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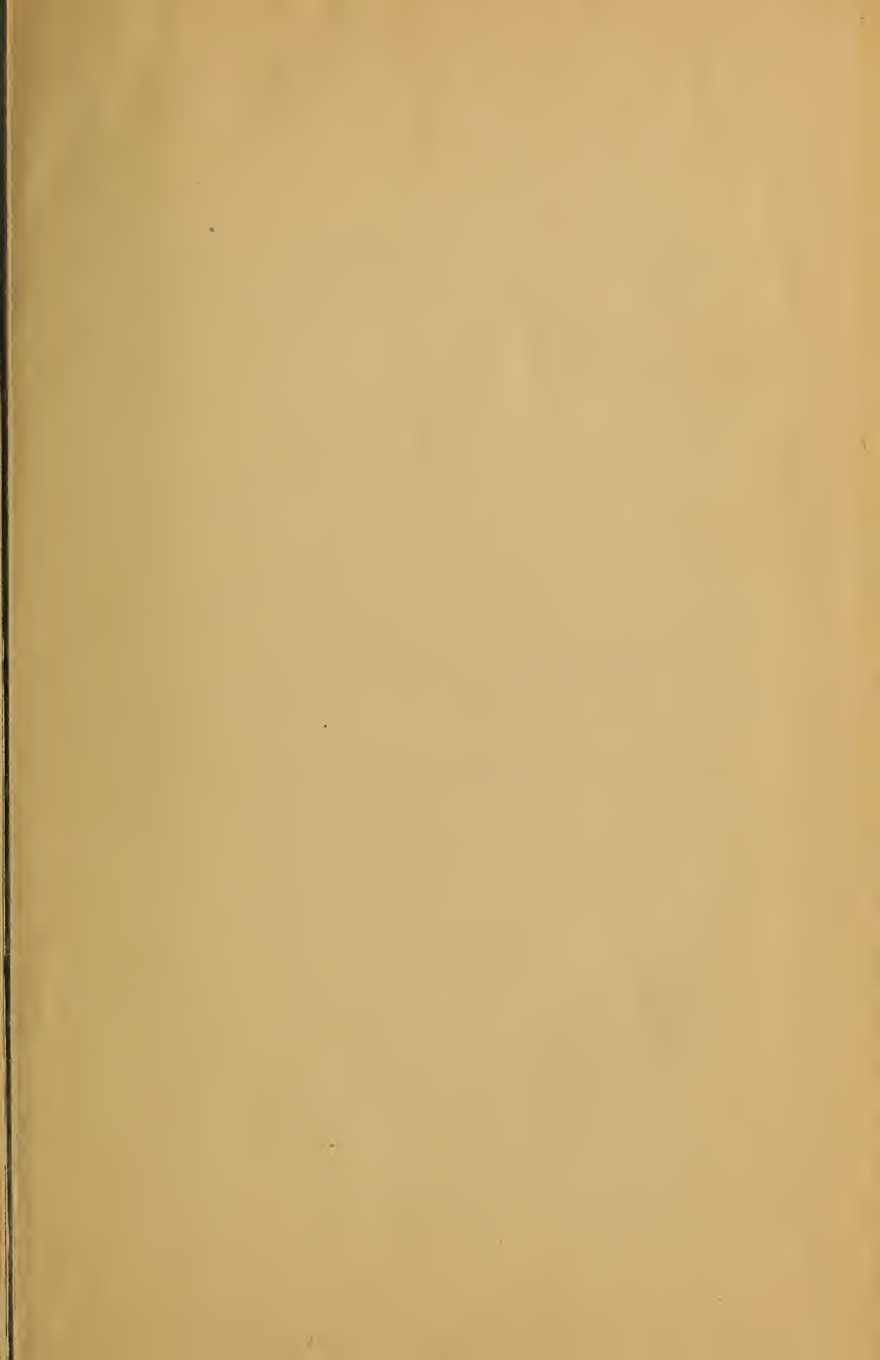

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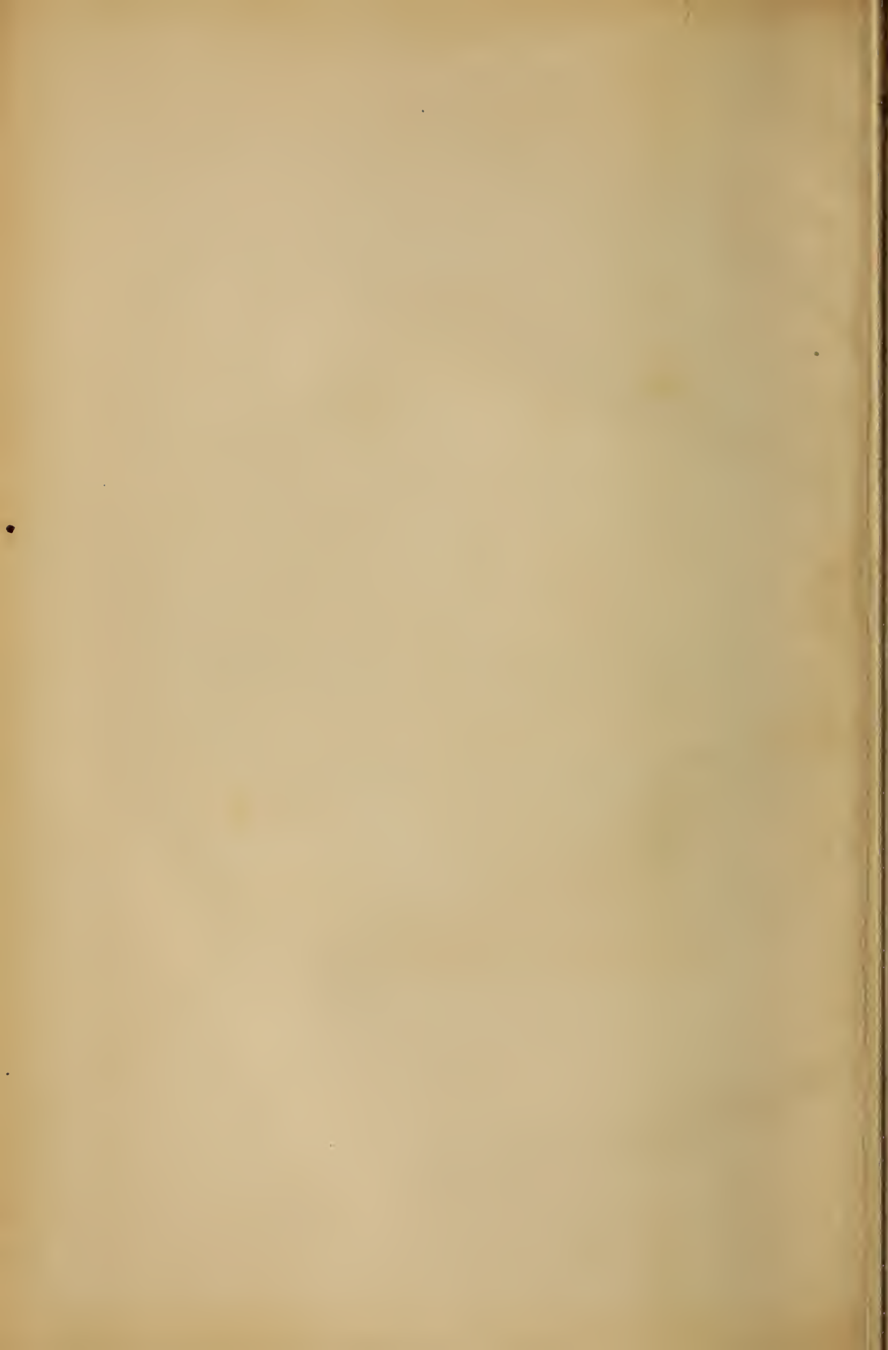

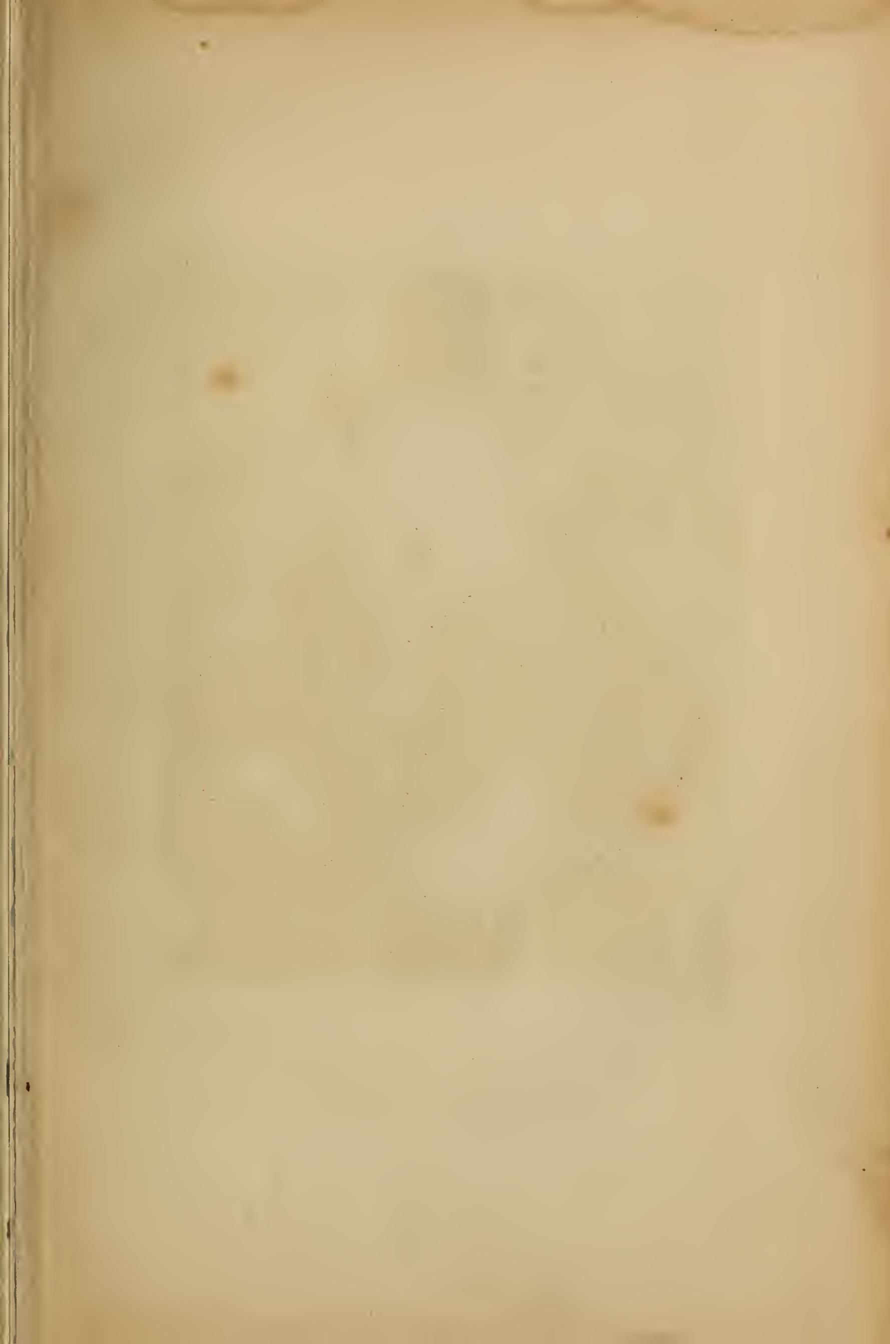

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Charles R

ANECDOTAL MEMOIRS

OF

ENGLISH PRINCES,

AND

NOTICES OF CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSES OF ENGLAND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

AUTHOR OF

"Memorable Battles in English History," "The Sea-Kings of England," &c., &c.

VOL. I.

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WITH SENTIMENTS OF GRATITUDE AND RESPECT

TO

ADM. SIR AUGUSTUS W. J. CLIFFORD, Bt., K.C.B.,

USHER OF THE BLACK ROD,

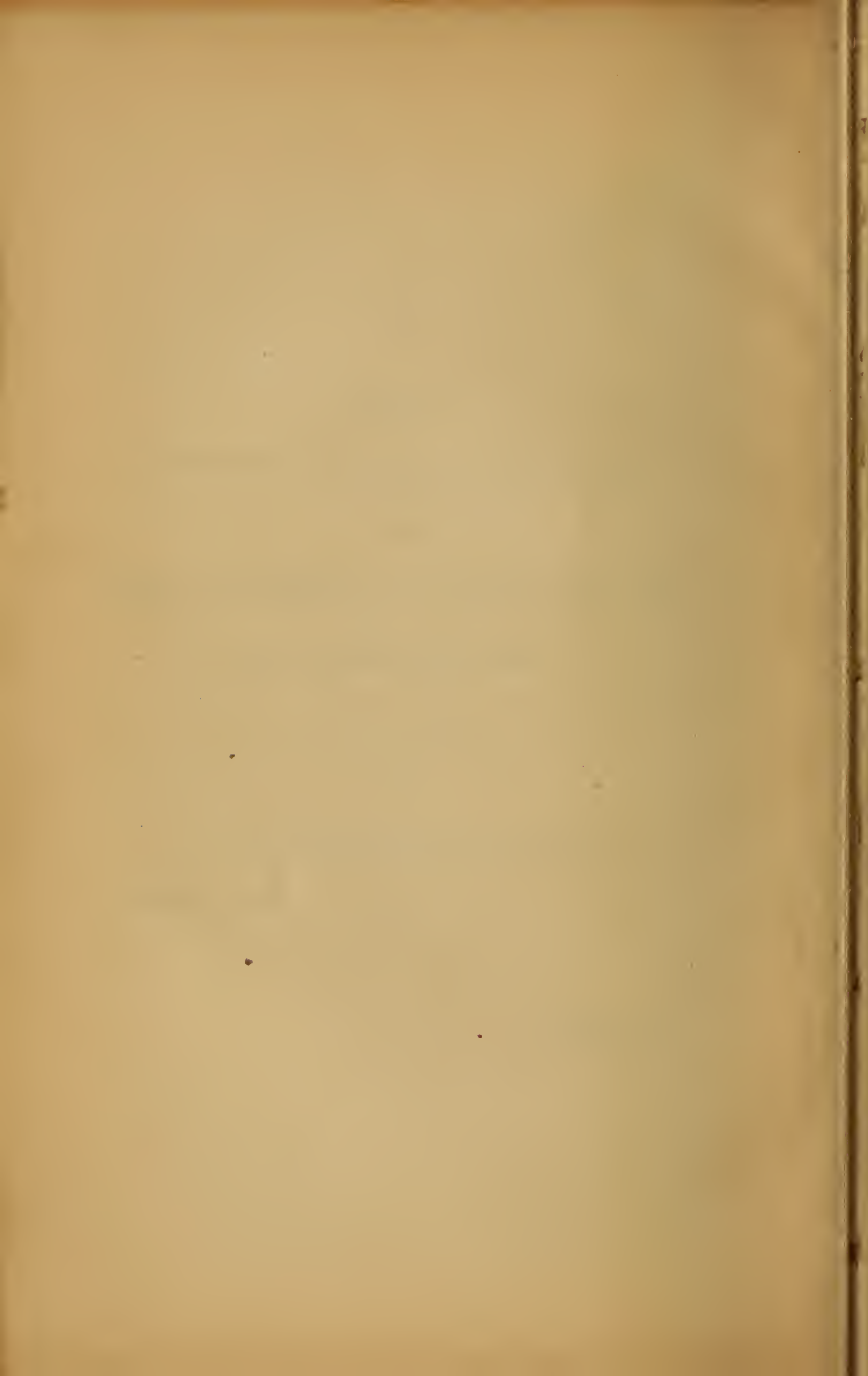
&c., &c., &c.,

BY

HIS OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

July, 1863.



CORRIGENDA.

Vol. I., p. 50, for paragraph vi. *read* paragraph vii., and *dele* the number vii., line 19.

Vol. I., p. 109, line 10, supply number ii. to the second paragraph.

Vol. I., p. 142, line 10, for the text as it stands, *read* "Nor, indeed, is there any foundation for supposing that it was by the Duke's orders she was cruelly ill-used in her captivity, unjustly condemned of witchcraft, and foully murdered by being burnt in the market-place of Rouen."

Vol. I., p. 227, line 16, for v. *read* vi.

Vol. I., p. 228, line 13, for vi. *read* vii., and re-number the paragraphs up to page 245.

Vol. I., p. 260, line 19, for viii. *read* ix. Page 261, line 19, for ix. read x.

Vol. I., p. 281, line 22, for "armoric" *read* "Armoric."

Vol. I., p. 304, line 6, for xv. read xxi., and re-number the paragraphs down to page 314.

Vol. I., p. 336, line 6, for iii. *read* ii.

Vol. I., p. 338, line 1, for iv. *read* iii.

Vol. I., p. 341, line 9, for v. *read* iv.

Vol. I , p. 343, line 9, for vi. *read* v.

Vol. I., p. 360, *note*, for "Pick's" *read* "Peck's."

Vol. II., p. 8, line 16, for vii. *read* viii.

Vol. II., p. 12, line 4, *dele* viii.

Vol. II., p. 52, line 1, for xx. *read* xxi., and re-uumber the paragraphs to end of chapter. On p. 66, paragraph xxiv. should be xxvi., and so on.

Vol. II., p. 69, line 22, for "Quos," *read* "Quem," and for "prius dementa," read "primum dementat."

Vol. II., p. 70, line 24, paragraph xxvii. should be paragraph xxx.

Vol. II., p. 73, line 19, paragraph xxviii. ought to be xxxii.

Vol. II., p. 81, line 5, paragraph xxxiv. ought to be xxxix.

Vol. II., p. 162, line 5, *dele* x.

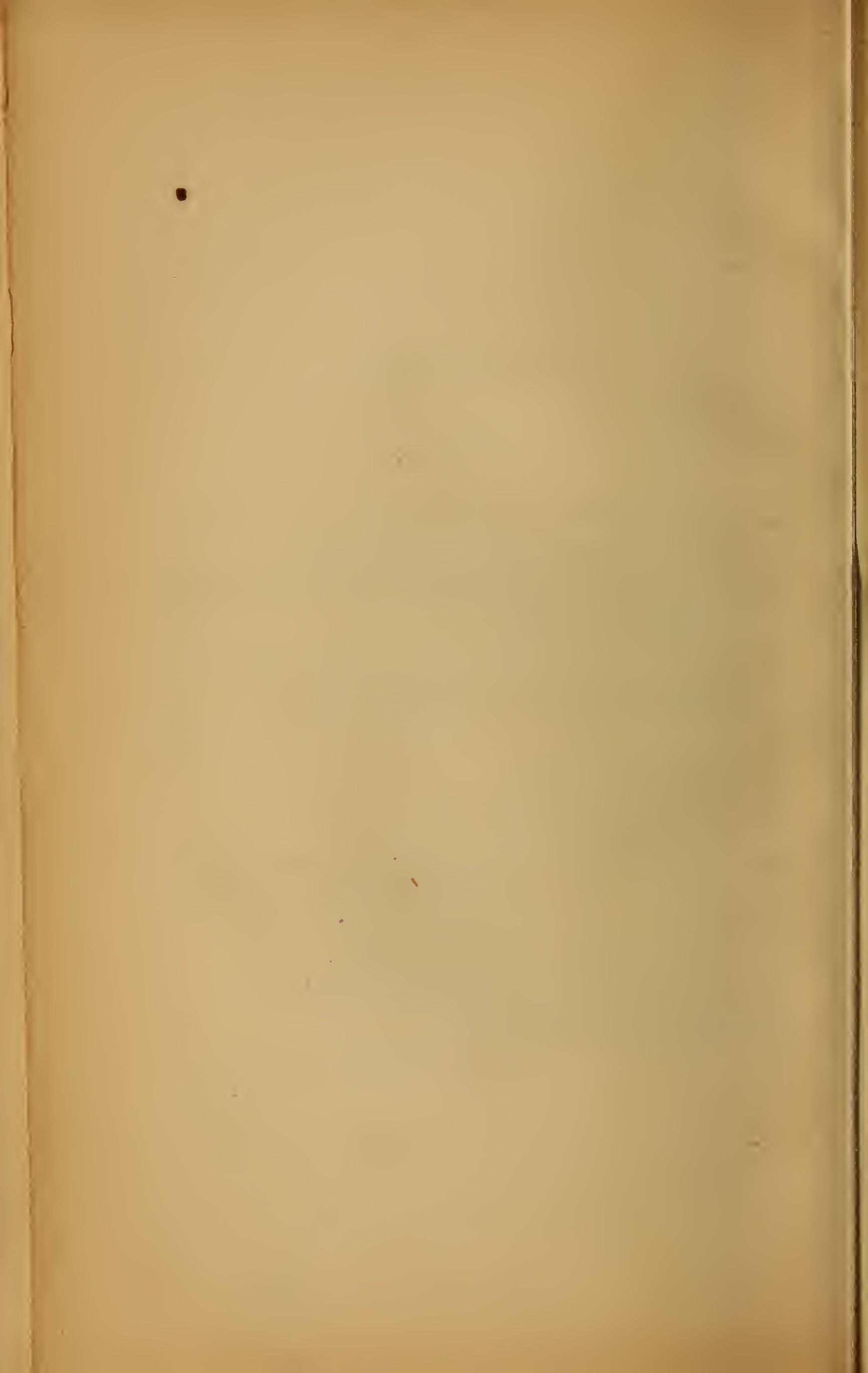
Vol. II., p. 203, line 19, insert at beginning of paragraph the number ii.

Vol. II., p. 214, line 15, insert the number x.

Vol. II., p. 215, line 24, insert the number xi.

Vol. II., p. 231, line 23, for xi. *read* ix.

Vol. II., p. 331, line 14, for xix. *read* xx. ; and line 24, for xx *read* xxi.



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* By an error unfortunately overlooked while the book was passing through the press, the paragraphs from this point have been wrongly numbered.

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PREFACE.

It is needful I should state at the outset that these volumes are designed—not for the critic, or the scholar—but for that much-suffering individual, the general reader. They contain no views of startling novelty, which aim at a reversal of the verdict history has already pronounced on the men and events of the Past; nor any elaborate antiquarian dissertations elucidating—or obscuring—the insignificant details of some tedious mediæval chronicle. I profess to bring forward no new facts. I have not sought to hazard any boldly original opinions. It has simply been my object to gather together the *disjecta membra* of various writers, in a readable and comprehensive form, and to provide a lucid narrative of the principal incidents in the careers of our English princes, while avoiding as much as possible those portions of their lives which may more

properly be considered the province of the English historian. My limits have compelled me to omit several interesting biographies—and especially those of the sons of George the Third,—but these I hope to supply in a Second Series, if the present should be honoured by the public with a favourable reception.

Most readers of English history have probably desired to know something more of the eventful lives of the sons of our sovereigns than the historian usually affords. Generally they pass across the crowded page like phantom-shadows, and the reader knows not whence they come or whither they go. To meet this want has been my object. It was no part of my original plan to include those princes who in due time ascended the throne, but it seemed necessary to make an exception in the case of Edward the Fifth, whose "baby brow" bore the circle of royalty but three short months, and James the Second, whose career, both before his accession and after his deposition, was of historical importance but hardly a portion of English history. For the same reason I have included memoirs of the Duke of Monmouth,—Prince James Frederick, the Chevalier,—and Prince Charles Edward, the chivalric hero of the rebellion of the '45.

These unpretending narratives are based upon the

best authorities; but to avoid encumbering the page with frequent references, I have prefixed to each chapter a list of the writers I have mainly consulted.

That there are errors and short-comings in my work—much of which was executed in a season of severe illness—the keen critic will, perhaps, detect; but I am, nevertheless, sanguine that its honesty and conciseness will commend it to his favourable consideration. And in the hope that my sketches may agreeably occupy a leisure hour; may prove of some service as offering at once a companion and a supplement to our popular histories; I now submit them to the notice of the Public.

W. H. D. A.

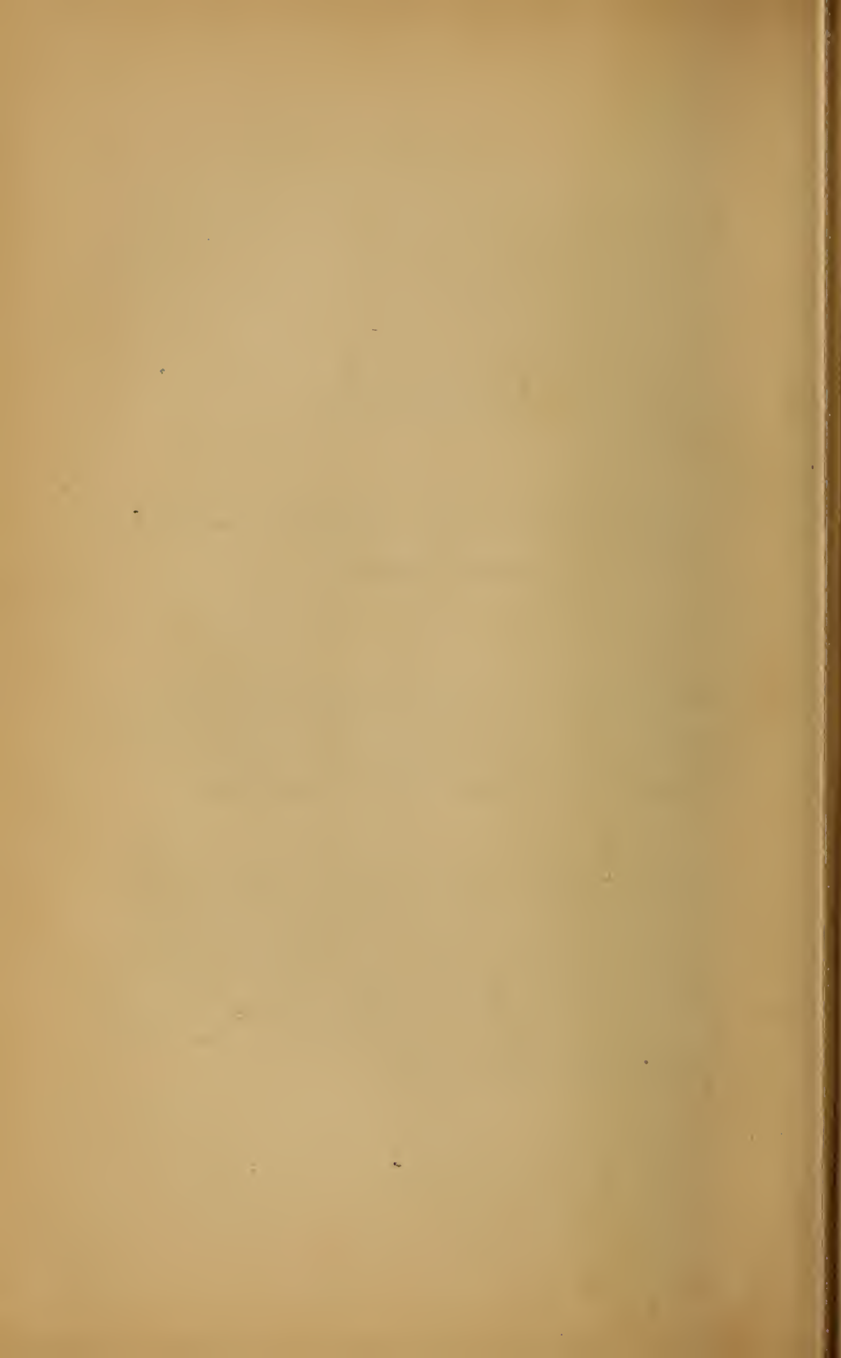
London, May, 1863.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCE EDWARD OF WOODSTOCK — THE BLACK PRINCE.

1. The Opening of a Great Career.—2. The Fight at Crecy.—3. The Fight at Poitiers.—4. The Love-match, and the Fair Maid of Kent.—5. A Spanish Ally.—6. The Close of a Great Career.—7. Last Words.

[Authorities.—Barnes' Life of Edward the 3rd; Froissart's Chronicles; Mezerai, Histoire De France; Wright's Political Songs; Memoires de Guesclin; the French King Conquered by the English, published in 1678; Grose's Military Antiquities; Lingard's History of England; Doran's Book of the Princes of Wales; the Archæologia; Canon Stanley's Historical Memorials of Canterbury; Strickland's Queens of England; Arthur Collins's Life of the Black Prince; etc., etc.]



CHAPTER I.

EDWARD OF WOODSTOCK, SURNAMED "THE BLACK PRINCE."

> "The knight's bones are dust,
> And his good sword rust,
> His soul is with the saints I trust."
>
> COLERIDGE.

I.

THE OPENING OF A GREAT CAREER.

i. FOREMOST among the heroes of English history—chief figure on the lurid canvas which glows with the pageantry of knights and barons—stands the successful warrior, the prudent statesman, and the gentleman, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," whom our chroniclers have loved to celebrate as Edward, the Black Prince. It is not too much to say that in him the observer may behold the very mirror of knighthood, and recognise his brilliant career as illustrative of all that was

brightest and best in the feudal institution of chivalry. Apart, therefore, from the romance of its incidents, from its admirable generosity, and truth, and purity; the life of the Black Prince will always possess a peculiar interest for the philosophical student, for him who seeks to learn from history the social changes and internal condition of a country as indicated by the actions and achievements of its most illustrious sons.

ii. Edward, eldest son of Edward III., the "greatest of the Plantagenets," and of the buxom and devoted Philippa of Hainault, was born at the old palace of Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, on Friday, the 15th of June, 1330, at ten o'clock in the morning.

