latin, from Bruges, dedicated to the queen, whom he thus addresses: "Govern by these my monitions Maria thy daughter, and she will be formed by them; she will resemble thy domestic example of probity and wisdom." His rules are rigid: he directs that the young princess may read no idle books of chivalry. He desires that she may read the Gospels night and morning, selected portions of the Old Testament, likewise Plato, Seneca, Plutarch, the Paraphrases of Erasmus, and the Utopia of Sir Thomas More. Among the classic poets he admitted the Pharsalia of Lucan and the tragedies of Seneca. He deemed cards, dice, and splendid dress as improper as romances. He gave rules for her pronounciation of Greek and Latin, and advised that lessons from these languages should be committed to memory every day, and read over two or three times before the pupil went to bed. He recommended that the princess should render English into Latin frequently, and likewise that she should converse with her preceptor in that language.

In 1525 rumors reached England that the emperor meant to forsake Mary, for a grown-up princess. This was probably the first sorrow experienced by the child Mary, who grew pale with jealousy when this marriage was discussed. She sent the emperor an emerald ring from one of her small fingers to remind him of his troth. Nevertheless, he wedded Isabel of Portugal. Henry VIII. immediately declared Mary the heiress-apparent of England, establishing for her a court at Ludlow, whither she went, 1525. Sir John Dudley—whose ambition afterward made him so prominent a character as Duke of Northumberland in the next reign—was appointed chamberlain to the Princess Mary at her new court. Mary took leave of her parents at the palace of Langley, in Hertfordshire, in September, 1525, previous to her departure for Ludlow Castle. Mary was withdrawn from her court at Ludlow Castle to receive the French ambassadors, who had arrived for the purpose of negotiating her marriage with the second son of France. Many notices exist of her participation in the revelry of her father's court; where she appeared not only as the partner of her royal sire in the stately pavon (or minuet of that era), but as a dancer in court ballets, and performer in comedies—no slight infringement of the rigid rules prescribed for her education by Ludovicus Vives.

An utter silence is maintained, alike in public history and state documents, regarding that agonizing moment when the Princess Mary was torn from the arms of her unfortunate mother, to behold her no more. No witness has told the part-

ing, no pen has described it; but sad and dolorous it certainly was to the hapless girl, even to the destruction of health. But her troubles had not yet reached their climax; for Lady Salisbury, the friend next her mother dearest to her heart, still resided with her. The year 1533 brought many trials to the unfortunate mother and daughter, who were cruelly kept from the society of each other. Cranmer pronounced the marriage of Queen Katharine invalid, the king proclaimed his marriage with Anne Boleyn, and the coronation of the rival queen took place. Before the end of September, the privy council sent orders to Mary, who had then returned to Beaulieu, that she was immediately to lay aside the name and dignity of princess; tyrannically enjoining her to forbid her servants to address her as such, and to withdraw directly to Hatfield, where the nursery of her infant sister was about to be established. Mary totally refused obedience, and forwarded a letter to the privy council, in which she sustained the high tone of a royal lady whose rights of succession were illegally invaded. The king took decided measures to dissolve the household of his daughter at Beaulieu, by sending the Duke of Norfolk, and his almoner, Bishop Fox, "to deal with her," while the Duke of Suffolk and others of the council were breaking up her mother's establishment at Bugden. In the midst of these troubles Mary's cousin-german, James V., King of Scotland, solicited her hand, but was refused peremptorily, lest such marriage should interfere with the title of Anne Boleyn's issue.

The degradation of the Princess Mary was rendered legal in the beginning of 1534, when the houses of Parliament passed an act, settling the crown on the king's heirs by Queen Anne, whether male or female. Mary's household at Beaulieu—a princely establishment—was finally dismissed. The unfortunate princess was severed from those to whose society she had been accustomed during her childhood; worst of all, she was torn from her venerable relative, Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, by whose arms she had been encircled in the first days of her existence. When separated from this maternal friend, she was transferred to the nursery palace where the infant Elizabeth was established, with a magnificent household befitting the rank of which Mary had just been deprived. In this residence Mary was located, more like a bondmaid than a sister of the acknowledged heiress of the realm. Anne Boleyn was not satisfied unless the fallen princess drew hourly comparisons between her lot and that of the sister who had supplanted her. But the heart of Mary was as yet unscathed by

the corrosion of hatred ; instead of detesting her rival sister, she amused her sorrows with the playful wiles of the infant, and regarded her with kindness. Two melancholy years Mary spent under the surveillance of her step-mother, in sorrow and suffering. The few friends who dared visit her were subjected to the severest espionage ; their words were malignantly scrutinized. The papers of the princess were put under the royal seal ; and if she was allowed to read, she certainly was not permitted to write ; since, in one of her letters, she apologizes for " her evil writing, because she had not written a letter for two years." Her father muttered murderous threats against her ; and his words were eagerly caught and re-echoed by those members of his council whose whole study it was to flatter his willful wishes, however wicked they might be. Dark indeed were the anticipations throughout Europe regarding the future destiny, both of the unfortunate daughter and the queen her mother, during 1535. The next year opened with the death of that tender mother—a dismal aggravation of Mary's bitter lot.

When all looked the darkest a change took place in Mary's fortunes. Her step-mother Queen Anne Boleyn's fall took place May Day, 1536. The wrongs inflicted on Mary proved to be the chief weight on the conscience of Anne Boleyn ; for, the day before her tragical death, after placing Lady Kingston in the royal seat as the representative of Mary, she fell on her knees before her, and implored her to ask, in her name, pardon of the princess for all the wrongs she had heaped upon her while in possession of a step-dame's authority. Lady Kingston went to Hunsdon on this errand, a few days after the execution of Queen Anne. Some kind of friendly acquaintance had previously subsisted between the new Queen Jane Seymour and Mary, while the former was maid of honor, on which Mary requested her intercession with the king. When Lady Kingston arrived at Hunsdon to deliver the message of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, Mary found that the interdict against her using pen and ink, subsisting for two years, was removed. Mary wrote to Cromwell for leave to address her father ; it was granted. She then congratulated him on his marriage, and asked leave to see him. No answer was vouches. Then a painful correspondence took place between Mary and Cromwell, by which it may be perceived that before she entered Henry VIII.'s presence she must acknowledge that her birth was illegitimate, her mother's marriage illegal, and that the king was supreme over the Church. The correspondence was long, and Cromwell's replies were both insolent and bit-

ter before Mary submitted to the two first cruel admissions ; the third was left indefinite. Cromwell wrote, and Mary copied, the humiliating terms, and then she was put at the head of a small establishment at Hunsdon, where she was to live with her infant sister Elizabeth, and her cousin and friend, the Lady Margaret Douglas.

Cromwell, by the order of his capricious master, forbade Mary to treat Elizabeth as princess, or to call her so. One letter by Mary from this historical collection deserves perusal, proving she had a kind word to say for the motherless little one Elizabeth.

LADY MARY TO THE KING.

“My bounden duty most humbly remembered to your most excellent majesty. Whereas I am unable and insufficient to render and express to your highness those most hearty and humble thanks for your gracious mercy and fatherly pity (surmounting mine offenses at this time) extended toward me, I shall lie prostrate at your noble feet humbly, and with the very bottom of my heart beseech your grace to repute that in me (which in my poor heart, remaining in your most noble hand, I have conceived and professed toward your grace) while the breath shall remain in my body. That is, that as I am in such merciful sort recovered, being almost lost in mine own folly, that your majesty may as well accept me, justly your bounden slave by redemption, as your most humble and obedient child and subject.

“My sister Elizabeth is in good health (thanks to our Lord), and such a child toward, as I doubt not but your highness shall have cause to rejoice of in time coming (as knoweth Almighty God), who send your grace, with the queen my good mother, health with the accomplishment of your desires. From Hunsdon, the 21st day of July [1536].

“Your highness’s most humble daughter and faithful subject, MARY.”

Mary was, moreover, personally kind to the poor infant ; led her by the hand, ornamented her dresses, and, as for calling her princess, she answered Cromwell, “that she should do as she always had done ; she should call Elizabeth sister and nothing more.” Part of the contest with her late step-mother, Anne Boleyn, was about this title princess, it then being the due of the eldest daughter of the King of England. Mary took an interest in her sister’s tuition, still administered by the kind friend of both sisters, Margaret Bryan, who, herself related to the royal family, matronized the establishment at Hunsdon, where her charges, the Princess Mary and the king’s niece, Lady Margaret Douglas, were at the ages of twenty-one and twenty-two.

Notwithstanding all concessions made by Mary, she was not admitted into the king’s presence until invited to Richmond Palace, December 9, 1536. When once admitted to do-

mesticity with him, his former affection revived sufficiently for him to let her share his Christmas festivities. She received the usual New Year's gifts, and made some to the maids of Queen Jane, for whom she bought bonnets, at the cost of twenty shillings each, of the lord-mayor's wife, Lady Gresham, who kept a milliner's shop. Sir Richard Gresham was the near relative of the Boleyns, and this encouragement of her sister's industrious kindred is a curious incident in their lives. Mary was resident at court March 1; for the yeomen of the king's guard presented her with a leek on St. David's Day, and she gave them a fee of fifteen shillings. She was resident at Beaulieu next summer, where she had a bad attack of illness threatening her life, illness which had become decidedly chronic. On her recovery she was again invited by her father to court. Here she conducted her little sister Elizabeth; and when the queen, Jane Seymour, brought into the world at Hampton Court, October 12, the heir to the throne, so much desired, Mary stood godmother to him with Norfolk and Cranmer. The ceremony concluded, Mary led away her sister Elizabeth to the royal apartments. Ten days after, the death of Queen Jane took place, and Mary performed the office of chief mourner, following her to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where she was buried. She remained at the castle while her father was secluded, ostensibly for a very sorrowful retirement; he was, however, sending ambassadors far and wide to find him a new wife, pretending, however, that his object was to find a husband for Mary. She amused herself very quietly by working a capacious cushion for her sire's arm-chair, a box wrought with silver for her sister Elizabeth, and a gay baby cap for her brother and godson, the materials of which cost her 2*l.* 10*s.*

Alarming insurrections in the north next year broke up the peace of the ladies at Hunsdon. Danger for Mary impended, for the restoration of her rights was the war-cry of the Pilgrimage of Grace. Very warily must Mary have guided her way, not to have excited from her jealous sire more suspicion as the mover of that insurrection than she did. Nevertheless, his wrath was wreaked more painfully than on herself. The beloved friends of Mary's youth, the Countess of Salisbury and her family, were, in the commencement of the year 1539, attainted without trial, and overwhelmed in one sweeping ruin. In the spring of the same year, Lord Montague (the elder brother of Reginald Pole) was beheaded on a slight pretense. The Countess of Salisbury was immured in the Tower, without enough money to buy a warm garment. Mary's other

friend, the wretched widow, Gertrude, Marchioness of Exeter, was imprisoned in the Tower, expecting her execution after that of her lord. Her captivity was shared by her little son Edward, the hapless heir of Courtenay, who was too young for political offenses. As this utter desolation of these semi-royal families was entirely attributed by their tyrannical oppressor to their relationship and friendship for Reginald Pole, whose chief crime was his firm support of the claims of Katharine of Arragon, Mary was agonized by their calamities. At this juncture Mary was shut up at Hertford Castle with her little sister Elizabeth; she had had no establishment of her own since jealousy had occurred respecting some hospitality she had afforded to distressed strangers at her dwelling.

Near Christmas, 1539, ~~mary~~ then at Hertford Castle, was ordered to receive as her intended spouse Duke Philip of Bavaria, near kinsman to her father's betrothed wife, Anne of Cleves. He was a Protestant, and she, though professing obedience, said she preferred remaining single. But she was commanded to visit her infant brother at Enfield; and thither Cromwell escorted the German wooer, December 22. He discoursed long with her in German, and then in Latin, declaring he admired her, and would gladly espouse her if his person displeased her not. They met again in the abbot's garden, Westminster Abbey, when he kissed her, and they seemed on good terms. But the princess fell so ill at Blackfriars Palace that her death was expected daily. Henry VIII.'s caprice dissolved his marriage with Anne of Cleves before health returned to Mary. Duke Philip was a mighty warrior against the Turks, but, poor as a younger brother, could only offer the English princess a jointure of 800*l.* per annum, while 700*l.* was all the portion proposed for her. Mary and Philip met in private often, and he became much attached to her, inso-much that, when their engagement was broken, he never wooed another, and died single for her sake. At this time of her life she was very pretty, and her musical accomplishments and knowledge of languages made her still more attractive.

The disturbed state of England at this period, gives reason to suppose that Mary's household was again broken up, and that she, though passive and unoffending, was placed where her person could be in more security than in her own dwelling. Dreadful events took place in England in the years 1540 and 1541—events which must have produced a fearful effect on the mind of the Princess Mary, and prepared the way for most of the vengeful persecutions which disgraced her reign. This woful epoch saw the destruction of all her

early friends. Her old school-master, Dr. Featherstone, suffered the horrid death of treason, in company with Abell, her mother's chaplain. They were dragged to Smithfield, with fiendish impartiality, on the same hurdles that conveyed the pious Protestant martyr, Dr. Barnes, and two of his fellow-sufferers, to the flaming pile. Scarcely could the princess have recovered the shock of this butchery, when the frightful execution of her beloved friend and venerable relative, the Countess of Salisbury, took place. She was hacked to pieces on a scaffold in a manner that must have curdled Mary's blood with horror, and stiffened her heart to stone. When the explosion regarding the conduct of Katharine Howard took place, Mary was resident at Sion with her cousin, Margaret Douglas. She was, with Margaret, removed from Sion to make way for the wretched queen and her guards, being escorted to the nursery palace of Prince Edward by Dudley.

Henry VIII. and his sixth bride, Katharine Parr, required her presence at their nuptials; afterward she went with them on a summer progress to Woodstock, Grafton, and Dunstable; but being seized with a violent return of her chronic illness, she was carried in the queen's litter to Ampthill, her mother's former abiding-place. From thence, after several removes, she was finally taken to Ashridge, where her brother Edward and sister Elizabeth were sojourning, and with them she spent the autumn. An auspicious change took place in the situation of Mary. Although her restoration to her natural place in the succession was not complete, yet the crown was entailed on her by act of Parliament, passed February 7, 1544, after Prince Edward, or the sons or daughters which Henry might have by his wife Katharine Parr or any succeeding wives.

At the entreaty of Queen Katharine Parr, she undertook the translation of the Latin paraphrase of St. John, by Erasmus. Like Scripture itself, the luminous paraphrases by Erasmus were locked in a learned language from the approach of general readers. It was the erudition and industry of the Princess Mary that rendered into English the whole of St. John. The manuscript she had completed was comprised in the same volume with the other paraphrases of Erasmus, which were translated by several celebrated reformers. Those who mistake Henry VIII. for a patron of the Reformation, instead of what he really was (and still continues to be), its impediment, shame, and sorrow, have supposed that Mary undertook this task to propitiate her father. But that such a course was not the way to his good graces, is apparent from his anger against Katharine Parr, on account of the theolog-

ical works patronized by her—anger which had nearly been fatal to that queen, who, in her letter from Hanworth, September, 1544, entreated Mary to get her translation of St. John revised, and then with speed “to send this, her most fair and useful work,” to her, that she might, with the rest, commit it to the press, desiring, withal, to know of her whether it should be published in her name or anonymously. Mary did not append her name to her translation. She retained her father’s favor to the close of his existence. Henry in his will confirmed Mary in her reversionary rights of succession, and bequeathed to her the sum of 10,000*l.* toward her marriage portion, if she married with the consent of his council of regency. While she continued unmarried, she was to enjoy an income of 3,000*l.* per annum.

One day, when the king felt convinced that his death was approaching, he sent for Mary. He addressed her with affection, and said, “I know well, my daughter, that fortune has been most adverse to you; that I have caused you infinite sorrow, and that I have not given you in marriage, as I desired to do. This was, however, owing to the unhappy state of my affairs, or to your own ill luck; but I pray you take it all in good part, and promise me to remain as a kind and loving mother to your brother, whom I shall leave a little helpless child.” Mary made her father the promise. In all the stormy movements of the succeeding reign she never gave the least encouragement to any rebellion—happy if she could preserve her own home from molestation, which was not always the case.

CHAPTER II.

THE first employment of Edward VI., on his accession, was to write to his sister Mary, from the Tower, a Latin letter, dated February 8, 1546-7, of condolence on their father’s death, concluding, “So far as in me lies, I will be to you a dearest brother, and overflowing with all kindness.” The mind of the boy-sovereign must have been tenderly intent on his sister Mary, for a few days afterward his royal hand recorded the only memorial existing of a nocturnal attempt on her life, made in 1546.

In June, Lord Thomas Seymour requested her sanction to

his marriage with her friend and step-mother, Katharine Parr: her answer disowns skill "in wooing matters;" and intimates that a few weeks' widowhood was short for a queen.

Mary was then living at her seat near Wanstead. She passed the Christmas succeeding in the society of the king and her sister, on the most affectionate terms. From that time, however, the visits of Mary to court were few; as she could not agree with the tenets of the Protestants, she held herself as much in retirement as possible. The country was, the succeeding summer, in a state of insurrection, on account of the utter misery of the poor. Mary rejected the Common Prayer issued by Somerset, yet at that time limited her religious zeal to the narrow circle of her own chapel and household, for which she claimed only toleration. Her brother requested her to stay with him at St. James's Palace the autumn of 1548. The widower of Katharine Parr, Lord Thomas Seymour, often paid his court to Mary during her residence at St. James's Palace. If he failed in his matrimonial projects regarding Elizabeth, or Lady Jane Gray, he meant to offer his hand to the Princess Mary. But he was in a short time hurried, without trial, to the block by his fraternal foe. Seymour employed his last moments in writing to Mary and Elizabeth.

Mary retired to her seat at Newhall, on bad terms with Somerset. She was, withal, dangerously ill; her death was expected several times during 1550. Somerset's disputes with her were interrupted by his sudden deposition from the protectorship. The love the young king and the people bore Mary caused his successor Dudley urgently to try winning her on his side, even with offers of the regency. She positively refused, pleading her ill health and father's will. As she refused alliance, Dudley and his friends declared enmity to her, and induced her brother to forbid the rites of her religion. Her worship continued just the same, only she limited it to her own chapel. Mary complained to the emperor, who sent a fleet to hover off Harwich, in hopes of her escape to the care of his sister, Mary, governing the Low Countries. The young king invited his sister to St. James's in the winter: she was too ill to come. Dudley sapped her influence by assuring him that she would not come, which estranged them for life. Only state visits of a few hours occurred between Edward and Mary afterward. But in December, 1550, visits from Lady Jane Gray, her mother and sisters took place; and Lady Jane Gray was left with her cousin more than a

fortnight. Presents of jewels given to her cousin Jane occur in Mary's jewel-book.

When the Princess Mary was resident at Wanstead House in the year 1552, she paid a state visit to Edward VI. She rode from Wanstead, attended by her ladies and gentlemen, to Westminster, appealing to her brother on the interruption to her domestic worship. "The Lady Mary, my sister," says young Edward, in his journal, "came to me at Westminster, where she was called with my council into a chamber, where was declared how long I had suffered her mass, and how (now being no hope, which I perceived by her letters) I could not bear it." Mary answered, "that her soul was God's, and her faith she would not change." She offered "to lay her head on the block in testimony of the same." The young king answered with tender and gracious words.

Francis Mallet, her old friend, had been taken away from her service, and thrown into a dark dungeon in the Tower. Robert Rochester, the controller of her household, was sent for by the council, and exhorted to do away with the Roman rites by force at Wanstead. He flatly refused, and preferred imprisonment in the Tower. The lord chancellor and part of the council went to break up Mary's religious establishment; a stormy scene ensued, in which she told them to send home Rochester and her other officers, as she did not like ordering brewing and baking, though she had lately learned how many loaves a bushel of wheat could make. "But I wis," added she, "my father and mother never brought me up to that trade."

Mary had succeeded in retaining the ritual of the Roman Church. In July, 1552, Lady Wharton, passing through the chapel at Newhall in company with Lady Jane Gray, at a time when service was not proceeding, courtesied to the host on the altar, upon which Lady Jane Gray reproved her. Lady Wharton reported this reproof to the Princess Mary, who never after loved Lady Jane as she had done before.

Edward VI. expired at Greenwich Palace, not a year afterward, July 8, 1553. He disinherited, by an illegal will, not only the sister whose religion he hated, but his Protestant sister Elizabeth, in order to bestow the crown on Lady Jane Gray, then Northumberland's daughter-in-law. Edward's death remained a secret from the public for two days. Young Throckmorton, who was in office at Greenwich Palace, heard Sir John Gates exclaim sharply to Northumberland, "What, sir! will you let the Lady Mary escape, and not secure her person?" No more met the listener's ears, but those words

fell not unheeded. When the council met, a deceitful letter was agreed upon, to induce Mary to come to nurse her brother. She set off, greatly pleased that her brother had thought of her, and got as near London as Hoddesden, when Throckmorton met her, and warned her that the king was dead, and the invitation a trap to lure her into the Tower, where Northumberland meant to incarcerate her. Wearied as she was, Mary turned her rein eastward, and fled with her faithful retinue of ladies and officers toward Suffolk.



Great Seal of Queen Mary.

CHAPTER III.

WEARY and worn, the fugitive queen arrived at the gate of Sawston Hall, and by the advice of Andrew Huddleston, her faithful equerry, claimed the hospitality of its owner, his kinsman. This was willingly granted by him, although he well knew how adverse his neighbors of the town of Cambridge were to her cause. Very early next day they were all at chapel, and then on the road; not too soon, for when Mary gained the rise called the Gogmagog Hills, and looked back on her late hospitable shelter, at that moment Sawston Hall burst into flames, kindled by plunderers from Cambridge. "Let it burn," said Mary, "I will build Huddleston a better;" which she actually did. She had a sharp race to her seat at Kenninghall, which, though too strong for the Cambridge townsmen, was not deemed fortress sufficient to defy Northumberland's forces. Mary, however, rested there till July 11, when she wrote to the privy council, claiming allegiance. Framlingham, the strongest castle in the east country, was the place of her destination. Arriving there before the night of July 11 had quite obscured the Suffolk woodlands in which Framlingham is embosomed, the royal standard of England was raised over its encircling towers directly she crossed the draw-bridge. The chivalry of Suffolk, led by Sir John Sulyard and Sir Henry Bedingfield, mustered bravely round her. Shortly, a populous camp rose beneath the castle walls. From the highest watch-tower the port of Aldborough might be seen, and the queen's ships in the offing signaled. Six were observed passing to Yarmouth under the command of Northumberland's admiral; to Yarmouth Sir Henry Jerningham posted, undertaking a most dangerous commission from Mary. It perfectly succeeded; for when Sir Henry arrived in an open boat to demand the allegiance of the seamen for Queen Mary, they admitted him in her name, deposing their captains; and she was instantly proclaimed at Yarmouth, and in a few hours at Norwich; which example was followed by all England, excepting within London wall, insomuch that Northumberland, who had with his army arrived in Cambridge, thought it expedient to proclaim Queen Mary, which he did with the tears running down his face. Soon after he was her prisoner, with his partisans.

Mary's unwilling rival, Lady Jane Gray, was shut up in the Tower, and kept there, after her ten days' reign, with her father, Thomas Gray, Duke of Suffolk. Poor Jane only changed the name of her imprisonment since the father of her husband, Guildford, put the crown on her reluctant head. The queen's approach to London was in the manner of a peaceful progress, receiving the homages of her subjects. At Ipswich she gave audience to Secretary Cecil, who had been dispatched by the council with tidings. Here he made such fluent excuses, calling them afterward "pardonable lies," that the queen told his sister-in-law, Mrs. Bacon, one of her women, that "she really believed he was a very honest man."

Elizabeth met her sister on the road at the head of one thousand gentlemen, a guard of honor which had gathered round her since Northumberland's surrender. The royal sisters affectionately greeted, and entered London by Aldgate. Mary made directly for the Tower, where she meant to dwell until after the burial of Edward VI. Kneeling on the ground before St. Peter's Church, she found awaiting her entrance the state prisoners, Catholic and Protestant, lawlessly detained during the late reigns. There was Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, now in the pride of manly beauty, who had grown up a prisoner of the Tower from his tenth year; there was the wretched Duchess of Somerset; there was the aged Duke of Norfolk, still under sentence of death; there were the deprived Bishops of Durham and Winchester—the mild Cuthbert Tunstall and the haughty Stephen Gardiner, which last addressed congratulation and supplication to the queen in the name of all. Mary burst into tears, and extending her hands to them, she exclaimed, "Ye are my prisoners!" She raised them one by one, kissed them, and gave them all their liberty. The bishops were instantly restored to their sees, and Gardiner was sworn into the queen's privy council.

Cranmer performed the funeral ceremony for Edward VI. at Westminster Abbey, according to the ritual of the Church of England. Mary assisted at a solemn requiem for his soul at the private chapel in the Tower.

Such proceedings were too sensible for angry polemics to pursue permanently, and in the course of three weeks open warfare threatened from religious differences. The queen was appealed to by Protestants, as the head of the Reformed Church, which in the times of her father and brother was armed with sword and flame against all and every one who owned not the royal supremacy; and the Catholics expected not only impunity, but to wreak vengeance. The queen requested the bel-

ligerents to keep the peace, for all disputed points should be settled by *mutual consent*, when Parliament sat. Meantime, Henry VIII.'s Six Bloody Articles were acted upon. They had gained the epithet of "bloody" from Henry VIII.'s practice, not from that of his daughter.

The accession of Queen Mary had not altered her regard for her sister Elizabeth; their first difference had yet to take place; she usually walked hand in hand with her, and never dined in public without her. Mary likewise distinguished Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire; she endeavored to form his manners; but he is said to have contracted habits of low profligacy at the Tower. The people wished him to marry her. Public opinion had already named a suitor for the hand of the queen—her other kinsman, Cardinal Pole. The Pope was willing to dispense with the vows of a prince of the Church, but the rigid principles of the queen and Pole would not suffer them to accept such dispensation. The counsel Pole gave to Mary was, to remain single. All the English agreed in detesting the queen's engagement to Philip, Prince of Spain—All but the mercantile class, which looked forward to the riches that would pour in by commerce with his Low Countries.

The trial of Northumberland and his accomplices took place August 18; twelve were condemned, three only executed. Northumberland made all submissions to save his life, complied with every requisition of the Roman Church, but in vain; he was executed with Sir John Gates. The queen next turned her thoughts to rewarding those faithful to her in her long adversity. Robert Rochester and the other gentlemen, committed to prison by her brother's council for refusing to control her, she instantly released from their captivity. Having made Rochester controller of the royal household, and chancellor of the duchy of Lancaster, she carried her gratitude so far as to make him Knight of the Garter, and one of her privy council. Her Spanish allies urged her to take the life of Lady Jane Gray. Mary at first refused to do so, as she was innocent in intent; but poor Jane and her husband Guildford Dudley remained in separate prison lodgings in the Tower. Suffolk was released the first days of her reign; for his wife, her cousin, Lady Frances Brandon, threw herself at the queen's feet and declared he would die if penned in the Tower. Mary gave her his liberty on promise of fidelity.

Margaret Douglas, then wife of Matthew Stuart, Earl of Lennox, near to the Scottish throne, was sent for out of Yorkshire, and with her son, Lord Darnley, loaded with gifts and honors. Lady Margaret was made the queen's first lady.

Like her mistress, she was a Roman Catholic; she brought up Darnley in bigotry, but with a learned education; he was then about nine years old, and letters of thanks to his patroness, Queen Mary, are extant in beautiful writing, with translations in Greek and Latin.

The coronation of the queen took place, October 1, 1553. She was ill with her chronic sufferings, and in such pain as to have to lean her head on her hand under the weight of her jeweled diadem. Her sister Elizabeth was present, and one of her father's widows, Anne of Cleves; both were treated with distinction.

The trial of Lady Jane Gray and her husband took place at Guildhall, in November; they pleaded guilty, and were sentenced to death, but remanded back to the Tower, and respited as long as the public peace continued. This custom had been prevalent since the accession of the Tudors. In the reigns of Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., and Henry VIII., most insurgents were placed under these tantalizing sentences; few escaped. Early in 1554 the queen, who had been very ill since autumn, made known her engagement to Philip of Spain, who was to be but nominal king, interfering in nothing with the Parliament and laws of England. Nevertheless, violent insurrections broke out, one led by Sir Thomas Wyatt, and one by the Duke of Suffolk, the queen's lately liberated prisoner, who proclaimed his daughter as sovereign. The city being besieged on the Southwark side by Wyatt, who pointed cannon at the Tower, the queen went to Guildhall, where she harangued the lord-mayor. She took barge, and was rowed near enough to see the defenses of the Tower, and then returned to Whitehall. Early next day, February 7, Wyatt, who had raised his siege, marched round by Brentford, and invaded the west end of London. The fiercest attack was made at the back of Westminster Palace, the principal defense of which was the ancient castellated portal leading to the abbey, called the "Gate House." Queen Mary, at the most alarming crisis of the assault, stood in the gallery of the Gate House: the palace then was in the utmost danger, for she saw her guards broken, and utterly dispersed by Knevct. Then Courtenay, who had been given some command, rushed into the palace saying that all was surrendered to Wyatt. News which Mary received with great disdain of his poltroonery; but she went to encourage the brave exertions of her battle-axe gentlemen, and actually stood between two of them within arquebuse shot of the enemy. The result was that Lord Pembroke's final charge decided the fortune

of the day. Wyatt was taken and brought in prisoner, when the band of gentlemen-at-arms were admitted, and thanked by the queen for their services. One of them, called the Hot Gospeller, distinguished himself in her defense, and she remembered what she owed to him, for he lived a prosperous gentleman, and died peacefully, at an advanced age, in the next reign.

The dolorous consequence of this rebellion was the execution of the hapless Lady Jane Gray, against whom the fatal facts of her reprobation as queen by her father, and at Rochester by Wyatt, were vehemently urged. The executions of this lovely, learned, and innocent girl and her young husband must ever be considered frightful stains on the reign of a female sovereign. But since the wars of the Roses, the turbulence of the people would never permit any near connections of the crown to rest, without making their names the excuse for civil war. Her mother, Frances Brandon, Henry VIII.'s niece, married Adrian Stokes, her equerry, three weeks after the executions of her husband, the Duke of Suffolk, and her daughter Jane. She continued in her place about Queen Mary's person, next in rank to her first cousin, Lady Margaret. Her daughters, Lady Katharine and Lady Mary Gray, were maids of honor to the queen.

The queen was ill almost unto death in April, when Wyatt and his coadjutors were executed; Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, who had served her so effectually, was implicated with them; but Mary roused herself to send her officers Rochester and Inglefield to bear witness to his fidelity. There was great difficulty in saving him from the malice of Gardiner and his party.

Meanwhile the confessions of Wyatt and Croft gave notice of competitors nearer in blood to the queen than the conscientious Lady Jane Gray. The Spanish minister Renaud urged on Mary that the destruction of her sister and of her kinsman Courtenay could alone secure her regal power. Elizabeth was finally sent to the Tower. Courtenay (supposed to be her intended spouse) was likewise imprisoned. Bishop Gardiner, who strongly patronized Courtenay, and recommended him as husband to Mary, was murderously bent on destroying Elizabeth. Report says that he sent a warrant for her execution at the Tower, which the queen prevented by putting her sister under the care of Sir Henry Bedingfield, May 10, who conducted her safely to Woodstock, where she remained in restraint (see *Life of Elizabeth*). Courtenay was sent to Fotheringay Castle at the same time.

Mary, on her recovery, drew near the southern coast to await the arrival of Philip of Spain, expected at Southampton. She was at Farnham Castle when news arrived that he was ready to land; and then she came to Winchester Palace for their marriage. Not more than four hundred Spaniards landed with Philip, among whom were the fools, fiddlers, and dwarfs, belonging to the retinue of grandees, and their wives, who bore them company. This was the largest Spanish force that ever landed in England; nor were the English likely to be awed and coerced by Philip's fleets. The prince was much offended by the queen's admiral, Lord William Howard, making him strike his topsails and lower his flag, according to the ancient supremacy of England in her own seas. The Spanish fleet returned as soon as Philip landed at Southampton mole, July 20. Lord Arundel buckled the Garter on his leg the first step he took on English ground. The next day, in the midst of a pouring rain, he set out with his train on horseback for Winchester.

The queen's first interview with her affianced husband took place that evening. Mary conversed with him familiarly in Spanish for about half an hour; then he went back to the deanery. The queen held a grand court at three o'clock next afternoon. Philip came on foot from the deanery, attended by the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Pembroke; likewise with his grandees and their wives. The royal minstrels met him, and played before him, and the people shouted "God save your grace!"

On St. James's Day Queen Mary walked on foot from the episcopal palace, attended by her principal nobility and ladies. She met her bridegroom in the choir, and they took their seats in the chairs of state, an altar between them. Philip was attended by sixty grandees, among whom were Alva, Medina, Egmont, and Pescara. He was dressed in a robe of brocade, bordered with large pearls and diamonds. He wore a collar full of inestimable diamonds, at which hung the jewel of the Golden Fleece; at his knee was the Garter, wrought with beautiful colored gems, presented by Mary, worth 4000*l*.

The marriage, which was both in Latin and English, proceeded till it came to the part of the ceremony when the question was asked, "who was to give her?" and it was a puzzling one, not provided for, but the Marquess of Winchester and the Earls of Derby and Pembroke came forward, and gave her in the name of the whole realm. Upon which the people gave a great shout, and prayed God to send them joy. Some discussion had previously taken place regarding the ring, which

the queen decided, choosing "to be wedded with a plain hoop of gold, like any other maiden." Philip laid on the book three handfuls of fine gold coins, and some silver ones. When the Lady Margaret, her cousin, saw this, she opened the queen's purse, and her majesty was observed to smile on her as she put the bridal gold within it. Don Philip took the queen's hand, and both walked under one canopy when they returned from their marriage. The queen took the right hand. The ceremony in the cathedral lasted from eleven in the morning till three in the afternoon. The queen was dressed at her marriage in a robe richly brocaded on a gold ground, with a long train splendidly bordered with pearls and diamonds of great size. The large sleeves were turned up with pearls and diamonds. Her coif was bordered with two rows of large diamonds. On her breast was the remarkable diamond sent to her as a gift from Philip while he was still in Spain.

In the hall of the episcopal palace the bridal banquet was spread. The seats for Queen Mary and her spouse were placed under one canopy. Below the daïs were various tables, where the queen's ladies, the Spanish grandees, their wives, and the English nobility were feasted. The Winchester boys had written Latin epithalamiums, which they recited between the courses, and were rewarded by the queen. After the banquet King Philip returned thanks to the "lords of the council" and nobility; the queen spoke very graciously to the Spanish grandees and their ladies, in their own language. The tables were taken up at six o'clock, and dancing commenced; but the whole gay scene concluded at nine, when the queen and Philip withdrew from the ball. In a day or two the royal pair retired to Windsor, spending the ensuing month there and at Richmond. Their grand London entry ensued, in which many chests of silver in bars were borne in their procession, to the delight of the people, for renewing the exhausted currency. Then Mary and Philip went to Hampton Court to spend the autumn until Parliament met in November.

Had the English houses of Parliament been as firm in the defense of the Protestant faith, and of the lives of their fellow creatures, as they were of the ill-gotten grants of Church lands, the annals of the first queen-regnant would have been clear of persecution; but the recklessness with which they passed laws for burning their fellow-subjects, contrasts with their earnestness, when a hint was given about the restoration of the mammon they really worshiped; many struck their hands on their swords, affirming, with oaths, "that they would never part with their abbey lands while they could wield

ding

Mary kne
with authority from

Rome, confirming these
possession of their spoils. The queen bestowed on Cardinal Pole
every mark of honor on his arrival in England. He came by
water from Gravesend; and fixing the large silver cross, em-
blem of his legatine authority, in the prow of his state-berge,
its progress was surveyed with mixed emotions by the citi-
zens, who lined the banks of the Thames as he was rowed to
Whitehall. Parliament renewed that terrible act for burning
heretics, which had, in the days of Henrys IV. and V., caused
such frightful executions of the Lollards. All ought not to be
included in the detestation deserved by these legislators. A
noble band of thirty or forty members, appealing against this
wicked act of Parliament, forsook their seats. The minority
was composed of Catholics as well as Protestants; among
them, the great legalist serjeant Plowden, who refused, for
conscience sake, in the next reign to be lord chancellor. The
queen now surrendered her dignity as head of the Church.

The Church lands, with which Henry VIII. had bribed his
aristocracy, titled and untitled, into co-operation with his
enormities, both personal and political, had induced national de-
pravity. The leaders of the Marian persecution, as it is called,
were the Lord Chancellor Gardiner, and Bonner, Bishop of
London; both were of the apostate class of persecutors. For
the sake of worldly advantage, either for ambition or power,
Gardiner and Bonner had for twenty years promoted the
burning or quartering of the advocates of papal supremacy:
they now turned with the tide, and burnt the opposers of pa-
pal supremacy. Moreover, the persecution appears to have
been greatly aggravated by the caprice, or the private ven-
geance, of these prelates. Cardinal Pole, all allow, was op-
posed to cruelty, but he found himself a foreigner in the land
of his birth, with his health broken, and no one of his side but
the queen. Her health gave way under the agitation of these
events. She was carried from Westminster Hall fainting, but
her illness was considered hopeful, giving expectation of off-
spring.

The proto-martyrs of the Protestant Church of England
were men of blameless lives and consistent conduct: their
leader was prebend Rogers, of St. Paul's, who was burned at
Smithfield, February 4, 1555. The same week were burnt,
Saunders, rector of All Hallows, at Coventry; Dr. Rowland

we

In February, 1555, Christiern III., King of Denmark, wrote an excellent letter to Queen Mary, claiming Bishop Coverdale, one of the translators of the English Bible, as his subject. Thus, to the joy of all humane persons, was this good and learned man delivered from a dreadful death. Yet the only notice of the queen's existence for several months was that "on April 3 the king's grace removed the queen to Hampton Court to keep Easter, and to take her chamber there," after the usual mode of the Queens of England who expected offspring. Once only was Queen Mary seen by the public, which was on St. George's Day, the 23d of the same month. A few days afterward, it was rumored that she had given birth to a prince. Expectation of the birth of an heir to England continued for some weeks, notwithstanding all disappointment. "From the time of her first affliction her head was frightfully swelled: she was likewise subject to perpetual attacks of hysterics." Who can, however, believe that a woman in this state of mortal suffering was capable of governing a kingdom, or that she was accountable for any thing done in it? Foxe, whenever the queen is mentioned, really confirms the description of this ambassador. "Sometimes," he reports, "she laid weeks without speaking, as one dead, and more than once the rumor went that she had died in childbed." The next news was, "that the queen was alive; but her state was by no means of the hopeful kind generally supposed, but rather some woful malady, for she sat whole days on the ground crouched together, with her knees higher than her head." The females of her household and her medical attendants still kept up the delusive hope that her accouchement was at hand. Prayers were put up for her safe delivery, in May. The news was actually published in London, and carried to Norwich and Flanders, that a prince was born. She returned to St. James's Palace no one knew how nor when, and continued in a deplorable state of health throughout the summer of 1555.

The determination of Charles V., to abdicate his dominions in favor of his son, was the ostensible cause of the departure of Philip of Spain. Preparations commenced, by the court's removal from Hampton Court to stay a few days at Oatlands.

Philip took his leave of the queen August 29. Mary parted from her husband with the most passionate tears and lamenta-

tions. The Princess Elizabeth remained the chief part of the autumn at Greenwich with her sister, and shared all her ritual observances. For a few afternoons, the queen struggled to pay the attention to business as she had formerly done, but her health gave way again in the attempt, and she was seen no more at council.

The year 1556 was marked with persecution, insurrection, and famine: the martyrdoms of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley took place in the spring, under the act the cruel English Parliament of 1554 had passed. Two other Parliaments had duly sat, but the dreadful legislation remained without repeal, under the executive power of Gardiner and Bonner, who, among other writings, condemned the queen's translation of St. John to the flames. The utter paucity of all intelligence concerning the residence and movements of Mary, and her total absence from council, leads to the conclusion that she was again on a sick-bed. She made no progresses in the summer; indeed, such movements were impossible in her desperate state of health, for, when she attempted them in her father's reign, she was usually carried home ill in a litter. Her affectionate maid of honor, Jane Dormer, who married a Spanish grandee, the Conde di Feria, affirms, in her memoirs, that her royal mistress, when convalescent in the summer, retired to the palace at Croydon, which had been a dower residence of her mother, Katharine of Arragon. Here her sole amusement was walking, plainly dressed, with her ladies, and entering the cottages of the poor, and, unknown to them, relieving their wants. She likewise chose those of their children who appeared promising, for the benefits of education. Queen Mary returned the frequent visits her sister had made her by a short progress to Hatfield. Here the next morning she was entertained by Elizabeth with a grand exhibition of bear-baiting. To do Mary justice, this is the only instance recorded of her presence and satisfaction at any exhibition of cruelty. The evening recreations of Hatfield, it may be considered, were more to the taste of the musical queen, for they consisted of concerts. The queen soon after expressed her approbation of the conduct of Elizabeth, regarding the King of Sweden's proposal of her marriage with his heir. She sent for Sir Thomas Pope, her sister's castellan, and, after declaring her approval of Elizabeth's reference to herself respecting the Swedish offer, requested him to learn her sister's real sentiments, as to whether her constant refusal of suitors proceeded from any objection to the married state in general. The return of Queen Mary's truant spouse was announced to her by an *avant-courrier*, whom she had re-

cently reprieved from sentence of death for treason, and released from the Tower, the same Robert Dudley who afterward occupied a remarkable position in the reign of Elizabeth. He came from King Philip to the court at Greenwich, to the queen with her consort's letters.

Real persecutions were revived after Philip's arrival; yet England and the English Parliament must rest under the disgrace of permitting these cruelties, for they were not supported by foreign force, since the fact is noted, "that only three *hoys* full of Spaniards arrived at the same time with King Philip, March, 1557." The queen sent information to the civic authorities that, with the king, she would ride from Tower wharf through London, March 23, accompanied by the nobles and ladies of her realm. The ceremony was caused by an important mercantile alliance with Russia, confided by the queen to Sebastian Cabot early in her reign, to establish the commerce which has proved a source of prosperity to both countries. The rich fruits soon were manifest, but the seed was sown and took root in Mary's reign. Michele, the Venetian ambassador, who was present in 1557, thus minutely describes her person: "She is of low stature, but has no deformity in any part of her person. She is thin and delicate, altogether unlike her father, who was tall, and strongly made. Her face is well formed and her features prove, as well as her pictures, that when younger she was not only good-looking, but more than moderately handsome: she would now be so, saving some wrinkles, caused more by sorrow than by age. She looks years older than she is. Her eyes are piercing, and inspire deference in those on whom she bends them; yet she is near-sighted, being unable to read without her eyes being close to whatever she would peruse. Her voice is powerful and high-pitched, so that when she speaks she is heard at some little distance."

Queen Mary's court at this time was the resort of men whose undying names fill the history of that stormy century, whose renown either for good or evil is familiar in memory as household words. There appeared Alva the Terrible, by his side the magnificent Flemming Count Egmont and his fellow-patriot, Count Howe, the grandee Ruy Gomez, afterward the celebrated prime minister of Spain; and as if to complete the historic group, there arrived soon after Philibert Emanuel of Savoy, the suitor of Elizabeth and the future conqueror of St. Quintin. Last and greatest came that illustrious Prince of Orange, who wrested Holland from the grasp of Philip II.

In June, 1557, war with France was proclaimed in London

by the queen's heralds. Philip, whose return to England was to gain help on account of the war, soon embarked for the Low Countries, July 5: the queen never saw him more. His friend, the Prince of Savoy, won for him the battle of St. Quintin, but this victory seemed an illustration of the adage of "gaining a loss," since the principal result was, that the French got possession of Calais a few months afterward. Differences by letter took place between her and her spouse, on occasion of his desire to force the Princess Elizabeth into a foreign marriage with his friend the Duke of Savoy. Mary was as much opposed to it as her sister and the Parliament. She wrote her husband a long letter in French, answering his, deprecating his reproaches for not forcing all opposition to his will, declaring she had no right to oppose English Parliaments.

"When do you English intend to visit France again?" was the taunting question asked by a French chevalier of an English veteran, as Lord Gray was marching out of Calais. "When your crimes exceed ours," was the reply. The English insisted that King Philip should make no peace with France till Calais was restored; and this involved the queen in such a mesh of disputes, that she declared "she should die, and if her breast was opened, Calais would be found written on her heart." It was reunited to the French crown, January, 1558. Her spirits were oppressed by the death of her friend Charles V., in September, 1558, and then she was seized with a prevalent intermittent fever. She wrote for her husband to return. The war was his excuse for absence; but he sent his friend the Count di Feria, who had married Mary's favorite maid Jane Dormer. The queen, feeling death near, sent her jewels to her sister Elizabeth by the Countess di Feria; to these, by King Philip's orders, was added a very precious casket of colored gems he had left at St. James's Palace. The queen, when she sent the jewels, charged her sister to pay all the debts she had contracted on privy-seals, and to keep religion as she found it. Cardinal Pole was dying of the same intermittent fever as his royal cousin; it was doubtful which would expire first.

The whole court had deserted Mary's palace since her recognition of Elizabeth as her successor, and were seen passing and repassing on the road to Hatfield. Of this desertion the queen never complained; but she had devoted friends round her who paid her requisite attention. The hand of death was on her throughout the 16th of November, but her previous sufferings had blunted the usual agonies of dissolution, for she

was composed, and even cheerful. Between four and five in the morning of November 17, the last rites of her religion, at her desire, were celebrated in her chamber; and at the benediction she raised her eyes to heaven, bowed, and expired. These particulars of the last moments of Queen Mary were given by an eye-witness. Cardinal Pole survived her; being informed of her departure, he expressed the greatest satisfaction at his approaching dissolution, which followed in a few hours. It was the custom for the body of an English sovereign to be buried in royal array, but Mary had earnestly entreated that no semblance of the crown, which had pressed so heavily on her brow in life, might encumber her corpse in death. She requested that she might be interred in the habit of a poor *religieuse*. Her funeral took place on the 13th of the same month, the last ever celebrated in Westminster Abbey according to the Roman Catholic ritual.

Thus died Mary in the forty-second year of her age, and after a short and unfortunate reign of five years. She was interred on the north side of Henry VII.'s chapel. No memorial exists of her, saving her participation in the following inscription, inscribed on two small black tablets erected by order of James I., which point out the spot where her body reposes with that of her sister Queen Elizabeth:

REGNO CONSORTES
ET URNA NIC OBDOR-
-MINIUS ELIZABETHIA

ET MARIA SORORES
IN SPE RESURREC-
-TIONIS.



Queen Elizabeth. Ornament formed of bust of Queen Elizabeth, cut from a medal and inclosed in a border of goldsmiths' work representing Lancaster, York, and Tudor roses.

ELIZABETH,

SECOND QUEEN REGNANT OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

THE most distinguished name in the annals of female royalty is that of the great Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII. and his second queen, Anne Boleyn. She was born at Greenwich Palace on Sunday, September 7, 1533, and her christening was solemnized on the following Wednesday with no less pomp than if she had been the son whose birth had been confidently anticipated by King Henry. As the royal succession had been settled by Parliament on the female issue of Henry and Anne Boleyn in default of males, Elizabeth was treated as heiress presumptive to the crown. She was baptized in the Church of the Grey Friars at Greenwich. Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Marchioness of Dorset, and the duchess-dowager of Norfolk were her sponsors.

The tragic event which rendered Elizabeth motherless in her third year, degraded her from her lofty position she had occupied in the royal succession; and, though she had a suite of twelve ladies and gentlemen to wait upon her, her state governess, Lady Bryan, writes to Lord Cromwell, Henry's

prime minister, an earnest request, "that my Lady Elizabeth's grace might have some raiment, for she was entirely destitute of every necessary article of clothing." Lady Bryan also mentions that Mr. Shelton, the chief official in the princess's household, desired her little grace to dine and sup in public at a state table, a very improper arrangement, she considers, for so young a child, as she would naturally wish to partake of the rich, high-seasoned dishes, the fruit and the wine she would see, and it would be impossible to preserve her health if that were allowed. She speaks with great sympathy of the pain Elizabeth endured in cutting her teeth, which, continues Lady Bryan, "canseth me to suffer her to have her own will more than I would if her teeth were well graft. I trust to have her grace of another fashion than she now is, so as the king shall have great comfort in her, for she is as toward a child and as gentle of conditions as ever I knew any in my life." Much of the future greatness of this princess may reasonably be attributed to the judicious training of Lady Bryan.

The first appearance of Elizabeth in public was at the christening of her brother Edward in the chapel of Hampton Court, where she carried the chrysom, a head-dress to be worn by the infant prince after his immersion in the font. She was borne in the arms of the Earl of Hertford, brother to the queen, her step-mother, when they approached the font; but in the returning procession she was led back by her sister, the Princess Mary, and her train was borne by Lady Herbert, the sister of Katharine Parr. On the second anniversary of Prince Edward's birth, when the great nobles and ladies presented offerings of silver, gold, and jewels to the infant heir of the realm, Elizabeth gave a cambric shirt, prepared by her own hands. She was then six years old. Thus early was this illustrious lady instructed in the feminine acquirement of needlework.

Elizabeth having been very carefully trained, was permitted by the king their father to have the honor of associating as a playfellow and companion with the little prince her brother. The early predilection of these children for their learning was remarkable. As soon as it was light they called for their books, so eager were they to commence their studies. They took no less delight in the study of the Scriptures, to which their first hours in the day were devoted. The rest of the morning, after breakfast, they were instructed in languages, sciences, and moral learning; and when the prince was called to out-door exercises, she betook herself to her lute or viol, and when wearied with that, employed her time in needlework.

Elizabeth's second step-mother, Anne of Cleves, was so

charmed with the wit and endearing caresses of the child, that she declared "it would have been greater happiness to have had such a daughter than to have enjoyed the dignity of being Queen of England." Elizabeth found no less favor in the eyes of the new queen, Katharine Howard, who, being first cousin to Anne Boleyn, always gave her the place of honor next her own person. After the tragic death of Queen Katharine Howard, Henry made an ineffectual attempt to contract Elizabeth to the Earl of Arran in marriage; but she had the good fortune to remain single, and complete a most superior education, under the care of her accomplished fourth step-mother, Queen Katharine Parr. When only in her twelfth year, Elizabeth had the misfortune to offend her royal sire so seriously that she was not permitted to appear at court or to see him or the queen for more than a year. The nature of her offense still remains a profound mystery; but she was in such great disgrace that she was afraid to write to the king even to ask his forgiveness. When he went to France, she was not allowed to bid him farewell. Her amiable step-mother, Queen Katharine Parr, did her utmost to effect a reconciliation. Elizabeth, in a very earnest letter, thanks her for her care of her health, but above all for having communicated her most humble messages to the king; "for heretofore," continues she, "I have not dared to write to him." Katharine's good offices were effectual, for Henry in his next letter sends his "heartly blessing to all his children."

Elizabeth meantime continued steadily to pursue her studies, and acquired a perfect knowledge of French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin and Greek, so as to write and converse with facility in each of these languages. She dedicated an elegant translation from the Italian devotional treatise, entitled "The Glass of the Sinful Soul," to Queen Katharine, an offering of gratitude, no less than respect. During the last illness of the king her father, Elizabeth resided chiefly at Hatfield House with Prince Edward. In December the royal brother and sister were separated; the prince was removed to Hertford, and Elizabeth to Enfield, on which occasion the prince was so much afflicted that she wrote to him, requesting him to be comforted, and to correspond with her. He wrote very tenderly in reply, telling her "how much grieved he had been by her departure, and that nothing could be more grateful to him than her letters." Edward was brought to Enfield, January 30; and the death of the king their father was declared to the royal brother and sister by the Earl of Hertford. They received the news with a burst of passionate sorrow. The next day

they were separated. The young king proceeded to London; and Elizabeth was soon after consigned to the care of her widowed step-mother, Katharine Parr, with whom she resided, and pursued her studies with her governess, Mrs. Katharine Ashley, and her learned preceptor Acham, who succeeded her first tutor, William Grindal, in that office.

Elizabeth resided nearly a year after King Henry's death with Queen Katharine at Chelsea, Hanworth, and other of the dower palaces; but the marriage of the queen with the lord admiral, Sir Thomas Seymour, the king's uncle, and his presuming to treat the young princess with unbecoming familiarity, rendering it prudent for her to remove to a separate residence with her establishment, she withdrew to Cheshunt, and afterward to Hatfield and Ashridge.

Queen Katharine died in her confinement, in the following September, and the lord admiral soon after excited the anger of the young king and jealousy of the protector Somerset by endeavoring to induce Elizabeth to become his wife. Elizabeth, through the imprudence of Mrs. Ashley and others in her household, was involved in much trouble on this account; and she never fully recovered the favor of King Edward, who was persuaded that the lord admiral had poisoned Queen Katharine in order to marry Elizabeth, and that he meant to usurp the throne.

Seymour was beheaded March 20, 1549. "Presumptuous courtship of the Lady Elizabeth" formed one of the articles brought against him. Elizabeth heard his fate with calmness, but was ill, and remained in retirement for two years. During the rest of Edward's reign she practiced the strict rules and adopted the plain dress of the reformers. She was at Hatfield House with her establishment at the time of Edward's death, and remained there quietly while the vain attempt to place Lady Jane Gray on the throne was made by the Duke of Northumberland and Suffolk. She went to meet Queen Mary with a numerous train, and rode by her royal sister's side at her triumphal entrance into London. The youth and beauty of Elizabeth attracted universal admiration then and at the coronation, where, during the cavalcade, she rode in the same chariot with Anne of Cleves, and walked next in the procession to the queen in the abbey. She was also prayed for as the queen's sister. Great offense was, however, taken at her refusing to attend mass; and many attempts were made by misjudging partisans to draw her into plots against the queen. She sought, and with great difficulty obtained, leave to retire to her own house at Ashridge, in

Buckinghamshire. On the revolt of Wyatt, she was summoned to return. Illness prevented her from obeying. The queen then sent her own litter for her conveyance, three royal physicians, and three commissioners, to bring her to Whitehall. Elizabeth's uncle, Lord William Howard, was at the head of the deputation.

Elizabeth was really ill, and much alarmed, for it was only four days after the execution of Lady Jane Gray. The commissioners were five days in performing the journey from Ashridge, which was only five-and-twenty miles. She arrived in London, February 24, 1554; and, after remaining three weeks in anxious suspense at Whitehall, she was committed to the Tower as a prisoner of state. The queen refused to see her; but as Elizabeth implored for liberty to write to her majesty, the Earl of Sussex consented, and she was so long about it that it became necessary to defer her voyage till the next day, which was Palm Sunday. Her letter had no effect; and she was compelled to embark so early next morning that she had to wait in the barge at the bridge for the tide a considerable time in the rain. One of the noblemen offered her his cloak, but she dashed it haughtily away; and, as she ascended the steps at the Traitor's gate, exclaimed, "Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before thee, O God, I speak, having no other friend but Thee alone!" Then she seated herself on a large stone, refusing to pass through the gates. "Madam," said Sir John Bridges, the lieutenant of the Tower, "you had best come out of the rain, for you sit unwholesomely." "Better sit here than in a worse place," replied she; "for I know not whither you will bring me." When at last she was induced to enter, she took her book, and calling her weeping servants around her, she bade them kneel with her, and unite with her in prayer. Her imprisonment lasted nearly two months, during which time her life was in great peril. She excited great interest among the children of the warders and other officials in the Tower. One little girl of three years old, when she was walking in the garden, having found a bunch of keys, offered them to her, and said, "You can unlock the gate now, and go abroad, for here are the keys." There was also a sweet little boy of five years old, in whose pretty prattling she took much delight, and who daily brought her flowers. It was suspected that letters were thus conveyed; and the innocent child was questioned by some of the council, and forbidden to approach the princess any more. He tried to make his way to her with his usual offering of flowers the next day, but finding the door

locked, he peeped through a hole and called to Elizabeth, "Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now."

Elizabeth was accused of receiving treasonable correspondence from Sir Thomas Wyatt, who had been in open rebellion against the queen; also from Sir James Crofts and her cousin Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire. She was, on the whole, in great peril, till the queen her sister thought proper to send her to Woodstock Palace, under the care of Sir Henry Bedingfield, Lord Williams of Tame, and a strong guard. She was removed from the Tower in a barge to Richmond, where she slept, May 19. She then proceeded in the queen's litter; and, encountering her own disbanded attendants, who were all drawn up on the banks of the river to take a last look of her, she bade the gentleman who was nearest to her to tell the rest that "she was going as a sheep to the slaughter." Next night she slept at Windsor Castle.

In all the villages through which she traveled, the country people testified the most lively sympathy, and brought her flowers and cakes in abundance, so that she was compelled to request them at last to desist, for she was so encumbered with these friendly offerings that she had no room for more. She was treated with great respect by Sir William and Lady Dormer, at West Wyckham, and at Ricote, in Oxfordshire, by Lord Williams of Tame; and his son-in-law presented her with a brace of pheasants the day after her arrival at Woodstock. But Sir Henry Bedingfield would not allow her to see any persons but those who were appointed to attend on her. She entreated to have her Latin books, that she might continue her studies, and contrived to send alms to the Ridley Bishop of London, while he was imprisoned at Oxford in expectation of his death. Her imprisonment at Woodstock was undoubtedly very strict, though she was allowed to take the air in the gardens attended by Sir Henry Bedingfield; but one day she expressed a wish to change fortunes with a milkmaid, whom she saw singing merrily over her pail in the park.

The copy of a letter written by Elizabeth to the queen having been intercepted in a packet of letters addressed to the French ambassador, the queen was much offended, and refused to receive any more letters from her sister. Elizabeth continued several weeks without pen or paper. At last she obtained leave to write to the privy council, and Sir Henry Bedingfield delivered to one of her ladies five pens, two sheets of paper, and some ink; but she ordered him to write what she dictated, and privily kept one of the pens. No good result came of her sending the letter; but, as she complained of

illness, the queen sent two of her physicians and a surgeon, who considered it necessary to bleed her, and Sir Henry Bedingfield was present when the operation was performed. Mary had been married to Philip II. for some months, and at last was induced to send for Elizabeth to Hampton Court, where an amicable meeting took place. Elizabeth spent a splendid Christmas at Hampton Court with the royal pair; and great persuasions were used to induce her to marry Prince Philibert of Savoy, but she firmly refused to marry any one. She enjoyed the pleasure of being present at all the fêtes and tournaments in honor of the queen's marriage. The queen finally gave Elizabeth leave to reside at Hatfield House under the care of Sir Thomas Pope, with whom she lived on very friendly terms. She was permitted to surround herself with all her old servants and masters who had attended her in King Edward's reign. Here she received several offers of marriage, which she declined, and remained quietly till it pleased God to call her to the throne.



Gold real.

CHAPTER II.

ELIZABETH'S accession to the crown of England and Ireland, in consequence of Queen Mary's death, was announced on the 17th of November by a deputation from the privy council, who came to Hatfield to salute her as queen. She appeared overpowered for a moment, but sinking on her knees, exclaimed, "It is the Lord's doing: it is marvelous in our eyes!" She adopted this sentence in Latin for her gold coins and for her silver—"I have chosen God for my helper." Her

solemn recognition as sovereign had been made by Parliament that morning in Westminster Hall. Her proclamation had been received with transports of joy in London. The populace forgot the terrible pestilence then ravaging England, and thought of nothing but their young blooming queen.

Elizabeth commenced her progress to the metropolis November 23, attended by an immense concourse of people, who poured out to welcome her. On entering the Tower she said to those about her, "Some have fallen from being princes in this land to be prisoners in this place. I am raised from being prisoner in this place to be a prince of this land; so I must yield myself thankful to God and merciful to man, in remembrance of the same." The service of the Church of Rome was discontinued in the chapel royal after Christmas Day. She was crowned by Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, on the 15th of January, with great splendor. The morning after her coronation, as she was proceeding to the chapel, one of her courtiers, with a loud voice, requested that four or five prisoners might be released. These, in reply to her majesty's inquiry, he declared to be "the four evangelists, and the apostle St. Paul, who had been so long shut up in an unknown tongue that they were unable to converse with the people." "It is best," said the queen, "to inquire of them whether they approve of being released or not." The inquiry was soon after debated in the convocation, and the result was that a new translation was immediately commanded for general use. Her charge to her judges, given about the same time, is noble in the simplicity of its language: "Have a care over my people. You have my people—do you that which I ought to do. They are *my* people. Every man oppresseth and spoileth them without mercy. They can not revenge their quarrel, nor help themselves. See unto them—see unto them, for they are my charge. I charge you even as God has charged me—I care not for myself; my life is not dear to me. My care is for my people. I pray God, whoever succeedeth me, be as careful as I am." The learned Dr. Parker was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury by the queen. Under his care the liturgy of the Church of England was established in its present form.

Six months' anxious cares of state and reformation in religion were succeeded by a brilliant succession of pleasure, fêtes, games, and tournaments, in Greenwich Park. The queen's hand was sought in marriage by all the royal bachelors and widowers in Europe, but without success, for Elizabeth declared she was wedded to her people. She was wooed

by Philip II. of Spain, her royal sister's widower, but she would not listen to his proposals. She concluded a peace with France in the first summer of her reign, and treated the ambassadors who came to sign it with great splendor and festivity. King Henry II. of France, within one month after this solemn treaty was signed, made his young daughter-in-law, Mary, Queen of Scots, assume the arms and title of Queen of England at a tournament at Paris. The death of that able sovereign, who was slain by a splinter of Count Montgomery's lance, wounding him while tilting on that very occasion, delivered Elizabeth from her most formidable enemy, and left her opportunity, by intriguing with Mary's disloyal subjects in Scotland, to avenge herself amply for the affront that had been given her. Mary and Francis never repeated it, but it was never forgiven by Elizabeth.

Elizabeth's great favorite was Lord Robert Dudley, son of the beheaded Duke of Northumberland, and brother of Lord Guildford Dudley. He was the same age as the queen, born in the same hour, and was prisoner in the Tower at the time of her confinement there. His wife, Amy Robsart, a wealthy heiress, whom he had married with great pomp in the reign of Edward VI., he resolutely kept in retirement. He was loaded with wealth and preferments by the queen; and it was supposed that she would have married him if he had not been the husband of another. The death of poor Lady Robert Dudley occurred under very suspicious circumstances, which formed a serious objection to his marriage with the queen.

The first pair of knitted silk stockings or hose ever made in England was presented to Queen Elizabeth for a New Year's gift, 1560, by her silk-woman. The queen, who had hitherto worn hose made of cloth, was highly pleased with this elegant acquisition made to her wardrobe, and never used any other. The pattern originally came from Spain.

Elizabeth very early assumed the proud position of the protectress of the Reformed Church in Europe; and supplied both the French Huguenots and Flemish Protestants with the means of resisting their oppressors. She restored the coinage to its proper value both in England and Ireland. This mighty and beneficial change was effected by the enlightened policy of Elizabeth without causing the slightest inconvenience or distress to individuals. The old money was called in, every person receiving the nominal value of the base coin in the new sterling money, and the government bore the loss, which was of course very heavy, but the people were satisfied, and their confidence in the good faith and honor of the crown richly

repaid the sovereign for the sacrifice. Her gold coins were peculiarly beautiful; they were sovereigns, half-sovereigns, nobles, half-nobles, angels, half-angels, angels and a half, and three angels, crowns, and half-crowns. Her silver money comprised crowns, half-crowns, shillings, sixpences, groats, threepences, twopences, pennies, half-pennies, and farthings: no copper money was coined before the reign of James I. The queen came to the Tower by water, July 10, to visit her mints, on which occasion she coined several pieces of gold with her own hand, and gave them away to those about her. Her majesty set forth on her progress into Suffolk on the 18th of that month. All the crafts of London were ranged in their liveries as far as Whitechapel to bid her farewell.

While she was sojourning at Ipswich the stolen marriage of her cousin, Lady Katharine Gray, sister to the unfortunate Lady Jane Gray, to the Earl of Hertford was discovered, and Lady Katharine was sent for life-long imprisonment to the Tower, where she gave birth to a fair young son. Her husband was soon after arrested and incarcerated in a separate prison lodging. He contrived to visit his wedded love in her distress, and a second son was born to them in the Tower, to the great wrath of the queen, who fined the earl 20,000*l.*, and kept poor Lady Katharine a close prisoner till she died. The queen also confined the Lady Mary Gray as long as she lived, for contracting a mean marriage without her leave.

When the young widowed Queen of Scots, after the death of her royal consort, Francis II. of France, was about to return to reign in Scotland, she solicited Elizabeth to grant her a safe conduct for passing the sea, and to enable her to land in England, in case of encountering rough weather on the usually stormy voyage from France to Scotland. Elizabeth returned a peremptory refusal in the rudest terms, in so loud a voice that it was heard by every one in the presence-chamber, stating as the reason for this incivility that the Queen of Scots had not ratified the treaty of Edinburgh, which had been made between her subjects and Elizabeth, without her assent.

The Queen of Scots observed to the English ambassador, in comment on his sovereign's discourteous refusal of her request, "There is nothing that doth more grieve me than that I did so forget myself as to have asked her a favor which I could well have done without; and by the grace of God I will return without her leave. If she choose she may have me for a loving kinswoman and useful neighbor, for I am not going to practice against her with her subjects as she has done with mine. She says I am young, and lack experience. I confess I

am younger than she is, yet I know how to carry myself lovingly and justly with my friends; and, not to cast any word against her unworthy of a queen and a kinswoman, and by her permission, I am as much a queen as herself, and carry my courage as high as she knows how to do." Elizabeth sent an English squadron into the channel to intercept Queen Mary on her homeward voyage; but Mary's galley passed by in the fog, and they only captured the vessel with her horses and their caparisons, and the Earl of Eglinton, who was on board. Finding their mistake, they relinquished their prey. Mary accepted Elizabeth's apology, and endeavored to establish herself on amicable terms with her. Mary was importunate in her demands to be acknowledged heiress presumptive of the realm, in case Elizabeth died without children; but nothing could induce Elizabeth to concede that point. She could not do so, she said, "without conceiving a dislike to Mary; for how could she love any one whose interest it was to wish her dead?"

Elizabeth was invited by her prime minister, Sir William Cecil, the chancellor of that university, to visit Cambridge, in August, 1564. Her majesty graciously complied, and was met by the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Sussex, and the Bishop of Ely, on the 5th of August, and conducted toward the town. The mayor and corporation of Cambridge met her majesty a little above Newnham, and there alighted and performed their devoir. The recorder made an oration in English, and the mayor delivered his mace with a fair standing cup, with twenty gold angels in it. The queen gently returned the mace, and gave the cup with the angels to one of her men. She and her ladies changed their horses at Newnham Mills, and then rode into Cambridge, the trumpets with solemn blasts announcing her approach. She was received at Queen's College. Her majesty alone remained on horseback during all the ceremonies, while Sir William Cecil welcomed her kneeling, and delivered all the staves into her own hands, which were more than she could hold. She merrily redelivered them, and desired the magistrates to minister justice uprightly, or she should take it upon herself, adding facetiously, "that although their chancellor was lame, having a sore leg, yet she trusted justice did not halt." The queen and her ladies were lodged in King's College. The next day, being Sunday, she attended prayers and sermon there, and in the evening the performance of a classical play, the "Aulularia," of Plautus, for which a platform was erected in King's College chapel.

The next day she attended the disputations in St. Mary's

Church, and at nine in the evening another play called "Dido." The following evening the entertainment at King's ended with an English play called "Ezechias." The day before she left Cambridge she was prevailed on to address the university in Latin, which she did in a very sensible speech.

The report that her former suitor, the Archduke Charles, had transferred his addresses to the Queen of Scots, filled Elizabeth's mind with jealous displeasure; and she gave Mary to understand that, unless she married with her approbation, she should lose the chance of succeeding to the crown of England. Mary suffered herself to be persuaded to give up the Archduke Charles, to please Elizabeth, who after amusing her for many months, intimated that the only person she could consent to her marrying was an English nobleman; and when pressed to declare who it was, electrified both courts by naming her own favorite, Lord Robert Dudley. Queen Mary, though astonished and displeased, kept her temper, but finally married her cousin, Lord Darnley, without asking Elizabeth's leave. A rebellion of the leaders of the English party in Scotland, paid and fomented by Elizabeth, followed. Mary triumphed over her foes, and drove them out of her realm into England. The perfidy of her ungrateful husband, in conspiring with these unscrupulous traitors for the assassination of Mary's secretary in her presence, at a time when her health required peculiar care, well nigh cost her her life, but was finally overcome by her wisdom and courage, Mary and Darnley escaped from the murderous hands of the confederates, and Mary re-established herself on her throne, and gave birth to a fair son.

Sir James Melville was immediately dispatched to England by Queen Mary to announce this event, and to invite Queen Elizabeth to stand godmother to the infant. Elizabeth was dancing merrily, after supper, in the hall of the palace at Greenwich, when Cecil, who had hastened hither before the ambassador in order to communicate the news, advanced and whispered it in her ear. The mirth and music ceased, for the queen, unable to conceal her vexation, sat down; and when her ladies inquired "What ailed her grace?" exclaimed, "The Queen of Scots has a fair young son, and I am but a barren stock."

On being advised to show a glad countenance next day, when the ambassador arrived, she quite overacted her part, and told him "The joyful news he brought had quite recovered her from an illness that had lasted fifteen days." She accepted the office of godmother, and promised to send a fount of gold for a christening gift, worth 1000*l*. She was as good as

her word, but was the cause of Mary's husband not appearing at the christening of his royal infant, by ordering her ambassador to refuse to acknowledge his title of King of Scotland.

Elizabeth visited Oxford in August 30, 1566. Here her majesty was fêted and entertained for seven successive days. The very walls were papered with verses in honor of her visit. The commissary and proctors presented her majesty with six pairs of very fine gloves, and to each of the noblemen and officers of her household one or two pairs apiece. These offerings were very graciously accepted. From Oxford Elizabeth proceeded to Ricote, the seat of Sir Henry Norris, and then returned to London to await the meeting of Parliament which, after six lengthened prorogations, she had reluctantly consented to meet.

Both houses united in addressing her on the subjects most distasteful to her—her marriage and the settlement of the royal succession. She heard them with fierce impatience, bade them “attend to their own duties, and she would perform hers.” They refused to vote her any supplies till she should think proper to comply with the wishes of the nation by settling the succession. She haughtily replied “that she did not choose her grave should be dug while she was yet alive; and that the commons had treated her as they durst not have treated her father;” adding, with infinite scorn, “that the lords might pass a similar vote, if they pleased, but their votes were but empty breath without her royal assent.” This despotic language did not suit the temper of the times, and was followed by the first serious censure of the conduct of the sovereign that had been heard for centuries in the national senate; but Elizabeth carried her own point by saying that “she considered money in her subjects' purses was as good as if in her own exchequer.” This popular sentiment procured her all the supplies she required.

The mysterious assassination of the consort of Mary, Queen of Scots, which was perpetrated February 9, 1567, under circumstances artfully contrived by those who, ever since his engagement to their queen, had sought his life, to throw the suspicion of the crime on her, being followed by her forced marriage to the Earl of Bothwell, one of the conspirators for the murder, produced a revolution in Scotland. The queen threw herself into the hands of the rebel lords, under promise of their returning to their duty; but they loaded her with insults, incarcerated her in Lochleven Castle, and compelled her to abdicate in favor of her infant son, whom they crowned King of Scotland, that the Earl of Murray, her

illegitimate brother, might exercise the power of the realm in the name of the unconscious babe.

Through the assistance of a brave, noble-minded boy, named Willie Douglas, who rowed her to the land, the captive queen effected her escape from Lochleven Castle, and rode to Hamilton, where her friends rallied round her standard; but she was defeated at the battle of Langside, and fled to Dundrennan Abbey, where she took the fatal resolution of coming to England. Elizabeth had once sent her a diamond ring in the form of a heart, as a pledge of friendship, promising that, if ever in need of assistance, if she returned it to her she should receive effectual help; and Mary, placing implicit faith on this promise, dispatched her faithful equerry, Sir John Beton, with the ring, and a hurried letter reminding Elizabeth of her promise; and, without waiting for an answer, embarked the next day at the Abbeyburnfoot in a common fishing-boat, with the few faithful friends who had escaped with her from the lost battle, crossed the Frith of Solway on the 16th of May, and landed at Workington. She was honorably welcomed and hospitably treated by Sir Henry Curwen, at Workington Hall. The same day she sent an eloquent letter to Elizabeth, requesting to be admitted to her presence, and informing her of the destitute condition in which she had arrived. She was immediately removed to Carlisle and constituted a prisoner.

Elizabeth was guilty of the meanness of purchasing, at a third of its value, Mary's magnificent set of pearls, which the regent Murray had sent into England to be sold for his own benefit. Mary submitted the differences between herself and the rebel lords to Elizabeth's arbitration. The rebel lords produced eight letters and several poems, which they alleged had been written by Mary to Bothwell, but they were full of contradictions and absurdities; and Elizabeth, after she had considered the evidences, declared "she had seen nothing that could make her form a bad opinion of the Queen of Scots."

So convinced was Elizabeth's cousin, the Duke of Norfolk, of the innocence of Mary Queen of Scots, that he wished to marry her, for which offense he was arrested and imprisoned in the Tower. The northern rebellion broke out in November, 1569, under the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, but was soon suppressed by the Earl of Sussex; it was followed by more than eight hundred executions. Early in the spring of 1570 Elizabeth was excommunicated by Pope Pius V. A copy of the papal anathema was fixed on the gate

of the Bishop of London's palace, at St. Paul's, by Felton, a rich Roman Catholic gentleman, for which offense he was put to death. The plague broke out in the Tower in the summer, so Elizabeth released the Duke of Norfolk, on his promising to give up all correspondence with the Queen of Scots. He immediately broke his word, and was beheaded in 1572.

CHAPTER III.

IN the mean time Elizabeth received offers of marriage from the young King of France, Charles IX., and his brother Henry, Duke d'Anjou, but neither came to any effect. One of the proudest days of her queenly life was the 23d of January, 1571, when she came in state into the city of London, to dine with the princely merchant, Sir Thomas Gresham, who had built the Bourse or Royal Exchange at his own expense, and invited her majesty to open it the evening of the 23d. The whole of the building was splendidly illuminated, and furnished with goods and merchandise, Sir Thomas Gresham having let the shops rent-free for a year to those who would fit them up and light them with wax-lights that evening, in honor of the queen's visit. Every thing went off brilliantly, and the queen was much pleased.

The Emperor of Germany offered his eldest son, the Archduke Rodolph, to Elizabeth for a consort, and she gave an encouraging reply, but the negotiation proved ineffectual. Henry of Navarre, the champion of Protestantism, proposed himself to her, but she declined his suit. There was then a fresh attempt on the part of the queen-mother of France to renew the treaty for the alliance of the Duke d'Anjou, but without success; for he rudely told his associates that "he would not marry the Queen of England, for she was not only an old creature, but had a sore leg."