His birth was the signal for national rejoicings of unusual sincerity and enthusiasm, which did but reflect the proud happiness of his young and ardent parents.* Even as a babe the future warrior was distinguished by "the beauty of his shape, the largeness of his size, and the firm contexture of his body." Both he and his mother figure on the canvas of contemporary artists, as the infant Jesus

* His father conferred an annuity of £100 on the young prince's nurse, Joan of Oxford, and ten marks on his *rocker*, Maud of Plumpton.

and Madonna. Physiologists may, therefore, moralise on the fact that, in contravention of usual restrictions of court etiquette, Philippa nursed her babe herself. "The good lady," says Barnes, quaintly, "took such great care of this first dear pledge of her marriage-bed, that she resolved to give him her own breasts, as indeed, she did to all her children after; yet for all that, her beauty and flower of youth was nothing impaired thereby."

iii. As he grew in years, due care was taken that the graces of his mind should equal the charms of his person. Dr. Walter Burleigh, a man of high principle as well as of extraordinary erudition, who had been educated at Merton College—one of the most famous of the famous halls of Oxford—and in whom so much confidence was reposed by Queen Philippa that she named him her almoner, was appointed to superintend the studies of the youthful prince. His kinsman, young Simon Burley (or Burleigh) was one of Edward's playfellows, and continued attached to his service throughout his later life.

iv. Tradition places the scene of Prince Edward's studies at the new college in Oxford, which Dr. Burleigh had founded, and

named "Queen's College," in honour of his royal patroness. It is now considerably changed from the quaint mediæval structure that sheltered Philippa's illustrious son; but there still endure some antique ceremonies on which his eyes must have rested, and in which he himself must have played his part. "You may still hear," says Canon Stanley, "the students summoned to dinner, as he was, by the sound of a trumpet, and in the hall you may still see, as he saw, the Fellows sitting all on one side of the table, with the Head of the College in the centre, in imitation of the 'Last Supper,' as it is commonly represented in pictures. The very names of the Head and twelve Fellows (the number first appointed by the Founder, in likeness of our Lord and the Apostles) who were presiding over the College when the prince was there, are known to us. He must have seen what has long since vanished away, the thirteen beggars, deaf, dumb, maimed, or blind, daily brought into the Hall, to receive their dole of bread, beer, potage, and fish. He must have seen the seventy poor scholars, instituted after the example of the seventy disciples, and learning from their two chaplains to chant the

service. He must have heard the mill within or hard by the college walls, grinding the Fellows' bread. He must have seen the porter of the college going round the rooms betimes in the morning to shave the beards and wash the heads of the Fellows. In these and many other curious particulars, we can tell exactly what the customs and appearance of the College were when the prince was there."*

v. Even from his earliest youth his kingly father loved to load this best loved child of his affections with dignities and honours. When but three years old he was made Earl of Chester, and endowed with revenues and estates suitable to his rank. Four years later, (A. D. 1336) on the death of John of Eltham, Earl of Cornwall, he was created Duke of Cornwall, receiving investiture with the sword, —the first creation of a dukedom known in England.† The county of Cornwall was set apart as the appanage of this new dignity, and to distinguish the occasion with special splendour, six of the noblest of the barons of England were raised to the rank of Earls.

* Historical Memorials of Canterbury.

† Selden's Titles of Honour.

His next elevation (17 Edward III.) was to the principality of Wales, when, we are told, he was invested with a coronet, a ring of gold, and a silver rod; and further revenues were granted by the free hand of his royal father to enable him in a fitting manner to maintain the splendour of his princely state.

vi. One of his earliest appearances in public life took place in 1338, when, by commission from his father, he held a Parliament at Northampton (26th July), and his manner and address so won upon the knights and nobles there assembled, that, with singular unanimity, they voted the king "a mighty aid" for the maintenance of his wars. Edward, at this time, was prosecuting with characteristic energy his designs upon the French throne; and after a brilliant display of his warlike resources and military genius, had resolved to keep the Christmas of 1339 at Antwerp, with extraordinary state and splendour. Thither he summoned his queen, the generous Philippa: and the beauties of her glittering court; and many a knight and baron, renowned in arms or famous in council. Thither, too, at his express desire, repaired his eldest son, a proper, hopeful, young gentleman of about ten

ANTWERP.

years of age. "His great grace and exact shape made him as acceptable to the ladies' eyes, as his large and well-proportioned limbs raised a full expectation of his future manhood among the lords, both of England and Alemain." A matrimonial alliance was now projected between him and the Lady Margaret, the Duke of Brabant's daughter, but though the negotiations were protracted over many months they never grew to a successful result, and the young and chivalrous Prince was left free to fix his fancy upon the loveliness of his cousin, Joan, so famous in the annals of our English beauties, as the "Fair Maid of Kent."

II.

THE FIGHT AT CRECY.

i. Prince Edward was only fifteen years of age when he began his military career, and was summoned by his father to assist him in the prosecution of his campaigns in France.

ii. It is unnecessary for us, here, to dilate upon the causes of that great French war, which the victories of Crecy and Poitiers have

rendered a portion of our national glory. Modern historians unanimously admit that the pretensions which Edward the III. put forth to the crown of France were as unjustifiable as they were impolitic, and based upon no solid foundation of right. They were rendered untenable by the provisions of the Salic Law, while, supposing that the French nobles had consented to its abrogation, Edward would then have ceased to be the nearest heir. It was a war of conquest—a war of ambition; but it was, nevertheless, a war in which the heart of the people, as well as the pride of their king, was thoroughly engaged. The ballads and songs of the period abundantly prove its popularity with the great majority of the nation, while they vividly illustrate the intensity of the hatred which then existed between France and England. The easy victories won by King Edward and his hero-son augmented this hatred, or rather deepened it into scorn, while they confirmed the Englishman's belief in his invincible prowess and natural superiority. The ballad writers of the days of the Plantagenets, positively luxuriate in contemptuous bursts of song.

Thus, after Crecy, one of those powerful exponents and influential instigators of popular feeling, exclaims, with contumelious laughter,—

"Was thou noght, Franceis, with thy wapin,
  Betwixen Cressy and Abyle:
Whare thi plaws lien and gapin,
  For all thaire treget* and thaire gile?
Biscoppes war thare in that while
  That songen al withouten stole.
Philip the Valas was a file,
  He fled, and durst noght tak his dole.†

"Men delid thare ful mani a dint
  Omang the gentill Genevayse;
Ful mani man thaire livès tint‡
  For luf of Philip the Valays.
Unkind he was and uncurtayse,
  I prais no thing his purviance,§
The best of France and of Artayse—
  War al to-dongyn || in that daunce."

A still more remakable illustration of the national hatred is furnished in the pungent Latin "Dialogue between an Englishman and a Frenchman," printed by Mr. Wright, in his valuable collection of political songs. Here is a curious instance of the freedom with

* Treachery. † Share. ‡ Lost. The word *tint* is still in vogue in Scotland. § I cannot praise his foresight. || Were utterly and entirely routed.

which, even in the 14th century, an English balladist could treat "a crowned head:"

> "When Sir Philip of France herd tell
> That King Edward in feld walld dwell,
> Than gayned him no gle;
> He traisted of no better bote,
> But both on hors and on fote
> He hasted him to fle."

ii. In a popular poem of the period, the "Vow of the Heron," so singular an original is attributed to Edward's hostility against France, and so interesting a picture of feudal manners and feelings is presented, that our readers may not be indisposed to permit its introduction in an abridged form as an episode in our narrative.

The poet invites our attention, at the outset, to one Robert of Artois, who nourishes an inextinguishable hatred against the French sovereign, on account of his banishment from France, and the confiscation of his estates. He repairs to England, and seeks to arouse in King Edward's mind an ambitious desire to effect the subjugation of his powerful neighbour. One day, in September, 1338, while hunting in the greenwoods, he lights upon a heron, and causing it immediately to be properly dressed, has it borne upon a dish,

by two pages in rich attire, into the presence of the royal Plantagenet, as he sits at dinner, with his queen, knights, nobles, and ladies, thinking of far lighter themes than siege or battle. "The heron," says bold Robert of Artois, confronting the king, "is a cowardly bird, and therefore shall I give it to the greatest coward here; even to you, Sir King, unless you vow upon it to do some deed worthy of a courageous knight, and swear to avenge our wrongs upon the treacherous sovereign of France."

To such an appeal the chivalrous soul of King Edward inspires but one reply; and he swears upon the Heron that he will straightway invade France with fire and sword, and humiliate Philip of Valois.

> "Mès à li je renonche, sois en cherteins et fis,
> Car je le guerreray et en fais et en dis.
> Avec mon serment ay-je che veu pourprins."

iii. Elate with his success, Robert now turns to the famous Earl of Salisbury, the loyal lover of the fair daughter of the Earl of Derby, and demands of him, too, a Vow upon the Heron. The Earl addresses his lady-love in moving terms, and beseeches her

to place two of her delicate fingers on his eye:—

> "Les deux dois sur l'œil destre li mist isnelement,
> Et se li a clos l'œil et fremé fermement.
> Et chix a demandé moult gracieusement,
> 'Bele, est il bien clos?' 'Oyl, certainement.'"

"Beauty, is the eye quite closed?" he enquires. "Even so," replies his mistress. "Then," continues the Earl, "I vow and promise by the All-Powerful God, and the mild mother of loveliness resplendent, that it shall not again be opened, spite of wind or weather, until I have fought the French in defence of the rights of my liege-lord, the King.

> "Adonc dis de la bouche du cœur le pensement.
> 'Et je veu et prometh à Dieu omnipotent,
> Et à sa douche mère que de beauté resplent,
> Qu' il n'ert jamais ouvers, pour ore ne pour vent,
> Si seray dedans Franché,'" etc.

iv. In her turn, the fair daughter of the Earl of Derby vows:—

> "Car je veu et prometh à Dieu de Paradis,
> Que je n'arai mari, pour homme que soit vis,
> Pour duc, conte, ne princhedomaine, ne marchis,
> Devant que chieux vassal aura tous acomplis
> Le veu que pour m'amour a si haut enterprins;
> Et quant il revenra, s'il en escape vis,
> Le mien cors li stroit de bon cœur à toudis."

"I vow and promise," sighs the tender Beauty—afterwards so famous as the traditional cause of the institution of the Garter—

"that I will listen to the love speeches of no man, neither duke nor count, neither sovereign, prince, nor marquis, until the Earl shall have accomplished the vow which, for love of me, he has undertaken, and when he returns, if he escapes the war, my heart shall be his of all truth and right."

v. Thus the Heron continues to draw from baron and knight their several vows; each striving to excel the other in the presence of so many dazzling brows and starry eyes; until, at length, it reaches the Queen herself, the stately and resolute Philippa of Hainault. Her vow is strangely illustrative of the license of language which lords and ladies of "high degree" permitted themselves in the olden time. "I cannot vow," she says, "because I have a lord whom my vow will bind. I must first wait for his command." The King immediately replies,—"Vouès, mes corps l'aquittera. Make thy vow, and my body shall fulfil it." "Then I vow," says Queen Philippa,—

> "Que ja li fruis de moi de mon corps n'istera,
> Si m'en arés menée ou pais par delà,
> Pour avanchier le veu que vo corps voué a.
> Et s'il en voelh isir, quant besoins n'en sera
> D'un grand coutil d'achier li miens corps s' ochira ;
> Serai n'asme perdue et li fruis perira."

"That the fruit of my womb shall not leap into life until the vow you, my lord, have sworn, shall have been accomplished. And rather than that it should quicken, with a large knife will I rend my womb, so that both myself and my issue shall perish."

vi. King Edward appears to have been startled by his queen's out-spoken resolve, and gravely said, "After this I think that no one will vow more." And Robert of Artois, says the poet, went his way rejoicing, and proud of the success of his simple stratagem; and so we are told to believe that from these "Vows of the Heron" sprang the terrible war which desolated France, and absolved the blood and treasure of England for so many years.

vii. That this remarkable legend is not authentic, we need hardly say, and yet it probably was built up on some slight substratum of fact. Chivalry delighted in such vows as these, and in forms and observances which our more prosaic age not unjustly stigmatizes as ridiculous and even indecent. Froissart tells us of certain young English *bachelers* who appeared at a grand French festival, each with one eye covered by a patch

of black cloth; and he says it was understood that these fantastic squires of the sword had sworn to keep their eyes so covered, until each had done some doughty deed in battle with the men of France.

viii. It is, however, the *spirit* of Chivalry which the poet reverences, and the philosophical student is able to appreciate; that spirit which flung a ray of light upon the darkness of mediœval ignorance, and, allied with the spirit of religion, introduced something of love and mercy to temper the barbarous cruelty of the feudal age. Chivalry had its lights as well as its shadows, and bore the palm and the cross even if it wielded the sword. It was the protection of the weak, the refuge of the oppressed, the terror of the tyrant: valour, humanity, courtesy, justice, honour, were its characteristic qualities. "It contributed," says Sir James Mackintosh, "to polish and soften Europe. It paved the way for that diffusion of knowledge and extension of commerce which afterwards in some measure supplanted it, and gave a new character to manners."* But society is "inevitably progressive." New social conditions demand

* Vindiciæ Gallicæ.

new institutions; and the ancient principle abandons its former embodiment to assume a fresh development. Thus, then, the old forms, the old observances, wane and die away, as "the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns;" but the soul survives, and will continue to survive, so long as man is not insensible to love and loyalty, charity, truth, and honour!

IX. Returning to our narrative, we would ask the reader to take note of the popular ballads we have quoted—the straws which show the direction taken by the strong current of national feeling—as affording sufficient explanation of the fact that Edward III., with inferior resources, with smaller armies, and at a distance from his arsenals and granaries, could overpower the strength and chivalry of France, and reduce it for a time to the position of a subjugated dependency. Mr. Hallam, in his philosophical "View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," has summed up, with admirable distinctness, the various causes of King Edward's swift and complete success:—

"The great advantage," he says, "which the English sovereign possessed in this con-

test was derived from the splendour of his personal character, and from the still more eminent virtues of his son. Besides prudence and military skill, these great princes were endowed with qualities peculiarly fitted for the times in which they lived. Chivalry was then in its zenith; and in all the qualities which adorned the knightly character, in courtesy, munificence, gallantry, in all delicate magnanimous feelings, none were so conspicuous as Edward III. and the Black Prince. As later princes have boasted of being the finest gentlemen, they might claim to be the prowest knights in Europe; a character not quite dissimilar, yet of more high pretension."

"Next to the personal qualities of the King of England, his resources in this war must be taken into the account. It was after long hesitation that he assumed the title and arms of France, from which, unless upon the best terms, he could not recede without honour. In the meantime he strengthened himself by alliances with the Emperor, with the cities of Flanders, and with most of the princes in the Netherlands and on the Rhine. But his intrinsic strength was at home. England had

been growing in riches since the wise government of his grandfather, Edward I., and through the market opened for her wool with the manufacturing towns of Flanders. She was tranquil within ; and her northern enemy, the Scotch, had been defeated and quelled. The parliament, after some slight precautions against a very probable effect of Edward's conquest of France, the reduction of their own island into a province, entered as warmly as improvidently, into his quarrel. The people made it their own, and grew so intoxicated with the victories of this war, that for some centuries the injustice and folly of the enterprise do not seem to have struck the gravest of our countrymen."

It was with these advantages at his back that Edward plunged into a war which meditated nothing less than the reduction of France to the position of a dependency upon England.

x. He commenced the campaign of 1346 with his eldest son at his side, who had already obtained distinction in the tournay and the council ; as possessed of a judgment and discretion beyond his years, and singularly expert in every military exercise. They

marched from victory to victory, from success to success—ravaging the fairest fields and richest valleys of Normandy, and striking terror into the very heart of France. The gleam of his banners and the clash of his clarions had even awakened the streets of Paris, when Philip of Valois suddenly started from his lethargy, and concentrating his forces into one mighty host, resolved to strike a blow for his kingly crown. Before the advance of the immense army that now pressed down upon him, Edward prudently retreated, designing to avail himself of the resources of friendly Flanders, and to re-establish his line of communication with the sea-coast. At the same time he intended to effect a junction with a body of 40,000 Flemings, who had invaded France on the side of Picardy. In carrying out this well-projected movement, he was checked at first by the sudden presence of Philip's army on the Seine. He, therefore, rapidly retired upon Poissy, while a detachment of his forces amused the French king with a feigned attack upon the capital; repaired the bridge at Poissy; and carried across his army without the loss of even a single foot soldier. Then

he swept the country from Pontoise to Beauvais, like a destroying fire; only drawing bridle when he had gained the south bank of the Somme. Meanwhile, with an equal swiftness of movement, Philip of Valois descended the river in a line almost parallel to that of the English march; gained Amiens, destroyed the bridges, secured the fords, and occupied every point of vantage in considerable strength. Next, with the main body of his battalia, numbering nearly one hundred thousand men, he pushed along the left bank of the Somme to drive his audacious enemy into the sea, so that pursuer and pursued were now both on the same side of the river, while a sufficient force of the French moved upon the other side to dispute the passage if the English king attempted to cross.

xi. King Edward made many attempts to force the Somme, that he might pass into Picardy; but at Pont St. Remy, at Long, and at Pequigny, he found the fords too strongly defended. These useless delays gave the French king an opportunity of gaining upon him, so that at Airaines the English rear had not quitted the town two hours before the French vanguard entered it. The same even-

ing the English reached Oisemont, but only to find themselves in a position of peculiar peril. Before them the sea; gathering on their rear a threatening cloud of hostile lances; on their flank, the unfordable Somme. In this moment of danger the fortune of kings came to the assistance of the Plantagenet. Among his prisoners was discovered one Gobin Agace, "a varlet of Mons," who, well acquainted with the surrounding country, offered, for a bribe of eight hundred nobles, and freedom for himself and twenty of his fellows, to indicate a spot near Abbeville, where the Somme was fordable at ebb of tide. "The King of England," says Froissart, quaintly, "did not sleep much that night;" and, at twelve, the trumpets sounded, and the English columns moved down the river as far as Blanche Taque (now Blanquetaque), the chosen ford, only to find the tide at its full, and the opposite bank of the river bristling with seven thousand bows and lances, under Godemar de Faye!

xii. Hour after hour now passed in grievous suspense, King Edward and his son momentarily expecting to behold in their rear the glitter of the French pikes. But by ten o'clock the

tide had so far ebbed that the passage of the river became possible; and so, with a gallant rush and a deep-rolling cheer, "in the name of God and St. George," the English hastened into the waters, and resolutely battled their way across. Not only had they to contend with the force of the current, which was swift and strong, but with the arrows of the Genevese archers and the pikes of the French infantry. Down went many a steed and his rider, and many a varlet was borne away to a pitiable death by the rush of the blood purpled waters! The struggle, however, if keen, was brief. Before Philip could arrive upon the scene, the English had made good their footing on the opposite bank, and captured two thousand of their opponents. Nor could he press forward in pursuit, owing to the flow of the returning tide. So the English took their rest in the fair meadows of Crotoy, and made merry with some wine opportunely seized on board certain vessels which lay in the neighbouring harbour. For Edward and his son were well aware that a great battle must yet be fought to secure their retreat, and, like prudent generals, they desired to recruit their men by a seasonable

repose. King Edward was now encamped in the lands of Ponthieu, which he inherited from his mother; and there, on ground which was legitimately his own, he resolved to await the onset of the enemy. "I have good reason," he replied to those of his barons who counselled his further retreat into Flanders, "I have good reason to wait for them in this place. I am now upon the rightful heritage of my lady-mother, which was given her in dowry, and I will defend it against my adversary, Philip of Valois."

xiii. Accordingly he proceeded to dispose his army in order of battle. His position was a favourable one, upon an ascent which rose behind the village and woods of Creçy, about fifteen miles to the east of Abbeville. The river Maze was on his right, and the village of Wadicourt left. The horses and baggage were stationed in the rear, protected by the well-wooded enclosure of Creçy la Grange. For every knight a station was carefully selected, where he might plant his banner, and assemble his men-at-arms. Then there was a burnishing of shield and crest, and a sharpening of lance and spear, and the knight

looked to his coat of mail, and the archer to his bow and arrows. Round the watch-fires gathered joyous groups of England's stalwart yeomen, who made merry over their wine-cups with the thoughts of certain victory on the morrow. In the royal pavilion, King Edward entertained his barons and chief captains, and afterwards, retiring into his oratory, threw himself on his knees before the altar, and prayed that "God would preserve his honour." During that anxious and eventful night the great Plantagenet's slumbers were sorely troubled. He rose at break of dawn, received the Lord's Supper with his princely son, whom he had caused to clothe himself in armour entirely black, and proceeded to array his forces. [Saturday, August 28, 1346].

xiv. The English army was set forth in three divisions. The *first* was led by the young Prince of Wales, who was supported by the Earls of Oxford and Warwick; Lords Cobham, Holland, Stafford, and Clifford; Sir Richard de Beaumont, John Chandos, and Geoffrey d'Harcourt. The *second*, stationed a few paces in the rear, was commanded by the Earls of Arundel and Northampton, Lords Willoughby, Basset, and Lascelles.

The *third*, forming the reserve, was posted on the summit of the hill of Creçy, and headed by the king in person. The bowmen were distributed in front of each division, and drawn up in the wedge-like fashion of the Macedonian phalanx. And well did they do their duty on this memorable day! "Au vray dire," says Froissart, "les archres d'Angleterre faisoient à leurs gens grand avantage. Car ils tiroyent tant empressement, que les François ne scavoyent dequel costé entendre, qu'ils ne fussent consuyvis de trayt; et s'avancoyent tous jours ces Anglois, et petit à petit enqueroyent terre." (To speak truly, the English bowmen did much advantage their countrymen. For they shot their arrows with such eagerness that the French did not know on what side to turn in order to escape them; and these English still pressed forward, step by step, and surely gaining ground.)

xv. King Edward's forces at Creçy were thus composed:—

	Men at-Arms.	Archers.	Light Infantry.
1st Division	800	2,000	1,000 Welshmen, armed with *skeans*, or long knives.
2nd do.	800	1,200	
3rd do.	700	2,000	

In advance of their position were stationed four wonderful engines, whose powers were then neither developed nor comprehended, but which were destined to revolutionise the whole art of warfare. These cannons, or *bombards*, by the terror they struck in the enemy's crowded ranks, probably contributed, in no small measure, to the magnitude of the victory of Creçy. "By means of fire," says Villani, "they shot small balls of iron with a report like the thunder of God, causing the slaughter of the men and the overthrow of the horse." Unwieldly, rough, and imperfect, as they necessarily were, we cannot doubt but that wounds inflicted by an agency so mysterious, would convulse the disorderly masses of the French with panic dread.

xvi. King Edward, having thus arrayed his forces, clothed himself in a doublet of green velvet, embroidered with gold tissue, and mounting his white "hobby," rode, with a marshal on either hand, up and down the serried files, encouraging his men by the serene confidence of his noble brow, and the calm dignity of his martial bearing. Nor was the aspect of his son less confident, or his mien less chivalrous. About nine in the

morning, which was gloomy and overcast, the king ordered his men to eat and drink at their leisure; and, afterwards, they, sitting down in their places on the ground, with their helmets before them, and their bows carefully put away in their cases to prevent injury from the damp, calmly expected the enemy's advance.

xvii. Leaving King Edward and his barons to survey, with the assurance of victory, the strong-hearted Englishmen assembled under the "banner of St. George," we now proceed to trace the movements of Philip of Valois and his mighty army.

Baffled by Edward's successful passage of the Somme, the French king retired upon Abbeville, where he lost a day in waiting for reinforcements, and especially for a thousand lances whom three months previously he had hired of the Count of Savoy. At length he put his unwieldly host in motion; and all along the roads, their numbers swelled by the peasantry of the neighbouring villages, the frantic battalions rolled and heaved—like the billows of a wind-swept sea—crying "kill! kill!" drawing their swords, and lusting after their prey. Among the fore-

most,—heated with rage and wounded pride, moody, silent, and luridly frowning,—rode Philip of Valois, utterly unable to control or direct the tumultuous masses which gathered in his rear. When he came in sight of the well-ordered array of the English battle, he discovered that he had ridden far a-head of the main body of his army. He determined, therefore, to adopt the council of a Bohemian captain, and defer his attack until the morrow; and for this purpose dispatched two of his knights to check the advance of his troops. "Halt, banners!" they cried; "in the name of God and St. Denis!" The vanguard paused; but those in the rear began to press upon them, swearing they would not halt until they could take place amongst the foremost. Seeing that such was their design, the van, in their turn, again moved forward; nor ceased the roll and rush of the inflamed soldiery until they drew within bowshot of the English camp. Then, indeed, as Philip looked upon the calm faces of his hated enemies, "his blood changed," and abandoning all the self-control of a prudent leader, he cried, passionately, —"Let the Genoese advance, and begin

the battle, in the name of God and St. Denis!"

xviii. "At that very instant,"—to make use of the picturesque language of old Joshua Barnes,—"before the armies engaged, there fell suddenly a smart shower of rain, accompanied with loud thunders, and a short eclipse of the sun; before which storm there flew over the host an infinite number of ravens, and other birds of prey, crying and cawing, which the old king of Bohemia hearing of, said to those about him, 'How that was indeed a Prodigy and an Evil Token; for it signified many carcases would fall!' But immediately the air began to clear again, and the burning sun appearing out of a cloud at the Englishmen's backs, darted his rays full in the Frenchmen's faces, and made a spacious rainbow."

xix. And now the French sovereign ordered the great "Oriflamme," embroidered with golden lilies,—the sacred Banner of France, —to be unfurled, as a sign that in the oncoming battle no quarter would be given. And in like manner, and with a like meaning, king Edward advanced his "Burning Dragon;" and considering the imminent

hazard to which England would be exposed if he fell in the approaching fight, gave up the immediate command of the army to the Black Prince, and retired with a powerful reserve to the hill of Creçy, whence he could survey the entire field of battle.

xx. The fray was begun by the Genoese crossbows—about 15,000 stout and well-trained varlets—led by Dukes Doria and Grimaldi; but these having already marched some eighteen miles that day, soon grew faint with the intolerable burden of their heavy armour. They sent a message to King Philip—"We are not fit to achieve any great deeds of battle this day, for we stand in need of rest." Then outspake the Duke d'Alençon, Philip's brother:—"And is such our recompense for employing these knaves? Do they fail us in our hour of need?" The Genoese heard the reproach, and felt it. Forming in silence, they moved to the front, supported by D'Alençon and his heavily-armed cavalry. The sudden sunshine dazzled their eyes, and somewhat discomposed their array; but they still pressed forward, with three mighty shouts, vainly thinking thus to terrify the English. Then they discharged their crossbows, but

with little effect, the strings being wet with the heavy rain. Far different was the discharge from the English bows. They had kept their good yews covered in their cases, and now, stepping forward one pace, plied them with deadly force. Like a storm of hail their shafts descended upon the startled Genoese, and the dismayed men-at-arms! As the old balladist sings,—

> "Through armour thick and thin,
> They pierced, and entered in."

Through hauberk and cuirass, through shield, and helm; through head, and neck, and hand, and arm; crashed the ceaseless shafts, until the bowmen could endure no longer, but turned upon their heels and fled, smitten by a terrible panic. "Kill me those cravens," cried the infuriate Philip, as the fugitives sped by, "they block up our path, and do us no good!" His men-at-arms were by no means loth to obey his commands, so that the hapless Genoese suffered alike from friend and foe.

XXI. And now, while the mass was thus disordered, the thunder of the English bombards broke upon it; and fearful was the

slaughter before D'Alençon could extricate his men-at-arms from the *melée*, and avoiding as best he might the English archers, led them against the flank of Prince Edward's division. Unequal enough had been the struggle, if Providence were *always* on the side of *les gros bataillons*; but Edward and his knights had stout hearts and stalwart arms, and opposed themselves to the French onset like an impenetrable wall. So hot became the fight that the Earl of Warwick lost heart of grace, and despatched Sir Thomas Norwich to the King, requesting him to lead the reserve to his son's assistance. The royal Plantagenet, bare-headed, watched from a windmill which still crowns the height of Creçy, the progress of the battle, and with the keen glance of a great military genius, had discovered that the victory would be with England. "Is my son hurt," he said to Sir Thomas Norwich, "or dead, or felled to the earth?" "No, sire," was the reply; "but he is heavily beset, and hath need of your help." "Go you back, then," said the King, "and bid them that sent you, trouble me no further while my son is living. Let him take care

to win his spurs,* and to deserve the honour of knighthood which I so lately conferred upon him. For I am resolved, by the grace of God, that the glory of this day shall be his and yours." These chivalrous words being repeated to the Prince's captains, gave them great encouragement, and they felt wroth with themselves that ever they had sent so craven a message to their hero-king.

xxii. Yet had the young prince, truly, been in no slight peril. He had fought with the constancy of a veteran, and yet, with all the ardour of youth, plunged in the thickest of the press; when unhorsed, and beaten to the ground, he was only saved from death by the ready courage of gallant Sir Richard de Beaumont, the Standard-Bearer of Wales, who concealed his prostrate body with the folds of the great Banner of the Principality, and manfully stood over him until the assailants were driven back.

xxiii. Far into the autumn-night, and even to the dawn of the Sabbath, the rout continued, and every hour the English seized upon victory with a firmer grasp. D'Alençon,

* This expression has become proverbial. The young Prince had been knighted only a month before.

the ablest of the French captains, fell in his vain attempt to turn the flank of Prince Edward's small but gallant band, and with him perished all hopes of success for the Oriflamme of France. The old King of Bohemia, Jean of Luxemburg, who, blind and aged, but guided by two of his esquires, had ridden into the fray, and done his duty like a noble knight,* had also fallen; while among those who fell beneath the long knives of the furious Welshmen, were the Dukes of Lorraine and Bourbon, and the Counts of Flanders, Aumale, Vaudemont, and Blois. "Two bischoppis," says Capgrave, "viii. erles, two thousand knytes and much othir peeple, were eyther slayn or put to flite." Philip himself, who had displayed a wonderful brilliancy of

* "The valiant King of Bohemia," says Froissart, "for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, said to those about him, 'Where is the lord Charles, my son?' The sire rejoined, 'Sire, we cannot tell, but we think he be fighting.' Then said the King, 'Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends on this day; I order you to lead me so far forward that I may strike one stroke with my sword.' They said they would do his commandment; and to the intent that they might not lose him in the press, they tied together all the reins of their bridles, and set the king in advance to accomplish his desire, and so they spurred against their enemies. The Lord Charles of Bohemia, his son, who called himself King of Bohemia, and bore the royal arms, came in good array to the battle; but when he saw that it went against his side, he departed, I cannot tell you which way. The King, his father, was so far forward that he struck a stroke with his sword, yea, and more than four, and fought valiantly. And so did his companions, and they adventured so much in advance that they were all slain, and the next day they were found in their places about the King, with their horses tied to one another."

courage but a sad lack of military skill, was forced off the field by John of Hainault. The knight, it is said, exclaimed, "Withdraw, sire, while it is yet time! Do not sacrifice yourself without cause; for if you have lost now, victory may be yours on some other field." The King, and half a score companions, then rode in hot haste from the disastrous field, spurring through the deep darkness to the gates of the Castle of La Broye. "Who waits without?" inquired the warder. "Open! Open!" impatiently, replied the King; "it is the Fortune of France." There he rested for awhile, and refreshed himself with some wine; and, at midnight recommencing his hasty flight, drew not rein again until he was safe within the walls of Amiens.

xxiv. The English, meanwhile, had continued the pursuit of their flying foe so far, that they were constrained to light their torches and pile up huge fires to indicate their position to the king. Prince Edward then repaired to the royal presence. His father eagerly embraced him, and kissed him, exclaiming—"My fair son, God Almighty give you grace to persevere as you have begun! Now are you my good son, and have acquit-

ted yourself right royally. You are well worthy of a large kingdom." But the young prince bowed himself to the ground, and ascribed all the honour of the fight to the king, his father.

XXV. The next day—the Sabbath—dawned in mist and shadow. Edward, scarce comprehending as yet the full extent of his victory, sent out a detachment of two thousand archers and five hundred horse, to reconnoitre the French position. This body, on their march, surprised the men-at-arms of Amiens and Beauvais, who, under the guidance of the bellicose Bishop of Rouen and the Grand Prior of France, were hastening to strengthen an army which no longer existed. Sound trumpets, and charge!—Down go men-at-arms and footmen, knights, bishop, and prior! Few escape from the *melée* to spread through the sorrowing villages of Picardy their tales of the invincible ferocity of "the sea-devils" of England. Then, as the mist rolls off, by the wayside—in the open plains—under the shade of grateful trees—are discovered the unhappy fugitives from the preceding day's battle. No mercy even for them! And on this fatal Sabbath morning, more common soldiers are

slaughtered than fell in the whole of Saturday's fierce engagement.

xxvi. Wet with blood, the English regained the camp to meet their pious sovereign on his return from holy mass; for in all ages the presumptuous blasphemy of man has invoked the God of Love and Mercy to sanctify with his blessing the scene of slaughter! The king immediately despatched Lords Cobham and Stafford, with his heralds, to examine the battle field and compute the extent of the enemy's loss. At the close of the day they completed their dreary mission, and reported to their sovereign that the dead included no less than 11 nobles and princes, 80 bannerets, 1200 knights, 1400 squires, and 30,000 common men!

xxvii. We have mentioned among the illustrious personages who fell at Creçy, the aged John of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia. His crest and motto—the ostrich feathers, and "Ich Dien" (I serve)—were at once assumed by the Prince of Wales, and have ever since remained the distinction of the eldest son of the English sovereign.* The victory flung an

* This is one of the knotty points which historical antiquarians love to discuss, and many authorities deny that the badge of the ostrich-feathers originated in the circumstance recorded in the text. But it

undying splendour on the young hero's fame, who, from Creçy's memorable day, became "the darling of the English and the terror of the French;" and who, as the BLACK PRINCE, so named,* it is said, from the colour of his armour—*en armure noire en fer bruni*—stands nobly conspicuous in the glittering ranks of chivalry, as its most successful warrior and noblest knight.

xxviii. The dead having been buried—lords and knights in the cemetery of the Abbey of Montenay, and bowmen and pikemen on the fatal field where they had fallen—King Edward and his son drew off their battalions from Creçy, and moved against Calais, sitting down before that important seaport on Thursday, August 31, 1346. It was defended by the townsmen and garrison with singular heroism, the most terrible

is certain that it was *not* worn by a Prince of Wales until *after* the battle of Crecy; that it *was* worn by the Black Prince, and that the ostrich-feather was the device proper to the King of Bohemia as Count of Luxemburg. We adopt, therefore, the old tradition, and be it remembered that in most old traditions survives a spirit of truth. Tradition is the History accepted by the multitude. The motto, "Ich Dien," however, has no claim to a Bohemian original, and was probably assumed by Edward as indicating his general loyalty—his ready service to the king his father, the lady he served, and the country he adorned. See an exhaustive paper (by Sir Harris Nicholas) in the "Archæologia," vol. xxxi; and Mr. Albert Way's contribution to Canon Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Canterbury."

* It is stated by some historians that he obtained his surname of "Le Noir" from the terror with which he was regarded by the people of France.

hardships from famine and disease being cheerfully endured.

xxix. Early in 1347, Prince Edward returned into England to superintend the despatch of supplies to the beleaguering force. This task completed, he rejoined his royal father, who still lay before Calais, and when, after a protracted blockade of eleven months, the doomed city finally surrendered, he brought his influence to bear, with that of his queenly mother, on the passionate soul of the great Plantagenet, in behalf of the hapless citizens who had fallen into his hands. His services during the siege were important. On one occasion he led a body of troops on a fierce foray into the neighbouring country, riding some thirty leagues beyond Calais, as far as the river Somme, and gathering a considerable booty.

xxx. A remarkable illustration of "war expences," in connection with the expedition into Normandy, and the siege of Calais, is afforded by a contemporary chronicler.* It appears that "my Lord the Prince" received as his daily pay £1; the Bishop of Durham 6s. 8d.; thirteen earls, each 6s. 8d.; forty-

* Quoted in Grose's Military Antiquities.

five barons and bannerets, each 4s. 0d.; one thousand and forty-six knights, each 2s. 0d.; four thousand and twenty-two esquires, constables, and captains, 1s. 0d. each; five thousand one hundred and forty vintenars and mounted archers, 6d. each; three hundred and thirty-five pauncenars and five hundred hobblers (light armed horsemen), a small daily wage not named; fifteen thousand four hundred and eighty foot archers, 3d. each, per diem; three hundred and fourteen masons, carpenters, smiths, and others, from 3d. to 12d. each; four thousand two hundred and seventy-four Welsh foot, 2d. each, and two hundred Welsh vintenars, 4d. each. The total sum expended in wages for the army, and the seamen of the fleet (900 sail), which conveyed that army to France, amounted, from June 4th, 1346, to October 12th, 1347, that is a year and 131 days, to £127,201 2s. 9½d., equal to about £1,600,000 of our present money.

xxxi. After the capitulation of Calais, a garrison, under Sir Almeric de Pavia, was placed in its castle, and Edward and his illustrious son returned to England in triumph. They were received with a truly national

welcome, and London, for many weeks, blazed with festal pomp. In the jousts and chivalric pastimes which now took place, the Black Prince especially distinguished himself, wearing on his victorious crest the favours of the beautiful Joanna of Kent. But these joyous celebrations were suddenly interrupted by tidings which reached the king that Sir Almeric de Pavia, his castellan at Calais, had secretly agreed to surrender the castle to the French. The English forces in the town were commanded by Sir Walter Manny, a gallant and loyal knight, who received from his sovereign the instructions necessary for his guidance. Shortly afterwards both Edward and the Black Prince arrived at Calais, but with the chivalrousness of noble minds refused to take the command, and fought as common soldiers under his banner. Ignorant that his treachery was discovered, Sir Almeric prepared to receive the forces of the French; but to his sore surprise, and to the confusion of his confederates, the swords and lances of the English suddenly broke in upon them, and captured or slew almost every man. Upon the traitorous Sir Almeric justice was duly done, and the king and the

prince, having secured the safety of their important conquest, again returned to England.

III.

THE FIGHT AT POITIERS.

i. The next decade of Prince Edward's life was characterised by few incidents of importance. When, in 1349, the king instituted the celebrated Order of the Garter, the hero of Creçy and the heir to the throne was necessarily the first knight elected. In the year following upon this event, the Knight of the Garter displayed his prowess in a new sphere of action. A hostile feeling had long existed between England and Spain, and the great war-ships of the latter nation, infesting the British seas, did much injury to the growing commerce of England, and captured several valuable merchantmen, laden with Gascony wine. The great Plantagenet could ill brook so daring a defiance. In hot haste he assembled at Sandwich a fleet of fifty small ships and pinnaces, and embarking, with his son and bravest knights, poured down upon the Spanish battle (August,

1350). A fierce engagement ensued off Rye. The Prince of Wales and the ships immediately under his command, got separated from the body of the English fleet, and surrounded by a superior force. A large Spanish carrack assaulted the Prince's ship, and riddled it through with "bolts of iron" from huge arbalests and cross-bows. "She had so many holes that the water came in very abundantly, so that they could not by any means stop the leaks." Edward's brother, the young Duke of Lancaster, observing his perilous condition, made haste to his assistance, and the Spaniard was soon overpowered and taken possession of, just as the Prince's own vessel went down in deep water. The battle resulted, on the second day, in the victory of the English. Seventeen, or as Walsingham says, twenty-six Spanish ships were captured, and the king and prince, with their prizes, anchored at Rye and Winchelsea, and there disembarked.

ii. Many matrimonial alliances had been projected for the Prince of Wales, but none had reached a successful issue. His heart had long fixed its deep passionate love upon the beautiful Joan, or Joanna, celebrated by

the old chroniclers as the "fair maid of Kent," and the bright beauty fully reciprocated his devotion. But Edward found it impossible to obtain the king's sanction to their marriage, and was constrained to witness her union, 1351, with Sir Thomas Holland, a knight of good repute. He proved that his attachment to her was still active by becoming sponsor for her two sons, the issue of this marriage.

iii. Meanwhile, the long-enduring emmity between France and England continued to darken the horizon with the stormy shadows of approaching war. Philip of Valois had closed his career in 1350, and John, who succeeded him, a prince of benevolent feelings and pacific tendencies, was anxious to terminate the cruel strife which had so long ravaged his unfortunate country, by amicable negotiations with King Edward. The English sovereign, nothing loth, agreed to renounce his pretensions to the crown of France, if John would recognise him as the independent suzerain of all the French provinces which then belonged, or had at any time belonged, to England. King John, sincere in his desire to restore peace, order,

and prosperity, to his disjointed realm, accepted the proposition, and envoys, to arrange the details of the proposed cession, accordingly met at Guisnes. But the French nobles, when they became aware of the dismemberment of the kingdom projected by the two sovereigns, protested against it with such menacing vehemence, that John was compelled to withdraw from the negotiation. The ancient hatred between the two peoples immediately flamed up, and broke into a lurid and deep-burning fire. Both were eager to draw the sword, which both had reluctantly sheathed, and hostilities openly commenced towards the close of the year 1354—the English animated by the recollection of past victories, the French by a keen sense of the dishonour and humiliation of successive defeats.

iv. Great preparations were made by King Edward for his second invasion of France. The Black Prince was appointed the king's lieutenant in the dukedom of Aquitaine; an army was speedily collected, and embarking on board a numerous fleet, set sail from Seaton Haven, in Devonshire, early in October. In the following spring the prince

assembled his forces in his own province of Gascony, and departing from Bordeaux, swept in a storm of fire across unhappy France, nor drew bridle until he reached the snowy heights of the Pyrenees. Then, turning to the north, he offered the French battle under the walls of Thoulouse, but obtaining no response to his challenge, again broke into the inland provinces, plundered and burned the opulent towns of Carcassone and Narbonne, and unchecked and triumphant, returned to Bordeaux with a vast amount of booty. So that "the young Edward," as Lingard says, "could boast, that in the short space of seven weeks he had lain in ashes more than 500 cities, towns, and villages, in a populous district, which for a century had not been visited with the horrors of war." And these are the laurels, wet with the tears of the innocent and the blood of the oppressed, which even knights and heroes, such as the chivalrous Edward, were content to bind around their brows!

v. While the Prince accomplished this destructive inroad upon the smiling valleys and fertile plains of that glorious South of France which gave birth to the poetry of the

Troubadour, his royal father in the north had attempted a similar excursion from Calais to Amiens, but with a less successful result. The French wasted the country before his advance, so that from want of supplies he was constrained to retreat. And intelligence arriving of a Scotch invasion of England, he hastily departed from France, leaving the sole command of all the English forces to his illustrious son.

vi. That great commander took the field in force, in July, 1355. His troops numbered about ten thousand, including a body of tried and veteran bowmen, and 1900 coats of arms, and with this comparatively insignificant army he streamed, like a baleful meteor, through the Agenois, the Limousin, Querie, Berri, and Auvergne. He captured the strong towns of Bourges and Issodun; sacked Vierson; and defeated the combined forces of the Seigneurs de Craon, Bouciquaut, and L'Hermite de Chaumont. Next he forced the town and castle of Romorantin, reducing them to surrender by the use of some rude artillery, which resembled, it is said, the bombs and grenades of modern warfare.

vi. But the French King was now rapidly pushing forward to meet him. He crossed the Loire at Blois, and moved with all possible speed upon Poitiers, in order to intercept the English line of retreat. Thither Prince Edward, who was unable to obtain any information of his enemy's movements, was also directing his march, intending to retire by way of Poitiers and Saintes upon Bordeaux. A glance at the map of France will show the reader that the French line of advance from Blois, and that of the English retreat from Romorantin, gradually converged, and that when the French reached Maupertuis, or as it is now called, La Cardiniere, a farmstead five miles S. of Poitiers, he would necessarily fall in with the French king's forces. This actually occurred on the 17th of September, 1355.

vii. When the Black Prince discovered that his further retrocession was completely blocked up by the masses of the enemy, he exclaimed: "God help us! it now only remains for us to fight them stoutly." Possessing in perfection, however, all the qualities of a great general—coolness, quickness of perception, and fecundity of resource—he immediately proceeded to render available every peculiarity

of his position, and to dispose his scanty force so as to secure every point of vantage.

viii. The battle field—it still retains the name—of Poitiers may briefly be described as a gentle hollow winding between two undulating ridges of rising ground. On the loftier ridge was posted the English army, about 8000 strong,—sheltered in its rear by a dense wood, and commanding the mouth of a steep lane, which wound up the ascent, through a thick and intertangled growth of trees and vines. The French army gathered tumultuously on the lower ridge. It numbered some 60,000 men, displaying 120 banners, and such was their confidence in an easy victory that the knights and squires disdained to fight on horseback, and dismounted. There were three divisions of men-at-arms, each numbering 6000 men; the first, led by the Duke of Orleans; the second (or centre), by the Dauphin; and the rear, by King John, in person.

ix. Two important battles had already distinguished this memorable field. Here the Goths were overthrown by Clovis, King of the Franks, and Europe was saved from the darkness of Paganism. Here, at a later period,

Charles Martel—the "Hammer"—defeated the Saracens, and rescued Christendom from the hitherto triumphant Islam.

x. Sunday, the 18th of September, was occupied in a fruitless attempt on the part of the amiable Bishop of Poitiers, Cardinal Talleyrand, to effect an arrangement between the Prince and King John, which should prevent the carnage of an unnecessary battle. To the Prince his condition appeared so desperate, that he willingly listened to the Cardinal's pacific suggestions. "Save my honour," he said, "and the honour of my army, and I will agree to any reasonable terms." He offered to give up his prisoners and booty, to surrender all the towns and fortresses he had captured, and to undertake not to bear arms against the French King for a period of seven years. But John was confident of victory. He trusted in his immense preponderance of force; he burned to wipe out by a signal triumph the disgraces recently inflicted on the arms of France. The terms which he proposed were suggested, therefore, by the arrogance of an unmeasured exaltation of spirit. The Prince must yield, not only his conquests and booty, but himself and 100 of his

principal knights as prisoners. To so terrible a dishonour the hero of Creçy hotly refused to submit. "England," he cried, "shall never pay ransom for me!" And the Cardinal, after some further unsuccessful attempts to promote a peaceful issue, rode back to Poitiers in sorrowful disappointment.

Then the Black Prince, casting his eyes upon the formidable array before him, and numbering his own small bands, addressed his knights and captains in a speech which history professes to have faithfully recorded:

xi. "Mes amis," he said, "je me rejouïs de ce que Dieu a permis que nous ne soyons plus en danger de combattre la faim; nous n'avions à craindre que cette disgrace, et pour l'éviter j'offrois toutes les conditions que délivrient de cette apprehension. Serons nous courageusement de ce bonheur. Que ce grand nombre ne vous étonne point, vous reconnoistrez bien tantost que ce sont les mesmes gens qui s'enfuirent à la bataille de Creçy, et à qui cent autres mauvaises recontres ont appris depuis à frapper plutôst de l'éperon que de l'épeé. C'est leur coûtume, et une marque de leur lascheté c'est de venir ainsi dix contre un: mais soutenez seulement leur premier effort

et vous les mettrez en fuite. Ces riches armes, ces lances dorées, et ces bassinets couronnés de perles et de diamans, sont des dépouilles que vous devez plus souhaiter que craindre. Les richesses de la France sont toutes là, il les faut gagner. Pour les forces nous les avons défaites. Nos ennemies n'avoient rien de bon pour le combat que les chevaux; voyez que par un mauvais conseil ils se sont mis à pied, et ont imprudemment abandonné le seul avantage qui le pouvoit sauver la vie. Courage donc, mes amis, après cette journée nous courrons victorieux d'une bout à l'autre de la France: et si nous répondons aujourd 'huy à l'opinion que tout l'Europe a déja conceüe de nostre valeur, nous n'aurons desormais plus que faire d'armes, la renommée achevera pour nous le reste de cette guerre."

Which may be Englished thus:—

"My friends,—I rejoice that through the grace of God, we are no longer in peril of perishing by famine. We need no longer fear that disgrace, and, indeed, in order to avoid it, I offered such conditions as might free us from the apprehension. Let us valiantly avail ourselves of this good fortune. Let not yonder innumerable host affright you. Re-

member that they are the same soldiers who fled from the field of Creçy, and whom a hundred other mischances have taught to strike with the spur rather than the sword. It is their usual custom, and a mark of their cowardice, thus to confront us with ten to one; but sustain only their first charge, and you will put them to flight. Those glittering arms, those gilded spears, and those helmets crowned with pearls and diamonds, are spoils which you should rather desire than tremble at. Yonder is the wealth of France; it must be ours! For their hosts, we have defeated them. Our enemies have no resource n the coming fight but their horses, and yet ye witness that, through evil counsel, their cavalry has dismounted, and imprudently abandoned the only advantage which would have ensured their safety. Courage, then, my friends; after this day we will sweep victoriously from one end of France to the other; and if to-day we justify the opinion which all Europe has already conceived of our valour, we shall never again be compelled to have recourse to arms, our glory alone will effect a termination of this war."

xii. Encouraged by their leader's martial

enthusiasm, the English began to strengthen their position by throwing up a few rude earth works, and trenching some deep dykes. They then prepared to await the issue of the morrow's battle in calm contentment. The silence of discipline prevailed in their little camp, but that of the French was loud with exultant cheers and boastful songs. The night was passed by the Prince in the due ordering of his array, and in prayers for the success of his arms in the unequal conflict.

xiii. At nine o'clock on Monday morning, the 19th of September, the clanging trumpets announced that the battle shock was at hand. Edward's troops stood firm in their well-chosen position, but the French vanguard, confident in its numbers, rushed furiously to the charge, streaming in disorder up the narrow lane which ascended the wooded acclivity. In so close a defile its very numbers did but avail for indiscriminate slaughter. They could not deploy, or close up; manœuvres were impossible; to retire or advance soon became equally difficult. Meanwhile, from the leafy coverts on either hand, flew fast and furious the English shafts, each dealing death or deadly wounds. So incessant

and so well directed was this storm of arrows that the French men-at-arms could not long withstand it. They wavered; they turned; they fled. Of the two captains who had led the ill-advised movement, D'Andreghen was taken prisoner, wounded, and Clermont slain.

XIV. The repulse of this chosen body of soldiery spread dismay among the French ranks, and the panic was further increased by the appearance of 600 bowmen, detached by Prince Edward, who turned the enemy's flank, and broke like a thunderstorm upon his rear. These archers dealt their blows so truly that soon the main battle of the French fell into terrible disorder, and after some hesitation betook themselves to a speedy flight. "When the English men-at-arms," says Froissart, "saw that the Marshal's soldiers were discomfited, and the Duke's battle began to disorder and open, they hastily mounted their horses, which stood by them in readiness. Then they assembled together, and cried, 'St. George for Guienne!' and the Lord Chandos said to the Prince, 'Sir, take your horse and ride, for then this day is yours! God puts this battle into your hands; get us to the

French king's array, for there lieth all the sore of the matter. I judge verily from his valour that he will not fly: I trust we shall have him, by the grace of God and St. George, so he be well fought withal; and sir, I heard you say that I should this day see you prove yourself a good knight.' The Prince rejoined: 'Let us advance, ye will not behold me draw back this day,' and then he exclaimed, 'advance my banner in the name of God and St. George!' The knight who bore it did as he was bidden; and straight arose a fierce and perilous fight, and many a man was overthrown, and he that once fell could not be relieved again without great succour and aid. As the Prince rode in among his enemies, he saw, lying dead in a little thicket on his right hand, the Lord Robert of Duras, with his banner by him. And he said to two of his squires and three bowmen, 'Sirs, take the body of this knight upon a shield, and bear him to Poitiers, and present him from me to the Cardinal of Périgord, and say that by this token I salute him.' And it was done."

xv. Now, indeed, it was that the Prince especially distinguished himself. As May, the old poet, sings in rough but vigorous verse—

> "Here in the thickest throng of enemies,
> Like Thracian Mars himself, Black Edward plies
> Death's fatal task—her noble Warwick gives
> A furious onset; there brave Suffolk strives
> T'outgo the foremost—emulation's fire
> Is kindled now, and blazes high—desire
> Of honour drowns all other passions there;
> Not in the chief alone; each soldier
> In that small army feels bright honour's flame,
> And labours to maintain his proper fame.
> Ne'er was a battle through all parts so fought,
> Nor such high wonders by a handful wrought,
> Bright victory that soar'd above, beheld
> How every English hand throughout the field
> Was stain'd with blood, amaz'd to see the day,
> And that so few should carry her away."

XVI. Driving resistlessly through the disordered battle, Prince Edward and his captains fell with a terrible shock upon the French rear, which was commanded by King John in person. Both steadily and gallantly the royal soldier withstood the furious onset, dealing many a deadly blow with his heavy battle-axe, and standing firm while his chivalry was smitten down by his side,—and steadily and boldly fought his youngest son, a lad of sixteen,—an impetuous frank-hearted youth, afterwards to figure notably in French annals as Philip le Hardi, Duke of Burgundy. Twice was the King smitten in the face, and, at length, beaten to the ground, where, en-

circled by Englishmen and Gascons, he stood in utmost peril of losing his life, until a knight who recognised his person, strove through the throng, and, kneeling, besought him to surrender.* "To whom shall I yield myself?" inquired the King; "where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales?" "He is not here," replied the knight, "but I will lead you to him safely." "And who are you, Sir Knight?" "I am Denis de Morbecque, a knight of Artois, who now serves the King of England, having forfeited all the lands I held in France." Thereupon King John gave him his right-hand gauntlet, saying, "I yield me to you," and the Earl of Warwick and the Lord Cobham coming up, he was rescued from the crowd which still threatened his life, and conducted to the tent of the Prince of Wales.

xvii. He was received with a chivalrous courtesy and a delicate generosity which have reflected more lustre on his conqueror's fame than all the successes of his career. The Prince went forth to meet him, with an air of grave respect, and waited upon him with all the deference of a vassal towards his lord.

* Froissart.

> "In his pavilion,
> Brave Edward feasts his royal prisoner;
> At which, as noble did the Prince appear
> As erst in battle; and by sweetness won
> As great a conquest as his sword had done."

The remarkable scene which followed has been described by Froissart with picturesque felicity:—"The day of the battle, at night, the Prince gave a supper in his lodgings to the King, and to most of the great lords that were prisoners. The Prince caused the King and his son to sit at one table, and other lords, knights, and squires, at the others; and the Prince always served the King very humbly, and would not sit at the king's table although he requested him—he said he was not qualified to sit at the table with so great a Prince as the King was. Then he said to the King, 'Sir, for God's sake make no bad cheer, though your will was not accomplished this day. For, Sir, the King, my father, will surely bestow on you as much honour and friendship as he can, and will agree with you so reasonably that you shall ever after be friends; and, Sir, I think you ought to rejoice, though the battle be not as you will, for you have this day gained the high renown of

prowess, and have surpassed all others on your side in valour. Sir, I say not this to mock you; for all our party, who saw every man's deeds, plainly agree in this, and give you the palm and chaplet.' Therewith the Frenchmen whispered among themselves that the Prince had spoken nobly, and that most probably he would prove a great hero, if God preserved his life to persevere in such good fortune."

xviii. It would seem as if, to use the language of a "Person of Quality," the Black Prince having conquered the French king's person, "by force of battle," now strove "to overcome his mind, by his humble deportment," expressing himself "in a language so ponderous, humble, grave, and natural, and yet so stately, as none but the best soul, adorned with the best education, was able to have performed."* But an incident like this shows, after all, but the *best* side of chivalry. It inculcated generosity of thought and feeling between knight and knight. It enjoined the most romantic tenderness of dealing between princes and nobles. It regulated the jousts of lovely ladies and valiant warriors,

* The French King conquered, by a person of quality.

and bestowed its "palm and garland" upon the glittering helm and gilded lance. But it cherished no kindliness of feeling, no common sympathy, between classes; smoothed away none of the ruggednesses which separate the rich from the poor; preached no noble lesson of high and holy duty; nor interpreted the great Christian creed of "peace and goodwill upon Earth" as embracing all "orders and conditions" of men.

xix. The day after the victory of Poitiers, Prince Edward, with his long train of prisoners and immense store of booty, resumed his march, and unopposed by the broken and disorderly masses of the demoralised French army, which had lost not only its leaders but its honour, passed through Poitou and Saintes to his own city of Bordeaux, where he concluded a truce for two years with the Dauphin Charles, now appointed Lieutenant of France. Then, with his royal and illustrious prisoners, he set out for England and disembarked at Sandwich, after a wearisome voyage of eleven days and nights, on the 16th of April, 1357. In that once important town the prince and his retinue rested two days, and on the 19th departed in great pomp

and parade for Canterbury, where they were duly received by its archbishop, Simon of Islip. Both the prince and King John visited the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, and presented very rich and sumptuous offerings. On the following day the glittering procession rode onward to Rochester, where again the two princes reposed and refreshed themselves. On the third day they reached Dartford, and on the fourth London, where such a reception was accorded to the hero of Poitiers as the citizens had never before given to their best loved kings. "There was so much press of people," says Capgrave, "that when he was at the brigge [London Bridge—in those days the Thames was the scene of every stately pageant] at nyne before noon, it was on after noon or he myte come to Westminster." Along the leafy Strand, and by the fair gardens of the river bank, streamed the bright procession; King John mounted on his own white charger, which had been captured with him at Poitiers, and the Black Prince, in seeming lowliness, riding on a small black pony by his side. A long and brilliant train of nobles and knights, of stalwart men-at-arms, and dainty squires,

of heralds in embroidered tabards, of silken banners, gay with many a quaint device, went up through the shouting throng of the London citizens, and the smiles of their buxom wives, and fair, fresh daughters, while music filled the air with martial and triumphant strains.

xx. For many weeks it seemed as if the city had surrendered itself to a very frenzy of joy. The Black Prince was the favourite English hero, and had defeated the favourite English enemy. Banquets and tourneys, therefore, celebrated every hour, and especially one grand jousting, which took place towards the end of May, and lasted three days. Proclamation was made that the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Aldermen of London were ready to hold the field against all comers. The Kings of France and Scotland, both prisoners to the arms of England, were present on this memorable occasion, and great was the pride of the citizens when they discovered that it was King Edward himself who represented the chief magistrate of their city, the Princes Edward and Lionel who personated the two sheriffs, and other princes

and nobles, who figured in the knightly masquerade as minor civic dignitaries.

xxi. To the joust and the mimic warfare of the tourney, in which the Black Prince was not less successful than in the battlefield, once more succeeded the dread reality of blood and strife. King Edward had not yet abated his pretensions to the crown of France, and towards the close of the year 1359, determined upon re-asserting them by force of arms. An army of, it is said, 100,000 men—but to us the number seems greatly exaggerated, and utterly disproportionate to the military force which England usually sent into the field—embarked at Sandwich, in 1,123 ships, on the 28th of October, and duly landed at Calais. From thence it set out on its mission of desolation on the 4th of November, the van under the command of the Black Prince. It would not, however, interest the general reader, to detail the successive skirmishes and numerous forays which marked the progress of the great army to the gates of Paris (March 31, 1360), or the disasters which overtook it during its retreat upon Chartres. No French army, indeed,

dared confront the skill and valour of the English chiefs in the open field; but the peasantry harassed the retreating force on its flanks and in the rear, and desolated the country before its advance, so as to menace it with all the horrors of famine. When within six miles of Chartres, Edward's army was overtaken by a terrible storm of thunder and lightning, which killed 1,000 knights and 6,000 horses. So severe a loss awakened the long-slumbering conscience of the king, and he vowed on the scene of this deplorable disaster to conclude peace with the French (April 13, 1360). The French themselves were equally anxious to terminate hostilities, and the famous Treaty of Bretigni was signed upon the 8th of May. Of little profit to the English was this memorable campaign, but during its progress the Black Prince displayed an extent of military genius, and a fertility of resources which largely increased his fame.