When Elizabeth heard of this insulting observation she broke off the negotiation, and consented to receive the addresses of his younger brother Francis, Duke d'Alençon, an ugly, diminutive prince, very much scarred with the small-pox. The treaty for her marriage with this unsuitable wooer occupied more than ten years. The execution of the Duke of Norfolk took place June 2, 1572, and was followed by a series of *fêtes*, and entertainments, to welcome the arrival of the Duke de Montmorenci and other commissioners, to complete a treaty

of perpetual peace and alliance between France and England. The treaty was solemnly ratified by Elizabeth, who then invested Montmorenci with the order of the Garter, received a first love-letter from her small suitor, the Duke d'Alençon, with apparent satisfaction, and made particular inquiries into his personal defects. "These," the ambassadors assured her majesty, "had been greatly exaggerated by report, and that there was a physician who could remove all the scars of the small-pox from his countenance, which but for them would have been very handsome." His royal mother, Catharine de Medicis, requested that the beautifying prescription might be applied in the first instance on a page.



Medal of Pope Gregory XIII., commemorating the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The news of the massacre of St. Bartholomew interrupted the matrimonial treaty; for the idea of Elizabeth marrying the son of Catharine de Medicis was very distasteful to her subjects; but she consented to stand godmother to the newborn daughter of Charles IX. without the slightest scruple, and presented the babe with a christening font of gold. She chose to be represented by a male proxy on this occasion. The person whom she deputed to act in that capacity was the Earl of Worcester, who, with the gold font and a rich freight of christening presents, narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Rochelle pirates on the voyage.

Elizabeth's real greatness was as a peace sovereign. Her admirable talents for government would have established a golden age in England, if she had been contented to employ her energies wholly as a domestic civilizer in her own realm, instead of interfering in the disputes between foreign princes and their subjects; which crooked policy entangled her in expensive foreign wars, and rendered the imposition of heavy taxes on her own people necessary. The Scottish rebel lords, whom she pensioned, devoured a large portion of English gold, and induced her to perform the ungracious office of jailer to

their queen—an office which entailed eighteen years of internal discord on her realm, planted the first thorns in her diadem, and sullied the brightness of her annals.

Elizabeth was magnificently entertained at Kenilworth by her favorite, the Earl of Leicester, from the 9th till the 27th of July, 1575, at Kenilworth Castle, together with all her court and the French ambassador. All the clocks were stopped on her arrival. A continuous course of costly pageants, concerts, plays, and festivities took place every day while she remained; also bear-baiting and hunting, in which unfeminine amusements she greatly delighted. From this series of recreations Elizabeth was roused by the appeals that were addressed to her by the oppressed Protestants in the Low Countries, whose deputies, headed by St. Aldegonde, came over to England to implore her to accept the sovereignty of their states. She declined this flattering offer, but assisted them in maintaining their independence.

Queen Elizabeth was attacked with severe chronic tooth-ache, which hung upon her till the year 1579. Her council advised her to send for a foreign physician named John Anthony Fenatus, then in London, who had relieved many persons of that agonizing pain. They, however, insisted on his writing down his prescription, that they might be informed what remedies he intended to use. He did so, but stated that if the tooth were decayed the only effectual cure would be extracting it. The queen could not be persuaded to undergo the operation till Aylmer, Bishop of London, to encourage her, said, "Though I am an old man, and have not many teeth to spare, I will sit down and have one extracted, to convince your majesty that it is a very trifling operation, and easy to be borne." He did so in the queen's presence, who was then induced to allow her tooth to be drawn, and was relieved of her pain.

The Duke d'Alençon, who, since the accession of his brother Henry to the throne of France, had succeeded to the title of Duke d'Anjou, finding that his envoys could not persuade Elizabeth to give a favorable answer to his suit, as she declared nothing should induce her to marry a man whom she had never seen, determined to deprive her of that excuse. He crossed the sea in disguise, attended by only two persons, presented himself at the gates of Greenwich Palace, and requested permission to throw himself at her feet. Elizabeth gave him a favorable reception. She thought his ugliness had been much exaggerated, and was atoned for by his agreeable manners. He was the only one in her numerous catalogue of royal lovers who

had ventured to present himself before her to plead his suit in person, and the impression made was apparently such as to justify his hopes of success. Elizabeth's ministers were uneasy at his visit, and Sir Christopher Hatton, her handsome vice-chamberlain, was positively jealous of the ugly, diminutive French prince. Sir Philip Sidney, the most elegant and accomplished of her courtiers, wrote earnestly, after the departure of her adventurous wooer, to dissuade her from contracting so unsuitable an alliance.

When the marriage was discussed in council, the majority objected to it on account of disparity of age, her majesty being forty-six years old, and the prince only twenty-three. Nothing could be more unpopular than the prospect of the union. Elizabeth forbade any allusion to the subject in the pulpits; and punished a bencher of Lincoln's Inn, named Stubbs, with the loss of his right hand, a heavy fine, and a long confinement in the Tower, for having written against it. She did not consider it prudent to proceed with the negotiations publicly at this period; but when the sovereignty of the Low Countries was conferred on the duke, she granted him a subsidy of 100,000 crowns. She soon after received an embassy-extraordinary from France to press the conclusion of the marriage; and matters proceeded so far that all the articles were drawn up and approved by Elizabeth, and accepted by the prince. He was to have the free exercise of his religion, and in case of her death, to become guardian of any children that might be born to them, and to bear the title of king-dowager of England.

Early in 'November, 1582, he arrived in England, after achieving a successful military exploit in compelling the Prince of Parma to raise the siege of Cambray. Elizabeth gave him a most honorable and loving reception. On the anniversary of her coronation, which, as usual, was celebrated with great pomp, she, in the presence of her court and all the foreign ambassadors, placed a ring on his finger, which was regarded by all present as a pledge of her intention to become his wife; but her ministers were determined to prevent her from so great an act of folly. She had commanded a paper, prescribing the rites and ceremonials to be used at the marriage, to be prepared. This paper was actually drawn up and subscribed by herself and the prince; but the same evening when she retired to her bedroom, her ladies all threw themselves at her feet, with a concert of lamentations, and besought her to remember her sister Queen Mary's wedded misery, and not to throw herself away on a youthful husband, by whom she would probably be despised and forsaken. They also implored her "not to sully

her glory as a Protestant Queen by vowing obedience to a Roman Catholic prince." In the morning she sent for the duke. He found her pale, and in tears. She communicated the cause of her distress, and she attributed it "to a struggle between love and duty, which forbade her to become his wife." The duke retired in great disorder to his chamber, and plucking the recently bestowed ring from his finger, flung it passionately on the ground, exclaiming at the same time that "the women of England were as variable as their climate." He then declared his intention to depart, but Elizabeth entreated him to remain, for "it was her intention to marry him at a more auspicious season." She actually induced him to tarry three months longer. At last his new subjects in the Low Countries became so impatient of his absence that he was forced to return. The queen accompanied him as far as Canterbury, and would have gone on to Sandwich only he would not permit it. He left England the 8th of February, 1583, and soon got into a labyrinth of difficulties by the crooked line of politics he adopted. He deserted his new subjects, and fled to France, where he died in Chateau Thiery, June 10, 1583. Elizabeth expressed great sorrow for his death; and there is reason to believe she would have married him if her ministers would have allowed her.

She now bestowed distinguishing favor on Walter Raleigh, who was a connection of her former governess, Mrs. Ashley, by whom he was introduced to her powerful patronage. Elizabeth was charmed with the wit, genius, and graceful bearing of Raleigh, and made him captain of her guards. One day a heavy shower had fallen before her majesty, attended by her ladies and state officers, set forth on her daily walk. After a while she came to a large slough, which intercepted her progress; she paused to consider the best way of crossing it to avoid defiling her feet, when Raleigh, who was in attendance, divested himself of the new plush cloak which he had that morning put on for the first time, and gallantly spread it in the mud before her majesty. The queen trod gently over this splendid foot-cloth, and rewarded him with many suits for the courteous sacrifice of his handsome cloak.

One day, perceiving the queen observed him while standing in the window, he wrote with the point of a diamond on the glass—

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

The queen drew near, and condescended to add the following oracular line, which composed a halting rhyme—

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

She soon after bestowed a shower of preferments upon Raleigh, so as to excite the jealousy of all her old favorites, especially Sir Christopher Hatton. Raleigh was a great maritime voyager. The first possession in the New World was discovered by him, and, in compliment to the maiden queen, named Virginia. It was from this coast that tobacco was introduced into England by him. Raleigh's servant once entering his study with a foaming tankard of ale, saw Sir Walter for the first time with a lighted pipe in his mouth, and enveloped in the clouds of smoke he was puffing forth; the simple fellow, who had never before witnessed any thing of the kind, imagining that his master was the victim of an internal conflagration, flung the tankard of ale in his face to extinguish the combustion, then ran down stairs, and alarmed the house with his dismal outcries that his master was on fire, and would be burned to ashes if they did not hasten to his aid. Notwithstanding the formidable appearance of England's first smoker to the eyes of the uninitiated, the practice was introduced at court, and even tolerated by the queen. One day Raleigh assured her he could even tell her majesty what the smoke weighed of every pipeful of tobacco he consumed. Elizabeth laid a considerable wager that it was impossible, but Raleigh demonstrated the fact by weighing the tobacco before he put it in his pipe, and the ashes after he had smoked it, and told her the deficiency was what had evaporated in the smoke. The queen admitted that this conclusion was correct, but merrily observed, when she paid the bet, "that she knew of many persons who had turned their gold into smoke, but that he was the first one who had turned smoke into gold." Sir Walter Raleigh greatly offended her by marrying one of her fair maids of honor unknown to her, for which offense she sent him to the Tower, where he underwent a long imprisonment.

Elizabeth did not like to see any of her maids of honor very nicely dressed. The Lady Mary Howard, one of these courtly damsels, was nearly related to her majesty, very pretty, and much admired. She appeared one day in a magnificent velvet dress with a rich border decorated with gold and pearls, which moved many to envy, and displeased the queen, who thought it exceeded her own. One day her majesty sent for it privately, put it on, and came forth among her ladies arrayed in it; but as Lady Mary Howard was a little woman, and the queen of a stately figure and commanding height, the dress was not long enough. However, she asked her ladies one by one how they liked her new-fancied suit. All made flattering answers: at last she asked the right owner if it were not too short to be

becoming, to which Lady Mary agreed. "Why then," retorted the queen, "if it become not me as being too short, it shall never become thee as being too fine." The poor lady, after this sharp rebuke, laid up her rich vestment, and never ventured to wear it again during Elizabeth's life.



Queen Mary of Scotland. From a painting by Zucchero.

CHAPTER IV.

THE unjust detention of Mary Queen of Scots in an English prison proved a great source of trouble to Queen Elizabeth, as the Roman Catholics were always forming plots to liberate

her and place her on the throne, to which she was the next heir. Among those who, by their sympathy for the captive Queen of Scots, rendered themselves objects of suspicion to Elizabeth and her ministers, were Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, and his countess. He was the son of the beheaded Duke of Norfolk, and grandson of Henry Fitzallan, Earl of Arundel, who had rendered Elizabeth great service in her sister's reign during her imprisonment in the Tower. Earl Philip inherited his wealth and honors as the son of the heiress of Arundel. He had been brought up a Protestant, and married in his boyhood to the eldest daughter and co-heiress of Lord Dacre of Gillsland. Her he neglected while running a career of dissipation at court, paying the queen so much flattering attention that he was supposed to be in love with her; but at last, piqued at several slights that had been put on him, he retired into the country, and became attached to his neglected wife, who had been induced by his late grandfather, with whom she lived during her husband's desertion, to become a Roman Catholic. She was in consequence presented for recusancy, and confined by the queen's warrant to the house of Sir Thomas Shirley for a year. Arundel was highly offended at the harsh treatment of his wife, and being deprived of her society, which he had too late learned to value. He was much courted to embrace the party of the Queen of Scots, but determined to avoid all danger of doing so by quitting the realm. Before he could complete his preparations Elizabeth sent word that she meant to honor him with a visit at Arundel House. She came with a splendid party, and behaved very graciously, but on departing told him to consider himself a prisoner in his own house. Finally, on his attempting to leave the kingdom, he was arrested, fined 10,000*l.* for attempting to quit England without permission, and was condemned to imprisonment during the queen's pleasure. Nothing less than a life-long term of incarceration would satisfy Elizabeth. The unfortunate countess was deprived of her goods and otherwise cruelly persecuted.

The sovereignty of the Low Countries was again offered to Elizabeth by the deputies of the states in 1585. She declined the compliment, but sent out a considerable force to their aid, under the command of the Earl of Leicester; but when she heard that he had assumed airs of regality, and that his wife was preparing to join him there, she wrote very angrily to him, forbidding it. Leicester was attended by his step-son Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who finally became the reigning favorite of Elizabeth; also by his nephew Sir Philip Sidney,

the flower of chivalry, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen, where he performed prodigies of valor, but his thigh-bone was shivered in the third charge. The noblest action of his life was resigning the cup of cold water which had been procured to quench his own agonizing thirst, when he saw the longing look with which it was regarded by a dying soldier near him. "Give it to him," exclaimed Sir Philip, "his necessity is greater than mine." The battle of Zutphen was fought September 22, 1586. Sir Philip Sidney died on the 17th of October following.

For many years it had been the practice of Elizabeth's secretary of state, Sir Francis Walsingham, to employ secret agents to watch the proceedings of the friends of the captive Queen of Scots, and inveigle them into plots against the life of Queen Elizabeth, and then to inform against them. Executions took place in consequence every year, and every plot afforded an excuse for treating the hapless royal prisoner with greater barbarity, till her health was wholly destroyed by confinement to damp dilapidated prisons and want of exercise. Still she continued to live, and the events of a day or even an hour might place her on the throne of the Britannic realm, for she was nine years younger than Elizabeth, and in the course of nature likely to survive her; a contingency which Elizabeth's ministers were determined to prevent, for they had sinned too deeply against Mary to hope ever to be forgiven. Four of Walsingham's emissaries, Gifford and Greatly, Poley and Maude, succeeded in beguiling Anthony Babington of Dethicke, a young gentleman of wealth and ancient family in Derbyshire, with nine other enthusiasts, into a conspiracy against Queen Elizabeth's life, and to draw the captive Queen of Scots into a correspondence encouraging their design. Mary eagerly caught at the flattering hope of being restored to liberty, and wrote to the French and Spanish ambassadors to assist the conspirators with men and money, and entered into correspondence with Babington, who had previously assisted in conveying her letters to various adherents in Derbyshire. As she did not mention the design against the life of Queen Elizabeth in any of her letters, which were all opened and read, a postscript was added, Camden assures us, to one addressed by her to Babington, implying her approval of that design. When this false evidence had been coined, the conspirators were arrested, brought to trial, and condemned to suffer the horrible death decreed to traitors, that of being hanged, and quartered before life was extinct. This sanguinary process took place in the middle of September, 1586. Within the month Bur-

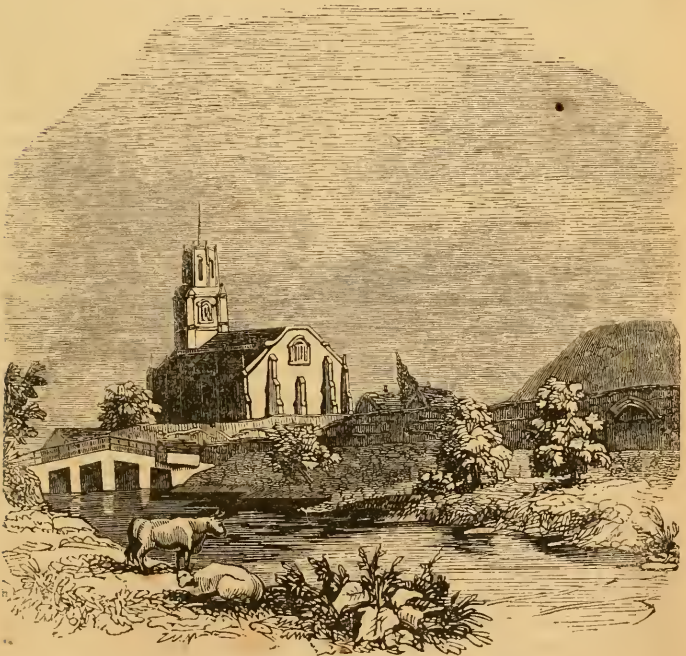
leigh Walsingham, and the thirty-four commissioners appointed for the so-called trial of the Queen of Scots, proceeded to Fotheringay Castle for the purpose of arraigning the defenseless captive, who was denied the assistance of counsel. Mary, who was ill in bed when they arrived, denied their authority, and at first refused to plead; but Sir Christopher Hatton told her "that would be considered as an acknowledgment of guilt," on which she altered her mind, and determined to appear in the hall.

She came, supported by her physician, and followed by her ladies, and after two days' fruitless struggle to defend herself against the subtlety and brow-beating of these unconscientious adversaries who assumed the name of judges, Mary boldly appealed from their prejudiced conclave, and demanded to be heard before the Parliament of England, or their queen and her council, in the presence of the foreign ambassadors.

The commissioners then adjourned the court to the 25th of October. They met that day in the star chamber at Westminster, and pronounced sentence of death on the Scottish queen. The sentence was approved by Parliament, and Elizabeth was earnestly petitioned to have it carried into execution. Henry III., King of France, sent Bellievre, an ambassador-extraordinary, to unite with l'Aubespine, the resident ambassador, in pleading for Mary's life, but fresh plots against that of Elizabeth were pretended, which rendered their intercession of no effect. Meantime, the warrant for Mary's execution was drawn up, but no persuasions could induce Elizabeth to sign it. A paper recently discovered in the Cottonian library affords convincing reason to believe that she never did, but that her ministers employed Harrison, a private secretary of Walsingham, and an expert and practiced forger, to imitate her signature. It is certain the warrant was sent off, and acted upon without her knowledge, and that the death of the Queen of Scots was concealed from her till many hours after it was publicly known in London, and that she exhibited the most passionate anger against her ministers when she learned what had taken place. She declared to the French ambassadors "that it was their deed, not hers; for she had never intended to put the Queen of Scots to death, unless in case of a foreign invasion or an insurrection of her subjects;" adding, "that the members of her council had played her a trick she never could forgive, and that but for their long services they should all have lost their heads."

Elizabeth had sent Davison to the Tower, and inflicted a fine of ten thousand marks upon him; and now she begged

the French ambassadors "not to believe that she could act so basely as to charge the blame on an humble secretary unless it were true." She kept Davison closely imprisoned during the residue of her life. It is on his testimony only that she has been considered guilty of the death of the Queen of Scots, but his statements, when calmly investigated, appear unworthy of credit. There is not the slightest evidence that she was cognizant of the murderous letter signed by Walsingham and Davison, which Davison asserts was written by her order to Sir Amyas Paulet and Sir Drue Drury, urging them to prevent the odium of executing their royal captive by taking her life privately. Surely the testimony of a man capable of composing and sending such an incentive to crime ought not to be received against Elizabeth.



Fotheringay, as it appeared in 1718.

CHAPTER V.

PHILIP II. of Spain now openly asserted a rival claim to the throne of England, derived from his descent from two legitimate daughters of John of Gaunt, Catharine, Queen of Spain, and Philippa, Queen of Portugal. He prepared to make his pretensions good by the aid of the mightiest fleet that ever swept the waves. When his gigantic armament was sufficiently advanced to intimidate, as he imagined, the most courageous female who ever swayed a sceptre, he offered the following insulting conditions of peace to Elizabeth in Latin, of which the following is a literal translation :

“Belgic rebels aid no more ;
Treasures seized by Drake restore ;
And whate'er thy sire overthrew
In the papal church, renew.”

“Your demand, good king, shall be fulfilled in the days when the Greeks reckoned by kalends,” was the contemptuous reply of Elizabeth, meaning never, for kalends were unknown to the Greeks. Pope Sixtus V. now reiterated the anathema which his predecessors, Pius and Gregory, had already published against Elizabeth. Noways daunted, she retorted by causing the Bishop of London to publish a sentence of excommunication against the Pope in St. Paul's Cathedral. Elizabeth was indefatigable in raising forces and fitting out ships to repel the threatened invasion. She chose Lord Effingham for her lord admiral, and Sir Francis Drake for her vice-admiral. She took upon herself the command of her land forces in person. These consisted of two armies ; one under the orders of the Earl of Leicester, of twenty-eight thousand men, was stationed at Tilbury ; the other, called the army-royal, or the queen's body-guard, was headed by her maternal cousin Lord Hunsdon. The elements from the first fought against the armada, and guarded the coasts of England. It sailed from the Bay of Lisbon on the 29th of May, 1588, but was scattered and sorely damaged by a storm from the west, and driven into the harbor of Corunna, where it was compelled to tarry for repairs. The utter destruction of the armament was reported in England. But on the 19th of July its appearance in the Channel was reported by the pirate Fleming, and the first engagement commenced

on the 21st. The glorious achievements of the naval heroes, who for eighteen days grappled with "the invincible" upon the waves, and finally quelled the pride of Spain, have been related by the historians of the period. The first series of English newspapers were printed and published at the exciting time when the armada, which consisted of one hundred and fifty ships, was in the Channel. Gravesend was then fortified, and a bridge of boats drawn across the Thames, to oppose the invading fleet, if any portion of it should succeed in entering the Nore. The queen composed a prayer, which was used in all the churches every Wednesday and Friday, for deliverance and good success. The day she went in royal and martial pomp to visit her camp at Tilbury, and the next, in which she reviewed her troops, have generally been regarded as the most interesting of her whole life. Elizabeth was then fifty-five years old; she had borne the sceptre and the sword of empire with glory for thirty years. Time, which had faded her youthful charms, robbed her once plump cheek of its roundness, and elongated the oval contour of her face, had nevertheless endeared her to her people, by rendering her every day more perfect in the queenly art of captivating their regard by a gracious and popular demeanor. She wore a steel corselet on her breast, and rode bareheaded between the lines, and when the thunders of applause ceased, harangued her troops in a most eloquent and popular speech. The soldiers, who were many of them volunteers and gentlemen, exclaimed in reply, "Is it possible that any Englishman could abandon such a cause, or refuse to lay down his life in defense of this heroic princess?"



Dutch medal on the overthrow of the armada.

The news of the final defeat and dispersion of the armada was brought to Elizabeth while she was yet at Tilbury, on the 8th of August. A mighty storm delivered England from the danger of the scattered fleet rallying. Elizabeth was received with almost idolatrous homage on her return to London, so greatly had her courage and spirited demeanor endeared her to all ranks of her people. The Earl of Leicester died on the 4th of September following; he left some valuable jewels to Queen Elizabeth, introducing these legacies with very flattering expressions respecting her beauty and virtues in his will. Elizabeth, nevertheless, seized all his personal effects, and sold them by public auction, to liquidate certain sums in which he was indebted to her exchequer. The young Earl of Essex, the Countess of Leicester's son, now became her principal favorite. He succeeded his step-father in the office of master of the horse, and rode next the queen's person, leading her palfrey the day she went in state to St. Paul's to return thanks for the late national deliverance from the armada. The influence of her new favorite was regarded with jealous eyes by all her ministers, especially Burleigh the premier, who had flattered himself that the death of Leicester would leave him supreme in the council chamber; but he found himself constantly opposed and circumvented by Essex, with the queen.

Essex, as the great-grandson of Mary Boleyn, was nearly related to Elizabeth, who regarded him with partial affection, and treated him like a spoiled child; but he longed for military renown, and occasionally broke from the silken fetters in which she strove to detain him, and joined the fleets that were fitting out to attack Spain. The first time he attempted this she sent their mutual kinsman Robert Carey to forbid his voyage and persuade him to return. Carey succeeded with great difficulty, but when the expedition sailed for Lisbon, with intent to place Don Antonio, who claimed to be the rightful King of Portugal, on the throne of that realm, Essex could not be restrained from joining it. He greatly distinguished himself at the capture of the castle of Penicha, advanced to the gates of Lisbon, and beating a thundering summons there, challenged the Spanish governor to come forth and do battle with him in single combat. No notice was taken of this romantic defiance; and the pestilence which attacked the English army compelled the gallant adventurers to return, leaving eighteen thousand of their number dead. Elizabeth, who had amused herself with balls and progresses during the absence of Essex, received him with unabated affection on his return. Soon after she became so bitterly jealous of her fair maid of honor,

Lady Mary Howard, that she often scolded and sometimes beat her. Essex, however, loved the widow of Sir Philip Sidney, and privately married her. The care of Lady Walsingham for her daughter's reputation defeated his intention of concealing the marriage. The queen was infuriated when it came to her ears, and refused to receive his wife. Essex was then permitted to join the troops sent by her to the aid of the young King of France, Henry IV., who was at that time considered the champion of Protestantism. Elizabeth worked a scarf for Henry with her own hands, and assisted him both with money and troops to maintain himself against the league; but when in 1593 she learned that he had reconciled himself with the Church of Rome, she wrote a most indignant letter to him, reproaching him for his having forsaken the true faith for worldly motives.

Essex was restored to the queen's favor on his return from France, and continued the reigning favorite at her court, and to engross the most profitable offices there. Whenever the queen refused him any thing he pretended to be ill, and kept his bed till she persuaded him to return to the royal circle. He was appointed to the command of the expedition sent out against Cadiz in July, 1597. The willfulness of his great enemy, Sir Walter Raleigh, in attacking the town of Fayal before the arrival of the rest of the fleet, disarranged all his plans, and rendered it necessary to return to England. Essex was advised to bring Raleigh to court-martial for his disobedience. "So I should," replied Essex, "if he were my friend."

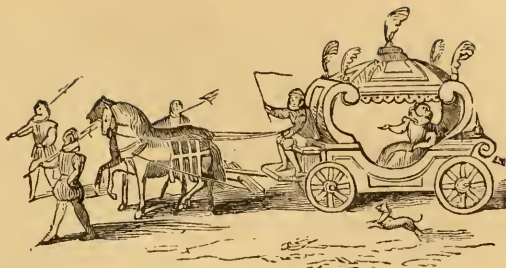
Raleigh laid all the blame of the failure of the expedition on Essex. The same year Elizabeth gave audience to Paul Jaline, the handsome ambassador of Sigismund, King of Sweden and Poland, son of her former lover, John, Duke of Finland. Elizabeth anticipated a very complimentary address in consequence, and was much pleased with the appearance of the plenipotentiary and his dress; but his speech, which was in Latin, greatly offended her, for it was neither more nor less than an offensive remonstrance from the king his master on the line of policy she had adopted—her assumption of maritime superiority over other nations, to which, he said, her position in Europe did not entitle her; and also complained of her wars with Spain, which, he alleged, interrupted the commerce of that nation with Poland; and concluded by informing her that the king his master, having formed a matrimonial alliance with the house of Austria, was determined to put up with these wrongs no longer, and, unless she thought proper to redress them, he would.

At the conclusion of an address so different from what she had expected, the queen started from her throne, and overwhelmed the astonished envoy by answering his ill-judged speech point by point, in so sarcastic an outpouring of extempore Latin, that he stood silent and confounded, and retired without venturing a word in reply. Elizabeth then turning to her nobles, said, "I have been enforced, my lords, this day to scour up my old Latin, that hath long lain rusting."

Ireland was in a state of revolt in the year 1598; and it was considered necessary to appoint some person of prudence and great courage for the lord-deputy or viceroy. The queen named Sir William Knollys as the person in her opinion best fitted for the post. Sir William Knollys was nearly related to the queen, and more nearly still to Essex; yet Essex, suspecting the queen's nomination had been suggested by Lord Burleigh and his son Sir Robert Cecil, thought proper to oppose it with greater vehemence than prudence, and insisted that the appointment ought to be given to Sir George Carew. The queen, offended at the positive tone in which Essex presumed to overbear her opinion and advance his own, made a sarcastic rejoinder, on which he so far forgot himself as to turn his back on her with a contemptuous expression. Her majesty, provoked beyond the bounds of self-control by this insolent violation of good manners and courtly etiquette, gave him a sound box on the ear, and bade him "go and be hanged."

Essex, instead of kissing the royal hand in return for the buffet, laid his hand on his sword with a menacing gesture, exclaiming with a deep oath, "Madam, it is only your sex that protects you, for I would not have taken that blow from King Henry your father." The lord admiral hastily threw himself before the person of the queen, as if to defend her from threatened violence; but Essex, with an impertinent observation on "a king in petticoats," rushed from the royal presence with marked disrespect, and retired into the country.

The courtiers predicted that the haughty spirit of Essex could never be induced to make suitable submission to the queen, so as to receive her pardon for the outrage of which he had been guilty. Yet at the end of six months a reconciliation was effected, and he was again received at court.



State carriage of Queen Elizabeth.

CHAPTER VI.

ELIZABETH'S great minister, Lord Burleigh, died August 4, 1598. She had exhibited the greatest solicitude for him during his last illness, frequently visiting him in his sick-chamber, and administering broth and medicine to him herself; for his swollen and enfeebled hands had not only lost the power of guiding the statesman's pen, but of conveying food to his mouth.

Six weeks after the decease of this celebrated minister, Philip II. of Spain was called to his great account; and Elizabeth was left, almost without any formidable opponents, at the head of the most flourishing realm in Europe.

Hentzner, the German traveler, who visited England in 1598, has preserved some curious particulars of the ceremonies observed in the palace of Greenwich, where Queen Elizabeth was holding her court at that time. He was admitted into the royal apartments by a lord chamberlain's order, which his English friend had procured. He first describes the presence-chamber, "hung with rich tapestry; and the floor, after the English fashion, strewn with hay, through which the queen commonly passed in her way to chapel. At the door stood a gentleman dressed in velvet, with a gold chain, whose office was to introduce to the queen any person of distinction who came to wait on her. It was Sunday, when there was usually the greatest attendance of nobility. In the same hall were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, a great number of councillors of state, officers of the crown, and gentlemen, who waited the queen's coming out, which she did, from her own apartment, when it was time to go to prayers, attended in the following manner: first went gentle-

men, barons, earls, knights of the Garter, all richly dressed, and bareheaded; next came the chancellor, bearing the seals in a red silk purse, between two, one of which carried the royal sceptre, the other the sword of state in a red scabbard, studded with golden fleur-de-lis, the point upward. Next came the queen, in the sixty-sixth year of her age, as we were told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar). She had in her ears two pearls, with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; upon her head she had a small crown, reported to be made of some of the gold of the celebrated Lunebourg table. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it till they marry; and she had on a necklace of exceeding fine jewels. Her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately; her manner of speaking mild and obliging. That day she was dressed in white silk, bordered with pearls of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads; her train was very long, the end of it borne by a marchioness. Instead of a chain, she had a collar of gold and jewels. As she went along in all this state and magnificence, she spoke very graciously, first to one, then to another, in English, French, and Italian; for besides being well skilled in Greek, Latin, and the languages I have mentioned, she is mistress of Spanish, Scotch, and Dutch. Whoever speaks to her, it is kneeling; now and then she raises some with her hand. While we were there, W. Slawata, a Bohemian baron, had letters to present to her; and she, after pulling off her glove, gave him her right hand to kiss, sparkling with rings and jewels—a mark of particular favor. Wherever she turned her face as she was going along, every body fell down on their knees. The ladies of the court followed next to her, very handsome and well-shaped, and for the most part dressed in white. She was guarded, on each side, by the gentlemen pensioners, fifty in number, with gilt battle-axes. In the antechapel, next the hall where we were, petitions were presented to her, and she received them most graciously, which occasioned the acclamation of ‘Long live Queen Elizabeth!’ She answered it with, ‘I thank you, my good people.’ In the chapel was excellent music.

“As soon as the service was over, which scarce exceeded half an hour, the queen returned in the same state and order, and prepared to go to dinner. But while she was still at

prayers, we saw her table set out with the following solemnity: A gentleman entered the room, bearing a rod, and along with him another, who had a table-cloth, which, after they had both kneeled three times with the utmost veneration, he spread upon the table, and after kneeling again they both retired. Then came two others, one with the rod again, the other with a salt-cellar, a plate, and bread; when they had kneeled, as the others had done, and placed what was brought upon the table, they too retired, with the same ceremonies performed by the first. At last came an unmarried lady (we were told she was a countess), and along with her a married one, bearing a tasting knife; the former was dressed in white silk, who, when she had prostrated herself three times in the most graceful manner, approached the table, and rubbed the plates with bread and salt, with as much awe as if the queen had been present. When they had waited there a little while, the yeomen of the guard entered, bareheaded, clothed in scarlet, with a golden rose upon their backs, bringing in at each turn a course of twenty-four dishes, served in plate, most of it gilt; these dishes were received by a gentleman in the same order they were brought, and placed upon the table, while the lady-taster gave to each of the guard a mouthful to eat of the particular dish he had brought, for fear of any poison. During the time that this guard, which consists of the tallest and stoutest men that can be found in all England, being carefully selected for this service, were bringing dinner, twelve trumpets and two kettle-drums made the hall ring for half an hour together. At the end of all this ceremonial a number of unmarried ladies appeared, who, with particular solemnity, lifted the meat off the table, and conveyed it into the queen's inner and more private chamber, where, after she had chosen for herself, the rest goes to the ladies of the court. . . . The queen dines and sups alone, with very few attendants; and it is very seldom that any body, foreign or native, is admitted at that time, and then only at the intercession of somebody in power."

Roger Lord North was carving one day at dinner, when the queen asked, "What that covered dish was?"—"Madam, it is a coffin," he replied; a word which moved the queen to anger. "And are you such a fool," said she, "as to give a pic such a name?" This gave warning to the courtiers not to use any word which could bring before her the image of death.

Hentzner was much struck with the fine library of Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall. "All these books," he says, "are bound in velvet of different colors, but chiefly red, with clasps

of gold and silver; some have pearls and precious stones set in their bindings." Such was, indeed, the fashion in the magnificent reign of Elizabeth, when, except in the article of the rush-strewn floors, engendering dirt and pestilence, luxury had arrived at a prodigious height. Hentzner notices two little silver cabinets, of exquisite work, in which, he says, "the queen keeps her paper, and which she uses for writing-boxes. Also a little chest, ornamented all over with pearls, in which she keeps her bracelets, ear-rings, and other things of extraordinary value." The queen's bed is described as being ingeniously composed of woods of different colors, with quilts of silk velvet, gold, silver, and embroidery. Elizabeth had the ill taste, as she advanced in years, to increase the number of her decorations, and dressed in a far more elaborate style than in the meridian flower of life, foolishly thinking that the people would be diverted by these externals from noticing the decay of her personal attractions.

She had much difficulty in making up her mind on any point, and frequently altered it to return to her original determination. This fickleness of will occasioned much annoyance to her ministers, and still greater inconvenience to persons in humbler departments, who were compelled to hold themselves conformable to her pleasure. When she changed her abode from one royal residence to another, all the carts and horses in the neighborhood, with their drivers, were impressed for the transfer of her baggage, whatever time of the year it happened to be, and this was considered a grievance under any circumstances. "A carter was once ordered to come with his cart to Windsor on summons of remove, to convey a part of the royal wardrobe: when he came her majesty had altered the day, and he had to come a second time in vain; but when on a third summons he attended, and after waiting a considerable time was told 'the remove did not hold,' he slapped his hand on his thigh, and said, 'Now I see that the queen is a woman as well as my wife!' This being overheard by her majesty, as she stood by an open window, she said, 'what villain is this?' and so sent him three angels to stop his mouth;" or rather, we should suppose, to satisfy him for his loss of his time, and the inconvenience her uncertainty of purpose had occasioned.

Lord Semple of Beltreis, the Scotch ambassador, in one of his private letters to his royal master, gives the following racy account of Elizabeth's testiness to her faithful kinsman, Lord Hunsdon, on his presuming to make an allusion to the perilous subject of her age. "At her majesty's returning from Hampton Court, the day being passing foul, she would (as her custom

is) go on horseback, although she is scarce able to sit upright; and my Lord Hunsdon said, 'It was not meet for one of her majesty's years to ride in such a storm.' She answered, in great anger, '*My* years! Maids, to your horses quickly;' and so rode all the way, not vouchsafing any gracious countenance to him for two days."

The affairs of Ireland daily assumed a more gloomy aspect; and the province of Ulster was in open rebellion, under the Earl of Tyrone. The choice of a viceroy or deputy was still matter of debate. The queen proposed Lord Mountjoy, and Essex once more ventured to oppose the royal opinion. Elizabeth angrily told him that, "since her choice did not please him, he should go himself." Excuses on his part were unavailing; he was compelled to take that difficult and responsible office. When he left London, the people, by whom he was much beloved, followed him with blessings and acclamations for miles. The morning was fine, but scarcely had he reached Souldon when a black cloud obscured the horizon, and a terrific storm of thunder and lightning, hail and rain ensued, which by the superstition of the ignorant was construed into an evil omen. When Essex reached Ireland he pursued policy of a pacific character. Unable to cope with Tyrone, from the inefficiency of his forces, he treated with him in an amicable manner, and granted such conditions as were likely to form the basis of a firm peace. His conduct was misrepresented to the queen. He was accused of aiming at making himself King of Ireland, with the assistance of Tyrone; nay, even of aspiring to the crown of England, and that he was plotting to bring over a wild Irish army to dethrone the queen. Elizabeth's health suffered in consequence of the ferment in which her spirits were kept, and the agonizing conflict of her mind between love and hatred.

Philip III. of Spain had sent a formidable expedition to sea, with the declared purpose of attempting a descent on some part of her dominions. Ireland was the weak point, which the disaffection, produced by misgovernment, rendered vulnerable; and it was artfully insinuated to her majesty that Essex was a traitor at heart. With such an admiral as the Earl of Nottingham, she had no cause to fear the Spanish fleet; and the treasons of Essex existed only in the malignant representations of Sir Robert Cecil, Raleigh, and Cobham. She wrote, however, in so bitter a style to Essex, that he perceived his ruin was determined by the powerful foes who guided the council, and had poisoned the royal ear against him. In an evil hour he determined to return and plead his own cause to his roy-

al mistress, in the fond idea that her own tenderness would second his personal eloquence. On the 28th of September he arrived in London; and learning that the queen was at Non-such, he hastily crossed the ferry at Lambeth, attended by only six persons, and seized for his own use the horses of some gentlemen, which were waiting there for their masters. He learned from one of his friends, that his great enemy, Lord Grey of Wilton, was on the road before him, posting to Cecil to announce his arrival. It was this adverse circumstance which precipitated the fate of Essex, who, urged by the natural impetuosity of his character, spurred on, through mud and mire, at headlong speed, in the vain hope of overtaking his foe, that he might be the first to bring the news of his return to court. Grey had the start of him, won the fierce race, and had already been closeted a full quarter of an hour with Cecil when Essex arrived at the palace.

It was then about ten o'clock in the morning, and the rash Essex, without pausing for a moment's consideration, rushed into the privy-chamber to seek the queen. Not finding her there, he determined at all hazards to obtain an interview before his enemies should have barred his access to her presence, and, all breathless, disordered and travel-stained as he was, even his face being covered with spots of mud, he burst unannounced into her bed-chamber, flung himself on his knees before her, and covered her hands with kisses. The queen, who was newly risen, and in the hands of her tire-woman, with her hair about her face, and least of all dreaming of seeing him, was taken by surprise, and, moved by his passionate deportment and his caresses, gave him a kinder reception than he had anticipated; for, when he retired to make his toilet, he was very cheerful, and "thanked God, that after so many troublous storms abroad, he had found a sweet calm at home." The wonder of the court gossips was less excited at the unauthorized return of the lord-deputy of Ireland, than that he should have ventured to present himself before the fastidious queen in such a state of disarray; and when the queen granted a second interview, within the hour, to the earl after he had changed his dress, the general opinion was, that love would prevail over every other feeling in the bosom of their royal mistress. The time-serving worldlings then ventured to pay their court to him, and he discoursed pleasantly with all but the Cecil party.

In the evening, when he sought the queen's presence again, he found her countenance changed: she spoke to him sternly, and ordered him to answer to her council, who were prepared to investigate his conduct, and in the mean time bade him

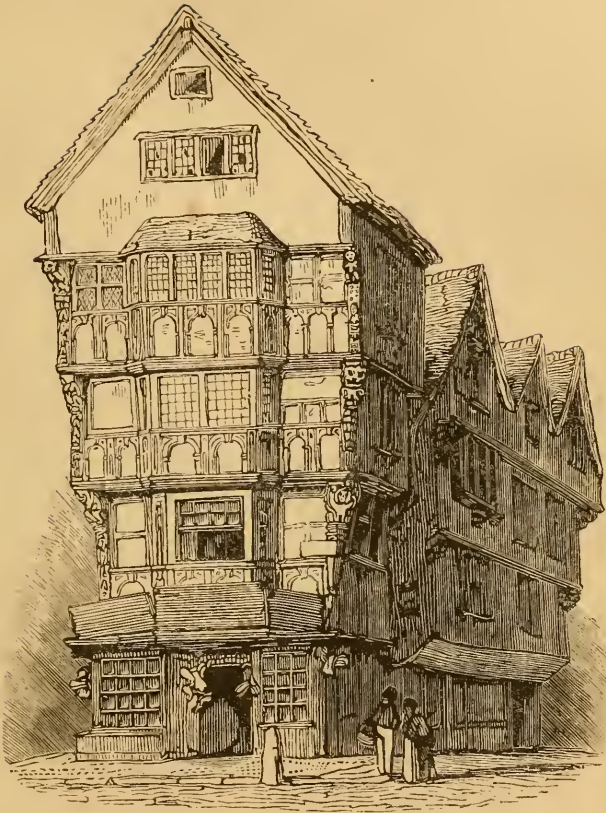
confine himself to his apartment. The following day, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the earl was summoned to go through his first ordeal. When he entered, the lords of the council rose and saluted him, but reseated themselves, while he remained standing, bareheaded, at the end of the board, to answer to the charges that were exhibited against him by Mr. Secretary Cecil; to wit, "his disobedience to her majesty's instructions in regard to Ireland; his presumptuous letters written to her while there; his making so many idle knights; his contemptuous disregard of his duty in returning without leave; and last (not least), his overbold going to her majesty's presence in her bed-chamber." This was, indeed, an offense not likely to be forgiven by a royal coquette of sixty-eight, who, though painfully conscious of the ravages of time, was ambitious of maintaining a reputation for perennial beauty, and had been surprised by him, whom, in spite of all his offenses, she still regarded with fond, but resentful passion, at her private morning toilet, undighted and uncoifed, in the most mortifying state of disarray. That incident certainly sealed the fate of the luckless Essex, though the intrigues of his enemies, and his own defective temper, combined with many other circumstances, had prepared the way for his fall. On the following Monday he was committed to the lord-keeper's charge, at York House, and the queen removed to Richmond. She openly manifested great displeasure against Essex; and when the old Lady Walsingham made humble suit to her that she would permit him to write to his lady, who had just given birth to an infant, in this season of fear and trembling, and was much troubled that she neither saw nor heard from him, her majesty would not grant this request.

The queen was resolute in her anger, notwithstanding all supplications, and amused herself with masques and tournaments. Essex meantime refused food, and drank to excess, which brought on a severe illness. He sent for eight physicians, and talked of making his will.* A warrant was made out for his imprisonment in the Tower, but he was too ill to be removed. He was prayed for in all the churches in London; and the queen relented so far as to send her own physician to him, with a comfortable message and a basin of broth. Possibly she might have been reconciled to him, if his sister Lady Rich's secret correspondence with the King of Scotland had not been intercepted and shown to her; in which her majesty was spoken of in very sarcastic terms, and Essex as if he were sick of playing the flatterer to her decayed charms.

Essex, while writing the most obsequious letters to the queen, had no idea from whence the adverse current flowed, which rendered all his efforts to mollify his angry sovereign unavailing. At last, after more than a year's imprisonment, and several star-chamber investigations, he was allowed to return to his own house, on condition of not going beyond it. Elizabeth deprived him of all his patents for monopolies, to the amount of fifty thousand pounds a year. He was deeply in debt, and so ungrateful for the past benefits he had enjoyed, as to speak most disrespectfully of the queen, as an "old woman crooked both in body and mind."

Essex now courted the Puritans, and encouraged them to hold conventicles, and preach seditious sermons under his very roof; he formed a secret league with the King of Scots, inciting him to insist on being recognized heir to the crown. He endeavored to persuade the people that Sir Robert Cecil and Raleigh had sold the succession to Spain for the infanta. He received a summons, on the 7th of February, to appear before the council to answer for his treasonable practices. Instead of obeying, he fortified his house, and the next day collected three hundred deluded partisans for his defense. The queen sent the lord chancellor and others of her great state officers to parley with him, and demand the reason of his conduct. Essex arrested and shut them up in his house, while he sallied forth into the streets, with his friend the Earl of Southampton, at the head of his frantic party, and endeavored to raise a tumult in the city against the queen's advisers, by raising the cry, "England is sold to Spain by Cecil and Raleigh. Citizens of London, arm for the queen!" Finding it impossible to rouse the people, Essex forced his way through St. Paul's to Queenhithe; where he and Southampton took boat, and succeeded in getting back to Essex House in the Strand; but found all his prisoners had been liberated.

The queen was at dinner when she heard that Essex was endeavoring to raise the city; but she was no more disturbed than if she had been told there was a fray in Fleet Street. Her attendants were struck with consternation when it was reported that he had succeeded. Elizabeth alone had the courage to propose going in person to oppose the insurgents, saying, "there was not one among them would dare to meet a single glance of her eye."



House of the time of Queen Elizabeth, formerly standing in Fleet Street.

CHAPTER VII.

ESSEX HOUSE was neither formed nor provided for a siege; and the cries of the terrified ladies, when the lord admiral brought the artillery, compelled Essex and Southampton to surrender.

Essex and Southampton were arraigned, on the 19th of February, before the commissioners appointed for the trial. Even

if the majority of the commissioners had not been the sworn foes of Essex, he must have been found guilty by the laws of the land; for he had committed overt acts of treason, which nothing but madness could excuse. The worst pang for Essex was, to see his former friend Bacon rise to refute his defense, and extol the characters of Cecil, Raleigh, and Cobham. Essex bade him remember, "that it was himself who had composed the eloquent letters which he had been advised to write to her majesty exposing their faults." Essex was, of course, condemned: when the sentence was pronounced, he said, "I am not a whit dismayed to receive this doom. Death is as welcome to me as life. Let my poor quarters, which have done her majesty true service in divers parts of the world, be sacrificed and disposed of at her majesty's pleasure." His execution was appointed to take place on the 25th, Ash Wednesday. Elizabeth signed the warrant, and it has been said that the tremor of her hand, from agitation, is discernible in that fatal autograph; but the fac-simile of the signature contradicts the fond tradition, for it is firmly written, and as elaborately flourished as if she thought more of the beauty of her penmanship than of the awful act of giving effect to the sentence that doomed the mangling axe of the executioner to lay the head of her familiar friend and kinsman in the dust. Essex was only thirty-three years of age.



Sardonyx ring, with cameo head of Queen Elizabeth, in the possession of Rev. Lord John Thynne.*

The romantic story of the ring which, it is said, the queen had given to Essex in a moment of fondness, as a pledge of her affection, with an intimation "that if ever he forfeited her favor, if he sent it back to her, the sight of it would insure her forgiveness," must not be lightly rejected. It is not only related by Osborne, who is considered a fair authority for other

* This ring is said to be the identical ring given by Queen Elizabeth to Essex. It has descended from Lady Francis Devereux, Essex's daughter, in unbroken succession from mother to daughter, to its present possessor. The ring is gold, the sides engraved and the inside of blue enamel.—[*Labarte, Arts of Middle Ages*, p. 55.]

things, and quoted by historians of all parties, but it is a family tradition of the Careys, who were the persons most likely to be in the secret, as they were the relations and friends of all the parties concerned, and enjoyed the confidence of Queen Elizabeth. The following is the version given by Lady Elizabeth Spelman, a descendant of that house, to the editor of her great-uncle Robert Carey's memoirs: "When Essex lay under sentence of death, he determined to try the virtue of the ring, by sending it to the queen, and claiming the benefit of her promise; but knowing he was surrounded by the creatures of those who were bent on taking his life, he was fearful of trusting it to any of his attendants. At length, looking out of his window, he saw early one morning a boy whose countenance pleased him; and him he induced by a bribe to carry the ring, which he threw down to him from above, to the Lady Scrope, his cousin, who had taken friendly interest in his fate. The boy, by mistake, carried it to the Countess of Nottingham, the cruel sister of the fair and gentle Scrope, and as both these ladies were of the royal bed-chamber, the mistake might easily occur. The countess carried the ring to her husband, the lord admiral, who was the deadly foe of Essex, and told him the message, but he bade her suppress both." The queen, unconscious of the accident, waited in the painful suspense of an angry lover for the expected token to arrive; but not receiving it, she concluded that he was too proud to make this last appeal to her tenderness, and, after having once revoked the warrant, she ordered the execution to proceed. It was not till the axe had absolutely fallen, that the world could believe that Elizabeth would take the life of Essex. Raleigh incurred the deepest odium for his share in bringing his noble rival to the block. He had witnessed his execution from the armory in the Tower, and soon after was found in the presence of the queen, who, as if nothing of painful import had occurred, was that morning amusing herself with playing on the virginals.

When the news was officially announced that the tragedy was over, there was a dead silence in the privy-chamber; but the queen continued to play, and the Earl of Oxford, casting a significant glance at Raleigh, observed, as if in reference to the effect of her majesty's fingers on the instrument, which was a sort of open spinet, "When Jacks start up, then heads go down." Every one understood the bitter jest contained in this allusion.

At her departure from Basing, Elizabeth made ten knights, the largest number she had ever made at one time. She said "she had done more than any of her ancestors had ever done,

or any other prince in Christendom was able to do; namely, in her Hampshire progress this year, entertained a royal ambassador royally in her subjects' houses." On her homeward progress the queen visited Sir Edward Coke, her attorney-general, at Stoke Pogis, where she was most sumptuously feasted, and presented with jewels and other gifts to the value of 1000*l.* or 1200*l.*

In September, 1602, the Spaniards effected a landing in Ireland, and took the town of Kinsale; but were defeated, and finally driven out of that realm by the new lord-deputy, Mountjoy. The hostile preparations of Philip III. of Spain had caused some alarm to Elizabeth's ministers, but were treated by herself with contempt. "I shall never fear," she said, "the threats of a prince who was twelve years in learning his alphabet."

Hentzner affirms "that he counted on London Bridge no less than three hundred heads of persons who had been executed for high treason"—a melancholy evidence that Elizabeth, in her latter years, had flung the dove from her sceptre, and exchanged curtana, the pointless sword of mercy, for the sword of vengeance.

Elizabeth summoned her last parliament to meet at Westminster on the 27th of October, 1601. She opened it in person with unwonted pomp, but her enfeebled frame was unable to support the weight of the royal robes, and she was actually sinking to the ground, when the nearest nobleman caught and supported her in his arms. Yet she rallied her expiring energies, and went through the fatiguing ceremonial with her usual dignity and grace.

The session commenced with a stormy discussion on monopolies, which had now increased to so oppressive a degree, that the sole right to sell or issue licenses for the sale of wine, vinegar, oil, salt, starch, steel, coals, and almost every necessary of life, was vested in the person of some greedy, unprincipled courtier or wealthy individual, who had purchased that privilege from the minister or ladies of the bed-chamber. The time had arrived when the people of England would bear this grievance no longer. The exigencies of the government required an extraordinary supply to carry on the expenses of the civil war in Ireland, and the commons chose to discuss the monopoly question first; but the queen prevented this exposure of the abuses of her government, by sending a most gracious and conciliatory message to the house, signifying her intention of redressing all grievances by the exercise of her regal authority. The commons' deputation of 140

members, with their speaker, waited upon her to return thanks, and she addressed them at some length, expressing her affection for her people, and her satisfaction "that the harpies and horse-leeches," as she, in her energetic phraseology, termed the monopolists, "had been exposed to her. I had rather," said she, "that my heart and hand should perish, than either heart or hand should allow such privileges to monopolists as may be prejudicial to my people. The splendor of regal majesty hath not so blinded mine eyes, that licentious power should prevail with me more than justice. The glory of the name of a king may deceive those princes that know not how to rule, as gilded pills may deceive a sick patient; but I am none of those princes, for I know that the commonwealth is to be governed for the good and advantage of those that are committed to me not of myself, to whom it is intrusted, and that an account is one day to be given before another judgment-seat. I think myself most happy that, by God's assistance, I have hitherto so prosperously governed the commonwealth, in all respects; and that I have such subjects that, for their good, I would willingly lose both kingdom and life." She concluded this beautiful speech, the last she ever addressed to her senate, by entreating them "Not to impute the blame to her, if they had suffered from the abuses of which they complained; for princes' servants were too often set more upon their private advantage than the good of either the sovereign or the people." The Parliament returned the most dutiful acknowledgments, granted an extraordinary supply, and was dissolved in November.

The following spring the aged queen appeared to have made a considerable rally in point of health. In March, 1602, the French ambassador records that her majesty took her daily walking exercise on Richmond green, with greater spirit and activity than could have been expected at her years. She entertained the Duke d'Nevers, April 28, with a costly banquet at her palace at Richmond, and after dinner opened the ball with him, in a galliard, which she danced with wonderful agility for her time of life.

She honored the ancient popular customs of England in the olden time, by going a-Maying with her court in the green glades of Lewisham, two or three miles from her palace of Greenwich. To use a familiar phrase, she appeared as if she had taken a new lease of life, and she adopted the whimsical method of damping the eager hopes of the King of Scotland for his speedy succession to the English throne, by keeping his ambassador, Sir Roger Ashton, waiting for his audience in

a place where he could see her, behind a part of the tapestry, which was turned back as if by accident, dancing in her privy-chamber to the sound of a small fiddle. His excellency was actually detained cooling his heels in the lobby while she performed corantos and other gallant feats of dancing, that he might report to his sovereign how vigorous and sprightly she was, and that his inheritance might yet be long in coming. This summer she made a little series of festive visits in the vicinity of her metropolis, and was gratified with the usual sum of adulation and presents; but it is expressly noticed, that on her visit to the Earl of Nottingham, she was disappointed because she was not presented with the costly suit of tapestry hangings, which represented all the battles of her valiant host with the Spanish armada.

The gay life her majesty was leading in the month of September is thus described by one of her nobles: "We are frolic here at court: much dancing, in the privy-chamber, of country dances before the queen's majesty, who is exceedingly pleased therewith. Irish tunes are at this time most liked, but in winter, 'Lullaby,' an old song of Mr. Bird, will be more in request, as I think." Such was the opinion of the Earl of Worcester, an ancient servant and contemporary of the queen, who thought that a refreshing nap, lulled by the soft sounds of Bird's exquisite melody, would better suit his royal mistress than her usual after-dinner diversions of frisking, beneath the burden of seventy years, to some of the spirit-stirring Irish tunes newly imported to the English court. Under this gay exterior the mighty Elizabeth carried a heart full of profound grief. It was observed that, after the death of Essex, the people ceased to greet her with the rapturous demonstrations of affection with which they had been accustomed to salute her when she appeared in public. They could not forgive the loss of that generous and gallant nobleman, the only popular object of her favor, whom she had cut off in the flower of his days; and now, wherever she was seen, a gloomy silence reigned in the streets through which she passed. These indications of the change in her subjects' feelings toward her are said to have sunk deep into the mind of the aged queen, and occasioned that depression of spirits which preceded her death. A trifling incident is also supposed to have made a painful and ominous impression on her imagination. Her coronation-ring, which she had worn night and day ever since her inauguration, having grown into her finger, it became necessary to have it filed off; and this was regarded by her as an evil portent.

In the beginning of June, she confided to the French am-

bassador, Count de Beaumont, "that she was a-weary of life," and with sighs and tears alluded to the death of Essex, that subject which appears to have been ever in her thoughts, and "when unthought of, still the spring of thought." It is well known that Elizabeth caused the die of the last gold coin that was struck, with the likeness of her time-broken profile, to be destroyed, in her indignation at its ugliness.

A fearful complication of complaints had settled on the queen, and began to draw visibly to a climax. She suffered greatly with the gout in her hands and fingers, yet was never heard to complain of what she felt in the way of personal pain, but continued to talk of progresses and festivities, as though she expected her days to be prolonged through years to come. On the 14th of January, the queen having sickened two days before of a cold, and being forewarned by Dee, who retained his mysterious influence over her mind to the last, to beware of Whitehall, removed to Richmond, which she said "was the warm winter-box to shelter her old age." She removed, on a wet, stormy day, to Richmond. When she first arrived the change of air appeared to have a salutary effect, for she was well amended of her cold; but on the 28th of February she began to sicken again. All contemporary writers bear witness to the increased dejection of her mind after visiting her dying kinswoman, the Countess of Nottingham; but the particulars of that visit rest on historical tradition only. It is said that the countess, pressed in conscience on account of her detention of the ring which Essex had sent to the queen as an appeal to her mercy, could not die in peace until she had revealed the truth to her majesty, and craved her pardon. But Elizabeth, in a transport of mingled grief and fury, shook, or as others have said, struck the dying penitent in her bed, with these words, "God may forgive you, but I never can!" The death-bed confession of the Countess of Nottingham gave a rude shock to the fast ebbing sands of the sorrow-stricken queen. Her distress on that occasion, though the circumstances which caused it were not generally known till more than a century afterward, is mentioned by De Beaumont, the French ambassador, in a letter to Monsieur de Villeroy.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who was summoned to attend her death-bed with his consolations, said to her, "Madam, you ought to hope much in the mercy of God. Your piety, your zeal, and the admirable work of the Reformation, which you have happily established, afford great grounds of confidence for you." "My lord," replied the queen, "the crown which I have borne so long has given enough vanity in

my time. I beseech you not to augment it in this hour, when I am so near my death." After this, records Carey, "he began to pray, and all that were by did answer him. After he had continued long in prayer, the old man's knees were weary: he blessed her, and meant to rise and leave her. The queen made a sign with her hand: my sister Scrope, knowing her meaning, told the bishop 'the queen desired he would pray still.' He did so for a long half hour after, and then thought to leave her." Elizabeth, speechless, agonizing, and aware of the utter inefficiency of the aid of the physician or the nurse, was eager now for spiritual medicine. She had tasted in that dark hour of the waters of life, and the thirst of the immortal spirit was not lightly satiated. She made, a second time, a sign to have the archbishop continue in prayer.* "He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit that the queen, to all our sight, much rejoiced thereat," continues the eye-witness of this impressive scene, "and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but the women who attended her. . . . This," pursues he, "that I heard with my ears, and did see with mine eyes, I thought it my duty to set down, and to affirm it for a truth upon the faith of a Christian." As those of a trusted and beloved kinsman of Elizabeth, the statements of Sir Robert Carey are doubtless of great importance. Few, indeed, of those who are admitted to visit the death-beds of sovereigns have left such graphic records of their last hours. It is melancholy to add, that there is every reason to believe that, while death was thus dealing with the aged queen, this very Carey, and his sister, Lady Scrope, were intently watching the ebbing tide of life, for the purpose of being the first to hail the impatient King of Scots as her successor.

The spirit of the mighty Elizabeth, after all, passed away so quietly, that the vigilance of the self-interested spies by whom she was surrounded was baffled, and no one knew the moment of her departure. Exhausted by her devotions, she had, after the archbishop left her, sunk into a deep sleep, from which she never awoke, and about three in the morning it was discovered that she had ceased to breathe. Lady Scrope gave the first intelligence of this fact, by silently dropping a sapphire ring to her brother, who was lurking beneath the windows of the chamber of death at Richmond Palace. This ring, long after known in court tradition as the "blue ring," had been confided

* Autobiography of Sir Robert Carey, Earl of Monmouth.

to Lady Scrope by James, as a certain signal which was to announce the decease of the queen. Sir Robert Carey caught the token, and departed, at fiery speed, to announce the tidings in Scotland. His adventures belong to another portion of this work.

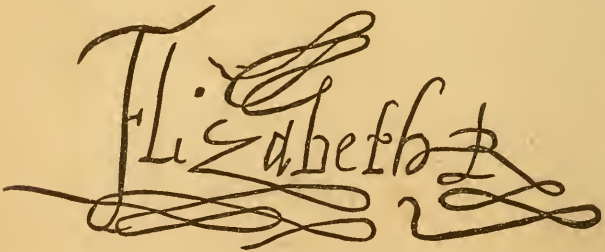
Carey himself gives a very different account of his proceedings in his autobiography. He affirms that, after he had assisted at the last prayers for his dying mistress, he returned to his lodging, leaving word with one in the cofferer's chamber to call him if it was thought the queen would die, and that he gave the porter an angel to let him come in at any time when he called. Early on the Thursday morning the sentinel he had left in the cofferer's chamber brought him word that the queen was dead. "I rose," says he, "and made all the haste to the gate to get in. I was answered, I could not enter, all the lords of the council having been there, and commanded that none should go in or out but by warrant from them. At the very instant one of the council, the comptroller, asked if I were at the gate? I answered 'Yes,' and desired to know how the queen did? he answered, 'Pretty well.'" When Carey was admitted, he found all the ladies in the cofferer's chamber weeping bitterly—a more touching tribute, perhaps, to the memory of their royal mistress, than all the pompous and elaborate lamentations that the poets and poetasters of the age labored to bestow on her, in illustration of the grief which was supposed to pervade all hearts throughout the realm at her decease.

This great female sovereign died in the seventieth year of her age, and the forty-fourth of her reign, March 24, on the eve of the festival of the Annunciation, called Lady Day.

Queen Elizabeth was most royally interred in Westminster Abbey, on the 28th of April, 1603. "At which time," says old Stowe, "the city of Westminster was surcharged with multitudes of all sorts of people, in the streets, houses, windows, leads, and gutters, who came to see the obsequy. And when they beheld her statue, or effigy, lying on the coffin, set forth in royal robes, having a crown upon the head thereof, and a ball and a sceptre in either hand, there was such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping, as the like hath not been seen or known in the memory of man; neither doth any history mention any people, time, or state, to make like lamentation for the death of their sovereign." The funeral statue which, by its close resemblance to their deceased sovereign, moved the sensibility of the loyal and excitable portion of the spectators at her obsequies in this powerful manner, was no

other than the faded wax-work effigy of Queen Elizabeth, preserved in that little mysterious cell of Westminster Abbey called the wax-work chamber, for the sight of which an additional sixpence was formerly extorted from the visitors to that venerable fane!

Elizabeth was interred in the same grave with her sister and predecessor in the regal office, Mary Tudor. Her successor, King James I., has left a lasting evidence of his good taste and good feeling, in the noble monument he erected to her memory in Westminster Abbey. Her recumbent effigy reposes beneath a stately conopy on a slab of pure white marble, which is supported by four lions. Her head rests on tasselled and embroidered cushions, her feet on a couchant, lion. She is mantled in her royal robes, lined with ermine, and attired in farthingale and ruff, but there is almost a classical absence of ornament in her dress. Her closely curled hair is covered with a very simple cap, though of the regal form, but she has no crown, and the sceptre has been broken from her hand; so has the cross from the imperial orb, which she holds in the other. Queen Elizabeth was the last sovereign of this country to whom a monument has been given, and one of the few whose glory required it not.



Signature of Elizabeth.



Anne of Denmark. From a painting by Cornelius.

ANNE OF DENMARK,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES I., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND.

ANNE, or Anna of Denmark, was the first queen-consort of Great Britain; a title which has been borne by the wives of our sovereigns from the commencement of the seventeenth century to the death of the late Queen Adelaide.

Anna was descended from Frederic, sovereign Duke of Holstein, elected King of Denmark and Norway for aiding to expel his nephew, Christiern II., notorious as a tyrant; and, what was still more objectionable in those fierce times, he had no male heir. He remained Roman Catholic when his subjects wished, like their neighbors the Holsteiners, to

become Lutherans. His son Christiern III. completed the Reformation.

Frederic II., who succeeded his father Christiern III., was, although his name is not prominent in history, one of the greatest and most prosperous sovereigns in Europe, and a just and good man. He married Sophia, Princess of Mecklenburgh, by whom he had two sons and three daughters. Anna was born at Scanderburg, December 12, 1577. She could not walk until she was nine years old. Her chamberlains and nurses carried her about in their arms wherever she went; she was, however, very well made, and in after years celebrated for her agile dancing.

The young King of Scotland, James VI., was the most suitable husband for Anna of Denmark of all the sovereigns in the world. He was the son of Mary Stuart, queen-regnant of Scotland, and her consort and cousin Henry, Earl of Darnley. James had been crowned King of Scotland by his mother's enemies at Stirling Castle when an infant.

James VI. owed a debt of gratitude to Frederic II., on account of the manly manner in which that monarch had exerted himself to clear Mary Stuart's fame. The Earl of Bothwell, who had effected a forced marriage with her after the murder of her husband, had been captured and detained a prisoner by the King of Denmark, and on his death-bed cleared the queen from all participation in the crime, and revealed his accomplices—Murray and Morton. Copies of his confession, attested by many witnesses, Frederic II. had sent to every court in Europe, especially to Queen Elizabeth, by whom it was carefully suppressed. In Scotland it was brought in evidence against the murderer Morton.

The young king never forgot the friendship of King Frederic to his hapless mother; and though held by faction in Scotland in nearly as much restraint as she was in England, he resolved to marry the Danish princess, and no other. After Mary Queen of Scots had been put to death in England, Queen Elizabeth withdrew the opposition she had previously made to his marriage. Frederic II., meantime, demanded the restoration of the Orkney and Shetland isles, which had been pawned by Denmark to Scotland in the preceding century. He offered to pay the debt, and threatened to enforce his claims by war unless they were given up to him. James VI. much preferred a wife to war; and it was finally agreed that Princess Anna was to have the isles as part of her portion, but if not married before the 1st of May, 1589, all was to be null and void. Before that date Frederic II. died in the prime of life, leaving

the disposal of his daughter Anna to his queen, the regent Sophia, who forwarded the marriage with all speed.

James VI. and Anna of Denmark were wedded by proxy at Cronenburg, a strong fortress-palace in the isle of Zealand, Keith, the earl marischal, representing his king, August, 1589. A noble Danish fleet, commanded by Admiral Peter Munch, was appointed to bring the Danish bride and her ladies to Scotland. Unfortunately, though at a time of year when weather is finest on the German Ocean, the Danish fleet could never make the Scottish shores. Twice was land sighted by the great ship which carried the admiral's flag and the bride, and twice were all beaten back on the coast of Norway. At last the Danish princess wrote a piteous letter to her newly-espoused king, telling him of her dismal condition. At Upslo frost had set in; those ships not utterly disabled were bound in ice. Terrible mountains, almost impassable even in summer, cut off all communication with Denmark. There was little to sustain life at Upslo, yet it seemed impossible but that the bride must winter there. What made the situation of the Danish princess the more pitiable was the folly of Admiral Peter Munch, who, instead of attributing the failure of the beaten-back expedition to his own bad seamanship, vowed that his fleet was bewitched, because he had once given a witch's husband, one of the baillies of Copenhagen, a box on the ear. The witch-wife, he said, had baffled his fleet out of spite. The young princess did not repeat this folly. The realities of her situation were distressing and dangerous enough, without raising imaginary difficulties.

By all the laws and customs of royalty, Anna of Denmark was now wife to James VI. of Scotland, and he took the manly and courageous resolution of going himself to relieve her from her dangers and distresses. Yet there were serious impediments: his people, who adored him, having experienced some relief from anarchy since he had governed, would not permit him to encounter danger. He had no money—the rebels had spent it all; he had no fleet, excepting a few cockle-shells of merchant brigs under two hundred tons. How could he hope to keep afloat in October on seas where the mighty fleet of Denmark, that great naval power, had failed in August weather? Nevertheless, after making effective arrangements for government in his absence, he left Edinburgh in the dead of the night of October 20, 1589, and embarked secretly on board his largest ship, of one hundred and twenty tons; and so favorable was the wind to his intrepid and generous undertaking, that he landed at Fliesen, in Norway, on November 7.

Notwithstanding this success, Anna of Denmark's refuge was most difficult, almost impossible to find. The young king and his trusty band were wandering on that dismal coast to the middle of November without reaching Upslo. At last the retreat, half buried up in snow, was traced by James. Leaving his train to follow as they might, he pushed on. Entering Anna's hut with small ceremony, booted and spurred as he was, the young King of Scotland at once declared that he had come to her aid, and frankly tendered his bride a salute. Anna at first drew back in some alarm, but as soon as she knew that he was her wedded lord, she received him with the affection and gratitude he deserved.

James VI. married Anne next Sunday, according to the rites of the Scotch Episcopal Church, which nearly resembles that of the English. Davie Lindsay, the king's chaplain, officiated; the service was in French, because the bride and bridegroom both understood that language. The banquet was spread as well as the savage place permitted, but the wild winds sung the marriage music in deafening tones; the storms which had abated their fury while James was on the seas, set in with redoubled force, so as to preclude all hope of return to Scotland that season. An adventurous mountaineer, however, for high reward, traversed the vast alps of Norway, and crossing Sweden, carried the news to Queen Sophia of Denmark, who entreated that the king and her daughter would cross the same passes, and if possible, winter with her at Copenhagen. James chose to try the dangers in his own person before he ventured that of his bride.

He bade her tender adieus, December 22, and, aided by the Norway guides, bravely forced the terrible passes, and at last saw the coast of Sweden. There were doubts regarding peace, but James sent forward William Murray, one of his confidential servants, to ask leave of the King of Sweden; then turning on his own steps, braved again all the dangers of the Norway alps in midwinter, and safely reached Upslo once more. The bride and her suite set out with him directly. At Bahouse, near the Swedish frontier, Will Murray made his appearance on the frozen river, at the head of four hundred cavalry the King of Sweden had sent for the escort of his ally of Scotland.

All went merrily now. Queen Sophia had come to Cronenburg, in Denmark, within sight of Elsingberg, on the Swedish coast, where the bridal party arrived in the midst of storms so outrageous that three days elapsed before the short crossing could be made. Anna was received at Cronenburg

with transport by her queen-mother, the young king her brother, her sister Elizabeth, and little Ulric, the Duke of Holstein. The winter was spent with great festivity. In the spring, after the young Queen of Scotland had witnessed the marriage of her sister Elizabeth with the young Duke of Brunswick, Admiral Peter Munch hoisted his flag on the refitted Danish fleet, and, without any impediments from his enemies the witches, landed the King and Queen of Scotland safely at Leith.

Preparations for her coronation were instantly commenced by her indefatigable consort; who, after borrowing silk stockings from one friend, and money and plate of another, contrived to have all ready by May 17, 1590.

Religious dissensions occurred respecting the coronation oath her Scottish majesty was to take. Finally, the matter was left to the discretion of King James and Davie Lindsay. The queen was robed in thirty ells of purple velvet lined with white silk, and embroidered round with gold foliage. She was drawn in a car lined with crimson, in which sat with her, Katrine Skinkel and Anna Kroas, her two Danish ladies. Thus she was brought in solemn procession to old Holyrood, and entered the abbey-church, where King James and his officers awaited her, with the queen's regalia. As she was crowned entirely by his grace and favor—so went the Scottish law—his majesty sent the crown and sceptre by the hands of his great officers, as they were required. The sceptering and crowning thus finished, Davie Lindsay tendered the oath as follows, the queen repeating it:

“I, Anna, Queen of Scotland, before God and his angels wholly promise that during the course of my life I will worship that same eternal God, according to his will revealed in the Holy Scriptures: that I withstand all papistical superstitions, and ceremonies, and rites contrary to the Word of God. And I will procure peace to the kirk of God within this kingdom. So God, the Father of all mercies, have mercy upon me! *Amen.*”

After the oaths of obedience were taken to her as the king's consort, and a long sermon preached, the queen, wearing her crown, and attended by her procession, retired from the Church of Holyrood to the banquet and diversions in the palace.

From this time she is called in our histories Anne of Denmark; but King James's name for her was Annie, and sometimes “My own Annie.”

The royal pair had a fair share of felicity, taking the average of marriage in general; the chief faults of the Danish bride were that she was now and then petulant and fantastic.

King James was the best partner of the two; his letters, when he had occasion to reprove his young queen, show homely reverence for the sacred bond that united them. Once Queen Anne taunted him with her royal birth, to which her husband made this manly reply :

“I carry that love and respect to you which by the law of nature I owe to my wife and to the mother of my children. But not because ye are a king’s daughter. For whether ye were a king’s or a cook’s daughter, ye must be alike to me, being once my wife. For respect to your honorable birth and descent I married you; but the love and regard I now bear ye is because ye are my wedded wife, and so partaker of my honor as of my other fortunes. I beseech ye pardon my rude plainness in this.”

February 19, 1594, Queen Anne gave birth, at Stirling Castle, to a promising boy, who was named Henry Frederic, joining the names of the king and queen’s fathers. Queen Elizabeth was the prince’s godmother by proxy, sending him the costly gift of a cupboard of plate, with gold cups of such weight that Sir James Melville says he could scarcely lift them. When the grand christening was over, the queen found to her intense anguish that the king meant to remove from Stirling Castle, leaving her boy to be brought up by the old Lady Mar, who had been his own protectress in the dangerous times of his youth. The passionate opposition of the reluctant queen to parting from her first-born child failed to alter this resolve. The king said it was the law of the country, and he had felt the benefit of it. If it had not been for the fidelity of the noble family of Mar-Erskine, he should not have been alive, nor possessed of queen, or son, or kingdom.

When Prince Henry was fifteen months old the queen’s maternal feelings were so exasperated at the thought that her babe at that sweet infantine age was bestowing all his caresses on old Lady Mar, that she resolved to take him away unknown to the king. So she sent to her goldsmith and banker, George Heriot, for 200*l.*, and proceeded to Stirling Castle to see her boy, and steal him if she could. King James contrived to make out her intentions, and circumvented her purpose, in his quiet way, every time she tried to effect it, by going with her, attended by numerous guards and court officers, until the queen found herself occupied with an engagement that could not be put off. This was the birth of the princess-royal of Scotland, named Elizabeth. James did not tear his little daughter from the arms of his queen; yet she continued to pine for her boy Henry, and express her hatred to his guardians, old Lady Mar and the earl her son, in no measured terms. Nevertheless, Prince Henry received an admirable

education under the care of the guardians his royal sire had chosen for him.

The dreadful times which had agonized Scotland were now ameliorated. The court became somewhat civilized under the rule of the queen. When she first presided over it, so brutal was the conduct of the nobility, so little was known of manners suitable to virtuous women, that the queen herself could not pass from her own apartments to those of her royal lord without risk of experiencing gross insult. Two remarkable attempts threatened relapses into anarchy; one by Francis Stuart, Earl of Bothwell, and the other by the young Earl of Gowry. The first ended in Bothwell's running away with all the queen's horses, and finally taking himself off to France. The latter was a mysterious attempt on the life and liberty of the king by the young Earl of Gowry, who was slain in the struggle. It seems some continuation of the attacks of the Earl of Gowry's father on the king in childhood. Disputed claims on the king's private inheritance of the great Douglas estates, involved by the divorces of Queen Margaret Tudor and her second husband, were, without doubt, the leading motives of Gowry's outbreak.*

Anne of Denmark has been implicated in the Gowry plot, a mysterious conspiracy against the life of her husband of which the young Ruthvens were the leaders; but she is only connected with it by a tie slight as a silver ribbon, according to the following tale of court gossip:

“One day, in the summer preceding the birth of Charles I., the queen was walking in the gardens with her favorite maid of honor, Beatrice Ruthven, when they came to a tree under which Alexander Ruthven, a youth of nineteen, lay asleep. The queen, it is said by some, and by others, his sister Beatrice, tied a silver ribbon round his neck which had been given to the queen by the king, and left him sleeping. Presently King James himself came by with his attendants; the silver ribbon caught his eye, and he bent over the sleeper and gazed on it very earnestly. The king, instead of waking Ruthven, and asking him how he came by the ribbon, went his way, leaving the sleeper still unawakened. Back instantly came Beatrice, who had been anxiously watching the demeanor of the king, twitched the ribbon from round her brother's neck, and fled to the queen's presence, and threw this ribbon into a drawer, telling her majesty that ‘her reason for so doing

* See “Lives of the Queens of Scotland,” Queen Margaret Tudor. By Agnes Strickland.

would be presently discovered? King James directly after entered on the scene and demanded the sight of his silver ribbon, in the tone of Othello asking for the fatal handkerchief; but the Queen of Scotland, more lucky than Desdemona, quietly took out the ribbon from the drawer into which Beatrice had just shut it, and placed it in his hands. James earnestly examined it for some time, and then pronounced his oracular sentence in broad Scotch—'Evil take me, if *like* be not an ill mark.' ”

To enter into the details of the Gowry plot here would be impossible; it is almost to this hour a subject of discussion, and volumes of controversy have been written on the subject. The principal events can be found in any general history of England or Scotland.

Just at this crisis the queen gave birth to another prince at Dunfermline, November 19. The queen had been very ill, and the new-born prince was weak and languishing, expected to die hourly. The baptism was hasty—it was according to the rites of the Episcopal Church. The king gave the child the name of Charles; it was his own first name. He mentioned to his guests in the evening these coincidences: “I first saw my wife on the 19th of November, on the coast of Norway; and now she has given birth to my second son on that anniversary. She bore my eldest son Henry, February 19, and my daughter Elizabeth, August 19. I was myself born on the 19th of June.”

The long-expected hour of this island's union under one monarchy occurred March 24, 1603. The death of Queen Elizabeth was announced to James of Scotland, her next of kin in the regal line, by her mother's great-nephew Robert Carey. This gentleman rode such a race into Scotland as had never before been accomplished, seldom since. He brought a sapphire ring as a token that Lady Scrope his sister had previously agreed on with King James; it was dropped out of the window of Queen Elizabeth's death-chamber at Richmond Palace the moment of her demise.

King James soon after heard of his proclamation in London as King of England: he took the affair in his own quiet way. The Sunday before he left Scotland he led his queen by the hand from Holyrood to St. Giles's Church. After hearing a sermon on the great event, he rose up and bade his loving people solemn and affectionate farewell, behaving like the father of a large family going far, to take possession of an estate. Sobs and wailings from the multitude, in which he and his queen joined, closed his speech. He bade his queen and peo-

ple farewell once more by the Mercat Cross, April 5, and rode southward with his little band, not so strong as many a hunting party in those days, leaving his queen and good people of Edinburgh weeping bitterly. When they remembered how his new subjects had put his mother, to death had slain in battle, or destroyed by nurturing civil wars, the king's progenitors, and induced the assassination of his father, Lord Darnley, no little physical as well as moral courage was needed for the experiment tried by James the Peaceful, without army or the means of resisting violence. He left his dear ones in safety, and went forward to encounter the risk alone—if risk there were to be.

The king confided not the slightest political authority to his queen, nor did he mean her to occupy the regency in case he lost his life in England. Her disposition, though estimable in most points, was too explosive and volatile. She was apt to revile, in passion, persons who were quite innocent of the acts that had offended her. Dangerous propensities, indeed, for those who have to govern. As for her adored heir, Prince Henry, he was to be guarded more sedulously than ever in his scholastic retreat at Stirling Castle. The king wrote thus:

“MY SON:—That I see you not before my parting impute to this great occasion, wherein time is so precious; but that shall by God's grace be recompensed by your coming to me shortly, and continual residence with me ever after. Let not this news make you proud or arrogant; a king's son were ye before, and no more are ye yet. The augmentation that is hereby like to fall to you is but in cares and heavy burdens.

“Look upon all Englishmen that come to visit you as your loving subjects, not with ceremoniousness, as towards strangers, but with that heartiness which at this time they deserve.

“Be diligent and earnest in your studies, that at meeting with me I may praise you for progress. Be obedient to your master, for your own weal, for in reverencing him you obey me and honor yourself. Farewell. Your loving Father,
JAMES R.”

King James was received by his new subjects not only with loyalty, but with loving affection that amounted almost to mania. His Scottish attendants shrewdly observed, “These people will spoil a guid king!” James required soon the diplomatic assistance of the faithful Earl of Mar, then taking care of Prince Henry at Stirling. Queen Anne hated Mar, but as she dreaded him likewise, she did not commence the line of conduct she had planned until she was sure of his departure to England. Then, escorted by a strong party of Scotch nobles of her faction, her majesty set off for Stirling Castle, and demanded her son Henry of old Lady Mar. The

poor lady was in great perplexity. She had, however, been used to hold command at Stirling in somewhat worse times, and deny admittance and surrender of King James to leaders of more prowess than Anne of Denmark. She flatly refused to admit one of the queen's armed host; two ladies only came in with the queen. Showing her majesty King James's warrant, she asked respectfully, "How that could be gainsayed?" The queen became hysterical, and her indisposition was followed by premature confinement with a dead son. Without regarding her own extreme danger, she exerted herself to write to the king, and the council the king had left at Holyrood, violent complaints of Lady Mar.

King James, finding that all matters went well in England, agreed to the queen's wish, and sent forward Mar to give the prince up to his mother, and escort them to England. But the queen was in an access of perverse rage, and refused to be pacified when she had got her own way. The lords of the Scotch council did not know what was to be done; for her majesty refused to receive the prince if delivered to her by the Earl of Mar, or to let the earl present her with the king's letter; refused to depart from Stirling with the prince or without him; refused to travel to England with the prince if Mar was in his company; and he was obliged to be so, as he was still his governor.

When the king heard of his consort's behavior, the much enduring man broke into a towering passion; he swore awfully—swearing was his besetting sin—and sitting down, wrote his perverse spouse a letter, which, although garnished with more expletives than was becoming, was too kind to induce obedience. She said "She would rather never see England than be beholden to Lord Mar." Pitying her bad state of health, the king at last compromised the affair by sending the Duke of Lennox to receive the prince from Mar, and deliver him to the queen. Then her majesty condescended to set out for the southern land of promise, accompanied by her eldest son and her daughter Elizabeth, June 2, 1603.

Her mind was by no means calmed; new disputes sprung up before she crossed the English border. James had, with some wisdom, foreseen that the English would not be pleased at seeing their new queen surrounded by Scottish household officers. He had appointed, at Berwick, English ladies, English chamberlains and lords to wait upon her. Not one would Queen Anne receive, save Lady Bedford and Lady Harrington, who had journeyed as far as Edinburgh to pay their duty and become known to her majesty. Her new chamberlain she

would not see, choosing to retain Kennedy in that post. Whereupon King James again flew into a passion, and averred that if Kennedy dared enter his presence in England, with the chamberlain's staff in his hand, he would break it over his head; which threat Kennedy did not stay to have put in execution, but fled back to Scotland, leaving the queen without that requisite officer. The queen soon after permitted her English ladies to bring her some of Queen Elizabeth's jewels, that the king had sent to adorn her with, and she entered England in better temper.

It was the hottest summer ever remembered, and the early beauty of June grew more glowing as the northern queen advanced to the south. The king, who had found Lady Arabella Stuart in prison, liberated her, and, as his nearest kinswoman, made her first lady to the queen, with a fine income. Lady Arabella met Queen Anne in a beautiful mask, in the character of Diana, with hounds and harts and horns, besides nymphs, represented by the fairest young ladies of the midcounties, with music, dances, and poetry. She won the queen's favor, and retained possession of her high appointment, falling into the queen's cortége as first lady. At Althorpe the most beautiful masque awaited the advancing queen. This masque and nearly all the others during the reign of Anne of Denmark were from the pen of Ben Jonson. To do this queen justice, she appreciated the noble powers of him who was second only to Shakespeare. Ben Jonson was henceforth the queen's poet *par excellence*.

The princess-royal of England and Scotland, Elizabeth Stuart, had to bid farewell to her mother in Warwickshire, and turn off with Lord and Lady Harrington, who were appointed by King James to complete her education at their seat—Combe Abbey.

The queen joined her royal lord at the antique palace of Grafton, then in the possession of George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. After resting a day or two, the royal party crossed the country to Windsor Castle. Here Anne was present at a grand chapter of the Garter, and here she quarreled with several of the English nobles, and provoked Lord Southampton (well known as a warm supporter of her husband's royalty), so much so that he broke the palace rules seriously, and was sent to the Tower.

CHAPTER II.

ST. JAMES'S DAY, 1603, was appointed for the coronation of King and Queen of Great Britain; but the heat of the weather aggravated the plague so awfully that the ceremony was nearly privately performed. The royal cavalcade through the city was omitted, and the only procession was from Westminster Hall to the abbey. The queen walked, with her beautiful dark hair hanging on her shoulders, surmounted by a rich garland of gems, and so sweetly saluted the bystanders that the women exclaimed, weeping, "God bless the royal queen! Welcome to England, long to live and continue."

Anne, however, gave offense by refusing to receive the sacrament according to the service of the Church of England. She had been required in Scotland to forsake the Lutheran for the Calvinist creed. Perhaps she thought three changes in religion too much even for three crowns.

The last coronation of a queen-consort with her king had been that of Katharine of Arragon with Henry VIII. The rights of a queen-consort had become obsolete, and many of the dower-lands wrongfully appropriated. Anne of Denmark, at last, by favor of the king, had her lands made up to 6000*l.* per annum. Her principal London palace was at Somerset House, then called, in compliment to her, Denmark House.

Soon after the accession of King James to the sovereignty of Great Britain, Philip III. of Spain formed a secret league with an unprincipled faction in England, of whom Sir Walter Raleigh was the leader, for his deposition and murder, together with that of his queen and family, ostensibly for the purpose of placing Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne. Lady Arabella, however, was terrified at the idea of the iniquitous confederacy, and immediately disclosed all she knew of the plot to the queen, and begged the king to keep her out of the way of the conspirators. James removed her, the queen and royal family to Winchester Castle, where they passed some months in great seclusion, till he and his ministers had taken proper measures for defeating the evil designs of the confederates of Spain. But while the king and his council held anxious debate on the portentous aspect of the times, the queen and Lady Arabella, with their ladies, were exceedingly dull,

so much so that they were glad to beguile the tedium of their sojourn at Winchester, by playing at all sorts of baby games, such as "Queen Anne, Queen Anne, she sits in the sun," and many others now obsolete, such as "Rise, pig, and go," "My lord, give me a course in your park," and others still familiar to the juvenile world.

The execution of several Roman Catholic priests and lords at Winchester took place after the conspiracy was discovered and defeated; but the queen pleaded so earnestly for Sir Walter Raleigh, that his sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life; and several other noblemen and gentlemen were pardoned at the moment they expected the axe on their necks.

At Greenwich Palace the queen entered into the retirement called "taking her chamber," in March, 1605, and April 8 gave birth to a princess named Mary, in memory of her unfortunate grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots, whose tomb the king ordered to be commenced in Westminster Abbey the very day of his little daughter's birth. The newborn lady Mary was baptized in the chapel of Greenwich Palace, the first baptism of a royal infant according to the Church of England. Lady Arabella Stuart was godmother, and Duke Ulric of Holstein, the queen's brother and Lady Arabella's rejected lover, the godfather. The sponsor's gifts were magnificent, and were carried in the procession by six earls.

The clemency which induced James to listen to his queen's ardent prayers for mercy on Sir Walter Raleigh and most of the conspirators, had the bad effect of encouraging another insurrection. The Roman Catholics, exasperated by the restraints the government imposed on them for their late attempt, concocted the well-remembered Gunpowder Plot, 5th of November, 1605. It was intended to blow up the king, queen, princes, and the members of both houses of Parliament at the opening of the sessions.

The queen gave birth to another princess at Greenwich, June 22, 1606. The infant was named Sophia, after the Queen of Denmark, but expired soon after. Queen Anne was in great grief, and recovering with difficulty from illness, which long hung on her. The Danish fleet entered the Thames, bringing her brother King Christiern, with very different intentions from those of the sea-kings of yore. King James entertained his brother-in-law during the queen's illness and seclusion, holding high revels at the country palace of Theobalds, then belonging to the Earl of Salisbury. Here in a pageant, one of his female servants, representing the Queen

of Sheba, became intoxicated and disorderly, which gave occasion to a modern author, who has written a life, or rather a libel, on James I., to accuse Anne of Denmark of this gross conduct; but as she was very ill in her chamber at Greenwich, not even churched, such calumny must not be quoted to her disparagement by those who know better.

Queen Anne was sufficiently recovered to be present, when her brother took leave of England after his long visit, in a grand festival on board of the united fleets of England and Denmark, off Greenwich. The King of Denmark presented his nephew Henry, Prince of Wales, with one of his finest men-of-war. And, after taking a tender farewell of his royal sister, the king and their children sailed with the tide, August 10. At this leave-taking an unfortunate mistake involved the queen in a vexatious quarrel with the high-admiral of England, the aged hero of the armada, and his young wife, Margaret Stuart, King James's cousin. The queen did not give way to her usual petulant temper; the whole arose from the King of Denmark's want of knowledge of English. All blame rested with the lady of the admiral, who was grossly insolent to the queen.

Prince Charles, whose health had always been languishing in Scotland, had been brought to England, and placed by the queen under the care of Sir Robert and Lady Carey; and his improved health and beauty did credit to their management. Anne of Denmark's maternal love was, however, wholly absorbed by her eldest son Henry, whom she loved with a passion that showed too truly that her life was bound up in his. Her young infants were tenderly loved, but her beautiful daughter Elizabeth and her second son she treated rather with indifference. Perhaps the proudest day of her life was the exquisite water festival and pageant, in which all London shared, the day Henry was created Prince of Wales.

The happiest period of Anne of Denmark's life was at this time. She was much occupied with the beautiful masques Inigo Jones devised for her, and for which Ben Jonson wrote some of his best poetry. In these she was the prima donna, and her ladies took part in the characters. Unfortunately, the prevalent custom of the farthingale, or hoop petticoat, turned into caricature all the creations of Inigo and Ben Jonson. The queen's stiff garments made her appear as if she were standing in the midst of a table—the flowing robes of Grecian goddess or nymph could not be thus represented. King James declared that farthingales took up all the room in his palaces. He forbade his guests at Whitehall to appear in that imper-

tinent garment, as he called it. Nevertheless, as the queen wore it, all his female subjects set his edicts at nought; and the gentlemen took to wearing trunk-hose, scarcely occupying less space. Once, all the guests stuck in the passages to the banqueting-room at Whitehall, struggling and striving, while the royal masque was played out *solus*. Yet that untoward accident did not banish the ugly fashion in which the queen delighted.

When the princess-royal, Elizabeth, was engaged to be married to the count palatine, the queen, who had set her mind on the marriage of her daughter with the King of Spain, gave vent to her displeasure by calling her Goody Palsgrave. A greater trouble was at hand; her son fell into rapid consumption, concluding in the typhus fever prevalent at the close of 1612.

The queen had always shown childish terror of infection. Now, when the prince took to his bed at his palace of St. James, in October, she saw him no more, although her agonies at his fatal danger were fearful. The king sat by his son's bedside till the crisis turned, and never left him while any vitality remained; then returned, bitterly grieving, to Holland House, where he fell ill. The prince expired November 5, 1612. A lunar rainbow hung over the palace that night. While many of the people were collected round St. James's, bewailing the loss of the Prince of Wales, the rest were engaged with riot and fireworks, burning the effigies of the Pope and Guy Fawkes.

The queen's agony of grief exhaled itself as usual in angry excitement. She accused many persons of poisoning her son. She had sent to Sir Walter Raleigh, then prisoner at the Tower, for some of his specific for the ague. She had taken it herself with success. Unfortunately, he sent word that it would cure any illness but poison. Her son took it, and was much worse; hence many stories are afloat that he was poisoned.

At the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth, February 14, 1612, with the count palatine, Anne of Denmark had not recovered her health or spirits; although all mourning was laid aside at the bridal festivities, black still lingered on the queen's dress. When her only surviving son young Charles was created Prince of Wales, the memory of the loss of his brother pressed so heavily on the royal mother's heart, that in tears and anguish she was forced to retire from the pageant. Her spirits were somewhat renovated by an unexpected visit from the Danish king her brother, who entered in his traveling dress

while she was at her toilet, and, throwing his arms round her neck, kissed her while her hair was disheveled.

According to the popular saying, the queen scarcely ever looked up after the loss of Henry. She took, nevertheless, more to hunting than ever, but no longer delighted in masques and brilliant courts.

Long visits to Bath, then the chief Hygeian spring of the island, and the wasted appearance of the queen's person, revealed the fact of her breaking-up health. She was absent thus when the disgraceful crimes of Carr, Earl of Somerset, and his wife broke out at her husband's court. Carr was the king's favorite—the term that had designated the prime minister of England ever since the days of Henry III. Now he is first lord of the treasury (no one ever charges him with favoritism); in the mediæval ages he was often a churchman.

Queen Anne always detested Somerset; she suspected him, very unjustly, of poisoning her beloved son Henry. King James declared that for the future he would never have favorite or minister whom his queen did not recommend. Their choice fell upon George Villiers, afterward raised to the dignity of Duke of Buckingham. He was always on good terms with Anne of Denmark as long as her life lasted.

The queen had retired during the winter of 1618 and spring of 1619 to Hampton Court, where a cough that had long tormented her suddenly showed consumptive symptoms. King James, who was ill himself, nevertheless traveled three times every week to see her. Sick as she was, she was not so completely absorbed in her own sufferings as to forget her old *protégé*, Sir Walter Raleigh, in his extremity, who made an earnest appeal to her compassion in verse. These lines conclude with a passionate exhortation to

“Save him who would have died in your defense!
Save him whose thoughts no treason ever tainted!”

This appeal induced the queen to make one of her last efforts in state affairs by way of earnest intercession to save him from the block, but in vain; Raleigh was beheaded on the 29th of October, 1618, soon after it was made.

How the queen received the news of the death of the man she had protected for so long, is not known. Her own life drew to its close.

She was making preparations to receive a visit from her brother, Christiern of Denmark, at Oatlands. “March with his winds,” as King James says, in his sonnet on her death, intercepted the visit of the royal Dane. The king himself

was confined to his bed with the gout at Theobalds. Charles, Prince of Wales, was in attendance on the dying queen; and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London gave her religious consolation. She was in constant communion with the rites of the English Church. Her extreme dislike to the formalities about the death-beds of royal personages made her wish to die privately. When her lord and lady attendants withdrew to supper, she bade her confidential maid, called at court Danish Anna, lock the door, and keep all intruders out. "Now," she said, "lie down on the bed by me, and in seeing you sleep I shall feel disposed to sleep." Soon she bade Danish Anna bring some water to wash her eyes, and a candle, for it was dark. There were lighted candles in the room. Still the queen asked for light. Then the Danish attendant found that the darkness of death had invaded her royal mistress's eyes; and, frightened at being locked up alone with her, she opened the chamber door. Hampton Court clock then struck one.

Charles came and knelt by his dying mother's bedside, and joined in prayers for her with the Bishop of London. Her hand was guided to her son's head, and she distinctly gave him her blessing. Her speech failed, but she was conscious of the prayers offered for her, as she held up her right hand, and when that failed the left; and when both failed she lay sweetly smiling in her bed, till her breath departed in two or three little moans.

She expired in her forty-sixth year. Only two survived her out of a family of four sons and three daughters—Charles I. and Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, both singularly unfortunate.

The remains of Anne of Denmark were taken in water procession down the Thames from Hampton Court to Somerset House, where they lay in state till May 13, 1619. Her son, the Prince of Wales, was chief mourner, and all the nobility in or near London followed her to the grave at Westminster Abbey.

King James I. survived her seven years.

Queen Anne was an accomplished linguist, without delighting in literature; she spoke French intelligibly, and Italian, so as to win great praise from Cardinal Bentivoglio. She could read the Scriptures in the Latin vulgate; German and Danish, of course, she was skilled in.



Queen Henrietta Maria. From a painting by Vandyke.

HENRIETTA MARIA, QUEEN CONSORT OF CHARLES I.

HENRIETTA MARIA was the sixth child and youngest daughter of Henry IV. of France, by his second wife, Marie de Medicis. She was born at the Louvre, November 25, 1609. Great as Henry was, he suffered his mind to be swayed by predictions. He had been told that he should die the day after his queen was crowned. To her great mortification, he would not permit that ceremony to be performed until after the birth of his youngest daughter. The queen prevailed on him to give orders for her coronation at St. Denis, where it took place, when Henriette, who was only five months old, was present, held in her nurse's arms, on one side of her moth-

er's throne, surrounded by her brothers and sisters—a group of very beautiful children—the dauphin, too soon to be Louis XIII., Gaston, Elizabeth, and Christine. The next day Henry IV. was assassinated by Ravillac in the streets of Paris, May 13, 1610.

The royal children were barricaded all that dreary night in the guard-room at the Louvre, next to the chamber where the king's bleeding corpse lay. No one slept in the palace excepting the infant Henriette, whose peaceful slumbers in her nurse's arms were in strange contrast to the grief and terror of all around, for it was believed that an insurrection would follow the regicidal act. Again the infant princess appeared in her nurse arms, at the funeral of the royal hero of France, and once more, at the coronation of her young brother at Rheims, when she was only ten months old. Her governess was Mademoiselle de Monglat, whom she used to call Mamanga. She received her education from her brother Gaston's school-master, M. de Bevis: she was the constant companion of Duke Gaston, who was only eighteen months older than herself.

Henriette was the darling of her mother, perhaps her spoiled darling, for Maria de Medicis, queen-regent of France, was neither wise nor judicious. When the queen was deprived of the regency and her liberty, Henriette was permitted to share her royal mother's captivity.

When the queen-mother recovered her liberty, the young Henriette, not then fifteen, became the ornament of the court. Anne of Austria, the young queen-consort of Louis XIII., cherished love and friendship for her sister-in-law, of which Henriette found the benefit in her worst fortunes.

When Henriette was only in her fourteenth year, she and her future consort, Charles, Prince of Wales, unknown to each other, met at a ball in the palace of the king her brother, early in February, 1623. The Prince of Wales and his father's favorite minister, George Villiers, Earl of Buckingham, were traveling incognito to Madrid, under the homely names of Tom Smith and Jack Smith. The object of the Prince of Wales was to see the infanta Donna Maria (with whom he was engaged by the king his father in a treaty of marriage), and to make acquaintance with her before they should be irrevocably bound in wedlock. The prince and his companion halted at Paris, and went like others to see the Louvre, and look at the royal family of France on the night of the ball. Struck by their personal appearance, the Duke de Montbazan gave the handsome and distinguished-looking strangers advan-

teagous places in the hall of the Louvre, where Charles saw the beautiful Henriette dance. The circumstance was afterward mentioned to Henriette, who sighed, and said, "Ah! the Prince of Wales needed not have gone so far as Spain to look for a wife." She had not noticed Jack Smith in the gallery of the Louvre, yet she had seen portraits of Charles, who was the most graceful prince in Europe.

The Spanish match was broken off. Donna Maria afterward married the Emperor of Germany. James I. demanded the hand of the beautiful Henriette for his heir.

The English people preferred having a daughter of the Protestant hero, Henry the Great, for their queen, to the grand-daughter of the cruel Philip II. of Spain. Unfortunately, Henriette had been brought up in the most ignorant bigotry by her mother. We have read a letter, very much worn with often unfolding, of advice and instruction from this queen to her daughter, regarding her conduct in England, in which she mentions the belief of the English in the same terms as if they were Jews. Such imputation the creed of the Anglican Church no more deserved than her own. Unfortunately, her young daughter was utterly ignorant of all history but that from prejudiced sources, as she afterward deeply regretted to her friend Madame de Motteville.

The marriage articles were very tedious, and much disputed; a clause was left by the council of James I., giving his son's consort power in the education of her children until their thirteenth year; a clause regretted by Charles, and which his determination to break afterward, occasioned the only real unhappiness in his married life. When all was ready for the betrothal, James I. died, March, 1624-5.

Some anxiety was shown lest the young king, Charles I., should not ratify his father's treaty; but the wooing ambassadors, the Earls of Carlisle and Holland, had described the young princess in such favorable terms that Charles was eager to complete the agreement. In one of Holland's letters to Charles she is thus mentioned: "In truth, she is the sweetest creature in France, and the loveliest thing in nature. I heard her the other day discourse with her mother and her ladies with wondrous discretion. She dances—the which I am witness of—as well as I ever saw. They say she sings most sweetly; I am sure she looks as if she did!" In the course of a few days the Earl of Holland heard this wonderful voice. "I had been told much of it," he wrote; "but I find it true that neither her singing-master, nor any man or woman in Europe, singeth as she doth; her voice is beyond all imagina-

tion!" The musical and vocal powers of the queen-mother of France, Marie de Medicis, were likewise of the finest order; and her youngest daughter had inherited from her, gifts lavishly bestowed by nature on the children of Italy.

Pope Urban VIII. was exceedingly adverse to the English marriage: he had been Henriette's godfather when he was cardinal legate in France. He was unwilling to grant a dispensation for his godchild wedding out of their Church; putting his objection on his duty to guard her happiness, rather than the usual polemic wranglings. No one can deny that his historical acumen was right in what he said—"If the Stuart king relaxed the bloody penal laws against the Roman Catholics, the English would not suffer him to live long. If they were continued, what happiness could the French princess have in her wedlock?" These were words of wisdom, and ought to have been heeded. But the unwise prejudice against placing a princess on the English throne of lower rank than the royalties of France or Spain, unduly influenced James I., or rather his English council, since he did not act thus in his own case.

Charles I. and Louis XIII. resolved to proceed with the betrothal without Urban's dispensation, which, of course, caused it to be sent very quickly. Henriette and Charles I. were betrothed, May 8, 1625, by proxy. She was dressed in a magnificent robe woven with gold and silver, and flowered with French lilies in gems and diamonds. The marriage took place three days afterward. The palace of the Archbishop of Paris (but lately destroyed) stood just behind Notre Dame; a gallery-bridge connected it with that cathedral, hung with violet satin, figured with gold fleur-de-lis; the marriage procession passed over it from the palace to Notre Dame. The bride was led by her young brother Gaston, and was given away by the king, Louis XIII.

The Duke de Chevreuse, a near kinsman of Charles I., was his proxy; he was attired in black velvet; but over this plain attire wore a scarf flowered with diamond roses; the queen-mother shone like a pillar of precious stones; her long train was borne by two princesses of the blood, Condé and Conti. The marriage took place in the porch of Notre Dame; the English ambassadors, and even the proxy of England, out of respect to the religious feelings of Charles I., withdrew from Notre Dame during the concluding mass.

The Duke of Buckingham, ambassador-extraordinary from England, arrived at the conclusion of the ceremony. He was angry because he was too late—and certainly behaved in a

most extraordinary manner while in France. Subsequently, he was on ill terms with the young Queen of England.

The Duke of Buckingham caused many delays by his flighty conduct. At last the cortége of the bride approached Bonlogne. Charles I. came to Dover Castle to meet and welcome his queen. Her passage was dangerous. The king had that Sunday retired to Canterbury, thinking the bride could not embark in the storm. However, she landed at Dover, June 23, 1625, at seven in the evening. At ten, next day, the king arrived while she was at breakfast; he wished to wait, for she had been very ill with sea-sickness. Yet the bride rose hastily from table, hasted down a pair of stairs to meet the king, then offered to kneel and kiss his hand; but he wrapped her up in his arms with many kisses. "Sir, I have come to your majesty's country to be commanded by you," were the set words the poor bride had prepared for her first speech to Charles, but her voice failed, and ended with a gush of tears. Charles kindly led her apart, kissed off her tears, and said he should do so while they fell. His tenderness soon soothed the weeping girl, and she entered into familiar discourse with the royal lover. Charles seemed pleased that she was taller than he had heard; and, finding she reached the height of his shoulder, he glanced downward at her feet. Her quickness caught his meaning, and she said to him, in French, "I stand on my own feet; I have no help from art; thus tall am I, neither higher nor lower."

The young queen then presented all her French attendants to Charles, beginning with her cousin, the beautiful Madame de St. George, formerly her governess, now her first lady of the bed-chamber. To her the king very early took an antipathy.

The same eventful day, the bride, the king, and court set out for Canterbury, where the marriage was to be celebrated. On a beautiful extent of greensward, called Barham downs, a banquet was prepared; and in the pavilions the bride-queen was introduced to the ladies of her English household, and the noblemen and gentlemen appointed to her service. That evening, Charles and Henrietta were married in the noble hall of St. Augustine, Canterbury.

Next morning they embarked at Gravesend, the king choosing to enter his capital by the grand highway of the Thames, that he might show his bride the stately shipping of his noble navy, which greeted the royal procession as it passed on its progress up the stream with thundering salutes, while the river was covered with thousands of boats and beautiful barges belonging to the nobility and merchants of London. A violent

thunder-shower came on as the procession neared the landing-place at Whitehall; the queen, however, waved her hand repeatedly to the people. She was splendidly dressed; like the king, the color she wore was green.

Even in the first days of his marriage, Charles I. saw strong reason to lament he had admitted the Roman Catholic colony with his young queen. His position was extremely difficult; he foresaw all its dangers, and came early to the resolution of neutralizing the worst features of the case. The queen was childish in years; her reason totally uncultivated; she was, moreover, alike ignorant of the language and history of the country. Her confessor and her bishop were probably not less bigoted than herself; and the king knew that their celebration of rites, of which they would abate not one jot, was the greatest offense in the eyes of his people. It was his ruin, as the natural good sense of Henrietta afterward acknowledged, in her confessions of passionate penitence to her friend, Madame de Motteville.

Charles I. found great cause to regret the establishment of his queen's Roman Catholic train of priests and attendants, besides other injurious stipulations in the marriage treaty his dying father's council had ratified. The queen was but an unreasoning girl of sixteen, entirely guided by the unusually large train she had about her. She would not learn English, and was encouraged by her French attendants to pay little regard to the customs and prejudices of the nation over which her consort reigned. Thus, she would not be crowned, February 2, 1626, lest she should join in the rites of the Church of England; she was the only Queen of England who ever refused her coronation; this deeply grieved her husband and incensed his people, who never forgave the offense, as she found afterward to her cost.

Charles was crowned *solus*. Henrietta viewed the coronation procession from the palace gate-way by King Street. Her French officials were accused of capering irreverently during the solemnity—as they were not in the abbey, that was no great crime; yet the next time Charles I. caught them capering he made it an excuse for a general clearance. He thus got rid of six ecclesiastics, many French ladies, especially of Madame St. George, who claimed the privilege of occupying a seat in the royal carriage wherever the king and queen went, to the great annoyance of Charles. Her place, as the queen's first lady, was filled by the Protestant Madame de la Tremouille. Only Père Gamache and another very quiet humble priest were allowed for the service of his queen's

chapel by Charles I. Such innovations enraged the young queen greatly; she threw herself into agonies of rage at the departure of her French attendants; and in her fury contrived to break the windows of the king's closet or private apartment at Whitehall, although he restrained her by keeping the casement shut, and holding both her wrists, because he forbade her to bid them farewell when they embarked at Whitehall stairs. The king did not send them empty away; 22,000*l.* was distributed among them; nevertheless, the French women of the royal bed-chamber carried off all the queen's clothes, as lawful perquisites, leaving, besides the dress she wore, only an old gown and three chemises—not good for much. The king tenderly soothed his afflicted consort, who seemed to be reconciled; but before the close of the year, 1626, she manifested such temper that Louis XIII. sent his father's old friend, the Duke de Bassompierre, as ambassador-extraordinary, to inquire into his sister's conjugal unhappiness.

Mischief had been made by the king's prime minister, the Duke of Buckingham, as plainly may be seen by the royal letters extant.* Since the times of Henry VIII. the boundaries of the royal parks of Whitehall and St. James had been decorated with gallows, and many of them loaded with human heads and quarters. In the first month of Henrietta's arrival in London, it was said that her priests had caused her to make a pilgrimage to the gallows where the last Roman Catholic priests had been put to death for their faith, that she went barefoot, and knelt there praying. Bassompierre, who talked until he lost his voice, and after great exertions, made out this accusation, which the young queen utterly denied. "She never was near the gallows," she said, "never at that time knew where it was, until lately when she was walking with the king in Hyde Park." A fine terminus to the evening walk of a fair young queen under eighteen! Another tale was embodied in council-minutes, "that the queen's priests had made her, for penance, eat off wooden trenchers." When Bassompierre asked her, "How about the wooden platters?" the queen disdained to reply.

Henrietta could not express herself in English, and Bassompierre, her countryman, who knew not one word of it, certainly argued her defense at a great disadvantage. However, he privately gave Henrietta the good advice to humble her high spirit to her husband, and endeavor to conciliate his friend.

*These letters of entertaining facts of Bassompierre's doings are to be found in the "Lives of the Queens of England," by Agnes Strickland.

The perverse Henrietta then quarreled with him, defied Buckingham, and behaved worse than ever to Charles. But the brave Frenchman, who had fought through the Huguenot wars by her heroic father's side, and had known her from her babyhood, of course looked upon her as on any other spoiled girl of seventeen. He soon told her his mind, and induced better behavior. Finally he left the royal pair much better friends than he found them.

War soon after ensued between England and France. King Charles supported the independence of Holland, which Cardinal Richelieu had vainly tried to make him crush. He likewise fitted out a navy, and sent it to the relief of the French Protestants. It was under the command of Buckingham, no seaman, though brave enough. Of course the naval war was unsuccessful. Before another expedition sailed, Buckingham was assassinated at Portsmouth, August, 1628, by Felton the fanatic. And with him ceased all Henrietta's married infelicity.

The Parliament of Charles refused all supplies for the war in behalf of the Protestants, unless he consented to put to a death of torture every Catholic priest exercising the rights of his religion, and gave his veto for confiscating the property of all Roman Catholics in his realm. Charles was more tormented by the Roman Catholics than any man in his dominions, and they would have done all they could against him; yet he was too good in heart and spirit to authorize such wholesale robbery and murder. He thought the penal law already cruel enough, and perhaps he wished them to be put on the same footing as the great Henry, his queen's father, had left the French Protestants.

From this period may be dated the disunion between king and Parliament. He ceased to summon it. If we may believe Sir William Temple, the chief agitators against Charles in the House of Commons were the bribed tools of his vowed enemy, the powerful and unscrupulous French minister, Cardinal Richelieu.

The queen had given birth to her first-born, a prince that died as soon as christened. She next brought into the world, May 29, 1630, another son, a fine babe, having the brown complexion and strong features of the Queen of Navarre, Henrietta's grandmother. The child was named Charles by Dr. Land, in St. James's Chapel. It is amusing to read the young mother's opinion of the solemn ugliness of her first-born in the following letter, written by her to her dear friend, Madame St. George, then in France, and state governess of Henrietta's niece, Mademoiselle de Montpensier. •

“MAMIE ST. GEORGE:—The husband of the nurse of my son going to France about some business, I write you this letter, believing you will be very glad to ask him news of my son, of whom I think you have seen the portrait I sent to the queen, my mother. He is so ugly that I am ashamed of him; but his size and fatness atone for his want of beauty. I wish you could see the *gentleman*, for he has no ordinary mien. He is so serious that I can not help deeming him far wiser than myself.

“Send me a dozen pair of sweet chamois gloves, also one pair of doe’s skin, a game of *poule*, and the rules of any games now in vogue. I assure you that if I did not write to you often, it is not because I have left off loving you, but because—I must confess it—I am very idle. . . . Adieu! the man must have the letter.”

The queen gave birth to her eldest daughter, November 4, 1631, at St. James’s Palace. The babe was baptized Mary by Dr. Laud.

The king could not longer delay his coronation as King of Scotland; as for the queen, she refused investiture with the crown-matrimonial of that realm even more pertinaciously than she had done that of England. Within a few weeks of her consort’s return, she presented him with another son, born at St. James’s, October 14, 1633, named James, in memory of his grandfather, James I. Charles devoted his second son to the marine service of his country, and caused his education to tend to every thing naval. He became one of the greatest admirals and marine legislators in the world, but one of the most unfortunate of our kings. The birth of the Princess Elizabeth occurred January 28, 1635.

Queen Henrietta was a fond mother, and bestowed all the time she could on her nursery. Occasionally, her divine voice was heard singing to her infant, as she lulled it in her arms, filling the galleries of her palace with its rich cadences. Royal etiquette forbade her gratifying unqualified listeners with its enchanting melody.

At this period of her life Henrietta was heard to declare herself the happiest woman in the world; happy as wife, mother, and queen. Henrietta Maria was not only the queen, but the beauty of the British court; she had about the year 1633 attained the perfection of her charms, in face and figure; she was the theme of every poet, the star of all beholders. The moral life of Charles I., his conjugal attachment to his queen, and the refined tastes of both, gave the court a degree of elegance till then unknown.

In Vandyke’s painting of Henrietta she is represented as evidently very young; the features are delicate and pretty, with a pale clear complexion, beautiful dark eyes and chestnut hair. Her form is slight and exquisitely graceful. She is

dressed in white satin; the bodice of the dress is nearly high, with a large falling collar trimmed with points. The bodice is made tight to the form, closed in front with bows of cherry ribbon, and is finished from the waist with several large tabs, richly embroidered. The sleeves are very full and descend to the elbows, where they are confined by ruffles. One arm is encircled with a narrow black bracelet, the other with one of costly gems. She wears a string of pear-shaped pearls about her neck; a red ribbon twisted with pearls is placed carelessly in her hair at the back of her head. She stands by a table, and her hand rests on two red roses, which are placed near the crown.

All was peaceful at this juncture; the discontents of the English people while Charles I. governed without a parliament were hushed in grim repose, like the tropical winds before the burst of the typhoon. Prynne, in his abusive libel called *Histriomatrix*, first interrupted this peace. He attacked Henrietta for performing in masques played only in her own family. He was condemned to the pillory by the Star Chamber conclave. Henrietta, to her honor be it recorded, did every thing in her power to save him from the infliction of his cruel sentence; but even her intercession was fruitless. Yet Prynne himself said, after the civil wars that ensued, "King Charles when he took my ears should have taken my head."

Henrietta, though a very fond mother, did not indulge her children in any thing which was foolish or improper. The following letter from her to her eldest son Charles, Prince of Wales, written at the request of his governor, the Marquis of Newcastle—who had been unable to induce the young prince to swallow the physic which it was considered necessary for him to take—is still preserved in the British Museum:

THE QUEEN TO HER SON CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES.

"CHARLES:—I am sorry that I must begin my first letter with chiding you, because I hear that you will not take physic. I hope it was only for this day, and that to-morrow you will do it; for if you will not, I must come to you and make you take it; for it is for your health. I have given orders to my Lord of Newcastle to send me word to-night whether you will or not; therefore I hope you will not give me the pains to go. And so I rest your affectionate mother,

HENRIETTE MARIE."

"To my dear son the prince, 1638."

The young prince, who was then only eight years old, felt the propriety of submitting to the maternal command, and swallowed the dose; but amused himself with writing this sprightly little billet to his governor, dryly stating the reason of his declining the potion:

CHARLES, PRINCE OF WALES, TO HIS GOVERNOR, LORD NEWCASTLE.

“MY LORD :—I would not have you take too much physick, for it doth always make me worse ; and I think it will do the like with you. I ride every day, and am ready to follow any other directions from you. Make haste back to him that loves you. CHARLES P.”

This letter is written between double-ruled lines in a round text hand.

Some months after this the Princess Anne, the youngest daughter of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta, a sweet, well-trained infant of four years old, was stricken with mortal sickness ; and being required to say her prayers, as the hour of death was at hand, said, “she did not think she could repeat her long prayer,” meaning the Lord’s Prayer, “then ; but she would say her short prayer ;” and then lisped out, “Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, that I sleep not sleep of death,” and expired with these words on her innocent lips.

It is possible that Charles I. might have contended successfully with the inimical party that was arraying itself against him, if he and his queen had not incurred the enmity of Cardinal Richelieu by granting an asylum in England to the queen-dowager of France, Marie de Medicis, Henrietta’s mother, the object of that vindictive ecclesiastic’s malice, whom he had exiled from France, and pursued with unappeasable hatred from every place in Europe where she sought shelter in her adversity. Charles not only received her with unbounded courtesy and respect, but traveled to meet the royal fugitive at Harwich, where she landed, and conducted her in state to London. When the royal carriage in which Charles and his guest were seated arrived at the great quadrangle of St. James’s Palace, Queen Henrietta, accompanied by her children, Charles, Prince of Wales, the little Duke of York, and the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, descended the stairs to receive her royal mother. She even attempted to open the carriage door with her own hands ; and the moment her mother alighted she sunk on her knees to receive her blessing, and her example was followed by her children, who all knelt round her.

Marie de Medicis was a woman of weak judgment, and proved a troublesome visitor. Charles and Henrietta, whose affairs were in a very difficult position, had great cause to regret her visit, which lasted nearly two years.

The queen-mother, Marie de Medicis, was given forty grand apartments in St. James’s Palace. She brought a great number of priests with her, which added to the rage of the people ; and the king’s affairs went from bad to worse. Charles was

compelled to give up his great minister Strafford to the axe, who was condemned by Parliament for having served him too faithfully. Henrietta exerted herself to support him; she often wanted judgment, but her courage never failed.

In the midst of the awful scenes of Strafford's impeachment, trial, and death, the princess-royal was espoused to the young Prince of Orange; he was but eleven, and the bride ten years old. Henrietta made no opposition to this Protestant alliance. She had hoped that this proof of the king's attachment to the Protestants would silence the cries of popery against him; but those cries were got up for party purposes by those intent on plunder, to whom all creeds were indifferent. After her mother had quitted England, and the king had departed, with the attempt to pacify Scotland, the royal family assembled round her were of tender ages. They were soon separated, some of them never to meet again. Charles, Prince of Wales, was eleven years of age, Mary, the young bride of Orange, ten, James, Duke of York, seven, Elizabeth six, and Henry, Duke of Gloucester, a babe in arms. When alarms occurred at night, the queen more than once armed her household, and herself headed their patrol about Oatlands Park; thus personally guarding her slumbering little ones.

The king had received such proofs in Scotland of Riche-lieu's bribery of the five members of Parliament, that he went to arrest Mr. Pym and his colleagues in person. Unfortunately, he had confided to the queen his intent, and told her at such an hour all his regal perplexities would cease. The queen put misplaced confidence in one of her attendants, Lady Carlisle, a spy leagued with the agitators; to this treacherous person she told her royal husband's intentions. Lady Carlisle sent instantly word to the factious members, who escaped. As Whitehall was close to the House of Commons, the affair was easy, the king being delayed awhile by poor persons' petitions on the way. Long after, Henrietta related this event to her biographer with the most passionate penitence. "Not a reproach," she said, "did Charles give me when I threw myself into his arms, and confessed my fault of tattling."

Such was the state of affairs when Henrietta proposed to escort her young daughter, the bride of Orange, to Holland. Her real object was to sell some valuable jewels, and obtain arms for defense there. The king attended his wife and daughter to Dover, where they embarked, February 24, 1642. As the wind was favorable for coasting, the king rode many miles, following the vessel along the winding of the shores, his

tearful eyes gazing after those dear ones he feared he never should behold again. The royal standard was raised at Nottingham, and civil war occurred as soon as the queen departed.



Medal of Charles I.

CHAPTER II.

HENRIETTA met her mother again in Holland, and stayed nearly twelve months, during which time her business was performed with no little skill and sagacity. The Dutch mynheers, grateful both to the King of England, and to the exiled queen-mother of France, for their political existence, did not send Henrietta empty away. She embarked for return February 2, 1643, in a fine ship called the Princess Royal; but fierce tempests arose, and the northeast gales, after many days, threw the queen back from whence she came on the wild Scheveling coast. Henrietta bore the terrors of the storm with high courage, replying to her ladies, when they were screaming and lamenting round her, "Queens of England are never drowned."

After a few days' rest and refreshment the undaunted Henrietta again set sail, followed by Admiral Van Tromp's Dutch fleet, which kept out of sight of the English shores, when she and her armed transports arrived in Burlington Bay, Yorkshire. A troop of two hundred cavaliers appeared on the hills, and under that protection the queen's transports safely landed their ammunition and stores.

The sleep of the queen was broken at dawn next day by the parliamentary Admiral Batten bombarding the town of Burlington. The queen had been voted guilty of high treason; so this hero was trying to take her life. She fled as soon as

dressed ; but directly she was in a place of shelter, remembering that an old dog named Mitte, which had guarded her chamber for years, was left at the mercy of the parliamentary admiral, despite of her attendants, she ran back through Burlington to her sleeping-chamber, caught up Mitte in her arms, and fled back to the dry ditch where she could couch while the balls flew over her head. Van Tromp came up with the tide to the rescue, but his ships were too big to enter Burlington quay. Nevertheless, he mauled Batten in the rear. Meantime the queen, with Mitte and her ladies, obtained hospitality at Boynton Hall, close by, the seat of Sir William Strickland.*

The cavaliers of Yorkshire and Lancashire poured in to swell her forces. Prince Rupert met her at the head of his victorious cavalry ; and she was welcomed by her king on his own victorious field of Keinton, near Edgehill.

For a few months the beautiful city of Oxford was the seat of the English court, over which Queen Henrietta presided. Hope existed among the cavaliers that the discontents of the people would be finally silenced by force of arms. The queen afterward reproached herself that she was too much flushed with success to plead with earnestness for the peace which the whole people now desired. Her triumphs had been dearly bought ; chronic rheumatic fever had seized on her delicate frame, owing to the hardships of her campaign. The king's fortunes changed ; the year 1644 opened disastrously, and the poor queen had to seek a safer shelter than Oxford, as she was near her accouchement. Charles I. escorted his beloved consort to Abingdon ; and there, on April 3, 1644, with streaming tears and dark forebodings, this loving pair parted. The queen sought relief from the fever at Bath, but there she could not stay ; it was an abode of horror ; the dreadful civil war had filled the bright city full of decaying corpses.

Henrietta took shelter in loyal Exeter, and there gave birth to her daughter, afterward Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans. The queen-regent of France, her sister-in-law, generously sent her 50,000 pistoles. Henrietta reserved very little for her own needs, but sent the bulk of the sum to her husband. In less than ten days the Earl of Essex commenced his march, intending to drag the sick queen from her childbed, to be tried before his masters of the Parliament for levying war in England. His approach on this manly errand caused the sick queen to

* See many more of her adventures in her letters to the king, "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. v.

rise and fly, leaving her babe in Exeter, to the care of Lady Morton. The queen went through great dangers by the way,* but at last embarked with her faithful ladies (who joined her in various disguises) on board a little bark bound for Dieppe. It was chased and even cannonaded by a parliamentary cruiser. Her ladies sent forth piercing shrieks as a shot struck the vessel. The daughter of Henry the Great compressed her lips, and uttered not a cry. At the moment all seemed lost, a little fleet of Dieppe vessels issued out of the port of loyal Jersey, when the enemy made off. Then a storm sprang up, which drove the queen on the coast of Bretagne, where she landed at Chastel.

Great was the love with which Henrietta was received by the queen-regent and her young sons and all the French people. Anne of Austria gave her distressed sister-in-law 12,000 crowns per month, and inducted her into the royal apartments of the Louvre, the young king leading her to them by the hand. All the money Henrietta received she sent to the king her husband, reserving the smallest modicum for her own use. The fever hanging on her in France, in order that she might be near the baths of Bourbon for its cure, the queen-regent lent her the castle and park of Nevers. Her convalescence was stopped by an accident that grieved her. One of her most efficient aids in her misfortunes was her dwarf, Geoffrey Hudson. He had lately saved her life in her desperate retreat from Exeter; and she had found him faithful in all her fortunes, ever since the little man had stepped out of a cold pie to the side of her plate at Nonsuch; he was at that time eighteen years old, and eighteen inches high. He had grown four or five inches since he had been in royal service, and done heroic deeds. During the retirement at Nevers one of the queen's gentlemen of the household tormented and mocked Geoffrey, until the brave little man, who contrived to manage his steed better than many horsemen four feet taller, challenged Croft to fight him in the park at Nevers. The joking cavalier armed himself with a huge squirt, but Geoffrey took a pistol; and, as his hand was as unerring as his heart was bold, his persecutor fell at the first fire. Croft only met with his deserts; yet Queen Henrietta had to write very humbly to the all-powerful prime minister, Mazarine, that "Le Jofroy," as she called the little man, might not be put to death.

Letters perpetually passed between the sick queen and her husband. Love-letters they were, in the truest sense of the

* See "Lives of the Queens of England."

term. The heart of Henrietta yearned for the little babe she had left at Exeter. When the king raised the siege of that city the infant was presented to him, and he caused her to be baptized by the name of her absent mother, Henrietta; but he was compelled to leave her under the care of his loyal lieges in the west. When all was lost on the king's side, Lady Morton escaped with this little one to France, in the disguise of a pedlar-woman, taking the royal infant of two years old on her back, disguised as a beggar-boy. Often the little princess, who did not approve of the change, tried to tell the wayfarers on the Dover road that "she was not Pierre the beggar-child, but the princess." No one understood her babble but her loving guardian, who succeeded in getting her charge safe to Paris and the queen. "Oh, the joy of that moment," wrote Père Gamache, who saw the meeting between the royal mother and the babe, lost and again found. "How many times we saw her clasp her, kiss her, and then kiss her over again. The queen called her the child of benediction, and charged me to teach her the Roman Catholic faith." And this, of course, was turned against King Charles, then enduring the worst malice of his enemies in England.

The flames of civil war spread from England to France; and Paris was, before the close of 1647, involved in the war of the Fronde. It was occasioned by quarrels concerning taxation. Anne the queen-regent and her children retired to St. Germain; but the extreme love the citizens of Paris bore to Queen Henrietta made her stay at the Louvre, where she could obtain earlier intelligence of King Charles, who after enduring imprisonment in various places, was soon to be put on what his enemies called a trial.

Meantime winter in its most terrific form had set in. Famine reigned, as it usually does in civil war. Queen Henrietta had sent all her money to her distressed husband. Her officers had none to buy food, and had dispersed themselves in Paris to save her the cost of feeding them. Fierce battles were fought hourly in the streets. In the broils Queen Henrietta and her little daughter were forgotten. She was then writing to the French ambassador at London concerning the impending fate of her husband. She felt neither hunger nor the freezing atmosphere in this absorbing occupation. Providence guided M. de Retz, who was all-powerful with the Paris Parliament, to visit the hapless queen. She was sitting by the bed side of her little child. "You find me," said the queen, calmly, "keeping company with my Henrietta. I would not let the poor child rise to-day, for we have no fire." De Retz

immediately sent the queen relief from his own resources, which she thankfully accepted, and then exerted his eloquence so successfully in the Parliament, by mentioning the distresses of the daughter of Henry the Great and her child, that a bountiful supply was accorded.



Charles I. and his Armor Bearer. Vandyke.

CHAPTER III.

WE must leave Henrietta for a while in Paris, to follow her hapless husband to the close of his tragic fate. The king had heard, from time to time, of the preparation of a court to try him. Murder he expected. He was brought prisoner to London, January 15, 1648-9, and taken to St. James's Palace, where, for the first time, he was deprived of royal attendance, and left alone with his faithful Herbert, who fortunately was sufficiently literary to be the historian of his master's progress to his untimely tomb.

Violent expulsions had taken place from the intimidated House of Commons, until only sixty-nine members remained, who thought themselves fitted for the task of king-killing. Yet some found themselves mistaken as to the hardness of their hearts, when they saw their king face to face, and heard him speak.

This small junta met privately in the Painted Chamber, January 20. Cromwell's purple face was seen to turn very pale; he ran to the window, where he saw his captive king advancing between two ranks of soldiers from Cotton House. "Here he is! here he is!" exclaimed he, with great animation; "the hour of the great affair approaches. Decide speedily what answer you will give him, for he will immediately ask by what authority you pretend to judge him." The mere sight of the scanty number of the commons, with the army choking every avenue to Westminster, up to the door of the hall, offered forcible answers to the illegality of this arraignment; but brute force is not obliged to be logical. Bradshawe, a serjeant-at-law of no practice, was the president, wearing a high Puritan hat lined inside with iron. The regicidal junta entered the hall, its great gate was set open, and the populace rushed into all the vacant spaces. While the king was on his way to Westminster Hall, his anxious people crowded as near to his person as possible, crying, "God save your majesty!" The soldiers beat them back with their partisans, and some of the men in Colonel Axtel's regiment raised the cry of "Justice—justice! execution!" But as their commander was bestowing on them vigorous canings, the cry was ambiguous. The king entered, conducted under the guard of Colonel Hacker and

thirty-two officers. His eyes were bright and powerful; his features calm and composed, yet bearing the traces of care and sorrow, which had scattered early snows on his hair. He regarded the tribunal with a searching look, never moved his hat, but seated himself with calm majesty.

An argument ensued between the royal prisoner and Bradshawe, on the point of whether the monarchy of England was elective or not; and when the man of law was worsted in the dispute, he hastily adjourned the court. The king was taken from the hall amid the irrepressible cries of "God bless your majesty! God save you from your enemies!" Such was the only part that the people of England took in the trial of Charles the First.

The king's conduct caused perplexing discussions among his destroyers; they sat in council during the intervening day of his trial, devising petty schemes for breaking his moral courage, and impairing that innate majesty which is beyond the power of brute force to depose. Some base spirits among them proposed that his hat should be pulled off, and that two men should hold his head between them; and that he should be dressed up in his robes and crown, meaning to divest him ignominiously of them. As far as mere bodily means went, Charles was utterly helpless, yet the calm power of his demeanor preserved him from the personal obloquy their malice had contrived: they butchered him, but could not succeed in degrading him.

Seven agitated days passed away, during which the king had appeared thrice before his self-constituted judges, when, on the 27th of January, alarmed by the defection of their numbers, the regicides resolved to doom their victim without farther mockery of justice. The king, for the fourth time, was brought before the remnant of the regicidal junta. Bradshawe was robed in red, a circumstance from which the king drew an intimation of the conclusion. When the list of the members was read over, few of them answered: but they proceeded with the miserable remnant. As the clerk pronounced the name of Fairfax, a voice cried out, "Not such a fool as to come here to-day." When the name of Cromwell was called, the voice exclaimed, "Oliver Cromwell is a rogue and a traitor." When Bradshawe mentioned "The Commons of England assembled in Parliament," "It is false," again responded the voice; "not one half-quarter of them." The voice was a female one, and issued from amid some masked ladies. The oaths and execrations of the ruffian commander Axtel were heard above an uproar raised by the populace, commanding

his soldiers, "Fire—fire into the box where she sits!" A lady arose and quitted the gallery. She was Lady Fairfax. Her husband was still in power: the ruffian Axtel dared not harm her. This lofty protest against a public falsehood will remain as an instance of moral and personal female courage, till history shall be no more. The earnest letter the queen had written, entreating the Parliament and army to permit her to share her royal husband's prison, may be remembered. It is known that she wrote to Fairfax on the same subject. The conduct of the general's wife was probably the result of Henrietta's tender appeal.

Bradshawe was proceeding to pass sentence on the king, who demanded the whole of the members of the House of Commons, and the lords who were in England, to be assembled to hear it, when one of the regicides, Colonel Downes, rose in tears, exclaiming, "Have we hearts of stone? are we men?"—"You will ruin us, and yourself too," whispered Mr. Cawley, one of the members, pulling him down on one side, while his friend Colonel Walton held him down on the other. "If I die for it," said Colonel Downes, "no matter."—"Colonel!" exclaimed Cromwell, who sat just beneath him, turning suddenly round, "are you mad? Can't you sit still?"—"No," answered Downes, "I can not, and will not sit still." Then rising, he declared that his conscience would not permit him to refuse the king's request. "I move that we adjourn to deliberate." Bradshawe complied, probably lest Downes's passionate remorse should become infectious, and the junta retired. Cromwell angrily exclaimed, in reference to Downes, "He wants to save his old master; but make an end of it, and return to your duty." Colonel Harvey supported Downes's endeavors, but all they obtained was one-half hour added to the king's agony. The dark conclave returned amid a tumult of piteous prayers of the people, of "God save the king! God keep you from your enemies!" The sentence was passed in the midst of confusion; the king, who in vain endeavored to remonstrate, was dragged away by the soldiers who surrounded him. As he was forced down the stairs, the grossest personal insults were offered him. Some of the troopers blew tobacco-smoke in his face; some spat on him; all yelled in his ears "Justice—execution!" The real bitterness of death to a man of Charles the First's exquisite sensitiveness occurred in that transit; the block, the axe, the scaffold, and all their ghastly adjuncts, could be met, and were met, with calmness; the spittings and buffetings of the brutal mob were harder to be borne.

The king recovered his serenity before he arrived at the place where his sedan stood. How could it be otherwise? The voices of his affectionate people, in earnest prayers for his deliverance, rose high. One, and a soldier, close to him, echoed the cry of the people—"God help and save your majesty!" His commander struck him to the earth. "Poor fellow!" said the king; "it is a heavy blow for a small offense." As the royal victim approached his chair, his bearers pulled off their hats, and stood in reverential attitudes to receive him. This unbought homage again roused the wrath of Axtel, who, with blows of his indefatigable cudgel, vainly endeavored to prevail on the poor men to cover their heads.

He bade Herbert refuse admittance to his friends if they came. The night of his condemnation he was deprived of rest by the knocking of the workmen, who were commencing the scaffold for his execution. In the restless watches of that perturbed night, Charles finished his best devotional verses.

The king was removed from Whitehall, Sunday, January 28, to St. James's Palace, where he heard Bishop Juxon preach in the private chapel. "I wanted to preach to the poor wretch," said the zealous fanatic, Hugh Peters, in great indignation, "but the poor wretch would not hear me." When Bishop Juxon entered the presence of his captive sovereign, he gave way to the most violent burst of sorrow. "Compose yourself, my lord," said the king, "we have no time to waste on grief; let us, rather, think of the great matter. I must prepare to appear before God, to whom, in a few hours, I have to render my account. I hope to meet death with calmness. Do not let us speak of the men in whose hands I have fallen. They thirst for my blood—they shall have it. God's will be done; I give him thanks. I forgive them all sincerely; but let us say no more about them." It was with the greatest difficulty that the two sentinels appointed by the regicidal junta could be kept on the other side of the door while his majesty was engaged in his devotions.

The next day the royal children arrived from Sion House to see their parent for the last time. He had not been indulged with a sight of them since his captivity to the army, and on the morrow he was to die! The Princess Elizabeth burst into a passion of tears at the sight of her father, and her brother, the little Duke of Gloucester, wept as fast for company. The royal father consoled and soothed them, and, when he had solemnly blessed them, drew them to his bosom. The young princess, who was but twelve, has left her reminiscences of this touching interview in manuscript: "He told

me that he was glad I was come, for, though he had not time to say much, yet somewhat he wished to say to me which he could not to another, and he feared 'the cruelty' was too great to permit his writing. 'But, sweetheart,' he added, 'thou wilt forget what I tell thee.' Then, shedding abundance of tears," continues the princess, "I told him that I would write down all he said to me. 'He wished me,' he said, 'not to grieve and torment myself for him, for it was a glorious death he should die, it being for the laws and religion of the land.' He told me what books to read against popery. He said 'that he had forgiven all his enemies, and he hoped God would forgive them also; and he commanded us, and all the rest of my brothers and sisters, to forgive them also.' Above all, he bade me tell my mother, 'that his thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her would be the same to the last;' withal he commanded me (and my brother) to love her, and be obedient to her. He desired me 'not to grieve for him, for he should die a martyr, and that he doubted not but God would restore the throne to his son; and that then we should be all happier than we could possibly have been if he had lived.' Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said, 'Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head.' Upon which the child looked very steadfastly upon him. 'Heed, my child, what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a king. But mark what I say: you must not be a king as long as your brothers Charles and James live; therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them.' At which the child, sighing deeply, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces first.' And these words, coming so unexpectedly from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly. And his majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God, and he would provide for him. All which the young child earnestly promised." The king fervently kissed and blessed his children, and called to Bishop Juxon to take them away: they sobbed aloud. The king leaned his head against the window, trying to repress his tears, when, catching a view of them as they went through the door, he hastily came from the window, snatched them again to his breast, kissed and blessed them once more; then, tearing himself from their tears and caresses, he fell on his knees, and strove to calm, by prayer, the agony of that parting.

It ought not to be forgotten that the king had previously waited several days before that appointed for his execution, and had had the satisfaction of receiving a letter from his

son Charles, by Mr. Seymour, a special messenger, enclosing a *carte blanche* with his signature, to be filled up at pleasure. In this paper the prince bound himself to any terms, if his royal father's life might be spared. It must have proved a cordial to the king's heart to find, in that dire hour, how far family affection prevailed over ambition. The king carefully burnt the *carte blanche*, lest an evil use might be made of it, and did not attempt to bargain for his life by means of concession from his heir.

On the night preceding the awful day, Charles I. was blessed with calm and refreshing sleep. He awoke before day-break, undrew his curtain, and said to Herbert, "I will rise; I have a great work to do this day." Herbert's hands trembled while combing the king's hair. Charles, observing that it was not arranged so well as usual, said, "Nay, though my head be not to stand long on my shoulders, take the same pains with it that you were wont to do. Herbert, this is my second marriage-day; I would be as trim to-day as may be." The cold was intense at that season, and the king desired to have a warm additional shirt. "For," continued he, "the weather is sharp, and probably may make me shake. I would have no imputation of fear, for death is not terrible to me. I bless my God I am prepared. Let the rogues come whenever they please." He observed that he was glad he had slept at St. James's, for the walk through the park would circulate his blood, and counteract the numbness of the cold. Bishop Juxon arrived by the dawn of day. He prayed with the king, and read to him the 27th chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew.

At ten o'clock the summons came to conduct the king to Whitehall, and he went down into the park, through which he was to pass. Ten companies of infantry formed a double line on each side of his path. The detachment of halberdiers preceded him, with banners flying and drums beating. On the king's right hand was the bishop; on the left, with head uncovered, walked Colonel Tomlinson. The king walked through the park, as was his wont, at a quick, lively pace. He wondered at the slowness of his guard, and called out pleasantly, "Come, my good fellows, step on apace." One of the officers asked him, "If it was true that he had concurred with the Duke of Buckingham in causing his father's death?" "My friend," replied Charles, with gentle contempt, "if I had no other sin than that, as God knows, I should have little need to beg his forgiveness at this hour." The question has been cited as an instance of premeditated cruelty and audacity on

the part of the officer. But this was the falsehood that had injured him most among the common people.

As the king drew near Whitehall Palace, he pointed to a tree in the park, and said to either Juxon or Tomlinson, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry." There was a broad flight of stairs from the park, by which access was gained to the ancient palace of Whitehall. The king entered the palace that way; he ascended the stairs with a light step, passed through the long gallery, and gained his own bedroom, where he was left with Bishop Juxon, who administered the sacrament to him. Nye and Godwin, two Independent ministers, knocked at the door, and tendered their spiritual assistance. "Say to them frankly," said the king, "that they have so often prayed against me, that they shall not pray with me in mine agony. But if they will pray *for* me now, tell them that I shall be thankful." Dinner had been prepared for the king at Whitehall; he refused to eat. "Sir," said Juxon, "you have fasted long to-day; the weather is so cold, that faintness may occur." "You are right," replied the king. He therefore took a piece of bread and a glass of wine. "Now," said the king, cheerfully, "let the rascals come. I have forgiven them, and am quite ready." But "the rascals" were not ready.

A series of contests had taken place regarding the executioner and the warrant. Moreover, the military commanders, Huncks and Phayer, appointed to superintend the bloody work, resisted alike the scoffings, the jests, and threats of Cromwell, and had their names scratched out of the warrant; as to Huncks, he refused to write or sign the order to the executioner. This dispute occurred just before the execution took place. Huncks was one of the officers who guarded the king on his trial, and had been chosen for that purpose as the most furious of his foes; he had, like Tomlinson, become wholly altered from the result of his personal observations. Colonel Axtel and Colonel Hewson had, the preceding night, convened a meeting of thirty-eight stout sergeants of the army, to whom they proposed, that whosoever among them would aid the hangman in disguise, should have 100*l.* and rapid promotion in the army. Each one refused, with disgust. Late in the morning of the execution, Colonel Hewson prevailed on a sergeant in his regiment, one Hulet, to undertake the detestable office; and while this business was in progress, Elisha Axtel, brother of the colonel, went by water to Rosemary Lane, beyond the Tower, and dragged from thence the reluctant hangman, Gregory Brandon, who was, by threats and the promise

of 30*l.* in half-crowns, induced to strike the blow. The disguises of the executioners were hideous, and must have been imposed for the purpose of trying the firmness of the royal victim. They were coarse woolen garbs buttoned close to the body, which was the costume of butchers at that era. Hulet added a long gray peruke, and a black mask, with a large grey beard affixed to it. Gregory Brandon wore a black mask, a black peruke, and a large flapped black hat, looped up in front.

It was past one o'clock before the grisly attendants and apparatus of the scaffold were ready. Colonel Hacker led the king through his former banqueting-hall, one of the windows of which had originally been contrived to support stands for public pageantries; it had been taken out, and led to the platform raised in the street. The noble bearing of the king as he stepped on the scaffold, his beaming eyes and high expression, were noticed by all who saw him. He looked on all sides for his people, but dense masses of soldiery only presented themselves far and near. He was out of hearing of any persons but Juxon and Herbert, save those who were interested in his destruction. The soldiers preserved a dead silence; this time they did not insult him. The distant populace wept, and occasionally raised mournful cries in blessings and prayers for him. The king uttered a short speech, to point out that every institute of the original constitution of England had been subverted with the sovereign power. While he was speaking, some one touched the axe, which laid enveloped in black crape on the block. The king turned round hastily, and exclaimed, "Have a care of the axe. If the edge is spoiled, it will be the worse for me." The executioner, Gregory Brandon, drew near, and kneeling before him, entreated his forgiveness. "No!" said the king; "I forgive no subject of mine who comes deliberately to shed my blood." The king spoke as became his duty as chief magistrate and the source of the laws, which were violated in his murder.

The king put up his flowing hair under a cap; then, turning to the executioner, asked, "Is any of my hair in the way?"—"I beg your majesty to push it more under your cap," replied the man, bowing. The bishop assisted his royal master to do so, and observed to him, "There is but one stage more, which, though turbulent and troublesome, is yet a very short one. Consider, it will carry you a great way—even from earth to heaven."—"I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown." He unfastened his cloak, and took off the medallion of the order of the Garter. The latter he gave to Juxon, saying, with emphasis, "Re-

member!" Beneath the medallion of St. George was a secret spring which removed a plate ornamented with lilies, under which was a beautiful miniature of his Henrietta. The warning word, which has caused many historical surmises, evidently referred to the fact that he only had parted with the portrait of his beloved wife at the last moment of his existence. He then took off his coat, and put on his cloak; and pointing to the block, said to the executioner, "Place it so that it will not shake."—"It is firm, sir," replied the man. "I shall say a short prayer," said the king; "and when I hold out my hand thus, strike." The king stood in profound meditation, said a few words to himself, looked upward on the heavens, then knelt, and laid his head on the block. In about a minute he stretched out his hands, and his head was severed at one blow.

A simultaneous groan of agony arose from the assembled multitude at the moment when the fatal blow fell on the neck of Charles I. It was the protest of an outraged people, suffering, equally with their monarch, under military tyranny, and those who heard that cry remembered it with horror to their deaths. When the king's head fell, Hulet, the grey-beard mask, came forward to earn his bribe and subsequent promotion. He held up the bleeding head, and vociferated, "This is the head of a traitor!" A deep and angry murmur from the people followed the announcement. Two troops of horse, advancing in different directions, dispersed the indignant crowd. Hulet, in his anxiety to gain his stipulated reward, did more than was required, for he dashed down the dissevered head of the king, yet warm with life, and bruised one cheek grievously—an outrage noted with sorrow. The king was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; the burial service was not permitted. The body was, when it was conveyed for interment to Windsor, followed by Bishop Juxon and the six attached gentlemen who had attended on the king in all his wanderings. The king had expressed a wish to be interred by his father in the royal chapel in Westminster Abbey, but Cromwell forbade it, having, from an absurd species of ambition, reserved that place for himself.

The trial, death, and burial of Charles I. had taken place before Queen Henrietta, besieged as Paris was from without, and her place of abode, the Louvre, beset from within, could receive the least intelligence concerning him. Meantime, her second son James, the young Duke of York, who had escaped from the custody of the republican English, was brought to her through the beleaguering lines of Paris. His arrival

raised her spirits very high, too soon to be crushed. Whispers of the dire events in England had transpired through her circle at the Louvre; her English household gazed aghast on the unconscious widow, marveling how the tidings were to be told her. Such awe-struck looks caused her inquiries, but the answers she received almost stopped the springs of her life; when at last the queen comprehended her loss with all its frightful facts, she stood motionless as a statue, without words and without tears. "To all we could say our queen was deaf—frozen in her grief," writes Père Gamache; "at last, awed by her appalling grief, we became silent, with tearful looks bent on her. So passed the time till night-fall. When her aunt, the Duchess de Vendôme, whom she loved much and we had sent to, in fear for the queen's life, came, she gently took the hand of the royal widow, kissed it, remained silent, and wept. Then Henrietta felt the relief of tears. She was able to sigh and weep when her little daughter, then four years old, was brought to her; and though she felt it hard to part with her, yet she longed to retire to some quiet place where she might, as she said, 'weep at will.'" The convent of the Carmelites, St. Jacques, was the place to which she retreated, with one or two of her ladies.

The queen-regent of France sent Madame de Motteville to her afflicted sister of England. The sympathy felt for the afflicted daughter of their great Henry, induced the Frondeurs to let this lady pass their lines. "I was," she says, "admitted to her bedside. The queen, Henrietta, gave me her hand while sobs choked her speech. 'I have lost a crown,' she cried, 'but that I have long ceased to regret; it is the husband for whom I grieve; good, just, wise, virtuous as he was, most worthy of my love and that of his subjects; the future time must be for me but one succession of torture.'" Henrietta then sent important messages of advice to her sister-queen on her affairs, implored her to seek and hear the truth before it was too late, which, if her Charles or herself had ever been told, affairs needed not have taken the fatal turn that she should ever mourn. Queen Henrietta then asked that her newly-arrived son, the Duke of York, might be given the same allowance as his brother, now called by all her exiled court Charles II.

Before the violence of grief was abated, it became needful that Queen Henrietta should leave Paris for St. Germain, where the court of France then was. The transit was dangerous, but it is from the superabundant spite of the English republican news-letters the fact is revealed that the young King

of England, in his deep mourning for his father, rode by the side of his mother's carriage, guarding her from the infuriated rabble. The queen-regent of France and her sons were waiting at Chatou to comfort them by every kindness after this terrible journey. Henrietta's next trouble was parting from her son Charles II. for his adventurous attempts in Scotland and England. After the failure of the royal cause at the hard-fought battle of Worcester, the young king retired into exile at Cologne. Queen Henrietta had to weep the sad death of her beautiful daughter Elizabeth, who died broken-hearted in her cruel imprisonment, at Carisbrook Castle. The indignation of all Europe obliged the English republicans to send the young Duke of Gloucester to Paris. The last interview of Charles I. with these children had made every feeling heart sympathize with them. It must be owned that the worst action Queen Henrietta ever committed was the persecution she raised against her son Henry, Duke of Gloucester, to make him change his religion. Not out of fanatic bigotry, which though troublesome may possibly be sincere, but from the sordid motive of providing for him as a Roman Catholic ecclesiastic. The boy, at the tender age of eight years, had earnestly promised his sire, as he sat on his knee, never to forsake the faith of the Church of England, or to supersede his elder brothers, and now he kept his word as sturdily as if he had been thirty.* Charles II. stopped his mother's tampering with the faith of his younger brother, ordering, as their sovereign, that Gloucester should be sent to his loving sister Mary, Princess of Orange, then at Breda.

In another attempt to mend adverse fortune Henrietta was signally disappointed; she tried in vain to induce her rich and beautiful niece, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, the second lady in France, to accept the hand of her eldest son, the expatriated Charles II. To her subsequent regret, the princess scorned the young king for his poverty.

Time and death at last did their work, and the royal family was restored, not by foreign force, but by acclamation. England having for twenty years experienced anarchy, was glad to welcome her king home again, all people know, with his two brothers York and Gloucester, at Dover, on his birthday, May, 29, 1660.

The queen-mother, as Henrietta was now called, did not witness the delirious joy of the Restoration. She was busy with the marriage-treaty of her beautiful darling, the Princess

* For the details of this event, see "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. v.

Henrietta, with her youngest nephew, Philippe, Duke d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIV. About five months after she came with the princess to obtain her dowry from the now loving Parliament of England, likewise her own arrears, which had been scornfully refused by the republic, with the remark "that she had not been crowned, therefore they ignored her as queen." Surely she deserved no great pity on that point, considering her perverse conduct to her husband concerning it.

Of her three sons who had returned to England, Henrietta was destined to meet but two. The small-pox, so fatal in that country, deprived her of young Gloucester, whom she had never met since endeavoring to force him into the Roman Catholic faith. The marriage that the Duke of York had avowed with Anne Hyde, Clarendon's daughter, not only enraged but grieved her more than the early death of poor Gloucester. She wrote to her daughter, the Princess of Orange, then visiting Charles II. in England, that she came to break the disgraceful marriage of James; but before Christmas was turned Henrietta had mourned over the death-bed of her beloved eldest daughter, who had been the greatest benefactress to her and her exiled family when in Holland. Moreover Queen Henrietta found that neither her own dower or her young princess's marriage-portion would be very quick in coming to hand, without the assistance of Clarendon; so she did exactly contrary to her avowed intentions, and acknowledged Anne Hyde as her second son's wife, which she certainly was, by every law of God and man. On New Year's Day, 1661, the Duke of York brought his wife in state to Whitehall. As the queen passed to dine in public, the Duchess of York knelt to her; the queen raised her, kissed her, and placed her at table. The Earl of Clarendon and the queen came to an understanding on business that same evening. There was the utmost difficulty regarding the lands she held as queen-dowager; but the parliament gave her 30,000*l.* compensation and a large annuity. But as the English law did not allow queen-dowagers to be absentees, her establishment was settled at Somerset House, which she altered with great taste. As London was infected with the small-pox, the queen was desirous of withdrawing her lovely Henrietta from its dangers before her beauty was injured.

Charles II. attended his mother to Portsmouth, where she embarked with her young princess, who was seized with eruptive illness next day, supposed to be the small-pox. The captain run the ship aground; and all had to disembark at

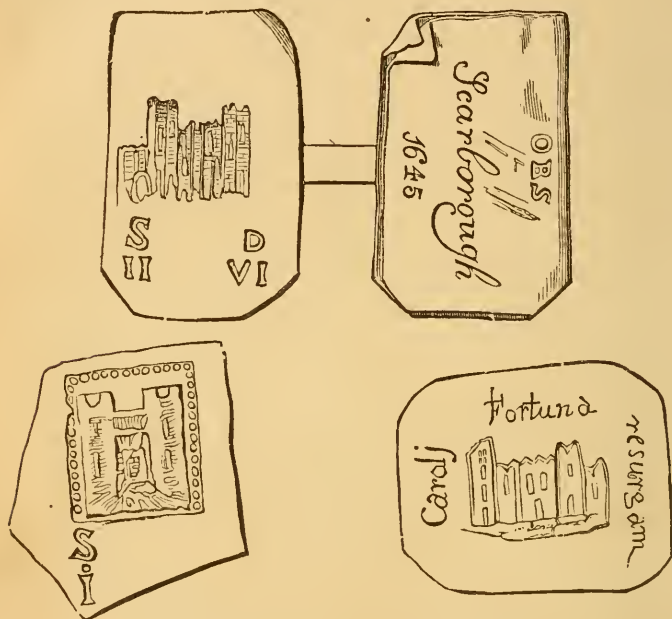
Portsmouth, where the princess remained till convalescent. At last they arrived safely at Havre, February 26, 1661, and were escorted in great triumph by the French nobility to Paris, where the marriage of the young princess with Philippe, Duke of Orleans, took place, at the chapel of the Palais Royal. The marriage was not happy; the bridegroom was odd-tempered and totally uneducated.