IV.

THE LOVE-MATCH: AND THE "FAIR MAID OF KENT."

i. Prince Edward's return to England was quickly followed by his marriage with the love of his early manhood, Joanna, the "Fair Maid of Kent," whom the death of Sir Thomas Holland had left a widow.

A romantic story is told by some of the old chroniclers in reference to this historical "love-match." On Sir Thomas Holland's decease, the Prince, it is said, urged the fair widow to re-marry, and, probably by way of testing her actual feelings, recommended to her notice one of his favourite knights. But the Beauty of Kent now aimed at a higher prize, and to the Prince's insidious overtures replied,—"That when she was a ward, others had disposed of her hand, but that now, having arrived at years of discretion, she would not mate herself below her rank. She remembered that she was of the royal blood of England, [as daughter of Edmund of Woodstock, half-brother of

Drawn by W. Eva

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Engraved by E. Finden.

Round Tower Windsor

Edward II.] and, therefore, she was resolved never again to marry other than a Prince for rank and virtue equal to himself." The Prince, as quaint Arthur Collins tells us, was "a passionate admirer of every gallant spirit; and knowing that what she said was true, he presently returned her compliment in an endearing manner, and, from that instant, became a suitor for himself. Having imparted his affections to his royal father, he was pleased with his thought of marriage, and they being within the degrees of consanguinity, he procured a dispensation from the Pope, which bears date at Avignon, the 7th of the Ides of September, 1361."

ii. The marriage was celebrated with great pomp in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 10th of October, 1361. Joan was now thirty-five years old—four years her husband's senior; but her loveliness was of that order which displays its fullest splendour in the maturity of its summer, rather than in the young promise of its spring. In commemoration of the romantic love which was thus so felicitously consummated, the Prince founded a rich and sumptuous chantry in the

crypt of the Cathedral of Canterbury, and two priests were appointed to offer up daily prayers for his soul's welfare. "It is now," says Dr. Stanley, "by a strange turn of fortune, the entrance to the chapel of the French congregation—the descendants of the very nation whom he conquered at Poitiers; but you can still trace the situation of the two altars where his priests stood, and on the groined vaultings you can see his arms, and the arms of his father, and, in connection with the joyful event for which he founded the chapel, what seems to be the face of his beautiful wife, commonly known as the 'Fair Maid of Kent.'"

iii. The king, after this happy marriage,* created his illustrious son Prince of Aquitaine, assigning to him the full government of that important province, and all claim and right to the enjoyment of its revenues. For some months longer, however, he continued to reside in England, maintaining a most luxurious state at Berkhampstead Castle, and

* From the romance which attended it this marriage was regarded with peculiar interest by the English people. No other alliance formed by a Prince of Wales has been very favourably received by the nation until the marriage of the eldest son of Queen Victoria with the Princess Alexandra.

launched into a profuseness which, at last, provoked the remonstrances of the Parliament. "Why," they complained to the King, "does the Prince expend our moneys, and the wealth of the royal treasury, when he has a noble principality and ample revenues to maintain his honour in Aquitaine?" The nobles of Aquitaine, meanwhile were desirous, that the Prince and his brilliant court should enliven their own capital. Accordingly he repaired, at first, to Angoulême, where his beautiful wife gave birth to Edward, their first child, February, 1365; and afterwards to Bordeaux, where he took up his abode, filling that sunny city of the vines with the pomp and splendour in which, like a true Plantagenet, he so keenly delighted. There, on the 6th of January, 1366, was born his second son, so fatally famous in our English Chronicles as Richard the Second.

iv. It is admitted that the Prince conducted the government of his Principality with admirable skill and eminent ability, notwithstanding the gay doings, the jousts and revels in which he indulged his natural love of chivalric state and grandeur. But his third decade was approaching, and with it gathered

nearer and nearer the clang of trumpets and the clash of clarions. It has been remarked that the three great events of our hero's career were each separated by an interval of ten years: at every decade some memorable achievement set up a landmark for the wonder of posterity. In 1346 he gained Creçy; in 1356, Poitiers; and now, in 1366, his military genius was to shine conspicuous on the fields of Spain.

V.

A SPANISH ALLY.

i. Don Pedro, rightly surnamed "the Cruel," from the ferocity of his character, had been dispossessed of the throne of Castile by his illegitimate brother, Henry, of Transtamare. In this revolution the influence of France had been a powerful agent, to revenge upon Pedro his barbarous treatment of the fair and unhappy Blanche, his wife, a French princess. Pedro immediately hastened to Bordeaux, and besought the Black Prince, as the great conqueror of France, to sustain his rights, and assist him in regaining the crown which was

his by lawful inheritance. The infamous repute of the Spanish sovereign, however, was so well and widely known, that when the Princess Joan became aware of his errand in Bordeaux, she entreated her husband not to move to his assistance. The Black Prince affected to misapprehend the reasons of her interference. "I see," he said, "that my wife wants me always at her side. But a knight who desires to inmortalize his name, must seek occasions to distinguish himself in war, and by his victories secure the admiration of posterity. By St. George," he said, "I will restore Spain to its lawful inheritor!"

ii. The motives which influenced him to adopt Don Pedro's cause, were motives all-powerful with a mind like his. First, it implied hostility to the French, whom he regarded as the natural enemies of his country. Secondly, his eminently conservative sympathies inclined him to uphold the cause of legitimacy, of which he appears to have considered himself the champion. Further in return for Edward's services, he promised the cession of Biscay to England; the election of his second son to the throne of Galicia; and ample

pay and booty to his knights and men-at-arms, while in earnest of his generous intentions, he lavishly decorated the person of the Princess Joan with rare and costly jewels.

iii. The Black Prince having formally pledged himself to the advocacy of Don Pedro's cause, addressed himself to the task he had undertaken with characteristic ardour. He lent large sums of money to his ally, receiving his bonds for their repayment—bonds which Pedro secretly intended never to discharge, and sold all his plate and jewels that his officers might have the means of equipping themselves for the expedition. In January, 1367, having recalled to his banners the famous "Free Companions,"—gallant, but predatory English lances, skilfully led by the redoubtable Sir John Hawkwood, Sir Robert Calverley, and Sir Richard Knowles,—he set out upon his march into Spain; and though it was a time of storm and snow, broke through the historic pass of Roncesvalles,

"Where Charlemain and all his peerage fell,"

and which, at a later day, and in an opposite direction, was threaded by Wellington's victorious army,—and fell from the Pyrenean

heights, like an avalanche, upon the fertile fields of Spain.

iv. Leaving on his right the village of Vittoria, since associated with one of the most glorious memories of the British army, Prince Edward crossed the Ebro, and debouched into the open country between Navarète and Najera (April 3, 1367). Here, Don Henry, with Du Guesclin, the great French hero, and his "Free Companions," were encamped; their total strength, according to some authorities, being 60,000 infantry, 30,000 cavalry, 10,000 archers, and 4,000 French men-at-arms, who had followed Guesclin into Spain, that they might avenge the unhappy fate of Blanche of Bourbon. The English army, we are told, did not number more than 30,000 of all arms. But the disparity was more in numbers than in actual strength; for "the Spanish foot soldiers, though with their slings they might annoy the cavalry at a distance, were of little use in close combat; while the men-at-arms under the Prince were veterans, who had long been inured to victory."

v. Before the battle began—the third in which the Black Prince figured as the princi-

pal hero—he offered up a prayer, which the chronicler Froissart has recorded: "God of truth, the father of Jesus Christ, who hast made and fashioned me, condescend, through thy Divine Grace, that the success of the battle of this day may be for me and my army; for Thou knowest, that in truth I have been solely emboldened to undertake it in the support of justice and reason, to reinstate this king upon his throne, who has been disinherited and driven from it, as well as from his country."

vi. Edward's brother, the young John of Gaunt—afterwards, "time-honoured Lancaster"—led the first attack, and showed himself a worthy scion of the Plantagenet race. The English bowmen, as was their wont, plied their arrows among their foes with a rapidity as wonderful as it was destructive, and calmly confronting the stones hurled by the Castilian slingers, pressed steadily and irresistibly forward. The Black Prince never, on any occasion, displayed a more brilliant valour; wherever the fight was hottest, and the carnage thickest, his sword was ready to deal the most trenchant blows. Pedro fought with true Spanish courage; and the small

English army—despite the resolute heroism of Du Guesclin, who, on this day, fully sustained his glorious reputation—gradually swept before them the Spanish host, and planted on the field of Najera the triumphant banner of the Red Cross.

vii. The battle-scene has been curiously depicted by a contemporary poet, Walter of Peterborough :—

> "Dux celer insequitur; jam cædes plebis oritur,
> Creber homo moritur, creber homo capitur.
> Vix locus in rure carent cubito, pede, cruore,
> De Franco fure, Teutone vel Ligure.
> Loricis laceris, ruptis, galeis ve galeris,
> Mars, omnis generis, arma per arva seris.
> Per sata, per prata discurrunt agmine lata;
> Est fuga temptata palma meisque data.
> Sunt Hispanorum sex millia cæsa virorum,
> Præter mersorum quem tulit unda chorum.
> Propter tot spolia tibi propriè sonet melodia,
> Nam sunt indubia millia capta tria."

viii. After the battle, in which Don Henry lost 6000 slain and 3000 prisoners, the sanguinary Pedro was fain to have murdered his captives in cold blood, but was restrained by the steadfast opposition of the Black Prince. The latter soon discovered that he had replaced the crown on a villain's brow; had restored a kingdom to one who mocked at honour, and scrupled not to forswear the most

sacred vows. As soon as Pedro felt himself secure on his throne he treated with insolent contempt the remonstrances of his great ally, and coldly refused to fulfil the solemn pledges he had given; so that Edward found himself burdened with the weight of the guarantees he had offered his own captains, and trammelled by a multitude of pecuniary engagements. His men were unpaid, and ill provisioned. In stern resentment he broke off the disastrous alliance. Sore at heart, and enfeebled in frame,—and it was believed by many that the treacherous Pedro had secretly attempted to poison him,—he returned, about the middle of July, to his city of Bordeaux. Here his illness grew apace, and the dysentery which was one of the evil fruits of his Spanish expedition made rapid inroads upon his constitution.

ix. Among the prisoners of Najera whom Edward conveyed to Gascony, the most illustrious, undoubtedly, was Du Guesclin, the great hero of France, and her ablest captain. He figures in a remarkable scene with the Black Prince, which lives for all time on the glowing canvas of Mâitre Jehan Froissart, and which we transfer to our pages as an

illustration of the manners and customs of chivalry, and the peculiar character of our English hero. It really occurred in England in 1371, but we introduce it here from its connection with the battle of Najera.

"One day," he says, "the Prince of Wales had risen from dinner, and retired into a private chamber with his nobles, who had been served with wines and spices. And they began to tell of many a bold feat of arms, of love-passages, of battles, and of prisons, and how St. Louis, to save his life, was made prisoner in Tunis, whence he was ransomed for pure gold, paid down by weight. And the Prince, speaking heedlessly, said, 'When a good knight, approved of in arms, is made prisoner in a fair passage of battle, and has yielded himself and sworn to remain a prisoner, he should on no account depart without his captor's leave. Nor should his captor demand of him a ransom so large that he be unable to free himself again.' When the Sieur de Lebret heard these words, he bethought himself, and said, 'Be not wroth with me, noble Sire, if I dare to repeat what I have heard said of you in your absence.' 'By my faith, rejoined the Prince, 'right little should I love

any follower of mine, sitting at my table, who heard a word said to my dishonour, and failed to apprise me of it.' 'Sire,' said de Lebret, 'men say that you hold in prison a knight whose name I well know, because you fear to deliver him.' 'It is true,' said Oliver de Clisson, 'I have heard speak of it.' Then the Prince proudly swore, 'I know not a knight in the world, who, were he my prisoner, I would not admit to a fair ransom, according to his ability.' And Lebret rejoined, 'How, Sire, do you forget Bertrand du Guesclin? that he cannot get away?' And when the Prince heard this, his colour changed; and he was so tempted by pride, indignation, and scorn that he commanded Bertrand to be brought before him, with whom he desired to make terms, in spite of all who had spoken of the matter, and would fain not let him be ransomed unless they themselves should name the amount.

"Then certain knights went out and found Bertrand, who was brought to the chamber where sat the Prince of Wales, and with him John Chandos, a true and valiant knight. And had they chosen to believe him they would long ago have disposed of the war, for

he gave much excellent advice. And also were present Oliver de Clisson and other knights, and before all these appeared Bertrand, wearing a grey coat. And when the Prince saw him he could not refrain from laughing, and he said, 'Well, Bertrand, how fare you?' And Bertrand approaching him, bowed a little, and said, 'I may fare better, sire, when it pleaseth you so, for many a day have I heard the rats and mice, but it is long since I listened to the song of the birds. That only shall I hear when it is your pleasure.' 'Bertrand,' said the Prince, 'that shall be when it is your will. It shall depend upon yourself, so that you will swear, and make true oath, never to bear arms against me nor these others, nor to assist Henry of Spain. So soon as you take this oath we will set you free and pay what you owe, and moreover give you ten thousand florins towards your re-equipment; but otherwise you shall not go.' 'Then, sire,' exclaimed Bertrand, 'my deliverance will not come to pass; for ere I take such an oath may I lie by the leg in prison as long as I live. Nay, with God's will, I will never be a mock to my friends. For by Him who created the world,

I will serve with my whole heart those whom I have always served, and whose I have been from my first deed of arms. These are the good King of France, the noble Dukes of Anjou, of Berri, of Burgundy, and of Bourbon, of whose party I have been, as was my duty. But may it please you, sire, to set me free. You have too long detained me in prison, wrongfully and without cause; and I will tell you that I had designed to go from France, I and my people, against the Saracens. And even so I had promised Hugh de Calverley, intending to work out my salvation.'

"'Why then went you not straight without delaying?' inquired the Prince.

"'I will tell you,' replied Du Guesclin, in a loud voice. 'We found Pedro—the curse of God confound him!—who had long since most foully murdered his noble Queen, born of the noble line of Bourbon, and of the blood of my lord, St. Louis,—a lady who was your cousin, by the best blood in your body. Immediately I stopped that I might avenge her and succour Don Enrique,—for well I know, and assuredly believe, that he is the lawful king and true heir of Spain,—and to de-

stroy Jews and Saracens, of whom in those regions there are too many. Now you, through great pride, set out for Spain, to the best of your ability, through lust of gold and silver, and that you might have the crown after the death of Pedro, who reigns wrongfully. By which expedition you have, in the first place, injured your own blood, and done harm to me and my people; whence it has happened that, after you have so ruined your friends, and you and yours have suffered from famine, and much pain, and severe toil, this Pedro has cheated you by fraud and trickery, and has kept neither faith nor covenant with you. For which, indeed, I, by my faith, do heartily thank him.'

"When Bertrand had thus spoken, the Prince arose, and was constrained that on his soul Bertrand was right, and his barons also declared that he had said the truth. And all around there was much joy and great exultation, and one said to another, 'Lo you now, yonder is a brave Breton.' But the Prince called him, and said, 'Still you shall not escape me unless you pay a good ransom, and it vexes me that men hold you in such favour. But it is declared that I keep you a prisoner

because I fear you. Therefore, that every one may cease to nourish such a suspicion, and know that I neither dread nor regard you, I will free you upon payment of a fitting ransom.'

"'Sire,' replied Bertrand, 'I am a poor knight of small fame, and not so well born as that I should command abundant aid. Moreover, my lands are mortgaged for purchase of war-horses, and also in this very town I owe ten thousand florins. Be moderate, therefore, and release me.'

"'Where will you go, fair sir?' inquired the Prince.

"'Sir, I will go where I may repair my loss, and more I cannot say.'

"'Think, then,' said the Prince, 'what ransom you will give me. Whatever you name shall be sufficient for me.'

"'Sir,' replied Bertrand, 'I trust you will not deign to draw back from your saying. And since you are content to refer it to my pleasure, it is not meet that I should place too low a value on myself. So I will give and engage for my liberty one hundred thousand double golden florins.'

"And when the Prince heard him his

colour changed, and he gazed round upon his knights, saying: 'Does he mean to mock me that he offers such a sum? For a quarter of it I would gladly free him. Bertrand,' he said, 'neither can you pay, nor do I desire, such a sum; so consider again.'

"'Sire,' said Bertrand, 'since you will not so much, I value myself at sixty thousand florins. You shall not take less, if that you will release me.'

"'Well,' said the Prince, 'to this I will agree.'

"Then Bertrand spoke out boldly, and said: 'Don Henry, sir, may well and truly boast that he will die King of Spain, be the cost what it may, and he will lend one half my ransom, and the King of France the other; but if I can neither send nor go to these two, I would engage all the spinstresses in France to spin it, rather than that I should longer remain in your hands.'

"And the Prince, when he heard him speak, said: 'What manner of man is this? Nothing appears to surprise him, either in thought or action, no more than if he possessed all the gold in the world. He has priced himself at sixty thousand double florins,

and I would willingly have released him for ten thousand.' And all the barons were also much amazed.

"'Am I then at liberty?' asked Du Guesclin. And Chandos asked him whence should come the money?

"'Sir,' he replied, 'I shall find good friends, I am certain.'

"'By my faith,' said Chandos, 'I am much rejoiced thereat, and if you have need of help, thus much I say, I will lend you ten thousand florins.'

"'Sir,' rejoined Bertrand, 'I thank you. But ere I seek ought of you I will try my own countrymen.'"

VI.

THE CLOSE OF A GREAT CAREER.

i. From henceforth the fortunes of the Black Prince fell into the "sere and yellow leaf."

The expenditure he had lavished on his fatal expedition into Spain, and the non-fulfilment of the engagements into which Pedro the Cruel had so solemnly entered, added to the profuse outlay caused by his love of pomp

and show, had completely exhausted his treasury. Even heroes cannot reign without money, and, therefore, the Black Prince was forced to levy a new tax upon his subjects in Aquitaine. This *fouage*, or hearth-money, was felt as such an oppression by the Gascons, already angered by the rigid and imperious administration of the Prince, that they broke out into open revolt, and appealed for help to the King of France. Charles, a bold and sagacious sovereign, was by no means slow to avail himself of this felicitous incident, and professing to regard the Black Prince as his vassal, cited him to appear at Paris, to render due explanations of his conduct to his liege lord. At this most daring insult the blood of the Plantagenet burned with the ancient fire. "Aye, messieurs," he cried, "we will gladly go to Paris to our uncle, since he hath so handsomely invited us; but I protest that it shall be with our helmet on our head, and sixty thousand men in our company."

ii. He made, immediately, vast preparations for a protracted war, but their wonted success did not attend the banners of England. Chandos, true knight and gallant captain, was slain in a desultory engagement

in Poitou, bequeathing his estate, four hundred thousand francs in value, to his well loved and princely master. The hero himself was failing fast, and no longer able to throw his military genius into the scale against the daring and patriotism of the French leaders. "His great soul," says Barnes, quaintly, "began to bend beneath his own weight, having a mortal war within him, a fatal distemper, which some say was brought upon him by charms and incantations; others, that he contracted it first in Spain, either by infection of that air, or from some ling'ring poison. But, however, he was by this time so reduced, that it was painful to him to ride on horseback, which much dismayed his men, and inspired his enemies with greater courage."

iii. He was roused, nevertheless, to fierce action by the cowardly surrender of Limoges to the French, and he swore by his father's soul—his most solemn oath—that he would spare neither man nor woman who had been concerned in the foul treachery. He set out against it with 12,000 spears and esquires; 1000 archers mounted; and 1000 archers on foot. The fury of his assault was not to be

withstood. The town was his, and he gave it up to fire and sword. As he was unable to ride he was borne in a litter through the desolated and blood-reeking streets, but he gave no sign to stay the slaughter of man, woman, or child until his chivalric love of courage was excited by the spectacle of three gallant knights stoutly defending themselves against overpowering odds. Then he bade the trumpets sound, and the massacre cease. But not before a foul and sinful butchery had been done. "There was not a man that day in Limoges," says Froissart, "with a heart so hardened, or so little sense of religion, as not to bewail the unfortunate scene before his eyes. Upwards of 3000 men, women, and children were slain. God have mercy on their souls, for they were truly martyrs!"

iv. The herald Chandos, the metrical chronicler of the life and actions of the Black Prince, refers to the sack of Limoges, however, with little compunction. He says:

> "All the townsmen were taken or slain
> By the noble Prince of price,
> Whereat great joy had all around
> Those who were his friends;
> And his enemies were
> Sorely grieved, and repented
> That they had begun the war against him."

His contemporaries, indeed, might regard it with indifference as a strategic movement, or an act of deserved retribution, but happily the purer conscience of a later age does not fail to brand it with solemn censure. It has left, as Lingard says, a foul blot on his memory. And among a thousand similar instances, it helps to prove that "the institution of chivalry had less influence in civilising the human race than is sometimes ascribed to it. It gave, indeed, to courage, some external embellishments; it regulated the laws of courtesy; it inculcated principles, often erroneous principles, of honour; but the sterner and more vindictive passions were effectually beyond its control; and the most accomplished knights of the age occasionally betrayed a ferocity of disposition which would not have disgraced their barbarian ancestors of the 6th century."

v. From Limoges, from its ruins and many graves, Edward repaired to Cognac, where he was joined by the beautiful, though now most matronly Princess Joan. Here he had the sore grief to lose his eldest son, Edward, of Angoulême, a boy of much promise, only seven years old (A.D. 1371). The blow fell very heavily on the hero's weakened frame, and

feeling utterly unable to bear any longer the intolerable burthen of government, he gave up his Principality to his brother, John of Gaunt, and in January, 1371, set out from Bordeaux for England. He duly arrived at Plymouth, and from thence was borne in a litter, by slow stages, to the royal castle of Windsor, where Edward III., who was himself grieving over the death of his beloved consort, Philippa,* received him with a somewhat sorrowful welcome.

vi. The last few years of the hero's life were passed, partly at his palace, near London Bridge, partly at his country retreat, the castle at Berkhampstead, and partly at the palace of Westminster. They were sad dark years for him and for England. The mighty mind of his great father was sinking into dotage, and the nation was much troubled by the growing ambition of John of Gaunt. Edward himself trembled for the rights of his infant son, Richard of Bordeaux; and to secure to him by every available means the succession to the throne, he prevailed upon the Parliament to recognise him as the rightful heir.

vii. In France, the conquests won by the

* Queen Philippa died on the 14th August, 1369.

sword were being lost by the sword, and the Black Prince saw, with grieving heart, the spoils of his many triumphs loosing from England's grasp. At home the nation complained aloud of the extortions from which it suffered, and hailed, with a passionate burst of affection, the appearance of their favourite hero at the head of the popular party, which, in opposition to the Court, and the minions of the Duke of Lancaster, demanded reforms in the administration, and the removal of monopolies and abuses. But the efforts of the Prince were necessarily few and feeble. His end was drawing near, and the shadow of death gathered deeper and darker over him. A visible summons appeared in the skies, the year previous to his decease, and all men saw it: the lurid aspect of a bearded comet of wonderful and portentous dimensions! And, a few months later, "there was celebrated a famous opposition of Saturn and Jupiter, in Aquarius and Leo, the abject parts and places of his geniture." It was evident, then, that the supreme hour was close at hand.

viii. Far more evident in the pale cheek, the care-worn brow, the shrunken limbs of that great warrior whose port had been so

proud at Creçy, Poitiers, and Najera! That he might the more easily attend the deliberations of Parliament, he caused himself to be removed to the palace at Westminster, on the 28th of April, 1376. On the 7th of June it became urgent that he should make his will. On the 8th, Trinity Sunday, the day sacred to the Triune Godhead, which had ever been the peculiar object of his reverent worship, and in the 46th year of his eventful life, he died.

VII.

LAST WORDS.

i. A contemporary chronicler has preserved many interesting particulars of his latest hours. When his vassals and servants entered the death-chamber, he calmly addressed them—

"'Sirs,' said he, 'pardon me,
For, by the faith I owe you,
You have served me loyally,
Though I cannot of my means
Render to each his guerdon;
But God, by His most holy name,
And saints, will render it to you.'

"Then each wept heartily,
And mourned right tenderly,
All who were there present,
Earl, baron, and bachelor.
Then he said, in a clear voice,

"'I recommend to you my son,
Who is yet but young and small,
And pray, that as you served me,
So from your heart you would serve him.'

"Then he called the king his father,
And the Duke of Lancaster his brother,
And commended to them his wife,
And his son, whom he greatly loved,
And straightway entreated them;
And each was willing to give his aid,
Each swore upon the book,
And they promised him freely
That they would comfort his son,
And maintain him in his right.
All the princes and barons swore to this,
And the noble Prince of fame
Gave them an hundred thousand marks.

"But till then—so God aid me—
Never was seen such bitter grief
As was at his departure.
The right noble excellent prince
Felt such pain at heart,
That it almost burst with moaning and sighing,
And crying out in his pain.
So great suffering did he endure,
That there was no man living
Who had seen his agony
But would have heartily pitied him."

ii. As the hours passed on, the prince, in the intervals of his frequent fainting fits, took leave of his favourite attendants, and spoke words of wise counsel and advice to his youthful son, Richard of Bordeaux. But the old Plantagenet spirit sometimes found expression. Among those who entered his

chamber, was one Sir Richard Strong, a knight whose presence was specially offensive to him, and against whom, accordingly, he broke out in loud and passionate exclamations. The violence of his wrath resulted in a fit of unusual duration. When he rcovered, the Bishop of Bangor, who had administered to him the last offices of the Church, entreated him to vanquish within him the evil spirit of enmity, to forgive all who had offended, and to ask forgiveness for himself both of man and God. The dying prince answered simply, "I will." Not content with the reply, the Bishop renewed his exhortations:—"It is not enough for you to say 'I will,' but where you have the power, you should declare your sorrow in words, and entreat forgiveness." Again the prince replied, "I will."

iii. The Bishop, grieved and amazed at this contumacy, exclaimed:—"I suppose there be here present some evil spirits who hinder his tongue, so that he cannot express his mind in words," and according to the custom of his Church, he proceeded with the solemn ceremonies of a formal exorcism. Scarcely had he sprinkled the four corners of the death-

chamber with holy water, before the prince regained his wiser and better self, and joining his hands together, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, cried aloud—"I thank thee, O God, for all thy mercies, and with all the agony of my soul I beseech thee to grant me remission of the sins I have wickedly committed against thee; and of all mortal men whom in wilfulness or ignorance I have offended, most heartily do I entreat forgiveness." When he had uttered these words, says a contemporary chronicler, he gave up his spirit to God, as we believe, to His banquets, whose feast he thus reverenced on earth. And he departing, with him departed all the pride of Englishmen, for while he lived, they dreaded not the incursions of any enemy; while he lived, they never suffered any rebuke for that they had done evil, or forsaken the field. "The good fortune of England," writes Walsingham, "as if it had been attached to his person, after flourishing in his health, and sickening in his sickness, died at his death. For with him expired all the hopes of Englishmen, who, during his life had feared no invasion of the enemy, nor encounter in a battle, inasmuch as he went against no army that he did

not defeat, and attacked no city that he did not capture."

iv. There was great sorrow in England when its mighty hero passed away. His father, already shaken in mind and body, was utterly prostrated by this heavy blow, and survived him but one year and thirteen days. His loyal brother-in-arms, the Captal de Buch, refused, in the depth of his sorrow, to take any food, and died, in a few days, of (literally) a broken heart. Even in France the mourning was as sincere as it was generous, and in the *Sainte Chapelle* of the palace of the French King Louis, son of the King John who had fallen a prisoner to the hero's arms on the field of Poitiers, funeral services were solemnly celebrated in honour of the most illustrious knight and truest gentleman of his age.

v. From the 8th of June to the 29th of September, the "coffined body" of the Black Prince lay in sumptuous state at Westminster, from whence it was removed in a richly decorated hearse, drawn by twelve black chargers, to Canterbury. There the solemn procession was met by two riders in complete

armour, mounted on fully caparisoned steeds —one bearing the Prince's arms of England and France, the other his device of the ostrich feathers—one clothed in armour similar to the gorgeous suit the dead hero had worn upon the battle field; the other in black mail such as he used for jousts and peaceful tournaments. Four black banners followed, and so through the crowded and silent streets moved the dreary funeral train, until the gate of the Precincts was reached. Across its sacred threshold no armed men were suffered to pass, but the coffin, and its train of peers and nobles, and priests in sable array, moved slowly onward and entered the cathedral.

vi. "In the space," says Canon Stanley, "between the high altar and the choir, a bier was placed to receive it, whilst the funeral services were read, surrounded with burning tapers, and with all the heraldic pomp which marked his title and rank. It must have been an august assemblage which took part in those funeral prayers. The aged king, in all probability, was not there, but we cannot doubt that the executors were present. One was his rival brother, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. Another was his long tried friend,

William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, whose name is still dear to hundreds of Englishmen, old and young, from the two magnificent colleges which he founded at Winchester and at Oxford. A third was Courtenay, Bishop of London, who now lies at the Prince's feet, and a fourth Simon Sudbury; who had been Archbishop of Canterbury in the previous years. And now, from the choir, the body was again raised up and carried to the tomb."

vii. That tomb was not placed in the spot which the deceased Prince had indicated in his remarkable will, in the centre of the chapel which he himself had founded in commemoration of his marriage, but in the sacred space behind the altar, and on the south side of the shrine of St. Thomas, in the chapel of the Holy Trinity. What pilgrim to England's noblest cathedral but has stood in silent reverence before that tomb? There rests his effigy, still vividly presenting the calm Plantagenet face, with its lofty brow, its hollow cheeks, its firm mouth and well shaped nose. Above is suspended the hero's armour—the gauntlets, the helm, the wooden shield, the velvet sur-

coat, and the scabbard empty of its sword. There, too, may be observed his device of the ostrich feathers, and on the canopy over the tomb the faded representation of the persons of the Holy Trinity, with the hero's famous motto, "Houmout, Ich diene." And lastly you may still decipher the epitaph, in Norman French, which he himself composed during his long and wasting sickness—

THE EPITAPH.