When Somerset House was repaired and beautified, the queen came to take up her residence in England, where she first was introduced to the bride of Charles II., Catharine of Braganza. And in England she lived three years, her health gradually giving way before the climate—always inimical to her. She saw her second son and his duchess, Anne Hyde, with promising children about them. The Lady Mary, afterward queen-regnant, was born while Henrietta was in England.

Charles II. and his queen accompanied the invalid queen-mother to the Nore, when she returned to France, where she went direct to her favorite château of Colombe, on the river Seine, between Paris and St. Germain-en-Laye. Its park and groups of trees are still visible from the railway. The château was destroyed at the revolution of France. Henrietta lived a sweet, easy life in her pleasant château, troubled only by the fluctuations of the asthmatic cough she had never lost since her Yorkshire campaign. Her charity was very extensive; in England she had distributed from her chapel at Somerset House thousands of pounds among the poor suffering from the plague, in the year 1666.

She paid visits to the baths of Bourbon, for increasing illness, during the three next years. Toward the close of 1669, she had been agitated with impending war between France and England, which she strove to avert. M. Valot, the first physician to Louis XIV., held a consultation at Colombe with her own medical man. The new remedy of opium was then the fashionable medicine. It was vain her own physician declared it was most inimical to Queen Henrietta. M. Valot left the prescription, positively asserting that it would allay her tearing cough. On the evening of August 30, she was better than usual, sat up later, and chatted pleasantly with her ladies. That night she was sleeping sweetly, when the lady in waiting awoke her, to administer the sleeping-draught. Could any thing be more absurd than to wake a patient to administer a sleeping-potion? At dawn, the lady came with another draught, but the first had been fatal; Henrietta was cold and speechless, and never woke again, though she respired for

some time. A messenger hurried to St. Germain, and her son-in-law, the Duke of Orleans, came directly; but Henrietta had ceased to breathe, August 31, 1669. Her little granddaughter, afterward our queen-regnant, Anne, was staying at Colombe for her health at that time.



Siege Pieces. Scarborough Shilling. Time of Charles I.

Queen Henrietta was embalmed, and buried at St. Denis, in the royal vault of the Kings of France, her ancestors. Her daughter, the Duchess of Orleans, was too ill and utterly cast down with grief to follow her mother to the grave; but her niece, Mademoiselle Montpensier, attended as chief mourner. Forty days after, a much grander service was performed to her memory, by the nuns of the Visitation, at Chaillot, whose convent she had founded. There her daughter and her husband, the Duke and Duchess of Orleans, attended, in the deepest grief and mourning; and there Bossuet preached that beautiful biographical oration, which has deservedly taken place among the classics of France. Our limits in this edition

will not permit * more than one passage, which is illustrative of the true character of the queen, though not of that set forth in general English history. "Batten, the captain who cannonaded her at Burlington, was taken prisoner afterward, and condemned to death, without the queen's knowledge; but, seeing him led to execution past her window, full of horror at his impending fate, the queen cried out she had pardoned him long ago, and insisted on his liberation. Batten was not ungrateful, for he helped in the revolt of part of the English fleet to the young king." Pepys, in his diary, often names him as in favor with the Duke of York, when lord admiral, after the Restoration.

Henrietta Maria had been the mother of four sons and four daughters; she outlived all her children but Charles II., who left no legitimate offspring; James, Duke of York, afterward the unfortunate James II.; and Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, who survived her some months.

* See "Lives of the Queens of England," vol. v.



Catharine of Braganza. From the original painting in the Pepysian Library.

CATHARINE OF BRAGANZA.

PORTUGAL had lost its royal rank among nations sixty years before the birth of Catharine of Braganza. The cruel sovereign of Spain, Philip II., on the principle that might makes right, annexed it to his long list of dominions, when it was weakened by the disastrous crusade and death of King Sebastian, and the imbecile reign of Henry, the cardinal king. But the right line of the monarchy remained in Don Juan, Duke of Braganza. He married Donna Luiza, daughter of the first grandee of Spain, the Duke of Medina Sidonia. Two sons had been born of this marriage previous

to the birth of Catharine, which occurred Nov. 25, 1638, at Villa Vicosa, her father's beautiful palace, in Portugal. Catharine was born in an auspicious hour, when the unanimous confederation took place, of Portuguese patriots to throw off the yoke of Spain, and place her father on the throne of his ancestors. Don Juan demurred, unwilling to plunge his country into the carnage of the struggle; but the confederation gained strength daily. Two years afterward, Donna Luiza, who was the very spirit of enterprise, on the anniversary of her babe's birth, put little Catharine into her husband's arms, made her kiss him, and ask him to make her a king's daughter.

That night all Portugal openly proclaimed Don Juan of Braganza king. Charles I., though himself overcome with misfortunes, recognized the struggling realm of Portugal—it was one of his last regal acts. When little Donna Catharine was seven years old, her father proposed a marriage between her and the heir of England, who was of the age of fourteen; but Charles I., who had felt the calamities brought on him by marrying a Roman Catholic princess, did not assent, although in poverty, and the dower of the Portuguese princess was considerable. The brave father of Catharine died in middle life, leaving his heroic consort to complete the liberation of his country. This the queen effected nearly at the time of the restoration of the royal family of Stuart, when marriage negotiations between Charles II. and Catharine were first mentioned by a Jew factor to General Monk.

The result of inquiries into the qualities and education of Catharine were, "that her disposition was sweet, that she had been brought up conventually in such retirement, that she had not, at the age of twenty-two—mature for Portugal—been five times out of her mother's palace in her life."

It has been charged on the Earl of Clarendon that he made this alliance because, at the advanced age of Catharine, she was not likely to bring Charles II. heirs wherewith to dispossess the offspring of James, Duke of York, and Anne Hyde his daughter. Clarendon's endeavor that his master might wed a Protestant was sincere; he had seen and felt dreadful troubles, owing to the hatred the English people bore to Roman Catholic queens. Besides, it is an absurdity to call a woman old at twenty-two in any country.

During the eighteen months in which the negotiations were carried on, the court of Charles II. became so very riotous, and his attentions to an evil woman, notorious under the names of Mrs. Palmer and Lady Castlemaine, so shameless, that the

English people thought it better to have a popish queen than no queen. Then the contracting parties for King Charles, Maynard and Richard Russell, an English Roman Catholic who had a Portuguese bishopric and was preceptor to the princess, came to an agreement about dower and jointure in the spring of 1661. The Earl of Sandwich was sent with a fine English fleet to fetch home the bride. This fleet was the happy cause of driving away the last assault of the Spanish navy on Lisbon, and at the same time protecting the rich Brazilian home-bound fleet, then nearing the mouth of the Tagus. Charles II. wrote his bride a love-letter full of promises of exclusive affection, which he never dreamed of fulfilling *

Her dowry was, and still is, of immense advantage to our country. The island of Bombay was given to England forever, with its forts, towns, bay, and castles, and leave for the English to trade with Brazil and the East Indies; such permission had never before been accorded to any other nation. Bombay proved the origin of England's power in the East Indies; to these were added 500,000 pistoles and Tangier, on the coast of Africa. This last possession proved worthless. Catharine, in return, was given the great dower of 30,000*l.* per annum for life; and, in case of widowhood, with permission to live in her own country, and receive it there. No other dowager-queen of England had been thus favored.

No dispensation from the Pope had been obtained by Portugal for the marriage of Catharine with a Protestant king. For Spain had violently opposed the marriage; and Queen Luiza feared delay from the ill offices of their powerful enemy. The marriage ceremony in both religions was to take place in England.

The royal bride took her departure from Lisbon April 23, 1661. Alphonso, King of Portugal, and the infant Don Pedro, her brothers, and the grandees and households followed her procession down the stairs of the Lisbon Palace to the hall of the Germans, near the court of the chapel, where Queen Luiza waited to bid farewell to her daughter, and give her her last solemn benediction. Neither the queen nor the bride shed a tear at parting, though all around wept passionately. Catharine, now called Queen of England, was escorted through triumphal arches to the port by her brothers, and brought to the English admiral's flag-ship, the *Royal Charles*, in King Alphonso's state brigantine. The *Royal Charles's* cabin was

* For this letter, and many other curious traits and facts from Portuguese documents, see "Lives of the Queens of England," in 8 vols., vol. v. By Agnes Strickland.

richly hung with white and scarlet for the bride-queen, and the state cabin fitted up as a throne-room. Before the queen sailed, her brother, King Alphonso, knowing her love of music, entertained her with a farewell serenade in his brigantine, which rowed round the Royal Charles with serenader's music all night.

The passage was long and stormy. Off the Isle of Wight the fleet encountered the Duke of York, who came with five frigates to meet and do honor to his royal brother's bride. Catharine received him, when he came on board, with sisterly kindness, and seemed grateful for his wish to become acquainted with her before the formal court presentation. As the fleet proceeded up the Channel, the duke visited her every day; and she had the good sense always to receive him in English costume, until he asked to see her in her national garb. He said that it became her well; but one of her portraits shows how hideous was the manner of dressing her hair, curled and frizzed like a judge's wig, with an ugly foretop parted from one side of her head to the other. The noble Portuguese ladies who accompanied her, in vain tried to persuade her thus to dress, hoping the English ladies would adopt the fashion. Catharine landed, however, dressed like other English ladies. Her six ladies persisted in their foretops and frizzes, and were called "six frights" for their pains by Charles II.'s saucy courtiers.

The Duke of York's frigate followed the Royal Charles into the harbor, and when the queen disembarked, May 13, her brother-in-law was ready to hand her to her gayly-decorated barge; she then proceeded in the royal coach to the king's house in Portsmouth, where her first lady of the bed-chamber, the Countess of Suffolk, received her. King Charles remained to the last moment in London, with her yet unknown rival, Lady Castlemaine.

The queen wrote to King Charles announcing her arrival, but it was five days before he met her. Admiral Lord Sandwich meantime spoke and wrote with the utmost approval of the queen's modest and pious demeanor, and tried to prepossess every one in her favor; and though a great admirer of female beauty, considered her a pleasing, if not a pretty woman. Her portraits, both in England and France, do her more justice than her contemporary English historians. Lord Dartmouth affirms that the king, when he saw her, asked, "if they sent him a bat instead of a woman." King Charles, however, in his own autograph, wrote no such uncivil remark, but said, "her eyes were excellent good, her expression agree-

able, and his skill in physiognomy told him she was as good a woman as ever was born, with wit enough, and an agreeable voice;" adding, "that he thought himself very happy, and that they two would be happy together." No doubt that would have been the case had he been half as good as his wife.

Catharine was entreated to dispense with the Roman Catholic marriage service. It was, indeed, penal to perform it in England. She insisted upon it, and Henrietta's almoner married her to Charles II. in her own bed-chamber; the witnesses were the Portuguese ambassador, two ladies, and three Portuguese nobles. King Charles always spoke to his queen in Spanish, in which majestic language he excelled; it was the queen's mother's tongue, and therefore familiar to her.

After dinner the king took Catharine by the hand and led her into the hall of his Portsmouth Palace, where preparations were made for the Church of England celebration of the marriage ceremony. At the daïs appeared the Portuguese ambassador, with the Bishop of London, and all the royal household; the marriage service of the Common Prayer was performed; to which the queen signified her assent in the presence of as many people as could crowd into the lower part of the hall, before whom the Bishop of London pronounced Catharine and Charles II. man and wife in the words of our liturgy. Then the Countess of Suffolk followed the English custom of detaching from the queen's dress all her knots of blue ribbon, and distributing them to the witnesses as wedding-favors. The dress was rose-colored, the ribbons blue, which gaudy mixture was well modified by the abstraction of the blue ribbons; the crowd fought and scrambled for the smallest fragment thereof.

The marriage of Charles II. and Catharine of Braganza was duly entered in the register-book of the parish church of St. Thomas-à-Becket, Portsmouth, on vellum, in letters of gold.

The king and queen left Portsmouth May 27, and passing one day at Windsor Castle, proceeded to Hampton Court, where the anniversary of Charles II.'s birth and restoration were, on the 29th, brilliantly celebrated, together with his marriage festivities.

The name of Mrs. Palmer, Charles II.'s unworthy favorite, had transpired at Lisbon before Catharine's departure. The Queen of Portugal had wisely advised her daughter never to utter this person's name, or suffer any one to mention it to her. Consequently, Queen Catharine had remained in happy ignorance of the identity of her rival, until the king, accord-

ing to the usual etiquette, presented her with the list of the ladies of her bed-chamber and household for her approval. At the head of them, as first lady, figured the formidable name of Mrs. Palmer. The queen immediately crossed it out, leaving her treacherous consort in some perplexity as to what was to be the next step, to fulfill his unrighteous intentions of forcing this bad woman into the society of his pure and good wife.

Nearly six weeks had passed away of married serenity for Queen Catharine, when clouds darkened thus over. At the usual presentation of the ladies of her household, one most majestic in figure and beautiful in face was announced to her majesty for the usual homage as Lady Castlemaine. The title was new and unfamiliar to the queen's ear, who received the lady with her usual graciousness, when the Countess de Penalva, her principal Portuguese lady, leaned from behind the royal chair to the queen, and whispered, that the Lady Castlemaine was one and the same with the much dreaded "Mrs. Palmer." The queen's color changed; the struggle to subdue her feelings was nearly fatal, for the blood gushed from her nostrils and she was carried to her apartment in a fit. Then ensued a long contention between the king and his bride. To the Lord Chancellor Clarendon was assigned the ungracious task of breaking the royal bride's spirit of just indignation at the idea of the intrusion of this vile woman into her household. However, it was accomplished: and the unfortunate queen remained for the future, perforce, passive to this and many other insults of the same species.

Neglected as she was by her royal husband, Queen Catharine was not without her share of homage as a woman. Waller, the most eloquent of all the court poets, pays a well-turned compliment to the beauty of her eyes, in a graceful birthday ode, which was composed in her honor and sung on her birthday, the day her majesty completed her 25th year.

Waller again took occasion to eulogize the beautiful eyes of this queen in the verse which he wrote on a card, which she tore in a little fit of impatience, at the fashionable game of ombre:

"The cards you tear in value rise,
So do the wounded by your eyes;
Who to celestial things aspire,
Are, by that passion, raised the higher."

It was not often that Catharine permitted herself to give way to petulance, even on signal provocation. However, she felt her wrongs no less keenly than when she vented her in-

dignant feelings in angry words and floods of tears, but she had gained the power of restraining her inward pangs from becoming visible to those who made sport of her agony. When Lady Castlemaine, on entering the bed-chamber one day while her majesty was dressing, had the presumption to ask her, "How she could have the patience to sit so long a-dressing?"—"Madam," replied the queen with great dignity, "I have so much reason to use patience, that I can well bear such a trifle."

The last day of the year 1662 concluded with a grand ball at Whitehall. At this ball Lady Castlemaine appeared in richer jewels than those of the queen and the Duchess of York put together. It was whispered that she had induced the king to bestow on her all the Christmas presents, which the peers had given him; the reason, perhaps, why such offerings were discontinued.

The arrival of the king's mother, Queen Henrietta, produced some alteration in Queen Catharine's unhappy state of mind. Henrietta treated her daughter-in-law with the utmost respect. She ostensibly came to offer her congratulations on her son's marriage, and become personally acquainted with his bride. Catharine went privately to receive her mother-in-law, at that queen's beautiful little palace at Greenwich. The king and the Duke of York were the interpreters between the two queens, for Henrietta could not speak Spanish, far less Portuguese, and Catharine could not converse in French. Queen Catharine had not hitherto made any state entry into London. August 23 was the day appointed for her public progress from Hampton Court by water to Whitehall. At Kew the king and queen changed the usual state barge for a small yacht, and again, before their arrival at Whitehall, they entered a magnificent open vessel, with a stately canopy of cloth of gold, made in the fashion of a cupola, with high Corinthian pillars, wreathed with flowers, festoons, and garlands, that their people might the better behold them. This vessel was of antique form. Thus the royal pair arrived, the shores lined with spectators, and as for the river, it was completely hidden by thousands of boats, the royal vessel the centre of the whole.

The queen's landing took place under the discharge of cannon, at the pier called Whitehall Bridge. The queen-mother was ready to receive and welcome her daughter-in-law, at whose right hand she was placed, the Duchess of York at the left of Queen Catharine's canopy. When the queen-mother gave a festival at Somerset House, Pepys, who

saw Queen Catharine in proximity with the most lovely women of that age, has left this favorable opinion of her modest and womanly demeanor: "Although she be not so charming, yet she hath a good modest innocent look, which is pleasing." Poor Catharine, then only three months married, was already broken in to the yoke she was hereafter to endure for life. That night she returned to Whitehall, having to endure the company, in her coach, of Lady Castlemaine and young Crofts (afterward Duke of Monmouth, the king's eldest illegitimate son), occupying the opposite seat to the king and herself, proving that the king had forced his innocent and virtuous wife to accept this evil woman as her companion and first lady of the bed-chamber.

Considerable aid was received by Queen Catharine's beloved country from England, during the succeeding four years; for which reason the Portuguese Queen of England settled down into passive endurance of her husband's infidelity; yet she did not, internally, feel neglect less acutely, and the pain of mind she suffered told on her constitution. Three times she was disappointed in her hopes of maternity. The last was accompanied with dangerous symptoms, which gradually merged into low typhus fever, attended with constant delirium. Charles II., who was profligate, but not malicious, showed some feeling when he saw his unoffending consort on the verge of the grave; his unexpected kindness conduced to her recovery.

All his court were speculating, while the queen lay between life and death, on her probable successor. His insolent favorite, Lady Castlemaine, had declined in his favor. A beautiful impoverished kinswoman of his, Frances Stuart of Blantyre, who was one of the queen's maids of honor, had previously to the illness of her royal mistress occupied all his attention. As she was of the legitimate line of Stuart, expectation ran high as to whether she would be raised to the throne on the queen's decease. Frances Stuart had previously very imprudently coquetted with Charles II., and extended her conquests far and wide; yet she was not a lost vile woman, although her character had suffered from thus indulging her vanity. The queen had always treated her with kindness, and even with respect.

For the recovery of her health, Catharine of Braganza retreated to Tunbridge Wells, the springs of which then first came in fashion as a watering-place. Charles II. and his worst companions broke loose over Kent and Sussex and the adjacent counties, playing all sorts of pranks and frolics. The

queen, unfortunately, had sent for the players to amuse her at Tunbridge; that led to the king's intimacy with Nell Gwynn, who was the most audacious of the troupe. It will scarcely be believed that Charles forced his queen to receive this abandoned woman among her ladies of *honor*. Meantime, the fair Stuart made a conquest of the Duke of Richmond, the nearest prince of the blood of the name of Stuart to the royal family. As all her aim in conquest was to make an honorable wedlock, Frances Stuart threw herself at the feet of her royal mistress, and entreated counsel and assistance. So well did Catharine arrange for her, that she married Richmond before the king knew aught of the attachment. The queen and her allies confided in Charles's usual good temper; and their calculation did not fail, for shortly Richmond was forgiven, and his duchess received with the usual favor, insomuch that the fair Frances thought it safest to wholly withdraw herself from court life, and all its dangerous ways. Occasionally only she came to pay her grateful homage to Queen Catharine, who thus lost a rival and gained a friend.

A worse rival than the violent Castlemaine or the coarse Nelly invaded the peace of the poor queen after the death of the king's mother, in 1669, and, soon after, of his sister Henrietta. One of the attendants of that princess, a beautiful Breton girl, of noble but impoverished lineage, was left unprovided for. In a recent visit that Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, had paid to meet her brothers at Dover, it is supposed that King Charles had noticed the beauty of this girl, when in waiting. After the sudden death of his sister, as her maid was utterly destitute, Charles offered her a place about the person of his queen. He seems to have deprived his wife of the right of choosing her own maids—a great outrage to any lady. Louise de Queroualle, as soon as she appeared at court, was advanced from one infamy to another, until she became the notorious Duchess of Portsmouth, as remarkable for her intrigues in state as for her more scandalous vices. Then, for the first time, Queen Catharine found deadly personal enmity in England. Party cries were raised concerning the queen's childless state and Roman Catholic faith; divorce was talked of, and the Portsmouth duchess thought she could rise on Catharine of Braganza's repudiation, and become Queen of England.

When, in the course of three years, the Duke of York lost his wife, Anne Hyde, and married a Roman Catholic princess, Marie Beatrice, of Modena, the popular alarm became excited at the idea that he, a declared Roman Catholic, and next heir

to the crown, would on his accession seek to restore a mode of faith distasteful to the majority of the English people. The king, who had no religion of any kind to dissemble, was the only shield between his subjects and popery. A strong party was formed, urgent for King Charles to act the part of Henry VIII. Dr. Burnet wrote two treatises, one advocating polygamy, the other divorce; and carried his recklessness so far as to present them to Charles for perusal. Buckingham offered to kidnap Catharine to the American colonies, then called the plantations, and so dispose of her that she never came in the king's way again. "Poor lady," said the king, "it would be too wicked to make her miserable for no fault of hers, because she has no living children." He was her only friend and protector, imperfectly as he performed both duties.

As for Burnet, the king treated him and his "Cases of Conscience," as he called his unseemly letters, with sovereign contempt. "I am too wicked," he declared, "yet not so bad as some about me would have me be."

Catharine felt, as the dark succeeding years unrolled, the loss of Clarendon. He had never been kind to her; yet the murderous machinations of Buckingham and Shaftesbury, who succeeded him in power, made the exiled prime minister regretted by her.

After the marriage of the Lady Mary Stuart of York to William, Prince of Orange, the suborned plotter, Titus Oates, became the ostensible leader of the horrible faction which invented the "popish plot," devised by Shaftesbury against the queen and the Duke of York. In the course of its development, many of their servants were put to death by means of shameless perjury—so barefaced, that history looks back on the delusion as an awful species of popular madness possessing the English at the period between 1677 and 1680. The object of one branch of the popish plot was to prove that the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey was committed in the queen's palace of Somerset House, by her servants of her own religion; and that she was guilty of conspiring against Charles II.'s life, which it is certain she loved far better than her own.

At the bar of the House of Commons, November 28, 1680, the perjurer thus made his denunciation: "I, Titus Oates, accuse Catharine, Queen of England, of high treason." Charles II. boldly interposed the shield of his prerogative in defense of his wife, and treated these accusations with still greater contempt than he had done the previous proposal of her unprincipled enemies to abduct her. What the queen felt concerning them no one could tell at the time; nevertheless, the

whole tragedy made a profound impression upon her, since, instead of glorying in any attempt against the established religion of England, she denied it with her last words as a crime falsely imputed to her—thus proving that she was less bigoted in catholicity than people supposed. It would take many volumes of writing to follow the iniquities of the popular madness about the popish plot; suffice it to say, that the king, whose easy temper was at last provoked by the murderous attacks of Oates, Shaftesbury, and Bedloe on the harmless queen, roused himself from his usual indolence, recalled his brother, dissoived the House of Commons, and even banished that national nuisance for a while, the Duchess of Portsmouth. The queen was, however, ridded of this evil woman only for a short time, until some degree of peace had been established among the agitated people. Thenceforward the liberties of England sunk for some years, the country being thoroughly convinced, by the innocent blood that had been shed and the shameless perjury used, that those who acted in the name of liberty were unworthy to wield it. From 1681 to 1685 quiet ensued, at least for the persecuted queen, occasionally interrupted by minor plots, in which the suborners of the great popish plot vainly endeavored to regain their influence, and, in consequence, some lost their lives.

The queen's chief trouble was now to watch the decay of the once strong health of the king. Ill as she had been treated by him, he was tenderly beloved by her. The late dreadful times had told upon his constitution; he was weary of life, yet went on his old course unaltered.

For many years his queen had been made the object of all sorts of libels and lampoons, although her enemies had nothing more serious to bring against her excepting that she was passionately fond of music and dancing, and danced no better than a duck. But without any manifest abilities or cultivation of mind, she changed evil customs, doing good to this country by the example of her personal temperance, introducing mild beverages and light diets instead of the potations of wines and strong beer which accompanied the constant meat devourings of that drunken and voracious century. Great alteration in the inner life and customs of English families happily ensued.

The court poet, Waller, bears witness to our assertion in these lines :

“The best of queens and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation, which the way did show
To the fair region where the sun doth rise.”

Every body knows that the Portuguese, under her ances-

tors—the bold sea-kings of south of Europe—discovered the ocean-path to the East Indies and China. The queen brought tea with her to England—always used tea—and tea in the course of a century became the national drink of the ladies of England. The Italian Opera was likewise introduced by her. The first of this class of musical drama was performed for the amusement of her court at Somerset House, 1674, by the queen's Italian musicians and paid servants, such representations taking the place of the masques so frequently acted before royal personages—and far too frequently by them to their great disparagement.

Charles II. was attacked with apoplexy at Whitehall, February 1, 1685. His terrified household assembled round him after he had been bled and restored to consciousness. The queen hastened to him, and sat by his bed until she was forced to be carried from his chamber by her paroxysms of agonized weeping; for she, as well as all around her, saw the stroke was unto death. His brother, the Duke of York, bore all command in the sick-room before the queen left her place by her sick husband. She spoke to her sister-in-law, the duchess, saying, "My sister, I beseech you tell the Duke of York, who knows the king's sentiments in regard to religion as well as I do, to take advantage of some good moment."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the holy Sancroft, and Ken, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, were in attendance on their dying sovereign. He listened to their prayers; but when tendered the Holy Sacrament, according to the rites of our Church, by Ken, he only said he would think of it. Finally, the Duke of York had the room cleared; and Father Huddleston, the priest who had saved his life at Boscobel, was introduced in disguise, and administered the Roman Catholic sacrament to the king. He did it at the risk of his life, for the act was penal by the law. But the aged man did not shrink from the danger. The queen was assiduous in her attentions to her dying lord. The Duchess of Portsmouth, feeling that her power was over, and that she was wholly at the mercy of the Duke of York, dared not enter the room. Sometimes the queen had to be taken from the bedside, when her agonies of grief disturbed the dying king. On one of these occasions she sent to ask her husband's pardon for aught in which she might have offended him in the course of their marriage. Charles was surprised, as well he might be, and replied, "Poor lady! she beg my pardon? I beg hers with all my heart!"

When the court were again admitted, Bishop Ken once more entreated the king to receive the sacrament. Charles

replied, "I hope I have made my peace with God," alluding to the Romish sacrament which Father Huddleston had just administered; but Ken was not aware of that circumstance.

The king's actual agony of death continued forty-eight hours. When his last moments drew near, the queen, who had been bled, to quiet the convulsive anguish that threatened her life and reason, was again admitted. She threw herself on her knees by his bedside, and once more demanded pardon for all her offenses. Charles again replied, "that she had offended in nothing; but that he himself had been guilty of many offenses against her, for which he entreated her pardon." The physicians would not permit her to witness the king's last agony; but another message was exchanged between the royal pair. Three witnesses, all present — Lord Chesterfield, Barillon, the French ambassador, and the Duchess of York — separately, by written testimony, confute the falsehood of Burnet, who says the king never mentioned Queen Catharine.

Charles II. expired February 6, 1685. After the proclamation of his brother as James II., the privy council waited, according to the etiquette of condolence, on his royal widow. James II. also paid her a brotherly visit. As her grief was intense, the suffering such visits inflicted may be surmised. Moreover, she had to receive all state condolences reclined on a bed of mourning; the light of day excluded, with tapers burning; the floor, the walls, and even the ceiling hung with black. All as lugubrious as in the state-chamber wherein the corpse of Charles II. was placed under his canopied hearse.

The king was buried by torch-light, in Westminster Abbey, privately, by reason of the religion he had adopted in his last moments. Much calumny was heaped on his successor on this account; but the rites of the Romish Church, proscribed and penal as they were in England, could not be permitted in public, or celebrated in open day.

Soon after the death of her husband Catharine of Braganza requested leave to return to her native country. James II. went to Chatham himself to look out one of his best new ships, to take her to Portugal in safety and comfort. Some litigation she had with Henry, Earl of Clarendon, who had been her lord treasurer and chamberlain, respecting her savings, caused her delay until she seemed to settle quietly in England. She was twice called upon, regarding different matters, in the stormy times which preceded the revolution of 1688—once to intercede for the Duke of Monmouth, when he was condemned to be beheaded for rebellion. She had like-

wise to give evidence before the privy council regarding the birth of the unfortunate Prince of Wales, afterward called the Pretender, on whom party malice threw the stigma of not being the son of his own mother. Catharine gave this evidence, still extant—

“The king sent for me to the queen: I came as soon as I could, and never left her until she was delivered of the Prince of Wales.”

Times became darker for Catharine after the revolution and the exile of James II. and his queen, Marie Beatrice. Their successors, Mary II. and William, Prince of Orange, certainly did not treat her so well as they ought. William was the most friendly of the two. But his queen's letters to him are full of mischief-making details and cruel remarks* on her forlorn aunt, left friendless and a widow among persons inimical to her religion and all she held dear. The poor queen-dowager again claimed her privilege by her marriage articles, of returning to Portugal for the rest of her days. But William and Mary, engaged in war with their uncle and father, could not spare ships to take her or money to pay her arrears of dower.

It was not till the spring of 1692 that Queen Catharine was able to accomplish her desire. She had resided chiefly in London seven years from her widowhood, and had been queen in England, consort and dowager, thirty years all but seven weeks. Catharine had amassed a considerable capital from her savings while she lived in retirement during her widowhood. She pensioned her Protestant lords and ladies most munificently from her dower, and took several English and Irish ladies of rank in her suite to Portugal, among others, Lady Fingall and her daughters and Lady Tuke. She could not obtain ships from William III. for the Portuguese voyage; but embarking at Margate, March 30, 1692, was landed at Dieppe, and traveled by land, incognita, through France, with the permission of Louis XIV., who, moreover, sent relays of horses and guards, and invited her to Versailles; but she declined all the parade and pleasure of that gay court. When she passed through Spain, her national pride caused her to assume the state of royalty. A splendid escort of Portuguese nobility awaited her at Almeida, near the Spanish border; but the queen did not leave Spain without severe illness, which

* See, for many curious passages on these facts, from Queen Mary's own letters, *Lives of Catharine of Braganza and Queen Mary II.*, vols. v. and vii. “*Lives of the Queens of England*,” in 8 vols.

retained her for several days before she could proceed on her journey.

On her recovery, Catharine proceeded to Lisbon, where she arrived January 20, 1693; here she was received with the respect due to a benefactress. She had certainly proved so to her country while she was queen-consort of England.

Catharine found many changes on her return to her native country. Queen Luiza, her mother, had been dead many years. After the death of this illustrious lady, frightful strife began between her two sons, Don Alphonso, the reigning king, reckoned imbecile, and his brother Don Pedro. Civil war shook Portugal, scarcely recovered from the twenty years' struggle for existence. The deposition and death of Alphonso at last settled the contention; and his brother not only took his kingdom, but caused no little scandal by likewise taking his wife. These troubles had added to the private griefs of Queen Catharine in England. Don Pedro met his sister, however, in peace: and with his queen, Donna Sophia, conducted her to the country palace he had fitted up for her use, called the Quinta dal Alcantarra. Like his unfortunate brother King Alphonso, ill health, accompanied with mental aberration, used to attack the King of Portugal. He had sons, but they were children; there was no one who could take the sceptre, which often fell from the infirm grasp of Don Pedro, excepting the royal widow of Charles II. Slighted and lampooned as she had been in England, Catharine reigned as queen-regent of Portugal with no little renown—not only with justice, but with glory, winning battles when Spain attacked her country, and keeping up sedulously the trade and alliance of England; the fine income which she drew from this country greatly aiding her reign and regency. She built a palace called Bemposta, where she fixed her residence, not far from the well-known seat of Portuguese royalty, Belem.

It was at Bemposta that Queen Catharine was seized with cholera or colic, December 31, 1705. She was in the sixty-eighth year of her life, but that year had been singularly fortunate for her reign as regent; four cities had been won by her from Philip V., the French candidate for the throne of Spain. Catharine, as regent of Portugal, was at that time the ally of her late husband's niece, Anne, Queen of Great Britain.

The illness of Catharine was quick and fatal. She met death with calmness and piety. Almost her last words were addressed to her English physician, whom she beckoned to her, and assured him "that Titus Oates and his false witnesses had accused her wrongfully of practices against the Church

of England; for she had never sought more favor for her Catholic faith than 'was secured to her in her marriage articles."

She expired at ten o'clock, two hours before the new year of 1706. The royal monastery of Belem had been chosen by her for her place of interment, whither she was carried with great solemnity from Bemposta, where she died. Her brother, King Pedro, was too ill to assist at her funeral; but his eldest son, the Prince of Brazil, and the two infants Don Francesco and Don Antonio, attended when the bier was lifted at Bemposta to be carried to the royal place of interment at Belem. Catharine was greatly lamented in Portugal, where her name is held in the highest veneration to the present day. Her virtues and the events of her life were celebrated by the learned poet, Pedro de Azevedo Tojal, in an heroic poem of twelve cantos entitled "*Carlos Reduzido Inglaterra illustrada.*" Catharine survived her faithless consort Charles II. nearly twenty-one years; she was devoted to his memory in spite of his faults. She was prayed for in the liturgy of the Church of England, as queen-dowager, in the reigns of James II., William and Mary, and Queen Anne.



Medal of Charles II. and Catharine.

After the revolution, during the reigns of Mary and William, and that of Anne until her death, Catharine of Braganza was prayed for in the Church of England liturgy.

Catherina R



Mary Beatrice of Modena. From a picture by Sir Peter Lely.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,
QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND.

MARY BEATRICE ELEANORA D'ESTE was the daughter of Alphonso, Duke of Modena, and his duchess, Laura Martinuzzi, great-niece of Cardinal Mazarine. Mary Beatrice was born October 5, 1658. She was two years older than her brother; both were infant children when their father, Duke Alphonso, died in the flower of his age, leaving them to the guardianship of their widowed mother. So fearful was their

mother of injuring their characters by pernicious indulgence, that she erred by exercising too stern a rule of discipline in their tender childhood.

The Duchess of Modena discouraged every symptom of weakness and pusillanimity in her children, considering such propensities very derogatory to persons who are born in an elevated station. Those who conduct the education of princes can never place too much importance on rendering them habitually insensible to fear. Intrepidity and self-possession in seasons of peril are always expected from royalty. The greatest regal talents and the most exalted virtue will not atone to the multitude for want of physical courage in a king or queen. When Mary Beatrice was a little child, she was frightened at the chimney-sweepers who came to draw the chimney of her nursery: her mother made them come quite close to her, to convince her there was no cause for alarm. The young duke was compelled to study so hard, that it was represented to the duchess-regent that his health was injured by such close application, and that his delicate constitution required more recreation and relaxation. Her reply was that of a Roman mother: "Better that I should have no son, than a son without wit and merit." Their uncle, Prince Rinaldo d'Este, asked the two children whether they liked best to command or to obey? The young duke said boldly, "he should like best to command;" the princess replied, meekly, "that she liked better to obey." Their uncle told them "it was well that each preferred doing that which was most suitable to their respective vocations," alluding to the duke's position as a reigning prince, and probably not anticipating for Mary Beatrice a loftier destiny than wedding one of the nobles of his court. Her own desire was to embrace a religious life. Her governess, to whom she was passionately attached, quitted her when she was only nine years old, to enter a convent. Mary Beatrice bewailed her loss with bitter tears, till she was sent to the same convent to finish her education. She found herself much happier under the guidance of the Carmelite sisters than she had been in the ducal palace, where nothing less than absolute perfection was expected by her mother in every thing she said and did.

The mode of life pursued by Mary Beatrice in the convent, the peculiar style of reading, and the enthusiastic interest that was excited among the cloistered votareesses by dwelling on the lives of female saints and royal virgins who consecrated themselves in the morning flower of life to the service of God, had the natural effect of imbuing her youthful mind with

mysticism and spiritual romance. There was an aunt of Mary Beatrice, scarcely fifteen years older than herself, in the same convent, to whom she was very tenderly attached. This princess, who was her father's youngest sister by a second marriage, was preparing herself to take the veil, and Mary Beatrice was desirous of professing herself at the same time. Very rarely, however, does it happen that a princess is privileged to choose her own path in life. The death of Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, proved the leading cause of linking the destiny of this young innocent recluse, who thought of nothing but veils and rosaries, with that of the most ill-fated prince of the luckless house of Stuart, James, Duke of York, afterward James II. His wife, Anne Hyde, on her death-bed declared herself a Roman Catholic, and he soon after withdrew himself from the communion of the Church of England; nor could any representations of the impolicy of his conduct, or his royal brother's entreaties, induce him to appear again in the chapel-royal.

After his brilliant victory over the Dutch the duke sent the Earl of Peterborough to choose a second wife for him. The earl's choice fell on Mary Beatrice, Princess of Modena, though the English government had given him a list of six princesses from whom he was to select a wife for the Duke of York, and a future queen for England. Mary Beatrice at that time wanted rather better than two months of completing her fifteenth year; she was tall and womanly in figure, and very beautiful, but perfectly unconscious of her charms. For her acquirements, she read and wrote Latin and French, possessed some taste in painting, and was a proficient in music, which she passionately loved; but of those royal sciences, history and geography, which ought to form the most important part of the education of princes, she knew so little, that when her mother announced to her that she was sought in marriage by the Duke of York, she asked, with great simplicity, "who the Duke of York was?" Her mother told her "he was the brother of the King of England, and heir-presumptive to that realm;" but the princess was not a whit the wiser for this information. "She had been so innocently bred," observes James, in his journal, "that she did not know of such a place as England, nor such a person as the Duke of York."

When the Duchess of Modena explained the nature of the brilliant matrimonial prospects that awaited her, not concealing the fact that the Duke of York was in his fortieth year, Mary Beatrice burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and im-

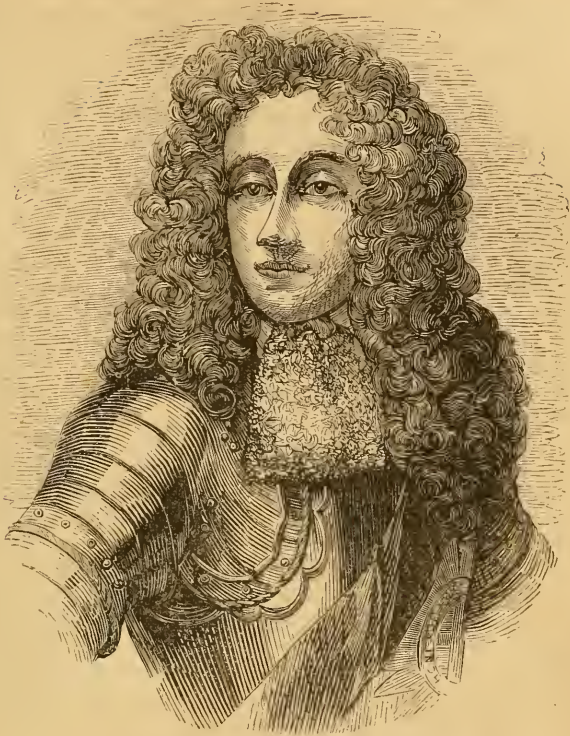
plored her aunt to deliver her from this royal suitor, by marrying him herself, observing with some *naïveté*, "that her aunt's age, who was thirty years old, was more suitable to that of a bridegroom of forty than her own, as she was only in her fifteenth year." Mary Beatrice was assured, in reply, "that the fancied objection of too great juvenility in a girl of her age would be very soon obviated by time, while every day would render a lady of thirty less agreeable to a prince like the Duke of York." This reasoning, however cogent, did not reconcile the youthful beauty to the idea of being consigned to a consort five-and-twenty years her senior. She wept, and protested her determination to profess herself a nun; and continued to urge the propriety of bestowing her aunt on the Duke of York instead of herself so perseveringly, that at last she convinced some of the most influential persons in the court of Modena that she was right.

Nevertheless, the day for the solemnization of the nuptial contract was fixed on the 30th of September. The noble proxy having prepared his equipage and habit suitable for the occasion, "he was fetched from his lodgings, at about eleven o'clock on that morning, by the Duke of Modena in person, accompanied by Prince Rinaldo and all the noblest cavaliers of the court, and conducted to a chamber near the chapel, where he reposed himself till so much of the service was done as seemed obnoxious to the religion he professed;" for it is to be noticed that James had not chosen a person of his own faith, but a member of the Church of England, for his proxy. When the mass was over, the earl was led into the chapel, where the bride expected him; and there, not only without a dispensation from the Pope, but in defiance of his interdict, was Mary Beatrice Eleanora of Modena married by a poor English priest to the Roman Catholic heir of England, who was represented by a Protestant proxy. "The ceremony that was then performed was designed," to use the words of the Earl of Peterborough, "for a perpetual marriage between that admirable princess and the Duke of York, his master." In the name of that prince, the noble proxy placed the nuptial ring on the finger of the bride. This ring she always wore: it was set with a fair diamond, which she was accustomed to call the diamond of her espousals. It was one of the only three jewels of which she did not finally strip herself for the relief of the distressed British emigrants who followed the adverse fortunes of her unfortunate lord; but of this hereafter.

When the espousal rites were over, the noble proxy of that

unknown consort to whom Mary Beatrice had, with much reluctance, plighted her nuptial faith, led her by the hand to her apartment, where, taking his leave, he went to repose himself in his own, till he was fetched to accompany the princess at the dinner. "This succeeded about one o'clock, at a long table, over the upper end whereof was a rich canopy, under which, in representation of a bride and bridegroom, the Earl of Peterborough sat with the princess, who was now given the title of her royal highness the Duchess of York; the Duke of Modena, her brother, the duchess-regent, and the other princes of the house of Este, sitting on either side, according to their degrees." The night was dedicated to dancing, for there was a ball in honor of the nuptials, to which all the beauties of the court resorted—the saddest heart there being, no doubt, that of the beautiful young bride, who had made such obstinate and unexampled efforts to defend her maiden freedom.

The next day the Duke of Modena and the Earl of Peterborough rode in state to the cathedral, where a solemn service and *Te Deum* were sung in honor of the accomplishment of the marriage. Two or three days more were spent in triumphant pageants and other testimonials of public rejoicing. The manner in which the bridegroom, to whom the virgin hand of Mary Beatrice had thus been plighted, received the announcement of the actual solemnization of his state nuptials, is thus related by Lady Rachel Vaughan, in a lively, gossiping letter to Lord William Russell: "The news came on Sunday night to the Duke of York that he was married. He was talking in the drawing-room when the French ambassador brought the letter, and told the news. The duke turned about to the circle, and said, 'Then I am a married man.' They say she has more wit than any woman had before, as much beauty, and more youth than is necessary. The Duke of York sent his daughter, Lady Mary, word the same night, 'that he had provided a playfellow for her.'"



James II. From a picture by Sir G. Kneller.

CHAPTER II.

FIVE days after the solemnization of her espousals with the Duke of York, Mary Beatrice completed her fifteenth year, and it must be confessed that she conducted herself with no more regard for her newly-acquired dignity, as a bride, than if she had been ten years younger; for when the time was appointed for her to commence her journey to England, she cried and screamed two whole days and nights, and it was only by force that she could be kept in bed. Nothing, in fact, would pacify her till her mother consented to accompany her to England, and the duke, her brother, part of the way. The

Earl of Peterborough, who does not appear to have been at all aware of these perversities on the part of the young Duchess of York, and was by no means desirous of such additions to his traveling party as would compel him to depart entirely from the programme arranged, both by the king and the duke, for the homeward journey, tried vainly to dissuade the Duchess of Modena from this resolution. "The time for the departure being come," says he, "the duchess-mother would by all means accompany her daughter into England, and it could not be diverted by any means, although it proved chargeable to her, and of ill consequence to her concerns." Their journey was through France.

The vessels that had been appointed by King Charles for her passage to England were waiting for her at Calais, where, on the 21st of November, she embarked in the Katharine yacht with her mother, her uncle, and all who had attended her from Italy. Mary Beatrice crossed the Channel with a prosperous breeze, and toward evening arrived at Dover. The Duke of York, with becoming gallantry, was on the sands to give his new consort a personal welcome to England, and when she came to shore, he received her in his arms. The beauty, the timidity, and the innocence of the royal bride rendered this meeting, doubtless, a spectacle of exciting interest to the honest seafaring population of Dover, the manly squires of Kent, and the gentle ladies who thronged the strand that day to obtain a sight of their future queen and the ceremonial of her landing. James was charmed, as well he might be, with the surpassing grace and loveliness of the consort his friend the Earl of Peterborough had chosen for him. "On her landing," says the earl, "she took possession of his heart as well as his arms."

"Mary Beatrice, in after-years, acknowledged that she did not like her lord at first." What girl of fifteen ever did like a spouse five-and-twenty years her senior? Princesses are rarely so fortunate as to be allowed the privilege of a negative in matters of the kind; but the fair d'Este had not submitted to the hard fate of female royalty without a struggle, and now, it should seem, she had not sufficient self-control to conceal her feelings under deceitful smiles. She is even said to have betrayed a childish aversion to the duke at their first interview. Some men would have hated her, and rendered the union forever miserable by a manifestation of evil temper on the occasion. The sailor-prince knew better: well qualified as he was to play the wooer successfully to ladies of all ages, he wisely took no notice of discouraging symptoms in so young a crea-

ture; but professing himself dazzled with the beauty of her eyes, he led her with courtly attention to the apartments that had been prepared for her in Dover Castle, the marine palace of the sovereigns of England, and left her with her mother, to take a little repose after the discomposure of her voyage. Brief time had she for rest, and none for reflection; the fatigue and excitement of a state toilet awaited her in preparation for another agitating scene—the solemn confirmation of her espousals with the duke by the Bishop of Oxford, who had attended his royal highness from London for that purpose.

James honored the ancient customs of the land over which he expected to rule, by admitting a portion of the honest, true-hearted classes on whom the strength of a monarch depends, to witness the solemnization of his marriage with the princess whom he had taken to wife, in the hope of her becoming the mother of a line of kings. It was sound policy in him not to make that ceremonial an exclusive show for the courtiers who had attended him from London, and the foreigners who, notwithstanding his prudent caution to the Earl of Peterborough, had accompanied his Italian consort to England. He knew the national jealousy, the national pride of his countrymen, and that their affections are easily won, but more easily lost, by those who occupy high places; that they are terrible in their anger, but just in their feelings; their crimes being always imputable to the arts of those by whom their feelings are perverted to the purposes of faction or bigotry.

The ring with which James wedded Mary Beatrice of Modena was a small ruby, set in gold. She showed it to the nuns of Chaillot in the days of her sorrowful widowhood—days of exile and poverty—and said, “It was impossible for her to part with it, for it was her marriage-ring, which was given her when she arrived in England by her royal husband, then Duke of York; and therefore she valued it more than the diamond which, according to the custom of her country, she received on the day of her espousals at Modena.” She evidently regarded it as the pledge of a more sacred contract, though solemnized with the rites of the Reformed Church.

The merry monarch, attended by the principal lords and ladies of the court, went down the river in state in the royal barges on the 26th of November, to meet and compliment the newly-wedded pair. Their royal highnesses, having embarked at Gravesend that morning, with the Duchess of Modena and their noble attendants, came up with the early tide. When the two courts met on the broad waters of the Thames, the bridal party came on board the royal yacht.

His majesty received and welcomed his new sister-in-law with every demonstration of affection, and they returned together.

The first year of her wedded life was spent by Mary Beatrice in a gay succession of fêtes and entertainments. While the court was at Windsor, in August, 1674, the Duke of York and his rival, Monmouth, amused their majesties, her royal highness, and the ladies with a representation of the siege of Maestricht, a model of that city, with all its fortifications, having been erected in one of the meadows at the foot of the long terrace. James and Monmouth, at the head of a little army of courtiers, conducted the attack, to show their skill in tactics. On Saturday night, the 21st, they made their approaches, opened trenches, and imitated the whole business of a siege. The city was defended with great spirit, prisoners were taken, mines sprung, cannonading took place, grenades were thrown, and the warlike pantomime lasted till three o'clock in the morning, affording a splendid and animating spectacle, which might be seen and heard to a considerable distance. It was the last pageant of a chivalric character performed in the presence of royalty, or in which a British prince took a leading part.

Mary Beatrice's first child proved a daughter. The duchess took every thing quietly, happy in a mother's first sweet cares; and, loving her husband with the most passionate affection, she lived on terms of perfect amity with his daughters. Neither of these princesses ever accused her of the slightest instance of unkindness to them; no, not even in justification of their subsequent ill-treatment of her. Her conduct as a step-mother must, therefore, have been irreproachable. She was at Windsor with her husband and the court in the summer of 1675, and gives the following account of the life she was leading, in a long letter to Lady Bellasyse, with whom, unaware probably of the former intimacy between that lady and the Duke of York, she had formed a confidential friendship: "We spend our time very pleasantly, though we have but little news; we go every night, either by water or by land, a walking or a fishing, or sometimes to country gentlemen's houses, where we dance and play at little plays, and carry our own supper, and sup in the garden or in the fields"—after the manner of a sylvan pic-nic fête. The young duchess was then in the seventeenth year of her age, and had not acquired a perfect knowledge of the English language, in which she afterward wrote so fluently. Mary Beatrice was suddenly bereaved of her first-born child, the little Princess Catharine, who died of a convulsion fit on the 3d of October, 1675, hav-

ing nearly attained the attractive age of ten months. She was interred on the 5th of the same month, in the vault of Mary Queen of Scots, in Westminster Abbey. Whatever might be the grief of the youthful mother for the loss of her infant, she was compelled to dry her tears and appear in public very soon after this afflicting event. She was present with her husband and his two daughters, the Princesses Mary and Anne, at the lord-mayor's feast that year, which was also honored by the presence of the king and queen. A very grand ball was subsequently given by her royal highness on the 4th of December, at St. James's Palace. A second daughter was born to the duke and duchess in August, 1676, who was baptized by the name of Isabella.

The Duchess of York was in hourly expectation of her third confinement, when the marriage of her step-daughter, the Princess Mary, with the Prince of Orange took place, November 4, 1677. She was present in the bed-chamber of the princess in St. James's Palace when those nuptials, so fatal to the fortunes of herself, her husband, and her descendants, were solemnized. Three days afterward the Duchess of York gave birth to a son, to the great joy of the whole court. "The child is but little, but sprightly, and likely to live," records Dr. Lake, in his diary. The new-born prince was christened the next evening with great pomp, by Dr. Crew, Bishop of Durham. King Charles acted as sponsor for his infant nephew on this occasion, assisted by his nephew the Prince of Orange. The little Princess Isabella was the godmother; being only fifteen months old herself, she was represented by her governess, the Lady Frances Villiers. King Charles bestowed his own name on his nephew, and created him Duke of Cambridge, an ominous title, which had successively been borne by three of the Duke of York's sons by his first duchess, who had all died in infancy.

The small-pox broke out in St. James's Palace three days after the christening of the prince. The Princess Anne fell sick of it, and a great mortality took place among the members of their royal highnesses' household; among the rest, the lady governess of the royal children, Lady Frances Villiers, died on the 23d of November. The young Duchess of York, however, showed so little fear of the infection, either for herself or her infant son, that, on the 3d of December, she received a visit from her step-daughter Anne, in her lying-in chamber, the first time that princess was permitted to leave her room. That visit, in all probability, brought the infection to the little prince, for an eruption, which was doubtless an indication of

the same malady, appeared on his body and under his arm, which caused his death in a convulsive fit.

Mary Beatrice always kept up a friendly correspondence with both the Prince of Orange and the Princess Mary. Before Mary of York had been married many months, reports that she was sick and sorrowful reaching the British court, the Duchess of York determined to pay her an *incognita* visit, accompanied by the Princess Anne, under the protection of the queen's lord chamberlain, the Earl of Ossory, who was the husband of a Dutch lady. When her royal highness had arranged her little plans, she confided her wish to King Charles, and obtained his permission to undertake the journey. The Duke of York, who was painfully anxious about his beloved daughter, gratefully acceded to his consort's desire of visiting her, and in a familiar letter "to his son, the Prince of Orange," he announces to him "that the duchess and the Princess Anne intended coming to the Hague, *very incognita*, having sent Robert White on before to hire a house for them, as near the palace of his daughter as possible, and that they would take Lord Ossory for their governor."

The unostentatious manner in which the duchess wished to make her visit to her step-daughter, the Princess of Orange, proves that it was simply for the satisfaction of seeing her, and giving her the comfort of her sister's society unrestrained by any of the formal and fatiguing ceremonials which royal etiquette would have imposed, upon all parties, if she had appeared in her own character.

The duchess and the Princess Anne evidently enjoyed their expedition, and gave a very favorable report of their entertainment. Party feeling soon after ran so high against the Duke of York on account of his religion, that King Charles II. was obliged to send him abroad. On the 4th of March the duke and duchess bade a sorrowful farewell to England, and embarked for Holland. They must have had a long and stormy passage, for they did not land till the 12th. The Prince of Orange came to receive them, attended by many persons of rank, and conducted them to the Hague with every demonstration of respect. After a little while their royal highnesses removed to Brussels, where they resided in the same house Charles II. had occupied before his restoration.

"You can not imagine," writes the young duchess to Lady Bellasyse, April 7, "the pleasure I have to hear any news from dear England, let 'em be of what kind they will: them which you sent me were very pleasant ones, and made me laugh, which few things do at this time, being as sad and

melancholy as it is possible to be, and I think I have a great deal of reason to be so."

Their separation from their children was so painful to the Duke and Duchess of York, that, on the 8th of August, James wrote an urgent letter to the king, his brother, entreating him to permit them to join him and the duchess at Brussels. Charles consented, and the two princesses, Anne and little Isabella, commenced their journey together on the 19th of the same month.

Before the reunited family had been together many days, the Earl of Sunderland sent an express to James, to apprise him of the alarming illness of the king, who had commanded him to request his royal highness to hasten to him in as private a manner as he could, bringing no more persons than were absolutely necessary, and therefore advised him to leave his duchess behind. Even if this caution had not been given, Mary Beatrice could not with any propriety have left the two princesses alone in a foreign country. James acquainted no one but her with his journey; which, without railroad facilities of locomotion, was performed at railroad speed; for he reached Windsor at seven o'clock on the morning of September 12, having left Brussels only on the 8th. The king was so much recovered that he was up, and shaving, when the royal exile entered, unannounced, and was the first to apprise him of his arrival. The suddenness of the duke's appearance surprised Charles at first; but he was very glad to see him, and welcomed him affectionately.

James left London September the 25th, and rejoined his anxious consort at Brussels, October 1. The Duke of Villa Hermosa, in whose territories they had taken refuge, had paid Mary Beatrice and the Princess Anne courteous attention in the absence of his royal highness, and given a grand ball out of compliment to them, which they, with the Duchess of Modena, honored with their presence. The friendly relations that subsisted between the Duchess of York and her step-daughters had not been interrupted by any thing like envy, jealousy, or disputes on their respective modes of faith. The leaven of party had not then infused its bitter spirit into the home circle of the unfortunate James, to rend asunder the holiest ties of nature under the sacred name of religion. Both he and his consort had carefully abstained from interfering with the conscience of the Princess Anne, as we find from the following testimony of one of her biographers, who had very good opportunities of information: "At Brussels, the Princess Anne had her own chapel allowed her, and a place assigned for the

exercise of her devotions according to the Church of England."

The Duke and Duchess of York left Brussels on the 3d of October, accompanied by the Princesses Anne and Isabella and the Duchess of Modena, with the intention of visiting the Prince and Princess of Orange on the way. They had a tedious voyage, and their yacht, with the whole of the royal party on board, grounded near Dort, and remained aground for eighteen hours, but at seven the next morning arrived safely at Delfthaven. There they entered the Prince of Orange's barge, which was towed along by horses, and in this manner they reached the Hague at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th. The dowager-palace called the Old Court was assigned by William for their residence. On the evening of the 7th, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Princess Anne and the Duchess of Modena supped in public with the Prince and Princess of Orange. While they were taking this meal, Mr. Carlton arrived with an express from King Charles to his brother, the Duke of York, recalling him and his family, directing them to embark for the Downs, and remain there till farther orders. The Duchess of Modena felt severely the approaching separation from her beloved daughter, with whom she had now spent two months; and when they all appeared for the last time at the court of the Princess of Orange that evening, her countenance bore testimony to the sorrow that filled her heart. The Duke and Duchess of York, with the Princesses Anne and Isabella and their retinue, commenced their journey at eight o'clock on the morning of the 9th. The Prince and Princess of Orange accompanied them as far as Maesland Sluys, and there they parted on apparently affectionate terms. This was the last time James and his daughter Mary ever saw each other. He had had too much reason, at different times, to be aware of her husband's treacherous intrigues against him; but of her nothing could induce him to believe ill, till the fact was forced upon him, nine years afterward, by her deeds.

The passage from Holland proved very stormy, and the duchess suffered excessively from sea-sickness. The king had changed his mind about their coming to London, and ordered the Duke of Lauderdale to make arrangements for their reception in Scotland: two frigates met them in the Downs, with orders to convey their royal highnesses to Leith without delay. The duchess was not in a state to hazard a farther voyage, neither dared the duke bring her on shore without having a written permission from the king; ill as she was, she

remained in the yacht tossing in the Downs, while an express was sent to acquaint his majesty with her distress, and praying that she might be allowed to finish her journey to Scotland by land. Her dangerous condition, for she was vomiting blood, prevented any one from raising an objection, and least of all King Charles, who had a great regard for his sister-in-law. They landed at Deal, and traveling post, arrived unexpectedly at St. James's Palace on Sunday night, October 12, to the surprise of some, the joy of others, and the annoyance of many. The king gave them an affectionate welcome, but assured his brother that he had no power to protect him from an impeachment and its consequences, if he persisted in remaining in England.

Mary Beatrice, though greatly urged by King Charles to remain with the two Princesses Anne and Isabella at St. James's Palace, determined as before to share the wayward fortunes of her wandering lord, though it involved the pangs of a second separation from her child. Her high sense of conjugal duty proved, as before, victorious over the strong impulses of maternal affection. How deeply this proof of the love and self-devotion of his beautiful young consort was appreciated by the banished prince may be perceived by the manner in which he has recorded her conduct on this occasion in his private journal. The passage shall be given in his own words: "The duchess, notwithstanding her late illness, and vomiting blood at sea, the short time it was designed the duke should stay in Scotland, and the king pressing her for that reason to remain at court, would nevertheless accompany him; and though she was not above twenty years old, chose rather, even with the hazard of her life, to be a constant companion of the duke her husband's misfortunes and hardships, than to enjoy her ease in any part of the world without him."

They left London, October 27, 1679, and had a tedious journey to Scotland, where they did not arrive till the 20th of November. They were loyally treated and hospitably received at Berwick-on-Tweed. They made their public entry into Edinburgh on the 4th of December, "which was so splendid," says a contemporary, who was probably a witness of the pageant, "that a greater triumph that city did never see; nor were the meanest of the Scotch nation wanting in expressing the joy they conceived on this occasion."

In spite of all the calumnies that had been circulated against the Duke of York, and the prejudicial reports of his bigotry, and the bigotry of his consort, universal satisfaction was manifested by all ranks of people at the sight of both.

Scotland, having suffered for upward of seventy years from the evils of absenteeism, naturally looked with hope to the increase of national prosperity which the establishment of a vice-regal court was likely to cause.

Unfortunately, the season of the year was not calculated to impress one who had been born in the sunny land of Italy, and accustomed to the genial temperature of that voluptuous clime, with a favorable idea of the northern metropolis of Great Britain, surpassing all others as it does in the beauty and grandeur of its situation, and abounding in historical antiquities. There was a lack of the domestic luxuries to which the duchess had been accustomed in her royal home of St. James's Palace. She found Holyrood Abbey not only destitute of furniture, but in a state of ruinous dilapidation, not having undergone any effectual repairs since Cromwell had used that ancient abode of the monarchs of Scotland as a barrack for his troopers, who had plundered or destroyed all its furniture and decorations. The only apartments that were habitable were in the occupation of the Duke of Hamilton; and though some arrangements had been made for the reception of their royal highnesses, they were exposed to much inconvenience and discomfort. Mary Beatrice took these things patiently, for the sake of him by whose side she cheerfully encountered every trial and hardship.

Although the temperature of Edinburgh at that severe season of the year could not have been otherwise than trying to a native of Italy, Mary Beatrice made no complaint of the climate, but did her best to cheer her consort and enliven the court with balls and concerts. Her maids of honor amused her and the northern aristocracy with private theatricals; and she writes on the 16th of January, "I intend to begin to dance, which I have not done since Christmas; my maids are going to act another play; it is to be *Anrenzebe*."

The king had promised the Duke and Duchess of York that they should return to England early in the new year, and he was as good as his word.

Though the season of the year was improper for a sea-voyage, yet the duchess, who, to use James's own words, "was now inured to hardships as well as himself, counted that for nothing." So anxious was she to embrace her only child again, from whom she had now been separated for four long months, that rather than submit to the delay of an overland journey, she determined to return by sea.

Mary Beatrice cheerfully embarked with her beloved consort in the yacht, commanded by Captain Gunman, which the

king had kindly sent for their transit, and arrived at Deptford February the 24th. There they left the yacht, and went up the river to Whitehall in a barge. They were saluted by the guns from the ships and from the Tower, and at their landing at the privy-stairs were received by King Charles in the most affectionate manner. His majesty led the duchess to the queen's apartment, and from thence to her own, whither many of the nobility and persons of quality immediately repaired to compliment their royal highnesses on their safe return, and to kiss their hands. That night the city was illuminated and blazed with bonfires.

Two days after, the lord-mayor, aldermen, and common council came to pay their respects to the duke and duchess; the recorder delivered a congratulatory address to the duke on his safe arrival, and expressed the prayers of the city for his health and prosperity. The civic powers, having kissed his royal highness's hand, were conducted into the apartment of the duchess, to whom the recorder also made a complimentary speech, assuring her of the affection of the city of London, and their joy at her return. They then kissed her hand, and withdrew, highly satisfied with their reception. The next day Sir Robert Clayton, the lord-mayor, feasted the royal brothers with a magnificent supper.

Mary Beatrice endeavored to keep up an interest for her husband with the gay world, by giving brilliant balls and entertainments, and appearing often in public. The irreproachable purity of her life, and her amiable conduct as a step-mother, entitled her to universal respect; and notwithstanding her religion, she stood too high in public opinion for any one to mix her name up with the popish plot accusations, although Coleman, one of its earliest victims, had been her secretary. Mary Beatrice was at this momentous period an object of watchful observation to the enemies of her lord. She visited Cambridge the latter end of September, and while there gave a grand ball to propitiate the university. From Cambridge she came to Newmarket, to join the duke, who was there with their majesties for the October races. In the midst of those gay festive scenes, Mary Beatrice and her lord bore anxious hearts, for it was at that time the question of his royal highness's banishment from the court was daily debated in council. James was desirous of being permitted to defend himself from the attack which he knew would be made upon him at the approaching meeting of the Parliament, and the ministers were for driving him beyond seas again. Charles temporized, as usual, by taking a middle course; which was

to send his brother back to Scotland, with all possible marks of respect, as his representative in the government of that realm. The king's pleasure was communicated to the Duke of York, October 18, 1680, with directions for him to embark for Scotland on the 20th. His faithful consort was, as usual, ready to share his adverse fortunes; she gave her farewell levee at St. James's Palace on the 19th. Mary Beatrice had once more to sustain the painful trial of parting with her child, whom she was not permitted to take to Scotland with her, and she never saw her again.

A cordial it assuredly must have been to the sad hearts of the royal exiles, could they have understood half the pleasure with which their arrival was anticipated on the friendly shores of Scotland. They had a long and dangerous passage, encountered a terrible storm at sea, and were beating about for nearly five days and nights in the rough October gales, before they could make their port.

The duke and duchess arrived with the evening's tide in Kirkealdy roads, about ten o'clock at night, on Monday, October 25. The Duke of Rothes having offered their royal highnesses the hospitality of his house at Leslie, about nine miles distant, they proceeded thither, escorted by a troop of his majesty's Scotch guards, attended by a noble train of coaches, and many of the nobility and gentry on horseback. So gallant a company had perhaps never swept through the long straggling street of Kirkealdy since the days when an independent sovereign of Scotland kept court in the kingdom of Fife. Leslie House is seated in a richly-wooded park, on a picturesque eminence between the river Leven and the water of Lotric, which unite their sparkling streams in a romantic glen in the pleasance. The present mansion occupies only the frontage of the site of the palace where the Duke of Rothes feasted the Duke and Duchess of York, with their retinue and all the aristocracy of the district. The former edifice was built on the model of Holyrood House, and in rival splendor to that ancient seat of royalty, having a gallery three feet longer than that at Holyrood, hung with fine historical portraits on either side, and richly furnished.

The Duke and Duchess of York were splendidly entertained for three days and nights at Leslie House by their magnificent host and his kind-hearted duchess. On Friday, October the 29th, their royal highnesses departed from Leslie House for Edinburgh, where they were well received.

There is an exquisite portrait of Mary Beatrice, by Lely, in the collection of the Earl of Rothes, at Leslie House, repre-

senting her such as she was at that period of her life, and in the costume which she then wore. Her hair is arranged in its natural beauty, clustering in full curls round the brow, and descending in flowing ringlets on the bosom, a style far more in unison with the classic outline of her features and the expressive softness of her melting eyes, than the lofty coiffure which she often wore. Her dress is scarlet, embroidered and fringed with gold; her tucker and loose sleeves of delicate cambric. A rich and ample scarf of royal blue, fringed with gold and edged with pearls, crosses one shoulder and falls over the lap in magnificent drapery to the ground. She is sitting in a garden by a pillar; her left hand clasps the neck of a beautiful white Italian greyhound; a tree that overshadows her is wreathed with honeysuckles and roses. Her age was under twenty-two when this portrait was painted; it was one of Lely's last and finest works of art. He died that same year, so Mary Beatrice must have sat for the portrait, before she quitted London, for the express purpose of presenting it to the Duke of Rothes.

Holyrood Palace had been repaired, and a royal suite of apartments fitted up and furnished for the accommodation of the Duke and Duchess of York and their retinue. There can be little doubt that the state beds at present pointed out by guide-books and guides as the beds of Mary Queen of Scots and Charles I. were a part of this arrangement, all the ancient royal furniture at that palace having been plundered or destroyed by Cromwell's troopers.

A brilliant court was kept at Holyrood, to which resorted the principal nobility and gentry of the land; and Mary Beatrice soon succeeded, by her gracious and prudent deportment, in winning the hearts of the generous aristocracy of Scotland. If her religion were unpopular, the purity of her mind and manners was unimpeachable. Young, beautiful, innocent, and desirous of pleasing, cold indeed must have been the hearts that could have hardened themselves against her gentle influence; and it is certain that the interest she excited at that period in Scotland operated long in favor both of her husband and her son, and was even felt to the third generation. The Scotch ladies were at first greatly astonished at the novel refreshment of tea, which her royal highness dispensed at her evening parties, that beverage having never before been tasted in Scotland; but the fashion was quickly imitated, and soon became general.

James has been unsparingly accused by modern historians of countenancing all the cruelties that were practiced on the

insurgent Cameronians and other non-conformists in Scotland, by presiding in council when the torture of "the boot" was applied. There is not the slightest proof of this. The fact is, that the dreadful scenes referred to took place under the auspices of the brutal Lauderdale before James came, and after his departure; and as both are indiscriminately styled the "duke" in the records, the mistake was very easily made by persons who were not *very* careful in testing their authority by the simple but unerring guide of dates.

James and his duchess arrived at Edinburgh in perilous times, and in the midst of the sanguinary executions that followed an insurrection, in which great outrages had been committed on the lives and property of the Episcopal party. The duke did his utmost to calm the jarring elements that were ready to break out into fresh tumults. The council, breathing blood, were for going to the rigor of the law; James offered pardon to the condemned on the easy terms of crying "God save the king!" The council talked of tortures and death; his royal highness recommended mad-houses, hard labor, or banishment. His suggestions proved more efficacious than the barbarous proceedings of Lauderdale and his colleagues, and he succeeded, in a great measure, in tranquilizing Scotland. He gained the esteem and respect of the gentry, and won the affections of the people.

The long winter passed wearily over the banished duke: the coldness of the season was severely felt in the northern metropolis by his Italian duchess from the sweet south, but she bore every thing with uncomplaining patience for his sake. The spring brought them heavy tidings; their little daughter, the Princess Isabella, a very lovely and promising child in her fifth year, died at St. James's Palace on the 4th of March.

The arrival of her royal step-daughter, the Princess Anne, is mentioned by Mary Beatrice with unaffected pleasure in a letter to the Marchioness of Huntly, with whom she appears to have been on very confidential terms.

On the 28th, the Parliament of Scotland met with great pomp. The Duke of York, as lord high commissioner from his brother King Charles, rode in state from Holyrood Palace to the Parliament House, and opened it in person, the duchess, the Princess Anne, and all their ladies being present. The appearance of this unwonted galaxy of royal and noble beauties, in jeweled pomp, added grace and glory to the scene, and was calculated to soften the combative spirit in which the Scottish peers and chieftains had, from time immemorial, been accustomed to meet.

The Duchess of York was passionately fond of music, but had strong moral objections to the coarse comedies of the era. She was wont to say, "that there was no sin, she believed, in going to theatres, provided the pieces selected for representation were not of an objectionable character; but that the stage might and ought to be rendered a medium of conveying moral instruction to the public, instead of flattering and inculcating vice."

While in Scotland, Mary Beatrice met with a frightful accident, which had nearly cost her her life, in consequence of being thrown from her horse with great violence, but fortunately for her, on a sandy plain; if it had been on rocky ground she must have been killed, for her long riding-dress got entangled in some part of her saddle, and she was dragged a considerable distance with her face on the sand, and received several kicks from the infuriated animal before she could be extricated from her perilous situation. When she was taken up she was covered with dust and blood, blackened with bruises, and perfectly insensible; every one thought she was dead. Surgical aid being procured, she was bled, and put into bed; she only suffered from the bruises, and recovered without any injury to her person. It does not appear that the duke was with her on this occasion. He had a very great objection to ladies riding on horseback, which, when Mary Beatrice was first married to him, he was accustomed to tell her "was dangerous and improper." She was, however, passionately fond of equestrian exercise, and her importunities had prevailed over his extreme reluctance to allow her to ride.

At last the king sent for him on private business. Charles detained the duke eight weeks, and then sent him back in a fine vessel, which unfortunately struck on a dangerous rock; and it was with great difficulty he escaped, in his own shallop, with five other persons. He saved the life of his enemy, the Marquis of Montrose, by pulling him into the boat with his own hand, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his companions, who feared the additional weight would sink the crowded boat. The conduct of the royal admiral on this occasion has, it is well known, been strangely misrepresented by Burnet and many other writers, who have copied his false statement. The Duke of York performed the rest of his voyage in the *Happy Return*, and landed at Leith the next day, Sunday, May 7, at eight o'clock in the evening, and was the first to announce the news of his late peril to the duchess. They all left Edinburgh on the 12th of May by sea, performed

the voyage safely, and were met and welcomed by the king and queen at Erith.

The royal brothers, with their consorts, proceeded in a sort of triumph on their pleasant homeward progress up the Thames to Whitehall, where they landed amid the acclamations of the crowded shores, having been saluted all the way up the river by the ships in the roads and the guns from the Tower. They proceeded next to Arlington House, in the park, where they were entertained by the earl and countess with a magnificent banquet. The lord-mayor and aldermen, with many worthy citizens, came the same day to offer their congratulations to their royal highnesses on their happy return. In the evening the city blazed with illuminations and bonfires, the bells rang, and all the tokens of popular rejoicing were expressed.

The Duchess of Modena being then in Flanders, came to visit her daughter. No sooner was it known that she was in London, than the party that had formed a base confederacy to stigmatize the birth of the infant, in case it proved to be a prince, endeavored to poison the minds of the people, by circulating a report that the Duchess of Modena only came to facilitate the popish design of introducing a boy to supplant the female heirs of the crown, in the event of the Duchess of York giving birth to a daughter; thus imputing to the Duchess of Modena the absurd intention of depriving her own grandchild of the dignity of a Princess of Great Britain, and the next place in the regal succession after her two eldest sisters, for the sake of substituting a boy, whom they pretended she had brought from Holland for that purpose. So early was the determination betrayed of impugning any male issue that might be born of the marriage of James and Mary Beatrice by the faction which, six years afterward, succeeded in some degree in stigmatizing the birth of their second son. The infant was a daughter, and only lived eight weeks.

The following spring James endeavored to enliven the drooping spirits of his duchess, by taking her and his daughter Anne to visit the University of Oxford. They came from Windsor, May 10, 1683, and were met by the Earl of Abingdon and two hundred of the county gentry, who escorted them to Eastgate, where they were received by the mayor and aldermen, who presented the duke with a pair of gold-fringed gloves, and the duchess and the Lady Anne with a dozen pairs of ladies' long gloves, richly embroidered and fringed. Their royal highnesses visited all the colleges, and received many compliments and presents.

CHAPTER III.

THE death of Charles II. called the consort of Mary Beatrice to the throne of Great Britain, February 6, 1685. "I confess," said Mary Beatrice, ten years afterward, "I took no pleasure in the envied title of queen: I was so greatly afflicted at the death of King Charles that I dared not give free vent to my feelings, lest I should be suspected of hypoerisy."

The coronation of James and Mary Beatrice was solemnized on the 23d of April, with great magnificence. The ancient picturesque custom of strewing flowers before the royal procession was revived on this occasion. Herb-strewers appeared in the full-dress costume of the period, deep pointed bodices, with open robes, looped back to show rich petticoats. They wore long gloves, and very deep ruffles, falling from the elbows nearly to the wrists. Baskets containing two bushels of flowers and sweet herbs each, were earried—no light burden for the fair strewers—two women to each basket, and nine baskets full were strewn. As it was April, we may presume that violets, primroses, cowslips, pansies, bluebells and jonquils, with stores of sweet-brier sprigs, and other herbs of grace, formed the staple commodity over which the gold-broidered slippers of the beautiful Italian queen and her noble attendants trod daintily on that proud day, as they proceeded from the hall to the western entrance of the abbey, the drums beating a march, the trumpets sounding *levets*, and the choir singing all the way to the church, the well-known anthem, beginning "O Lord, grant our King a long life," etc. The people were prepared to look with pleasure on the queen, for she had hallowed the day of her consecration with an act of tender and munificent charity, by releasing all prisoners who were in confinement for small debts not exceeding five pounds, taking upon herself the payment of all liabilities of the kind throughout the United Kingdom, without respect of creed. Eighty persons were liberated from Newgate alone by this gracious compassion of the queen. The Bishop of London presented her with a small book of the prayers appointed to be used at the coronation; and she read from it with the greatest devotion and attention during the whole of the ceremony, made the responses reverently, and pronounced a fervent Amen at the end of every prayer.

The rebellion of the Dukes of Argyle and Monmouth occurred in June, but was speedily put down; and very sanguinary executions followed those of the two dukes. With these the queen had nothing to do. She was in very ill health, and possessed little influence with the king at that time. She went to Bath in the autumn of 1687 with the king, who left her there for a time, and then returned and brought her back to Windsor. Mary Beatrice gave birth to a second son on Trinity Sunday, June 10, 1688, at St. James's Palace. This event took place at the inauspicious period when the king had given irreparable offense to the nation by committing the Archbishop of Canterbury and six prelates to the Tower.

Mary Beatrice was now a proud and a joyful mother, and her recovery was unusually rapid. She received visits from ladies at the end of a fortnight, and as early as the 28th of June gave audience in her chamber to Mynheer Zulestein, the Dutch envoy-extraordinary, who was charged with the formal compliments of the Prince and Princess of Orange on the birth of her son. For the first two months the existence of this "dearest boon of Heaven," as the royal parents called their son, appeared to hang on a tenure to the full as precarious as the lives of the other infants, whose births had tantalized Mary Beatrice with maternal hopes and fears. Those children having been nourished at the breast, it was conjectured that, for some constitutional reason, the natural aliment was prejudicial to her majesty's offspring, and they determined to bring up the Prince of Wales by hand. The queen, who was going to Bath, deferred her journey, and came frequently to see him. She attributed his illness to the want of a nurse, and the improper food with which they were poisoning rather than nourishing him. "The state to which I saw my son reduced by this fine experiment," said her majesty, "would deter me from ever allowing it to be tried on the children of others. When he had been fed with gruel till he was about six weeks old, he became so dangerously ill that they thought every sigh would be his last. We had sent him to Richmond, a country house, to be brought up under the care of Lady Powis, his governess; and he got so much worse, that she expected his death every moment. I got into my coach, with the determination of going to him at all events. Lady Powis had sent word to us that, if the infant died, she would dispatch a courier to spare us from the shock of coming to the house where he was. Every man we met by the way I dreaded was that courier." King James accompanied his anxious consort on this journey, and participated in all her solicitude and fears. When the

royal parents reached the river-side, they feared to cross, and sent a messenger forward to inquire whether their son were alive, that they might not have the additional affliction of seeing him if he were dead. After a brief but agonizing pause of suspense, word was brought to them "the prince is yet alive," and they ventured over. "When we arrived," continues the queen, "we found my son still living. I asked the physicians 'if they had yet hopes of doing any thing for him?' They all told us 'they reckoned him as dead.' I sent into the village in quest of a wet-nurse (she who suckled him). I gave him that nurse: he took her milk; it revived him, and she has happily reared him."

The wet-nurse whom the queen, prompted by the powerful instincts of maternity, had introduced to her suffering infant to supply those wants which the cruel restraints of royalty had deprived herself of the sweet office of relieving, was the wife of a tile-maker at Richmond. She came to the palace at the first summons, in her cloth petticoat and waistcoat, with old shoes and no stockings; but being a healthy, honest person, she was approved by the doctors, and still more so by the little patient, to whom she proved of more service than all the physicians in his august father's realm. Other tales, of a less innocent character, connected with the prince and his foster-mother, were spread by the restless malignity of the faction that had conspired, long before his birth, to deprive him of his regal inheritance. The next falsehood circulated was that the tile-maker's wife was the real mother of the infant who was cradled in state at Windsor; for whom, like the mother of Moses, she had been cunningly called to perform the office of a nurse. The likeness of the young prince to both his parents was remarkable.

The last birthday commemoration of Mary Beatrice ever celebrated in the British court, was on the 25th of September this year, instead of the 5th of October, o. s., as on previous occasions. It was observed with all the usual tokens of rejoicing—ringing of bells, bonfires, festivities, and a splendid court ball. Hollow and joyless gayety! The Dutch fleet was hovering on the coast, and every one awaited the event in breathless suspense—no one with a more anxious heart than the queen. She wrote a touching and very temperate letter to her royal step-daughter and once loving companion, the Princess of Orange, telling her "that it was reported, and had been for a long time, that the Prince of Orange was coming over with an army, but that till lately she had not believed it possible; and that it was also said that her royal

highness was coming over with him." This her majesty protested "she never would believe, knowing her to be too good to perform such a thing against the worst of fathers, much less against the best, who, she believed, had loved her better than the rest of his children." The king, with his usual want of judgment, caused the Prince of Wales to be christened in the Roman Catholic chapel at St. James's; the Pope, represented by his nuncio Count d'Adda, being godfather, the queen-dowager, Catharine of Braganza, god-mother. The little prince was named James Francis Edward.

The first intelligence of the landing of the Prince of Orange was brought to King James by an officer, who had ridden with such speed, that before he could conclude his narrative, he fell exhausted at the feet of the king. It was not till the 17th of November that James set out for the army. A violent bleeding at the nose came on the night of his arrival at Salisbury, and could not be stopped till a vein was breathed in his arm. The next day, when he was on horseback viewing the plains to choose a place for his camp, it returned upon him with greater violence, and continued to do so at intervals for the next three days. He was let blood four times that week. The excessive loss of blood left King James in a state of death-like exhaustion, while the recurrence of the hemorrhage every time he attempted to rouse himself for either bodily or mental exertion, bore witness of his unfitness for either, and produced despondency, which physiologists would not have attributed to want of courage in a man who had formerly given great proofs of personal intrepidity, but to the prostration of the animal system. It was at this terrible crisis that Churchill, the creature of his bounty and the confidant of his most secret councils, deserted to the Prince of Orange, with the Duke of Grafton and other officers of his army. This example was quickly followed by others. James was bewildered, paralyzed. He knew not whom to trust.

When King James returned dispirited to his metropolis, the first news that greeted him there was the desertion of his daughter Anne. The blow was fatal to his cause as a king, but it was as a father that he felt it. "God help me!" exclaimed he, bursting into tears; "my own children have forsaken me in my distress." He entered his palace with those bitter drops of agony still overflowing his cheeks, repeating these pathetic words: "Oh! if mine enemies only had cursed me, I could have borne it."

The Prince of Orange continued to advance, unopposed, but

cautiously. Neither he, nor any one else who had known the James Stuart of former years, could believe that he would abandon his realm without a blow. Mental anguish had unhinged the mind of the unfortunate king, his bodily strength having been previously prostrated by excessive loss of blood and other circumstances, that sufficiently indicate the disarranged state of the brain at that momentous crisis.

The populace had been infuriated by reports artfully circulated, that the Irish regiments were to be employed in a general massacre of the Protestants, and they began to attack the houses of the Roman Catholics in the city. Terrors for the safety of his queen next possessed the tottering mind of James, and he determined that she should cross over to France with their child. When he first mentioned this project to Mary Beatrice, she declared "that nothing should induce her to leave him in his present distress." On his continuing to urge her, she asked him "if he purposed to come away himself? for if he did, and wished to send her before to facilitate their mutual escape, she would no longer dispute his orders." James assured her that such was his intention, and she made no farther opposition. The celebrated Count de Lauzun and his friend St. Victor crossed the Channel to offer their services to the distressed King and Queen of England at this dark epoch of their fortunes, when they appeared abandoned by all the world. Lauzun was the husband of James's maternal cousin, Mademoiselle de Montpensier. St. Victor was a gentleman of Avignon, the son of that brave St. Victor whose life King James had saved, when Duke of York, by his personal valor at the battle of Dunkirk, thirty years before. James determined to confide to them the perilous office of conveying his queen and infant son to France; and they engaged in the enterprise in a spirit worthy of the age of chivalry.

December 9 was appointed for the departure of the queen and prince. It was Sunday, but no Sabbath stillness hallowed it in the turbulent metropolis. The morning was ushered in with tumults and conflagrations: tidings of evil import arrived from all parts of the kingdom. When the evening approached, the queen implored her husband to permit her to remain and share his perils: he replied, "that it was his intention to follow her in four-and-twenty hours, and that it was necessary, for the sake of their child, that she should precede him."

Soon after midnight St. Victor, dressed in the coarse habit of a seaman, and armed, ascended by a secret staircase to the

apartment of the king, bringing with him some part of the disguise which he had caused to be prepared for the queen, and told the king all was ready for her majesty's departure. Her majesty confided in Lady Strickland, the lady of the bed-chamber who was in waiting that night. As soon as the queen was attired, her escort entered the chamber. The Count de Lauzun and St. Victor had secured some of her jewels on their persons, in case of accidents; their majesties were only occupied in cares for the safety and comfort of their royal infant. The king, turning to Lauzun, said, with deep emotion, "I confide my queen and son to your care. All must be hazarded to convey them with the utmost speed to France." Lauzun presented his hand to the queen to lead her away. She turned a parting look on the king—an eloquent but mute farewell—and, followed by the nurse with her sleeping infant, crossed the great gallery in silence, stole down the back-stairs preceded by St. Victor, who had the keys, and passing through a postern door into privy-gardens, quitted Whitehall forever. A coach was waiting at the gate, which St. Victor had borrowed of his friend the Florentine resident, as if it had been for his own use. "On their way they had to pass six sentinels, who all, according to custom, cried out, 'Who goes there?' He replied, without hesitation, 'A friend;' and when they saw he had the master-key of the gates, they allowed him to pass without opposition. The queen, with the prince, his nurses, and the Count de Lauzun, got into the coach. St. Victor placed himself by the coachman on the box to direct him. They drove to Westminster, and arrived safely at the place called the Horse-ferry, where a boat was waiting." The night was snowy and stormy, and so dark, that when they got into the boat they could not see each other, though closely seated, for the boat was very small. Thus, with literally "only one frail plank between her and eternity," did the Queen of Great Britain cross the swollen waters of the Thames, her tender infant of six months old in her arms, with no better attendance than his nurses, no other escort than the Count de Lauzun and St. Victor. The passage was rendered very difficult and dangerous by the violence of the wind, and the heavy and incessant rain. When they reached the opposite bank of the Thames, St. Victor called aloud by name on Monsieur Dusions, the page of the back-stairs, who ought to have been there waiting with a coach and six, which had been engaged by Count de Lauzun. The page answered promptly, but told them that the coach was still at the inn. Thither St. Victor ran to hasten it, leaving

Lauzun to protect the queen. Her majesty, meantime, withdrew herself and her little company under the walls of the old church at Lambeth, without any other shelter from the wind and bitter cold, or any other consolation than that the snow and rain had ceased. On that spot, which has been rendered a site of historic interest by this affecting incident, the beautiful and unfortunate consort of the last of our Stuart kings remained standing, with her infant son fondly clasped to her bosom, during the agonizing interval of suspense caused by the delay of the coach, dreading every moment that he would awake and betray them by his cries. Her apprehension was unfounded. He had slept sweetly while they carried him in the dead of night from his palace nursery to the water-side: neither wind nor rain had disturbed him; he had felt none of the perils or difficulties of the stormy passage, and he continued wrapt in the same profound repose during this anxious pause, alike unconscious of his own reverse of fortune and his mother's woe.

Mary Beatrice looked back with streaming eyes toward the royal home where her beloved consort remained, lonely and surrounded with perils, and vainly endeavored to trace out the lights of Whitehall among those that were reflected from the opposite shore, along the dark rolling river. The historians of that period declare that she remained an hour under the walls of the old church with her baby, waiting for the coach, which through some mistake never came, and that a hackney-coach was at last procured with difficulty. This was not the case, for St. Victor found the coach and six all ready at the inn, which was within sight of the river; the delay, therefore, must have been comparatively brief, but when time is measured by the exigency of circumstances, minutes are lengthened into hours.

The haste and agitation in which St. Victor came to inquire after the carriage, combined with his foreign accent and idiom, excited observation in the inn-yard, where a man with a lantern was on the watch; and when he saw the coach and six ready to start, ran out to reconnoitre, and made directly toward the spot where the queen was standing. St. Victor ran with all speed on the other side the way, fearing that he would recognize the party on the bank, and put himself full in his path; they came in contact with each other, fell, and rolled in the mud together. They made mutual apologies for the accident. The light was extinguished in the fall, which favored the escape of the queen, who got into the coach as before. The page was to have returned, not having been in-

trusted with the secret ; but having recognized the queen, his mistress, he wished to follow her. As they left the town, they encountered various of the guards. One of them said. "Come and see ; there is certainly a coach full of papists !"

They took the way to Gravesend, distant from London twenty miles. There they found three Irish captains, whom the king had sent the same day they departed to serve in the yacht. These officers, finding the queen and prince slower than they expected, advanced, as they had been ordered, to meet them, having provided themselves with a little boat which was close by the shore. Her majesty, followed by her attendants, left the coach, and stepping on a small point of land, entered the boat, and was soon rowed to the yacht, which lay at Gravesend waiting for her. The master, whose name was Gray, had not the slightest suspicion of the rank of his royal passenger, who found Lady Strickland, with a group of her other faithful servants on the deck, looking anxiously out for her and the prince. Mary Beatrice was certainly more fortunate in her choice of friends than her lord, for there were no instances of treachery or ingratitude in her household. All her ladies loved her, and were ready to share her adversity, and many, from whom she required not such proofs of attachment, followed her into exile. Her high standard of moral rectitude had probably deterred her from lavishing her favors and confidence on worthless flatterers, like the vipers King James had fostered. The true-hearted little company in the yacht, who had prepared themselves to attend their royal mistress and her baby to France, were a chosen few, to whom the secret of her departure had been confided ; namely, the Lord and Lady Powis, the Countess of Almonde, Signora Pelegrina Turinie, bed-chamber woman, and Lady Strickland of Sizergh, sub-governess of the Prince of Wales. Lady Strickland and Signora Turinie had started from Whitehall after the departure of their royal mistress, and performed their journey with so much speed that they reached the yacht at Gravesend before her.

After a stormy and perilous voyage, the queen, her baby, and attendants landed safely at Calais on Tuesday, December 11. Sixteen years before, Mary of Modena had embarked in almost regal pomp at Calais, in the Royal Catharine yacht, a virgin bride, with her mother, and a splendid retinue of Italian, French, and English nobles, all emulous to do her honor ; now she landed at the same port, a forlorn fugitive, wearing a peasant's humble dress, with her royal infant in her arms, to seek a refuge from the storm that had driven her from a

throne. But was she more pitiable, as the wife of the man she loved, and clasping the baby whom they both called "the dearest gift of Heaven," to her fond bosom, than when she sailed for an unknown land, like a victim adorned for a sacrifice, from which her soul revolted? Then all was gloom and despair in her young heart, and she wept as one for whom life had no charms; now her tears flowed chiefly because she was separated from that husband, whose name had filled the reluctant bride of fifteen with dismay. The reverse in her fortunes as a princess, was not more remarkable than the mutations which had taken place in her feelings as a woman. The Governor of Calais would have received the fugitive queen and her son with royal honors, but she begged to remain incognita. She had sent St. Victor to apprise King James of her safe embarkation; and she now wrote a touching letter to Louis XIV., appealing to him for sympathy and protection. She proceeded on the 13th to Boulogne, where she remained in agonizing suspense, awaiting tidings of her royal husband. Here she received the agitating intelligence of the king's ill-judged attempt to leave the realm with Sir Edward Hales, and that he had been stopped, robbed, and ill-treated by a gang of fifty desperadoes, from whom he was rescued and brought back to London, where he was most affectionately received by the people. Mary Beatrice and the little prince then advanced to Beauvais, where she received the welcome tidings that King James had left England and landed safely at Ambleteuse, a small port near Boulogne.

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Great Seal of James II.

CHAPTER IV.

IN the afternoon of December 28, Mary Beatrice drew near St. Germain's. Louis XIV. came in state to meet and welcome her, with his son the dauphin, and the officers of his household: his cavalcade consisted of a hundred coaches and six. He awaited the approach of his fair and royal guest at Chatou, a village on the banks of the Seine, below the heights of St. Germain's-en-Laye. As soon as her majesty's *cortège* drew near, Louis with his son and brother descended from his coach and advanced to greet her, supposing that she had been in the first carriage, which he had sent his officers to stop. The vehicle, however, only contained the Prince of Wales, his sub-governess Lady Strickland, and his nurses. They all alighted out of respect to the king, who took the infant prince in his arms, kissed, and tenderly embraced him, and made the unconscious babe a gracious speech, promising to protect and cherish him. Louis is said to have been struck with the beauty of the royal infant, on whom he lavished more caresses than he had ever been known to bestow on any child of his own.

The queen had in the mean time alighted from her coach, and was advancing toward his majesty. Louis hastened to meet and salute her. She made the most graceful acknowledgments for his sympathy and kindness, both for herself and in the name of the king her husband. Louis replied, "that it was a melancholy service he had rendered her on this occasion, but that he hoped it would be in his power to be more useful soon;" then led her to his own coach, where he placed her at his right hand. The dauphin and Duke of Orleans sat opposite to their majesties. And thus in regal pomp was the exiled Queen of England conducted by Louis XIV. to the palace of St. Germain's-en-Laye, which was henceforth to be her home. When they alighted in the inner court of the palace, Louis, after placing every thing there at her command, led her by the hand to the apartments appropriated to the use of the Prince of Wales, which were those of the children of France. This nursery suite had been newly fitted up for the Prince of Wales.

Her apartments were sumptuously furnished: nothing had

been omitted that could be of use or comfort to her; the most exquisite taste and munificence had been displayed in the arrangement of her dressing-room, and especially her table. Among the splendid toilet-service that courted her acceptance, Mary Beatrice saw a peculiarly elegant casket, of which Tourolle, the king's upholsterer, presented her with the key. This casket contained 6000 Louis d'ors—a delicate method devised by the generous monarch of France for relieving her pecuniary embarrassments. Mary Beatrice, however, did not discover the gold till the next morning, for notwithstanding the significant looks and gestures with which Tourolle presented the key of this important casket, her heart was too full to permit her to bestow a single thought upon it that night. Overcome by all she had gone through, she was compelled to keep her chamber. At six in the evening, the King of France, with the dauphin and the Duc de Chartres, came to pay her majesty a visit. In the course of half an hour, Louis was informed that King James II. was entering the château, on which he left the queen, and hastened to greet and welcome his unfortunate cousin, then conducted him to the apartment of the queen, to whom he playfully presented him, with these words: "Madame, I bring you a gentleman of your acquaintance, whom you will be very glad to see." Mary Beatrice uttered a cry of joy, and melted into tears; and James astonished the French courtiers, by clasping her to his bosom with passionate demonstrations of affection before every body. Forgetting every restraint in the transport of beholding the fair and faithful partner of his life once more, after all their perils and sufferings, James remained long enfolded in the arms of his weeping queen. As soon as the first gush of feeling had a little subsided, Louis led James to the apartments of the Prince of Wales, and showed him that his other treasure was safe, and surrounded with all the splendor to which his birth entitled him.

It was the wish of James and his queen to live as private persons at St. Germain, in that retirement which is always desired by the afflicted, but it was not permitted. The French state officers and attendants were quickly superseded by a regular royal household, formed from the noble English, Scotch, and Irish emigrants who followed the fortunes of the exiled king and queen. The fidelity of the queen's household was remarkable. It is an interesting fact that almost all her attendants applied to the Prince of Orange for passports to follow her into France. William granted the passes, but outlawed all who used them, and confiscated their property.

Whole families preferred going into exile together, rather than to transfer their allegiance to William and Mary. This generous spirit was by no means confined to the Roman Catholic aristocracy. Instances of fidelity equally noble are recorded of members of the Church of England, and even of menial servants in the royal household. The queen's old coachman, who had formerly served Oliver Cromwell in that capacity, followed his royal mistress to St. Germain's, was reinstated in his office, and continued to drive her state coach till he died at an advanced age. Those ladies of the bed-chamber who were compelled to remain in England with their husbands and families, like Lady Isabella Wentworth and Mrs. Dawson, rendered their royal mistress the most important service of all, by continuing to bear true witness of her, when it became the fashion to calumniate and revile her. They courageously confuted her slanderers, even to the faces of her supplanting step-daughters.

Louis XIV. allowed James and Mary Beatrice 50,000 francs per month for the support of their household. They objected at first to the largeness of the sum ; but found it, in the end, insufficient to enable them to extend adequate relief to the necessities of their impoverished followers. At the first court held by the exiled king and queen at St. Germain's, James looked old and worn with fatigue and suffering. Of Mary Beatrice it was said by Madame de Sévigné, "The Queen of England's eyes are always tearful, but they are large, and very dark and beautiful. Her complexion is clear, but somewhat pale. Her mouth is too large for perfect beauty, but her lips are pouting, and her teeth lovely. Her shape is fine, and she has much mind. Every thing she says is marked with excellent good sense."

The purple velvet and ermine in which Mary Beatrice dressed her boy, not being the orthodox costume for babies of his rank in France, excited the astonishment of the ladies of that court, as we find from a remark made by Madame de Sévigné, in a letter dated January 31, 1689. "Madame de Chaulnes has seen the Queen of England, with whom she is much pleased. The little prince, though dressed like a puppet, was beautiful and joyous, leaping and dancing when they held him up." He was then between seven and eight months old—a most attractive age ; and the bracing, salubrious air of St. Germain's had evidently been of much service to the royal infant, whose health was so delicate in England.

Ireland refused to accept William and Mary in preference to James II., so James proceeded thither to encourage his

party early in March, 1690; want of money and arms rendered the struggle ineffectual. Finally, he was defeated at the battle of the Boyne by William's healthy, well-armed, veteran troops, who, beside all other advantages, were very far superior in numbers to his undisciplined, half-naked, wild Irish muster. The queen had prevailed on Seignelai, the French minister of marine, to equip and send a fleet into St. George's Channel. This fleet drove William's admiral, Herbert, and his squadron out of Bantry Bay, and landed military stores for King James. D'Avaux, the French minister in attendance on that prince, exultingly announced to him that the French had defeated the English fleet. "It is for the first time, then," retorted the royal seaman, with an irrepressible burst of national feeling. His consort, however, could not refrain from rejoicing in the success of the expedition which she had been the cause of sending to his assistance. Another naval victory was gained by the French at Beachy Head, July 1, 1690; but the battle of the Boyne, fought on the same day, was lost by James, who, withdrawing from Ireland, landed at Brest, July 20. From Brest he sent an express to his queen, to acquaint her with his arrival there, and his misfortune, telling her at the same time, "that he was sensible he should be blamed for having hazarded a battle on such inequalities, but that he had no other post so advantageous, and was loath to have abandoned all without a stroke."

The meeting between Mary Beatrice and her lord, who had been absent from her eighteen long months, was inexpressibly tender. James had the happiness of finding his son, whom he had left an infant in the nurse's arms, grown a fine strong boy, full of health, life, and joy, able to run about anywhere, and to greet him with the name of father. The beauty and animation of the child pleased the French, and rendered him the darling of the British emigrants. The queen gave birth to a daughter three weeks after the death-blow had been given to the hopes of King James's restoration by the destruction of the French fleet off La Hogue, which was prepared to make a descent on England.

The morbid state of apathy in which James was plunged by this calamity yielded to softer emotions when he beheld the new-born princess. "See," said he to the queen, "what God hath given us to be our consolation in the land of exile!" Louis XIV. was godfather to the babe, and gave her the names of Louisa Mary.

It was fortunate that James and his queen were fond of children, and indulgent to them, for their royal abode at St.

Germain was full of the young families of their noble attendants, who, having forsaken houses and lands for their sake, had now no other home. There were little Middletons, Hays, Dillons, Bourkes, Stricklands, Plowdens, Staffords, Sheldons, and many of the children of their Protestant followers also, who might be seen sporting together in the parterres in excellent good-fellowship, or forming a mimic court and body-guard for the little prince, whose playmates they were, and the sharers of his infantile pleasures. These juvenile Jacobites were objects of the tenderest interest to the exiled king and queen, who, when they went to promenade on the terrace, were always surrounded by them, and appeared like the parents of a very numerous progeny. The château, indeed, resembled an overcrowded bee-hive, only that the young swarms were fondly cherished, instead of being driven forth into the world. Other emigrants there were, for whom the king and queen could do but little in proportion to their wants. The town of St. Germain and its suburbs were filled with Scotch, English, and Irish Jacobite families, who had sacrificed every thing in their fruitless efforts for the restoration of King James, and were, for the most part, in a state of utter destitution. The patience with which they bore the sufferings they had incurred for his sake, pierced the heart of that unfortunate prince with the most poignant grief. Both he and Mary Beatrice imposed rigorous self-denial on themselves, in order to administer to the wants of their followers.

The little prince and his sister, as soon as they were old enough to understand the sufferings of the Jacobite families, devoted all their pocket-money to their relief. The princess, from a very tender age, paid for the education of several of the daughters of the British emigrants, and nothing could induce her to diminish her little fund by the purchase of toys for herself. Her natural vivacity was softened and subdued by the sense of sorrow and distress amid which she was born and reared; and while yet an infant in age, she acquired the sensibility and tenderness of womanhood.

The news of the death of James's eldest daughter, Queen Mary II., reached St. Germain, January 15, and revived the drooping hopes of the anxious exiles there. James, however, felt much grief that she had not expressed a penitential feeling for her unfilial conduct toward himself. It was expected that an immediate rupture would take place between William and Anne, on account of his retaining the crown, to which she stood in a nearer degree of relationship; but Anne was too cunning to raise such disputes while she had a father and a

brother living. Her claims, as well as those of William, rested solely on the will of the people.

The exhausted state of the French finances compelled Louis XIV. to sign the peace of Ryswich, recognizing William III.'s title as King of Great Britain, and promising to desist from assisting James and his family; but he would not consent to deprive them of their asylum at St. Germain's. By one of the secret articles of that treaty, William engaged to adopt the son of James II. as his successor; but James and Mary Beatrice both declared they would sooner see their son dead than rendered a political tool by William. James's sands were now waning fast. While he and the queen were attending Divine service in the royal chapel at St. Germain's on Friday, March 4, 1701—the anthem for that day was from the Lamentations of Jeremiah, “Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us; consider, and behold our reproach. Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens.” These words, so applicable to his own case, touched too powerful a chord in the mind of the fallen monarch. His enfeebled frame was unable to support the climax of agonizing associations which they recalled; a torrent of blood gushed from his mouth and nose; he fainted, and was carried out of the chapel in a state of insensibility. A report of his death was generally circulated. The terror and distress of the poor queen may readily be imagined; but she had acquired, during long years of adversity, that needful virtue of the patient heroine of domestic life—the power of controlling her own feelings.

This attack of apoplexy was followed by paralysis; and the physicians ordered him to the baths of Bourbon. The anguish of the poor queen was increased by the misery of pecuniary distress at this anxious period. Having no funds for the journey, she was compelled to appeal to Louis XIV. for a charitable supply. They desired but 30,000 livres of the French court for this journey, which was immediately sent them in gold. King James, who was fully aware that he was hastening to the tomb, was only induced to undertake the journey by the tender importunity of his queen.

During her anxious attendance on her sick consort at Bourbon, Mary Beatrice, from time to time, sent messengers to St. Germain's, to inquire after the health and welfare of her children, who remained there under the care of the Duke of Perth and the Countess of Middleton. Very constant and dutiful had the prince and his little sister been in their correspondence with their royal parents at this period of unwonted separation. A packet of their simple little letters to the queen is still pre-

served, among more important documents of the exiled Stuarts, in the archives of France, containing interesting evidence of the strong ties of natural affection by which the hearts of this unfortunate family were entwined together. Mary Beatrice and James arrived at St. Germain in time for the celebration of the birthday fêtes of their son and daughter. The prince completed his thirteenth year on the 10th of June, and the princess her ninth on the 28th of the same month.

King James continued to linger through the summer, and was occasionally strong enough to mount his horse. Mary Beatrice began to flatter herself with hopes of his recovery; and weary as he was of the turmoil of the world, there were yet strong ties to bind him to an existence that was endeared by the affection of a partner who, crushed as he was with sorrow, sickness, and infirmity, continued after a union of nearly eight-and twenty years, to love him with the same impassioned fondness as in the first years of their marriage. It was hard to part with her and their children—the lovely, promising, and dutiful children of his old age, whom nature had apparently well qualified to adorn that station of which his rash and ill-advised proceedings had been the means of depriving them. A political crisis of great importance appeared to be at hand. The days of his rival, William III., were numbered as well as his own; both were laboring under incurable maladies. The race of life, even then, was closely matched between them; and if James ever desired a lengthened existence, it was that, for the sake of his son, he might survive William, fancying—fond delusion!—that his daughter Anne would not contest the throne with him.

James's death was hastened by a recurrence of the same incident which had caused his first severe stroke of apoplexy in the preceding spring. On Friday, September 2, while he was at mass in the chapel royal, the choir unfortunately sang the fatal anthem again, "Lord, remember what is come upon us; consider, and behold our reproach," etc. The same agonizing chord was touched as on the former occasion, with a similar effect. He sank into the arms of the queen in a swoon, and was carried from the chapel to his chamber in a state of insensibility. After a time suspended animation was restored, but the fit returned upon him with greater violence. "A most afflicting sight for his disconsolate queen, into whose arms he fell the second time." Mary Beatrice had acquired sufficient firmness in the path of duty to be able to control her own agonies on this occasion, for the sake of the beloved object of her solicitude. She could not deceive herself as to

the mournful truth which the looks of all around her proclaimed; and her own sad heart assured her that the dreaded moment of separation between them was at hand.

James himself was calm and composed, and as soon as the hemorrhage could be stopped, expressed a wish to receive the last rites of his Church, but said he would see his children first, and sent for his son. The young prince, when he entered the chamber and saw the pale, death-like countenance of his father, and the bed all covered with blood, gave way to a passionate burst of grief, in which every one else joined except the dying king, who appeared perfectly serene. When the prince approached the bed he extended his arms to embrace him, and addressed his last admonition to him in these impressive words, which, notwithstanding the weakness and exhaustion of sinking nature, were uttered with a fervor and a solemnity that astonished every one: "I am now leaving this world, which has been to me a sea of storms and tempests, it being God Almighty's will to wean me from it by many great afflictions. Serve Him with all your power, and never put the crown of England in competition with your eternal salvation. There is no slavery like sin, no liberty like His service. If His holy providence shall think fit to seat you on the throne of your royal ancestors, govern your people with justice and clemency. Remember, kings are not made for themselves, but for the good of the people. Set before their eyes, in your own actions, a pattern of all manner of virtues: consider them as your children. Honor your mother, that your days may be long; and be always a kind brother to your dear sister, that you may reap the blessings of concord and unity." Those who were about the king, apprehending that the excitement of continuing to speak long and earnestly on subjects of so agitating a nature would be too much for his exhausted frame, suggested that the prince had better now withdraw; at which his majesty was troubled, and said, "Do not take my son away from me till I have given him my blessing, at least." The little Princess Louisa was brought to the bedside of her dying father, bathed in tears, to receive, in her turn, all that Heaven had left in the power of the unfortunate James to bestow on his children by Mary Beatrice—his paternal benediction and advice. It was, perhaps, a harder trial for James to part with this daughter than with his son; she was the child of his old age, the joy of his dark and wintry years. He had named her *la Consolatrice* when he first looked upon her, and she had, even when in her nurse's arms, manifested an extraordinary affection for him. She was one of the most beautiful children

in the world, and her abilities were of a much higher order than those of her brother. Reflective and intelligent beyond her tender years, her passionate sorrow showed how deeply she was touched by the sad state in which she saw her royal father, and that she comprehended only too well the calamity that impended over her. "Adieu, my dear child," said James, after he had embraced and blessed her, "adieu! Serve your Creator in the days of your youth: consider virtue as the greatest ornament of your sex. Follow close the steps of that great pattern of it, your mother, who has been, no less than myself, overclouded with calumnies; but Time, the mother of Truth, will, I hope, at last make her virtues shine as bright as the sun." All this while the poor queen, who had never quitted him for a moment, being unable to support herself, had sunk down upon the ground by his bedside, in much greater anguish than he, and with almost as little signs of life. James was sensibly touched to see her in such excessive grief. He tried all he could to comfort and persuade her to resign herself to the will of God, in this as in all her other trials; but none had appeared to Mary Beatrice so hard as this.

A visit from Louis XIV. compelled her to rouse herself from the indulgence of her grief. He came to take a last farewell of his unfortunate cousin, King James, and to offer the afflicted queen the only consolation she was capable of receiving, by assuring her he would acknowledge the prince, her son, as rightful King of Great Britain. She begged him to tell her dying consort this with his own lips.

King James expired at three o'clock in the afternoon of September 6, 1701; he died with a smile on his countenance. The bitterness of death had long been passed, and he had requested that his chamber-door might be left without being guarded, so that all who wished to take a last look of him might freely enter. His apartments were crowded both with English and French, of all degrees, and his curtains were always open. "The moment after he had breathed his last, his son was proclaimed at the gates of the château of St. Germain by the title of James III., King of England, Scotland, Ireland, and *France*."

When the royal widow came, in compliance with the ceremonial which their respective positions prescribed, to offer the homage of a subject to her boy, she said to him, "Sir, I acknowledge you for my king, but I hope you will not forget that you are my son;" and then, wholly overpowered by grief, she was carried in a chair from the apartment, and so conveyed to her coach, which was ready to take her to the

convent at Chaillot, where she desired to pass the first days of her widowhood in the deepest retirement, declaring that she would neither receive visits nor compliments from any one.


 A large, elegant cursive signature of James II. The name 'James' is written in a flowing, connected script, followed by a large, prominent 'R' that loops back under the name.

Autograph of James II.

CHAPTER V.

MARY BEATRICE left St. Germain's about an hour after her husband's death, attended by four ladies only, and arrived at Chaillot a quarter before six. The conventual church of Chaillot was hung with black. As soon as her approach was announced the bells tolled, and the abbess and all the Community went in procession to receive her at the convent-gate. The widowed queen descended from her coach in silence, with her hood drawn over her face, followed by her four noble attendants. The nuns gathered round her in silence; no one offered to speak comfort to her, well knowing how tender had been the union that had subsisted between her and her deceased lord. The tragedy of real life, unlike that of the stage, is generally a veiled feeling. The queen remained in this stupefaction of grief till the beloved Françoise Angélique Priolo "approached, and kissing her hand, said to her, in a tone of tender admonition, in the words of the royal Psalmist, 'My soul, will you not be subject to God?' 'Thy will be done,' replied Mary Beatrice, in a voice stifled with sighs."

James II. had desired, on his death-bed, to be simply interred in the Church of St. Germain's, opposite to the château; but when his will was opened, it was found that he had therein directed his body to be buried with his ancestors in Westminster Abbey. Therefore the queen resolved that his obsequies only should be solemnized in France, and that his body should remain unburied till the restoration of his son, which she fondly hoped would take place; and that, like the bones of Joseph in holy writ, the corpse of her royal husband

would accompany his children when they returned to the land of their ancestors. The body was destined to await this expected event in the Church of the Benedictines, Faubourg de St. Jacques, Paris, whither it was conveyed on the Saturday after his demise, about seven in the evening, in a mourning-carriage, followed by two coaches, in which were the officers of the king's household, his chaplains, and the prior and curate of St. Germain's. His guard carried torches of white wax around the hearse. The obsequies being duly performed in the convent church of the Benedictines, the body was left under the hearse, covered with the pall, in one of the chapels.

On the third day after her arrival, being Monday, Mary Beatrice assumed the habit of a widow; "and while they were thus arraying her," continues our good nun, "her majesty, observing that I was trying to look through her eyes into her soul, to see what effect this dismal dress had on her mind, assured me 'that those lugubrious trappings gave her no pain, because they were in unison with her own feelings, and that it would have been very distressing to herself to have dressed otherwise, or, indeed, ever to change that garb. For the rest of my life,' said her majesty, 'I shall never wear any thing but black. I have long ago renounced all vanities, and worn nothing, in the way of dress, but what was absolutely necessary; and God knows that I have not put on decorations except in cases where I was compelled to do so, or in my early youth.'" When the melancholy toilet of Mary Beatrice was fully completed, and she was dressed for the first time in widow's weeds, she seated herself in a *fauteuil*, and all the ladies in the convent were permitted to enter, to offer her their homage and condolences. But every one was in tears, and not a word was spoken; for the queen sat silent and motionless as a statue, with her eyes fixed on vacancy, apparently too much absorbed in her own unspeakable grief to be conscious of any thing.

By virtue of this will, the only one ever made by James II., Mary Beatrice was recognized by the court and council of her deceased lord at St. Germain's as the acting guardian of the prince their son, and took upon herself the title of queen-regent of Great Britain. She was treated by Louis XIV. and his ministers with the same state and ceremony as if she had been invested with this office in the only legal way—by the Parliament of the realm. The first care of this widowed queen was to obey one of the death-bed injunctions of her deceased consort, by writing to his daughter, the Princess

Anne of Denmark, to communicate his last commands touching the prince his son.

King William put himself, his servants, and equipages into mourning for King James; but caused a bill to be brought into the House of Commons for attainting the orphan son of that uncle, for whom he and his household had assumed the mockery of woe. The boy was but thirteen when thus exposed to the penalty of being executed without a trial, or any other ceremony than a privy-seal warrant, in the event of his falling into the hands of the reigning sovereign. This was not enough to satisfy King William III.; his next attempt was to subject the widowed mother of the disinherited prince to the same pains and penalties.

The commons had stoutly refused to pass the attainder of the widow of their old master as an additional clause to that of the unfortunate young prince her son; and it is to be regretted that no clerk or reporter was hardy enough to risk the loss of his ears by taking notes of the stormy debates, which shook the house, on a question so opposed to every principle of the English constitution as that of an illegal attempt of the king against a royal lady, of whom no other crime had ever been alleged than the faithful performance of her duties toward a deposed consort and disinherited son—duties from which no reverse of fortune could absolve a wife and mother, and least of all a queen. On the 1st of February, this desolate princess writes to her spiritual friend at Chaillot—"I will try to lift up my heart, which is in truth much depressed, and well-nigh broken." In conclusion, she says, "The news from England is very strange. God must be entreated for them, since, literally, they know not what they do." The meekness of this comment on the vindictive proceedings of her foes appears the more touching, from the circumstance of its having been penned the very day before the bill for the separate attainder of the royal writer was read for the first time in the House of Lords, February 12, o. s. From a refinement of malice, she is designated in that instrument, "Mary, *late wife* of the late King James." The title of queen-dowager was, of course, denied her by the sovereign who had appropriated her dower, and whose design it was to deprive her also of the reverence attached to royalty. The "widow" of the late King James he dared not call her, for there was something touching in that description: it came too close to her sad case, and in six simple words told the story of her past greatness and her present calamities with irresistible pathos. They had attainted a boy of thirteen, "the only son of his mother, and she was

a widow," and had been their queen; and they, the peers of England, were required to attain her also, but not by her true description—not as Mary the widow, but as "Mary the *late wife* of the late King James;" the violation of the English language in this subtle definition being less remarkable, considering that the measure originated with a Dutchman, than the profound observation of the susceptibilities of the human heart which it denotes, and the careful avoidance of the use of epithets calculated to inspire reverence or compassion.

The question was finally put, for the third time, on the 20th of February in the House of Lords; it was carried in the affirmative. The commons, when the bill was sent down to them, treated it with ineffable contempt: they did not so much as put it to the question, but throwing it under their table, consigned it to oblivion.

Mary Beatrice, overwhelmed with the difficulties and perplexities of her position, was attacked with a dangerous illness just before the death of William, which brought her to the verge of the grave. Her life depended on her being kept quiet, on account of the violent palpitations of the heart, and other alarming symptoms with which her illness was accompanied. Her cabinet, torn with conflicting jealousies and passions, could agree on nothing, so of course nothing was done; and before she was in a state to decide between the opposing counsels of the rival ministers, Middleton and Perth, her step-daughter Anne was peacefully settled on the throne, and the hopes of royalty were forever lost to her son and his descendants.

It was about this period that the dreadful malady, which had appeared a few months before King James's death, began to assume a painful and alarming form. When her majesty consulted the celebrated Fagan on her case, and entreated him to tell her the truth, without reserve, he frankly acknowledged that the cancer was incurable; but assured her, at the same time, that her existence might be prolonged for many years, if she would submit to a series of painful operations, and adhere strictly to the regimen he would prescribe.

A violent illness attacked her son at the opening of the year 1705, and drew her attention from her own sufferings to his danger. No one but the most tenderly devoted of mothers could have desired the life of a male claimant of the crown of England to be prolonged, whose existence alone prevented the amicable arrangement of all disputes and difficulties, by the recognition of her daughter, the Princess Louisa, as the successor of Queen Anne. No jealousies could have been entertained by that sovereign of rivalry from a younger

sister; and all national fears for the interests of the Church of England might have been obviated by a marriage with the hereditary Prince of Hanover—a measure that could not even be proposed during the life of her brother. As regarded the succession to the throne of England, the Princess Louisa lay under no disabilities; neither acts of attainder nor oaths of abjuration had passed against her; and if the personal existence of this youngest and most promising scion of the Stuart line had never been publicly noticed by contending parties, it was, perhaps, because her political importance was secretly felt by the subtle calculators who were aware of the delicacy of her brother's constitution, and the yearning of the childless Anne toward a successor of her own name and blood. The death of the unfortunate son of James II. at that epoch would have excited a general feeling of sympathy for his mother and sister; the stumbling-stone of offense would have been removed, and all fears of civil wars averted, by restoring the regal succession to the regular order.

The unexpected recovery of the prince took place just before he completed his seventeenth year, June 10. The Princess Louisa attained her thirteenth birthday June 28; she had inherited all her mother's beauty; and was now publicly introduced at the French court, where, as the daughter of a King and Queen of England, and sister to a prince whose title to the crown of that realm was supported by France, she was given precedence over every lady there, except her own mother, who always had the place of honor allowed her by Louis XIV. A grand ball at Marli, in July, 1705, was given by the King of France. At the upper end of the long spacious saloon in which the ball took place, three *fauteuils* were placed. Mary Beatrice, as in the life-time of her royal consort, occupied the middle seat; those of Louis XIV. and her son were on each side. Opposite to them were benches for the dancers; the other members of the royal family occupied *pliants*. Behind the royal daïs were the refreshments. The titular King of England opened the ball with his sister, and the King of France stood all the time they were dancing. This he always would have done every time this young royal pair danced together, if Mary Beatrice had not entreated him to be seated; but it was not till he had paid them this mark of respect twice or thrice, that he would consent to sit down. Mary Beatrice always sat between Louis and her son at supper, with her daughter and the immediate members of the royal family of France.

Notwithstanding all the cares and pecuniary disappoint-

ments that at times oppressed the exiled queen, her family, and faithful followers, they lead a pleasant life in summer-time. Sometimes the prince and his sister led their young court into the depths of the adjacent forest in quest of sylvan sports, or to gather flowers and wild strawberries; sometimes embarking on the calm waters of the Seine in their barge, which, if not very splendidly decorated, or of the most approved fashion, was large enough to accommodate a joyous party. The haven to which the voyagers were usually bound was a rural château on the Seine, within less than a league from the palace. It belonged to the Countess de Grammont, formerly one of the most celebrated of the beauties of Charles II.'s court. She was now a rich and prosperous lady, able to provide entertainments of all descriptions for the royal brother and sister, whom she had seen grow up from infants. She had obtained a grant of the old mill-house of St. Germain and its adjacent meadows, and had expended some of her wealth in turning it into a Grecian villa; and there she frequently received the exiles of St. Germain in the course of the summer.

X



Costume of the Nobility and Gentry in the time of James II.

CHAPTER VI.

THE frolic and the fun that, in spite of care and penury, now and then enlivened the exiled court of St. Germain, were suddenly sobered by a change in the politics of Versailles. After trifling with the queen and her council, and above all with their faithful adherents in Scotland during the momentous crisis of the Union, when even the semblance of support from France would have been followed by a general rising in favor of the son of James II., Louis XIV. determined, in the spring of 1708, to fit out a fleet and armament for the purpose of effecting a descent on the coast of Scotland, headed by that prince in person. This expedition had been kept so secret that neither Mary Beatrice nor her son was aware of what was intended, till the latter received a hasty summons to join the armament. The young prince tarried not for preparations, but bidding his mother and sister a hasty farewell, departed for Dunkirk, leaving his baggage to follow. Unfortunate in every thing, he had scarcely reached the coast when he was attacked with the measles. Every one knows the nature of that malady, which requires the patient to be kept in an equal temperature till after the third day. Aware of the necessity of acting with promptitude, he caused himself to be carried on board the French fleet, before prudence warranted him in quitting his chamber.

The feelings of his mother during that anxious period of suspense will be best described by herself, in her confidential letter to one of her Angeliques. She says, "I must take patience in this, as in many other things which disquiet me at present, and keep me in a state of great agitation; for I know nothing certain of my son. My only consolation is the thought that he is in the hands of God."

Queen Anne's cabinet proceeded to set a price on the head of the exiled prince her brother. Anne herself, who had hitherto styled him "the pretended Prince of Wales," now gave him a new name in her address to Parliament, calling him, for the first time, "the Pretender"—a cunningly-devised *sobriquet*, which, perhaps, did more to exclude him from the throne than even his unpopular religion. The young prince served in the French army in the Low Countries the same spring as a volunteer, under the appropriate title of the Chevalier de St.

George; for, being destitute of the means of providing a camp equipage, to say nothing of maintaining the state consistent with royalty, he claimed no higher distinction than the companionship of the national order, with which he had been invested, in his fourth year, by the late sovereign his father. He conducted himself during the campaign so well as to win the affection and éstime of his comrades. While her son was with the army, Mary Beatrice was, of course, deeply interested in all the military operations, of which he sent her a regular account.

The chevalier caught the malignant intermittent fever of the country at Mons, and returned, greatly enfeebled, for change of air to St. Germain's toward the close of the summer. It was a wet cold autumn, severe winter, and ungenial spring; the queen was ill, anxious, and unhappy, on account of her son, for the fever hung upon him for many months; yet he was firm in his determination to try his fortunes in another campaign.

The desolate heart of Mary Beatrice swelled with maternal pride in the midst of her solicitude; for her son had distinguished himself by a brilliant personal action in the fiercely-contested battle of Malpaquet which had nearly turned the fortunes of the day. After Maréchal Villars was carried dangerously wounded out of the field, Boufflers sustained the conflict; and when the cavalry of the allies broke into his lines, he ordered the Chevalier de St. George to advance at the head of 1200 of the horse-guards. The princely volunteer performed this duty so gallantly, that in one desperate charge the German horse were broken and repulsed, and nothing but the steady valor of the English troops, and the consummate skill of their commanders, prevented the rout from becoming general. The rejected claimant of the British crown did not disgrace his lineage on that occasion, though unhappily serving beneath the banner of the fleur-de-lis, and opposed to his own countrymen. He charged twelve times at the head of the household troops of France; and though wounded in the right arm by a sabre cut, he kept the ground manfully, under a continuous fire of six hours from the British infantry. The queen, who had been residing for many weeks in complete retirement with her daughter at Chaillot, came to welcome her son on his return to St. Germain's, where they kept their united court, if such it might be called, that winter.

The pure, unselfish affection which united the disinherited son and daughter of James II. and his queen in exile and poverty, affords a remarkable contrast to the political jealousies

and angry passions which inflamed the hearts of their triumphant sisters, Mary and Anne, against each other, when they had succeeded in driving their father from his throne, and supplanting their brother in the regal succession. Mary Beatrice always trembled lest her daughter, the Princess Louisa, should be induced to listen to the flattering insinuations of persons in her court, who scrupled not to say that nature had fitted her better for a throne than her brother.

Mary Beatrice had always placed great reliance on the friendship testified by the Duke of Burgundy (then dauphin) and his lovely consort, the well-known Duchess of Burgundy, for her and her children, but the "arm of flesh" was not to profit them. This princess was attacked with malignant purple fever on the 6th of February. Fatal symptoms appeared on the 9th; on the 11th her life was despaired of, and they forced her distracted husband from her bedside, to breathe the fresh air in the gardens at Versailles. Mary Beatrice, ever fearless of infection for herself, hastened to Versailles, but was not permitted to enter the chamber of her dying friend. She sat with the king and Madame de Maintenon in the room adjoining to the chamber of death, while the services of her Church were administered, and remained there all that sad night. The dauphiness-duchess of Burgundy expired on the 11th of February; the afflicted widower only survived her six days. The inscrutable fiat which, at one blow, desolated the royal house of France, and deprived a mighty empire a second time of its heir, involved also the ultimate destruction of the hopes of the kindred family of Stuart. The fast-waning sands of Louis XIV., now sinking under the weight of years and afflictions, were rudely shaken by this domestic calamity, which was immediately followed by the death of the eldest son of the young pair, leaving the majesty of France to be represented, in less than three years, by a feeble infant, and its power to be exercised by the profligate and selfish regent, Orleans.

The portentous shadows with which these tragic events had darkened the political horizon of her son, affected Mary Beatrice less than the awful lesson on the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of earthly expectation, which the sudden death of these illustrious persons, snatched away in the flower of youth and high and glorious anticipation, was calculated to impress. The melancholy forebodings of the royal widow, who regarded their deaths as a warning to put her own house in order, since she had wept with Louis XIV. thrice in a few brief days over the stricken hopes of gay Versailles, were doomed to be too sadly realized, but not, as she had imagined, on her-

self. She, the weary pilgrim who had traveled over nearly half a century of woe, and had carried in her mortal frame for the last twelve years the seeds of death, was spared to weep over the early grave of her bright and beautiful Louisa.

The Chevalier de St. George, who had been hunting in the Bois de Boulogne, came March 30 to see the queen at Chaillot. He appeared a little indisposed that day, but returned to St. Germain in the evening, with her and the princess. Two days afterward he was attacked with the small-pox, to the inexpressible dismay of his mother, who knew how fatal that dreadful malady had, in many instances, proved to the royal house of Stuart. The Princess Louisa was inconsolable at the idea of her brother's danger, but felt not the slightest apprehension of infection for herself. Unmistakable tokens of the direful malady appeared visibly on her, April 10, while she was at her toilet. Unfortunately, the practice of bleeding in the foot was resorted to in her case, and the effects were fatal.

After the duties enjoined by their Church for the sick had been performed, Mary Beatrice came to her dying child, and asked her how she felt. "Madame," replied the princess, "you see before you the happiest person in the world. I resign myself into the hands of God; I ask not of Him life, but that His will may be accomplished on me."—"My daughter," replied the queen, "I do not think I can say as much. I declare that I entreat of God to prolong your life, that you may be able to serve Him, and to love him better than you have yet done."—"If I desire to live, it is for that alone," responded the princess, fervently. But the tenderness of earthly affections came over the heavenward spirit, and she added, "and because I think I might be of some comfort to you." At five o'clock the next morning, Monday, April 18, they told the queen that the princess was in her agony, but prevented by force the anxious mother from hastening to her side. The princess expired at nine. Bitter as the trial was, Mary Beatrice bore it with the resignation of a Christian mother, who believes that the child of her hopes and prayers has been summoned to a brighter and better world. The prince her son was still dangerously ill. Grief for the departed, and trembling apprehension for the last surviving object of maternal love and care, brought on an attack of fever, which confined her to her bed for several days.

When her son ultimately recovered, Mary Beatrice received visits of sympathy from Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. The latter says, in one of her letters, "I had the honor of passing two hours with the Queen of England: she looks

the very image of desolation. Her daughter had become her friend and chief comfort. The French at St. Germain's are as disconsolate for her loss as the English; and, indeed, all who knew her loved her most sincerely. She was truly cheerful, affable, and anxious to please, attached to her duties, and fulfilling them all without a murmur." It is not always in the power of an historian to raise the veil that has hidden the treasured grief of a royal mother's heart from the world, and after nearly a century and a half have passed away since the agonizing pulses of that afflicted heart have been at rest, and its pangs forgotten, to place the simple record of her feelings before succeeding generations in her own pathetic words—she shall speak for herself. Her letter is to the Abbess Angelique:

"But what shall I say to you of that beloved daughter whom God gave to me, and hath now taken away? Nothing beyond this, that, since it is He who hath done it, it becomes me to be silent, and not to open my mouth unless to bless His holy name. He is the master, both of the mother and the children; He has taken the one and left the other; and I ought not to doubt that he has done the best for both, and for me also, if I knew how to profit by it. Behold the point, for, alas! I neither do as I say, nor as God requires of me, in regard to His dealings with me."

The hapless widow of James II. adverts, in the next place, to another bitter trial which she knew was in store for her—that of parting with her son, now her only surviving child. Ever since the commencement of the negotiations for the peace between England and France, it had been intimated to the Chevalier de St. George that it was necessary he should withdraw from St. Germain's, in the first instance, and finally from the French dominions.

When Mary Beatrice visited Louis XIV. at Marli, for the first time after the death of her daughter, the heartless ceremonials of state etiquette were alike forgotten by each, and they wept together in the fellowship of mutual grief, "because," as the disconsolate mother afterward said, when speaking of the tears they shed at this mournful interview, "we saw that the aged were left, and death had swept away the young." All the pleasure, all the happiness of the court of Versailles expired with the young dauphin and dauphiness: the death of the Princess Louisa completed the desolation of that of the exiled Stuarts.

It was not till the 28th of July that Mary Beatrice could summon up sufficient resolution to visit her friends at Chaillot;

the sight of the nuns who had been accustomed to wait on her and the Princess Louisa during their long sojourn in the convent in the preceding year renewed her anguish. She uttered a bitter cry, and exclaimed—"Oh! but this visit is different from my last. But God is the master: it is He who hath done it, and His holy name be forever blessed." When she entered, she sat down by the Princess de Condé, who had come, like herself, to assist at the profession of a nun. She afterward insisted on visiting the tribune, where the heart of her lost darling was now enshrined, beside that of her lamented lord, King James. The sight of those mournful relics, thus united, renewed all her agonies, and it was with difficulty that the nuns could draw her from the spot. When she was at last induced to return to her apartment, the Princess de Condé endeavored to persuade her to take her tea; but her grief so entirely choked her, that she could not swallow, and sickened at each attempt.

A fresh trial awaited her, even that of parting with her son, Louis XIV. having engaged, by the peace of Utrecht, to banish him from France. Mary Beatrice spent the melancholy winter of 1713—the first she had passed without her children—at St. Germain's. Her only comfort was hearing from her son that he had been honorably and affectionately received at the court of Lorraine by the duke and duchess, who were both related to him. The Duchess of Lorraine, being the daughter of the late Duke of Orleans by Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, inherited a portion of the Stuart blood, through her descent from James I. She took the most lively interest in her exiled kinsman, and did every thing in her power to render his sojourn at Bar-le-duc agreeable.

Mary Beatrice said she could not think without pain that the time of her departure from the convent drew near, and that she must return to St. Germain's, to that melancholy and now desolate palace. Her tears began to flow as she spoke of the loneliness that awaited her there. "Alas!" said she, "picture to yourselves the state in which I shall find myself in that place where I lost the king, my lord and husband, and my daughter. Now that I am deprived of my son, what a frightful solitude does it appear!" She remained at Chaillot, in a great state of dejection, after the departure of her son. She spoke with lively satisfaction of having received a consolatory letter from Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambray, in which, without entering into affairs of state or politics, he had said, "that he prayed the Lord to give the king, her son, all things that were needful for him, and that his heart might be

always in the hands of the Most High, to guard and dispose it according to his will." Although neither wealth nor dominion was included in this petition for her son, the royal mother was satisfied; better things had been asked.

The poor queen, being without money at this time, in consequence of the delays on the part of the French ministry in the payment of her pension, was greatly troubled to meet the trifling current expenses even of her present economical way of life. Her coach and horses caused her some uneasiness, for the person at whose mews she had been accustomed to keep them sent word "that he could not engage for their safety. Every one was starving in the suburbs of Paris, and he was afraid they would be stolen from his place." The coachman told her majesty "he thought it would be desirable to keep the coach, at any rate, in the convent court, where it would be locked up within double doors;" but this also involved a difficulty, for there was no covered place to put it under, and if exposed to the weather it would soon fall to pieces. These petty cares of every-day occurrence, about matters to which the attention of persons of royal birth is never directed, were very harassing to her. "There were times," she would say, "when she felt so cast down, that the weight of a straw, in addition to her other troubles, appeared a burden, and she dreaded every thing."

It was in the year 1714 Mary Beatrice received the first, last, and only instalment from the British government ever paid to her of the jointure settled upon her by the Parliament of England. Queen Anne, on the 23d of December, 1713, signed the warrant authorizing the payment of 11,750*l.* out of 500,000*l.* lately granted by Parliament for the liquidation of her own private debts. 50,000*l.* per annum was the sum originally claimed by the exiled queen; but her necessities, and above all her desire of entering into amicable relations with Queen Anne, for the sake of her son, induced her gladly to accept a first quarter's payment on the Lord-Treasurer Harley's computation of the dower at 47,000*l.* The acquittance she gave was simply signed *Marie, Reine*. Not long after she was attacked with so severe an illness that she was given up by her physicians. She received the intimation with perfect calmness: life had now nothing to attach her, except a longing desire to see her son. Contrary to all human expectation, she revived, and finally recovered in time to attend the death-bed of her old friend, Louis XIV.

Arms and stores for the Jacobite cause had been secretly provided by the friendship of the deceased king, Louis XIV.;

they were on board twelve ships lying at Havre. Just as these ships, which were to land troops on the coast of Scotland for the use of her son, the Chevalier de St. George, were ready to sail, Sir George Byng came into the roads with a squadron, and prevented them from leaving the harbor. This was the real cause of the failure of the Jacobite enterprise, since the bravest champions can do little without weapons. The rebellion in Scotland of 1715 broke out prematurely, hurried on by the ardor of misjudging partisans. Its details belong to our national annals: all we have to do with it is to trace its effects on the personal history of the royal mother of the representatives of the fated line of Stuart.

After the disastrous termination of that enterprise, the Chevalier de St. George returned to Gravelines, about February 22, and came secretly in disguise to see her at St. Germain; where, in spite of the interdict against his presence in the French dominions, he remained with her several days—a consolation she had scarcely ventured to anticipate, after the disastrous termination of his expedition to Scotland. More than once she had said, during his absence, that she could be content, if he were spared to her, to say, like Jacob, “It is enough: Joseph, my son, yet liveth;” but to look upon his face once more, she had scarcely ventured to expect.

The regent Orleans, though he permitted not the presence of the Chevalier de St. George in France, could not be induced to deprive his widowed mother of her asylum and maintenance. Mary Beatrice, therefore, remained unmolested in the royal château of St. Germain, and retained the title and state of a queen-dowager of England to her dying day. Her receptions were attended by the mother of the regent with the same ceremonials of respect as in the life-time of her powerful friend, Louis XIV. She would have preferred accompanying her beloved son to Avignon; but his interest required that she should continue to support, at any sacrifice, the state of queen-mother, and to keep up friendly and confidential intercourse with the wife, mother, and daughters of the regent of France.

In the evening of May 6 she felt the approach of death, and bestowed all her attention on the prayers for a soul departing, which were continued all night. From the time the queen's sickness assumed dangerous symptoms, her chamber was crowded with company of the four nations of whom the inhabitants of St. Germain were composed—English, Irish, Scotch, and French, and the last survivors of her Italian attendants, who had been in her service ever since her marriage. More than fifty people were present; but her son, the last and dear-

est tie that remained to her on earth, was not permitted to come to her, being forbidden to enter France. He was absent, but not forgotten. The dying queen had earnestly desired to see her friend Marshal Villeroi, the governor of the young King of France; and when, in obedience to her summons, he came and drew near her bed, she rallied the sinking energies of life, to send an earnest message to the regent Orleans, and to the royal minor Louis XV., in behalf of her son. Nor was Mary Beatrice forgetful of those who had served her so long and faithfully; for she fervently recommended her servants and destitute dependents to his care, beseeching with her last breath that his royal highness, the regent, would not suffer them to perish for want in a foreign land when she should be no more. These cares appear to have been the latest connected with earthly feelings that agitated the heart of the exiled queen; for though she retained her senses to the last gasp, she spoke not again. More than fifty persons were present when she breathed her last, between seven and eight in the morning of the 7th of May, 1718, in the sixtieth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her exile. She had survived her unfortunate consort James II. sixteen years and nearly eight months.

There is a portrait of Mary Beatrice by Gobert, taken a few months before her death; in it she is represented in her widow's dress, sitting by the urn which enshrines her husband's heart; she points to it with a mournful air. A large black crape veil is thrown over her head, according to the fashion of the royal widows of France, one corner forming a point on the forehead, and the rest of the drapery falling like a mantle over the shoulders nearly to the ground. Her robes are of some heavy mourning stuff, with hanging sleeves, which are turned back with white lawn weepers, and display the hands and arms a little above the wrist. She wears the round white lawn tippet, which then formed part of the widow's costume, and about her throat a single row of large round pearls, from which depends a cross. Her hair is shown from beneath the veil: it has lost its jetty hue, so have her eyebrows; and though decided vestiges of beauty may still be traced in the majestic outline of her face, it is of a different character from that which Lely and Kneller painted, and Waller, Dryden, and Granville sang. A milder, a more subdued expression, marks the features of the fallen queen, the desolate widow, and bereaved mother, who had had so often cause to say with the Psalmist, "Thine indignation lieth hard upon me. Thou hast vexed me with all thy storms." But the chastening had been

given in love, the afflictions had been sent in mercy; religion and the sweet uses of adversity had done their work; every natural alloy of pride, of vanity, and impatience had been purified from the character of this princess. There is something more lovely than youth, more pleasing than beauty in the divine placidity of her countenance, as she sits in her sable weeds by that urn, a mourner, but not without hope, for the book of holy writ lies near, as well it might, for it was her daily study. It was the fountain of consolation whence Mary Beatrice of Modena drew the sweetness that enabled her to drink the bitter waters of this world's cares with meekness, and to repeat, under every fresh trial that was decreed her—

“It is the Lord, he is the Master, and his holy name be forever blessed and praised.”

Never did any Queen of England die so poor as Mary Beatrice, as regarded the goods of this world. Instead of having any thing to leave, she died deeply in debt to the community of Chaillot: “this debt, with sundry small legacies, she charged her son to pay, out of respect to her memory, whenever it should please God to call him to the throne of his ancestors.” All wept and lamented her loss at St. Germain—Protestants as well as persons of her own faith; for she had made no distinction in her charities, but distributed to all out of her pittance. The poor were true mourners. Her ladies, some of whom had been five-and-forty years in her service, were disconsolate for her loss. The mother of the regent Orleans—a princess who, from her near relationship to the royal Stuarts, and an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, had ample opportunities of forming a correct judgment of her real characteristics, has left this record of Mary Beatrice: “Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, the good, pious, and virtuous Queen of England died at St. Germain. She must be in heaven. She left not a dollar for herself, but gave away all to the poor, maintaining many families. She never in her life,” a strong expression, and from no hireling pen, “did wrong to any one. If you were about to tell her a story of any body, she would say, ‘If it be any ill, I beg you not to relate it to me. I do not like stories which attack the reputation.’”

The remains of Mary Beatrice were removed to Chaillot for interment on the 9th of May, 1718, attended by her sorrowful ladies and officers of state, amid the general lamentations of the British emigrants and the poor. A court-mourning of six weeks was ordered for her in France by the regent Orleans.



Queen Mary. From a painting by Sir Geoffrey Kneller.

MARY II.*

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

NOTHING could induce James, Duke of York, to give up Anne Hyde, the daughter of Lord Clarendon. When he won her affections he was an exile, and she was maid of honor to his sister, Mary, Princess of Orange. But fortune changed in favor of the royal line of Stuart; yet the son of Charles I. clave to the wife of his choice. The Lady Mary was their second child, born at St. James's Palace, April 30, 1662, baptized in the chapel of St. James, Prince Rupert being her god-

* The early life of Queen Anne is included in that of her sister Mary.

father. Mary was nursed at Twickenham, in the old palace of Katharine of Arragon, and reared under the protection of her grandfather, Lord Clarendon, to whom she was consigned. The birth of a brother removed the infant from proximity to the crown. A sister was born on February 6, 1664, to whom the little Mary stood godmother in St. James's Chapel, giving her the name of Anne.

Brothers were born in quick succession; yet not one was loved like Mary by the Duke of York, who could not spare her from his arm, even when transacting naval affairs. "I was on business at York Place with the Duke of York," says Pepys, "and with great pleasure did see him play with his little girl, just like an ordinary private father of a child." After the first great naval victory of the Duke of York, he took his infant family to York, to avoid the plague.

When Anne was three years old, her mother, who had no fault but voracity, indulged her so much in eating that her eyes inflamed, and she was sent to France, under the care of her grandmother, Queen Henrietta. On the death of that queen at Colombe, Anne was transferred to the nursery of the Duchess of Orleans, her aunt, who dying some ten months afterward, the Duke of Orleans put the Lady Anne of York mourning with her cousins, his daughters, and she was seen in tiny train and crape veil. Here she became acquainted with her near relative and future antagonist, Louis XIV.

The Lady Anne was reclaimed by the Duke of York, and after her return to England she was educated with her sister Mary. Pepys, who, when paying a visit to the governess of the princesses, Lady Peterborough, saw the Lady Mary taking her dancing-lesson at the Duchess of York's suite at Whitehall, gives this lively description of her performance: "I did see her," he says, "a little child in hanging sleeves, dance most finely so as almost to ravish me, her ear is so good. She is taught by a Frenchman who taught Queen Henrietta, and the royal family, and they all dance well." It does not appear that Anne excelled in dancing.

At seven years old the educational establishment of Mary and Anne was fixed at Richmond Palace. Frances Lady Villiers was their governess, and her six daughters were put in places about them. Mary had, likewise, a young lady brought up from the cradle with her, Miss Trelawny, whom she dearly loved. The Lady Anne also had a playmate, Sarah Jennings, who began then the great power over Anne that she afterward attained as Duchess of Marlborough. Sarah was about three years older than her princess. Unfor-

tunately, the influence she obtained over her young patroness was not beneficial to the character of the princess, since it led to nothing better than playing at cards for high stakes. Mary possessed more talent than her sister; she learned gratefully all of science or accomplishments the masters imparted; she spoke and wrote French fluently; drew well under the instructions of her late grandmother's dwarf artists, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson; read history attentively, and had musical skill. Her defects were love of eating and card-playing: her gambling on Sunday evenings gave pain to her tutor, Dr. Lake, even before her marriage. The Duke and Duchess of York having avowed themselves Roman Catholics, Charles II. had the princesses confirmed in the Church of England by their preceptor, Dr. Compton, Bishop of London. Their mother, the Duchess of York, died soon after. Since her apostacy from the Church of England her intercourse with her girls was limited. Two years after her death their father married Mary Beatrice of Modena, as previously related.

England was left, by the early deaths of the sons of James II., without heirs-male; but the English looked forward with complacency to the succession of an English-born queen. War was then going on between wealthy Spain and martial France. The commerce and peace of Europe being molested, Charles II. offered the Prince of Orange, his nephew, the hand of the beautiful Lady Mary if he would aid in making peace. The Prince of Orange, grandson of Charles I., and great-grandson to the famous William of Orange, the liberator of Holland from the cruelty of the Inquisition and Philip II., was then the General of Spain, wielding its military power against France with bravery but very doubtful skill, immense slaughters in drawn battles or defeats being the only fruits of his arms. He was styled the Protestant champion, though fighting for the most culpable papist state, as Spain burnt alive, yearly, more Jews and Protestants than France had done since the fifteenth century. William of Orange presented himself at the English court, and received the consent of his uncle Charles to marry Mary. Unwillingly and tearfully Mary consented to obey her king and uncle, after weeping piteously in her father's arms. The following day the privy council and all the government authorities congratulated her.

The marriage between the royal cousins was appointed to take place on Sunday, the 4th of November, the day on which the Prince of Orange completed his twenty-fifth year. Mary was fifteen the preceding April. The nuptials were solemnized in her bed-chamber at nine o'clock at night, in the

presence of King Charles II. and Queen Catharine, the Duke of York and his young consort Mary Beatrice of Modena, who was then hourly expected to bring an heir to England. These, with the bride and bridegroom, and Compton, Bishop of London, the bride's preceptor, who was to perform the ceremony, were all that were present, save the official attendants on these illustrious personages, the marriage being strictly private.

King Charles gave away the weeping bride, and strove to conquer her dejection by his noisy joviality. He hurried her to the altar, saying merrily to the officiating prelate, "Come, bishop, make all the haste you can, lest my sister, the Duchess of York, should bring us a boy to disappoint the marriage."

Two days after these nuptials the bride was actually cut off from her position of heiress-presumptive to the crown, after her father, by the birth of a brother, who seemed sprightly and likely to live.

The Prince of Orange was complimented with the office of sponsor to this unwelcome relative when it was baptized, November the 8th.

The ill-humor of the Prince of Orange now became irrepressible, and apparent to the whole court, as well as his morose behavior to his poor bride, who was always in tears. Mary had some excuse for her sadness in the alarming illness of her sister, the Princess Anne, whom at that time she passionately loved. Anne was prevented from assisting at the marriage, being confined to her bed by the small-pox; and Mary was forbidden to see her on account of the danger of the infection of a disease which had been peculiarly fatal in her family. William's mother, and Mary's uncle, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, died of it in the flower of their days; and the Duke of York and William himself bore its confluent marks on their faces. Lady Villiers, the princesses' governess, was dying of it, and half the household at St. James's very ill.

The wind stood westerly, and all was astir for departure, November 19, 1677. The Princess of Orange came to Whitehall in agonies of grief to bid farewell to her aunt, Queen Catharine, who tried to soothe her grief by bidding her remember she too had been compelled to leave her native land. "Yes, madam," replied the sobbing bride; "but you were coming to England, I am leaving it." From Whitehall stairs Charles II. and the Duke of York accompanied the bride and bridegroom as far as Erith, where, after partaking of a magnificent banquet, farewells passed with many tears, between the duke

and his beloved daughter. The Prince of Orange was expected to embark at Sheerness that afternoon; he had been paid 20,000*l.*, an instalment of his bride's fortune, before he parted with his uncles, who ought, in common prudence, to have seen him out of England before they left him. The wind changed contrary for Holland before dark; and the Orange party landed at Gravesend, traveling from thence to Canterbury, meaning the Dutch ships to come round to Margate. At Canterbury the prince considered himself in want of money, and sent his favorite, Bentinck, to beg an advance of the Canterbury corporation, on the plea that he had been thrust out of England in a hurry, and wanted funds to leave it. The corporation treated the application with contempt, and refused all advances; but Dr. Tillotson, the dean, collected all the money and plate he could command, and waited on the prince with it. The sympathy then established between them caused the future advancement of Tillotson to the See of Canterbury, when Sancroft was deprived.

The prince, after this curious diplomacy, embarked at Margate with his bride and three daughters of her governess—Lady Inchiquin, and Anne and Elizabeth Villiers; from them the prince chose a mistress, Elizabeth, who was three years older than his wife. The sorrow of Mary concerning her began then, and continued through her married life. Anne Villiers, who likewise gave great uneasiness to the young princess, was taken in marriage by the prince's favorite, Bentinck.

The bridal party were received in Holland with great rejoicings, for the prospect of peace this alliance afforded the Dutch. Mary, though she had three palaces, was grieved because there was no place for celebrating the Church of England service in any of these Dutch residences. Having attended a meeting of Brownists, fanatic sectarians and fatalists, in high favor with the Prince of Orange, Dr. Lloyd, her chaplain, who had connived at it, was recalled by Charles II., and Dr. Ken was persuaded to succeed him as her chaplain at the Hague. It was a difficult office, as the prince behaved with hostility to every clergyman devoted to the Church of England. Lloyd being questioned by the late tutor of the princess, was forced to acknowledge that she had renewed her Sunday evening gambings, which Dr. Lake has recorded with grief in his diary.

The troubles in England owing to the Titus Oates perjuries suddenly broke out just after Mary's marriage. The exile of her father, on account of his Roman Catholic religion, soon followed. He left England with his consort, and after a time

his two daughters, the Princess Anne, the sister of the Princess of Orange, and the little Princess Isabella, his daughter by the duchess, were permitted to join him. He resided for a time at Brussels.

The Princess of Orange had borne the sorrows of her married life with gentleness and patience; but her health sank, and a low, nervous, intermittent fever threatened her life at seventeen. She longed to see her beloved father; and at last, after his duchess and daughters had visited her at her Hague Palace, she had the extreme pleasure of seeing him, which produced such a change in her spirits that she successfully struggled through the illness. They soon departed for Scotland, where the Duke of York was appointed to keep court. The Princess of Orange bore them company as far as the Maesland sluice at their embarkation. Here she parted from her father in agonies of tears and grief. She never again beheld him; and at that time of her life, how she would have recoiled, could history have unrolled their future lives before her!

The princess had surrendered her dining-room as a chapel to the Church of England, and was content to eat her meals in a low dusky room, such as in England she had seldom or perhaps never seen. Dr. Hooper received the chaplaincy when his friend Dr. Ken retired from the Hague. Mary pleased both these great churchmen by her conduct at this time. She bore the sorrows of her married life with uncomplaining sweetness; and though almost in a state of palace imprisonment, except on public days, when, for evident reasons, she appeared with the stately ceremonial due to a princess near to the English crown. At last Dr. Hooper could no longer endure the insulting treatment of her husband, and Dr. Covel took his place. Then the Prince of Orange, who had been awed by the true religion and grandeur of character in both Ken and Hooper, regularly commenced breaking the spirit of his princess. Covel was equally sincere with his predecessors, but he was a quaint oddity, capable of protecting no one.

The anniversary of the death of Charles I. had hitherto been kept by his descendants after the custom instituted by his loving sister, the Queen of Bohemia, who ever passed January 30 in mourning, fasting, and prayers. The Prince of Orange entered his wife's apartment January 30, 1685, bade her change her mourning garb for the gayest dress she had, and accompany him to the public dinner, and then to the Dutch comedy, a species of amusement, by the way, totally unfit for the presence of any lady. Mary wept, but was

forced to comply. She rejected every dish at the dinner, and remained tearful at the vulgar comedy in Dutch taste.

The struggle left Mary sad and broken-spirited, but not utterly subdued. She had about her, faithful English friends—her nurse, Mrs. Langford, and the clergyman, her husband, who both had had the personal care of her from her infancy; Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, the dwarf painters, with whom she studied their beautiful art; likewise her beloved cradle-companion, Anne Trelawny. The Prince of Orange, his mistress Elizabeth, and Anne Villiers, the wife of Bentinck, agreed that this domestic happiness must be broken up before the princess could aid in the ruin of her father.

But it was another cause that turned her heart against him. The Duke of Monmouth, the natural son of Charles II., had been visiting the prince some time. His intentions, it was well known, were inimical to Mary's father, from whom he meant to rend the crown. The greatest intimacy had always subsisted in childhood between Mary and Monmouth at the court of her uncle. By the orders of the Prince of Orange, and to the great displeasure of her father, it was now revived. Mary, by the command of her husband, skated by day and danced by night with the handsome exile. Monmouth was already the husband of the Duchess of Buccleugh, the richest heiress in Scotland, by whom he had two sons. Her, he had forsaken for the beautiful Harriet Wentworth, whom he declared was the only woman whom he accounted his wife, for he was only a boy when married to the Duchess of Buccleugh. Harriet Wentworth was with him at the Hague, and appeared at Mary's court, who was compelled by the Prince of Orange to receive and countenance her.

Meantime, her sister Anne, left by the Princess Mary lying at St. James's between life and death with the small-pox, had recovered and grown up to the age when the hands of princesses are solicited in marriage. Anne Stuart was the indulged niece and petted child of Charles II. and her father. She was a pretty brunette, possessing no accomplishments excepting some skill on the organ and guitar; her good qualities were more than counterbalanced by her devotion to high play, waste of time at cards, and neglect of reading, which left her without the power of spelling or writing good English. Her blind partiality to Sarah Jennings, now married to her father's favorite, John Churchill, rendered her a puppet in their hands.