Tu qe passez ove bouche close, par la ou c'est corps repose,
Entent ce qe te dirray, sicome te dire la say,
Tiel come tu es, je autiel fu; Tu seras tiel come je su;
De la mort ne pensay je mie, tant come j'avoy la vie.
En terre avoy grand richesse, dont je y fys grand noblesse,
Terre, mesons, et grand tresor, draps, chivalx, argent et or.
Mes ore su je povres et cheitifs, perfond en la terre gys,
Ma grand beauté est tout alee. Ma char est tout gastu;
Moult est estroite ma meson. En moy ne si verite non,
Et si ore me veissez, je ne guide pas qe vous deissez,
Qe j'eusse onges hom este, si su je ore de tout changee.
Pur Dieu pries au celestien Roy, qe mercy eit de l'arme de moy,
Tout cil qe pur moi prieront, ou à Dieu m'acorderont,
Dieu les mette en son paray, ou nul ne poet estre cheitifs.

viii. Thus rudely Englished by an old writer:

"Thou who silent passest by
Where this corpse interr'd doth lie,
Hear what to thee I now shall show,
Words that from experience flow:
As *thou* art, once the World saw *me*;
As *I* am, so *thou* once shalt be.

I little could my death divine,
When Life's bright lamp did sweetly shine,
Vast wealth did o'er my coffers flow,
Which I as freely did bestow;
Great Store of Mansions I did hold,
Land, Wardrobes, Horses, Silver, Gold;
But now I am of all bereft,
And deep in ground alone am left;
My once admired Beauty's gone,
My flesh is wasted to the bone;
A narrow House doth me contain,
All that I speak is true and plain;
And, if you should behold me here,
You'd hardly think (I justly fear)
That e'er to me the world did bow,
I am so changed and altered now.
For God's sake, pray to Heaven's high King
To shade my Soul with Mercy's wing;
All those that try on bended knee
To reconcile my God and me,
God place them in His paradise,
Where neither Death can be nor Vice."

ix. Edward the Black Prince, as we have said, was the very "mirror of knighthood," a living illustration of the highest virtues and greatest faults of chivalry. He had its brilliant courage, its generous courtesy, its truthfulness, loyalty and honour. In the best spirit of chivalry he reverenced age and authority, and treated with scrupulous delicacy those whom the fortune of war made prisoners to his arms. But he had also its ferocity, and its cold disregard of the rights and feelings of all men who lived out of its narrow pale—the

burgher, and the tiller—in a word, the "lower orders." Froissart says he was "as courageous and *as cruel* as a lion;" and the massacre of Limoges, and his desolating forays into the fairest provinces of France, are blots upon his scutcheon which his greatest panegyrist cannot deny. Yet, undoubtedly, he had in him all the elements of a truly heroic character. It is no light eulogium to pass upon even a prince and a hero, to say that he loved truth, reverenced virtue, and obeyed God. We may regret that his conceptions of Christian duty were limited, but it is evident that beyond most of his illustrious contemporaries, he was inspired by an earnest faith in the doctrines of the Church. His domestic life, moreover, was adorned with the flowers of every household virtue. He was a loyal son, a devoted husband, a loving sire. And, finally, he possessed those special qualities which we are proud to recognise as the prominent characteristics of the Englishman—cool unflinching courage, unfailing self-reliance, respect for authority, and implicit recognition of the great law of duty. It seems to us that his favourite motto is at once the lesson taught by his career, and its best illus-

tration—"Houmout," or *lofty spirit*, and "Ich Dien," or *lowly service*. And, therefore, in concluding our sketch of this most illustrious of the Princes of England, we are content to adopt the language of Canon Stanley, and to say that "not to soldiers only, but to all who are engaged in the long warfare of life, is his conduct an example. To unite in our lives the two qualities expressed in his motto, is to be, indeed, not only a true gentleman and a true soldier, but a true Christian also. To show to all who differ from us, not only in war but in peace, that delicate forbearance, that fear of hurting another's feelings, that happy art of saying the right thing to the right person, which he showed to the captive king, would, indeed, add a grace and a charm to the whole course of this troublesome world, such as none can afford to lose, whether high or low. Happy are they, who having this gift by birth or station, use it for its highest purposes; still more happy are they, who having it not by birth and station, have acquired it, as it may be acquired, by christian gentleness and christian charity."

x. "And," lastly, concludes Canon Stanley, "to act in all the various difficulties of our

everyday life, with that coolness and calmness and faith in a higher power than his own, which he showed when the appalling danger of his situation burst upon him at Poitiers, would smooth a hundred difficulties, and ensure a hundred victories. We often think that we have no power in ourselves, no advantages of position, to help us against our many temptations, to overcome the many obstacles we encounter. Let us take our stand by the Black Prince's tomb, and go back once more in thought to the distant fields of France. A slight rise in the wild upland plain, a steep lane through vineyards and underwood, this was all that he had, humanly speaking, on his side; but he turned it to the utmost use of which it could be made, and won the most glorious of battles. So, in like manner, our advantages may be slight—hardly perceptible to any but ourselves—let us turn them to account, and the results will be a hundred fold: we have only to adopt the Black Prince's bold and cheering words, when first he saw his enemies, 'God is my help—I must fight them as best I can;' adding that lofty, yet resigned and humble prayer, which he uttered when the battle was pronounced

inevitable, and which has since become a proverb, 'God defend the right!'"

Such are the lessons to be derived from the career of the Black Prince, and from the lives of a long line of English heroes, for whom, as our English poet truly boasts,

> "The path of duty was the path of glory." *

* The Princess Joan, waxing daily more corpulent and unwieldly, survived her illustrious husband ten years, enjoying, as the widow of their favourite hero, the great love and confidence of the commonalty. Her principal residences were the Tower, her mansion at Kennington, or the Royal Wardrobe-House, in Carter Lane. She died at Wallingford, and was buried in the Grey Friars' Chapel, at Stamford.

The Black Prince had two natural sons: one Sir John de Sounder, of whom history says nothing, and the other Sir Roger de Clarendon, beheaded by Henry IV. for protesting that his half-brother, the deposed Richard II., was still alive.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN, DUKE OF BEDFORD,

SON OF HENRY IV.

[AUTHORITIES.—Chronicles of Froissart, Holinshed, Fabyan; Rapin's History of England; Biog. Univ., art. Jeanne d'Arc; Dugdale's Baronage; Mezerai, Histoire de France; Roberts's History of the Houses of York and Lancaster; Sismondi's History of the French; etc.]

CHAPTER II.

JOHN PLANTAGENET, DUKE OF BEDFORD, THIRD SON OF HENRY IV.

"A braver soldier never couch'd lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court."

SHAKESPEARE.

i. John Plantagenet, Duke of Bedford, the third son of the astute Henry the Fourth, was born about 1393.

Of his earlier years little authentic information can be obtained, but it seems evident that they gave full promise of the distinction his maturer manhood was to acquire. He received the usual chivalric education common in those stirring times to the sons of princes, nobles, and knights; he learned to manage his steed with skill, and to direct his lance with unerring aim. The treasures of the Greek and Roman classic were not, indeed, revealed to him, though it is probable he may

have known something of the budding and nascent literature of his own country, the Lancastrian princes having always shown themselves addicted to scholars and scholastic pursuits. We may suppose, then, that he relished the "native wood-notes wild" of glorious Chaucer, perused with some degree of edification the heavier pages of "moral Gower," and mused with boyish wonder over the marvels of Sir John Mandeville. The Norman-French ballad poetry would probably be familiar to him; but we may be sure he could write no "clerkly hand," and that his educational acquirements were such as would now be deemed hardly sufficient to enable him to hold his own in cabinet or council. And yet, these unlettered heroes, what great deeds they accomplished! With how firm a hand they grasped the sword! With how ready an intellect they controlled the exigencies of an imperfect civilization! How wide was their mental sweep —how comprehensive their knowledge of men and manners! What they knew not from books they learned from early experience, and lived lives of heroic action and wonderful performance before they reached the age, at which, in our more effeminate times, our

"gowned pedants" abandon the "academic shade."

iii. The stormy and cloud-obscured reign of Henry the Fourth closed in shadow and darkness,—the shadow and darkness of a remorse which no successful usurpation could assuage, —in 1413, when his gallant son, already created Duke of Bedford, was but in his twentieth year. His king brother, the future hero of Agincourt, immediately distinguished him with his special confidence, and with a soldier's eye recognised the young prince's high qualities as knight and soldier. He appointed him, in 1416, to the command of an English fleet destined for the relief of Harfleur, which was then beleaguered by an overpowering French force. The Duke's armada consisted of 500 small vessels, the "cock boats" of an infant navy, hardly larger than a Brighton lugger! Their entrance of the Seine was disputed (August 15, 1416), by a powerful fleet of large Genoese carracks, which had been hired by the French for naval warfare. The battle was unequal, but English blood was hot with the glorious memory of Azincourt, and fiercely disputed the fight for five long hours, with such success that three great

carracks and many smaller vessels fell into the Duke's hands, and 1,500 of the enemy were slain; and Harfleur was rescued.

iv. The military career of the Duke, however, can scarcely be said to have begun, until death had removed his great brother from the scene which the splendour of his glory so completely occupied. While the hero-king strode the echoing stage, all eyes were fixed upon him, and all martial success seemed to centre in him alone. During Henry's second invasion and temporary conquest of France in 1417-8, Duke John remained in England, at the head of the regency, and conducted the government with such prudence and ability as to compose the dissensions of rival parties and secure the general tranquillity of the kingdom.

v. Henry signalised his conquest of France by his marriage with Katharine, eldest daughter of the King whom he had virtually despoiled of his crown, on the 2nd of June, 1420. After a triumphal progress through the gay provinces he had subdued, the victorious monarch returned to England, in 1421, to enjoy the delights of matrimonial felicity and the acclamations of an enthusias-

tic people. But France was not crushed, though temporarily quelled. At the disastrous battle of Bangy, in Anjou, the king's younger brother, Thomas of Clarence, was slain, and the Dauphin's faction gained a signal victory. To subdue at once the rising hopes which this unexpected turn of fortune awakened in the heart of France, Henry again led his soldiers to the fight, and success as usual attended the great captain's banners. After inflicting a series of crushing defeats upon the Dauphin, Henry captured the strong town of Meaux, and pushed on to Paris, which he entered in triumphal pomp on the 30th of May, 1422. Throughout this ably conducted expedition the Duke of Bedford accompanied him, and it was to his hands the dying king resigned the command of the English army when the rapid inroads of disease compelled him to withdraw from the field. At the Bois de Vincennes, some five or six weeks after this event, the hero of Azincourt breathed his last, terminating his brilliant "life of bold shocks and deeds" in his 34th year, on the 31st of August, 1423.

vi. Henry VI. was not quite nine months

old when thus suddenly called upon to wear the crowned helm of his warrior-father. His protection, and the administration of his kingdom, were placed by Henry V. in the hands of his two uncles—Humphrey, popularly called the "good Duke" of Gloucester, who directed the affairs of England—and John of Bedford, whose military capacity marked him out as best fitted for the difficult and perilous post of Regent of France. It is with the future career of the latter that we have now to concern ourselves.

vii. Charles VI. of France, rightly surnamed "the Simple," did not long survive his English son-in-law, and on his decease, in October, Henry VI. was formally proclaimed in Paris and elsewhere King of France. But a powerful competitor at once appeared in the person of the Dauphin, the lawful heir, as bold of spirit and capacious of intellect as his father had been weak and imbecile, who was crowned at Poitiers with great solemnity as Charles VII. A powerful party rallied to his support, and he prepared to rescue his kingdom from the English grasp; while, on the other hand, the Duke of Burgundy, mind-

ful of his father's slaughter by the Armagnacs, brought his levies and resources to the aid of Henry the Sixth.

viii. Between the two great factions unhappy France stood like some fair maid, the prize of two ruthless captors, who can hope for little safety from the success of either. No great battle marked the year 1423,—no wholesale massacre on regular military principles—but almost every day was distinguished by some bloody skirmish, some village desolated, or some town harried with fire and sword. Her fairest provinces were laid waste; her quiet homesteads uprooted; until the French peasant hated with equal hate Burgundian and Armagnac, English and Anjouite,—the invader from the far isle, and the soldier nurtured in blood and rapine on the soil of France herself. During these continued struggles, however, the Regent Duke held the helm of the state with a steady grasp, and the English power gradually asserted itself over a considerable portion of the kingdom. For Bedford, while pursuing military operations with characteristic vigour, did not neglect those subtler movements by which diplomacy so often wins in the cabinet what the

sword has lost on the field. He concluded a solemn pact and "brotherhood of arms" with Philip, Duke of Burgundy, and John, Duke of Brittany,—the three princes binding themselves by all due chivalrous oaths to remain loyal and true each to the other, and support each other with their united arms. And, as in the history of nations it is noticeable that few important treaties have been concluded without the adddition of, or in connection with, a matrimonial alliance, this Brotherhood of Arms was rightly sanctioned by the marriage of the Regent Duke to the fair Princess Anne, sister of Philip of Burgundy (A.D. 1423).

ix. Against the arms and diplomatic skill of Bedford, the French King, however, could oppose one powerful counter-agent; that principle of legitimacy which, in all ages and all countries, has exercised a powerful influence upon the minds of men. The party of Charles VII. continued to increase, not because he was as able or as daring as Bedford, not because it was probable he would prove a better sovereign than Henry VI., but because he was the legitimate king, and daily defections took place from the English

faction of nobles, knights, and squires, who recognised in him the lawful occupant of the French throne. As his party increased in strength, so it increased in boldness, and the time evidently drew near when both sides would appeal to arms on a wider scale, and with more decisive results, than had yet been attempted.

x. There is a town in Normandy which still bears the name of Ivry, a quiet, pleasant, sunny little cluster of dwellings, in a fair, wooded, and well-watered country side. It still boasts, we believe, of some scanty ruins of its ancient castle, and it is associated with the memory of the remarkable victory won by Henri Quatre over the League, which Macaulay has immortalised in a war-song of great power. Early in 1424 the English army was posted before Ivry and its castle, to compel their surrender; and after a protracted siege, the Governor had at length agreed to yield them up unless relief should arrive within a stipulated period.

xi. It was determined by the leading partisans of King Charles—the Duke d'Alençon and Count d'Aumerle—to save Ivry from falling into the hands of the English, and

gathering together a body of 20,000 men, they proceeded with all haste to its relief. But the Regent Duke obtaining intelligence of the attempt, moved with equal celerity to oppose their progress, and with about 10,000 troops threw himself in their line of march. Alençon did not dare to face him, and retreated with as much haste as he had previously advanced. Meanwhile, Bedford made himself master of the important town of Verneuil, and in the neighbourhood encamped his forces, until Ivry had surrendered to the besieging army. He then recommenced his pursuit of the enemy, whom he found drawn up in one long line to oppose his march, with an ambuscade of 2000 cavalry in a neighbouring wood prepared to burst upon the English rear at a suitable moment.

xii. The English Captain appears to have discovered the simple stratagem of his foe, and hastily protected his rear by a rude species of fortification, not constructed on principles known to modern Engineers. He caused most of his men-at-arms to dismount, and their horses were then fastened together, and linked with the baggage so as to form a tolerably effective barriçade. Here he dis-

posed two thousand bowmen, together with a body of pages, the camp-varlets, and other "irregulars." Then drawing his little army up in close array, he addressed them in a stirring harangue, appealing to their loyalty, their patriotism, and their hearty English scorn of an enemy whom they had so often conquered. They answered him with that deep rolling cheer of earnest meaning, which, as the old historian tells us, always smote the souls of the French with wonder, and which, on many a glorious field, from Creçy to Waterloo, and Waterloo to Ferozeshur and Aliwal, the Alma, and the Peiho, has been the sure and certain prelude of victory! Then the two foes joined in the battle-grapple, and swords clashed, and cannons thundered, and the shrill trumpet rang above all the uproar of the fiercely-contested field! For nearly an hour the hot fight continued without pause or delay, and swaying neither to the one side nor the other. Then the French ambush thought to seize an easy triumph; and breaking out of the wood, fell fast upon the English rear. But against the Duke of Bedford's fortalice and garrison they fell with such scant success that, quickened by a sting-

ing shower of English arrows, they fairly took to their heels and fled; relieved from this attack, the bowmen were ready to advance to the support of the main battle, and their arrival determined the fate of the day. Encouraged by the accession, Bedford's soldiers pressed heavily upon the foe, broke through his line, and plunged the disorderly mass into an inextricable confusion. All was over. The rush of the English became resistless, and the French abandoned the well-foughten field with a loss of 5000 killed, their noblest, best, and bravest. Nor was the victory of Verneuil won by the conquerors at an easy cost. 1600 of their dead lay upon the battle-plain.

xiii. By this great victory the supremacy of England was for a time completely established. Maine and Anjou were added to its continental dominions, after a protracted struggle, and the French king, having no longer an army to support his cause, willingly abandoned himself to one of those long intervals of luxurious indolence which enervated and obscured his naturally strong and comprehensive intellect. At Tours or Poitiers he slumbered over the wine cup, or dallied with

loose women, while his barons in vain attempted to cope with the unresting energy and resolute courage of the illustrious Regent Duke. Mile by mile, and league by league, was pushed forward the English frontier, until it menaced the last provinces held by Charles VII., and the arrival, on May, 1428, of the famous Earl of Salisbury—father of the still more famous Earl of Warwick—with a large reinforcement of soldiery, enabled the Duke of Bedford to undertake a campaign on a grand and comprehensive scale.

xiv. He resolved, therefore, to seize upon Orleans, a town of great importance from its wealth and position, and the last stronghold of the French monarchy north of the Loire. Once in his possession, it would become a *point d' appui*, from which might be directed a series of deadly blows, calculated to crush out the very embers of resistance. While he, himself, therefore, remained in Paris to consolidate and define his scheme of operations, and to raise the necessary funds by whatever means he could, Salisbury was ordered to undertake the siege of this fair city on the Loire, and having seized upon Meung, Join-

ville, and other places in its vicinity, the Earl commenced his investment on the 12th of October, 1428.

XV. Orleans stands upon the north bank of the sunny Loire, surrounded by fertile plains, and embowered in prolific vineyards. Its citizens, in the year 1428, were men of gallant and patriotic spirit, not unworthy of the beautiful city which had bred and nurtured them. Razing its suburbs down to the very river bank, levelling all the leaf-shrouded chateaux which adorned its landscapes, storing up ample supplies of food, ammunition, and arms, they prepared to offer a steady resistance to the English forces. The defence was further sustained by a garrison of the best troops of France, and it was evident that both parties were fully aware of the value of the prize for which they contended, and resolved to spare no exertions by which it might be secured.

XVI. Notwithstanding the skilful preparations of the besieged—notwithstanding the flame of the cannon and the rattle of the cross-bows which armed every battlement and protected every point of vantage—the English approaches were steadily pushed for-

wards and their advance defended, as Monstrelet remarks, in accordance with the custom of English warfare, by rude works of earth. These in time were connected one with another, and strengthened by towers and bastions, until the city was completely girdled with the fortifications of the besiegers. The bridge over the Loire was held by a fortalice or tower of considerable strength. From this commanding post the French were driven after a desperate resistance, and it was instantly occupied by an English garrison, with the view of directing its fire upon the city. For this purpose, the Earl of Salisbury, a captain of great ability, who had conducted the operations of the siege with vigour and success, ascended it to reconnoitre the position. But while gazing from one of its higher windows he was struck by a stone shot, fired from the beleaguered city, and so sorely wounded, that within eight days he died. He was succeeded in the command by De la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, as brave a knight, but far less competent a captain, and who enjoyed but partially the confidence of his soldiers. The regret which was universally felt in the

English army at the death of their famous chieftain has been commemorated by Shakespeare:

> "Accursèd tower; accursèd fatal hand,
> That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy.
> In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
> Henry the Fifth he first trained to the wars;
> Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,
> His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field."

xvii. But neither the death of Salisbury, nor the vigorous efforts which Charles VII.—roused from his apathy by the commanding influence of the beautiful Agnes Sorel—made for the relief of the beleaguered city; neither the gallant resistance of the citizens, nor the valour of the famous Dunois, could impede the progress of the English.

> "Rather with their teeth,
> The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege."

xviii. Dunois made a desperate effort to intercept a large convoy of provisions despatched from Paris for the English camp, and the foray was headed by the élite of the chivalry of France. But Suffolk, in due time, threw out a body of stout English yeomen, and these dealt such lusty blows upon the helm and cuirass of knight and noble that

T. A. Dean. sc

Joan of Arc.

Maid of Orleans.

they were fain to make an ignominious retreat. As the stores intended for the English consisted largely of salted fish, this remarkable engagement was popularly known as the "Battle of the Herrings," and the ill-success of the French chevaliers against the English commons, sorely discouraged the minds both of Charles VII. and his subjects.

xix. Dark enough, at this conjuncture, seemed the fortunes of France. Her treasury was empty; her armies no longer existed; her best and bravest had fallen before the bows of English peasants; her fairest provinces were trodden by the red hoof of conquest. Yet, for nations as for men, at the bottom of all evils lies the vitality of hope, and the bow of promise spreads its glittering arch across the darkest cloud and deepest shadow. In this hour of peril, disaster, and despondency, the salvation of France was assured by a young and ignorant peasant maid, and the genius of Bedford, and the valour and power of England were doomed to be baffled by the weak arm but patriot heart of the Maid of Orleans.

xx. This remarkable woman, whose history is so much obscured by the extravagant

calumnies of her foes, and the absurd panegyrics of her adulators, that it is difficult to separate the fabulous from the true, was born about the year 1410 or 1411, in the small hamlet of Domremy, about 9 miles from Vancouleurs, on the borders of Champagne. Her parents were reputable peasants of a low degree, and her breeding and education necessarily according to her position; but we are told that from her earliest years her character was distinguished by a remarkable religious enthusiasm, which undoubtedly prepared her mind for the reception of a powerful patriotic impulse. The neighbourhood in which she lived was strongly Armagnac, or loyalist, in feeling, and thus, with legends of the Virgin, and fables of the saints, she insensibly imbibed the rude loyal traditions of the peasants, and blended her devotion to Heaven with a fervent love of her king. A prophecy had been for years accepted by the common people, that the redemption of France would be secured by a virgin, and this prophecy had doubtless its influence upon Joan's susceptible imagination, which religious meditations had already wrought to a state of perilous excitement.

xxi. Joan was only 13 years of age when a

supernatural light first illumined her distempered dreams. A sudden splendour, she said, broke upon her vision, and a still, small voice bade her be true, and pure, and devout, for that the tutelage of Heaven was especially reserved for her. To this heavenly appeal she responded by a vow of life-long chastity—a vow the more remarkable in a young woman of such surpassing beauty, and singular personal strength. Henceforth she continually heard the mysterious Heavenly Voices—each vision increasing in distinctness and depth—as the imagination grew in strength and fervency by what it fed upon. What her heart and her fancy prompted, the day-watches and the night-vigils naturally fashioned for her. There is but little difference between the enthusiast and the poet. Each creates for himself his own wild or sweet delusions, and gives to the airy nothings of his fancy "a local habitation and a name." And thus Joan of Arc, without guile or stratagem, but in her very simplicity and innocence, became a prey to the deception she herself had nourished. Shakespeare, in his own deep knowledge of the human heart, did not fail to test the reality of the maiden's self belief, and so he puts into

her mouth the words of one who has faith in what she speaks of:—

> "Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
> My wit untrain'd by any kind of art.
> Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
> To shine on my contemptible estate:
> Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
> And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
> God's mother deignèd to appear to me;
> And, in a vision full of majesty,
> Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
> And free my country from calamity:
> Her aid she promis'd and assur'd success:
> In complete glory she reveal'd herself;
> And, whereas I was black and swart before,
> With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
> That beauty am I bless'd with which you may see."

xxii. The voices which fired the imagination and nerved the heart of the Virgin-Warrior now directed her to commence her holy mission, and she contrived to obtain an interview, in May, 1428, with De Baudricourt, the governor of Vaucouleurs. To him she told her marvellous story, but De Baudricourt was a soldier, and nothing more. He knew not the power of enthusiasm, even as a political agent, and, at first, treated Joan and her celestial revelations with all the scorn of an ignorant mind. Not the less did she continue to revolve in her imagination the object of her

life, and to repeat that the current prophecy . . "France lost by a woman (Isabeau of Bavaria) should be saved by a virgin of Lorraine" . . alluded to her.

xxiii. The fortunes of Charles VII. had sunk to so low an ebb that De Baudricourt appears to have concluded no possible injury could be inflicted upon them by the introduction upon the scene of the inspired Joan. He, therefore, licensed two of Joan's converts—for by this time she had a large faction of believers—John of Metz and Bertram of Poulengy, to conduct her to the Dauphin. These faithful attendants purchased for her a suitable horse, and equipped her, at her own wish, in masculine attire. Thus provided, and defended by a sufficient escort, she set out on her memorable journey on the 13th of February, 1429, and arrived in safety, on the 24th, at Chinon, where the Dauphin then held his court.

xxiv. Her reception was not encouraging. She was met by some with mistrust, by others with scorn, by many with open hostility. "She was not even admitted," says an able writer, "to the Dauphin's presence without

difficulty, and was required to recognise Charles amid all his court: this Joan happily was able to do, as well as to gain the good opinion of the young monarch by the simplicity of her demeanour. Nevertheless, the prince proceeded to take every precaution before he openly trusted her. He first handed her over to a commission of ecclesiastics, to be examined; then sent her for the same purpose to Poitiers, a great law-school, that the doctors of both faculties might solemnly decide whether Joan's mission was from heaven or the devil; for none believed it to be merely human. The best and surest guarantee against sorcery was considered to be the chastity of the young girl, it being an axiom, that the devil would not or could not take part with a virgin; and no pains were spared to ascertain her true character in this respect. In short, the utmost incredulity could not have laboured harder to find out imposture, than did the credulity of that day to establish its grounds of belief. Joan was frequently asked to do miracles, but her only reply was, "Bring me to Orleans, and you shall see. The siege shall be raised, and the dauphin crowned king at Rheims."

> "What inwardly the spirit
> Prompted, I spake; armed with the sword of God
> To drive from Orleans far the English wolves,
> And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims."
>
> SOUTHEY.