George, the eldest son of the king's first cousin Sophia (youngest daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia), made

his appearance at the English court as the suitor of the Princess Anne. Her father and the king received him very kindly into family intimacy. It was 1680, when the popish plot was at its height, which caused suspicions in the mind of the wooer of the instability of the crown of Stuart; so Anne and the future George I. did not become man and wife. A very clever letter is extant from him, addressed to his mother Sophia, describing his reception, and how the English cut off the head of Lord Stafford with "no more remorse than that of a pullet." Anne was exceedingly mortified at the retreat of her wooer, though he was scarcely five feet in height. The Prince of Orange, who had an immense objection to the match, kindly negotiated a marriage between him and the beautiful Sophia Dorothea, daughter to George, Duke of Zell, uncle to the Prince of Hanover. It proved the most wretched marriage modern history records; therefore the Lady Anne Stuart escaped great misery. Afterward, the accomplished Lord Mulgrave, the court poet, made love secretly to Anne. Sarah Churchill stole some letters of the lovers, and showed them to Charles II., who gave Mulgrave a commission to Tangiers, and provided a spouse for the princess without delay. Anne never discovered her favorite's treachery. The choice of Charles II. for his niece Anne fell on a near kinsman, younger brother of the King of Denmark. The marriage was as distasteful to William of Orange as any other, because, although he had no children by Mary, he was, if her sister could be kept single, next heir to the crown of Great Britain, without the trouble of any intrigues.

Marriage between the Lady Anne and Prince George of Denmark was formally proposed, on the part of the King of Denmark, in May, 1683.

George had formerly been distinguished by his gallant rescue of his brother King Christiern, who had, during a severe battle between the Danes and Swedes, been made prisoner, when Prince George cut his way through a squadron of the Swedes, and delivered his royal brother. It was considered desirable that he should remain at the court of England, without taking his wife to Denmark. Prince George arrived in London in July, 1683; he dined publicly at Whitehall with the royal family, and was seen by crowds of people. Evelyn thus describes him: "I saw Prince George, July 25; he has the Danish countenance, blonde; of few words, spake French ill, seemed somewhat heavy, is reported valiant." The marriage of the Princess Anne took place at St. James's Chapel, on St. Anne's Day, July 28, 1683, at ten o'clock at night.

Her uncle, Charles II., gave her away ; Queen Catharine, the Duchess of York, and the Duke of York, were present. Unlike the private marriage of the weeping Princess Mary, which took place in her own bed-chamber, the bridal of Anne of York and George of Denmark was brilliant with light and joyous company. The people kindled bonfires at their doors ; and in return wine-conduits and shows were provided for them ; and the bells of every church in London rang all night. King Charles settled on his niece, by act of Parliament, 20,000*l.* per annum, and from his own purse purchased and presented to her, for a residence, that adjunct to the palace of Whitehall which was called the Cockpit (formerly its theatre).

Sarah Churchill expressed an ardent wish to become one of the ladies of the newly-wedded princess. Anne requested her father's permission to that effect, which was instantly granted.

"One day she proposed to me," wrote Sarah Churchill, of the Princess Anne, "that whenever I should be absent from her, we might, in our letters, write ourselves by the feigned names of Morley and Freeman. *My* frank, open temper naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman, the princess took the other." These names were extended to the spouses of the ladies, and were adopted by Prince George of Denmark and Colonel Churchill. Other *sobriquets* were given to the father and family of the princess ; which subsequently masked their titles in the series of dark political intrigues guided by Sarah Churchill in the Revolution.

The death of Charles II., February 6, 1685, and his own accession to the throne were announced by James II. affectionately to his daughter Mary ; he did not write to the Prince of Orange. The letter arrived at the Hague when the princess dined in public. The prince took it from his consort, and read it aloud to the Dutchmen present, as if addressed to himself. Monmouth vanished from the Hague by night, and was not heard of until he had landed in the west of England the next June, proclaiming himself king, and denouncing James II. as the murderer of Charles II. His fall and execution followed his rebellion.

William was not only very uncivil to Mary's English chaplains, but most suspicious of them. One day he intercepted a letter from the Rev. Dr. Covel to the British ambassador at his own court. He scrupled not to break the seal, but was much disappointed at finding it was written in cipher which baffled his curiosity. When he returned to Dierin, where Dr.

Covel was in attendance upon the princess, William possessed himself of the key to the doctor's cipher, and by that means made out the contents of the letter. Nothing could be more mortifying to him. It represented the hopeless slavery to which the poor princess was reduced, and the evil influence of the Villiers sisters in her court. William sent a copy of the letter to Lawrence Hyde, the Lord Chancellor of England, and demanded vengeance on the writer. He also made this discovery an excuse for dismissing all the faithful and beloved English attendants of poor Mary. Among these were her nurse, Mrs. Langford, whose husband was the second chaplain in her chapel, and, to the excessive anguish of the princess, Anne Trelawny, who had been her beloved friend from her cradle. Dr. Covel escorted the indignant and loving domestics of his princess home. The ends of the Prince of Orange were now gained; his friendless wife fell entirely into his power.

CHAPTER II.

SPAIN and France, after a few years' breathing-time, were again threatening to go to war. William of Orange, engaged as the generalissimo of the first, induced the United States to fit out for service all the ships, his uncle's victories had left them, in aid of Spain. Louis XIV., in preparation for the coming storm, had not only deprived his Protestant subjects of their religious liberty, but subjected them to cruel torments on their disapproval of Roman Catholic rites, for he began his dragonnades as early as 1685. James II. received the ill-treated refugees with great kindness, and allowed for their sustenance the noble sum of 50,000*l.*, and the free exercise of their religious worship. The king likewise intimated his desire that France, Holland, and Germany should keep the peace of Europe. Hitherto, they had most unwillingly complied.

• James II. sent his friend William Penn, the illustrious philanthropist, to his daughter and her husband in January, 1686, to convince them by his eloquence of the propriety of his abolishing all laws tending to persecution. On which the prince declared, "he would lose all the revenues and reversion of the kingdom of Great Britain, to which his wife was heiress, before the penal laws should be abolished." The princess echoed his words; and with a sharpness of tone, for which Penn was unprepared, affirmed, "that if ever she had the power,

she would make the penal laws against the Catholics firmer than those of Queen Elizabeth." From that moment began the enmity of the Orange party toward William Penn, which has, indeed, caused some shallow calumnies to be adopted against him by a modern historian. The Prince of Orange was less violent than his consort, and astutely endeavored to bargain with Penn, as the price of his consent, "that King James should allow his daughter a pension of 48,000*l.* per annum." James II. was rich, and free from debt, either public or private; but he said, "he must first ascertain clearly that this large income, if he sent it out of the country, would not be used against himself."

The more inimical Mary became, the more affection did the Princess Anne receive from her father. Her Danish marriage was happy and productive of offspring. Her third daughter was born May, 1686, at Windsor Castle. All her children were carried off by infantile diseases; yet hope existed that their loss would be soon supplied.

The princess was munificently endowed by her father with 32,000*l.* per annum; yet, whether by her own high play, or gifts to her favorite Sarah, now Lady Churchill, she had been found every Christmas overwhelmed in debt. Her father had relieved her twice, but finding, in 1686, that she was 7000*l.* in debt, he one day walked into her boudoir so unexpectedly that Lady Churchill and Lady Fitzharding (one of the Villiers sisters) had only just time to shut themselves in a closet, where Anne permitted them to remain as eavesdroppers, listening to the confidential communication of her father. The king reminded her "that he had made her a noble allowance, and that he had twice cheerfully paid her debts; but that now he was convinced that she had some one about her for whose sake she plunged herself into inconveniences. Of these, his paternal affection was willing once more to relieve her, but she must observe more economy for the future." The Princess Anne only answered her father with tears. The moment King James departed, out burst the two spies, Lady Churchill exclaiming, "Oh, madam! all this is owing to that old rascal, your uncle!" Ladies are unwise to suffer their women to call their uncles or fathers "old rascals." This abused uncle, Lawrence Hyde, was a lord treasurer, of whose honesty the flourishing revenue of a lightly-taxed country, then without national debt, bore honorable witness.

The first day of the year 1687-8 brought intelligence which roused the Princess Anne and her miniature court to apprehension that the reversionary prospect of her wearing, one

day, the crown of Great Britain, might be altogether obscured by the birth of an heir-apparent. For thanks were offered up in all the churches in England because the queen expected offspring. There were few persons at the court of James but were playing the parts of spies, corresponding with the Orange court. Many, not aware of what their acquaintances were about, wrote exceedingly bitterly against each other. At the head of James II's enemies figures his beloved Anne. A malicious pen did Anne hold in her youth; her chief hatred was toward the queen, her step-mother, and Lady Sunderland. The two sisters had nick-names for their father and his queen, who, in their correspondence, were spoken of as "Mansel and Mansel's wife," the prime minister, Sunderland, and his countess were "Rogers and Rogers's wife." Sunderland and his wife had been foremost among the secret agents aiding the machinations of William and Mary. He affected to be a convert to the Church of Rome; she outdid even the king's daughters in her zeal for the Church of England. The gist of Anne's letters was that the queen's expectation was delusive to the nation; and that she meant to impose upon the English a suppositious son, to be brought up a Roman Catholic; for Anne declared that if the babe was not a girl she never would believe otherwise. Of course, as the child must have been either girl or boy, the assertion was absurd indeed. The Princess of Orange was more reserved and less coarse in her expressions; for, indeed, Anne's letters are irreclaimably vulgar in their expressions.

A few days before Trinity Sunday, 1688, King James had remarkably exasperated his people by sending to the Tower seven prelates. The point of dispute was, that the king abolished the penal laws against all non-conformists to the Church of England whatsoever; but he did it by his royal authority and an act of privy council, not by consent of Parliament. Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and six other prelates, considered this an unconstitutional proceeding, and petitioned to be excused from reading the declaration from their pulpits, or to promulgate it in their respective dioceses. The king lost his temper, and dismissed them angrily. Unfortunately, the petition was printed and published. This greatly offended the king, and he sent them to the Tower for refusing to give bail for their appearance to answer to a charge of high treason. Sancroft's companions in the Tower were Turner, Bishop of Ely; White, Bishop of Peterborough; Lake, Bishop of Chichester; Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells; Trelawny, Bishop of Bristol; and Lloyd, of St. Asaph. Ken had formerly been

chaplain and almoner to the Princess of Orange. These prelates were only confined for seven days. During Sancroft's incarceration the Princess of Orange endeavored to enter into correspondence by letter, to gain him as her partisan; but no flattery could obtain from Sancroft one factious complaint.

The unfortunate son of James II. and Mary Beatrice made his entrance into a world which proved so very adverse to him, at the unlucky time the king his father had outraged public opinion by sending the bishops to the Tower. He was born on the morning of Trinity Sunday, June 10, 1688. The Princess Anne had betaken herself to Bath, on pretense of her situation needing the waters, in order that she might not be present at the queen's accouchement. She wrote to her sister in the following strain:

“After all this, 'tis *possible it may be* her child (the queen's), but where *one* believes it, a thousand do not. For my part, except they do give very plain demonstrations (which 'tis almost impossible *now*), I shall ever be of the number of the unbelievers. I don't find that people are at all *disheartened*, but seem all of a mind, *which is a very comfortable thing at such a time as this.*”

Thus the Princess Anne affirms of herself, that she found it “a very comfortable thing” for every body to believe that her father could be guilty of the crime of imposing a spurious heir, not only on his country, but on himself and his family. When the crown coveted by Anne had been burning on her brow for a few years, her ideas of the comforts arising from gratified ambition were different.

Not all the inquiries of the privy council, which the king summoned to discuss the disputed identity of his heir, could be more conclusive than the correspondence still extant of these sisters.

Mrs. Dawson, questioned by Anne at Mary's request, was an elderly lady, of the established religion. She belonged to the royal household, and had been present with Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, when both the Princesses Mary and Anne were born. At a subsequent period she more solemnly attested to Anne that the Prince of Wales was as much the son of the queen as she was the daughter of the Duchess of York.

The tender and friendly letters Mary received from home by every post, written either by her father or his queen, were embarrassing; for she had been given no feasible reason for resentment, and it was difficult to repulse the tone of family affection. It was observed that the Prince of Wales had not constantly the benefit of the prayers of his sister Mary in her chapel at the Hague. When her father heard of this neglect,

he wrote a letter of remonstrance, in which he asked his daughter the difficult question of "what offense had been given?"

Mary kept up her correspondence with her father until a few days before the Dutch fleet and army sailed which was to invade his kingdom. She constantly affirmed to him that it was destined against France. James persisted in believing her, inasmuch that he sent his faithful friend Bevil Shelton, the late envoy to Holland, to the Tower, for insisting that his son-in-law and daughter meant invasion. When at last no self-delusion could remain, James wrote to his still beloved child this letter, still extant :

KING JAMES TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

“WHITEHALL, October 9, 1688.

“I had no letter from you by the last post, which you see does not hinder me from writing to you now, not knowing, certainly, what may have hindered you from doing it. I easily believe you may be embarrassed how to write to me, now that the unjust design of the Prince of Orange’s invading me is so public. And though I know you are a good wife, and ought to be so, yet for the same reason I must believe you will be still as good a daughter to a father that has always loved you so tenderly, and that has never done the least thing to make you doubt it. I shall say no more, and believe you very uneasy all this time, for the concern you must have for a husband and a father. You shall still find me kind to you, if you desire it.”

While James II. was thus writing to the elder princess, his faithful brother-in-law, Clarendon, was laboring to awaken some filial feeling in the obtuse mind of his niece, Anne. It was more than a fortnight before he could obtain any conference with her. The council had concluded the inquiry respecting the birth of the prince. Anne was dressing for church, her women were about her, and all were loud in mirth and joke when Lord Clarendon entered. “Fine discourse,” she exclaimed to him before her servants, “you heard at council yesterday;” and then she made herself very merry with the whole affair, laughing loud and long; her women put in their jests. Her uncle was disgusted. “I whispered,” he says in his diary, “to request that she would give me leave to speak with her in private. ‘It grows late,’ replied the princess, ‘and I must hasten to prayers; but you can come at any time except this afternoon.’ In the evening my brother Lawrence was with me. I begged him to go and talk to Anne. ‘It will signify *nothing*,’” emphatically replied the other uncle of the princess. At this time the Dutch fleet had been injured by storms, and put back. The wish of Lord Clarendon, in seeking interviews with his niece, was to awaken her filial affections, and to induce her to become the mediatrix between the king and his people that her

infant brother might be brought up in the Church of England. Clarendon dreaded as much danger to that beloved church from the prince who aspired to be its head, as from the Roman Catholic head then in authority.

The invading fleet was refitted, and the final embarkation of the Prince of Orange took place, November 1, 1688. Mary wept bitterly when she parted from her husband. She shut herself up afterward, and would not appear on her day of dining publicly at the Hague Palace. From the lofty turrets of that Gothic palace the tradition declares she watched the fleet depart from the Brill which was to invade her sire's kingdom. The Prince of Orange arrived safely in Torbay on the eve of the anniversary of "the Gunpowder Plot." This day was likewise the anniversary of his marriage with Mary. The prince landed at Broxholme, near Torbay, November 5. When he perceived that all around was quiet, and no symptoms of opposition to his landing, he said to Dr. Burnet, who was with him, "Now, ought not I to believe in predestination?"

Meantime Anne was waiting news from her husband, who had, in seeming friendship, departed with her father to join his army near Salisbury. Tidings soon came that Prince George had deserted to join the Prince of Orange, accompanied by Lord Churchill and several others trusted by the king. Anne had the week before written to the Prince of Orange, announcing their intentions; and when she heard they had been successfully carried out, she prepared for her own flight with her favorite, Lady Churchill, to her father's enemy. She was at her own house, the Cockpit, in St. James's. There she pretended to go to bed early on Sunday evening, but watched privily with her women. When one struck—the hour of appointment—she stole down into the park, where she met Lord Dorset, who conducted her to the next outlet into the road, where they found a hackney coach, attended by her tutor Compton, Bishop of London, disguised as a footman. Betaking themselves to Lord Dorset's house at Waltham forest, the whole party gained the Leicester road. Finally, Prince George met his consort at Oxford, where she entered, escorted by several thousand of the midland nobility and their tenants; her tutor the bishop, in jack-boots, and with broadsword, riding at the head, with a purple banner, testifying attachment to Protestantism. When the king heard of the desertion and enmity of Anne, he exclaimed, "God help me! my own child has forsaken me."

Violent effusions of blood burst from his mouth; so frequently did the hemorrhages return, that he was forced to be carried from the army, nearly in a helpless state, to London. From that hour he lost all interest in the struggle for regality. Anne he found was gone, and that the queen had been broken in upon and insulted, under pretense that she had made away with the princess, who had left for him a letter of excuse for her flight, in great contrast with that written to the Prince of Orange. Both are extant, and may be compared by any one desirous of truth. The escape of the queen with her infant to France, and the departure of James himself next occurred.

The Prince of Orange had advanced as far as Abingdon; he could not conceal his joy when he heard of his uncle's departure, who was, however, brought back again, and received with such excessive joy in London, that if his army had not been disbanded by his almost mortal illness, and if he could have endured kindred civil war, a counter-revolution might have taken place. As it was, his son-in-law advanced with his disciplined army of 15,000 foreign mercenaries, sent orders to his father-in-law to quit Whitehall and retire to Ham House. James said, "The step of a king from his prison to his grave is a short one;" and departed on the stormy evening of December 19 from Whitehall stairs in a fishing-boat for the coast of France—an act little in unison with the chorus of personal cowardice with which purchased or pensioned historians assail the hero of several hard-fought naval battles. James committed the great seal to the bosom of the Thames, not, as interested partisans say, to impede public business, but to prevent its being appended injuriously to public documents.

No leave-taking ever passed between the Princess Anne and her unfortunate father; they had had their last meeting in this world, spoken their last words, and looked upon each other for the last time. No effort did Anne make, cherished and indulged as she had ever been, to see her father ere he went forth forever. Yet there had never arisen the slightest disagreement between them; no angry chiding regarding their creeds; no offense had ever been given her but the existence of her hapless brother. Had she taken the neutral part of retirement from the public eye while her royal father was yet in England—ill, unhappy, and a prisoner—her conduct could not have drawn down the contemptuous comment which it did from an eye-witness:

"King James went down the river in a most tempestuous

evening, not without actual danger. On that same evening, of almost tragic interest, his daughter, the Princess Anne, with Lady Churchill, both covered with orange ribbons, went in one of his coaches, attended by his guards, triumphantly to the play-house." "I took the liberty to tell her," says Clarendon, "that many good people were troubled to find that she was no more concerned for her father's misfortunes; for when the news came of his final departure, she called for cards, and was merry." Anne replied, "Those who made such reflections on her actions did her wrong; but it *was* true that she *did* call for cards then, because she was accustomed to play, and she hated affected constraint." "And does your royal highness think that trouble for your father's misfortunes *could* be interpreted as an *affected* constraint?" was the stern rejoinder from her uncle. "But," adds he, in comment, "with all this, she was not one jot moved."

Many and stormy were the debates that ensued during the winter in the "convention," as it was called, of lords and commons, who sat in debate together. The kingly office was declared vacant only by a majority of *one* vote. Subsequently, the Prince and Princess of Orange were elected as joint sovereigns, that is to say, king and queen-regnant, and James II. and his heirs excluded forever. Mary was then permitted by her spouse to approach the British dominions. Anne's party were malcontent, because her successional rights were compromised by the royalty of William, who had, moreover, benefit of survivorship in case he outlived her sister. The majority of *one* against King James absent—his invader remaining at the head of a disciplined foreign army in the midst of the realm—was rightly considered as an alarming minority; therefore Anne remained quiescent, in wholesome dread of her father's return. Great rejoicings were made on Shrove Tuesday night, February 10, 1688-9, when it was signaled that the new queen's fleet was in the mouth of the Thames. Bonfires blazed throughout London streets; the Orange partisans dressed a puppet to represent the unfortunate son of James II., casting it into the flames, to testify their hatred of their queen's rival—the first time history has to record the execution of a babe in effigy. There exists a series of Dutch medals, published under the patronage of William and Mary (albeit no very liberal fosterers of the fine arts), of a peculiar nature, unexampled in history, the completion of each being an extraordinary event in the annals of numismatics. The medals were really metallic caricatures, whether meant as such by William and Mary, or whether the Dutch artist they hired to commemorate

their triumphs over their father, uncle, and brother, had a strong taste for the ridiculous, who can say? The Williamite and Marian medallions did not disdain to caricature the unconscious babe, whose birth their patrons had slandered. The opening of a mysterious chest is shown on one of them; in it is seen, coiled up, an infant with a serpent's tail, illustrated by a Latin motto, implying that "the child when reared would crest itself into a dragon." In another the flight of Mary's father is illustrated by his figure flying away with monstrous long strides, throwing away a crown and sceptre, attended by a Jesuit, carrying the poor babe, whose unwelcome brotherhood to Mary had caused the whole commotion; the motto to this medal, *Ite missa, est*, is applied rather wittily from the ritual of the mass.



Great Seal of William and Mary.

CHAPTER III.

THE swiftest gales that ever speeded a favorite of fortune to the possession of a throne attended Mary Princess of Orange, in her short transit from the port of the Brill to the mouth of her native Thames. She brought in her train her domestic rival, Elizabeth Villiers, whom she had not the moral courage to expel from her household. William of Orange had not dared to outrage public opinion in England by making this woman the companion of his expedition against his consort's father; but as he by no means intended to break his connection with her, Mary was doomed to the mortification of chaperoning her from Holland. The royal barge of her exiled father was waiting for the new queen at Greenwich Palace stairs; and amid choruses of welcome from vast crowds, and accompanied by her sister and brother-in-law, she was rowed to Whitehall Palace, and took possession. She entered Whitehall "jolly as to a wedding," wrote an eye-witness, "seeming quite transported with joy." "Queen Mary wanted bowels," records Lady Churchill; "of this she gave unquestionable proof the first day she came to Whitehall. She ran about it, looking into every closet and conveniency, and turning up the quilts of the beds, just as people do at an inn, with no sort of concern in her appearance. Although at the time I was extremely caressed by her, I thought this strange and unbecoming conduct; for, whatever necessity there was of deposing King James, he was still her father, who had been lately driven from that very chamber, and from that bed; and if she felt no tenderness, at least, she might have felt grave at so melancholy a reverse of fortune. But I kept these thoughts in my own breast, not even imparting them to my mistress, the Princess Anne, to whom I could say any thing."

"She rose early in the morning," resumes Evelyn, who had a relative in waiting on her, "and in her undress, before her women were up, went about from room to room, to see the conveniences of Whitehall; and within a night or two sat down to basset—a gambling game so called. She smiled upon all, and talked to every body, so that no change seemed to have taken place at court as to queens, save that she went to our prayers." She seized the personal property her step-moth-

er had left behind her. Evelyn was scandalized at seeing it in her possession. Her old father had sent by Mr. Hayes—a servant kinder to him than his own child—a request for his clothes, which her uncle, Lord Clarendon, with a sad and sore heart, observes “was utterly neglected.”

The morrow was appointed for the proclamation in London of the elected sovereigns; it was Ash Wednesday. The day was most inclement, and with dismal down-pouring of rain. All London was, however, astir, and the new queen earlier than any one. About noon, February 13, 1688–9, William and Mary proceeded in state dresses, but without any diadems, from the interior of the palace of Whitehall to the Banqueting-house. Here they received a deputation from the convention of Parliament, inviting them to take possession of the vacant throne, and they signed the Bill of Rights; after which they were proclaimed as William III. and Mary II., King and Queen of England. But Queen Mary was neither so much engrossed by her inquisition into the state of the chattels her father had left in his apartments, nor by the triumph of her accession on that memorable Ash Wednesday, as to leave neglected a stroke of diplomacy, whereby she trusted to sound the intentions of Archbishop Sancroft; she dispatched two of her chaplains to Lambeth, on the afternoon of the important proclamation-day, to crave his blessing for her. “Tell your princess,” answered the uncompromising primate, “first to ask her father’s blessing; without that, mine would be useless.”

A second globe, sceptre, and sword were made for Queen Mary. The coronation-oath was altered to its present form. Just before the new sovereigns entered Westminster Hall for their joint coronation, April 11, 1689, news arrived of the landing of James II. in Ireland, and that he had taken peaceable possession of the whole island, with the exception of Londonderry. At the same moment Lord Nottingham delivered to Queen Mary the first letter her father had written to her since the invasion. It was an awful one, and the time of its reception made it more so. King James wrote, “That hitherto he had made all fatherly excuses for what had been done, and had wholly attributed her part in the revolution to obedience to her husband; but the act of being crowned was in her own power, and if she were crowned while he and the Prince of Wales were living, the curses of an outraged father would light upon her, as well as of that God who had commanded duty to parents.” If Queen Mary were not confounded by this letter, King William certainly was. Lord Nottingham,

an eye-witness, declares that King William said, "that he had done nothing but with her approval." Irritated by the news, the queen recriminated, "that if her father regained his authority, her husband might thank himself, for letting him *go as he did*." James II. then believed, to use his own words, "that his daughter wished that some cruelty had been perpetrated against him."

These tidings reached the Princess Anne likewise while she was dressing for the coronation. The prospects of the Orange party seemed gloomy. Anne's ladies meditated how they should make their peace if King James were restored. Mrs. Dawson was there, who had been present at the birth of the exiled Prince of Wales. The Princess Anne asked her, "whether she believed the Prince of Wales was her brother or not?"—"He is, madam, as surely your brother, the son of the king [James] and his queen, as you are his child by the late Duchess of York; and I speak what I know, for I was the first person who received ye both in my arms."

The double coronation took double time; odd accidents occurred throughout; neither monarch had the smallest coin prepared for the sacramental offering; only four bishops chose to be present; and such delays took place that the entrance of Dymock, the champion, took place at the banquet in the twilight. An old woman on crutches hobbled out of the crowd, and, seizing the glove of the challenger, left a challenge inviting the right to be fought out in Hyde Park next day, of which no notice was taken. No coronation took place for Scotland; the regalia was enclosed in Edinburgh Castle, which the Duke of Gordon then held out for James II. Three commissioners traveled to London in a post-chaise, bringing from Edinburgh a charter thought satisfactory by their clients; and the monarchs signing it, swore to observe it, and received, in return, oaths for as much Scottish loyalty as these commissioners could make over to them. But the victory of Killcrankie, won by Dundee for James II., was the earliest tidings which came to London from the Highlands. The triumph of the French over the English fleet at Bantry Bay was caused by the dreadful provisions and bad ammunition with which the corrupt officials, released from the vigilance of the sailing, had furnished the fleet.

A national debt of three millions, nevertheless, had in six months been run up, as yet unpaid. Dissensions soon after began between the royal sisters. William had promised Anne, if she waived her precedence to him in the succession, to give her the luxurious apartments of the Duchess of Portsmouth

at Whitehall. Mary refused compliance. Likewise he had promised Anne an increase of the noble pension her father had paid her. After the coronation, the queen informed her sister that no one on the continent ever heard of separate revenues to younger branches of the royal families. That she could dine at her table, and, from time to time, accept any funds for her privy purse that could be spared. Anne was in despair, but not in a situation consistent with contention. She retired to Hampton Court with the king and queen; and very amusing are the anecdotes recorded by her favorite of the behavior of the Dutch-born king at his own table.

At Hampton Court, Anne was safely delivered of a son, July 24, 1689. He was proclaimed Duke of Gloucester. The king and queen stood sponsors for him; and he was generally considered the son of their adoption, and heir of the revolutionary settlement of the British empire. Lord Churchill, although created by William, Earl of Marlborough, and given rich court places, brought the distress of the princess before Parliament. As he and his wife were the chief recipients of Anne's income, Marlborough urged on the matter with all the ardor of self-interest. A stormy scene occurred between the royal sisters at Hampton Court, December 18, 1689, when the news arrived that the commons allowed Anne 50,000*l.* from the privy purse. Anne falteringly mentioned that her friends wished it. "Friends, friends," reiterated Mary, sharply, "what friends have you but the king and I?"

Not one shilling, however, had Anne touched since the exile of her father, and Prince George of Denmark was overwhelmed with debts. From this moment the hatred between Queen Mary and her sister was implacable. The princess withdrew to the Cockpit, establishing her infant son in the Earl of Craven's house at Bayswater, which he had lent her on account of the fine air. Here the weakly infant began to grow and show some promise of future health. The queen gave to him the disputed lodgings of Whitehall, whither he was transferred when her majesty was there; but she never met Anne without an austere frown.

Such was the interior of the royal family, consisting of five persons only, the king, queen, Princess Anne, Prince George of Denmark, and their infant son, when William III. was departing from England to quell his uncle and father-in-law, who had reigned in Ireland one year. On Mary devolved the difficult task of governing England as queen-regent. Bishop Burnet, to aid this difficulty, introduced to the royal pair one of James II.'s former sea-captains, who had formed a plan to

kidnap his old master by pretending to revolt to him, with a fine ship of war. He knew, he said, James would come on board, when he would sail away with him and land him in Spain, out of harm's way. William and Mary protested against it, "for fear James should be hurt;" and Burnet greatly lauds their filial piety. Lord Dartmouth, however, found a privy-seal document signed by both, addressed to Lord Torrington, who was commander of the fleet until he lost the battle of Beachy Head, authorizing him to entrap James from Ireland in the like manner, and to give him up to the Dutch, whose mercies to their conqueror were not likely to be very tender.

Queen Mary was brought to council by her husband, June 3, 1690, as an act of Parliament had passed, investing her with full regnal powers. She was assisted by nine noblemen called regents. The history of her reign may be drawn from her own letters, written to the king after he landed at Carrickfergus, June 14. A few personal traits only, derived from the letters of Mary II., are consistent with the limits of the abridged "Lives of the Queens of England," which are fully quoted in the library editions.

Left alone, or surrounded by those whose fidelity was doubtful, Mary II. acted with decision and vigor. While a victorious fleet threatened her coasts, she issued warrants for the seizure of several nobles she suspected of attachment to her father; among others she announces to her husband that she had "clapped up in the Tower her uncle Clarendon." At an early period of her regnal labors, the queen requested her council to assist her in framing regulations for the better observance of the Sabbath. All hackney-carriages and horses were forbidden to work. The humanity of this regulation was, however, neutralized by the absurdity of other acts. The queen had constables stationed at the corners of streets, who were charged to capture all puddings and pies on their progress to bakers' ovens on Sundays; but such ridiculous scenes took place, in consequence of the owners fighting fiercely for their dinners, that her law was suspended amid universal laughter. Perhaps some of her council, remembering her own Sunday evening gambings, both in England and Holland, thought that her majesty might have had mercy on the less culpable Sunday puddings and pies of the hungry poor.

The disastrous news of the naval defeat at Beachy Head the queen had to communicate, and "to strive with her heart," as she expresses herself, for this was the most signal naval overthrow that England had ever experienced.

The disastrous naval defeat occurred on the 30th of June; William's victory of the Boyne took place the very day after, July 1. Unmixed joy and exulting thanksgiving are the first emotions expressed by Mary. Toward the end of her letter, however, she recollects herself sufficiently to express her satisfaction that the "late king," as she calls her father, was not among the slain. Had he been so, even the most interested partisans must have viewed her and her regal partner with horror.

Praises of William III.'s great glory have abounded; but he had in Ireland 30,000 regular and disciplined troops—he had the most formidable train of artillery in the world at his command. Surely, the very act of looking such a formidable force in the face, as opponents, was one of superior valor in the ill-armed and unpaid militia who fought for James. That unfortunate king has been called a coward on account of its loss, which, indeed, made good his own representations in his naval regulations, "that a wholly different genius is required for marine and land warfare." The battle of the Boyne was won by a furious charge of cavalry, and we never heard that English sailors were particularly skillful in equestrian evolutions, or that a British admiral ought to be called a coward because he was not an adroit general of horse. When the sailor-king met the Dutch on his own element, history gave a different account of him.

The queen visited Hampton Court July 22, to superintend the alterations disfiguring that ancient palace. The grand apartments, where the English-born sovereigns held their state, had been demolished; and had it not been for a felicitous lack of money and Portland stone, not a fragment of their noble country-palace would have been left. All that has been hitherto known of Mary II. has been imbibed by the public from Burnet's panegyrics. But with what promptitude would the revolutionary bishop have demolished his own work, could he, like us, have read her majesty's letter to the king, of July 26, and seen the contemptuous reluctance with which she acceded to his desire of having his sermon on the Boyne victory printed. Many passages in her letters, written with unstudied grace and simplicity, prove that Mary's tastes in composition were elegant and unaffected; consequently, Burnet's style must have been odious to her. How differently did the man himself and the world believe he was rated in her majesty's estimation! Let her speak for herself, as follows: "I will say no more at present, but that the Bishop of Salisbury made a *thundering long* sermon this morning, which he has

been with *me to desire me to print*, which I could not refuse, *though* I should not have ordered it, for reasons which I told him I am *extreme* impatient of *hearing* from you, which I hope in God will be before I sleep this night; if not, I think I shall not rest. But if I should meet with a disappointment of your not coming, I don't know what I shall do, for my desire of seeing you is equal to my love, which can not end but with my life."

King William had written a sharp reproof to his loving spouse, on the subject of Kensington Palace not being ready for his reception. He had purchased the remainder of the lease of the crown, held by Lord Nottingham; and the southern part of the palace was then in the course of construction, under the care of Queen Mary, who often mentions its progress in her letters. It was rather unreasonable of the king, who only left her in the middle of June, to expect that, with an exhausted treasury, his queen could prepare his palace for his reception in the first days of August; therefore her apology and extreme humiliation for the non-performance of impossibilities, especially in asking pardon for smells for which the house-painter and his painting-pots were alone accountable. The rest of her letter is couched in the same prostration of spirit. Throughout the correspondence not a word occurs regarding the Princess Anne, nor does the queen ever allude to her nephew and heir-presumptive, the infant Duke of Gloucester, then twelve months old. The hatred that was brooding in the minds of the sisters had not yet burst into open flame: they still observed the decencies of dislike, and had ceremonious meetings.

The cabals in the two councils, relative to the command of the beaten and disgraced fleet of England, harassed the queen. The fine navy her father had formed for his destroyers was at the command of Mary—at least, all that remained of it from two disastrous defeats. But the harpies of corruption had rushed in; the vigilant eye, which watched over the proper appointment of stores and necessaries, was distant. The elective sovereigns durst not complain of peculations, which had become systematic; the English fleet was degraded, not for want of brave hearts and hands, and fine ships, but because those concerned in finding stores, ammunition, provision, and pay, pilfered daringly. The consequence was, that none of James's former sea-captains could be induced to take a command which must, perforce, end in disgrace.

The queen's hopes of the return of her husband, which had been lively at the beginning of July, were now deferred from

week to week. Success had turned in Ireland against his party. The defense of Limerick by the Jacobite commander, Sarsfield, rivaled in desperation that of Londonderry, by the Calvinist minister, Walker, in the preceding year. An equal number of William's highly-disciplined soldiers fell in the siege, as King James had lost of the half-armed Irish militia at the passage of the Boyne. The Protestants of Ireland had been discouraged by the speech that broke from the lips of the Orange king. When one of them told him, in a tone of lamentation, "that Parson Walker was among the slain in the *mêlée* at the Boyne,"—"Why did the fool go there?" was the best tribute King William afforded to the memory of the partisan to whom he owed Ireland. The reverend gentleman had given his aid at the Boyne, in the expectation of gaining farther renown in regular warfare, and the regimental king scorned all glory that had not been at drill. William remained unwillingly in Ireland, witnessing the waste of his army in the fatal trenches of Limerick. His passage home was no easy matter, for the victorious French fleets not only rode triumphantly in the English Channel, but in that of St. George, rendering dangerous the communication between England and Ireland.

The queen was, in the beginning of August, 1690, deeply occupied in receiving the confessions of the Lords Annandale and Ross. These men were not originally the friends of her father, but his enemies, who, with Sir James Montgomery, had headed the deputation sent to offer her and her consort William of Orange the crown of Scotland. They deemed they had not been rewarded commensurately with their merits, and therefore joined the widely-ramified plot against the government, which the death of Viscount Dundee had disorganized in the preceding year. The titled informers made a bargain that they were not to be brought in personal evidence against their victims.

The queen agreed that Nevill Payne, the tutor of the young Earl of Mar, should be forced to take upon himself the infamy of legal informer, regarding this Jacobite conspiracy, from which the real betrayers had bargained to be excused. The queen, deeming Nevill Payne a plebeian, had not the most distant idea of the high-spirited firmness with which he endured torture, nor how a man of the people could keep his oath and his word. He died from effects of the torture, which was legal in Scotland till the union. The queen's letters are worded with guarded mystery; but the prime minister of Scotland, Lord Melville, was at her court in England co-operating with

her in guiding the whole affair, as his lately-published papers prove, therefore it is impossible to acquit her of pre-knowledge of the atrocities that ensued.

King William was defeated in an attempt to storm Limerick, August 26, leaving 1200 regular soldiers dead in the trenches; he raised the siege, and embarked for England. His brother-in-law, Prince George of Denmark, was permitted to sail in the same ship with him. So prosperous was his voyage, that they arrived in King's Road, near Bristol, September 6, driven by the autumnal winds, before which the French ships had retired, when the King of Great Britain, finding the coast clear, got safely to the other side of the water.

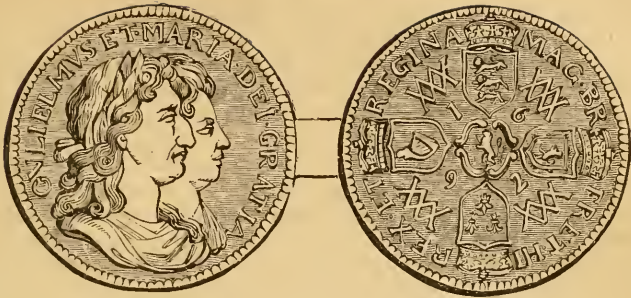
QUEEN MARY TO KING WILLIAM.

“WHITEHALL, Sept. 18, 1690.

“Lord Winchester is desirous to go and meet you, which you may believe I will never hinder any one. Whether I ought to send him out of form sake I can't tell; but it may pass for what it ought to the world, and to your dear self, at least, I suppose it is indifferent. Nothing can express the impatience I have to see you, nor my joy to think it is so near. I have not *slept* all this night for it, though I had but five hours' rest the night before, for a reason I shall tell you. I am now going to Kensington to put things in order there, and intend to dine there to-morrow, and expect to hear when I shall *sett* out to meet you.

“I had a compliment,” writes Mary, “last night, from the queen-dowager [Catharine of Braganza], who came to town on Friday. She sent, I believe, with a better heart, because *Limerick* is not taken: for my part, I don't think of that, or any thing but you. God send you a good journey home, and make me thankful as I ought for all his mercies.”

King William arrived at Kensington, September 16, 1690.



Crown of the time of William and Mary.

CHAPTER IV.

THE abilities of Queen Mary, and the importance of her personal exertions as sovereign, have been as much underrated, as the goodness of her heart has been overestimated. She really reigned alone the chief part of the six years that she was Queen of Great Britain. William III., with the exception of the first year of his election to the throne of the British empire, was seldom resident more than four months each season in England. The queen, on his embarking for the Hague, January 6, 1690-1, was left to crush a widely-extended plot for the restoration of her father, and to arrange the still more difficult task of displacing the blameless primate of England, Sancroft, and six most popular prelates, Ken, Turner, White, Lake, Frampton, and Lloyd, Bishop of Norwich, who steadily refused to take the oaths to her and William, or to pray for them as king and queen.

The very day after William's departure, the trial of Lord Preston and Mr. Ashton took place. Both were found guilty, on slender evidence, and condemned to death. It was reported that the daughter of Lord Preston, Lady Catharine Graham, a little girl of but nine years old, saved her father's life by a sudden appeal to the feelings of Queen Mary. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left at Windsor Castle, where he lately had an establishment. After his condemnation, the queen found the little Lady Catharine in St. George's gallery, gazing earnestly on the whole-length picture of James II., which still remains there. Mary asked her hastily, "What she saw in that picture, which made her look on it so intent-

ly?"—"I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that *my* father must die for loving yours."

It is an ungracious task to dispel the illusions that are pleasant to all generous minds. Glad should we be to record a truth that the pardon of Lord Preston sprang from the melting heart of Queen Mary; but Lord Preston was only spared in order to betray by his evidence the deep-laid ramifications of the plot; above all, his confessions were made use of to convict his high-spirited coadjutor, young Ashton.

Far more dangerous was the step Mary took in dispossessing Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and other disinterested clergy of the Church of England, who refused to take the oaths of allegiance to herself and her spouse. Nor could the queen have succeeded had she not been supported by a standing army, and if that army had not been blended with foreigners; it was likewise under the unwonted terrors of the lash, for the system of military flogging was introduced by King William.

Mary had temporized some time, in expectation that the possession of the power and revenues of Canterbury, and, above all, that the aversion which old age ever has to change, would at last shake the principles of Sancroft. As she found that this hope was vain, he was warned to quit Lambeth, February 1, 1690-1. Six other learned and disinterested prelates of the Church of England, with seven hundred divines, were deprived by Queen Mary on the same day. Bishop Ken remonstrated, and read a protestation in the market-place of Wells; he then retired to his nephew, the Rev. Dr. Isaac Walton, who gave him refuge in his prebendal house in Salisbury close. Archbishop Sancroft observed, "that he had committed no crime against church or state which could authorize his degradation; and that if the queen wished for his place at Lambeth, she must send and thrust him out of it by personal violence." He, however, packed up his books, and waited for that hour. A dead pause ensued. Queen Mary was perplexed as to the person whom she could appoint to fill the archiepiscopal seat of Canterbury.

King William returned to England to procure supplies of money and troops, April 6, 1691. Whitehall presented only heaps of smoking ruins as he came up the river. The conflagration which destroyed the palace commenced in the Portsmouth apartments, which had been the original cause of the enmity between the queen and her sister Anne. Mary, who was a very heavy sleeper, had nearly lost her life in the flames. She was dragged, half asleep, in her night-dress into St. James's

Park. Here Colonel Oglethorpe and Sir John Fenwick, two gentlemen devoted to her father, seeing her consternation, followed her through the park to St. James's Palace, reviling her by the lurid light of the flames of Whitehall, and telling her "that her filial sins would come home to her." Their conduct was certainly in bad taste.

Since Dr. Tillotson had so readily responded to his call for pecuniary aid at Canterbury, King William had marked him for the highest advancement. However, he left his queen alone to encounter the embarrassments of the change, and sailed for Flanders, May 11. Mary nominated Dr. Tillotson to the primacy, May 31, 1691. She signed a mandate, ordering Sancroft to quit Lambeth in ten days. This he did not obey; but he was finally expelled from his palace, June 23. He took a boat at the stairs the same evening, and crossed the Thames to the Temple, where he remained in a private house till August, then retired to end his days at Fresingfield, his native village in Suffolk, in a cottage which he built there. He lived on his small inheritance of 50*l.* per annum.

The Princess Anne, instigated by the restless ambition of her favorite, had requested the order of the Garter, as a reward due to the military merit of Lord Marlborough in Ireland. The queen refused, which exasperated the favorites of her sister into conspiring against the Orange sovereignty; for Lord Marlborough immediately wrote to his former master, declaring "that he could neither sleep nor eat in peace, for the remembrance of his crimes against him." He finished his offers of service by assuring him, "that he would bring the Princess Anne back to her duty, if he received the least word of encouragement." Marlborough was one of Mary's council of nine. The perils of the queen's position were therefore great. James II., however, dryly answered to Marlborough "that his good intentions must be proved by deeds rather than words.

The queen, instead of looking to the real traitors, molested the deprived primate, by sending a commission to Suffolk of inquiry into his proceedings. Her messenger could scarcely refrain from tears, when he found that the venerable archbishop came to his cottage door himself, because his only attendant, an old woman, happened to be ill. The queen, who regarded her father's friends with marked aversion, showed great animosity to William Penn. An entire stop was put to his philanthropic exertions in the colony of Pennsylvania; and the good Quaker was forced to hide his head, and skulk about London, as he did in the persecution of his harmless sect in

the days of Charles II. "He could," he said, "convince the queen of his fidelity to the government, to which he wished well. James Stuart, though he did not approve of his measures on the throne, was his benefactor; but he had loved him in his prosperity, and never could speak against him in his adversity." This manly defense of his conduct did not prevent William Penn from being a marked man as long as Queen Mary lived.

Neither King William nor his consort dared openly accuse Marlborough of having abetted the Princess Anne in her attempt to effect a reconciliation with the exiled king; they well knew that such an avowal would have led two-thirds of their subjects to follow that example. The silence of the king and queen on the real delinquencies at the Cockpit, emboldened Lady Marlborough to accompany her mistress to court at Kensington. Queen Mary forbade the repetition of the intrusion, and an angry correspondence ensued between the royal sisters on the subject. On the return of William III., the Earl of Marlborough was dismissed rudely from his place of lord of the bed-chamber, and all his preferments were taken from him, but with leave to *sell* them. To the great indignation of her captive uncle, the Earl of Clarendon, the queen about this time formed a league with her younger uncle, Lawrence, who became her prime minister. He knew the treachery of the Marlboroughs, and recommended the queen to oblige Lady Marlborough to retire from Anne's household; but though strong suspicions existed of the treason of her lord, no open law had been broken by the lady. The Princess Anne persisting in retaining her, was herself expelled from the royal residences, and obliged to borrow Sion House of the Duchess of Somerset for her approaching accouchement. King William's return was followed by a regal act that has left a dreadful blot upon his memory, for the massacre of Glencoe took place, February 2, 1692, for which it is certain Mary was not responsible, as she did not fix her signature to a deed commanding the extirpation, in cold blood, of more than a hundred of the Macdonalds, men, women, and children, on suspicion of being loyal to King James. William III. likewise took away his sister-in-law's guards when she really needed them, having been robbed by highwaymen on the road to Sion.

Queen Mary was soon left again, surrounded by difficulties. The French had remained masters of the seas ever since the Revolution, despite the junction of the fleets of England with the forces of Holland. Invasion was expected, and the queen

had reason to believe that the only naval commander from whose skill she could hope for success was desirous of her father's restoration; she likewise knew that the Princess Anne had written to her father, "that she would fly to him the very instant he could make good his landing in any part of Great Britain." Indeed, a letter to James II. containing these words was intercepted by William III.

But while giving Queen Mary every credit as a wise and courageous ruler in these dangerous times, what can be said of her humanity, when called to the bedside of her suffering sister in the April of that year? The Princess Anne sent Sir Benjamin Bathurst from Sion House with her humble duty, to inform her majesty "that the hour of her accouchement was at hand, and that she felt very ill indeed, much worse than was usual to her." Queen Mary took no notice of this piteous message, till a Dutch maid of honor came to tell her that her new-born nephew was dead, and the princess's life was in peril. Mary then visited her, and though she said herself how ill Anne looked—pale as the sheet—the queen commenced abruptly a quarrel relative to the expulsion of the Marlboroughs. It is certain the public knew not as well as the queen did, and we do now, how treasonably Anne and her favorites were acting against the existing government; but her conduct at such a time was unsisterly and odious.

Long before the Princess Anne was convalescent, Lord Marlborough, by her majesty's orders, was arrested, and hurried to the Tower. Then the invalid princess harassed herself by writing, all day long, notes and letters to his wife, who was obliged to leave Sion, in order to visit and assist her husband. The people murmured, but success in battle turned the scale in Mary's favor. The naval victory off La Hogue, won by Admiral Russell, against Tourville's French squadron, occurred May 16, 1692, and was regarded as a national atonement for the long series of naval disgraces since the deposition of King James.

The English fleet arrived at Spithead without the loss of a single ship, and Queen Mary sent 30,000*l.* in gold to be distributed among the common sailors, and gold medals to be given to the officers. There is a tradition that after the victory of La Hogue, the unfinished shell of the new Palace of Greenwich was ordered by Queen Mary to be prepared for the reception of the wounded seamen; and that from this circumstance the idea first originated in her mind of the conversion of this neglected building into a hospital, similar in plan to her uncle's foundation at Chelsea for veteran soldiers. This

was decidedly her best action; and her truest glory is reflected from the Naval Hospital of Greenwich.

At the awful crisis of the battle of La Hogue, Mary II. was but thirty years of age; her height, her fully-formed and magnificent figure, and, as her poet sings, "the brightness of her eyes," made singularly becoming her royal costume. In the absence of her cynical partner, she took care to derive all possible advantages from frequently appearing in the grandeur of royalty; and kept the enthusiasm of the London citizens at its height by receiving their congratulatory addresses in her royal robes, and seated on her throne in the banqueting-room, and by often reviewing their trained bands and artillery companies in person. Nevertheless, there were dark traits mixed with her government: the fate of Anderton, the supposed printer of some tracts in favor of her father, is cited as an instance of open tyranny, unexampled since the times of Henry VIII. The printer was brought to trial during the queen's regency of 1693. He made a vigorous defense, in spite of being brow-beaten by Judge Treby, who forced the jury's verdict. But when Anderton was put to death for treason in Mary's succeeding regency, all his jury came under his galleys, and severally implored his pardon before the butchery began.

A settled yet quiet hostility was now established between Mary and Anne; the latter, divested of every mark of her rank, lived at Berkeley House, where she and her favorite amused themselves with superintending their nurseries, playing at cards, and talking treason against Queen Mary and the hero of Nassau. Lady Marlborough wrote all the news she could glean to the court of St. Germain, where her sister, Lady Tyrconnel, the once beautiful Frances Jennings, was resident. Lady Tyrconnel gossiped back all the intelligence she could gather at the exiled court. The letters of Marlborough himself were more actively mischievous. He sent word to the exiled king all the professional information he could betray. James II. refused to act on his intelligence; he well knew that the exaltation of his grandson, the young Duke of Gloucester, and not the restoration of the Prince of Wales, was the object. The young duke usually inhabited Campden House, close to the queen's palace at Kensington, where his royal aunt was given every opportunity of seeing him.

One day, just before the king's departure for the campaign in 1694, the little Duke of Gloucester had a grand field-day in Kensington Gardens; for, by way of encouraging military tastes in his heir, William III. had given him a troop of boys

to exercise as soldiers, and on this occasion condescended to review them in Kensington Gardens. The child Gloucester very affectionately promised his majesty the assistance of himself and his regiment of urchins for his Flemish war; then turning to Queen Mary eagerly, he said, "My mamma once had guards as well as you; why has she not them now?" The queen's surprise was evident and painful. King William presented the young duke's drummer, on the spot, with two guineas, as a reward for the loudness of his music, which proved a seasonable diversion to the awkward question of the young commander. The child must have heard the matter discussed, since he was but a few months old when his mother was deprived of her guards.

Queen Mary received a visit from her nephew on her birthday, April 30, 1694. After he had wished her joy, he began, as usual, to prate. There were carpenters at work in the queen's gallery at Kensington, the room in which her majesty stood with the king. The little duke asked the queen "what they were about?" "Mending the gallery," said Queen Mary, "or it will fall."—"Let it fall, let it fall," exclaimed he, "and then you must be off to London,"—a true indication that he had not been taught to consider their royal vicinity as any great advantage to Campden House. William III. went to visit his nephew at Campden House the following Sunday. It was in vain that Lady Fitzharding, his governess, lectured her charge, and advised him to make the military salute to the king; not a word would the boy say on that subject until he had demanded leave of his majesty to fire off his train of miniature artillery. The king was rather charmed with this military mania, so well according with his own.

Archbishop Sancroft had expired at a cottage on his small Suffolk estate, in his seventy-fourth year, after his peace had been broken by the frequent inquisitorial visits the queen had sent to espy and report his mode of life. It was not long before Mary had to incur the responsibility of appointing, at the will and pleasure of herself and William III., another primate for the Church of England. Soon after William had returned, late in the autumn of 1694, Archbishop Tillotson, when officiating before the queen, in the very act of consecrating the sacrament at Whitehall Chapel, November 24, was struck with death, and never spoke again. The royal pair selected Dr. Tension for the successor of Dr. Tillotson, as primate of the Church of England.

The queen, for many days, could not mention Tillotson without tears; indeed, since witnessing his mortal stroke, she

had not been well, but became seriously indisposed on the 19th of December. She took her usual remedy, and declared herself well the next day. The remedy was a spirituous cordial, that the queen took when ill, against which her faithful physician, Dr. Walter Harris, affirms he had vainly warned her that it was many degrees more heating than brandy; and that such draughts, for a person of her full habit, were like to be fatal; in fact, her illness returned in the course of a few hours. How truly the queen anticipated the result may be found from her conduct and employment. She sat up nearly all that night in her cabinet, burning and destroying papers, on which she did not wish historians to pass judgment. What thoughts, what feelings, must have passed through the brain of Queen Mary on that awful night, thus alone—with the records of her past life, and with approaching death! She finished her remarkable occupations on that night by writing a letter to her husband on the subject of Elizabeth Villiers, which she endorsed, "Not to be delivered, excepting in case of my death," then locked it in the ebony cabinet, in which she usually kept papers of consequence at Kensington Palace.

Queen Mary was exceedingly indisposed on the day succeeding this agitating vigil, being of a full habit and somewhat addicted to good living, which made either small-pox or measles—and her illness was attributed to both—dangerous visitations.

While these desperate maladies were dealing with Mary, her sister Anne, and Lady Marlborough, at Berkeley House, were startled at the idea of the sudden importance which would accrue to them if her majesty's illness proved fatal. The Princess Anne was herself ill, for dropsical maladies were impairing her constitution, rendering her averse from active exercise. In consequence, she confined herself to the house, frequently reclining on a couch.

No regular intercourse ever took place between the palace at Kensington and Berkeley House, all the intelligence of whatsoever passed in either household was conveyed by the ex-official tattling of servants of the lower grade: laundresses questioned nurses, or ushers carried the tales thus gathered. All was in the dark at the princess's establishment as late as Christmas Day, o. s., respecting the malady of the queen, when Lewis Jenkins, who was Welsh usher to the young Duke of Gloucester, was sent to obtain information of Mrs. Worthington, the queen's laundress, "how her majesty really was." "I was," wrote Jenkins, "transported with hearing she had

rested well that night, and that she had not the small-pox but the measles. I went into the Duke of Gloucester's bed-chamber, where I threw up my hat, and said, 'O be joyful!' The ladies asked me 'what I meant?' I then related the good news; and the little duke said, 'I am glad of it, with all my heart!' But the next day, when I went to inquire at the palace after the queen, I was informed 'that, in consequence of being let blood, the small-pox had turned black, and that her majesty's death drew near.' I was this day in waiting, and talking over the ill news with Mrs. Wanley, one of the little Duke of Gloucester's women, in a low tone. As he was playing with George Wanley, his royal highness suddenly exclaimed, 'O be joyful!' I hearing this, asked him 'where he learnt that expression?'—'Lewis, *you* know,' replied the little duke. 'Sir,' said I, 'yesterday I cried, O be joyful!'—'Yes,' rejoined the prince; 'and now, to-day, you may sing, O be doleful!' which I wondered to hear."

The danger of the queen being thus matter of notoriety throughout the corridors and servants' offices of Campden and Berkeley Houses, the Princess Anne sent the lady of her bed-chamber, entreating her majesty "to believe that she was extremely concerned for her illness; and that if her majesty would allow her the happiness of waiting on her, she would run any hazard for her satisfaction." The queen's first lady went into the royal bed-chamber and delivered the message to her majesty. A consultation took place. After some time, Lady Derby came out, and replied, "that the king would send an answer the next day." Had the queen wished to be reconciled to her sister, an opportunity was thus presented by Anne, but it was too late. No kind familiar answer was returned from the dying queen to her sister, but the usual formal court notation, from the first lady of her majesty to the lady of the princess.

Lady Fitzharding undertook to see the queen, and, charged with a dutiful message, "broke in," whether the queen's attendants "would or not;" and approaching the bed where her majesty was, made her speech, declaring "in how much concern the Princess Anne was." The dying Mary gasped out "Thanks;" and the lady went back to her princess with a report that her kind message had been very coldly received.

The face of the queen was covered with the most violent erysipelas the Friday before her death. Dr. Walter Harris, who sat up with the queen from the seventh night of her illness, in his letter extant describing the dreadful martyrdom

she suffered, attributes these terrific eruptions to the hot doses she swallowed at the first attack. A frightful carbuncle settled just over the heart; and small-pox pustules, which he compares to plague-spots, are mentioned by him, with other evils which the queen endured, too terrible for general perusal. The physicians declared to the king her husband that there remained no hopes of her life. He received the intelligence with every sign of despair. Archbishop Tension told the king that he could not do his duty faithfully without he acquainted her with her danger. The queen anticipated the communication of the archbishop, but showed no fear or disorder upon it. She said "she thanked God she had always carried this in her mind, that nothing was to be left to the last hour: all she had then to do was to look up to God and submit to his will." She said, "that she had written her mind on many things to the king;" and she gave orders "to look carefully for a small escritoire she made use of that was in her closet, which was to be delivered to the king." Having dispatched that care, she avoided giving herself or her husband the tenderness which a final parting might have raised in them both. When it is remembered that the casket the queen was thus careful to have put into his hands contained the letter of complaint and reproof written by her at the time of her nocturnal arrangement of her cabinet, it is difficult to consider that Mary died on friendly terms with her consort, or that her refusal to bid him farewell proceeded from tenderness.

"The day before she died," says Burnet, "she received the sacrament: all the bishops who were attending were permitted to receive it with her—God knows, a sorrowful company, for we were losing her who was our chief hope and glory on earth." According to this authority, William was present during the last sad scene when "the queen composed herself solemnly to die;" for he mentions that "she tried once or twice to say something to the king, but could not go through with it. Some words came from her, which showed that her thoughts began to break." The queen's mind, in fact, wandered very wildly the day before she expired. The hallucinations with which she was disturbed were dreary. Her majesty mysteriously required to be left alone with Archbishop Tension, as she had something to tell him, and her chamber was cleared in consequence. The archbishop breathlessly expected some extraordinary communication. The dying queen said, "I wish you to look behind that screen, for Dr. Radcliffe has put a popish nurse upon me, and that woman

is always listening to what I want to say. Make her go away."

The popish nurse, which the queen fancied that her Jacobite physician, Dr. Radcliffe, had "put upon her," was but a phantom of delirium. Her father's friends, who were more numerous in her palace than she was aware of, fancied that, instead of describing this spectre to Archbishop Tennison, she was confessing her filial sins to him.

It was supposed, on the Sunday evening, that the queen was about to expire, which information was communicated to the king, who fell fainting, and did not recover for half an hour: that day he had swooned thrice. Many of his attendants thought that he would die the first. Queen Mary breathed her last, between night and morning, on the 28th of December, 1694, in the sixth year of her reign, and the thirty-third of her age. The moment the breath left her body, the lord chancellor was commanded to break the great seal, and to have another made, on which the figure of William III. was represented *solus*.

The tidings of Mary's death was, after three days' delay, announced to her father in France, at St. Germain, by a Roman Catholic priest, supposed to belong to Lord Jersey, one of William's lords in waiting. James II. observes, in his autobiography, "that many of his partisans fancied that her death would pave the way for his restoration," but he made no additional efforts on that account; indeed the event only caused him the additional affliction of seeing a child, whom he loved so tenderly, persevere to her death in such a signal state of disobedience and disloyalty, and to find her extolled for crimes, as if they were the highest virtues, by the mercenary flatterers around her. "Even Archbishop Tennison reckoned among her virtues," adds King James, "that she had got the better of all duty to her parent in consideration of her religion and her country; and that, even if she had done aught blameworthy, she had acted by the advice of the most learned men in the Church, who were answerable for it, not she. Oh, miserable way of arguing! fatal to the deceiver and to the deceived." He declared himself "much afflicted at her death, and more at her manner of dying."

Archbishop Tennison delivered to King William the deceased queen's posthumous letter, with her message of reproof. He added severe lectures to his majesty on the subject of his gross misconduct in regard to Elizabeth Villiers. The king took his freedom in good part, and promised to break off all intimacy with her.

Burnet, in the sermon he preached at her interment, ventured to praise Mary II. for "filial piety," knowing, as he must have done, better than any one else, how differently she had conducted herself. He himself has recorded, and blamed, her conduct, at her arrival at Whitehall; but whether it is true that Mary sat complacently to hear this very man grossly calumniate her mother, rests on the word of Lord Dartmouth. There is one circumstance that would naturally invalidate the accusation, which is, that it was thoroughly against her own interest—a point which Mary never lost sight of; for if Anne Hyde was a faithless wife, what reason had her daughter to suppose that she was a more genuine successor to the British crown than the unfortunate brother whose birth she had stigmatized?

The mourning for Mary was deep and universal. Her funeral procession was chiefly remarkable on account of the attendance of the members of the House of Commons, a circumstance which it is improbable will ever take place again. A wax effigy of the queen was placed over her coffin, dressed in robes of state, and colored to resemble life. After the funeral it was deposited in Westminster Abbey; and in due time that of her husband, William III., after being in like manner carried on his coffin at his funeral, arrived to inhabit the same glass case. At the extreme ends of a large box, glazed in front, are seen the effigies of Queen Mary and King William. The sole point of union is the proximity of their sceptres, which they hold close together, nearly touching, but at arm's length, over a small altar. The figure of the queen is nearly six feet in height; her husband looks diminutive in comparison to her, and such was really the case, when, as tradition says, he used to take her arm as they walked together. William never raised any monument to his deceased partner. Every funeral memento, either of himself or of her, is contained in the said glass case, which is now shut up, in darkness and desolation, in some nook of Westminster Abbey.



Queen Anne. From a portrait by Kneller.

ANNE,
QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

THE Princess Anne* certainly felt sincere grief for the death of her sister. She wrote to King William, expressing it in terms which his astute advisers considered as affording some opening for personal reconciliation. This Lord Somers assured him must be effected, or his uncle would be called to the throne in a few days. "Do what you please, my lords,"

* The former incidents of the life of Queen Anne have been incorporated in that of her sister, Mary II.

said the king ; " I am incapable of all business." Anne, who had offered to visit him, was unable to walk, but she came to Campden House, and from thence was carried in her sedan-chair to Kensington Palace and into the presence-chamber, Lewis Jenkins walking by her, and opening the door of the sedan. The king saluted her there. She told his majesty, in faltering accents, that " she was truly sorry for his loss." The king replied, that " he was much concerned for hers." Neither could refrain from tears, nor speak distinctly. The king then handed the princess into his closet ; she stayed with him three-quarters of an hour.

The interview of the bereaved husband and sister took place in the king's private sitting-room or closet. Had it been held in the presence-chamber, many eyes and ears of persons on lawful duty must have witnessed it, and the whole conference would have been matter of history ; instead of which, no particulars farther than the simple detail of the usher, Lewis, have ever transpired. But the commonest capacity can divine how the widower-king and his sister-cousin came to an understanding that the island crowns could never be transmitted to the Duke of Gloucester, without they suppressed all memory of mutual disgusts, and combined their interests against James II. and his son. At this conference the king must have agreed to receive the Earl of Marlborough and his wife into favor. The late queen's jewels were soon after sent to Anne, as a pledge that the reconciliation was complete.

The young Duke of Gloucester, whose interests were the mainsprings of this domestic pacification, was suffering with water in the head. At this time he could not walk. His father forced him, on occasions when he refused to move, to go forward by striking him with a rod ; the princess, on the contrary, if she saw him totter in his attempt to cross the room, expressed by the fading of her color and the cold dew breaking on her brow, that her maternal fears amounted to agony. During the spring and summer of the same year when Prince George had forced the unfortunate child to walk, and go up and down stairs without the support his sad malady required, illness attacked him repeatedly, owing to his preternatural exertions to seem robust and frolicking, when pain and infirmity insisted on their due. His illnesses were attributed to every cause but the true one ; even the smell of some harmless leeks was supposed by the sapient establishment of the prince and princess to have given him a fever. The Princess Anne, as in old times, wore a leek on St. David's Day, and the little Gloucester, to whom a leek had been given to

put in his hat, was curious regarding the why and wherefore. He was not content with his artificial court-leek of silk and silver, but insisted on seeing the plant. Jenkins, his Welsh usher, was charmed at having an opportunity of introducing the famous edible of the principality to the notice of the future Prince of Wales. The child played with the bundle of leeks, by tying them round a toy-ship he had, which was large enough for his boys to climb the masts: he then, being thoroughly tired, threw himself down and fell asleep. He awoke very ill, and the greatest alarm prevailed at Campden House among the ladies, that the future Prince of Wales had been poisoned by the smell of leeks on St. David's Day. Doubtless the Jacobites, of whom there were more than one in the household, deemed it a judgment. Dr. Radcliffe was sent for from Oxford, at fiery speed. The Princess Anne was terrified; she was not then able to walk, but was carried up into the chamber of her sick son in her sedan-chair, with short poles. Dr. Radcliffe, when he came, declared that the young duke had a fever. The ladies sought to amuse the little invalid by presents of toys; while the male attendants, who, with his small soldiers, were permitted to surround his bed—probably by the desire of the Prince of Denmark, his father—were of the hardening faction, and devised sports of a different nature. The boy-soldiers were posted as sentinels at his door; tattoos were flourished on the drum, and toy fortifications were built by his bedside. Notwithstanding all this clatter the sick prince recovered.

One day her royal highness was receiving a visit at her toilet from her little son, when he informed her that he was "dry," adding a stable-like expletive. "Who has taught you those words?" demanded the princess. "If I say Dick Drury," whispered the Duke of Gloucester to one of his mother's ladies, "he will be sent down stairs. Mamma," added he aloud, "I invented them myself." Another time, at one of these toilet-visits, the young prince made use of the expletive, "I vow." The princess his mother demanded "who he had heard speak in that manner?"—"Lewis," replied the duke. "Lewis Jenkins shall be turned out of waiting, then," said the Princess Anne. "Oh, no, mamma," said the child, "it was I myself did invent that word, now I think of it." Surrounded as the princely boy was with attendants, having a tutor who was a clergyman, likewise a chaplain who called himself his own, he appears to have learned the first elements of the Christian religion by mere accident. Prayers, it is true, were read every day at eleven o'clock by Mr. Pratt, before he took his reading-

lesson; but to these the young duke positively refused to give his attention. That no explanation had been given, satisfactory to his infant mind, is apparent by his docility when instructed by a person who was in earnest.

Change of air had been recommended by Dr. Radcliffe, in 1695. The early reminiscences of the Princess Anne led her to prefer Twickenham; but she no longer had the command of the old palace of Katharine of Arragon, the dwelling of her grandfather, Clarendon, where she was reared. At last she was offered a pleasant mansion, an adjunct formerly belonging to it, opposite to Twickenham Church, held in crown-lease from Catharine of Braganza by Mrs. Davis, an ancient gentlewoman of Charles I.'s court, who was more than eighty years of age. She was great-aunt to the governor of the little prince, Lord Fitzharding, and a devotee of our Anglican Church, living an ascetic life on herbs and fruit; she enjoyed a healthy old age. All her hedge-rows she had caused to be planted with beautiful fruit-trees. The cherries were richly ripe when the princess came to Twickenham, and the hospitable owner gave the princess's people leave to gather as much as they pleased, on the condition "that they were not to break or spoil her trees." The caution was not misplaced, for the young Duke of Gloucester's regiment of boys followed him to Twickenham; but their exercises were confined to the little island in the Thames, nearly opposite the church. When the princess had resided at this lady's seat for a month, she told Sir Benjamin Bathurst to take a hundred guineas, and pay for rent and trouble; but the old lady positively declared she would receive nothing. Sir Benjamin, nevertheless, put the guineas in her lap; but Mrs. Davis rising up, let the gold roll to all corners of the room, leaving the comptroller to gather it up as he might. The Princess Anne was astonished at generosity to which she had been little accustomed.

There certainly exists instinctive affection between children and aged persons who are devoted to the practice of beneficent piety. Mrs. Davis and the little Duke of Gloucester soon became friends. Young, fair, and flattering faces were around him; yet, peradventure, the princely infant saw expression beaming from her wrinkled brow that was more attractive to his childish instinct. From the lips of this old recluse he learned the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Ten Commandments, and several prayers which she made apparent to his infantine intelligence, as he never omitted repeating the aspirations she had taught him, every night and morning, although Lewis Jenkins remained without the slightest perception of

the touching providence which led the young child to imbibe the knowledge of prayer from the lips of this benevolent recluse of the Church of England. Her religious influence over the neglected mind of the wayward little prince, who had manifested a marked aversion to the worship of God, must have been effected by conversations of vital interest to her young auditor.

The princess was, one Sunday, preparing to go to Twickenham Church, when her little son came to her, and preferred a request to go with her for the first time. When he received her permission, he ran to "my lady governess, Fitzharding, who was," observes Lewis, "as witty and pleasant a lady as any in England." The Duke of Gloucester told her that he was going to Twickenham Church with his mamma. My Lady Fitzharding asked him, "if, when there, he would say the Psalms?" which hitherto he had hated. "I will sing them," replied he. The tendency of his thoughts to Divine service was soon apparent at his usual visits to his mother's toilet. "Mamma," said he, "why have you two chaplains, and I but one?" "Pray," asked the Princess Anne, by way of averting one of the difficult questions often put by children, "what do you give your one chaplain?" The little duke must have heard the fact that it is an unpaid office by his reply, though he was unconscious that it was a repartee. "Mamma," said he, "I give him—his liberty." At which answer the princess laughed heartily, and often repeated it as an instance of royal benevolence to the Church of England.

When the Duke of Gloucester was brought back to Campden House, he found all his small soldiers posted as sentinels on guard; they received him, to his great pleasure, with presented arms and the honors of war. Their exercises were occasionally transferred to Wormwood Scrubs. Here the young prince was walking one morning for the air, with "a pistol in his hand:" he fell down, and hurt his forehead against it. The ladies were very full of pity regarding his hurt; he told them "that a bullet had grazed his forehead, but that, as a soldier, he could not cry when wounded."

The faithful Welsh usher of the young duke privately gave him some practical lessons in fencing, fortification, geometry, and mathematics. The child ran to his mother every day to display his acquisitions in her dressing-room; nothing but reproof accrued to Lewis. Mr. Pratt considered his office invaded, and "my lady governess" Fitzharding was enraged at the very idea of "the mathematics," which she took for some species of conjuration—an absurd fact ruefully related by the

poor Welshman. "One day, the young Duke of Gloucester pulled a paper out of my pocket," says Lewis, "on which were some problems in geometry. He looked it over, and found some triangles. 'Lewis,' said he, 'I can make these.' 'No question of that,' I replied, not much attending to what he said." It must have been this unlucky paper, carried off by the little prince to the toilet of the Princess Anne, that excited the wrath of Lady Fitzharding; for, the same day, having superintended the dinner of the young prince her charge, she sailed out of the room, with Lewis Jenkins carrying her train: while they were thus progressing down stairs, the courtly dame, turning her head over her shoulder, said disdainfully to her train-bearer, "Lewis, I find you pretend to give the duke notions of mathematics and *stuff*." He answered this accusation by saying, meekly, "I only repeated stories from history, to assist the young duke in his plays." Another angry glance askance over her shoulder was darted by the lady-governess on the hapless usher. "Pray," asked she, "where did you get your learning?" However, the lady's wrath was somewhat appeased by her lord, who told her "that Lewis Jenkins was a good youth, had read much, and did not mean any harm." Lord Fitzharding, however, was commissioned by the Princess Anne to hinder Lewis from teaching her son any thing, "because it would injure him when he was learning fortification, geometry, and other sciences according to the regular methods." The princess had no sooner given this prohibition, than she saw her young son putting himself into fencing attitudes. "I thought I had forbidden your people to fence with you," observed her royal highness. "Oh, yes, mamma," replied the child; "but I hope you will give them leave to defend themselves when I attack them." Thus it is evident that the poor little prince, although delicate, was, when relieved from the pressure of actual pain, high-spirited and lively. Unlike his parents, he showed indifference to food. His nurse, Mrs. Wanley, was forced to sit by him at his meals, for he would turn from the food she presented, and pick up crumbs in preference to solid nourishment. His tutor, Pratt, passed through the room, and said reprovingly, "You pick crumbs as if you were a chicken." "Yes, yes," replied the child; "but I'm a chick o' the game, though!" The tutor was an object of the princely boy's aversion, whose dislike to hear him read prayers amounted to antipathy. He used to beg Mrs. Wanley to have the prayers shortened, yet he was quite willing to repeat those his old friend at Twickenham had taught him.

The Princess Anne enjoyed during the summer, at least in the regard of the people, the dignity of first lady of England; but the return of the king, her brother-in-law, in October, 1695, did not increase her tranquillity or happiness. His majesty's arms were more successful than usual; but many symptoms betokened that the royal temper was in a painful state of exasperation. Namur, it is true, had fallen into his possession, gained at an awful cost of blood and treasure; but no warrior was ever more ashamed of defeat than King William was at the flood of congratulatory addresses on this victory, which were poured on him from every town in England. His majesty distributed sarcasms on all sides by way of answers.

Anne was passing the Christmas recess with her husband and little son at Campden House, when surprised by a visit from King William. His majesty made in person the announcement that the princess and her household could take possession of the Palace of St. James's, and that, a Garter being at his disposal, he intended to bestow it on the Duke of Gloucester. Bishop Burnet followed the royal visit, saying that a chapter would be held on the 6th of January for the admission of the young prince. He asked if the thoughts of it did not make him glad? "I am gladder of the king's favor," was the discreet answer of the early wise child. One of the objects of the princess's ambition in her son's behalf was accomplished by this investment, for which the Prince of Denmark took the child in state to Kensington Palace on the appointed day, January 6, 1696-7. William III. buckled on the Garter with his own hands, an office which is commonly performed by one of the knights-companions, at the mandate of the sovereign.

The education of the Duke of Gloucester proceeded in a somewhat desultory manner; but he could read well and write respectably for his age, and even read writing. His intellectual information was obtained from his Welsh attendant, who was not a little astonished when her royal highness in person forbade him to relate to her son any historical narratives whatsoever. Perhaps Anne was alarmed lest her son should hear the names of her unfortunate father and brother.

The Princess Anne, according to the gracious invitation of the king, took possession of St. James's Palace early in the spring of 1696. The spring and summer of that year proved to be the most hopeful and prosperous period of the existence of the Princess Anne, if not the happiest. For the first time she appeared to enjoy, with prospect of permanence, the fruits

of her struggles against her father at the epoch of the Revolution. The palace of her ancestors was now her residence; her rank was recognized, and her cousin-brother-in-law no longer dared deprive her of her subsistence, as he had done in 1688 and 1689.

While enjoying all the homage and pleasures of their fully-attended courts at St. James's Palace, her son remained at Campden House. On Sunday evenings the princess ordered that her son and the boys of his small regiment were to attend Mr. Pratt, for the purpose of being catechised respecting their knowledge of Scripture. The young Duke of Gloucester was, on these occasions, exalted on a chair above the rest of the catechumens, with a desk before him; his boys were ranged on benches below; those of them who answered satisfactorily were rewarded with a new shilling. Lewis Jenkins, who was in waiting one evening, heard Mr. Pratt question the young duke: "How can you, being born a prince, keep yourself from the pomps and vanities of this world?" The princely catechumen answered, "I will keep God's commandments, and do all I can to walk in his ways."

The possession of St. James's Palace did not constitute the only reward that the Princess Anne received for her pacification with William III. The regal fortress of Windsor was appointed her summer abode, and thither she went with her husband and son.