XXV. At length, either policy or conviction prevailed. Her prophecies and her visions were adopted by the royal faction as a means of reviving the exhausted courage of the nation. She was attired in a splendid suit of armour, and armed with a sword for which she had sent to Fierbois, declaring that it would be found interred in a certain place within the church, and which was discovered where she had indicated. Then she set out for Orleans. It was her special desire to enter the city from the north, and boldly pass through all the fortifications of the English. But Dunois and his fellow captains had not quite the same confidence in her mission as she had, and prevailed upon her to quit her small but devoted escort, and enter the beleagured city by water. In this she succeeded, carrying with her a convoy of provisions. Those who rightly estimate the superstitious feelings of all great assemblages, and the avidity with which the mind of the commonalty grasps at any evidence of the supernatural or marvel-

lous, will understand the frenzy of enthusiasm, the madness of delight which greeted her arrival. (April, 1429). Already France was half-saved by the new inspiration communicated to her sons. The besiegers themselves were daunted by the sudden access of confidence which had happened to the besieged, and the stout yeomen of England, who had successfully wrestled with the strength of France on many an unequal field, felt themselves quail before the presence of a young and beautiful maid.

xxvi. Joan announced her arrival to her enemies by a herald, who bore to the English leader her command that they should immediately begone from France, or they would slay them. The summons was received with furious scorn. The herald was detained, and threatened with death at the stake, as a specimen of the fate reserved for her mistress. But if the English leaders were indignant, the English soldiery were alarmed. Superstition was Joan of Arc's most powerful ally. Taking in her hand her consecrated banner, armed cap-a-piè like a knight, and mounted on a white horse, she led her troops against the English, whose strong positions were

captured one after another. On the 5th of May fell the fort of St. Loup, after a gallant resistance. On the 6th, after another summons to the English, signed "Jhesus Maria and Jehanne La Pucelle," she attacked the other forts, and such was the enthusiasm which her presence communicated to her own partisans—such the dismay it produced in the English ranks—she was entirely successful. Within one week from her entrance into Orleans the siege was raised, and the city saved.

xxvii. A triumph so extraordinary excited universal attention, and no one doubted now but that the Virgin-Warrior was inspired by some supernatural agency. The English declared she was but the tool and instrument of Satan; the French enthusiastically regarded her as directly favoured and distinguished by Heaven. But as both considered her no ordinary mortal, the effect upon both armies tended to the same result—the success of the French through the confidence she inspired, and the defeat of the English through the terror she awakened.

xxviii. The English had suffered severely before the walls of Orleans, and the Earl of

Suffolk, dividing his little army into two bodies, retreated with one of them upon Sargeau, while the chivalrous Talbot with the other retired to Meung. At Sargeau, Suffolk and his 400 gallant men were surrounded by an army of about 8,000, before the Duke of Bedford could send him any reinforcements from Paris. They defended themselves with heroic resolution, and only after a succession of overwhelming assaults did the gallant band succumb.

xxix. Talbot now retreated towards Paris, where the Regent was vainly endeavouring to raise both money and men. But his party was daily diminishing. Throughout the length and breadth of France had spread the renown of the Maid of Orleans; determining the vacillating, terrifying the weak, stimulating the patriotic. From every hamlet went forth the villager, from every field the ploughman, to fight under the sacred banner of the Maid of Orleans. The baron armed himself anew, and the man-at-arms once more caparisoned his steed. The burgher gave up his broad pieces, and the burgher's wife her precious stones. The spark had fallen upon the long desolate altar, and the divine flame of

patriotism rose heavenward with a pure and holy light. The electric force of enthusiasm had wakened into a sudden and not transient existence the better feelings of the nation, and France rose with a noble courage to free herself from the shackles of a hated conquest.

xxx. Against the loyalty of an united country not all the genius of the Duke of Bedford, not all the courage of such heroes as Talbot and Warwick, could hope to prevail. But the Regent did not lay down his sword. Stripping Paris of almost all the troops which were garrisoned there, partly to defend and partly to overawe it, he dispatched them to Talbot's assistance. They effected a junction, but were almost immediately attacked near Patay, by a largely superior force, under the Duke d'Alençon and the Maid of Orleans, and after a most desperate resistance—a resistance which is lauded by the French chroniclers themselves for its heroic gallantry—were defeated, and the chivalrous Talbot fell into the hands of the victors, severely wounded.

xxxi. The Maid of Orleans, excited by

these great successes, now urged the king to enable her to fulfil her mission, and proceed to Rheims that he might receive the crown of France with rightful solemnity. After some hesitation, Charles determined upon adopting her policy, whose chances of success lay in its very boldness, and collecting a considerable army, the intrepid Maid daringly moved forward upon Rheims. Her appearance was everywhere the signal of success. The consecrated banner fluttered its silken folds before the gates of Troyes, and that strong and important town threw wide its gates. The glitter of her armour terrified the soldiers of Auxerre, and Chalons submitted at the sound of her trumpets. Finally, she led her king into Rheims, just five months after her departure from Vaucouleurs, and there in the seat of the French king, in the old historic cathedral, the scene of so many memorable events, she placed the crown of France on the head of Charles VII.

> "The morn was fair
> When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum
> Of multitudes, for high solemnity
> Assembled. To the holy fabric moves
> The long procession, through the streets bestrewn

With flowers and laurel-boughs. The courtier throng
Were there, and they in Orleans who endured
The siege right bravely; Gaucour, and La Hire,
The gallant Xaintrailles, Boussac, and Chabaunes,
La Fayette, name that freedom still shall love,
Alençon, and the bravest of the brave,
The bastard Orleans, now in hope elate,
Soon to release from hard captivity
A dear beloved brother; gallant men,
And worthy of eternal memory,
For they, in the most perilous times of France,
Despair'd not of their country. By the king
The delegated damsel pass'd along,
Clad in her batter'd arms. She bore on high
Her hallow'd banner to the sacred pile,
And fix'd it on the altar, whilst her hand
Pour'd on the monarch's head the mystic oil."

SOUTHEY.

xxxii. The Duke of Bedford now redoubled his efforts to break down the rapidly increasing power of the French sovereign, and summoned to his councils his powerful ally and brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy. The two princes met at Paris, and there agreed that the Regent should levy what troops he could, and advance against the enemy, while the Burgundians exerted themselves to sow dissensions in the councils of Charles, and divide his army. Bedford ordered a body of 4,000 Englishmen, whom Cardinal Beaufort designed to lead into Bohemia, to join him at Paris, and having thus raised his army to the number of 10,000 men, he boldly set out to

encounter the hosts of the French King, who then lay near Montereau.

xxxiii. On nearing the French encampment the Regent despatched a herald with a formal defiance to the king, daring him to do battle for his crown. Charles wrathfully replied that he would seek the Duke of Bedford sooner than the Duke would seek him; but reflection taught him that superior numbers had not saved the honour of France at Creçy, Poitiers, or Azincourt, and that a defensive and dilatory policy, while strengthening him, could not but weaken his already enfeebled foe. He, therefore, determined not to stake the fortunes of his kingdom on the chances of a single battle, and rapidly withdrew upon Senlis. Here he halted. The duke soon came up with him, and prepared for an engagement, convinced that at last his enemy stood at bay. Accordingly he took up his position on a rising piece of ground, massing his archers in front, with their flanks well protected by thick hedges and dense enclosures, and his horsemen assembled in his rear, like a thunder-cloud ready to burst upon a devoted land.

xxxiv. It seemed at first as if Charles

would renounce his prudent policy of defence, and accept the gage thrown down by his heroic antagonist. He drew up his army in battle-array, and occupied the day, and the day following, in vain attempts to draw the English from their formidable position. But as the Duke was not to be deceived, Charles retired with his army under the cover of night, and fell back upon Brie.

XXXV. While the two armies had been occupied in these fruitless movements, a strong detachment of the French, under the Constable de Richemont, had marched upon Evreux, and threatened the important and fertile province of Normandy, which, for nearly four centuries, had belonged to the English crown. The Regent, therefore, found himself placed between two evils. If he turned aside upon the Constable, he opened the road to Paris to the King's forces; if he continued his advance, he exposed Normandy to the fire and sword of a daring partisan. He adopted the former alternative, and leaving a strong garrison in Paris, marched upon Rouen.

XXXVI. Charles immediately pressed forward to Compiégne, which submitted without

a siege, and traversing Picardy and Artois with all possible speed, arrived before Paris. That fair "Lucretia," however, for which he longed so eagerly, was not yet destined to fall into his hands. The Duke d'Alençon, accompanied by Joan of Arc, made a spirited assault on the Porte de St. Honore, but it was stoutly defended by the English, who had now lost their awe of the Heaven-inspired Maid, and after a five hours' conflict, hand to hand, and foot to foot, the French were repulsed with heavy loss. The heroine of Orleans was severely wounded in the melée, and left in the ditch or fosse of the city, until her friends under the shadows of night, could bear her away in safety. The French were so dismayed by this signal defeat that they instantly broke up their camp, and retired to Senlis.

XXXVII. Having rescued Normandy from the peril which had menaced her, the Regent now returned to Paris, where high political affairs demanded his attention. An attempt had been made by Charles VII. to arrange a treaty of peace with the Duke of Burgundy, and detach him from the English alliance. The Regent contrived to frustrate this at-

tempt, and by the promise of the government of Paris to bind his allegiance to his party with yet greater firmness, and the two princes made such preparations for a new campaign that they menaced destruction to all the newly formed hopes of the French king. Chateau Gaillard, which commands the valley of the Seine, and the communication between Paris and Rouen; Torcy and Aumale, both fortified places of importance, fell before the Duke's advance, while the Burgundians on their part made themselves masters of Choisy-sur-Oise and Gournay. They then pressed forward to the leaguer of Compiègne, where the Maid of Orleans had stationed herself to revive the drooping spirits of the French. Before the regular investment began, she determined to harass a body of the enemy who were concentrating at Marigny; but unknown to her several of the Burgundian leaders had made it their head quarters, and she found herself in the midst of a far superior force. With great courage she attempted to cut her way back to Compiègne, but was overpowered and captured, together with most of the men-at-arms who accompanied her. An archer, it is said, drew her from her horse, and made her

prisoner. At all events, upon payment of her ransom, the Burgundians delivered the hapless heroine into the hands of the English, by whom she was carried to Rouen to stand her trial as a heretic and a witch! (23rd May, 1340). In these proceedings the Regent had little share, and it is probable that his strong clear intellect fully appreciated the nature of the influence which the warrior-maid had exercised over her countrymen. Nor, indeed, is there any just foundation for the tradition that she was cruelly ill-used in her captivity, unjustly condemned of witchcraft, and foully murdered by being burnt in the market-place of Rouen. Some modern writers are of opinion that Joan eventually obtained her release; that she annulled her vow of chastity, and entered the marriage state,—leaving behind her a posterity who, for many years, enjoyed the reverent love of France, and were supported at the national expense. How rapidly these dreams, these shadows, which so thickly throng the night-time of European history,—strange, marvellous, and romantic—vanish as the dawn of advancing knowledge spreads a clearer and broader light around!

xxxviii. It was at this epoch that, to warm

—if possible—the feelings of the nation into loyalty to their king by presenting him before them in all the grace and attractiveness of an ingenuous youth, the Duke of Bedford succeeded in pursuading the king's council to send him over to France. Escorted by a large body of troops he arrived at Rouen, in the summer of 1432, and flung some of the graces of royal pomp over the horrors of a long-protracted war. From thence he proceeded to Paris, where his coronation was celebrated with much splendour, and again returned to Rouen on his way to England.

xxxix. As far as Calais the Regent accompanied him, and having quelled a revolt which had broken out in that important stronghold, and which threatened to swell to formidable proportions, he prepared to return to Paris. On his way he received intelligence of the death of his fair wife, the sister of the Duke of Burgundy, who had expired in giving birth to her child,—a misfortune which not only fell heavily on her husband, but was one of the main causes of the expulsion of the English from France.

xl. The alliance between the Duke of Burgundy and the English party had been in a

great measure cemented by the influence of the Duchess of Bedford, and from the hour of her decease it began to diminish in sincerity. A second blow to its stability was dealt by the hasty marriage of the widower-Duke with the daughter of the Comte de St. Paul, (one of the heads of the House of Luxemburg)—a marriage which was deeply resented by the Burgundians. But while these sources of dissension were opening up fresh troubles for France and England, war never halted on its bloody and destructive path; and every day was marked by the capture of some unhappy town, or the defeat of some small detachment of ignorant partizans.

xli. Early in 1435 the Duke of Bedford determined upon the siege of Lagny-sur-Marne, one of the strongholds of the French king. He invested it in a very scientific manner, and drew around it a cordon so strict that its inhabitants were soon reduced to the extremity of famine. The celebrated Dunois, whose name yet lives in a popular French chanson, collected what forces he could, and hastened to its relief. Eager to bring on a decisive engagement, the Duke threw out all his forces in battle order, and suffered Dunois to

occupy him with a succession of skirmishes, while a supply of provisions and ammunition was conveyed into the beleaguered town. Having attained his object, Dunois quietly withdrew his forces, leaving the Regent to digest as best he might his mortification at having been so grossly deceived.

xlii. The Duke felt so deeply the check he had received, that he was seized with a severe illness. But action was imperatively necessary, and drawing off his army from Langy, he marched to Paris which was threatened by the French King's forces. Talbot, the great Earl of Shrewsbury, now arrived from England with a large body of fresh troops, and for a time victory once more shone upon the banners of England. But it was evident that the great English prince was failing fast. For years he had supported an intolerable burden, and his weakened frame could no longer endure the activity of his ardent intellect. He looked around, and saw disasters menacing him on every side, for the small armies of the English, though always successful in the open field, could not keep down a strong and turbulent nation, which

longed to be independent. The defection of the Duke of Burgundy was an accession to the French King, whose consequences the Regent foresaw, though he could not prevent; and it fell, a death stroke, upon his enfeebled heart. The ablest of the sons of Henry IV., the man who might, perhaps, had he lived, have saved the English throne from the grasp of the house of York,—expired at Rouen, after a protracted illness, on the 14th of September, 1435, in the 43rd year of his age. Both as a captain and a statesman, John Plantagenet, Duke of Bedford, deserves to be placed among the most illustrious of our English Worthies.

CHAPTER III.

PRINCE EDWARD OF LANCASTER, SON OF HENRY VI.

1. SHADOWS.—2. THE WHITE AND RED ROSES.—3. A RECONCILIATION.—4. TEWKESBURY.

[AUTHORITIES.—Hall's, Holinshed's, and Grafton's Chronicles; Houses of York and Lancaster, by Miss Roberts; Rapin's and Lingard's Histories; Strickland's Queens of England; Dugdale's Baronage; Leland's Collectanea; Habington's Edward IV.; Historie of the Arrivall of Edward IV.; Mémoires par l' Abbé Prévost; Bucke's Richard III.; Walpole's Historic Doubts, etc.]

CHAPTER III.

EDWARD OF LANCASTER, SON OF HENRY VI.

All about him, in aspect and mien, seemed to betoken a mind riper than his years, a masculine simplicity of taste and bearing, the earnest and grave temperament, mostly allied, in youth, to pure and elevated desires, to an honourable and chivalric soul.

BULWER LYTTON.

I.

SHADOWS.

i. THE inauspicious union of Henry the VI., of England, with the "lion-hearted" Margaret of Anjou, gave birth to a prince of evil fortunes but noble spirit, Edward, surnamed from the place of his nativity, Edward of Westminster. He was born in the royal palace, on the 13th of October, 1453, and from the hour of his birth to the moment of his violent and premature death, cloud and shadow, as fatal as ever brooded over the hero of a Greek tragedy, gathered around his

path, and obscured his brief career. His life was, so to speak, a weird and sorrowful romance, in which the most dazzling heights contrast with the gloomiest depths, and the occasional fitful flashes of sunshine serve but to show the depth of the prevailing darkness. The ballad poets of the day found in his short eventful history abundant themes for their fertile lyres. The palace and the prison, forest-glade and battle-field, the love-tryst and the council of state, the sorrows of exile and the sweet pleasures of innocent affection, supplied them with those bold and striking contrasts which most easily seize on the popular imagination. And the folk-songs of the North, and its cherished traditions, preserved—up to a very recent period—the remembrance of the loves and misfortunes of Edward of Westminster.

ii. The marriage of Henry the VI. with Margaret, the beautiful daughter of René, the Troubadour King of Sicily and Jerusalem, and Duke of Anjou, Maine, and Bar, was solemnized in the gray old Abbey of Tichfield, on the 22nd of April, 1445. The negotiations which led to this result—a result never popular with the English—had been

carried out by the Earl of Suffolk, who, immediately after the marriage, was raised to a marquisate, and distinguished by the peculiar favour of the able but imperious Margaret. In 1447 he was elevated to a dukedom. These sudden honours, and the influence he enjoyed in the queen's court, originated reports most injurious to her character, and it was popularly believed that there existed between them a criminal connection.

iii. The miserable fate which eventually befel Suffolk, after a protracted struggle against his powerful enemies, is well-known to the readers of English history and to those conversant with the Shakspearean drama. He was beheaded at sea, on the 2nd of May, 1450, but even after his death the popular prejudice against Margaret did not subside, and her reputation was still the sport of ribald tongues. The birth of Prince Edward (October 13, 1453), therefore, did not pass unchallenged, and Pierre de Brezé was reputed to be the favoured lover. During the sanguinary war of the Houses of York and Lancaster, which, for so many years, flooded the green sward of England with blood, the supposed illegitimacy of Margaret's son was a principal

obstacle to the success of the cause of the Red Rose.

iv. Still further to deepen the darkness which attended his birth, as if ominous of his future fate, it occurred at the period of the swift decadence of English power in France. Normandy and Guienne had been wrested from our grasp; Bordeaux, which, for three centuries and a half, had been subject to our government, surrendered to the French king on the 10th of October, 1453—only three days before the prince was born; and of all the vast continental possessions which England had formerly enjoyed, and which attested the genius of the Plantagenets and the heroism of their soldiers, Calais alone remained. What wonder, then, that from the very heart of the people rose indignant murmurs of shame, contempt, and execration?

v. The national discontent was equalled by the national suffering. A series of bloody and unsuccessful campaigns had exhausted the treasury, and compelled the king's councillors to raise taxation to an intolerable pitch of oppression, while the government was administered with a reckless disregard of the rights and privileges of the people. The

king was subject to occasional fits of imbecility. The Queen was regarded with mingled feelings of scorn and hate. Among the great barons, who still overshadowed the throne with their insolent power, prevailed a thousand enmities, while they were rapidly gathering themselves into the two hostile camps of York and Lancaster, according as they were influenced by personal prejudice or lust of place and wealth. Drear, indeed, was the aspect of the political horizon; lurid with clouds and heavy with coming storms; on that St. Edward's day which, after nine years of a barren marriage-bed, gave a son to Henry the 6th and Margaret of Anjou.

vi. He was named Edward because the name was popular in England as that of the Confessor, of Edward, "malleus Scotorum;" Edward, the "greatest of the Plantagenets;" and Edward, the hero of Creçy and Poitiers; and he was christened with as much pomp and luxurious state as if the fortunes of the empire had been, at this epoch, of unusual brightness. His mantle cost no less a sum than £554 16s. 8d., equal to seven or eight thousand pounds of our present money. The

grand old Abbey-church of Westminster was filled with the soft lustre of tall wax tapers; the space round the baptismal font was covered with glittering cloth of gold. Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, was the officiating prelate; the sponsors were Cardinal Kemp, Abp. of Canterbury, the Duke of Sômerset, and the Duchess of Buckingham. In the evening high revelry filled the halls and chambers of the palace, though the royal father of the princely babe in whose honour these sumptuous festivities were celebrated, pined, in the sad retirement of a vacant mind, within the stately halls of Windsor. But the partisans of the Duke of York—who claimed the heirship to the throne as lineal representative of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward the 3rd—did not fail to whisper that though the *king* was absent from the christening rite and the palace revel, the *father* of Margaret's infant not the less was present. Historians, however, are of opinion that the calumny was altogether groundless.

vii. Several weeks passed by, and still the unfortunate Henry remained at Windsor, blind to the sights—deaf to the sounds—of the outer world, and utterly unable to un-

derstand that he was a father. But early in the spring of 1454, it was considered advisable an effort should be made to rouse King Henry from the mental lethargy of which, for so many months, he had been the victim, and it was supposed that the sight of his infant child might stimulate his deadened faculties. The youthful Edward, resting in the arms of the Duke of Buckingham, was accordingly carried into the royal chamber. But Henry looked upon him with incurious eye. The Duke entreated him to bestow a glance, a smile, a word of blessing on the babe, but the king still remained blank and unconscious; his intellect so dead, his heart so numbed that that mysterious parental feeling which even the most worldly and ambitious have acknowledged, could shed no passing sunshine on his sorrowful life. The Queen, in all her proud motherly beauty, then took her son in her arms, and essayed to recal her husband's distraught brain; but neither the familar music of her voice, nor the glow and flush of her queenly loveliness, could arouse him from his torpor.

viii. No improvement in the King's state took place until the blessed Christmas-time

arrived. But upon that great Christian festival the light of reason once more flashed across his melancholy darkness. In pious gratitude for the tokens of his recovery, he immediately sent rich offerings to the shrine of St. Thomas, at Canterbury, and St. Edward the Confessor's, at Westminster. The glad news soon reached Queen Margaret's ears, and clasping her child, now a rosy and promising babe of some fifteen months old, to her bosom, she hastened into the King's chamber, to find herself recognised, and to witness the father's natural emotions at the sight of his first-born. He inquired his name, and when he heard that it was Edward—the name of the Saint to whom he especially prayed—he threw up his arms in joy, and reverently thanked the Lord. And he said that he "never knew till that time, nor wist not what was said to him, nor wist not where he had been, whiles he had been sick, till now." And he asked who were godfathers, and the Queen told him, and he was well content.*

IX. During the King's illness, Richard, Duke of York had acted as his "Protector and Defender," an office which Parliament

* The Paston Letters.

entrusted to him "during the King's pleasure, or till such time as Edward the Prince should come to years of discretion." And with the consent of both peers and commons, Edward the Prince was created Prince of Wales, and endowed with suitable revenues to maintain his state. The gold ring, and the silver rod, and the coronet were presented to the infant Prince at Windsor, on Pentecost Sunday (June 9, 1454), in the Presence of the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Salisbury, the Queen, many lords of estate and ladies of high degree.

x. The fatal Wars of the Roses broke out when Edward was scarcely two years old; the first blood being shed on the field of St. Albans, in 1455. From that date until Edward's death, some sixteen years later, England was convulsed with intestine commotions, and alternately groaned under the dear-bought supremacy of York or Lancaster. Twelve terrible battles marked those sixteen years, and not a noble house in England but lost its best and bravest in the long-enduring struggle. The powerful Baronage which originated in Norman feudalism was utterly broken and bowed down, shorn of its privi-

leges, and deprived of most of its lustre; and that influence which at one time could override the despotism of Kings became but a phantom—but a shade, which the royal breath could dissolve at will. From the wreck of the ancient orders sprung the new government, Crown and Commons; the Crown at first all-mastering and arbitrary, until the "middle class"—the townsmen and burghers, traders and artizans—learned to estimate aright their own importance, to assert their privileges, and control the power of the throne, while yielding a due respect to its constitutional prerogatives. Thus, the blood poured out at Towton and Tewkesbury served but to nourish that noble tree which was planted at Runnymeade, and whose green and vigorous branches now overshadow two-thirds of the world.

xi. The vast historical canvass covered by the Wars of the Roses demands from the earnest student of English history the closest and most sedulous examination. As the vivid panorama unrolls before his eyes, upon what stirring scenes he gazes—what illustrious figures stand conspicuous among the shadows of the past! The meek and gentle Henry,

whose narrow intellect was mated with a tender and compassionate heart; the proud and lofty Margaret—ruthless, imperious, unbending—with all the majestic beauty and fierce courage of a lioness, and all the devotion of a lioness to her young; Richard of York, a bold and haughty spirit; the chivalrous Salisbury; the fourth Edward, sleek as a tiger, and of as splendid a port—crafty, persuasive, fearless—with a brain as large as his arm was strong; Richard of Gloucester, the subtlest of princes and bravest of soldiers; the mighty Warwick, "king-maker" and hero, —the type of the great English Baron, in his courage, his generosity, his influence over the people, his broad military capacity, and his boundless ambition; Clifford, "hard-hearted Clifford;" the able and aspiring Montague; Lady Anne, the fair, sweet daughter of the rugged Warwick; Elizabeth Woodville, that crafty beauty, whose studied virtue won a king's hand as its regal prize; the "froward Clarence;" and Oxford, "wondrous well-beloved;" and many another brave knight, and proud peer, and lovely lady, whose names live in the dark scroll of our English history, and the immortal pages of the Shakspearean

drama! In such a glittering and imposing throng one almost loses sight of the graceful figure and handsome countenance of Edward of Westminster—Prince of Wales, but never King of England—the youthful lover of Anne of Warwick, the gallant soldier on Tewkesbury's fatal field, the victim of the treacherous daggers of King Edward's counsellors, whose life, as we have said, possesses all the interest of a strange and melancholy romance, scarcely to be read aright amid the legends and traditions in which the popular fancy has involved it. One takes but little heed of the love-making youth, bold as was his heart, and frank his spirit, when the air is trembling with martial music, and into the front rank of the times press the plumed helms of warriors, and the purple robes of statesmen!

xii. Upon Henry's recovery, and consequent resumption of the regal authority, Richard of York perforce yielded up his Protectorate, and as his great enemy, Somerset, was recalled to the royal councils, retired for security to his castle of Ludlow. But having once tasted power, which, like an alcoholic draught, does but stimulate the appetite to crave excess, he was unable now to content himself with an

inactive and inglorious leisure. He summoned his numerous adherents to his stronghold; he welcomed thither the disaffected and the adventurous, to whom change is always pleasant, and mostly profitable; his cause he knew to be popular with a large body of the people, and many of the most potent barons had espoused it — Warwick, and Norfolk, and Salisbury. And it must be admitted that, according to every principle of legitimacy, his title to the throne was incontestable. The Lancastrian line occupied the throne by virtue of a parliamentary recognition, and the voluntary obedience of the nation to Henry IV. and his son; but that was an age when the cause of legitimacy was still sacred in the eyes of nations, and kings reigned "by the grace of God," rather than "the will of the people."

xiii. While Richard of York and his followers were ostentatiously arming, the supporters of the house of Lancaster were by no means supine. Somerset and Northumberland, Clifford and Sudeley, rapidly drew together their different levies, and to obstruct the Yorkists, if they meditated a sudden march upon London, concentrated them at St.

Alban's, though only numbering 2,000 men (May 23, 1455). At the Roman Verulamium, the British city which a martyr's memory consecrated, was destined to open that long and terrible struggle which English history recognises as the Wars of the Roses.

II.

THE WHITE AND RED ROSES.

i. The Duke of York, on his arrival before St. Albans, at once demanded that his great enemy, the Duke of Somerset, should be given into his hands; but answer was made, as in the sovereign's name, that the king would protect his friend and servant. Thereupon the Yorkist Captain directed an immediate assault. The battle raged through the reeking streets for several hours. Somerset was slain; Henry VI. himself was slightly wounded and taken prisoner; and the Yorkists, who were superior in numbers, gained a complete victory.

> "Now, by my faith, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
> Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
> Shall be eternis'd in all age to come."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

ii. The Duke of York was now restored to the Protectorate, and virtually ruled the kingdom under the nominal sovereignty of the unfortunate Henry. Parliament, however, interfered on behalf of Henry's son; recognised his rights as Prince of Wales; and, for the support of his household and wardrobe, granted him an annual revenue of 10,000 marks, until he was eight years old, and 20,000 from the age of twelve to fourteen. His diet and lodging were provided in the royal palaces, where, at Hertford and Greenwich, he mainly resided, during the five years of hollow peace which succeeded the bloody field of St. Alban's. One royal progress, however, he made with the king and queen, in the merry summer-time of 1457, visiting the Lancastrian stronghold of Warwickshire, and the notably loyal city of Coventry.

iii. A peace between two opposite ambitions is seldom better than an armed truce. York grew tired of his enforced moderation, and Margaret of her gilded servitude. The dissensions between the two parties ripened apace, and in 1459, broke out into open hostility. The Earl of Salisbury was now the first actor in the dreadful drama. Though of

a gray old age, his soul burned with the fierce ardour of his martial youth—

> "And like rich hangings in a homely house,
> So was his will in his old feeble body."

iv. Henry was residing at Coleshill, in Warwickshire, when the second battle of the Roses was fought at Blore Heath. The queen, worthier of the crown than her patient husband, was a spectatress of the fight, which terminated disastrously for her hopes; her general Audley receiving a severe defeat at the hands of the Earl of Salisbury (September 13, 1459). She witnessed the advance and the struggle, the rush and the defeat, from the battlements of Macclestone church-tower, and when the fight was lost, hastened to join her son at Eccleshall Castle. Henry was compelled to remove from his quiet seclusion at Coleshill, and listlessly asked of his attendants, "Which side has gained the day?"

v. The Yorkists next underwent a discomfiture, being completely routed at Ludlow, and the Duke was compelled to fly to Dublin for shelter; Warwick escaped to Calais, of which he was governor, and received there

his father, the aged Salisbury, and young Edward of March (afterwards Edward IV.).

vi. Now, indeed, the Lancastrians made merry, and bills of attainder were hurried through Parliament in punishment of the discomfited Yorkists. Margaret bore herself with her wonted regal pride, and Henry with his characteristic but unkingly meekness, until the terrible news broke upon the revellers, that Warwick, and Salisbury, and Edward of March, were again upon English land. At this time the sympathies of the majority of the people were undoubtedly with the White Rose. All Kent received the invaders with a hearty welcome. Yorkist London threw open its gates, and bade them enter, and sheltered them, while armed men by scores and hundreds rallied to their standards. Then the Yorkist leaders issued forth, and swept across the country northward, until they faced the battle-array of the Lancastrians at Northampton (July, 1460). The fight was a terrible one. The army of the Red Rose was led by the Duke of Buckingham, and the lion-hearted Margaret herself, and the young Prince of Wales looked upon the contested field from a secure distance. For two hot

hours, from seven to nine in the morning, the battle lasted, and then the Lancastrian army broke and fled. Buckingham was slain, and the king, musing in his tent, taken prisoner. The queen and the prince took horse, when the fight went against them, and rode for dear life to Durham, whence they removed to Eccleshall, and Chester, on their way to Harlech Castle, in Wales. They were followed but by eight attendants, and on their road from Chester were stopped by a troop of robbers — the Queen and young Edward escaping from their hands, while the robbers quarrelled over their plunder, said to have been of the value of 10,000 marks.

vii. Meanwhile, in a great Parliament holden in London, the Duke of York boldly asserted his claim to the throne of England. Hall, the chronicler, sketches this famous scene with graphic simplicity.