The young Duke of Gloucester had never beheld Windsor before; his mother ordered him to be led to his own suite of apartments, but he complained that *his* presence-chamber was not large enough to exercise his soldiers in. The housekeeper, Mrs. Rande, attended the young duke, to show him the royal apartments in the castle, when he begged St. George's Hall to fight his battles in. The princess sent to Eton, and invited four of the scholars to visit her son: young Lord Churchill, the only son of her favorites, Lord and Lady Marlborough, was one; the other Etonians were two Bathursts and Peter Boscawen. The young duke eagerly proposed that a battle should forthwith be fought in St. George's Hall, and sent for his collection of small pikes, muskets, and swords. The music-gallery and its stairs were to represent a castle, which he meant to besiege and take. Mrs. Atkinson, his nurse, and Lewis Jenkins were expected to take part in the fray; they begged young Boscawen to be the enemy, charging him to take care not to hurt the duke with the warlike implements. Peter Bathurst was not quite so considerate; he gave the Duke of Gloucester a wound in the neck that drew blood.

The child said nothing of the accident in the heat of the onslaught, but when Lewis stopped the battle to inquire whether the duke was hurt, he replied "No," and continued to pursue the enemy up the stairs into their garrison, leaving the floor of St. George's Hall strewn with make-believe dying and dead. When all was over, he asked "ma'm Atkinson" if she had a surgeon at hand. "Oh, yes, sir," said she, as usual, for the dead were revived in the young prince's sham-fights by blowing wind into them with a pair of bellows. "Pray make no jest of it," said the young duke, "for Peter Bathurst has really wounded me in the battle." There was no serious hurt inflicted by young Bathurst, but sufficient to have made a less high-spirited child of seven years old stop the whole sport. The young duke was taken in the afternoon to see the Round Tower.

The Princess Anne usually walked in Windsor Park with her husband and the little prince her son, before the child went to his tutor for lessons. Once the boy alarmed her by rolling down the slope of the dry ditch of one of the castle fortifications, declaring that when he was engaged in sieges he must use himself to such places. His father, Prince George, permitted the performance of this gymnastic next day. It was always the idea of the Prince of Denmark, that by violent and hardening exercises his child's tendency to invalidism (which he considered was nurtured by the over-fondness of the princess, and the petting and spoiling of her ladies) might be overcome.

Hostility was soon after renewed by William III. to Anne, because he guessed that it was at her instigation the House of Commons entered severely into the subject of the vested rights of the Princes of Wales, which the childless Dutch sovereign had granted to his countryman and favorite, Bentinck, Earl of Portland, and his heirs forever. At last his majesty paid a visit, not to Anne, but to her son at Campden House; the young duke received his majesty under arms, and saluted him with military honors. King William, who was fond of children, asked him, "Whether he had any horses yet?" "Yes," replied the little duke; "I have one live horse, and two dead ones." The king laughed at him sarcastically for keeping *dead horses*, and then informed him "that soldiers always buried their dead horses out of their sight." The little duke had designated his wooden horses as dead ones, in contradistinction to the Shetland pony, "no bigger than a mastiff," which occasionally carried him. He insisted on burying his wooden horses out of his sight, directly the royal visit

was concluded. This he did with great ceremony, and even composed some lines of childish doggerel as epitaph.

William III. had presented the princess with the jewels of her sister. Anne, who was always remarkable for her moderation regarding these sparkling baubles, did not choose to adorn her own person with them, but amused herself by devising for her young son a marvelous suit of clothes to appear in at court on her birthday, celebrated February 6, at St. James's Palace. The coat was azure-blue velvet. All the button-holes were encrusted with diamonds, and the buttons were composed of great brilliants. Thus ornamented and equipped, with a flowing white periwig, the prince of seven summers made his bow in his royal mother's circle at St. James's to congratulate her on her birthday, and receive himself the adorations of the sparkling crowd of peers and beauties. In such costume the young duke is depicted by Kneller, at Hampton Court. Notwithstanding the owlish periwig with which his little highness is oppressed, he is really pretty: his complexion is of pearly fairness, his eyes very blue, with a touching expression of reflectiveness. The features of the heir of the Princess Anne were like those of her Stuart ancestors; he as nearly resembled his unfortunate uncle and rival, the exiled Prince of Wales, as if he had been his brother, excepting that he had the blonde Danish complexion.

The ladies of the Princess Anne had scarcely finished admiring her idolized boy, when King William himself arrived to offer his congratulations on her birth-night, and the young Duke of Gloucester was led by his proud mother to claim the attention of his majesty. The king said to him, with sarcastic abruptness, "You are very fine."—"All the finer for you, sir," was the undignified reply of the princess, alluding to the jewel of the George, a present that her son had received from the king, and the donation of Queen Mary's jewels to herself, of the value of 40,000*l.*, with which the child stood loaded before them. The princess then urged the Duke of Gloucester to return thanks to his majesty; but the boy, albeit so fluent on all other occasions, contented himself by making a low bow to the king, nor could his mother prevail on him to speak; probably the young prince had been disconcerted by the tone and expression of the king's above-quoted remark, and instinctively felt that the least said on the subject was best.

The princess passed the autumn at Tunbridge Wells, accompanied by her son. Here the young duke, under the care of his clerical tutor, Pratt, studied fortification. The employment of the Duke of Gloucester's tutor at Tunbridge did not

savor much of matters divine; for, by the leave of the princess, he made "a pentagon," with all the outworks, in a wood, near the Wells, "which answered so well," says Lewis Jenkins, "as to gain Dr. Pratt much credit, by doing, in fact, what did not properly belong to his cloth or his office." At the same time, Lewis Jenkins, in high dudgeon at the aforesaid pentagon made by the bellicose divine, Dr. Pratt, and, "from some such like discouragements," resigned his appointment in the service of the princess. Assuredly, the tuition of the young prince was conducted somewhat by the rules of contradiction. The doctor of divinity, provided by her royal highness to inculcate devotional precepts, was only successful in imparting to him matters connected with military science. An old lady, whose concern with the princess was only to accommodate her and her family with the use of her house, instructed her child in all he practically knew of religion, while his door-keeper gave him notions of "history and mathematics;" to which may be added, that from his mother's chairmen and his father's coachmen he imbibed the vulgar tongue, and they taught him, withal, to box. Such was the undercurrent of affairs, while on the surface other statements have passed down the stream of history.

On the anniversary of their wedding-day, 1697, her royal highness came with her consort Prince George earlier than usual, and found her son very lively and full of spirits, superintending the firing of his little cannon in honor of the day. He had four pieces, which had been made for him in the lifetime of his aunt, Queen Mary; one of these was defective, one had burst, the loss of which he had lamented to King William, who promised him a new one—a promise which he never performed. Of course the king totally forgot the circumstance, but the child did not. At Windsor, however, there was found a beautiful little model cannon, which had been made by Prince Rupert; of this the young Duke of Gloucester took possession, with infinite satisfaction. The princess was saluted by the discharge of these toy cannons when she entered the room; but as her son indulged her with three rounds, her maternal fears were greatly awakened by seeing so much gunpowder at his command, and she privately determined that the case should be altered for the future. "He now," adds the usher, "though he had but completed his seventh year, began to be more wary in what he said, and would not chatter all that came into his head, but utter dry remarks with some archness."

The Princess Anne could not endure patiently the appoint-

ment of Bishop Burnet as her son's preceptor. Her royal highness was heard to complain, "that she considered it was the greatest hardship ever put upon her by the king, who well knew how she disliked Burnet, and that she was sure he was chosen for that very reason." Parliament, after the peace of Ryswick, had allotted 50,000*l.* for the educational establishment of the Duke of Gloucester, and the nation anxiously awaited its commencement. All was, however, left to be arranged at the pleasure of William.

No entreaties of the princess could induce his majesty to allow more than 15,000*l.*, although he had pocketed, ever since the peace of Ryswick, 50,000*l.* for the educational allowance. The princess solicited that a small part of this portion might be advanced, that she might purchase plate and furniture needful for her son's extended establishment, William III. positively refused to advance her a doit; yet the Princess Anne was prepared to submit to all losses, so that her boy was not withdrawn from her personal care. The king, in order to lighten these hardships, appointed the Earl of Marlborough his chief governor.

In the spring of 1698 occurred an event, apparently of little consequence to the Princess Anne, being nothing more than the appointment of a destitute servant-maid, a daughter of Lady Marlborough's aunt, to a humble service in her palace, for Abigail Hill was the near kinswoman of the haughty favorite. When Lady Marlborough was established at the Cockpit, at the time of the marriage of the princess, a lady represented to her that she had near relations who were in the most abject misery. At first the favorite denied that she had ever heard of such persons. She was, however, reminded that her father's sister had married an Anabaptist tradesman, whose bankruptcy had left his family in a starving condition, the parents being at the point of death; that her two young sons were in rags, and her daughters were servant-maids. Lady Marlborough sent ten guineas for the relief of her wretched aunt, who expired directly after the assistance arrived. The appeal had not been made, it seems, till the last extremity, for the husband died soon after it arrived. Abigail Hill was then withdrawn by her fortunate kinswoman from servitude with Lady Rivers, and given bitter bread as her own nursery-maid. Meantime, her brothers, the ragged boys, were caught from the street, clothed and provided for from the rich harvest of the Marlborough patronage. The elder Hill was placed in the customs; the younger, Jack Hill, was advanced to be a page to Prince George of Denmark.

When the household of the young Duke of Gloucester was established, Lady Marlborough put her cousin, Mary Hill, into the place of laundress, with 200*l.* per annum; but for the superintendent of her nursery, Abigail, she reserved the place of bed-chamber-woman to the Princess Anne, and thus was enabled to have a deputy who could perform all her own offices when she chose to absent herself.

Since the advancement of Lord Marlborough to the office of governor to the Duke of Gloucester, his lady had lost the caressing devotion she had hitherto manifested for the Princess Anne. Sometimes the aggrieved princess would let fall a word or two of complaint before the silent substitute of Lady Marlborough, and when she found that no tale was ever carried to Abigail's principal, and above all, that no gossip story was raised in the court, the confidence was extended, and condolences on her favorite's fiery temper were exchanged. Such was the commencement of the intimacy between the Princess Anne and the humble Abigail Hill, and such the domestic politics of the palace of St. James.

The princess removed to Windsor Castle before May, 1700. Her son had been examined regarding his progress in education by four of the regents who governed England in the frequent absences of William III., and his answers on jurisprudence, Gothic law, and fendality had perfectly astonished them. This abstruse pedantry had not agreed with his health; and his anxious mother gladly withdrew him to Windsor for recreation. His eleventh birthday was there kept with more than usual festivity.

The boy reviewed his juvenile regiment, and exulted in the discharge of cannon and crackers. He was very much heated and fatigued, and probably had been induced to intrench on his natural abstemiousness. The next day he complained of sickness, headache, and a sore throat; toward night he became delirious. The family physician of the princess sought to relieve him by bleeding, but this operation did not do him any good. Dr. Radcliffe was sent for by express. When he arrived at Windsor Castle and saw his poor little patient, he declared the malady to be the scarlet fever. He demanded "who had bled him?" The physician in attendance owned the duke had been bled by his order. "Then," said Radcliffe, you have destroyed him; and you may finish him, for I will not prescribe." The event justified the prediction of the most skillful physician of the age. The unfortunate princess attended on her dying child very tenderly, but with a resigned and grave composure which astonished every one. She gave way

to no violent bursts of agony, never wept, but seemed occupied with high and awful thoughts. In truth, she was debating, with an awakened conscience, on the past, and meditating on the retributive justice of God. Lord Marlborough was summoned from Althorpe to the sick-bed of his young charge, but arrived only in time to see him expire. The death of the young duke took place July 30, 1700, five days after his birthday.

The thoughts of Anne were wholly and solely fixed on her father. All she felt as a parent reminded her of her crimes toward him. She rose from the bed where was extended the corpse of her only child, with an expression of awe and resignation on her features which made a solemn impression on the minds of all who saw her, and sat down to write to her father, pouring out in her letter her whole heart in penitence, and declaring her conviction that her bereavement was sent as a visible punishment from heaven for her cruelty to him. It does not appear that Anne had ever felt the slightest touch of real penitence at any previous period. William III. was aware of Anne's letter within a short time of its delivery; and his anger must have caused his strange conduct when the death of his heir-presumptive was officially announced to him. He never took the slightest notice of it; never ordered mourning or funeral. The child lay unburied for months, this perversity greatly aggravating the affliction of the unfortunate mother. In October the king wrote three lines in answer to the announcement of Marlborough, but not one word of commiseration to the unhappy parents. Then ensued paltry squabbles regarding the payments of the young prince's household, which his mother, in her unhealed anguish not being able to bear, took upon herself.

Other troubles pressed sorely on Anne after the death of Gloucester. Her power dwindled very low in consequence of his loss; the insolence of the favorite she had raised so high became unbearable. Once she was alone and perfectly silent in her private sitting-room at St. James's, when Lady Marlborough, coming into the ante-room, took up a pair of gloves lying on the table, and, supposing them her own, put them on. Abigail, who was in attendance there, mentioned that the gloves belonged to her royal highness. "Ah!" exclaimed Lady Marlborough, as she tore them off and threw them on the ground, "have I touched any thing that has been on the hands of that odious woman. Take them away!" The door was ajar where the princess was sitting perfectly still; the favorite's voice was loud in the effervescence of

causeless ill temper. Abigail Hill saw at a glance, when she entered Anne's closet, that the whole had been overheard. She spoke not to the princess, who was likewise silent, and Lady Marlborough, leaving the ante-room without being aware of the vicinity of her outraged mistress, never knew the offense she had given, and she ever after vainly sought the reason of her change of manner. Anne had scarcely laid aside her mourning for her only child, when she had to renew it for the death of her father.

When the news of the death of James II. arrived in London, public curiosity was greatly excited regarding the cognizance which would be taken of it by his nephew and daughter. William heard it at his dinner-table at Loo, in Holland, with flushing cheek and downcast eyes; he pulled his hat over his brows, and sat in moody silence the livelong day. If he were wrestling with a yearning heart, which told him that his earliest friend and nearest relative was gone where treachery could never find him more, he won the victory, as the subsequent attainder of his young cousin, a boy of thirteen years old, fully proved. He went into deep mourning himself for James II., and all his coaches were black.

The career of William III. was brief after this event. His asthma increased: he felt the decay of the feeble body, which his active mind disavowed. Yet his actual demise was occasioned by an accident. He rode into the Home Park of Hampton Court, February 21, 1702; just as he came by the head of the two canals, opposite to the Ranger's park-pales, his pony happened to tread in a mole-hill, and fell. "'Tis a strange thing," he said musingly, "for it happened on smooth level ground." King William thus took his death-hurt within sight of the entrance of Hampton Court Palace. The workmen employed on a canal he was having excavated raised the overthrown monarch, and assisted him to the palace. He affirmed that he was very slightly hurt; but Ronjat, his surgeon, who was there, found he had broken his right collar-bone. When Ronjat had set the fractured collar-bone of the king, he earnestly recommended to him rest. William made light of the accident, declared that he must go to Kensington that night, and go he would and did. The bone was displaced, and had to be reset. For some days he suffered mortally with spasms; perhaps the attainder of his young cousin, James Stuart, a boy of only thirteen, agitated him, as the cramps seized him on the right shoulder while the bill was stamped in his chamber, his hurt preventing him from holding the pen.

The Princess Anne sent, in the course of March 6, to Ken-

sington Palace a dutiful message to the king, entreating permission to see him in his bed-chamber. It was answered by himself, who collected his strength sufficiently to pronounce a short and rude "No!" The Prince of Denmark actually made many attempts to enter the king's chamber, but met with as many downright repulses.

His majesty had desired to see his old friend, Bentinck, Lord Portland, who, it is well known, never came to court after the period of the peace of Ryswick, excepting on a special message. He came on the Saturday evening. The king was likewise anxiously looking for the arrival of his young favorite, Keppel, Earl of Albermarle, being very desirous of saying something in confidence to him. When he arrived, the king gave him the keys of his *escritoire*, and bade him take possession, for his private use, of 20,000 guineas. He directed him to destroy all the letters that would be found in a cabinet which he named. Keppel was extremely eager to give his royal master information of his preparations for the commencement of war; but, for the first time, the departing warrior listened to the anticipations of battle with a cold dull ear. All the comment he made was comprised in these impressive words, the last he uttered distinctly: "*Je tire vers ma fin*,"—"I draw toward my end;" they were his last words.

Just as the clock struck eight William III. drew his last breath. He expired very gently in the arms of his page, Sewel, who sat behind his pillow supporting him. The lords in waiting, the Earls of Scarborough and Lexington, no sooner perceived that the spirit had departed, than they told Ronjat, the surgeon, to unbind from the wrist of the royal corpse a black ribbon which fastened a bracelet of Queen Mary's hair, close on the pulse. It was an outrage to tear from the arm of the breathless warrior his memorial so long cherished and so secretly kept. If William had not through life scorned the language of poetry, his newly separated spirit might have sympathized with the exquisite lines of that true poet, Crashaw—

"Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm

Or question much

The subtile wreath of hair about mine arm:

The mystery, the sign, thou must not touch!"

William III. expired early on Sunday morning, March 8, 1702, in his fifty-second year. He had reigned five years in co-regality with his queen, Mary II., and more than eight years alone.



Coin of Queen Anne. Gold Crown.

CHAPTER II.

ANXIOUS vigils had been held at St. James's Palace since the last rude repulse had been given by the dying king to the visit of his heiress-expectant and her husband, at Kensington; agents in their interest were, however, busy about his death-bed. The Princess Anne and Sarah of Marlborough sat in momentary expectation of the event on Sunday, March 8, receiving frequently hurried notes from Lord Jersey, the king's lord chamberlain, describing how the breath of William III. grew shorter, until the final cessation announced that the princess was queen.

The sun was as bright and glaring as ever shone on a clear March morning: as this was an unusually fine day, it was long remembered by the people as the "Bright Accession Sunday." The queen received in her presence-chamber at St. James's the persons whom she considered entitled to her levee. Among others, her uncle, the Earl of Clarendon, was seen pressing through the throngs in the ante-chamber. He desired of the lord in waiting "admittance to his niece." The message was delivered to her majesty, who sent word to him, "that if he would go and qualify himself to enter her presence, she would be very glad to see him." Her meaning was, "that if he chose to take the oath of allegiance to her, as his legitimate sovereign, she was willing to admit him." In fact, her lord in waiting demanded, "if he were willing to take the oath to Queen Anne?"—"No," replied Clarendon; "I come to talk to my niece. I shall take no other oaths than I have taken." Clarendon's errand was evidently to recall Anne's promises made at the death of her son. Her other uncle, Lord Roches-

ter, was more pliable; he had been one of the state ministers of Queen Mary, and was destined by Anne to have the chief share in her government.

The queen went in solemn state to the House of Lords March 11: she was attended in her coach by the Countess of Marlborough, who was made mistress of the robes. The commons were sent for, and the queen addressed them in that sweet, thrilling voice, for which she was remarkable, earnestly recommending the union between England and Scotland in these words: "As I know my own heart to be entirely English, I can very sincerely assure you there is not any thing you can desire from me which I shall not be ready to do for the prosperity of England." The queen retired to Windsor, while St. James's Palace was completely hung with black. At the same time it was ordered, "that the very deep mourning was to cease after her coronation." Her proclamation took place at Edinburgh, as Anne, Queen of Scotland.

Influenced, as supposed, by her youngest uncle, the queen sought reconciliation with Bishop Ken, who was considered the head of the Anglican Church. She sent to inform him that he could return to his see, and Dr. Kidder, whom her sister had placed in his bishopric, would be translated to the vacant bishopric of Carlisle. Ken declined, on account of his age and infirmities, to resume his old episcopal functions, although he had for many years performed his ministrations privately in cottages or by the way-side. He had found a peaceful asylum at Longleat, with his friend Lord Weymouth, and occasionally with his nephew Dr. Isaac Walton, in Salisbury close. As Ken declined resuming the See of Bath and Wells, Dr. Kidder remained there till the dreadful hurricane of November 3, 1703, when he and his lady were killed by the fall of the stack of chimneys on their bed.

The queen then nominated Dr. Hooper to the bishopric of Bath and Wells; but he recommended her majesty to confer it on Ken. It was again offered Ken, but he again declined it, and pressed his friend Hooper to accept it, which he did. Queen Anne finally induced Ken to accept a pension for his support in his old age.

The coronation took place April 23, o. s. 1702, St. George's Day. Queen Anne, as gouty infirmity of her feet had again afflicted her, was carried in all the processions in a low arm-chair; the train of her robes hanging over the back was borne by her ladies. She was the only infirm person who ever received the English crown. The manifesto of war against France, issued May 4, 1702, was received by Louis XIV. with

a *bon-mot*: "It is a sign that I grow old, when ladies declare war against me." He doubtless recalled Anne to memory as he last saw her, when she was in her infancy, wearing the long veil and black train at the Palais Royal, as mourning for her Aunt Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans.

When the grand occupation of the coronation was over, Lady Marlborough, the new mistress of the robes, began instinctively to feel rather than to perceive a change in the affection of her royal mistress. She forthwith commenced carping, quarreling, and hunting for affronts. The queen, on the other hand, was eager to grant the Marlboroughs all the advantages which their avarice and ambition had anticipated. Marlborough had yet his fortune to make from her bounty. He, who had begun the world with nothing, notwithstanding his almost supernatural efforts at gathering riches, had no property commensurate with his title of earl. Queen Anne was willing to indulge the appetite of the pair for wealth and honors. While this plan was in process, her majesty redoubled her caressing expressions, that her presuming favorites might be gratified in their ambitious and avaricious designs quickly and peacefully, for she did not wish to incur the reproach of sending them empty away.

Marlborough having commenced his victorious career as commander-in-chief of the allies against France, by the capture of some towns in Flanders, the queen created him duke; but, unfortunately, the House of Commons refused the royal request of 5000*l.* per annum pension. Her majesty, in great alarm, gave him 2000*l.* per annum from her privy purse, accompanied with a most humble and caressing letter. Yet after the pecuniary disappointment, which the new duchess rightly attributed to the economy of Rochester, Anne had little peace: in her hours of retirement, or on solemn occasions of state, she was liable to the most violent vituperation from the woman she had raised, to use that person's *own* words, "from the dust," to be her scourge and punishment. The Duchess of Marlborough kept no measures with the queen, in fact, either in writing or speaking of her or to her. While the Tories were in power she constantly abused them as enemies, and reviled the queen as her uncle's accomplice, until, strengthened by the great victories obtained by her husband, in the succeeding year she effected their expulsion, and the queen fell into her hands "a crowned slave," as her majesty afterward pathetically called herself.

The new sovereign, at her accession, was entitled to the first fruits of every benefice or dignity conferred by the crown.

With praiseworthy self-denial, instead of appropriating these gains to the amplification of her personal power of magnificence, Queen Anne formed with it a fund to improve the miserable livings, or rather *starvings*, which too often fall to the lot of some of the most excellent of the clergy. The fund bears the expressive name of "Queen Anne's Bounty." Words would be wasted in dwelling on it with panegyric; it speaks for itself, being still in operation, and having effected immense good. A plan of similar beneficence was first carried into effect, from the savings of his preferments, by the noble and self-denying Archbishop Sancroft. Queen Anne followed his example on the most extended scale of royal munificence; and her generosity has placed her name high on the list of royal foundresses in the Christian Church.

Charles of Austria, who was on his way to take possession of the disputed throne of Spain, arrived at Portsmouth, wishing to pay his respects to Anne, as her realms were then warring in his behalf. He had landed at Portsmouth, and the prince-consort, George of Denmark, undertook a journey, December 27, 1703, to meet him and bring him to Windsor Castle, where Queen Anne had spent Christmas. They made not any stop on the road, excepting the coach was overthrown or stuck in the mud, which happened thrice in nine miles, and then the nimble Sussex boors walked on each side of his royal highness's coach, bearing it up with their hands by main strength. Great contrast is offered in this narrative to the present state of traveling; only, to be sure, people did get up again with their heads on after a roll in the Sussex mud, which is not always the case after a railway collision. The royal travelers arrived after dark at Windsor, on the 29th of December, and were received by torch-light. The Duke of Northumberland, constable of Windsor Castle, the Duke of St. Albans, captain of the guard of pensioners, and the Marquess of Hartington, captain of the yeoman-guard, received Charles of Austria at his alighting. The Earl of Jersey, lord chamberlain, lighted him to the stair-head, where Queen Anne herself came in state to welcome him. Charles made an elaborate compliment in French to her majesty, acknowledging his obligations to her. He then led her to her bed-chamber, for such was the royal etiquette at that time. The next formality was, that Prince George escorted his guest to his sleeping apartment, only to dress, as many other ceremonies were still to be performed. Then Charles led her majesty to the grand state dinner, which was as public as a state dinner at Windsor Castle in the dark days at Christmas could

be. When the supper had arrived, the grand scene of Spanish courtesy took place, and that, indeed, had an air of long-departed chivalry. Charles's studied graces were reserved for the propitiation of the ostensible favorites, the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. To the husband he presented his sword, with the rather touching regrèt, "that he had nothing worthier of his acceptance; for he was poor, and had little more than his sword and his mantle." At the end of the meal, Charles of Austria, with elaborate compliments, prevailed on the duchess to give him the napkin which it was her office to present to the queen, and he held it for her majesty when she washed her hands. At the moment of giving back the napkin to the Duchess of Marlborough, he presented her with a superb diamond ring.

Charles of Austria then gave his hand to Queen Anne, and led her to her bed-chamber, where he made some stay, informing her majesty that it was his intention to depart early the next morning, and therefore he would take his leave that night. Prince George was ill, but meant to escort the claimant of Spain to Portsmouth. This Charles positively refused to permit in his state of health; but the prince insisted on attending him to his coach when he departed the next morning. Charles of Austria was scarcely seen by the English, in his dark December visit to the royal seclusion of Windsor; he was afterward the Emperor Charles VI. of Germany, father to the great Empress, Maria Theresa.

The following is the routine of the palace life of Queen Anne: The bed-chamber-woman came into waiting before her majesty rose, and previous to prayers. If a lady of the bed-chamber were present, the bed-chamber-woman handed her the queen's linen, and the lady put it on her majesty. Every time the queen changed her dress in the course of the day, her habiliments made the same formal progress from hand to hand. The princesses of the blood-royal in France had the privilege, as it was considered, of passing their queen's garments from one to the other till the princess of the highest rank put it on her majesty. Queen Anne was somewhat less tormented with these ceremonials than were the Queens of France. When the queen washed her hands, her page of the back-stairs brought and set upon a side-table a basin and ewer. Then the bed-chamber-woman placed it before the queen, and knelt on the other side of the table over against the queen, the lady of the bed-chamber only looking on. The bed-chamber-woman poured the water out of the ewer on the queen's hands. It was also her duty to pull on the queen's gloves when her majesty

could not do it herself, which was often the case, owing to her infirmity of gout.

The page of the back-stairs was always called to put on the queen's shoes. When Queen Anne dined in public, her page passed the glass to her bed-chamber-woman, and she to the lady in waiting; in due time it reached the lips of royalty. The bed-chamber-woman brought her majesty's chocolate, and gave it to the queen without kneeling. In fact, the chocolate was always taken by Queen Anne in the privacy of her bed-chamber, just previous to lying down to repose. The royal dinner-hour was exactly at three; and both the queen and Prince George manifested no little uneasiness if ministers of state intruded upon that time. Six was the usual hour for the queen's councils. On Sunday evenings the most important councils were held. At the public dinners, when royalty admitted their loving lieges of their commonalty to look on, solemn dignity was observed.

Without entering farther into the stream of general political history, it is necessary to state, in illustration of Anne's personal life, that her uncle, the Earl of Rochester, the Duke of Buckingham, Lord Dartmouth, and the Tory lords withdrew from office in October, 1704. The government was subsequently swayed by the Whig party, of which her imperious favorite, the Duchess of Marlborough, was the controlling spirit, she and her husband changing their avowed politics for that purpose.

Early in her reign, the queen claimed that mysterious pretension to the power of curing persons afflicted with the evil, by the royal touch, which the Roman Catholic hierarchy of the middle ages asserted pertained to the immediate heirs of St. Edward who were anointed sovereigns of England. William the Conqueror and William the Hollander had equally repudiated the claim of healing the sick: they were too much occupied with killing those who were well. One thing is certain, that never was any measure better contrived by cunning statesmen to fix the sovereign in the love of the people. It appears that Queen Anne performed the healing office, as it was termed, on her progresses whensoever she rested at any provincial city. When the queen touched Dr. Johnson for "the evil," it was in one of these western progresses; and her celebrated patient always remembered the softness of his sovereign's white hands, and the sweetness of her voice.

Queen Anne permitted the convocations of the Church of England, silenced by her sister and brother-in-law. These

convocations gradually became a dead letter till restored to their present importance by her majesty Queen Victoria.

The natural generosity of Anne found exercise by distributing relief to persons incarcerated in her prisons. The celebrated Defoe, the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was an object of her charity; he had been condemned to the pillory, to an enormous fine, and apparently life-long imprisonment in the horrible dungeons of Newgate, for writing a pamphlet entitled "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters." Queen Anne heard of his sufferings with concern, and sent him relief, and vainly ordered the Earl of Nottingham to release him; for, notwithstanding her powerful intercession, he continued four months longer in prison. But he shall tell the queen's conduct himself: "When her majesty came to have the truth of the case laid before her, I soon felt the effects of her goodness and compassion. At first her majesty declared she left all to a certain person [the Earl of Nottingham], and did not think he would have used me in such a manner. Her majesty was pleased to inquire into my circumstances and family, and to send by her Lord Treasurer Godolphin a considerable supply to my wife and children, and to send me to the prison, money to pay my fine and the expenses of my discharge."

Without possessing the refined taste for literature and the arts which the worst enemies of the Stuart royal line are forced to allow, Anne inherited the munificent spirit of her race. As soon as she ascended the throne, poetry and science breathed in a different atmosphere from the cold and chilly blight that had fallen on them when the Dutch persecutor of Sir Christopher Wren and Dryden assumed the sceptre of the islands. Who can wonder, then, that the "good Queen Anne" of the middle classes was eulogized by the pen of every writer, "from Pope to Tickel?" Her reign, too, was a series of brilliant continental victories, and she died before the bitter reaction of national poverty, which ever follows English wars, had fully taken place. Her personal generosity to the Church, and her mildness of government, made her adored by a populace which still extended its hands to churchmen, as the kind alleviators of their most bitter miseries; for not only the weekly but the daily offertory was still customary, and is supposed to have remained so until the year 1725. It supplied a fund for charitable purposes to the incumbents of livings too small to allow of efficient private alms-giving on the part of the indigent pastor, who is too often compelled to behold distress without the

power of supplying nourishment to the sick, and clothing to the naked of his flock.

The Augustan age of Anne, and the glories of literature under her sway, are phrases on the pen or lips of every one, and some readers may expect to learn how her majesty's name came to be connected with such praises. No person would have been more puzzled than good Queen Anne herself, if she had been expected to account for the same, as she never read, and was devoid of the slightest literary taste. The names of Sir Isaac Newton, Pope, and Dryden, are sufficient to show a bright light on any age, both for original genius and learning. Then Addison and Steele, the editors and contributors to the "Spectator" and "Tatler," opened an entirely new vein of essayical writing, which is still unrivaled.

The writers for the stage were much overpraised; there are, indeed, a few comedies of Cibber, Vanbrugh, and Congreve, which certainly deserve the doubtful praise of presenting true though atrocious pictures of the manners of the times. The wits reckoned Defoe among the dunces. Posterity has righted him. The "Rape of the Lock," however, stands among the finest of all English poems. Mrs. Centlivre, the wife of Queen Anne's French cook, was the author of "The Wonder," "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," and "The Busy-body:" though far too freely written, they are comedies still occasionally acted.

In the early days of Queen Anne some recluses of gentle birth sighed for retirement "from the world, and wished to make religious celibacy popular among English ladies." Mrs. Mary Astell wrote an essay on solitude in 1696, and proposed a sort of female college, in which "the young might be instructed, and ladies find a happy retirement." Anne, when princess, approved the plan, and expressed her intention, should she ever have the power, to endow it with 10,000*l*. After her accession, Bishop Burnet rang an alarm of "popery" in the ears of her majesty, and declared "that Mary Astell's college would be called a nunnery." The name would have mattered little, for it was not based on any principle that could have rendered it an object of affection to the people; self-devotion to the tuition and moral government of the poor, added to the task of soothing their miseries, and all for the love of the divine Founder of Christianity, is the only principle which can draw public respect to any female communities of the convent or collegiate species. Mary Astell's plan, however refined, aimed not at this high intent.

The Duchess of Marlborough successfully effected her purpose of disuniting Lord Rochester and his royal niece; he refused at last to visit her, and resigned his offices in the government. The mind of the queen was set against her uncle by that worrying pertinacity against one object on all occasions, small and great, which seldom loses its purposes. By awakening the royal jealousy that Lord Rochester regarded young James Stuart with secret affection, it is supposed that the favorite carried her point. Henry, Earl of Clarendon, the queen's elder uncle, was self-banished; and his half-witted son, Lord Cornbury (whose merit in being the proto-deserter from James II. required some gratitude), was sent to the English colonies of North America. Lord Cornbury on state receptions in America wore female attire, the better to represent his royal relative.

Queen Anne was sitting in her closet at Windsor Castle on the north terrace when the news of the victory of Blenheim was brought to her. For several years the banner by which the Duke of Marlborough holds the manor of Woodstock was deposited in this apartment, in memory of her reception of the news, which was hailed with rapture by the nation, as it was the only great foreign battle that had been gained since that of Agincourt; for English energies had been wasted in such interior victories as those of Flodden or Pinkey Fields, or the still more deplorable contests of the wars of the Roses, or the calamitous civil strifes at Edgehill, Naseby, Dunbar, and Worcester. Not one victory had rewarded the national pride in exchange for all the blood and treasure expended by William III. in his continental wars; and the saying went through Europe, "that the island bull-dogs could only tear each other." The victory of Blenheim was therefore celebrated with unequalled splendor. The unfinished cathedral of St. Paul was the place appointed for chanting the *Te Deum*, and the queen went thither in procession to return thanks to Almighty God, with all the pomp of royalty.

The riches vainly requested for the Duke of Marlborough by Anne, and which had been withheld by the House of Commons before the battle of Blenheim, were now profusely showered on him. The House of Commons requested the queen, "that she would please to consider of some proper means to perpetuate the memory of the great services performed by the Duke of Marlborough." At the close of the year the duke returned with his prisoner, the general of the French army, Count Tallard. Queen Anne signified in person to the House of Commons, "that she was inclined to grant the honor and

manor of Woodstock to the Duke of Marlborough and his heirs forever, and that she desired the assistance of the house to effect it." The act passed a few weeks subsequently.

The conscience of Anne, when princess, had been awakened when she stood by the lifeless remains of her only son, the Duke of Gloucester; but her prosperous accession to the throne since then had lulled all compunctious feelings to sleep. In the year 1705, a letter was known to pass through the Hague from St. Germain to Queen Anne: it contained a beautiful miniature of her young brother. It was ascertained that it reached the queen's hands safely, that she gazed on the picture, and, recognizing the strong Stuart resemblance that no one can deny to the expatriated heir, she kissed it, and wept over it piteously. It was verified more touchingly to her by the striking likeness to her lost son, the Duke of Gloucester.

It was the long contests regarding the nomination of Lord Sunderland to the important offices of lord privy-seal, and, soon after, secretary of state, that caused the first open quarrel between the queen and her tyrant, the Duchess of Marlborough. It was injurious to the country that the greatest offices of state should be monopolized by *one* family; commander-in-chief, lord treasurer, secretaries of state—all filled by Marlborough, his sons-in-law, and their connections. Like the queen, the duchess had lost her only son; but her four daughters formed a phalanx of ladies of the bed-chamber round the queen; while the imperious mother, as mistress of the robes and groom of the stole, was supreme over the palace officials, and even royalty itself.

Queen Anne was right in her antipathy to investing Lord Sunderland with power; as his enormous peculations afterward proved but too well. This unprincipled man, however, contrived to fill whatsoever bishoprics fell vacant according to his own pleasure, although he affected not to believe in Christianity. Great numbers of letters, too long and complicated to be more than mentioned in this edition, were written at this time to the queen, under the names she had chosen. Oh! how the iron must have entered into the soul of the unhappy queen-regnant of Great Britain, as she recalled the days when she permitted the lowering *aliases* of Morley and Freeman to be used in her correspondence with her climbing bed-chamber-woman. Those names, under which were carried on the darkest intrigues of her ambitious youth, were now her most venomous scourges.

The unfortunate queen suffered agonies of mind at this juncture. Her tears and agitation actually moved the heart

of one of the family junta—her old servant, Godolphin, who pleaded the cause of their royal mistress in vain to the pitiless duchess. Few persons could have written letters of such uncompromising insolence to any one, after the following picture had been drawn by Godolphin: “You chide me for being touched with the condition in which I saw the queen: you would have been so too, if you had seen the same sight I did. But what troubles me most in all the affair is, that I am sure she thinks herself entirely in the right.”

The first hint which directed the angry jealousy of the duchess against her quiet kinswoman, Abigail Hill, arose from Mrs. Danvers, who, believing herself to be dying, implored her “to protect her daughter, and let her be in her place.” The duchess told her “she could not, for she was then on bad terms with the queen;” which observation led to accusations by the sick woman against Abigail Hill, of secret enmity to her cousin. At this time Abigail was still Mrs. Hill (or, in modern parlance, Miss Hill); and from the narrative may be gathered that the queen and the Duchess of Marlborough were at serious variance before 1707.

Anne signed the Union with Scotland, April 24, 1707, and ratified it, with great state, in presence of the Scottish commissioners, her own ministers, and the members of both Houses of Parliament. In the act of signature, the queen said “this union is the happiness of my reign.” In the bustle of the national festival on this occasion, Queen Anne took the opportunity of secretly attending a marriage which had great influence on her future life. Samuel Masham, who had belonged to the household of the late Duke of Gloucester, was one of the younger sons of an impoverished country gentleman of legitimate descent from George Duke of Clarence. He offered his hand to Abigail Hill, and thus gave her a rank she had not. The queen dowered the bride with a portion of 5000*l.* from the privy-purse. Before retiring to Windsor, Anne dissolved the last English House of Commons, and finally summoned the first united Parliament of Great Britain, to meet on the ensuing October 23.

One of those singular scenes took place at this period which told the divided state of the queen’s heart between the safety of her country and the danger in which the last near relative that remained to her was involved. Sir George Byng, when he sailed to intercept an expected invasion of young James Stuart, then first called in one of the queen’s speeches “the Pretender,” had no instructions as to his person. Some in council had proposed “measures of dispatch”

(that is, the proscription of his life), but the moving appearance of the queen's flowing tears prevented all farther deliberation.

To Kensington Anne now withdrew as often as possible, to nurse her declining husband in quiet and good air. Abigail Masham was likewise his indispensable attendant, helping the queen to support him during his terrible attacks of asthma. They were permitted to remain almost in solitude with the dying prince, when one day the enraged duchess broke upon the invalid seclusion of Kensington with furious representations of the injuries they were committing against her vested rights. It seems some court spy had been commenting to the haughty duchess "on the grand apartments in which her cousin Masham received company whenever her friends visited her at Kensington Palace." After due cogitation, the duchess came to the conclusion "that they must be the same which had been fitted up by King William for his favorite Keppel, adjacent to his royal suite, and that they had been subsequently allotted by Queen Anne to the Duchess of Marlborough, though never used by her; and, scarcely knowing their situation, she flew off to Kensington with the strong determination that they should be appropriated by no other person. Three separate inbreaks did the angry duchess make on the temporary quiet of Kensington. Many stormy interviews occurred with the queen when the insolence of the duchess broke the last hold she had on the affections of Queen Anne. It may be remembered that the first quarrel between Anne and her sister, Queen Mary, began with wranglings about lodgings. As the Marlborough duchess commenced her court-career, so she finished it. In fact, it is impossible justly to accord this person the meed of greatness of mind or character, for the causes of her contentions were despicable for their pettiness. Great characters never contend for trifles, seek for affronts, nor make stormy tumults to gain small results.

The last inbreak of the Duchess of Marlborough on the melancholy repose of Kensington was immediately followed by the removal of the queen from that palace. Her majesty retired to Windsor as early as July, not to the royal establishment of her stately castle, but to the small house or cottage in Windsor Forest, purchased by her in the days when the wrath of her sister, Queen Mary, rendered her an alien from all English palaces. Thither Queen Anne brought her sick consort, and here, unencumbered by the trammels of royalty, she watched over him, and sympathized with his sufferings. The

news of the victory at Oudenarde reached her there. Oudenarde was gained at more than its worth on the Flemish chess-board of war; it cost 2000 men on the victor's side. "Oh, Lord! when will all this dreadful bloodshed cease?" were the words of Queen Anne when she received the news, together with the lists of the killed and wounded. Notwithstanding the grief of heart with which she heard the tidings of these useless slaughters, it was indispensable etiquette for her to return thanks to her general, and public thanksgiving to God for them.

The usual state procession to St. Paul's for thanksgiving was appointed for August 19, 1708. The Duchess of Marlborough, deeming herself the heroine of the day, had, among other affairs connected with her office as mistress of the robes, arranged the queen's jewels in the mode she chose them to be worn; yet when the royal *cortége* was half way up Ludgate Hill, happening to cast her eyes on the queen's dress, she perceived all her majesty's jewels were absent. Her rage broke out instantly, but what she said or did to induce torrents of indignant words from the lips of the taciturn queen, has not been recorded. It is certain they entered St. Paul's quarrelling, the queen retorting taunts so loudly that the intrepid dame experienced some alarm, not at the anger of the queen, but lest the people, who detested the Marlboroughs, should take an undesirable part in the dispute. The queen continued to speak angrily after they had both taken their places in the cathedral, upon which the duchess insolently told her "to hold her tongue!" This insult brought all heart-burnings to open dissension. The Duchess of Marlborough never committed an outrage against her much-enduring mistress without instantly flying to her bitter pen, and stamping the "airy nothingness" of uttered words with the permanency of written documents.

THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH TO QUEEN ANNE.

[August, 1708.]

"I can not help sending your majesty this letter, to show how exactly Lord Marlborough agrees with me in opinion that he has now no interest with you, though, when I said so in the church a *Thursday*, you were pleased say it was untrue. And yet I think he will be surprised to hear, that when I had taken so much pains to put your jewels in a way that I thought you would like, Mrs. Masham could make you refuse to wear them in so unkind a manner, because *that* was a power she had not thought fit to exercise before. I will make no reflections on it, only that I must needs observe that your majesty chose a very wrong day to mortify me, when you were just going to return thanks for a victory obtained by my Lord Marlborough."

In answer to this tirade on petty affronts, the queen replied with more dignity than usual—

QUEEN ANNE TO THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

[Sunday.]

“After the *commands* you gave me on the thanksgiving-day of not answering you, I should not have troubled you with these lines but to return the Duke of Marlborough’s letter safe into your hands; and for the same reason, I do not say any thing to that, or to yours which enclosed it.”

The autumn of 1708 Anne passed with her sick consort at Bath, performing all the tender offices of a nurse to him, with the assistance of Mrs. Masham. Scarcely were they returned to Kensington Palace when his illness showed alarming symptoms, at which moment one of the hateful missives of the Duchess of Marlborough was put into the queen’s hands, commencing—

“Though the last time I had the honor to wait on your majesty, your usage of me was such as was *scarce* possible for me to believe.”

The queen had only read thus far when she found the writer stood before her, having taken advantage of her office as mistress of the robes to thrust herself into her presence. Anne received her distantly. Although the prince-consort was actually dying, the duchess recommenced her offensive behavior. Agony conquered the timidity with which this overbearing spirit had hitherto inspired Anne, who, assuming the mien and tone of sovereign majesty, bade her “withdraw.” For once the queen was obeyed by her. In a few minutes death dealt the blow, and made Queen Anne a widow, after a happy marriage of twenty years’ duration.

The queen sat by the bed of death, weeping and wringing her hands in the unutterable anguish of her first bereavement. She was a monarch; and etiquette, whose chains are almost as inexorable as the sterner tyrant that had just bereaved her of the husband of her youth, required that the mistress of the robes should lead her from the chamber. The Duchess of Marlborough had not departed when the queen bade her withdraw—she had only retired into the background: she saw the prince die. When it was needful for her to act a decided part, she noticed that the prince’s servants were crowding round his body, which prevented her from approaching to perform her official duty.

It was the policy of the Duchess of Marlborough to take utter possession of the queen in her solitary state. Well she knew it would run through the town that she had carried off

the royal widow in her own carriage, without Mrs. Masham being apparently thought of by her majesty. For this great end, the duchess had swallowed her present rage at the queen's rebuke just before the prince expired, and clung to all the privileges of her places with patience and pertinacity; yet she did not succeed quite so thoroughly as her bold and clever diplomacy aimed at, though the queen actually went with her from Kensington to St. James's, where she passed the first months of a most sorrowful and secluded widowhood.

Prince George was born at Copenhagen, February 29, 1653; consequently, his birthday could only be kept every leap-year. He was at his death only fifty-five years of age, dying October 28, 1708.



Prince George of Denmark. From a portrait by Kneller.

CHAPTER III.

THE queen was not permitted to rest in peace during the twelve months she had devoted to bewail in retirement her beloved consort. The news of the dearly-bought victory of Malplaquet, won by the Duke of Marlborough, compelled her again to enter public life; and she was forced to make another procession of thanksgiving to St. Paul's Cathedral, her eyes red with weeping, and her heart appalled at the carnage of twenty thousand of her subjects, who lay stiff and stark in the trenches of that fatal Flemish town.

On Marlborough's return from the campaign, he coolly demanded of the queen "her patent to make him captain-general for life, intimating that the war would last not only the duration of their lives, but probably forever." Peace had, for the first time, been discussed that summer; the queen had thus been encouraged to hope for an end of the murderous war—and here was the victor proposing war forever, and himself to conduct it! The queen replied, cautiously, "that she would consider his request;" and thus propounded the case to Lord Chancellor Cowper: "In what words would you draw a commission to render the Duke of Marlborough captain-general of my armies for his life?" Lord Cowper started with astonishment; he believed that the queen, in perfect ignorance, was about to yield the constitution of England to a military dictator. He expressed himself warmly against drawing any such commission. The queen, with no little tact, bade him "talk to the Duke of Marlborough about it." Lord Cowper accordingly went to the great man, and after relating the proposal of the queen, told him, honestly, "he would never put the great seal of England to any such commission." Then Marlborough found he had gone too far even for his own colleagues.

The queen had been forced by her Whig ministers to follow the example of William and Mary, of silencing the convocation. The grievances connected with this measure raised the popular ferment which brought into notice Dr. Sacheverel. He sprang from an old Norman family, from which he had inherited courage and grandeur of person. His name, like most of those of old country families, was found among round-heads and cavaliers. He has been reproached for the mis-

deeds of both, but his father was a staunch loyalist. One case is clear; Sacheverel was no author, but he possessed the mightier gift of eloquence, and he did with his hearers whatsoever he pleased. He chose, or it fell in the course of his duty, to preach a sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 5th of November, 1709. It was considered the bounden duty of the preacher at St. Paul's to celebrate the two deliverances from popery—one from "gunpowder treason and plot," the other the landing of William of Orange, which had occurred on that anniversary, 1688. Likewise, a progressive glance was expected to be thrown on "Queen Bess's Day," as the 17th of November, Queen Elizabeth's Accession Day, was called. Sacheverel celebrated all these events so as to make the very walls of the new cathedral ring. When he mentioned "Queen Bess's Day," he told all the evil he knew of Elizabeth, and none of the good, which was not fair. He said little of the first deliverance from popery, but much regarding the last; and, without knowing a tithe of their treachery and corruption, he told some alarming truths of the leaders of the Revolution: Lord Godolphin he especially castigated under the name of Volpone. His sermon lasted three hours, yet no one among his crowded audience was tired, and, what was more singular, this oration of the polemic-politicians class, although it unsaid and contradicted what all other polemic-politicians had said, was received by the people with intense satisfaction. Lord Godolphin, against whom it was particularly aimed, flew to the queen, and, in an agony of rage and passion, claimed the character of Volpone as his own. Dr. Sacheverel was imprisoned, and impeachment before Parliament threatened. The consequences, in case of his condemnation, were those to which death seems a trifle—the lash, the pillory, loss of ears, and imprisonment for life. Directly the queen consented to the incarceration of the champion of High Church, London rose *en masse* against the Godolphin administration. Vast mobs paraded the streets—intimations having been given them that the heart of the queen yearned toward the Church of England, as she had received it in her youth. The streets and courts round St. James's rang with the cries of "God save the Queen and Dr. Sacheverel!" "Queen and High Church!"

Cries of "God bless your majesty and the Church!" echoed from the vast crowds of the English populace who surrounded the sedan of Queen Anne, as she was carried to Westminster Hall to witness the impeachment of Dr. Sacheverel. Those among the people who pressed nearest to the chair of

the royal Anne, added to their loyal shout the confiding exhortation of "We hope your majesty is for God and Dr. Sacheverel!" A court had been prepared in Westminster Hall for the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, with seats for the peers in their due precedence. A box was erected near the throne for the queen, who chose to witness the trial *incognita*. Benches were placed for the members of the House of Commons who conducted the impeachment. Opposite the whole scene were galleries for ladies. Westminster Hall was full to overflowing, February 27, 1709-10. Sacheverel defended himself with spirit, fire, and a flow of magnificent eloquence. Although his orations undeniably proceeded from his lips, the composition was, nevertheless, attributed to Simon Harcourt, his legal counselor, or to any person but himself. Yet Harcourt did not at any subsequent time produce speeches in the same style. While these scenes were proceeding on the public arena of Westminster Hall, another species of performance was in progress behind the curtained recess that contained the royal auditors. The jealousies that were fermenting in the little world of courtly intrigue are described by the pen of the Duchess of Marlborough; most amusing they are, but too diffuse for an abridged life. The queen, as before observed, went *incognita* to the trial of Sacheverel. Her desire was to pass unknown, but her people recognized her. "Her majesty," says the Duchess of Marlborough, "entered the curtained box which had been prepared for her: she was accompanied by all her ladies who were on duty. Those in waiting the first day were, her relative, Lady Hyde, the Duchess of Somerset, and Lady Burlington, with the duchess as mistress of the robes. The etiquette of court was for these ladies to stand, unless the queen gave them invitation to be seated." The Duchess of Marlborough was in perplexity to account for the circumstance why her majesty, with her usual urbanity, did not ask her ladies to sit. The queen had scarcely spoken to her since her last violent outbreak respecting an allowance which the queen had given to a sick laundress; and just then had ceased a furious paper-war, regarding the resignation of the places held by the duchess in favor of her daughters, by the queen firmly denying at the same time any promise to make such places hereditary in the Marlborough family, while the duchess insisted that such a promise had been given her. "Tired with standing at last," she says, "I went up to the queen, and stooping down to her, as she was sitting, to whisper to her, said, 'I believed her majesty had forgotten

to order us to sit, as was customary in such cases.' The queen looked as if she had indeed forgot, and was sorry for it; she answered in a very kind, easy manner, 'By all means; pray sit.' Before I could get a step from her chair, the queen called to Mr. Mordaunt, her page of honor, 'to give stools, and desire her ladies to sit down.'" Lady Hyde, however, walked away, and stood behind her royal cousin's chair the whole day. The Duchess of Somerset likewise refused the offered taboret, therefore the mighty duchess, though angry, was nearly alone.

The proceedings of the people, on that second afternoon of the Sacheverel trial, had alarmed even those who were the most desirous of frightening his persecutors. Many meeting-houses were fired. But when the populace began to bend its fury against the Bank of England, the Earl of Sunderland rushed into the queen's presence with such an account of the proceedings of her loving lieges in behalf of "her majesty's High Church and Dr. Sacheverel," that the royal widow was seen to turn deadly pale, and was seized with a fit of visible tremor. It was but for a short period that Anne suffered from fear: she recovered her courage, and bade her hated secretary of state "send her foot and horse guards forthwith, and disperse the rioters." Accordingly, Captain Horsey, who was then on duty at St. James's, was summoned into the presence of majesty, when her secretary, Lord Sunderland, repeated the queen's order to Captain Horsey, with the injunction that he was to use discretion, and not to proceed to extremities. The captain would evidently have preferred her majesty's commands to disperse Lord Sunderland himself, her grace his mother-in-law, and the rest of the family junta, who kept the queen in check. "Am I to preach to the mob?" asked Captain Horsey, "or am I to fight them? If you want preaching, please to send with me some one who is a better hand at holding forth than I am; if you want fighting, it is my trade, and I will do my best." All the alarms and conflagrations of the tumultuous night of February 28, which scared sleep from the royal pillow, did not prevent Queen Anne from visiting Westminster Hall; she went privately, and therefore without guards. A severer trial of her courage occurred; for the Duchess of Marlborough came to discuss offenses, given or taken. "I waited on the queen the next morning," writes the duchess, "half an hour before she went to the trial, and told her 'that I had observed the day before that the Duchess of Somerset had refused to sit at the trial, which I did

not know the meaning of, since her majesty was pleased to order it, and I wish to know if we really were to sit.' The queen answered, with more peevishness than was natural to her, 'If I had not liked you to sit, why should I have ordered it?' "

By the exertions of Captain Horsey and the queen's guards, the populace were restrained from molesting the persons deemed most inimical to the Church of England; nevertheless, the people continued to escort the queen and the prisoner home to their several abiding-places with formidable threats against the foes of the Church. Vast masses remained blocked and wedged in St. James's square and the environs of the palace all that night, and every night in the first fortnight of March. Cries of entreaty on the queen, "not to desert the Church and Sacheverel," were distinctly heard by her majesty and the household. It was dangerous for any person, of whatever party they might be, to pass without wearing the oak-leaf, which was just then the popular badge, being considered the symbol of "monarchy restored"—artificial, of course, as oak-leaves are not to be found in February. At the end of a contest, lasting for three weeks, Sacheverel received the sentence of "suspension from preaching for three years." As so much worse had been expected, it was greeted by the people as a triumphant acquittal. These popular indications encouraged Queen Anne to expel the junta that had for years enslaved her. Her subjects of the lower classes had risen, showed their rugged strength, growled defiance on the ministry, protected the



Medal struck in honor of Sacheverel's trial.

Church in the person of Dr. Sacheverel, and then lay down again, perfectly satisfied that the queen was on the side of that beloved church; and the people showed unmistakable inclination to rise again to the rescue, if farther danger threatened either.

The attachment which the English people manifested to the Established Church at this period, and for the preceding fifty years, has been treated by historians with utter superciliousness, which gives not the slightest information to the very natural question of wherefore the populace rose to protect, when the usual movement of that class is to destroy? It is with simplicity of conviction, from every bearing of evidence, we assert, that the causes of the insurrectionary movement of the English populace for the protection of the Church and Dr. Sacheverel, proceeded from gratitude for the manner in which the poor were relieved and governed by the Church of England; and likewise from impulses of fear, lest the mighty charity of the daily offertory should be extinguished with the vital functions of their church—apprehensions which were realized in a few years.

CHAPTER IV.

ALL removals, small and great, had been effected by the queen and her advisers before they ventured any attempt to displace from her great court-offices the terrible woman who, either by love or fear, had ruled her for so many years. The Duchess of Marlborough herself exultingly attributes this circumstance to her having kept the queen in check, by the threats she held over her of printing her majesty's letters of fondness and confidence. The queen, she made out, suffered the greatest pain of mind whenever this subject was reiterated, and at last sent the Duke of Shrewsbury to negotiate the surrender of her letters. All the satisfaction obtained was, "that while the duchess kept her places, the letters should remain unprinted." At last, the queen and her new household agreed to wait patiently until the lord and master of the virago returned from his Flemish campaign; for, ill as she treated him, and vivaciously as she reviled him in their hours of domestic felicity, Marlborough was the only person who could manage his spouse. He arrived in London from his annual campaign, December 28, and taking a hackney-

coach, drove directly to St. James's, and obtained a private interview of half an hour with her majesty. He lamented his late junction with the Whigs, and declared, almost in the language of Wolsey, "that he was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes;" assuring the queen, moreover, "that he was neither covetous nor ambitious." Her majesty, when describing the interview to her new ministers and confidants, said, "If she could have conveniently turned about, she must have laughed outright; and as it was, could hardly forbear doing so in his face."

When the Duke of Marlborough had uttered all that his sagacity had suggested as most likely to mollify his royal mistress, the queen requested him to tell his wife that "She wished to receive back her gold keys as groom of the stole and mistress of the robes." The demand drew from the duke another remonstrance on the causes of such requisition. The queen made no other reply but that, "It was for her honor that the keys should be returned forthwith." The duke earnestly entreated that the queen would delay the displacing of his wife until after the peace, which must take place next summer, and then they would both retire together. The queen would not delay the surrender of the keys for one week. The Duke of Marlborough threw himself on his knees, and begged for a respite of ten days, in order to prepare the mind of his wife for a blow she would feel severely. The queen, with the utmost difficulty, consented to wait for three days; "but before two were passed," says the duchess, "the queen sent to insist that her keys should be restored to her." The Duke of Marlborough instantly went to St. James's, having some urgent business respecting his command to transact with the queen. When he entered upon his errand, her majesty positively refused to proceed to the discussion of affairs until she received back her gold keys from the duchess. Thus urged, the duke retired from the royal presence with the desperate intention of obtaining them. He went to his spouse, and told her she must surrender the queen's insignia: the duchess vehemently refused. The duke laid his commands on her to return the gold keys, which she did by throwing them at his head. Marlborough, glad to obtain them on any terms, caught the keys, and immediately carried them to the queen, who received them of him, to use the words of a contemporary, "with far greater pleasure than if he had brought her the spoils of an enemy."—"The duchess," continues the same authority, "flew about the town in a rage, and, with eyes and words full of vengeance, proclaimed how

ill she had been treated by the queen." But, from her own accounts, she has made it evident that she received from the privy-purse, in actual gifts, more than 40,000*l*. From places and from other emoluments, the united incomes of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have been computed at 94,000*l*. per annum.

During the arduous period of the settlement of the queen's new ministry, the country was thrown into the utmost agitation by an occurrence which was supposed to have threatened the lives of two of the most popular persons in it, her majesty and her statesman Harley. That any one ever thought of injuring or killing the harmless royal matron is scarcely credible; yet her loving subjects thought that she had been in imminent danger from the knife of Colonel Guiscard, who had been a Roman Catholic abbot, but, flying from France, commanded one of William III.'s refugee regiments. On some affront he stabbed Harley at this juncture.

The sycophancy of the court in paying homage to Abigail Masham by way of propitiating the queen, greatly disgusted her majesty, who confided her feelings on the subject to Lord Dartmouth. That nobleman had been deputed by the Tory ministry to request the queen to make Abigail's husband, Mr. Masham, a peer, as it was requisite for twelve to be created. The proposition was very distasteful to Queen Anne, who thus replied to Lord Dartmouth: "I never had the least intention to make a great lady of Abigail Masham; for by so doing I should lose a useful servant about my person, for it would give offense for a peeress to sleep on the floor, and do all sorts of inferior offices." But as Abigail was related to Harley as well as to Lady Marlborough, that rising statesman wished to lose the memory of her former servitude to Lady Rivers under the blaze of a peeress's coronet; the measure was therefore persisted in, notwithstanding the queen's sensible objections. At last, her majesty consented to the exaltation of the humble Abigail, on condition that she remained her dresser. Samuel Masham was gazetted as a peer of Great Britain, December 28, 1711. Their kinsman, Mr. Secretary Harley, was created Earl of Oxford; he was also lord treasurer. Soon differences arose between him and Lady Masham, who was a devoted Jacobite. Perhaps her kinsman would have been so if he had not been convinced of the impracticability of young James Stuart as to his religion, and what was worse to a financier, his positive refusal to legalize, if restored, the enormous national debt contracted by the Revolution.

Peace was the great object of Anne's change of ministry.

The envoys, Dubois and Mesnager, of Louis XIV., had been received privately at Windsor Castle, at the close of 1711, in order to discuss the difficult point of the indispensable cruelty to the queen's brother, implied in his removal from France. Anne's young sister Louisa, born there after James II.'s exile, died of the small-pox before the preliminaries were finally settled. Queen Anne expressed more grief, and so did the English people, than would be supposed at this day, for it was generally considered that if this young princess had married a Lutheran prince, her religion would not have been so distasteful to the British nation as Roman Catholicism in a king, and that she might have been her sister's successor. Yet as she was as firm in her belief as her brother, it was happy that the beautiful young Louisa Stuart was taken from the evil to come. James Stuart was finally compelled to retire from Paris to Avignon.

When the treaty of peace seemed to progress favorably before the congress at Utrecht, Prince Eugene was sent by the new emperor, Charles VI., requiring Anne to continue the war at her own expense. This renowned imperial general had been Marlborough's coadjutor in most of the late victories. He was Marlborough's friend, and came at this time as his partisan. Fully aware of that point, the queen made every possible excuse to delay his visit, but in vain, for Prince Eugene was safely landed at Greenwich, January 6, 1712, and, despite of all impediments, attended the royal levee held the same day. He was soon made sensible that her Britannic majesty had taken offense at his venturing into her august presence unsuitably attired, for Hoffman, his imperial master's resident minister, had solemnly warned him "that Queen Anne could not abide any one that was presented to her without a full-bottomed periwig." Eugene, who was already in the royal ante-chamber, exclaimed "I know not what to do. I never had a long periwig in my life; and I have sent to all my valets to know whether any of them have one, that I might borrow it, but not one has such a thing." He spoke with that impatience and contempt which, when reported to Queen Anne, increased her indignation. The poor queen was unwilling to receive this unwelcome guest, who came to destroy the pacification she sighed for. The beauty of Prince Eugene was not sufficient to authorize the queen's solicitude respecting his adornments; for Swift gives this description of her warlike visitor: "I saw Prince Eugene at court to-day; he is plagny yellow, and excessively ugly besides." When the queen held her birthday drawing-room, February 6, 1712, Prince Eugene

presented himself respectfully enveloped in a full-bottomed wig of proper court proportions. Her majesty had designed to give him a diamond-hilted sword, worth 4000*l.*, but did not present it with all the world looking on, as was expected. Although it was a national tribute, it was privately bestowed in the presence of her lord chamberlain.

Party spirit broke out at this period, *peace* mobs and war mobs paraded the streets; and the disappointed politicians just dismissed from office organized bands of night-disturbers called Mohawks, who traversed the dreary streets, and ill-treated and even slaughtered any unprotected persons they met. Thomas Burnet, the bishop's profligate son, was notorious as one of the Mohawks' gang.

The queen had been kept for the last two years in a state of anguish which certainly shortened her life, by the constant threats of her once-loved favorite to publish the letters that had passed between them. The people were enraged, and threatened the duchess that if she published any thing against their queen, they would tear her to pieces. On some intimation of the kind she departed to Holland. Harley, Earl of Oxford, who had himself corresponded with the exiled royal family, and from whom the widowed queen of James II. had some hope for her son, sent him, at his request, the treasonable letters Marlborough had written in the time of his disgrace with William and Mary. Oxford showed Marlborough his own letters, who, perceiving his life was at stake, promised to follow his duchess abroad without delay, and kept his word.

The queen's long-cherished but oft-deferred hopes of peace were realized with the opening of the year 1713. The tears that had often streamed from her eyes over the appalling lists of slain and wounded in the mere glory-battles of Blenheim and Ramilies, were at last to fall no more. For years Anne had been the only person connected with the government of her country who was steadily desirous of peace; she was not, however, destined long to reign over England when her great object was attained. The fierce contests attending the expulsion of the junta that had identified war with their interests, shook her sands of life rudely. This was more apparent when the slaughter of her kinsman the Duke of Hamilton, in a duel fought in the park, had taken from her the only personal friend on whose courage and skill in political and military affairs she could confide. All but those who saw her daily knew well that the time of Anne Stuart could not be long.

The death of the Electress Sophia, at her Palace of Heren-

hausen, was announced to Queen Anne, July 25. A general mourning was, as a matter of course, ordered for her majesty's illustrious kinswoman, Anne herself complying with the injunction that had been issued in her name for all people to put on suitable mourning. The substitution of the elector's name in the Common Prayer-Book, in the place of that of his mother, as heir-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, caused the queen great agitation.

Anne had visited Windsor in the beginning of July, but having been taken ill there, returned to Kensington, in hopes of putting an end to the perpetual quarrels between Harley, lord treasurer, and Bolingbroke, the secretary of state, by dismissing the former. Two councils having been interrupted by her violent illness, the decisive one was delayed until the evening of the 29th of July. When the hour appointed for the royal victim to meet the lords of her council drew near, Mrs. Danvers, the oldest lady of her household, entering the presence-chamber at Kensington Palace, saw, to her surprise, her majesty standing before the clock, and gazing intently upon it. Mrs. Danvers was alarmed and perplexed by the sight, as her majesty was seldom able to move without assistance. She approached, and ascertained that it was indeed Queen Anne who stood there. Venturing to interrupt the ominous silence that prevailed through the vast room, only broken by the heavy ticking of the clock, she asked "whether her majesty saw any thing unusual there, in the clock?" The queen answered not, yet turned her eyes on the questioner with so woful and ghastly a regard, that, as this person afterward affirmed, "she saw death in the look." Assistance was summoned by the cries of the terrified attendant, and the queen was conveyed to her bed. It appears that her dread of a third stormy council had caused her illness, a burning fever. Her brain was affected, and she murmured all night, at intervals, words relative to "the Pretender," without cessation. There can be no doubt that this peculiar bias of the queen's mind occasioned her illness to be concealed for several hours in the recesses of the royal apartments of her palace at Kensington.

Dr. Arbuthnot and Lady Masham dared not make her majesty's state so public as to induce a general consultation of the royal physicians, lest one of them, Dr. Mead (a politician in the Whig interest), should hear the poor queen uttering the thoughts that weighed on her breast. Yet there was a medical consultation held, in the middle of that important night, by Dr. Arbuthnot and such physicians as were in ordi-

nary attendance. It was agreed that her majesty ought to be cupped, which was accordingly done, in the presence of Lady Masham and Dr. Arbuthnot, about two in the morning of July 30. Eight ounces of blood, very thick, were taken from her; she was relieved from her worst symptoms: it is said she rose at her accustomed hour of seven in the morning, and was attired and combed by her women; but such an alarming relapse occurred at half past eight, that Dr. Arbuthnot was forced to make her malady public, for he could not have recourse to the lancet without more authority, and he considered the royal patient was suffering under an attack of apoplexy.

When Mr. Dickens, the queen's apothecary, had taken ten ounces of blood from her majesty's arm, a sound was heard of some one falling heavily. The queen was sufficiently recovered to ask, "What the noise was?" Her attendants answered, "It was Lady Masham, who had swooned from grief and exhaustion." It was judged proper to carry Lady Masham for recovery from the royal apartments, and the bustle of removing her, together with the incident itself, was supposed greatly to alarm and hurry the queen. Her majesty experienced a third terrible seizure of pain and weight in the head just before ten o'clock the same morning, and every one around her believed that her death would be immediate. The news spread like wild-fire over London, and the influential Whig magnates, the Dukes of Somerset and Argyle, forced their way into the assembling privy council, and insisted on taking their places therein. From that moment they swayed every thing, for the displaced premier, the Earl of Oxford, had sent a private circular to every Whig lord in or near London who had ever belonged to the privy council, warning them to come and make a struggle for the Protestant succession.

Lord Bolingbroke came to her majesty, and told her the privy council were of opinion it would be for the public service if the Duke of Shrewsbury were made lord treasurer. The queen immediately consented. But the duke refused to accept the staff, unless the queen herself placed it in his hand. He approached her bed and asked her "If she knew to whom she gave the white wand?"—"Yes," the queen replied; "to the Duke of Shrewsbury," adding, "For God's sake, use it for the good of my people"—a speech perfectly consistent with Anne's conduct as queen-regnant, because, whatsoever wrong she practiced before her accession, she was a most beneficent and loving sovereign to her people, who have reason to bless her name to this hour. Having thus performed her duty as queen, all the duties she had outraged in her early career to obtain

the crown overwhelmed her conscience, and rendered her death-bed comfortless. When her mind wandered, she began to utter in a piteous tone, "Oh, my brother! oh, my poor brother!" The Bishop of London stood by her bedside, contemplating this awful termination of the successful fruition of ambition.

Little did Anne anticipate, in 1688, when eagerly employed in casting the well-known stigma on the birth of her brother, that her death-bed lamentations would be for him, and that her last agonizing cry would be his name! She continued to repeat this sad exclamation until speech, sight, and pulse left her. The privy council then assembled in the royal bed-chamber, demanding of the physicians to declare their opinions, who agreed that the queen's state was hopeless. All the members of the privy council withdrew, except the Bishop of London, who remained near the insensible queen; but she never again manifested sufficient consciousness to speak or pray, although she, from time to time, showed signs of actual existence. As the privy council separated, the Duke of Buckingham came to the Duke of Ormonde, clapped his hand on his shoulder, and said, "My lord, you have four-and-twenty hours to do our business in, and make yourself master of the kingdom." The military force was in the hands of Ormonde. Buckingham knew that a direct appeal to arms would be as useless as it was criminal; yet if any popular indication had coincided with his wishes, he had little doubt regarding which side Ormonde would have taken, but there was no such movement. The great seal was put to an important patent by four o'clock the same day. It was to provide for the government of the country by four-and-twenty regents, constituting government until the arrival of the Protestant successor.

Queen Anne drew her last breath between seven and eight o'clock, August 1, 1714, in the fiftieth year of her age, and the thirteenth of her reign. Like her predecessor, she died on a Sunday morning. When the queen was released, the lords-regent commanded Addison, whom they had appointed their secretary, to announce the important event to the prince whom the choice of the nation had appointed her successor. The celebrated author was completely overwhelmed with the importance of his task, and while he was culling words and phrases commensurate in dignity to the occasion, hours fled away—hours of immense importance to the Protestant cause in England. At last, the regency was forced to call to its assistance Mr. Southwell, a clerk belonging to the House of Lords, who announced

to the Elector of Hanover "that the British sovereign was dead, and that the throne was vacant," using the dry, technical phrases best fitted for tidings received, if not without positive exultation, certainly without affectation of sorrow. The proclamation of George of Hanover as King George I. took place the same Sunday morning. In the morning prayers at St. Dunstan's, King George was prayed for. Three days afterward was the triumphant entry of the Duke of Marlborough, who returned from a sort of voluntary exile, passing through the city of London in great state, attended by hundreds of gentlemen on horseback, and some of the nobility in their coaches, followed by the city trained bands. This array was made to intimidate those who were inimical to the Protestant succession.

As far as the personal affections of all sorts and conditions of the people were concerned, Anne was the most popular female sovereign who had, up to that time, ascended the British throne. "Our good Queen Anne" is an expression not yet obsolete. Few readers, however, have given her credit for the great good she actually did when on the throne; still fewer have considered the difficulty she had in performing it while struggling with the inertness of cruel disease, her own want of historical and statistical information, and, worse than all, the rapacity of favorites and factions, the nurturers of wars and revolutions for lucre of their own selfish gains.

In her domestic conduct there is much to commend in this princess. Anne was a fond mother and a tender wife, perfect in all her conjugal duties, and sacrificing even her personal ease to nurse and attend on her husband and son, when either was suffering from ill health. She was likewise a gentle and indulgent mistress to her dependents in her household, even to those whom she did not view with any particular favor. It is true that no evidence exists of her kindness or benevolence, in the early period of her life, or the least trait of feminine tenderness or sympathy, toward any living creature not included in the narrow circle of her home, neither is a single instance of charity quoted. But as such virtues appeared indisputably, directly she emerged from under the overpowering dominion of the Marlboroughs, no doubt can exist that the imperious favorite kept the good qualities of her mistress as much in the shade, as she brought out her evil ones in strong relief.

In truth, Queen Anne is an instance of how much real good may be done by the earnestness of a princess of moderate

abilities and no pretense, but resolutely bent on actions beneficial to her fellow-creatures. Those who bow in idol-worship before the splendor of human talent would find it difficult to cite two measures performed by any sovereign of acknowledged power of mind and brightness of genius comparable with those brought to bear by Queen Anne, and which were her own personal acts: the one is the fund she provided for the relief of the impoverished clergy of the Church of England, still emphatically called "Queen Anne's Bounty," the other the union of England and Scotland.

Anne was interred by torch-light, August 24, in the Stuart vault, near Henry VII.'s chapel crypt, Westminster Abbey. With some difficulty room had been made for her coffin by her husband's side; for this the queen had anxiously provided while she was yet living. Yet for the erection of a monument neither money nor care were expended by her. The foundress of the great "Bounty" to the Church sleeps as undistinguished in death as the poorest of her subjects.

The coronation medal of Anne bears the impression of her profile representing her as very fat and swollen, her throat exceedingly short and thick; on the reverse of the medal is a heart crowned amid oaken foliage, surrounded by a legend of the words, ENTIRELY ENGLISH, from her speech on the opening her first parliament. An altar in front bears an inscription in Latin which means "Descended from a race of kings." Another medal bears the queen's head, depicting her still fatter and thicker; it was struck on the appointment of her husband, Prince George, as high admiral; his likeness occupies the other side; the lower part of his face is enormously thick; yet his profile would have been handsome, but for a very odd expression of face, as if he were turning up his mouth at his own nose.

There were several different designs in the medals given, or thrown, at the queen's coronation, but the principal was the "Entirely English" heart. In the queen's great seal, she is, like her ancestors, represented on horseback, crowned with the arched crown, from which flies a most elaborate ribbon or scarf; her hair flows in curls on her neck, which is uncovered, all but a throat pearl necklace; the royal mantle, lined with ermine, flows over her shoulders. She holds the sceptre in her hand and the globe in her lap. She sits full in front, as if on the step side-saddle. The other side presents her in the same dress, but enthroned. After the union with Scotland, this seal was superseded by another, in which the equestrian reverse was replaced by a figure of Britannia

seated on the ledge of a rock which towers above the head ; her shield bears the arms of England and Scotland parted per pale ; before Britannia are a rose and thistle growing on one stem, with the state crown of Britain suspended over them. Among the emblems around the enthroned queen on the front of the medal, is the unicorn supporter of Scotland, holding the national flag, on which the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George are intersected.

The new king was expected to take possession of the throne directly the vault of the royal Stuart sovereigns of Great Britain was forever closed up ; but, in perfect consistency with the moderation and honorable abstinence from intrigue to gain this vast accession of dominion, for which every one must allow George I. due credit, his majesty did not hasten his journey to England, which remained six weeks without the presence of any sovereign ; thus giving the people ample time by their acquiescence to confirm his succession. Lord Berkeley commanded the fleet which was dispatched to Orange Polder, in Holland, to await the embarkation of George I. according to his pleasure. The king did not arrive at Greenwich until the 16th of September. He assumed the regal functions without any opposition.



Sophia of Zell, wife of George I. From the Strawberry Hill drawing.

SOPHIA DOROTHEA OF ZELL,
CONSORT OF GEORGE I., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND.