"During this trouble," he says, "was a parliament summoned to begin at Westminster in the month of October next following. Before which time, Richard Duke of York, being in Ireland, by swift couriers and flying posts, was advertised of the great victory gained by his party at the field of Northamp-

ton, and also knew that the King was now in case to be kept and ordered at his pleasure and will; wherefore, losing no time, nor slugging one hour, he sailed from Develine to Chester with no small company, and by long journeys came to the city of London, which he entered the Friday next before the feast of St. Edward the Confessor, with a sword borne naked before him, and took his lodging in the King's own palace, whereupon the common people babbled that he should be king, and that King Henry should no longer reign. During the time of this Parliament, the Duke of York, with a bold countenance, entered into the chamber of the peers, and sat down in the throne royal, under the cloth of estate (which is the King's peculiar seat), and in the presence as well of the nobility as of the spirituality (after a pause made) said these words in effect. . . . .

"When the Duke had ended his oration, the lords sat still like images graven in the wall, or dumb gods, neither whispering nor speaking, as though their mouths had been sowed up. The Duke, perceiving none answer to be made to his declared purpose, not well content with their sober silence and tacitur-

nity, advised them well to digest and ponder the effect of his oration and saying, and so, neither fully displeased nor all pleased, departed to his lodging in the King's palace."

viii. These proceedings resulted in an agreement similar to that which Stephen concluded with Henry II.

"After long arguments made, and deliberate consultation had, among the peers, prelates, and commoners of the realm, upon the vigil of All Saints it was condescended and agreed by the three estates, for so much as King Henry had been taken as King, by the space of thirty-eight years and more, that he should enjoy the name and title of King, and have possession of the realm, during his life natural; and if he either died or resigned, or forfeited the same for infringing any point of this concord, then the said crown and authority royal should immediately be divoluted to the Duke of York, if he then lived, or else to the next heir of his line and lineage, and that the Duke from henceforth should be protector and Regent of the land. Provided always, that if the King did closely or apertly study or go about to break or alter this agreement, or to compass or imagine the death or destruction

of the said Duke or his blood, then he to forfeit the crown, and the Duke of York to take it. These articles, with many other, were not only written, sealed, and sworn by the two parties, but also were enacted in the high court of Parliament. For joy whereof, the King, having in his company the said Duke, rode to the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, within the city of St. Paul, within the city of London; and there, on the day of All Saints, went solemnly, with the diadem on his head, in procession, and was lodged a good grace after in the Bishop's palace, near to the said church. And upon the Saturday next ensuing, Richard, Duke of York, was, by the sound of a trumpet, solemnly proclaimed heir apparent to the crown of England, and protector of the realm."

ix. Not only was the Lancastrian Prince of Wales thus quietly denied his heirship to the English crown, but even his princedom was attempted to be taken from him. The Yorkist Parliament, not content with acknowledging as the true heir the Duke of York, Richard Plantagenet, was fain also to recognise him as Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and

Earl of Chester,—so that there were two suns in the heaven, two contemporary successors to the honours worn so worthily by the Black Prince. This singular Parliamentary action took place on the 31st of October, 1460.

x. But the Lioness of Anjou was already earnest in upholding the claims of her husband and her son. She was the very soul of the Lancastrian cause, and wherever her regal presence shone the hearts of her adherents were animated, their hopes re-kindled, their loyalty stimulated with enthusiasm. For the enthusiasm of a bold and resolute mind is contagious; it evokes into life the latent germs of the dullest soil, and from point to point the quick flame flies, lighting up everywhere a sudden and irresistible fire.

xi. From Harlech she had removed with her travel-worn son to Scotland, where at the Monastery of Leailooden, near Dumfries, she was received by the Scottish queen—her namesake—and entertained in a right royal manner. The Scots were never unwilling to meddle in the embarrassments of the southern kingdom, and Margaret was supplied with men, and arms, and money to assist her in the prosecution of her husband's cause. Soon

she crossed the Tweed, gathering strength as her battle rolled onwards, and plunging into the heart of Yorkshire, she faced her foe at Sandal Castle. York, unable to stem her advance, withdrew his forces into the neighbouring town of Wakefield, and sheltered by its walls prepared to withstand an attack. But his bold spirit speedily chafed at the inaction, and he resolved upon sallying out against the Lancastrian army.

xii. Hall tells us, that "the Duke of York with his people descended down in good order and array, and were suffered to pass forward towards the main battle: but when he was in the plain ground between his castle and the town of Wakefield, he was environed on every side, like a fish in a net, or a deer in a buckstall: so that he, manfully fighting, was within half-an-hour slain and dead, and his whole army discomfited; and with him died of his trusty friends, his two bastard uncles, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, Sir David Hall, his chief councillor, Sir Hugh Hastings, Sir Thomas Neville, William and Thomas Aparre, both brethren, and two thousand and eight hundred others, whereof many were young

gentlemen and heirs of great parentage in the south part, whose lineages revenged their deaths within four months next and immediately ensuing. . . . Whilst this battle was in fighting, a priest called Sir Robert Aspell, chaplain and schoolmaster to the young Earl of Rutland, second son to the above-named Duke of York, scarce of the age of seven years, a fair gentleman and a maiden-like person, perceiving that flight was more safeguard than tarrying, both for him and his master, secretly conveyed the earl out of the field, by the Lord Clifford's band, towards the town; but ere he could enter a house he was by the said Lord Clifford espied, followed, and taken, and by reason of his apparel demanded what he was. The young gentleman dismayed had not a word to speak, but kneeled on his knees imploring mercy, and desiring grace, both with holding up his hands and making dolorous countenance, for his speech was gone for fear. 'Save him,' said his chaplain, 'for he is a prince's son, and peradventure may do you good hereafter.' With that word the Lord Clifford marked him, and said, 'By God's blood, thy father slew mine, and so will I do thee and all thy kin!' and

with that word struck the earl to the heart with his dagger, and bade his chaplain bear the earl's mother and brother word what he had done and said. In this act the Lord Clifford was accompted a tyrant, and no gentleman."

xiii. The Duke of York was treated with a shameful barbarity. "This cruel Clifford," continues the chronicler, "and deadly blood-supper, not content with this homicide, or child-killing, came to the place where the dead corpse of the Duke of York lay, and caused his head to be stricken off and set on it a crown of paper, and so fixed it on a pole and presented it to the Queen, not lying far from the field, in great despite and much derision, saying, 'Madam, your war is done, here is your king's ransom,' at which present was much joy and great rejoicing. But many laughed then that sore lamented after, as the Queen herself and her son; and many were glad then of other men's deaths, not knowing that their own were near at hand, as the Lord Clifford, and others. But surely man's nature is so frail, that things passed be soon forgotten, and mischiefs to come be not foreseen."*

* Holinshed gives a different account of the Duke's death. "Some write," he says, "that the duke was taken alive, and in derision

xiv. The triumph of the Lancastrians which was thus cruelly celebrated was not fated to be of long duration. It was an act of impolicy for Margaret and her partisans to murder the Duke of York. His death raised them up a bitterer, a more ruthless, and an abler foe in his son—the Borgia of English History—the lustful, sanguinary, but brilliant Edward the Fourth. Instant and ample vengeance he took for his father's murder, when on Candlemas Day he defeated a large body of Lancastrians, at Mortimer's Heath; his greed of blood seemed insatiable, and even after the battle he disdained to sheathe his "hungry sword." Unhappily the Wars of the Roses were throughout conducted in this spirit of accursed cruelty; and it may be remarked that the wars which have broken out between two factions of the same nation, or two divisions of the same empire, have always

caused to stand upon a molehill, on whose head they put a garland instead of a crown, which they had fashioned and made of sedges or bulrushes, and having so crowned him with that garland they kneeled down before him, as the Jews did to Christ, in scorn, saying to him, 'Hail, king without rule! hail, king without heritage! hail, duke and prince without people or possessions,' and at length, having thus scorned him with these and divers others the like despiteful words, they struck off his head, which they presented to the Queen." Holinshed's version has been followed by Shakspeare, in his 3rd part of "Henry VI."

been bloodier and more ferocious than those waged between alien races or peoples. The very nearness of blood and claims of kinship serve to embitter the strife. It is as if each felt that the other could never forgive, and never ask for forgiveness. No hatred so deadly as that which was formerly love. And so, through a storm of fire and a sea of blood, must the twain press onward to a far-off peace.

> "Implacable resentment was their crime,
> And grievous has the expiation been."

xv. While the fortunes of the Red Rose were thus overclouded in the north, the queen herself, on her southward progress, met with a fairer fate. At St. Albans—for the second time the scene of an unnatural conflict—a terrible battle was fought on Shrove Tuesday, A.D. 1460, between the Queen's forces and a Yorkist army under the great Earl of Warwick. At first Warwick's bowmen drove the Lancastrians hard, but soon they rallied to the counter charge, and fought so gallantly as to compel the future King-Maker to retreat. The young Prince Edward is said to have fleshed his maiden sword on this oc-

casion, and to have borne himself as became the grandson of Henry of Monmouth.

xvi. When the victory was secure, the Queen and her gallant son, and an exultant train of knights and nobles repaired to the tent where Henry VI. had been detained a prisoner. Bold Margaret's heart beat fast when she gazed upon her gentle husband, and presented to him their soldier son, whom she caused the king to reward with the honour of knighthood. And a similar guerdon was bestowed upon thirty of the bravest of her son's defenders.

xvii. From the well-foughten field the royal company passed into the Abbey of St. Albans, where a solemn thanksgiving for their victory was duly celebrated. The morrow was marked by the execution of several of the leading Yorkists, for neither womanly feeling nor policy could temper Margaret of Anjou's revengeful spirit. And then the victors moved towards London, endeavouring to bribe the citizens, whose sagacious minds had long ago discerned what good to them might flow from the success of York, and what evil from the triumph of Lancaster, into favouring their pretensions. But the gates of

the metropolis were barred against their entrance, and as London citizens in those feudal days could wield both sword and pike, or ply the clothyard shaft, with a skill and a courage not to be denied, the Red Rose was compelled to droop its head in shame and sorrow, and the royalists made what haste they could to shelter themselves in the northern counties.

xviii. Then sprang the fortunes of the White Rose out of their temporary decadence, and on the 4th of March, 1461, Edward of York "entered into Westminster Church, under a canopy, with solemn procession," and was formally declared King of England, under the name and with the title of Edward IV. London welcomed his accession with an unmistakeable enthusiasm; and the great majority of the nation were undoubtedly supporters of his cause. He was one of the handsomest men of his time; his address was winning, his manner princely; his courage and capacity in the field even his enemies acknowledged; and, as yet, the darker shades of his character had not been developed by success, nor his passions rendered uncontrolable by indulgence. Such a king was

born to be popular, for the people are never severe critics nor discriminating judges, and love to see the brilliancy, and *dash*, and full-bloodedness of power. Opposed to him was a King who constantly pattered his prayers and counted his beads—a phantom of royalty—a pale, meek, monkish suppliant. Opposed to him was a Queen of bold heart and splendid beauty, but of harsh, imperious, ruthless spirit, who never—from the hour of her ill-omened nuptials to that of her miserable death—was esteemed or respected by the people she strove to rule.* The young Prince of Wales, indeed, was distinguished by many graces of mind and person; but his youth and the stormy events of his early years had estranged him from his countrymen. No marvel, therefore, that Edward of York stood forth, in the stirring drama of the time, as the favourite and most conspicuous actor.

xix. And further—to adopt the language of Bulwer Lytton—"it cannot be too emphatically repeated, that the accession of Edward IV. was the success of two new and highly popular principles—the one, that of church

* "Margaret commanded awe, but she scarcely permitted love from an inferior; and though gracious and well governed when she so pleased, it was but to those she wished to win."—Bulwer Lytton.

reform, the other, that of commercial calculation. All that immense section, almost a majority of the people, who had been persecuted by the Lancastrian Kings as Lollards, revenged on Henry the aggrieved rights of religious toleration. On the other hand, though Henry IV., who was immeasurably superior to his warlike son in intellect and statemanship, had favoured the growing commercial spirit, it had received nothing but injury under Henry V., and little better than contempt under Henry VI. The accession of the Yorkists was, then, on two grounds, a great popular movement; and it was followed by a third advantage to the popular cause —namely, in the determined desire both of Edward and Richard III. to destroy the dangerous influence of the old feudal aristocracy."

xx. Edward's assumption of the regal power, however, was immediately contested by the Lancastrians, and a great force was assembled near York, where the royal couple and their son were residing, and with the view of once more trying the fortune of battle. Edward was equally prompt in his movements. Gathering what troops he

could, and joined by a powerful levy under the great Earl of Warwick, he rapidly marched northward, and came up with the Lancastrian forces at Towton, in Yorkshire, on Palm Sunday (March 29, 1461). No battle on English ground was ever more stoutly contested! It was fought for ten dreary hours, in a storm of wind, and snow, and mist, with signal ferocity on both sides. Edward was seen in the thickest of the press; Warwick rode from point to point, encouraging his soldiery, and daunting the enemy by his death-dealing blows. Yet throughout the long and fatal day the victory seemed to waver. "The one party," writes the old chronicler, "some time flowing, and some time ebbing—but, in conclusion, King Edward so courageously comforted his men, refreshing the weary and helping the wounded, that the other party was discomfited and overcome, and, like men amazed, fled towards Tadcaster Bridge to save themselves; but, in the mid way, there is a little brook called Cock, not very broad, but of a great deepness, in the which, what for haste of escaping, and what for fear of followers, a great number were drent and drowned, insomuch that the

common people there affirm, that men alive passed the river upon dead carcases, and that the great river of Wharfe, which is the great sewer of the brook, and of all the water coming from Towton, was coloured with blood." In this battle fell, it is said, no less than 36,760 slain—the total of combatants on both sides being estimated by the best authorities at 110,000. The carnage was, therefore, greater than at Waterloo, Magenta, or Solferino. Among the killed was the "butcher" Clifford, who thus expiated his foul murder of the youthful Earl of Rutland.

xxi. The victory of Towton was decisive. From York the royal fugitives fled to Alnwick, the castle of the Lord of Northumberland, and from thence, on the approach of the resistless Yorkists, across the border, and into the Scottish lowlands, until they found a temporary refuge at Kirkcudbright. Here the unconquerable Queen commenced negociations with James III. of Scotland, bartering for present help her son's hand, and seeking to conclude a betrothal between him and the Princess Margaret, the Scotch King's daughter. A sum of money was obtained from the huckstering king upon the security of the town

and fortress of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and Margaret herself raised £100 upon a gold goblet, which was fancied by the Queen of Scotland.

xxii. "In other respects, however," writes Dr. Doran, in his lively and agreeable pages, "the royal fugitives were not ill-cared for. Old palace apartments were newly furnished for them, provisions were liberally supplied to them. Margaret drew upon the government for about fifty pounds sterling per month, and the dignity of our young Prince of Wales seems to have been fairly sustained, inasmuch as the Exchequer-Rolls of Scotland make mention of supplying 'grain and provender for six horses of the Prince of England in Falkland during twenty-three days by order of our lady the Queen.' "

xxiii. "Nevertheless," continues Dr. Doran, "comfort and plenty were not the attendants of each coming day. Queen, King, and Prince on one occasion spent five days together with one day's provision of bread, and one solitary herring between the three! Of persons so destitute, of course the credit was not very good, and we are told of the royal party being at mass when the Queen, finding

herself without money for the usual offering, asked a Scottish archer at her side to lend her a small sum for the purpose. The Scot weighed the request, and considered it, and did not like it. Neither would he be uncourteous to a lady and a Queen. Slowly, therefore, did he take his bag from his pouch, and reluctantly drew therefrom the smallest current coin of the realm—one shabby half-farthing, and unwillingly dropping it into the Queen's hand, respectfully invited her to remember that it was only lent—not given! Margaret accepted the insult and the loan; and she acknowledged in after years that of all the painful incidents of her adversity, the most painful and the least tolerable was this fact of the ungallant Scottish archer and his wretched half-farthing!"

xxiv. Margaret's exertions in Scotland did not at first bring forth much fruit. Her eagerness and her daring, moreover, were so great that her best friends continually dreaded lest she should suddenly embark in some dangerous enterprise which might ruin altogether the tottering cause of the Lancastrians. And so we find two of her most trusted ad-

herents writing to her*—(Lord Hungerford and Sir Robert Whittingham, April, 1461)—"Fear you not, but be of good comfort, and beware that you adventure not your person, ne my lord the prince by the sea, till ye have other word from us; in less (unless) than your person cannot be there (where) as ye are, and that extreme necessity drive you thence."

XXV. That extreme necessity was found (April, 1462) in the arrival of the Earl of Warwick, with a glittering train, at Dumfries, some few miles from Kircudbright. His mission ostensibly was to claim, the hand of the Scots Queen for the handsome Edward; but Margaret felt that his close neighbourhood compromised her security, and raising what monies she could, hastily embarked on board a small trading vessel, and crowded on all sail for France. Her reception there was in accordance with the mean and crafty character of its King, who interposed continual delays when she petitioned him for help, until her necessities wrung from her a pledge of the town and port of Calais as

* Sir John Fenn's Collection of Original Letters.

Drawn by A. Chisholm. Engraved by E. Finden.

Dumfries from the south.

security for the sums he finally advanced her. It is difficult for us, at this distance of time, to understand the value set by our ancestors on the possession of that isolated strip of French territory; but it was the sole relic of a series of glorious wars,—a constant souvenir of the greatness of England under the Plantagenet kings,—and no act of Margaret's whole life rendered her so unpopular with her English subjects as this virtual cession of their favourite conquest.

xxvi. At Calais the unresting and undaunted Queen contrived to assemble a body of foreign troops, and embarking them on board a small and ill-equipped flotilla, she sailed for the Northumbrian coast. They landed at Tynemouth (October, 1462), but not to make any stand upon English ground. "Whether," says the Yorkist chronicler, "she were afraid of her own shadow, or that the Frenchmen cast so many doubts, the truth is, that the whole army returned to their ships, and a tempest rose so suddenly, that if she had not taken a small caravil, and with good speed had arrived safe at Berwick, she had neither vexed King Edward after, as she did, with a new invasion,

nor yet she had not lived all her old age, in misery, wretchedness, and calamity, as she did,—losing both her husband, her son, her realm, and her honour."

xxvii. At Berwick the Queen and her princely son, attended by their faithful knight, Pierre de Brezé, whose loyalty to his sovereign was heightened by his adoration of the woman, remained—still plotting and weaving—during the winter of 1462. Early in the spring of the following year, however, she was once more in the field, eager to replace on her husband's brow the crown he so little cared for, and to secure its inheritance to her comely son. Leaving him in safe tendance at Berwick, she moved towards Wales, and was joined by King Henry, who had passed the winter in Harlech Castle. Having assembled such an army as seemed to give her a reasonable hope of success in the ensuing campaign, she caused her son to quit his seclusion at Berwick, and then commenced offensive movements against the Yorkist King. At Hexham the two antagonists met again, and once more the green sward of England was wet with English blood. Lord Montague, the able brother of the mighty Warwick, inflicted a

signal defeat upon the unfortunate Lancastrians, of whom 2,000 were slain in the fight, and some scores of knights and nobles afterwards cruelly beheaded. It was with difficulty that Henry himself escaped from the bloody field, but one of his servants purposely wearing the coronetted cap of the sovereign, was seized by the victors, and before the error could be discovered, his master was in safety.

XXVIII. And now the Queen and her gallant son, their hopes and their ambition so rudely shattered, again prepared to take refuge in freindly Scotland. On their way a romantic adventure befel them, which history has not disdained to accept as veritable, and which has been the theme of many an old song and popular ballad.* Passing through a forest near the Scottish border, the Queen and prince strayed from their retinue, and, while vainly endeavouring to recover the right track, came suddenly upon a robber, who naturally regarded them as his lawful prey, and bending his bow, compelled them to await his bidding. In an agony of despair, but with her usual courage, the Queen straightway appealed to him for protection, and leading forth her son,

* Chastillain, Chron. de Bourg. See Hume, Rapin, and Lingard.

exclaimed, "Behold the son of your King! I commit him to your care;—I am Margaret, the Queen."

xxix. The robber was touched by this frank address, and awed by the high dignity of the suppliant. Whether he was a Lancastrian at heart, as some accounts assert, or simply a man of generous feelings, it is certain that he accepted the perilous charge, and conveyed both the Queen and the Prince in safety to the coast, where they embarked for Scotland. But the total ruin of the Lancastrian cause had wrought a great change in the thoughts and sympathies of the Scotch King, who was no longer willing to provoke the anger of his powerful neighbour by extending succour or protection to his rival. The fugitives, therefore, were again compelled to resume their wanderings, and flee for safety to the last stronghold which the Lancastrians held in England—the rock-built fortress of Bamborough,

"King Ida's castle, huge and square."

xxx. Thence, after a brief delay, they set sail in two small vessels for the coast of France, their fortunes being shared by seven of the

Queen's maids of honour, and about two hundred loyal Lancastrian gentlemen. But Destiny still made a mock of them, and the storm-driven ships, instead of gaining some port belonging to the French King, were compelled to make for L'Ecluse, where the Duke of Burgundy—no friend to the Lancastrians—held jurisdiction. Harsh and inhospitable was the reception accorded to the ill-fated wanderers, who, half-famished and lacking the commonest necessaries, made their way as best they could to Bruges. There Queen Margaret found a decent home for her travel-worn son, while she herself, whom no danger could daunt,—whose indomitable spirit no difficulties could weaken,—gladly adopted the mean attire of a peasant woman, and in a tilted cart went forward to the capital of the Burgundian Duke. It was not without enduring the most ignominious repulses that the Queen contrived to see him; but when admitted, at length, to an interview, her eloquent tale—her extreme misery—the influence of her regal beauty, and the romance of her perilous adventures—so far overcame the prejudices of the Prince, that he dismissed her

with a noble donation of jewels and money, and promised her further help.

xxxi. At Bruges the fugitives now enjoyed a burst of sunshine. They were treated with the honours due to their rank; their table was well supplied; their coffer was never empty. The eldest son of the Duke of Burgundy,—the young and chivalrous Charles, Count de Charolois,—specially distinguished himself by his delicate attention. At a grand festival given by the Duke, an attendant presented water to the young Prince of Wales, that he might wash his hands. The Prince refused until the Count de Charolois had preceded him in the ceremony, and when the Count would not avail himself of the privilege, besought him at least to wash his hands at the same time, that they might be placed upon equal terms. Not even to this request would the Count accede, but persisted in giving the place of honour to his princely guest. Then said the young Edward, "How can so high a courtesy be due to one who is a poor fugitive, stripped of his dignities and possessions? How can precedence be given to a disinherited prince in the presence of the Sovereign Duke?"

"Even so," replied the Count de Charolois, "because you are still the son and heir of the King of England. My father is but the Sovereign Duke of Burgundy, and I am, therefore, of rank inferior to your own."

xxxii. The Duke, however, was very solicitous to rid himself of guests whose presence at his court might probably embroil him with Edward the 4th, and accordingly he hastened to provide them with the means of repairing to Queen Margaret's father at Lorraine,—to the Troubadour sovereign, King Réné, of Sicily and Jerusalem. Old Réné received them with song and lay, which was almost all he could afford; gave up to them the castle of Kuerere, near St. Michel's; and allowed them out of his scanty income the sum of £80 yearly for the maintenance of their household. At Kuerere, Margaret and the Prince of Wales resided for some years, attended with devoted service by many of the most distinguished adherents of the house of Lancaster. Among these was the illustrious Sir John Fortescue, who undertook the tuition of the boy-prince, and wrote for his instruction the well-known "Treatise on the laws of England." Good use was

made of his time by the youthful Edward, who, by his natural gifts and sedulous industry soon became the "most accomplished," as he was "one of the handsomest princes of Europe." His knowledge of history was extensive; his elocution graceful, and his speech well considered. He had that ease of manner and gentle courtesy which are so eminently attractive in a prince, and which lend a peculiar value to his lightest sayings. His taste in music was excellent; he sang and played with considerable skill. Of a handsome person, he learned from his mother how to set it off to advantage by a careful choice of his attire. Thus, the ideal portrait sketched by the eloquent pen of Bulwer Lytton is probably not far from a true one; and in the following "presentment" we may see, if we choose, the figure of Edward of Westminter, Prince of Wales.

xxxiii. "Spare, like Henry V., almost to the manly defect of leanness, his proportions were slight to those which gave such portly majesty to the vast-chested Edward, but they evinced the promise of almost equal strength; the muscles hardened to iron by early exercise in arms, the sap of youth never wasted by

riot and debauch; his short purple manteline trimmed with ermine, was embroidered with his grandfather's favorite device, 'the Silver Swan,'—he wore on his breast the badge of St. George, and the single ostrich plume, which made his cognisance as Prince of Wales, waved over a fair and ample forehead, on which were, even then, traced the lines of musing thought and high design; his chestnut hair curled close to his noble head, his eye shone dark and brilliant, beneath the deep-set brow, which gives to the human countenance such expression of energy and intellect—all about him, in aspect and mien, seemed to betoken a mind riper than his years, a masculine simplicity of taste and bearing, the earnest and grave temperament, mostly allied in youth, to pure and elevated desires, to an honorable and chivalric soul."

XXXIV. Meanwhile, in England, Edward the Fourth seemed firmly established on the throne, and men believed that the sun of the House of Lancaster had set for ever. But with success the character of the Yorkist monarch rapidly developed its darker qualities, and he, himself, with careless hands,

sowed the seeds of a new revolution. Of vast energy when a foe had to be conquered or an obstacle overcome, his nature was one of those which, after a brief and violent exertion, gladly sink into lethargic indolence. And never was English Court so blithe as after the overthrow of the Lancastrians! Joust, and revel, and song, and dance marked every day. From pleasure to pleasure the volatile monarch eagerly hurried, rousing himself at times for some crafty stroke of policy, or to subdue the not irresistible virtue of some new beauty. From this King of the wine cup and the Paphian bower, many an Englishman in discontent and wrathful scorn began to turn his eyes to the pale countenance of the devout Henry, who languished in silence and solitude within the walls of the Tower. Nevertheless, the Lancastrian party, though gradually swelled in numbers and influence by those whom Edward dishonoured or defrauded, oppressed or betrayed,—could never again have raised itself but for the sudden accession of one who was in himself a host,—the king-making Earl of Warwick, the most powerful and relentless of the enemies of the Red Rose. The causes which in-

duced this last and greatest of the Barons of Norman England to abandon the monarch whose crown he had secured upon Towton's bloody field, were many and important.

XXXV. King Edward, partly to rid himself of the presence of so grave and potent a counsellor, and partly to amuse the French King with hopes of an alliance, despatched Earl Warwick to Paris to negotiate his marriage with the Lady Bona of Savoy, the sister of the Queen of France. Warwick was received with a splendid welcome, and soon had the fortune to effect a successful conclusion of his embassy. He returned to England, flushed with triumph, to find that Edward had suddenly wedded Elizabeth Woodville, the fair and intriguing widow of the Lancastrian noble, Lord Grey of Groby,—her virtue having resisted the monarch's suit, and her calculating loveliness secured a regal crown. Warwick felt himself dishonoured and disgraced before the French King by an act of such unkingly duplicity, and his anger was further increased as day by day he witnessed new honours and additional estates bestowed upon the *parvenu* kinsmen of the new Queen.

A deadlier blow was an insult offered by the ribald King to a lady of Warwick's family. He resolved to unmake what he had made. Strengthening himself by the marriage of his daughter Isabel to George Duke of Clarence, the King's brother, to whom he held out the dazzling bait of the English crown, he openly raised the standard of revolt, and was joined by most of the old feudal barons, who desired to crush the "mushroom nobility" fostered by the politic Edward. But at first he was unsuccessful. A popular insurrection in the North failed. Edward, entrapped at Middleham Castle, contrived to effect his escape, and levying a considerable army, swept all opposition before him, and drove Warwick and Clarence into a hasty retreat from the shores of England.

xxxvi. The King-maker now perceived that his hopes of revenge upon Edward centred in an alliance with the Lancastrian party. He felt that he could not succeed without the Red Rose, and he knew that the Red Rose could not succeed without him. Yet between Warwick and Margaret there yawned an apparently impassible gulph. Each, it would seem, had too much to forgive;—Warwick, the wrongs and insults heaped upon him and his kith and kin

by the Lioness of Anjou in the flush of her prosperity; Margaret, the ruin of her hopes and her son's hopes on the red plain of Towton. But self-interest is the most powerful of all motives, and the reason will often compel what the heart not unnaturally refuses. The Lancastrian nobles fully appreciated the "tower of strength" of Warwick's name and influence, and urged their Queen to make the concessions he demanded. They were seconded by Louis XI., who pointed out that the King-Maker, and only he, could secure for her princely son his heritage of the crown of England.

III.