THE ancestors of the Princess of Zell, who became the wife of the Crown Prince of Hanover, were fugitives from France at the ignominious epoch of the revocation of the edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. Among the many noble Protestant families who then sought safety by flight to a foreign land, was that of Alexander d'Esmiers, Marquis d'Oltruse, a native and inhabitant of Poitiers. The chief consolation of this person's exile, and the most valuable wealth he possessed, was his only daughter Eleanora, who accompanied him. He took refuge in

Brussels. His daughter was received into the suite of the fascinating Duchess of Tarento; but she excelled all her associates, her rivals, and even her mistress in the potency of her charms. Eleanora subsequently married the Duke of Zell, by a morganatic arrangement which made her his wife in the eyes of the church, but not in the estimation of the law, and which neither secured her the privileges of his rank nor the the inheritance of his possessions. The first offspring of this union was Sophia Dorothea of Zell, who was born September 15th, 1666, and was destined to a singular and melancholy fate.

This princess was only sixteen when her union with Prince George of Hanover, afterward George I. of England, took place in 1682. The lady was remarkable for her vivacious and excitable disposition, which she inherited from her mother; as well as for the beauty of her person and the elegance of her manners. At the diminutive but very gay court of Zell, she had been brought up to habits of coquetry and even perhaps of gallantry. In no respect was this fascinating creature adapted to the dull, sober and heavy prince, who was her husband, and it very soon became evident that their marriage would prove a very unhappy or at least a very uncongenial one.

While the crown prince amused himself in his palace, and more especially when he was absent in the wars, his wife indulged in every species of frivolity and elegant dissipation. In a short time she allowed herself a still more inexcusable degree of liberty; for her rank, her beauty, her accomplishments, and her wit, naturally rendered her the object of the amorous regard of several of the most accomplished and noble gallants of the day, who happened then to reside at the court of Hanover.

That Sophia had a cold selfish libertine for a husband, there can be no reasonable doubt; but that the bad husband had a bad wife is equally clear. She was married to her cousin for money or convenience, as princesses usually are. She was beautiful, lively, witty and accomplished; his brutality outraged her, his silence and coldness chilled her, his cruelty insulted her. No wonder she could not love him. How could love be a part of such a marriage as that?

Unfortunately for her, there was in the court of her husband a man whose remarkable graces of person were celebrated not only in his own time, but have been the theme of wonder in succeeding generations—Philip von Koenigsmark.

This man made a conquest not only of the heart of the lovely electress, but inspired a passion in a hideous old court

lady, the Countess of Platen. The Princess Sophia loved him with great constancy for many years. She wished to fly with him, to quit her odious husband at any rate.

She besought her parents to take her back, and talked of taking refuge in France and becoming a Catholic.

This guilty intercourse was destined, after a considerable period of secret indulgence, to meet with a disastrous and fearful termination. The lovers frequently met, nor was their conduct controlled by much prudence, the princess sometimes even going so far as to visit K^oenigsmark at his hotel. She frankly assured him in one of her letters, "that if he thought that the fear of exposure or of losing her reputation would prevent her from seeing him, he did her heart great injustice; that his society and his love were to her more precious than her life."

The behavior of the lovers was in accordance with such an expression of feeling.

Obtuse and indifferent as George of Hanover was, this connection did not escape his notice and that of his vigilant and jealous courtiers. Among the most malignant and artful of the latter was the Countess von Platen, who had herself loved K^oenigsmark, and been repulsed by him. She was a woman of strong passions and profound craft, and her enmity to the beautiful young princess was sharpened by every look and word of admiration which the young beauty received. The countess feared that she might lose her place in the counsels and affections of the old elector, should his daughter-in-law become too charming to him.

The most potent art by which von Platen managed the prince was flattery; while to this quality she added some ability to amuse his narrow and commonplace mind. The consequences of these and other influences which the countess skillfully directed was, that soon the unfortunate princess lost the affection and esteem of her husband, who at length treated her with positive rudeness and insult.

The birth of a son in 1683 and of a daughter in 1684, produced no improvement in their relations. The grand climax of von Platen's hatred, both upon the princess and Count von K^oenigsmark, was yet to be achieved, and she patiently waited for a favorable and propitious moment.

The imprudent lovers themselves unfortunately furnished their enemy with the opportunity she desired. They had adopted the desperate resolve to escape together, first to Hamburg and thence to France. On the first of July, 1694, at eleven at night, K^oenigsmark paid a secret visit to the princess in

her apartments in the palace, for the purpose of making the last arrangements previous to their flight. He was disguised on this occasion in the simple attire of a tradesman. His servants and carriage were waiting for them at the rear of palace gardens, ready to start instantly for Dresden.

All these secret plans had been detected by the malignant shrewdness of the Countess von Platen; and she eagerly took the occasion to gratify her own revenge and vindicate the outraged honor of the electoral family.

When K oenigsmark left the apartments of the princess, he traversed the long corridor, till he came to a small door in the rear, usually left unlocked for his convenience; this he found bolted, and he was obliged to retrace his steps, till he came to the ante-room, which was built over the court chapel, in which there was an immense fire-place. In this dark recess four halberdiers had been stationed by the command of the prince, through the agency of von Platen; and when the unsuspecting K oenigsmark approached them he was suddenly and furiously attacked. He drew his sword and defended himself with great bravery for some time; but was finally overpowered by superior numbers, and mortally wounded. He was immediately dragged into an adjoining apartment, where his deadly enemy the Countess von Platen awaited him. As soon as K oenigsmark saw her, he gathered all his remaining strength, and overwhelmed her with maledictions. To these the indignant woman responded by stamping with her feet on the upturned bleeding face, whose handsome features she had once so ardently admired. Before life was extinct, the body was hurried into a small cellar, which could be filled with water, by means of a pipe. There the unhappy count was drowned; and the next morning his remains were buried in an oven in the vaults of the palace and securely walled up.

The Crown Princess Sophia, as soon as she learned the terrible details, abandoned herself to the most intense paroxysms of indignation and grief. She declared her determination to live no longer with such blood-thirsty murderers. She even attempted to destroy herself. Her violent conduct and the fierce invectives she used against her husband and her father-in-law, deepened the unfriendly feeling already existing between them; and the scandal of the family quarrel became notorious.

Proceedings were then instituted for a separation, and the princess was ultimately condemned to imprisonment for life. She solemnly denied her guilt on oath, and so did her lady in waiting; the recent publication of the confidential letters of

the lovers, however, clearly proves the falsehood of their declarations of innocence.

The formal separation between the crown prince and his wife took place in Hanover on the 28th of October, 1694. The latter was at that time twenty-eight years of age. She was immediately conveyed to the fortress of Ahlden, situated a few miles from Zell, in the territory of her father. There she was at first closely confined, though she was allowed every comfort and luxury which she desired.

She was not allowed to enjoy the society of her two children. Her son, afterward George II. of England, was then ten years old, and her daughter, Sophia Dorothea, who afterward married the Prince of Prussia, was two years younger. During the infancy of these children their mother had always exhibited the utmost affection and solicitude for them, which the progress of time and the influence of absence never diminished. The young princess afterward became the mother of Frederic the Great.

The imprisonment of the Princess Sophia continued during the long period of thirty-two years. Her revenues were considerable; and she spent them in the maintenance of a select and agreeable circle of friends around her, consisting of a number of ladies and gentlemen. The commandant of the fortress dined with her regularly every day. She employed and amused herself chiefly in the management of her estates, with needlework, with reading, and with the society of her chosen associates. She was allowed to drive out occasionally from the fortress, attended by an escort.

When the death of Queen Anne, in 1714, called the Elector of Hanover to the English throne, a proposition was made to her by a commission of learned jurists, to accept her liberty and accompany him. To this offer the Princess Sophia replied with truth as well as spirit, "If I am guilty of the crimes with which I have been charged, then I am not worthy to share my husband's throne; if I am innocent, then he is underserving my society or my friendship." She decided to remain at Ahlden.

Some years later, however, the princess changed her mind, and endeavored to make her escape from the fortress. She gave a certain Count de Bar a hundred and thirty florins to aid her in her flight. This vile wretch having obtained possession of the bribe, betrayed her; and the baseness of this treason, together with the consequent exposure and mortification, disturbed her repose for the remainder of her life.

During her imprisonment the Princess Sophia Dorothea

wrote her personal memoirs. This work began with the return of Philip von Koenigsmark to the court of Hanover in 1685, and continued until the last illness of the authoress in the Castle of Ahlden. The purpose of this production was to vindicate the honor and innocence of the princess; but no effort of ingenuity nor plausible reasoning has ever been able to purify her tarnished fame, nor to make the world believe that she was an injured and blameless woman.

However, if a woman can ever be said to have an excuse for such conduct, hers may be found in the fact that her husband set her the example not only of unfaithfulness, but of a revolting degree of licentiousness, and he had no right to expect a greater amount of virtue in his wife than that which he himself displayed. On the 2d of November, 1726, after a tedious and suffering illness, the unhappy Sophia Dorothea, wife of the King of England, died at the Castle of Ahlden. She had endured a cheerless captivity of more than thirty years, during twelve of which her husband had worn the crown of Great Britain. Before she expired she blessed her children, forgave her enemies and oppressors, and solemnly summoned her absent husband, the chief cause of her sufferings, as she asserted, to meet her at the judgment bar of God within a year after her own death.

As soon as George I. was informed of the death of the princess, he ordered an announcement to be made in the Gazette to the effect that a Duchess of Ahlden had expired at her residence in Germany, but no allusion to the fact that in her death the monarch had lost a wife and his children a mother.

George I. survived his wife only a short time. He died at Osnaburg, June 11th, 1727. The singular appearance of his countenance after death, gave rise to the story among the irreverent multitude, that the devil had choked the king to death, at the instance of his wife, by twisting his neck.



Queen Caroline. From a painting by Vauderback.

CAROLINE WILHELMINA DOROTHEA OF AUSPACH.

CONSORT OF GEORGE II., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND
IRELAND.

THE Princess Caroline was a daughter of John Frederic, Marquis of Brandenburg Auspach, and of Eleanor Erdmuth Louisa, his second wife, daughter of John George, Duke of Saxe Eisenach. She was born in 1683, and married the Electoral Prince of Hanover, afterward George II., in the year 1705. The Electress of Brandenburg was the daughter of Sophia, the old Electress of Hanover, and sister to George I.

Early in her life many suitors offered themselves for the hand of Caroline of Auspach, among others King Charles of Spain, but she refused to change her religion from Protestantism to Catholicism, and another of the German princesses was chosen in her place.

Caroline was a very accomplished young lady, and much of such accomplishments was owing to the careful education she had received at the hands of her mother and the first but short-lived Queen of Prussia. If the instructress was able, the pupil also was apt. She was quick, inquiring, intelligent and studious. Her application was great, her perseverance unvaried, and her memory excellent. She learned quickly and retained largely, seldom forgetting any thing worth remembrance. Her perception of character has perhaps never been surpassed. Her husband was greatly her inferior, and through life she always exercised a very great influence over him.

The first fruit of their marriage was Prince Frederic, whom both of his parents cordially hated and despised. Their second son William, afterward Duke of Cumberland, was always their favorite.

The early married life of Caroline and George was one of some gayety if not felicity. She showed much indifference to the prospect of a crown. Baron Pilnitz says in his memoirs that the Princess Caroline said "that both her father-in-law and husband were already kings in her eyes, because they highly deserved that title." Of her conduct as Princess of Wales, the same writer says that she favored neither political party and was equally esteemed by each.

The Princess of Wales, after the accession of George I., presided over the establishment at Leicester Fields with great dignity and decorum.

It was during her residence here that the princess and her husband exercised a courage which caused great admiration in Leicester House and a doubtful sort of applause throughout the country. Lady Mary Wortley Montague had just reported the successful result of inoculation for the small-pox which she had witnessed in Constantinople. Dr. Mead was ordered by the prince to inoculate six criminals condemned to death, but whose lives were spared for this experiment. It succeeded admirably, and the patients were more satisfied with the results than any one else. In the year following Caroline allowed Dr. Mead to inoculate her two daughters, and the attempt was completely successful.

The chief cause of annoyance to which the prince and

princess were subjected previous to their accession was their aversion from their eldest son. It is difficult at this late day to discover with any certainty the real cause of that repugnance, though many reasons have been assigned for it. His parents did not permit him to accompany them, even when they first came to England. He was born in 1707, and seems always to have exhibited two predominant qualities, both of which were repulsive and unamiable. These were his spitefulness and his cunning. His morals were always bad. He was addicted from very early life to lying, drinking, gaming, cheating, and gross licentiousness.

So completely had his conduct alienated the affections of his mother, that she would have rejoiced had she been able to deprive him of his birthright, and she would have accomplished her purpose had not the colossal barrier of the law rendered her success absolutely impossible. Frederic was not allowed to visit England until after his father ascended the throne.

Previous to the accession of the Prince of Wales, and especially during the several concluding years of the reign of his father, there may be said to have existed two courts and two sources of authority in England, and it required the utmost craft and shrewdness on the part of the trimming courtiers and statesmen of the time, to conduct their relations with both courts in such a manner as not to lose the favor of the powers that were, and yet at the same time not fall under the ban of the powers that were soon to be.

At length in June, 1727, occurred the great event which exercised so great and decisive an influence upon the nation and upon the fortunes of the courtiers. The haughty, pompous, consequential, diminutive Prince of Wales became George II., King of England, and Electoral Sovereign of Hanover.

Information of the death of George I. was conveyed by express to London on the afternoon of July 14, 1727. His successor was then in Richmond, and hither a crowd of courtiers instantly rushed, in order to tender their homage to the new sovereign. Among the number was Robert Walpole, the late prime minister. To his great disappointment, the king named some one else in his place. The new prime minister cut down the yearly allowance of the queen to sixty thousand pounds. Sir Robert immediately sent word to her majesty, Queen Caroline, that if he were retained as prime minister he would secure to her an allowance of a hundred thousand pounds per annum.

The queen was unable to withstand this potent bribe; and

exerted all her influence with the king to obtain the retention of Walpole at the head of the administration. She succeeded; and many years of additional power, anxiety and glory were added to the political life of that extraordinary man.

The coronation of George II. and Caroline was performed with great gorgeousness of taste, though of a somewhat barbarous quality. The ceremony was the most splendid that had been seen for years. George, in spite of his low stature and fair hair, which heightened the weakness of his expression at this period, was said to be "every inch a king."

Caroline was not inferior to her lord. She wore a superb pearl necklace, which had belonged to Queen Anne. There were no other crown jewels, for the late king had given them all away to his different favorites, male and female.

Queen Caroline borrowed and hired many more jewels of Jews, jewelers and others, so, as Lord Harvey (the writer from whom the account is taken) says, "the appearance and the truth of her finery was a mixture of magnificence and meanness, not unlike the *éclat* of royalty in many other particulars, when it comes to be nicely examined, and its sources traced to what money hires and what flattery lends."

Lord Harvey says that "Sir Robert Walpole was the queen's minister; that whoever he favored she distinguished, and whoever she distinguished the king employed." The queen ruled without seeming to rule. She was mistress by the power of suggestion. Caroline directed almost all business both at home and abroad. It is too much to say that her power was unbounded, but it was doubtless very great.

The domestic life of George II. at this period was not one of much comfort, dignity or decency. In 1734 Mrs. Howard, who had been for many years his mistress, married, and was dismissed from her disgraceful relation to the monarch.

In 1735 the king made a visit to Hanover. He appointed the queen regent during his absence, which he expected would continue six months. The conduct of the monarch on this occasion was disgraceful in the extreme. He wrote almost daily to the queen enormous letters, in which he loaded her with praises. At the same time he seduced a young married woman named Walmoden, residing in the court of Hanover, had the turpitude to induce her to desert her husband, and disgraced her and him in the eyes of the world by making her his acknowledged mistress. To render his conduct still more singular, in his interminable letters to his queen, he gave her all the details of this amour, and even asked her advice in reference to the woman's removal to En-

gland, and bespoke for her the affection of his wife! He also urged her to write the daughter of the Duke of Orleans to visit her court, in order that he might begin an intrigue with her. In regard to some interesting points, he suggested to her to consult with Sir Robert Walpole as an oracle of sagacity and wisdom. We question whether a parallel to such incidents could be found in the whole range of royal or princely correspondence. And what language is too harsh to stigmatize the coarseness of a woman, and that woman a queen, who could quietly bear such vulgarity and yet still love the man after it?

Mrs. Howard, after the king's return, came back to the court to be a lady of the bed-chamber. It was suggested that the queen should give 1200*l.* a year to her husband for his consent to his wife's being retained in the queen's household. Caroline replied to this suggestion with as high a tone as she could have used when addressing herself to Mr. Howard, but with a coarseness of spirit and sentiment which hardly became a queen, although they do not seem to have been considered unbecoming in a queen at *that* time. "I thought," said Caroline, "I thought I had done full enough, and that it was a little too much, not only to keep the king's '*gnevipes*' (trollops) under my roof, but to pay them too. I pleaded poverty to my good Lord Trevor, and said I would do any thing to keep so good a servant as Mrs. Howard about me; but that for the 1200*l.* a year, I really could not afford it."

The king used to make presents to the queen of fine Hanoverian horses, not that *she* might be gratified, but that he might, when he wanted them, have horses maintained out of her purse. So he gave her a bed-chamber woman in Mrs. Howard; but Caroline refused to have her on the same terms as the horses, and the 1200*l.* a year was probably paid—not by the king, but by the whole people.

The social happiness of Caroline began now to be affected by the conduct of her son Frederic, Prince of Wales. Since his arrival in England, his parents had refused to pay his debts, contracted in Hanover. He was soon in the arms of the opposition, and the court had no more violent an enemy, political or personal, than this prince.

In the year 1733, the marriage of the eldest daughter of Caroline was arranged with the Prince of Orange. This prince had a wry neck and a halt in his gait, and was the ugliest man in Holland, and his temper and character in every way fitted to his external characteristics.

The princess had lived to be twenty-four, and was anxious

to marry, and was determined to marry the Prince of Orange. When the marriage was fairly over, the heart of the queen was much moved as she looked on the misshapen bridegroom. She fairly cried with mingled vexation, disappointment, and disgust. She could not even revert to the subject for days after without crying, and laughing too, whenever the bridegroom's ugliness came across her mind.

In 1735, Prince Frederic, the heir-apparent, threatened to bring the matter of his limited pecuniary allowance before Parliament. To avoid the disgrace and vexation of this step, Queen Caroline adroitly proposed to marry the prince to somebody, and the accomplished and handsome Augusta of Saxe Coburg was the lady on whom the choice fell. In the session of Parliament in 1736, the prince's marriage was first discussed, and a proposition was made to give the prince a hundred thousand pounds a year, out of the civil list. It was on this occasion that William Pitt, the most illustrious and powerful statesman who has ever guided the destinies of the British nation, made his maiden speech. After an animated debate the motion was lost, and Prince Frederic was compelled to accept such a support as his royal father was disposed to allow him.

On the 23d of April, 1736, the Princess Augusta arrived in England, and was received with great cordiality by the king, queen, and their court.

Soon after the marriage the king left England to visit the fascinating Walmoden again, according to promise. He again appointed the queen, regent in his absence. During this time there were numerous riots in England, which the queen and Walpole suppressed as best they might. While they were thus engaged the king was luxuriating in the charms of the fair Walmoden in Hanover, and so happy was he, that he overstayed his birthday. This was an event that had never before occurred, and the consciousness of its disgraceful cause inflicted intense suffering upon the heart of the queen. Once only was she seen by her attendants to weep. She instantly mastered her feelings, probably being consoled by the just reflection that the worthless and conceited libertine whom she had the misfortune to call her husband was unworthy of her sensibility.

It will readily be supposed that the break between the members of the royal family did not grow any the less with time, and the queen and her daughters were not backward in expressing their cordial hatred for their brother. Prince Frederic, according to courtly etiquette, led his royal mother in to

dinner every day, and yet she repeatedly "cursed the day in which she had given birth to the nauseous beast." His sister, the Princess Caroline, was equally malignant, and prayed publicly and repeatedly that God would "strike the brute with apoplexy." The king spoke of him always as an "impertinent puppy and scoundrel." Such was the singular state of feeling prevailing among the members of the royal family, both male and female.

The chief defect in the character of this queen, was the coarseness and bitterness displayed by her in reference to this subject.

The attention of the royal family and of the public was now attracted by the approaching birth of an heir to the throne. Caroline appears to have disbelieved the truth of this hope. She was so desirous of the succession's falling to her second son William, that she made no scruple of expressing her disbelief of what to most other observers was apparent enough. She questioned the princess, who returned only one answer, "I don't know." Caroline on her side determined to be better instructed. "I will positively be present," she exclaimed, "when the promised event takes place;" adding with her usual coarseness of expression, "It can't be got through as soon as we can blow one's nose; and I am resolved to see if the child is hers."

As the hour of the princess approached, her husband resolved to disappoint the interference and scrutiny of his parents, and remove his wife to his own residence of St. James. He accomplished this purpose at midnight, on the 31st of July, only a few hours before the birth of the child, which proved to be a daughter.

Lord Harvey and Queen Caroline soon after arrived: and the former describes the infant as a "little rat, no bigger than a tooth-pick case." The queen, taking the child in her arms, closely examined it and exclaimed: "May the good God bless you, poor little creature, for you have arrived in a most disagreeable world." And the subsequent fate during many long years amply verified the declaration of the queen; for she afterward became the wife of the Duke of Brunswick, and the mother of the unhappy wife of George IV., in connection with both of whom she suffered infinite sorrows.

But the birth of this princess did not alleviate the existing family feuds. After an interval of nine days, the queen again visited her daughter-in-law. She remained an hour, during which time the Prince of Wales did not address a single word to his mother. Etiquette required that he should conduct his

mother to her carriage, and he performed even this duty in a manner that rendered the courtesy a vehicle for insult.

This was the last occasion on which Caroline ever saw her son, so unexpectedly near was the death of this queen.

The conduct of Caroline when Sir John Bernard proposed to reduce the interest on the national debt from four to three per cent., again presents her to us in a very unfavorable light.

Not only the queen but the king also was most energetically opposed to the passage of the bill. People conjectured that their majesties were large fund-holders, and did not like the idea of losing a quarter of the income thence arising for the good of the nation. The bill was ultimately thrown out, chiefly through the opposition of Walpole.

About this time the queen was taken very ill with the gout. She was so unwell and so weary of being alone, and so desirous of chatting with Lord Harvey, that she now for the first time broke through the court etiquette, which would not admit any man save the sovereign into the royal bed-chamber. The noble lord was with her every day, while her confinement lasted. She was too old, she said, to have the honor of being talked of for it; and so to suit her humor the old ceremony was dispensed with. Lord Harvey sat and gossiped by her bedside the live-long day; and on one occasion when the Prince of Wales sent Lord North with a message of inquiry after her health, he amused the queen by turning the message into slipshod verse, which seems to imply that the prince would have been well content had the gout, instead of being in her foot, attacked her stomach.

In 1737, Queen Caroline began to feel the certain approach of death. For some years she had been afflicted with rupture; but she had imprudently concealed both the nature and existence of her malady from her medical attendants, and even from her husband. She always shuddered at the thought of death, and she avoided all allusions and references to so repulsive a subject. She also feared that if it were known that she was thus afflicted, the possibility of her death might diminish her influence over her husband and his courtiers. But the monarch long suspected, from certain indications which the queen could not conceal, that she was thus diseased; but to all his inquiries she constantly returned a positive and absolute denial.

Sir Robert Walpole, in the long interviews which he had with her, discovered that she was suffering from some secret malady; but she endeavored to deceive him also, and often

stood for a considerable time in his presence to convince him of the fallacy of his conjectures.

But this system of deception could not last forever, and at length in August, 1737, the queen became worse. A report was soon spread that she was dead, but it was premature. She rallied for a few weeks, yet on the 9th of November she was seized with the illness that terminated in her dissolution. Even yet she managed to conceal from her physicians the true nature of her illness. On the 12th of November, Dr. Ranby was permitted to examine the person of the queen, and he satisfied himself as to the real cause of her sufferings. So mortified was she at the discovery that she burst into tears.

Shipton and Bussier, the most distinguished surgeons of the time, were summoned. After an examination, they promptly suggested an operation. The patient submitted, and endured the agony which ensued without a murmur. Her wit and sarcasm did not forsake her even when under the knife; for she remarked to Dr. Ranby, the operator at the moment, that she had no doubt he was sorry that his patient was, not herself, but his ugly old wife.

While in this critical condition she was thrown into a paroxysm of rage in consequence of a message from Prince Frederic of inquiry after her health. She knew that the information was asked in the spirit of satirical exultation; and almost with her dying breath she cursed her son, whom she hated with a hatred passing that of a step-mother. She besought the king not to permit the reprobate to approach her chamber while living, nor to see her remains when dead; she said she knew "he would blubber like a calf in her presence, and laugh at her the moment he left it."

On Sunday, the 13th, Queen Caroline became much worse. The wound had begun to mortify. The queen was apprised of her danger, and received the announcement with great calmness and self-possession. The feeble-minded king was much more affected than she. As her last hour was supposed to be near, all the royal family were summoned to her bedside, except the Prince of Wales and the Princess of Orange, who was absent.

Then ensued one of the most remarkable death-bed scenes ever witnessed either among princes or peasants. The queen took a solemn leave of her children. She spoke kindly to her daughter Amelia. She used still more tender words to the Princess Caroline. Her farewell to her favorite son the heir of Culloden was affecting in the extreme. Her two youngest daughters Louisa and Mary she intrusted to the special care

of the gentle Caroline. The utterances of the queen were rendered almost inaudible by the exclamations of grief which filled the chamber. Last of all the king approached to bid his wife farewell. She took from her finger her marriage-ring, and placed it on the finger of her husband. She declared that for all the greatness and happiness which had fallen to her share in this world she was indebted alone to him, and that all she possessed should return to him. The little monarch seemed overcome by his emotions, and he was heard to exclaim, amid his sobs and groans, that she had been to him the best of wives. The dying queen was comforted by this assurance; and proceeded to say that she hoped he would marry again after her death. He appeared to be quite astounded at this suggestion; and declared that, after the loss of so admirable a wife, he never could think of placing any substitute in her stead. The queen persisted in her recommendation, and he in his refusal; but at length in the midst of his heart-breaking sobs he added that, though he could never marry again, he might go so far as to take a mistress or two. "My God!" exclaimed the queen, almost with her dying breath, "why not do both? One does not prevent the other!"

After this she sunk very rapidly. During the last the royal patient became profanely impatient and restless. "How long can this last?" she demanded of her physician. He replied: "It can not be long before your majesty will be relieved from your sufferings." "The sooner that happens the better," was her sharp response. Sunday, the 20th of September, 1737, was the last day she was destined to live. She now was failing fast, the mortification had greatly extended, and at eleven o'clock in the morning, drawing a deep sigh, uttering the word "So" with a deep aspiration, and with a queenly and farewell wave of the hand, she gently expired.

The king's grief for her was deep and sincere; he talked of nothing else but her virtues for months after her death. He was in the habit of assuring his courtiers that she was the only woman in the world whom he would have married; and declared that if he could not have made her his wife, she should inevitably have been his mistress.

The only word or deed of the king in reference to her which deserves to be recorded to his praise, was the order which he gave that the salaries of all her officers and servants should be continued, as well as her benefactions to charitable institutions, so that no one might suffer by her death but himself.

She left six children. Frederic Prince of Wales died before his father, so that her grandson instead of her son was the next reigning sovereign. George II. survived her twenty-three years. He could never to his dying day speak of his queen without emotion, and said of her "that he never knew a woman who was worthy to buckle her shoe."



Medal of George II.

CHARLOTTE SOPHIA,

CONSORT OF GEORGE III., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHARLOTTE SOPHIA was the younger of the two daughters of Charles Lewis, Duke of Mirow, by Albertina Elizabeth, a princess of the ducal house of Saxe Hilburghausen. The Duke of Mirow was the second son of the Duke of Mecklenburg Strelitz, and was a lieutenant-general in the service of the Emperor of Germany when the Princess Charlotte was born at Mirow, on the 16th of May, 1744.

At seven years of age she had for her instructress that verse-writing Madame de Graten whom the Germans fondly compared to Sappho. The post of instructress was shared by many partners, but finally to the poetess succeeded a philosopher, Dr. Geutzner, who, from the time of his undertaking the office of instructor to that of the marriage of his "serene" pupil, imparted to the latter a varied wisdom and knowledge made up of Lutheran divinity, natural history and mineralogy. Charlotte not only cultivated these branches of education with success, but others also. She was a very fair linguist, spoke French perhaps better than German, as was the fashion of her time and country, could converse in Italian, and knew something of English.

Her style of drawing was about that of an ordinary amateur; she danced like a lady and played like an artist. Better than all she was a woman of good sense, she had the good fortune to be early taught the truths of revelation, and she had the good taste to shape her course by their requirements. She was not without faults and she had a will of her own. In short, she was a woman;—a woman of sense and spirit, but occasionally making mistakes like any other of her sisters.

The letter which she is said to have addressed to the King of Prussia and the alleged writing of which is said to have won for her a crown, has been often printed, but well known as it is, we can not omit it from her biography. Hardly any one will believe that such a letter was written by a girl of thirteen.

"May it please your majesty—I am at a loss whether I should congratulate or condole with you on your late victo-

ry over Marshal Daun, Nov. 3, 1760, since the same success which has covered you with laurels, has overspread the country of Mecklenburg with desolation. I know, sire, that it seems unbecoming my sex, in this age of vicious refinement, to feel for one's country, to lament the horrors of war, or to wish for the return of peace. I know you may think it more properly my province to study the arts of pleasing, or to inspect subjects of a more domestic nature; but however unbecoming it may be in me, I can not resist the desire of interceding for this unhappy people.

“It was but a few years ago that this territory wore the most pleasing aspect; the country was cultivated, the peasants looked cheerful, and the towns abounded with riches and festivity. What an alteration at present from such a charming scene! I am not expert at description, nor can my fancy add any horrors to the picture; but, sure, even conquerors themselves would weep at the hideous prospects now before me. The whole country, my dear country, lies one frightful waste, presenting only objects to excite terror, pity and despair. The business of the husbandman and the shepherd are quite discontinued. The husbandman and the shepherd are become soldiers themselves and help to ravage the soil they formerly cultivated. The towns are inhabited only by old men, old women and children, and perhaps here and there a warrior, by wounds or loss of limbs rendered unfit for service, left at his door; his little children hang round him, ask an history of every wound, and grow themselves soldiers, before they find strength for the field. But this were nothing, did we not feel the alternate insolence of either army as it happens to advance or retreat in pursuing the operations of the campaign. It is impossible to express the confusion even those who call themselves our friends create; even those from whom we might expect redress, oppress with new calamities. From your justice, therefore, it is we hope relief. To you even women and children may complain, whose humanity stoops to the meanest petition and whose power is capable of repressing the greatest injustice.”

The very reputation of having written this letter, won for its supposed author the crown-matrimonial of Great Britain. In July, 1761, a proposal of marriage was made by George III. to the Princess Charlotte. A favorable answer was readily given. The treaty of marriage was signed at Strelitz on the 15th of August, and the Earl of Hardwicke was sent to escort the intended bride to England.



George III. and his queen in the country.

She crossed the Channel in the fleet commanded by Admiral Anson. The passage was stormy but not dangerous. Having at length disembarked at Harwick, she began her journey toward London, accompanied by an escort of noble ladies and gentlemen. She retained her buoyant spirits until she arrived in sight of the Palace of St. James, where her public presentation was to take place. Here she for the first time became somewhat disconcerted and grew pale. The Duchess of Hamilton endeavored to reassure her, when she replied: "My dear duchess, you may laugh, you have been married twice; but it's no joke to me!" She soon recovered her usual self-possession; her intended husband met her at the palace gates; and as she knelt on one knee to him, he prevented her, and kissed her with more than an ordinary show of princely affection. During the whole scenes of her presentation to the monarch and his court, she conducted herself admirably and proved herself worthy of the high alliance which had been tendered her. The marriage ceremony took place a few hours after her arrival, and was celebrated in the chapel of the Palace of St. James.

Walpole says of her, that she looked sensible, cheerful and remarkably genteel. He does not say that she was pretty, and it must be confessed she was rather plain, too plain to create a favorable impression upon the youthful monarch whose heart was certainly occupied by the image of a lady, who nevertheless figured that night among the bridesmaids, —namely, Lady Sarah Lennox. "An involuntary expression of the king's countenance," says Mr. Galb, "revealed what was passing within, but it was a passing cloud—the generous feelings of the monarch were interested; and the tenderness with which he henceforth treated Queen Charlotte was uninterrupted until the moment of their final separation."

Queen Charlotte's wedding-dress was of white and silver. "An endless mantle of violet velvet," says Walpole, "lined with crimson, and which, attempted to be fastened on her shoulder by a bunch of large pearls, dragged itself and almost the rest of her clothes half way down to her waist."

Between the wedding and their coronation, the king and queen appeared twice in public, once at their devotions and once at the play. There was no royal state displayed on these occasions.

The coronation passed with the usual ceremonies, and lasted into the evening. Nothing of note occurred unless we think it such that the king, while moving with the crown on his head, was so unfortunate as to drop out the large diamond

in the upper portion of it. Had there been any one present gifted with prophetic power, he might have deemed the loss of the diamond typical of the loss of the jewel—America—from the chaplet of the English possessions.

There was great gayety in town generally at this period. The young queen announced that she would attend the opera once a week—that seemed dissipation enough for her, who had been educated with some strictness in the quietest and smallest of the German courts.

Queen Charlotte and George III. were the last sovereigns who honored the Lord-Mayor's Day, by being present at the procession and ceremonies. Buckingham House was the first present made by George III. to his young queen. Every vestige of the house has disappeared now, but it was a stately building in its time.

Queen Charlotte had hardly been installed in this her own house, when her husband began the formation of that invaluable library which her son, on demolishing the house, made over to the nation, and which is now in the British Museum.

The royal couple lived quietly, and when they were disposed to be gay and in company, they already exhibited a spirit of economy which may illustrate the saying that any virtue carried to excess because a vice.

At a select party given by the royal bride and bridegroom on the 26th of November, which began at night past six or seven, the king danced the whole time with the queen and the Princess Augusta, the future mother of the next Queen of England, with her four younger brothers. The dancing went on uninterruptedly till one in the morning, when the hungry guests separated without supper, and so ended the young couple's first but not particularly hilarious party.

It was perhaps with reference to the queen's first supperless party that Lord Chesterfield uttered a *bon mot*, when an addition to the peerage was contemplated. When this was mentioned in his presence, some one remarked—"I suppose there will be no dukes made." "Oh! yes, there will," exclaimed Lord Chesterfield, "there is to be *one*." "Who?" "Lord Talbot; he is to be created Duke Humphrey, and there is to be no table kept at court but his." If there be a young reader ignorant of where "dining with Duke Humphrey" takes its origin, to such it may be intimated that the tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, stood in old St. Paul's, and in front of it was the walk of shabby genteel people, ashamed to be seen in the street during the common dinner-

hour. They were popularly said to have dined with Duke Humphrey, that is, not at all.

The queen passed most of her mornings in receiving instructions from Dr. Majendie in the English tongue. She was an apt scholar and improved rapidly, and though she never spoke or wrote with exceeding elegance, yet she learned to appreciate justly the best authors, and was remarkable for the perfection of taste and manner with which she read aloud. Needlework followed study, and exercise needlework. The queen usually rode or walked in company with the king till dinner-time; and in the evening she played on the harpsichord or sang—and this she would do almost *en artiste*; or she took share in a homely game of cribbage, and closed the innocently spent day with a dance, and “so to bed,” as the Pepys would say, without any supper.

The great event of the year was the birth of the heir-apparent. It occurred at St. James’s Palace on the 12th of August. In previous reigns, such events usually took place in the presence of many witnesses, but on the present occasion the Archbishop of Canterbury alone was present in that capacity.

The life of Charlotte was so essentially domestic as to afford few materials for the historian. At first she was girlishly and unfeignedly pleased with her jewels and the insignia of royalty, but she very soon wearied of them, for to use her own expression, “the fatigue and trouble of putting them on and the care they required, and the fear of losing them, was so great that I longed for my own earlier simple dress and wished never to see them more.”

In September, 1766, Queen Charlotte gave birth to Charlotte Augusta, princess royal and subsequently Queen of Wirtemberg.

After the king and queen removed to Kew their life became more simple and unostentatious than before. Queen Charlotte generally presided at the early dinner of the children, which was the beginning of the early meals that the king afterward took. The royal children had a little farm and raised their own crops, and then invited their father and mother to partake of the simple meal. The king and queen partook, and the very amusements of their children were rendered the source of useful knowledge.

In 1767 was born Edward, afterward Duke of Kent and father of the present queen-regnant: and in the following year the Princess Augusta Sophia.

Between the period of the birth of the last child of Queen Charlotte and 1778, her majesty had presented other claimants

upon the love and liberality of the people. These were two sons and two daughters. Meanwhile the queen, thus constantly occupied, performed all household and matronly duties in a way that won respect even from those who detected in her faults of temper or errors in politics.

During this time also the war was begun which terminated in recognition of the United States of America as a sovereign country, but with politics and wars Queen Charlotte had nothing to do, and their history can not find a place in her biography.

The innumerable cases and vexations attendant upon the royal authority, together with the adverse events which had from time to time occurred in different portions of the empire, produced a most pernicious effect on the intellect of George III., and in August, 1776, an incident happened which tended to increase his mental irritation. As the king was leaving the Palace of St. James by the garden entrance, an insane woman, named Margaret Nicholson, approached him to present a paper. While he was receiving it, she stabbed him. The blow was not a very violent one, and the weapon did not penetrate much beyond his clothes. He immediately ordered the arrest of the lunatic, and hastened to convey to the queen at Windsor the first intelligence of the danger to which he had been exposed. As he entered her apartment he exclaimed with a joyous countenance, "Here I am, safe and well, though I have had a narrow escape of being stabbed." The queen was at first very much alarmed, and while her husband proceeded to describe the circumstances of the event, she burst into tears. She readily appreciated the consequences which would have occurred to herself had the king been slain. Her power and influence, which were second only to that of her husband, would have been greatly diminished, and her position rendered unpleasant.

The Prince of Wales was now considered as of age, and began his life at Charlton House, where he lived so many years. He was dissipated, and contracted debts to an enormous amount. All these escapades failed to lessen the mother's affection for him. At last the prince fell in love with the magnificent Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, and when he had tried every means to make her mistress, and failing, he asked her to be his wife, and there is every reason to believe that he actually married her.

As soon as the intelligence of the marriage reached Queen Charlotte, she commanded the attendance of her son, and insisted on knowing the whole truth. The prince is declared

not only to have acknowledged his marriage, but to have asserted that no power on earth should separate him from his wife. How the matter was finally accommodated is not known, but it is supposed that the prince afterward became willing to deny his marriage on condition that his debts should be paid and an additional sum of 20,000*l.* given him to finish the repairs of Charlton House.

Miss Burney, who was the queen's maid of honor, gives a very pretty picture of the affection which subsisted between the king and queen, of which the following is an incident: "The queen had nobody but myself with her one morning, when the king hastily entered the room with some letters in his hand, and addressing her in German, which he spoke very fast, and with great apparent interest in what he said, he brought the letters up to her and put them into her hand. She received them with much agitation, but evidently of a pleased sort, and endeavored to kiss his hand as he held them. He would not let her, but made an effort with a countenance of the highest satisfaction to kiss her lips. I saw instantly in her eyes a forgetfulness at the moment that any one was present, while drawing away her hand she presented him her cheek. He accepted her kindness with the same frank affection with which she offered it, and the next moment they both spoke English and talked upon common and general subjects.

In the autumn of 1786 the king was seized with illness. It had been brought on by his imprudence in remaining a whole day in wet stockings, and it exhibited itself not merely in spasmodic attacks of the stomach, but in an agitation and flurry of spirits, which caused great uneasiness to the queen, and which both for domestic and political reasons it was best should not be known.

Early in November he became delirious, and a regency bestowing kingly powers on the Prince of Wales was already talked of. The condition of the queen was deplorable, and a succession of fits prostrated her as low as her royal husband.

The king was occasionally better, but the relapses were frequent. The queen now slept in a bedroom adjoining that occupied by the king. He once became possessed with the idea that she had been forcibly removed from the bed, and, in the middle of the night, he came into the queen's room with a candle in his hand to satisfy himself that she was still near him. He remained half an hour, talking incoherently, hoarsely, but good-naturedly, and then went away. The queen's nights were nights of sleeplessness and tears.

In the queen's room could be heard every expression uttered

by the king, and they were only such as to give pain to the listener. His state was at length so bad that the queen was counseled to change her apartments, both for her own sake and the king's. She obeyed reluctantly and despairingly, and confined herself to a distant room.

Her majesty's condition was indeed melancholy, but at its worst she never forgot to perform little acts of kindness to her daughters and others.

At last the prospects brightened about the poor king; he really became well for a time and fit to govern, much to the disgust of the Prince of Wales, who was regent, and his party, and on the 25th of June, 1789, he publicly gave thanks at St. Paul's for his returning health.

Never was the alleged avarice of the king and queen more bitterly satirized than during this year. The king however was a cheerful giver, and the amount of property left by this queen proves that she was no hoarder. The caricaturists nevertheless smote them mercilessly. In one print the king in the commonest of garbs was seen toasting his own muffins; and the queen, with a hideous twist given to her now plain features and with pockets bursting with the national money, was depicted busily engaged in frying sprats for supper.

The public discontent and general distress increased greatly at this time, and had their effect in throwing a gloom over the court circle. The old formality and not a very diminished festivity was still however maintained there, for the republican fashions of France were held in abhorrence at Windsor.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales with Caroline of Brunswick took place at this time (1795). His mother had desired that he should marry a Princess of Mecklenburg. It was sufficient for the prince that his mother should desire a thing for him to oppose it.

The triumph of Trafalgar would have crowned the year 1805 with glory, had not the death of Admiral Nelson plunged the nation into affliction. However, the great victory put an end forever to Napoleon's ideas of invading England.

The death of the amiable Princess Amelia, the favorite daughter of the king, in November, 1810, was the immediate cause of the final overthrow of his mind, in connection with the disastrous events which recently occurred in various portions of Europe.

What a life Queen Charlotte must have led in those long years about which nobody will ever know any thing now, when her husband was quite insane, when his incessant

tongue was babbling folly, rage, persecution, and she had to smile and be respectful and attentive under this intolerable *ennui*. The queen bore all her duties stoutly, as she expected others to bear theirs.

In 1816 the public distress was very great, and those in high places were unpopular, often for no better reason than that they *were* in high places, and were disposed to be indifferent to the sufferings of the more lowly and harder tried. The queen came in for more than her share of the popular ill-will, but she met the first expression of it with uncommon spirit; a spirit indeed which gained for her the silent respect of the mob, who had begun by insulting her. As her majesty was proceeding to her last drawing-room in the year 1815, she was sharply hissed, loudly reviled, and insulted in a variety of ways. She was so poorly protected that the mob actually stopped her chair. Whereupon it is reported that she quietly let down the glass, and calmly said to those nearest her: "I am above seventy years of age, I have been Queen of England over fifty years, and I was never insulted before." The mob admired the spirit of the undaunted old lady, and allowed her to pass on without farther molestation.

The health of the queen was now failing, and she sought to restore it by trying the efficacy of the Bath waters; but with only temporary relief. She was at Bath when she heard the news of the death of the Princess Charlotte, and her health grew visibly worse under the shock. Her absence from the side of the young princess at this period, which was followed by such fatal consequences, was at the request of the princess herself, who knew that the queen's good-will in this case was stronger than her ability. The popular voice, however, blamed her, and it was unmistakably expressed on her return to London.

As the queen passed through the streets she was assailed by the most hideous yells, and many of the populace thrust their heads into the carriage and gave expression to the most diabolical menaces. At the Mansion House, so little protection was afforded her, that the foremost of the people were almost thrust upon her, their violence of speech shocked her ears, and they attempted, but unsuccessfully, to disarm one of her footmen of his sword. In the evening of this melancholy last visit she dined with the Duke of York, and it was there that she first suffered from a violent spasmodic attack, from the effects of which she never perfectly recovered.

It is certain that from the early part of 1818 the aged queen may be said to have been in a rapidly declining state.

Her condition was not dangerous until the autumn. She suffered very much, and if she experienced temporary ease, the slightest variation of position renewed her pain. She continued in this state until the 14th of November, when by a slight rupture of the skin on both ankles, from which a considerable discharge of water took place, the venerable lady experienced some relief. Her condition, however, was not bettered thereby, for mortification set in, and that portion of her family who were in attendance upon her soon learned that all hope was gone. For fifty-seven years Queen Charlotte had occupied the place from which she was about to descend.

On Tuesday, the 16th of November, 1818, at one o'clock P. M., the queen calmly departed at her suburban palace of Kew. Her last breath was drawn in the arms of her eldest son, the regent, whose attentions to her had been unremitting.

George III. survived his queen little more than a year. Of the children of Charlotte and George III., four ascended thrones. George and William became successive Kings of England; Ernest King of Hanover, and Charlotte Augusta Queen of Wirtemberg.



Medal in commemoration of the Battle of Trafalgar.



The Prince and Princess of Wales.

CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK,

CONSORT OF GEORGE IV., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CAROLINE OF BRUNSWICK was the second daughter of Charles William Frederic, Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, and Lady Augusta, eldest daughter of Frederic, Prince of Wales. She was therefore own cousin of the man who afterward became her husband. She was born in May, 1768.

“In what country is the lion to be found?” asked her governess, after a lesson in natural history. “Well,” answered the little Princess Caroline, “I should say, you may find him in the heart of a Brunswicker!” In this sort of dashing re-

ply the girl delighted. She was as much charmed with dashing games. In the sports of the ring, in which aimers at that small object are mounted on wooden horses fixed on a circular frame, she was remarkably expert. On one occasion, when she was flying round with more than common rapidity, one of her attendants expressed fear of the possible consequences. "A Brunswicker dare do any thing!" exclaimed the undaunted Caroline; adding, "A Brunswicker does not know that thing, fear!"

In most respects the education of Caroline was defective; her intellect was fine, but it needed training. She was the daughter of a kind-hearted woman, incapable of fulfilling, with propriety, the duty of a mother; and she became the wife of a prince who was, as Sheridan remarked, "too much of a lady's man ever to become the man of one lady."

"The princess at a very early period discovered how to be mistress of her weak mother. Therewith, however, she had a heart that readily felt for the poor, was terribly self-willed, and she played the harpsichord like St. Cecilia."

Her thoughtlessness was on a par with her sensibility, and she lacked a certain reticence and decorum that her position rendered very necessary.

Her heart however would not beat warmly to every suitor. An offer was made to her by a scion of the house of Mecklenburg, which was supported by the wishes of both her parents. Caroline ridiculed the lover and flatly refused the honor presented for her acceptance. She likewise declined the offers of the Prince of Orange and Prince George of Damstadt.

On the 8th of December, 1794, the marriage between Caroline of Brunswick and George Prince of Wales took place, by proxy, Lord Malmsbury acting for the prince. She began to feel the penalty of her new position before she reached England. She was beset with applications for her patronage; and she was induced to seek for Lord Malmsbury's aid in realizing the expectations of the petitioners. He at once counseled her to have nothing to do with such matters, and to check or stop solicitations at once, by intimating that she could not interfere in any way in England by asking political or personal favors for others.

Several months elapsed before the journey to England was begun. During this interval the English envoy endeavored to infuse into the mind of the princess more correct views of decorum, for of this matter she appeared strangely ignorant. Her father, the old Duke of Brunswick, said of her, perhaps cruelly, yet enigmatically, "She is no fool; but she has no

judgment." Her greatest fault was her everlasting loquacity. Her tongue seemed never to repose; and when people are eternally talking, even the wisest must needs utter a vast quantity and variety of nonsense. This was precisely the misfortune and error of Caroline of Brunswick.

The young bride left Brunswick on the 29th of December, 1794. The party stopped at Hanover on the way; several months were occupied in accomplishing the journey to England. Rather singular developments were made to Lord Malmsbury during this interval in reference to the personal peculiarities of the future Queen of England. His olfactories convinced him that, in spite of his reluctance to such a conclusion, the princess was very careless in regard to her person, that she made her toilet with excessive haste, that she rarely paid much attention to cleanliness, and that she was even offensive from this neglect. This discovery was a stunning blow to the diplomatist, who well knew the fastidious and exquisite taste of the intended bridegroom; and he anticipated results as unpropitious as those which actually occurred.

Caroline landed in England on the 4th of April, 1796. The Prince of Wales hastened to greet his bride and cousin, and without waiting for her to make any toilet or any preparation after the heat and fatigue of her journey, he rushed into her presence. Lord Malmsbury alone was a witness of this first interview. He instantly introduced the princess to the prince. She then attempted to kneel according to the usual etiquette; but the prince approaching, prevented her, embraced her, and instantly retired to a remote corner of the room, exclaiming, "I am not well, Harris, get me a glass of brandy." The astonished Lord Malmsbury was confounded at this singular deportment and replied, "Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?" The prince, apparently much offended, said, "No, I will go directly to the queen," and then rushed from the apartment. During this scene the princess remained standing, and in amazement. At length she exclaimed to an attendant, "My God! does the prince always behave in this way?" The real cause of the catastrophe, which thus attended the beginning of this unpropitious union, was that the nostrils of the bridegroom were offended beyond endurance by the odor which proceeded from the person of the unwashed and slovenly princess.

The ceremony of this most unfortunate of all marriages in modern times was performed on the 8th of April, 1795, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's. The usual legal formalities fol-

lowed; these were succeeded by a supper at Buckingham House, and at midnight the luckless pair retired to their own residence at Charlton House, quarreling, it is said, by the way.

Queen Charlotte had looked grimly cold on the princess, for the levity of her manners was such as particularly to displease a lady of such formality as the queen, but nevertheless, she gave an entertainment in honor of the event which made Caroline of Brunswick a Princess of Wales. The locality was Frogmore, and the scene was brilliant, save that the hostess looked, as Lord Malmsbury once described her, "civil but stiff," and her daughter-in-law superbly dressed and black as midnight.

The princess had cause then, and stronger reasons soon after, for her dark looks. She had written a number of letters to her friends in Germany, which she had intrusted to Dr. Randolph, who was going to Brunswick, for delivery. The illness of Mrs. Randolph kept the doctor in England, and he returned the letters to the Princess of Wales, under a cover addressed to Lady Jersey: this woman, destined to be the evil genius of Caroline's life, was a mistress of the Prince of Wales, and as early as the first arrival of the princess, she had ridiculed her dress, appearance and manners, and began a series of persecutions which ended only in the grave of that unfortunate lady. These letters reached the hands of Queen Charlotte, and this fact, though not known until later, accounted for the cold reserve with which Queen Charlotte treated the princess ever after, for the letters contained some sarcastic remarks on the queen's appearance and manners.

In whatever rudeness of expression the poor princess may have indulged, her fault was a venial one compared with that of her handsome and worthless husband. While she was in almost solitary confinement in Brighton, he was in London, the most honored guest at many a brilliant party, with Mrs. Fitz-Herbert for a companion. On several occasions the two were together even when the princess was present. The latter by this time knew of the private marriage of her husband with the lady, and that he had denied through Fox that his "friendship" with Mrs. Fitz-Herbert had even gone to the extent of marriage. If we have to censure the after-conduct of the princess, let us not forget this abominable provocation.

Except from the kindly-natured old king, Caroline experienced little kindness, even during the time immediately previous to the birth of her only child, the Princess Charlotte. This event took place at ten in the morning of the 7th of January, 1796, amid the usual solemn formalities and the ordinary

witnesses. Addresses of congratulation were not wanting, but the prince shrank from being congratulated on his prospects as a husband, when he had determined to separate himself forever from his wife. The latter had caused the removal of Lady Jersey from her household; this had been effected by the intervention of the king.

The intimation of the prince's desire for a separation was conveyed to the princess by Lady Cholmondeley. Her royal highness only made two remarks—first, that her husband's desire should be conveyed to her directly from himself, in writing, and if a separation were insisted on, the former intimacy should never under any circumstances be renewed. If his royal highness had acceded to all his consort's wishes with the alacrity with which he fulfilled this one in particular, there would have been more happiness at their hearth.

After exactly a year's experience of married life—no fair experience, however, of such a life, one during which she had more reasons to be disgusted with his excuses than he with her waywardness—the luckless pair finally separated. The princess's allowance was at first fixed at 20,000*l.* per annum, but after some haggling on both sides touching money, the princess declined the allowance altogether, and, throwing herself on the generosity of the prince, rendered him liable for the debts she might possibly contract.

With a few ladies, the princess retired to a small residence at Charlton, near Woolwich, but on being appointed ranger of Greenwich Park, she removed to Montague House, on Black Heath, and there she had the care of her daughter, and there the king visited her frequently. The king's name was a tower of strength to her; the queen's expressed aversion by no means affected public opinion.

At this time her income was settled at 17,000*l.* per annum. With it she appeared contented, lived quietly, cultivated her garden, looked after the poor, superintended the teaching of several poor children, and without a court, had a very pleasant society about her, with whom however she was alternately mirthful and melancholy.

The Princess of Wales had not been long a resident at Montague House before her daughter, the Princess Charlotte, was removed from her care, and she was only permitted to see her once a week.

In an evil hour for the princess, she made the acquaintance of Lady Douglas. This acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and when the friendship was at its highest in 1802, the princess, who had a strong partiality for children, took a lik-

ing to an infant son of a poor couple named Austin. That they were the father and mother of the child, has been proved beyond a doubt.

Why the princess should have determined to take personal charge of so young a child, almost defies conjecture. It may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that she knew she was narrowly watched by enemies who felt an interest in accomplishing her ruin, and she was elated with the idea of mystifying them by the presence of an infant at Montague House.

However this may have been, the intercourse with the Douglasses continued with some warmth on both sides. It was ultimately broken off by the princess, who had been warned to be on her guard against Lady Douglas as a dangerous and not very irreproachable character; and thereupon the Princess of Wales declined to receive any more visits from her.

This conduct enraged Sir John Douglas and his wife to such a degree that they invented all sorts of lies and stories, Lady Douglas deposing that the child the princess had adopted was her own. These stories were drawn up in the form of a statement and shown to the prince-regent.

Under this statement a commission was formed in 1805 under which various witnesses were examined, and much of their testimony bore heavily against the princess, but when it is recollected that the witnesses were servants of the princess, who were appointed to serve her, she herself having no voice in the matter, and that when they became witnesses against her she was not allowed to know the nature of their evidence, we wonder that any person could be found to believe them, particularly as her other servants bore directly opposite testimony in her favor.

Never was accused woman more hardly used than the princess. The gentlemen with whom the Princess of Wales had been said to have acted improperly, one and all denied on oath that there had ever been any thing between them that all the world might not see and hear.

The princess wrote an urgent appeal to the king, but for some months she received no answer to it. There seemed a determination to exist somewhere that if her accusers could not prove her guilt, she should not be allowed to substantiate her innocence. At last on the 25th of January, 1807, the king having referred the matter to cabinet ministers, the latter delivered themselves of a lengthy resolution, amounting to the fact that they thought the princess innocent, but hoped she would be very careful for the future, since though no real guilt was proved, there were things in the conduct of the

princess which the king could not but regard with serious concern.

In May, 1807, the Princess Caroline was received at court. The utmost honor paid her was a cold and rigid courtesy. It was at this drawing-room that the Prince and Princess of Wales encountered each other for the last time; they met in the very centre of the apartment—they bowed, stood face to face for a moment, exchanged a few words which no one heard, and then passed on; *he* stately as an iceberg, and as cold; *she*, with a smile half mirthful, half melancholy, as though she rejoiced that she was there in spite of him, and yet regretted that her visit was not under happier auspices.

Up to the period of the king's illness, the Princess of Wales did not want for friends to attend her dinners and evening parties. When the only advocate she had in the royal family virtually died, and the Prince of Wales became really king, under the title of regent, her allies sensibly diminished.

The indiscretion of the princess was strongly marked by her selecting Sundays as the days for her greatest dinner parties and her evening concerts. There is no doubt that great prejudice was excited against her on this account.

The Princess of Wales was undoubtedly fast losing the small remnant of popularity among the higher classes which had hitherto sustained her. As her more noble friends silently cast her off, she filled the void left by them with persons of inferior birth and sometimes of indifferent reputation. Her own immediate attendants laughed at her, her ways, her pronounciation and her opinions. She was indeed a puzzle to them. Sometimes they found in her a tone of exalted sentiment, at others she was coarse and frivolous; the "tissue of her character" was made up of the most variegated web that ever went to the dressing of a woman.

The princess had some good taste, she patronized men of letters, and treated them always with all the courtesy that her position allowed her to bestow. She had her picture painted by Lawrence, and condescended to dance reels with the poet Campbell.

In 1813, when George III. was taken ill and the lamp of his reason flickered out for the last time, the regent placed new restrictions on the intercourse of Caroline with her daughter, though those under which she had lain before were strict enough.

However, the Princess Caroline managed to see her daughter

in spite of all prohibitions, for no one could prevent their meeting in the public highways.

On the 9th of August, 1813, the Princess of Wales sailed for the continent. She traveled under the appellation of the Countess of Cornwall. After spending the greater portion of the month of September in a tour through Switzerland, she finally sojourned for a while in Geneva, where she met with the Ex-Empress of France, Maria Louisa, and became for a time on intimate terms with the imperial lady who, like herself, was separated from her husband. These two women, illustrious by rank rather than character, lived much in each other's society. They dined together, sang together, together listened to the discussions of the philosophers whom they assembled round them; and when together they attended a fancy ball, one at least astonished the other—the princess surprising the ex-empress by appearing in what was called the costume of Venus, and waltzing with a lack of grace that might have won laughter from the goddess of whom the waltzer was the rather fat representative.

While in Italy, the Countess of Cornwall, or the Princess of Wales, as it is more convenient to call her, lost all her English attendants; they left her one by one, for they did not like the people she added to her retinue. Of these Bartholomew Bergaun was the chief. He seems to have been part courier and part chamberlain. This man was of noble birth and was very poor. Her conduct with this man was such as to give rise to the most dreadful reports respecting her mode of life. She said herself, however, that she desired to have the regent think her guilty, for it stung his pride. She courted infamy even if she did not practice it.

She spent long months wandering about, traveling from one place to another. The limit of her journey was Jericho, whither she went actually, and also in the popular sense of the word, which describes a person as having gone thither when ruin has overtaken him on the journey of life.

She went to Tunis, and made a noble return for the entertainment offered her by the Bey, by purchasing the freedom of several European slaves. A greater liberation, however, was at hand in Lord Exmouth and his fleet.

During her absence from England her daughter had married Prince Leopold, and the mother had hoped to find friends in this pair, if not now, at some future period. But soon she heard that her child and her child's child were dead. Her grief was great and sincere, but had not the effect of rendering her life more circumspect.

Her course of life, without perhaps being one of the gross guilt it was described as being, was certainly not creditable to her. Exaggerated reports, which grew worse as they were circulated, startled the ears of her friends and gladdened the hearts of her enemies. They were at their very worst when, in 1820, George III. ended his long reign, and Caroline, Princess of Wales, became queen-consort of England.

A proposition was made to her, that if she would remain on the continent, and surrender the title of queen, adopt no title belonging to the royal family of England, and never even visit the country on any pretext, she should have 50,000*l* per annum.

Caroline instantly and decidedly rejected this proposal and proceeded to England at once. Her progress from Dover to London was a perfect ovation. The people saw in her the victim of persecution, and for such there is generally ready sympathy. They were convinced too that she was a woman of spirit, and for such there is ever abundant admiration.

It was no doubt the queen's own wish to live as retired as possible in Portman Street, but her health required change, and she paid one public visit to Guildhall and occasionally repaired to Blackheath.

In the mean time a bill was brought into the House of Lords charging Queen Caroline with a "series of acts highly unbecoming her majesty's rank and station, and of a most licentious character." This document concluded by proposing that "Caroline Amelia Elizabeth should be deprived of rank, rights, and privileges as queen, and that her marriage with the king be dissolved and disannulled to all intents and purposes."

The ministers themselves were not on a bed of roses. They were exceedingly embarrassed by the queen's announcement that she intended to be present every day in the House of Lords during the progress of what was now properly called, "The Queen's Trial."

This trial began 17th of August. Our limits will not permit any account of it. Those who are curious in detail, will find the reports of the trial in the journals of the day.

At last, after two months of hearing, nothing more than indiscretions could be proved against Queen Caroline, and the bill of pains and penalties was abandoned.

Early in May, 1821, the ceremony of the king's coronation was spoken of as an event likely to take place. Caroline did not forget that she was queen-consort, and demanded that she should have her part in the ceremony. George IV. was

determined that she should not be crowned, neither should she be present at his coronation.

The coronation day killed the queen. The agitations and sufferings of that eventful day called into deadly action the germs of the disease under which she ultimately succumbed. Only once between that day and her death did she appear in public, at Drury Lane Theatre, and even then she may be said to have been dying. Her own conviction from the first was that her malady would prove fatal. To die was the very best thing that could come to her, and death made short work with his new victim.

After five days of great suffering, the queen sank into a stupor from which she never awoke. At half past ten o'clock in the morning of the 7th of August, 1821, Caroline of Brunswick, queen-consort of George IV., expired almost without a struggle. She had completed fifty-three years and three months; of these she passed by far the happier and more innocent half in Brunswick. Of the following nine years spent in England, eighteen of them were passed in separation from, and most of them in quarreling with, her husband. For the first ten years of that period she lived without offense and free from suspicion; during the remainder she was struggling to re-establish a fame which had been wrongfully assailed; but this was accompanied by such eccentricity and indiscretion, that she almost seemed to justify the suspicion under which she labored. Justice was not rendered her, for she was condemned before she was tried.

Much may be said in favor of this unfortunate queen. She had received no education to speak of, religiously none at all. Her mother was a foolish, frivolous woman, and her father, whom she ardently loved, a handsome, vicious man, who made his wife and daughters sit at table in the company of his mistresses. Much might have been made of Caroline, if she had had for a husband a man with principle, and who would have taught her to love and appreciate the duties that belonged to their exalted station. But instead of this, what do we find in her husband? a bad, cruel, dissipated, unprincipled fop, who had consigned her, directly she arrived in England, to the society of paramours and prostitutes, and allowed these women to gratify their hatred and revenge by rendering her hateful and repulsive to her husband, and finally driving her, through their spiteful persecutions, to leave his residence. These indignities are palliations of her faults, and should diminish the censure which we might be disposed to inflict on her memory.

George IV. survived his queen nine years. His only daughter having died before him, the throne descended to his brother, who became William IV.

There is nothing to love or admire in his character. His nature was base and cruel, and his heart was one of rare rottenness and corruption. Whatever was noble and brilliant in his administration, was due to the superior talents and patriotism of his ministers, and whatever was pernicious and bad, was as clearly attributable to his own personal defects and vices.

The princess gave orders in her will that there should be engraved on the plate of her coffin, CAROLINE, THE INJURED QUEEN OF ENGLAND.



George IV. The King.

ADELAIDE OF SAXE COBURG MEININGEN,
CONSORT OF WILLIAM IV., KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND
IRELAND.

AMELIA ADELAIDE LOUISA THERESA CAROLINE was the eldest daughter of George Frederic Charles, Duke of Saxe Coburg Meiningen, by Louisa Eleanora, a Princess of Hohenloe, Langenburg. Adelaide was born on the 13th of August, 1792. Her beloved father died in December, 1813, aged 42, leaving the dowager-duchess guardian of the children, a duty she performed with great judgment and success.

From her earliest childhood Adelaide was remarkable for sedate deportment and retiring habits. By far the greatest portion of her time was devoted to study. She was cheerful and happy when with her intimate companions, but took little pleasure in the gayeties of a courtly life.

When she arrived at more mature years, she manifested a strong repugnance to the laxity of morals and contempt of religious feeling with which the French Revolution had infected all the German courts.

That of Meiningen, secure in its insignificance, escaped better than most of the others, and the vigilance of the dowager-duchess preserved the court from moral contagion.

Adelaide's chief delight was in establishing and superintending schools for the humbler classes of the people, providing food and clothing for the destitute, aged, and helpless. She was the main support of every institution which had for its object the amelioration of the condition of her fellow-creatures, and in this devout exercise it was that her majesty developed those fine qualities of mind and heart which in her more exalted station have since been so extensively displayed for the happiness and advantage of the British people.

In the year 1817, the whole England nation was cast into deep grief by the death of the Princess Charlotte, daughter of George, Prince of Wales, afterward George IV. This princess was heiress-presumptive to the crown, and the hope of the nation.

Her death was very soon followed by that of others of the royal family, and the brothers of George, Prince of Wales, felt it necessary to marry, that there might be no chance for a disputed succession.

William, Duke of Clarence, third son of George III., chose for his bride the Princess Adelaide. The proposal was satisfactory to all parties, and the marriage was performed on the 11th of July, 1818. At this time Adelaide was twenty-six years of age.

The royal couple spent the greater part of the first year of their marriage in Hanover. While there, hopes were entertained that her royal highness would bring an heir to the crown. However, these hopes were destined to disappointment, for her child was a daughter, born prematurely, and she only lived long enough to be christened, and was buried in the vaults of her ancestors in Hanover.

The health of Adelaide was in a delicate condition for a long time, and she went back to Meiningen for change of air. The people were delighted to see her, and escorted her in triumph to the capital, where holiday was kept for a month. Here they resided for several months in the castle, and then the court removed to Liebenstein; there, by the aid of the mineral springs for which the place is celebrated, the duchess entirely recovered her health.

In October, 1819, the royal pair departed for England. After a short and pleasant voyage, they landed at Dover, and as the sea air had been pronounced as beneficial for the duchess, they stayed for a number of weeks at Walmer Castle, near Deal.

The winter of this year was passed in London, where her royal highness gave birth to a fine healthy princess, who by the special request of George IV. was christened Elizabeth. But alas, for all human hopes, the little child, though she was bright and well, was seized with croup, and died at the early age of three months. The shock was fearful, but the calm resignation of the bereaved parents in this moment of severe trial and disappointment, and their humble submission to the divine will, is described as one of those scenes that give dignity to rank and impress deeply on the human mind the truth and value of Christian faith.

In the year 1826 the duke and duchess, after a long tour on the continent, returned to England to reside permanently at Bushy Park. Dr. Beattie, the private physician of the Duke of Clarence, thus writes of the domestic life of his noble patron :

“To his illustrious partner, whose many and exalted virtues his royal highness so duly appreciates, no man can possibly evince more delicate and uniform attentions. There are not perhaps at the present day, two personages of similar station, in whom the virtues of domestic life are more pleasingly exemplified. With those qualities of mind and heart so eminently possessed by the royal duchess, it is not surprising that her royal highness should have won and should retain the esteem and affection of her illustrious consort. His mind is fully alive to their vital importance as regards his present happiness, and to the influence they must exercise over his future prospects.”

Their lives at Bushy Park were quiet and without excitement. Here Adelaide was mistress of only a small domain, in which she exercised her taste and goodness, and found great happiness in the “even tenor of her way.” But she was soon to be called to a higher place and a broader field for the exercise of her talents and goodness. The death of George IV. in 1830, placed the crown-matrimonial of England on a brow fully worthy to wear it.

When the news was brought to Bushy Park of the death of George IV., Adelaide burst into tears, and for a moment the sense of the great responsibilities that had come upon her quite overcame her. In a few moments, however, she recovered herself, and taking up an English prayer-book from the table, she presented it to the messenger and begged him to accept it as the first gift of the Queen of England.

William IV. and Adelaide were crowned in Westminster Abbey with the usual ceremonies on the 8th of September, 1831. The first notice we find of any introduction of the queen into public was on the 17th of June, before his coronation, when the king received a deputation of the Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge with congratulatory addresses. After the reception the king requested the gentlemen to wait, until he had presented them to their queen. He brought Queen Adelaide forward and presented her amid the greatest enthusiasm.

The popularity previously enjoyed by the duchess was very much increased at her accession. The sphere of usefulness which she had hitherto so worthily filled was extended, and she daily gained love and respect.

After the coronation the king and queen stayed for a time at Windsor Castle, and from thence went to Brighton. While at Brighton, they visited a number of places along the coast, and at Lewes they were received by the mayor with a ban-

quet at which the king made a speech introducing the queen, and the greatest affection was manifested for the bluff sailor-king and his amiable consort.

The kindness of the queen to her husband's children had been conspicuous always, but now it was redoubled. They were with her at all times. Their apartments were near hers in the palace, and by every means in her power she endeavored to treat them as if they were children of her own.

The time of the queen was passed very quietly, she spent much time in the company of her relatives, and except when at the call of public duty she appeared, there is little to tell of her life. The poor, the needy and the helpless will, however, tell her story, by their blessings.

The spring of 1837 was one of mourning at court. Queen Adelaide had the misfortune to lose her beloved mother, who died at Saxe Meiningen, aged 68.

Before she had recovered from the shock of her mother's death, King William was taken ill. His illness was short and not painful. The queen tended him with the utmost assiduity and attention. He was sensible to the last. The transition was easy. He died without any struggle, and with his head resting on the arm of his wife, the woman he had loved so dearly through life. He died July 25th, 1837.

Queen Adelaide, now queen-dowager, witnessed his funeral from one of the royal closets. After the king's death the queen received the parliamentary provision made for her in 1832, namely 100,000*l.* per annum, with Marlborough House and Bushy Park for residences.

The health of the queen-dowager was far from strong, and the remaining years of her life were spent in passing from place to place in search of strength and health.

In October, 1838, her physicians ordered her to Malta. Thither she went in H. B. M.'s ship *Hastings*. On her arrival she was enthusiastically welcomed by the populace. Finding, while there, that the English residents of the place had no proper church privileges, she built them a beautiful little church, and presented them with a fund to support a minister. She was never happy unless she was making others so.

In 1839, she returned to England, and in the autumn made a tour of the provinces, scattering blessings in her way.

In September, 1846, she received under her own roof a visit from her majesty Queen Victoria and her consort Prince Albert. After this she made her last visit to Germany.

In October, 1848, the queen-dowager went to Madeira, as she found the English winter was likely to be too severe for

her enfeebled frame. The following spring she returned to Spithead and visited the queen at Osborne, and from there went to Bently Priory. Here her illness, which was dropsy, assumed its fatal form, and though she continued through the summer to drive every day, even as late as the beginning of October, still she felt herself that the hand of death was upon her. The 6th of October she took to her bed, from which she never rose again. She was visited by the queen and Prince Albert, and her private virtues had so endeared her to her attendants, that though she was nearly alone in the world as far as relatives are concerned, she did not look for loving hands to smooth her pillow, and to give her the kindness and sympathy that no rank or money can buy. On the 1st of December she was no worse than usual, when the bursting of a blood-vessel, caused by a slight fit of coughing, terminated her existence. She died December 2d, 1849, aged 57.

There have been few Queens of England who had died and left so entirely unspotted a memorial, not only with regard to sins of commission, but those of omission, as Queen Adelaide. Her whole happiness seemed to consist in doing good to others, and she was an example of purity and gentleness and goodness for every one.



Medal of Victoria.

VICTORIA,

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA was born at Kensington Palace, May 24th, 1819, and was the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III. and Maria Louisa Victoria, a daughter of Frances, Duke of Saxe Coburg Saalfeld, and sister of the King of the Belgians. The Duke of Kent died in 1820, leaving his infant daughter to the care of her mother. This lady was in every respect fitted to have the care of the future Queen of England. She did not seclude the royal child from view, but accustomed her to walks and rides, where she could be seen and could see her future people. Much attention was paid to her physical culture, that with a vigorous constitution she might be prepared to encounter the trials to which all, whatever be their lot, must be subjected. She was not educated as a petted favorite, but was inured to hard study, exposed to fatigue, and habituated to constant industry.

At the age of twelve, the Duchess of Northumberland was appointed as a governess to the Princess Victoria, and her education was prosecuted with renewed zeal. It was deemed essential that she should be withdrawn from society, and her whole time devoted to intellectual and physical culture.

She was carefully instructed in the history of her own country, its laws, its literature, and its sciences. Victoria was to be Queen of England, and she was to be educated as an English woman, to be able to converse gracefully in the English

language, and to write in her own tongue with ease and elegance. Her education did not stop here, for German was like her own language and she could read Horace in the original with considerable fluency. She was enthusiastically fond of music and performed on several instruments.

She was accustomed to take much exercise in the open air, and, under the tuition of a very celebrated riding-master, she became an accomplished and even a daring horsewoman.

On the 24th of May, 1837, Victoria attained her legal majority; scarcely had the festivities terminated with which this day was greeted, when her uncle, William IV., died, and she became the reigning Queen of Great Britain.

On the 17th of July, Victoria prorogued her Parliament. She was accompanied by her mother, who was breathless with anxiety for the timid girl, and all who loved Victoria best trembled with solicitude, lest her fortitude should fail her. But they were unnecessarily alarmed, for her self-possession and the graceful modesty of her appearance attracted universal applause.

Queen Victoria was crowned in Westminster Abbey with all appropriate ceremonies, and the interest felt for so young a woman called to wield the sceptre of a great realm, brought out a most magnificent display, not only of the nobility of her own country, but from foreign courts. She was crowned by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

After a few days the queen called her counselors together, and announced to them that it was her intention to ally herself in marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg. "Deeply impressed," said the queen, "with the solemnity of the engagement I am about to contract, I have not come to this decision without mature consideration, nor without feeling a strong assurance that, with the blessing of Almighty God, it will at once secure my domestic felicity, and subserve to the interests of my crown and people." Prince Albert had been one of her playfellows in childhood, and they loved each other very dearly. It is rare that such a union of feeling occurs in a royal marriage. The marriage took place February 10th, 1840.

In 1841 the queen's situation promised an heir to the throne, and her first child, the princess royal, was born November 21st, 1840. It was on November 9th, 1841, that the wished-for heir male was born, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales. To this family were added afterward seven princes and princesses.

The queen since her accession to the throne had shown no fondness for display and no desire to govern. She never ap-

peared happier than when surrounded by her young family, riding or strolling with them and her husband through the woods of Cintra. She was also extremely fond of the ocean, never suffering from sea-sickness, even in the severest storms. A portion of every year she spends in the royal yacht, as beautiful a miniature palace as ever floated on the ocean, cruising about among the picturesque islands over which she reigns.

In 1851, the queen opened the Great Exhibition of the Industry of All Nations.

In 1861, the queen had the misfortune to lose her husband Prince Albert, after a happy wedlock of twenty-one years. Since that time her health has been much impaired, owing to excessive grief, and there have been times when it was feared that her reason would fail her, as was the case with her grandfather, George III. She has lately prepared for the press a life of Prince Albert.

The constitutional freedom of the people of England, their parliamentary government and strict responsibility of their ministers, whom it is always in the power of the House of Commons to displace, leave but little scope either for the virtues or the vices of the sovereign, whether male or female, unless it be in the example set from so splendid and conspicuous an eminence as a throne to all the families in the kingdom. In this respect Great Britain is fortunate under the graceful sway of her present majesty, a lady who, by the exercise of every domestic and public virtue, has shown herself a model for all her female subjects, as woman, wife, and mother; and who has endeared herself to every man in her dominions, not as a lady alone, but as the excellent, painstaking, conscientious chief magistrate of the widest and most extended empire on the globe.

Under the rule of the four preceding monarchs, royalty had become less popular than the friends of the British constitution desired to see it, and it would have been a great pity if the Duke of Kent had died without issue, and the sceptre had passed into a hand that would have still farther increased that unpopularity, and prepared the way for commotions and perplexities of no common magnitude. Happily the auspicious birth of the Princess Victoria averted the evil, and every act since her accession has tended to increase not only the respect, but the love of her people, and to build up the throne on surer foundations than it ever before rested upon.





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