A RECONCILIATION.

i. Warwick and the Queen met at Tours. This remarkable interview has been described at length by the old chroniclers, upon whom the spectacle of the haughty baron and imperious queen, meeting under the shadow of a darkling Past to confront a stormy Future appears to have exercised a peculiar fascination. Nor were these, the principal actors, without a fitting audience. Assembled in the

presence-chamber were the trusty partisans of a down-trodden cause, who, through misery and penury, and defeat, had remained faithful to the Red Rose. The chivalrous Seneschal of Normandy, that Sir Pierre de Brezé, who was the Queen's secret lover and constant friend; her brother, the Count de Vaudemonte; Jasper of Pembroke, father of that Henry Tudor who was to avenge on the house of York the sorrows of that of Lancaster; Sir John Fortescue, the first great English legist; the Dukes of Exeter and Somerset; and the crafty and subtle Louis the Eleventh of France,—these were spectators not unworthy of the scene.

ii. The results of this memorable interview, after the recriminations of both Queen and Baron had terminated in a compact of future alliance, were the marriage of Edward of Lancaster with the Lady Anne, second daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and the immediate invasion of England by the powerful King-Maker. Each of these events requires a detailed examination.

iii. The loves of the Lady Anne and the Heir of Lancaster are interwoven with so much of poetical tradition and picturesque

romance, that it is difficult to determine where history ends and fiction begins. But as there is always a foundation of truth in the legends of the people, it may be accepted as a fact, we think, that the prince and the lady Anne had secretly met, and learned to love each other, before the interests of their parents united them in marriage. During their French exile, Margaret and her son often visited the court of Louis at Amboise; often journeyed through the fair provinces of Gascony and Anjou; and sometimes repaired to Paris itself. And there, it is said, by minstrel and story-teller, young Edward,—a lad of some fourteen years of age,—first gazed on the loveliness of the Lady Anne, and conceived that intense passion for her which was the hope and inspiration of his brief, sad life. He saw her in Rouen afterwards, and left in her chamber, privately, the portrait of her young adorer. To London, at imminent hazard, he also followed her; having travelled in the train of Louis' ambassador (the Archbishop of Narbonne), disguised as a young ecclesiastic; and we are told that, on this occasion, he was accompanied by his queenly mother, who, in the dress of an abbé, risked life and liberty

for an interview with her imprisoned husband. The young prince, on his arrival in London, found that Warwick and his household were at his government of Calais. Thither, nothing daunted, the ardent lover, with one confidential attendant, repaired; and passed a delightful week of stolen interviews, and secret meetings, all the more delightful in that the lady was ignorant of the real rank of her wooer, and loved him for himself. Upon this part of the old legend Sir Bulwer Lytton has founded his graceful ballad, "*The Lay of the Heir of Lancaster.*"

"His birthright but a father's name,
  A grandsire's hero-sword;
He dwelt within the Stranger's land,
  The friendless, homeless lord!

"Yet one dear hope, too dear to tell,
  Consoled the exiled man;
The angels have their home in Heaven,
  And gentle thoughts in Anne.

"Methinks the sun hath never smil'd
  Upon the exiled man,
Like that bright morning when the boy
  Told all his soul to Anne. . . . .

"No; while his birthright but a name,
  A Grandsire's hero-sword,
He would not woo the lofty maid
  To love the banished lord.

"But when, with clarion, fife, and drum,
  He claims and wins his own;
When o'er the Deluge drifts his Ark,
  To rest upon a throne.

Drawn by S. Prout.　　31-36　　Engraved by E. Finden.

Tours

"Then, wilt thou deign to hear the hope
That bless'd the exiled man,
When pining for his Father's crown
To deck the brows of Anne?"

Thus much of truth, however, may be gathered from the quaint fancies of the old romancists, that the alliance between the Lady Anne and Prince Edward, which policy dictated, affection sanctified, and love was for once the handmaid of ambition.

iv. After the interview at Tours, to which we have alluded, the Earl of Warwick swore, upon the True Cross, in St. Mary's church at Angers, to be faithful and stedfast to the party of King Henry. Margaret, in her turn, vowed solemnly "to treat the earl as true and faithful, and never for deeds past to make him any reproach;" and King Louis, and his brother the Duke of Guienne, undertook to sustain to the utmost the Earl of Warwick in his enterprise,—an oath which Louis intended to keep, as long as by so doing he could serve his own interest. After this oath-ceremony the articles of marriage were signed between Prince Edward and the Lady Anne, and it was agreed that the latter should remain with Margaret,

and the marriage not be consummated until the earl had regained the realm of England, or most part of it, for King Henry. Prince Edward was appointed sole regentof the Kingdom upon attaining his majority, and for Clarence was reserved the duchy of York, the vice-royalty of Ireland, and the right to the succession of the throne if male issue failed the Prince of Wales.

v. It was further stipulated that in his expedition against Edward, Warwick should not be accompanied by the Prince of Wales, nor should the prince appear in England until his father was proclaimed. "In this, no doubt, she was guided by maternal fears, and by some undeclared suspicion either of the good faith of Warwick, or of his means to raise a sufficient army to fulfil his promise. The brave prince wished to be himself foremost in the battles fought in his right and for his cause. But the earl contended, to the surprise and joy of Margaret, that it best behoved the prince's interests to enter England without one enemy in the field, leaving others to clear his path, free himself from all the personal hate of hostile factions, and without a drop of blood upon the sword of one heralded and

announced as the peacemaker and impartial reconciler of all feuds."

vi. And these weighty matters having been thus earnestly discussed and calmly settled, the heir of Lancaster and the daughter of Warwick, in the old palace at Amboise, and in the presence of kings, nobles, and knights, plighted their marriage troth.

Leaving the youthful pair to enjoy the sweet summer of their love, and a seemingly endless round of joyous carousals, the king-maker prepared to wrest the crown of England from the brow where he had originally placed it.

vii. Time and circumstance both favoured the enterprise. Edward was deep in the love-tryst and the revel; and the commonalty, oppressed by the exactions which his lavish expenditure rendered necessary; the old feudal nobles, disgusted by the supercilious arrogance of the Woodvilles and their upstart kin, began to pine for the equitable rule and generous spirit of the great earl. "His absence," says Hall, the chronicler, "made the common people more and more to long and be desirous to have the sight of him, and presently to behold his personage. *For they judged that the sun*

was clearly taken from the world when he was absent. In such high estimation amongst the people was his name, that neither no one man they had in so much honour, neither no one person they so much praised, or, to the clouds, so highly extolled." And while Edward revelled in his wonted luxurious sloth, nor heeded the warnings of his advisers, Warwick collected a body of foreign troops, as the nucleus of the army which he knew would start up from the very soil whenever his banner fluttered and his trumpet sounded on the shore of England. For there, indeed, men "so much daily and hourly desired and wished so sore his arrival and return, that almost all men were in harness, looking for his landing."

viii. To prevent the meditated enterprise, Edward's staunch ally, and Margaret's steady foe—Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy—prepared such a formidable navy "as likely had not been seen before, gathered in manner of all nations, which army lay at the mouth of the Seine, ready to fight with the Earl of Warwick, when he should set out of his harborowe." But a storm arose, and dispersed the Burgundian fleet, and when on the next

day the sea subsided, and the sunshine broke forth, Warwick " halsed up the sails," without let or hindrance, crossed the channel, and arrived at Dartmouth.

ix. He was received with a burst of enthusiasm from the armed crowds collected upon the neighbouring cliffs to witness and welcome his coming. And immediately he made a proclamation in the name of King Henry VI., upon high pains, commanding and charging all men apt or able to bear armour, to prepare themselves to fight against Edward, Duke of York, who had untruly usurped the crown and dignity of the realm. And the small levy of foreign hirelings, which he had brought with him from the continent, daily received accessions of stalwart English yeomen. The bale-fires blazed from east to west, and north to south, and everywhere went up the shout of " A Warwick! King Henry!" It reached King Edward at length, who, rousing himself, as was his wont when the peril was upon him, had gone to make head against an insurrection in the north. He turned at once to meet the onset of triumphant Warwick; but when the two armies were near each other's posts, he suddenly learned

that Lord Montague, Warwick's brother, who commanded a large body of the royal troops, and whose fidelity had been unsuspected, had thrown off the mask, and declared for "Warwick and King Henry." No resource remained but flight. He mounted horse and rode rapidly to Lynn, where he and his few attendants, without money or raiment, embarked on board an English and two Dutch vessels, and after many dangerous chances, succeeded in reaching Holland.

x. And now Henry VI. was once more King of England, and the Earl of Warwick had accomplished his revenge, and Margaret of Anjou with throbbing heart thought of a glorious future, and the princely Edward smiled to think that his hand would set a crown upon the brow of his beloved! The red rose once more raised its head in the sunshine, and the white drooped in its desolation beneath the armed heel of the King-maker (October 6th, 1470). The new rule seemed universally accepted throughout the realm, or if men anywhere sighed for the Yorkist dynasty, they were found among the burghers and trades of the large towns, who had learnt the truth that their interests were utterly hostile

to those of the great barons. Not for long years, however, had England enjoyed such peace and order as now, under the wise, firm, but merciful rule of the Earl of Warwick.

xi. Tidings of the success of their party had reached Margaret and her son early in October, 1470, and instant preparations were joyfully made for their triumphal return to England. With the Lady Anne and the Countess of Warwick they repaired to Harfleur, and there they were detained, week after week and month after month, waiting for a fair wind. Thrice the queen attempted the voyage, and thrice her ships were driven back on the Normandy coast. Providence had decreed that as queen and sovereign she should never again land upon the English shore. For, at last, on the 24th of March, she embarked on board her ships, and after much weary tossing to and fro, entered, on the 14th of April, Weymouth harbour. And on that very day—the Easter Sabbath—a day which the chroniclers tell us opened in mist, and gloom, and heavy, lurid shadow, the fortune of her house was stricken to the earth on Barnet Heath! . . . .

xii. It was on the 14th of March, 1471, that a single ship sailed up the Humber, and dis-

embarked at the small village of Ravenspur a body of 500 armed men. Conspicuous among these was a knight of unusual stature, of lordly port, and with the air and dignity of a man born to command men. This was Edward of York, and the 500 spears and shields that surrounded him the army with which he proposed to reconquer his crown and kingdom. "The iron step of the dauntless Edward was once more pressed upon the soil of England."

xiii. With his little band he immediately set out on his adventurous march, pausing for the night at a small village some two miles inland. In the morning he was joined by Anthony Woodville, and 1,500 men, who had landed at other points of the coast, and the whole then moved forward upon York. They were everywhere received with indifference and apathy, if not hostility, until it became evident that as a king designing to regain his crown he was likely to receive but an unsatisfactory welcome. So, with consummate duplicity he mounted the ostrich feather, the cognizance of the Lancastrian Prince of Wales, shouted "Long live King Henry!" and declared that he had only returned to England to claim his private heritage, the duchy of

York, which parliament had awarded to his brother Clarence. And "such a power," says the Yorkist chronicler Hall, "hath justice ever among men, that all, moved by mercy or compassion, began either to favour or not to resist him."

xiv. At York the citizens stoutly refused to admit him, except as Duke of York, and upon condition that he swore to be a true, loyal, and faithful servant to King Henry. "And Edward," says the Yorkist chronicler, "being glad of this fortunate chance, did not hesitate at that most consummate perjury. For the next morning, at the gate where he should enter, a priest being ready to say mass, in the mass time, receiving the body of the blessed Saviour, solemnly swearing to keep and observe the two articles above mentioned and loyally to maintain all the rights of King Henry, the gates thereupon were thrown open, and Edward entered into the city, soon to reveal himself as King Henry's deadliest foe." Day by day his party gained in strength, and he speedily found himself sufficiently powerful to issue from the walls of York and do battle for his throne. Avoiding the Earl of Warwick's army, which lay

at Leicester to bar his progress southward, he marched upon London. The citizens, recognizing in his success the downfall of the feudal aristocracy and the development of commercial enterprise under the protection of the crown, gladly welcomed him, and assisted him with levies of men and supplies of money.

xv. With a powerful army King Edward now turned upon Warwick, who had concentrated his forces at Barnet Heath, and had been reinforced by his son-in-law, the Duke of Clarence, and his able and ambitious brother, the Marquis of Montague. Had not treachery been at work in his camp, the success of the illustrious "King-maker" could hardly have been doubtful. But Clarence, influenced by jealousy of Prince Edward, whose alliance with Lady Anne thwarted all his own ambitious projects—bribed by King Edward's promises, and moved, perhaps, by some touch of brotherly feeling—broke through every tie of honour and gratitude, and deserted to the King, in the night-time, with 12,000 men. Warwick now saw that all was lost, and yet his proud soul remained unshaken. He rejected with contempt the overtures made by Edward and Clarence, and resolved to hazard

a general engagement. To show his soldiers that he meant to share the fortune of the fight with the meanest among them, he dismounted from his horse, and fought on foot. His followers, animated by so noble an example to surpass themselves, engaged with such fury that Edward's army recoiled from the shock, and it seemed possible that victory might yet crown the banner of the Red Rose. But, unfortunately for the hopes of the Lancaster, an accident determined it otherwise. Warwick's cognizance on that bloody day was a sun; Edward's, a star with rays; but the morning being misty it was difficult to distinguish one from the other, and the Earl of Oxford, a zealous adherent of the Lancastrians, was, by mistake, attacked by his own partisans, and driven off the field. The error was irreparable. Warwick and his brother fell, bravely fighting to the last, and around them closely intermingled lay friend and foe. Edward was completely victorious, and clutched the crown of England with a grasp, that day, which only Death could loosen.

xvi. Queen Margaret and her son, the Countess of Warwick, and "the lords and other of their fellowship," embarked on board

the ships destined to convey them to England on the 24th of March, but so contrary were the winds that they were tossed about at sea for the space of twenty days, until, on the 14th of April, the expedition entered Weymouth harbour. On that very day the "King-maker" received his overthrow at Barnet Heath. The disastrious tidings reached Queen Margaret at Cerne Abbey, on the morrow, and almost shattered the lion-hearted woman to the dust. Accompanied by her son and the Lady Anne, she betook herself for safety to the Abbey of Beaulieu, claiming there the privilege of sanctuary. The vigorous mind soon recovered from its temporary prostration, and began to develope new schemes of ambition and revenge. There still existed a Lancastrian party, whose leaders repaired to her presence, and promised her their swords and arms, if the young Prince of Wales would but lead them into battle. Would he but take the field, and appear in his own quarrel, "a confluence of the boldest youth" would gather to his standard. "Nothing," they argued, "had so advanced the title of York as March's presence in every battle, and nothing had so foiled the

reputation of Lancaster, as King Henry's inactive piety and fighting still by deputies. The soldiers thinking it vain for them to hazard their lives, when the Prince, whom it concerns timorously refuseth to venture his own."*

xvii. Queen Margaret long resisted the entreaties of her adherents, a mother's love prevailing over a queen's ambition. She pleaded his inexperience; but her arguments were lightly put aside, and Prince Edward brought into the front rank of the strife. As his astute councillors had concluded, "his very name, like a diamond, attracted multitudes to the war;" and he moved through the counties of Devon, Somerset, and Gloucester, his army increasing as he went. At last, King Edward brought him to a stand at Tewkesbury, on the banks of the Severn, (May 4, 1471), and there was fought the last great battle which concluded for a time the Wars of the Roses, and was finally avenged by Henry Tudor on the fatal field of Bosworth.

* Habington.

IV.

TEWKESBURY.

i. Margaret's army was arrayed in three divisions; the van, led by the Duke of Somerset; the main body, by Lord Wenlock; and the rear, under the Earl of Devonshire. Historians do not agree whether the Prince of Wales entered the battle with Somerset, or Wenlock; and though they all speak of him as having fought with brilliant courage, none relate any particular feat of arms which he accomplished. Before the fight, he rode through the ranks, accompanied by Queen Margaret, and endeavoured to encourage his soldiers by his gallant bearing. Vain, however, were all their efforts. The military skill of Edward was not to be withstood, and a few swift hours crushed into the dust the ambitious hopes of the Lancastrian Queen. Seldom was victory more decisive; never was rout more thorough.* Three thousand of the

* The defeat was partly owing to Somerset's impetuosity, who, seeing Lord Wenlock inactive on his horse, when his presence with his forces was urgently required in the battle-field, rushed up to him, and calling him "Traitor," drove his battle axe through his skull. Wenlock's men, discomfited by their leader's death, fled in confusion from the field.

partisans of the Red Rose fell on the field; the Earl of Devonshire and Lord Wenlock were among the slain; the Duke of Somerset, and twenty other persons of distinction, who had taken refuge in the neighbouring church, were surrounded, dragged from their sanctuary, and immediately beheaded. Margaret fell into the hands of the victorious Edward, and was reserved to figure on the occasion of his triumphal entry into London. Eventually she obtained her freedom, and after several years of sorrowful dependence upon the charity of the French King, Louis XI., died in France, in August, 1481—two years before the death of the relentless enemy of her husband's house, Edward the 4th.

ii. We are now called to the investigation of another of those problems so common in our early English history, when contemporary chronicles were misled by the strength of their own passions, or gathered their information with difficulty from uncertain and unreliable sources. Did Prince Edward, the son of Margaret of Anjou, die on the battle-field a soldier's death, or was he foully murdered in the King's presence? The commonly received account is that of Habington,

who represents him as having been taken prisoner by Sir Richard Crofts, and delivered up to King Edward for a reward of £100 annuity, and on the royal promise that the captive's life should be spared. "King Edward," continues the historian, "presently, upon the delivery of the Prince, caused him to be brought into his presence, and entertained him with some demonstration of courtesy;—moved, perhaps, thereunto by the innocency of his youth, compassion for his misfortune, or the comeliness of his person; the composition of his body being guilty of no fault, but the too feminine beauty. At first it was supposed that the King might have some charitable intention, and resolved happily to have settled him in the Duchy of Lancaster, his father's inheritance, a patrimony too narrow for a king, and something too large for a subject; and for that end is said to have entered discourse with him, to make trial whether his spirit would stoop to acknowledge a superior. He therefore questioned him what mad persuasion had made him enter into so rash an enterprise as to take up arms against him, where the very attempt was rebellion, being against his sovereign,

and folly, being in opposition to a Prince so far in power above him. He expected a humble answer, as if he were to beg his life, as soft and gentle, according to the complexion either of his fortune or his face. But he, with a resolution as bold as his grandfather Henry V. would have replied with, answered: 'that to recover his father miserably oppressed, and the crown violently usurped, he had taken arms. Neither could he be reputed to make any unjust claim, who desired no more than what had been possessed by Henry the Sixth, the Fifth, and Fourth—his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, Kings of England; and acknowledged by the approbation, not of the Kingdom only, but the world, and even by the progenitors of King Edward!'"

iii. Wroth at a reply so spirited, the haughty Edward thrust the stripling aside with his gauntlet, and passionately strode out of the room. Whereupon the Dukes of Clarence and Gloucester, the Marquis of Dorset, and Lord Hastings, flung themselves upon the youthful Prince, and despatched him with their daggers; he, the while, piteously crying

on his brother-in-law Clarence to spare his life. Turrel's account is precisely similar: the king "not receiving," he says, "such submissive satisfactory answers as he required, and it may be some of riper years, on the like occasion, would have done, he disdainfully thrust him from him, when presently the Duke of Gloucester and Clarence, Thomas, Marquis of Dorset, and the Lord Hastings (the King's back being then turned), with their poignards barbarously stabbed into the breast, and inhumanly murdered, against the law of God, nature, and nations, which occasioned the revenge of his blood afterwards in general upon them all, and in particular upon every one of them." Fabyan heightens the horror of the tragedy, and represents Edward as having given the murderers their cue by striking the Lancastrian stripling upon the mouth; while, on the other hand, the continuator of the Croyland History deals in the vague and indefinite,—he was either "slain," he says, "on the field, or after the battle, by the avenging hands of certain persons."

iv. Mr. Bucke, in his ingenious Vindication of the character of Richard the Third, endeavours to exculpate his hero from the guilt of

having participated in the murder of the young prince, and represents him as withholding his hand, from his passionate love of the prince's wife, Anne of Warwick. "Anne was with her husband, Edward of Lancaster," he quotes from a Flemish annalist, "when that unfortunate prince was hurried before Edward IV., after the battle of Tewkesbury, and it was observed 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." A still wilder tale is told by the French historian Prévost, who declared that the prince was slain in fight. Striking eagerly at a foeman, his sword ran through the latter's body, and before he could recover it his pursuers surrounded and slaughtered him. The balance of evidence, however, seems to weigh heavily against this latter version, and most unprejudiced students will accept as true the commonly accredited narrative.

v. The day after the murder, Edward of Lancaster was buried with but scanty decency

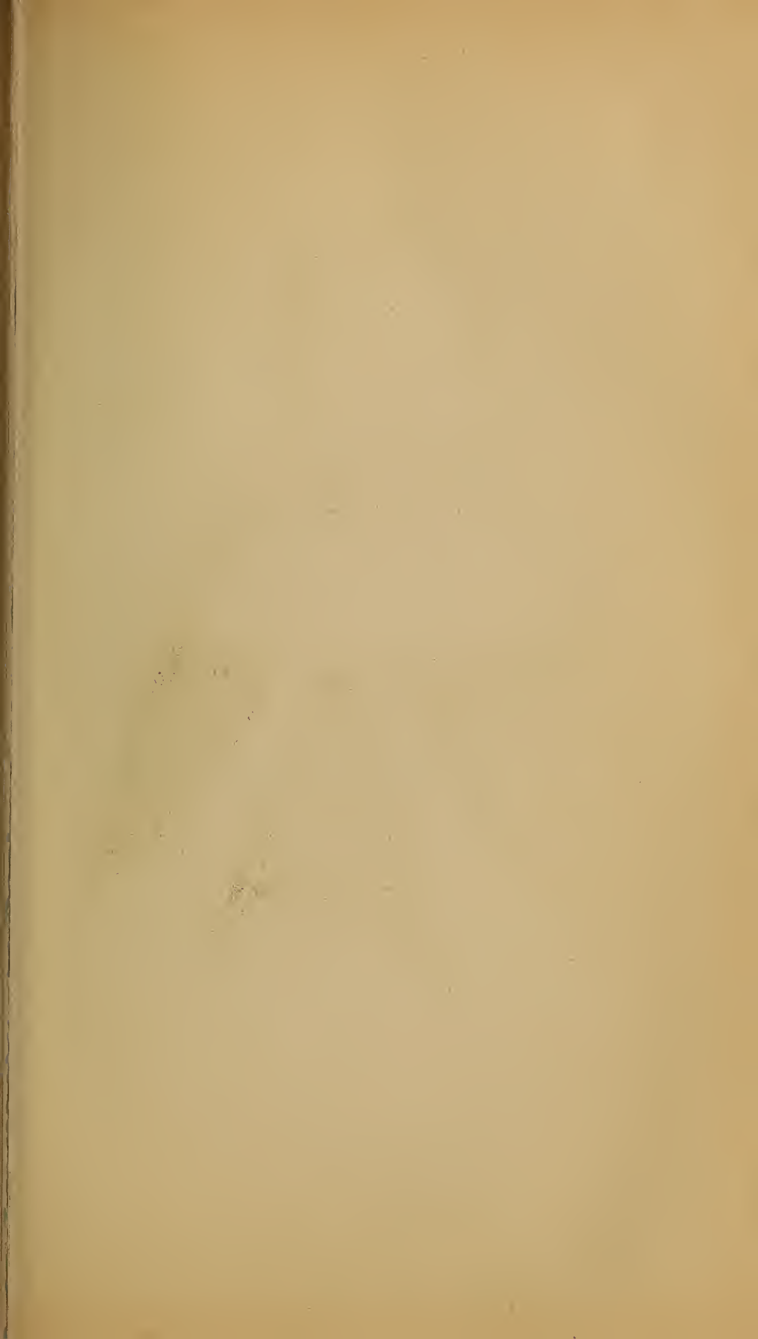
in the Abbey of Tewkesbury, at the entrance of the choir, and directly under the old gray tower. The spot was formerly commemorated by a slab of grey marble, but is now distinguished by a brass tablet, placed there by the "pious care" of the people of Tewkesbury, "in order that the memory of Edward Prince of Wales should not perish." His father, the gentle Henry, died soon after his hapless son, by "sacrilegious hands," and was buried at Chertsey Abbey. The brave and much enduring Margaret lies interred in the cathedral of Angers, in the same tomb with her royal parents. So widely separated in death were the heroes of one of the saddest and most pitiful romances which the history of kings and princes can afford!

CHAPTER IV.

PRINCE EDWARD OF THE SANCTUARY,

SON OF EDWARD IV.

[AUTHORITIES:—Hall's, Harding's, and Habington's Chronicles; Roberts's History of the Houses of York and Lancaster; Fleetwood's History; Fabyan's Chronicle; Lingard's History of England; Holinshed; Fenn's Paston Papers; Walpole's Historic Doubts; Sir Thomas More's Richard III; etc., etc.]



Edward the Fifth.

CHAPTER IV.

PRINCE EDWARD OF THE SANCTUARY, SON OF EDWARD IV.

The treasures of antiquity, laid up
In old historic rolls, I opened.

BEAUMONT.

Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe we spread;
The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

GRAY.

i. When the Earl of Warwick, "the King-Maker," with his son-in-law, the Duke of Clarence, entered London triumphantly, in November, 1470, Elizabeth Woodville, the queen of the fourth Edward, was resident at the Tower, which, in those troublesome times, was both a palace and a prison. She had boasted much of her courage while danger yet loomed in the distance; had victualled the fortress

and encouraged its garrison; but when the shouts of the fickle multitude and the cries of "a Warwick! a Warwick!" were borne to her ears by the wandering winds, her woman's heart sank within her, and hastily embarking in her royal barge, she ascended the Thames as far as Westminster. There she took refuge in the Sanctuary,—a structure of formidable strength, which then occupied a space at the end of St. Margaret's churchyard. She was accompanied by her daughters, the Ladies Elizabeth, Margaret, and Cicely, and by the Lady Scrope, her loyal attendant, and thus, in gloom and desolation, awaited the rapidly approaching hour of her travail.

ii. The heir of York, afterwards so fatally known in history as the Boy-King, Edward the Fifth, was born, within the dark walls of the Sanctuary, on the 1st (some say the 14th) of November, 1470. The sorrowful circumstances that attended his birth not inaptly prefigured the shadows of his brief career, and the horrors of his premature death. He seemed, "if Fortune beyond expectation altered not, heir-apparent only to his father's misery;" and he never lived to enjoy aught of his father's splendid success,—for at the

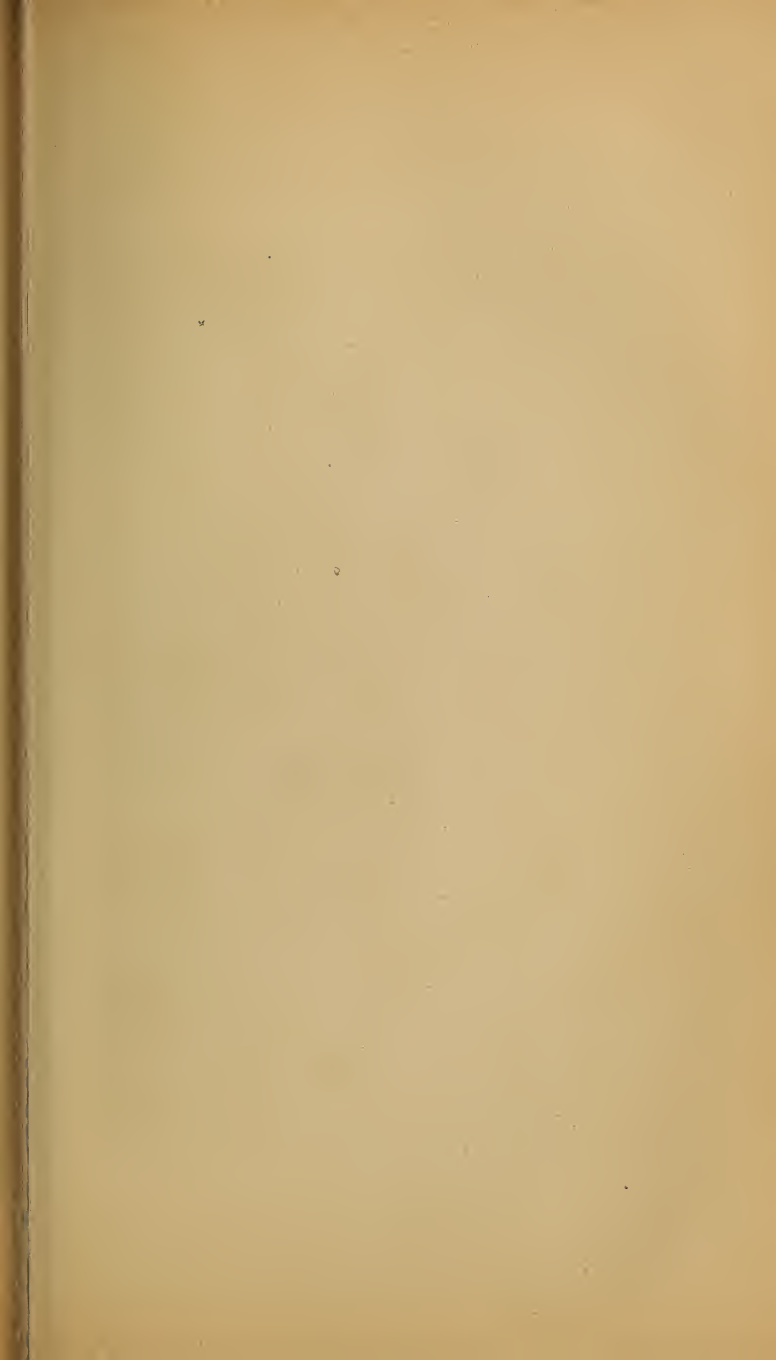
foot of the throne which it was his evil destiny to ascend yawned, as with terrible eagerness, a bloody grave!

iii. The Queen, in this her hour of need, was destitute of almost every convenience, and dependent on the good offices of Thomas Milling, the benevolent Abbot of Westminster. "Mother Cobb, a well-disposed midwife, resident in the Sanctuary, charitably assisted the distressed queen in the hour of maternal peril, 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, by supplying them with 'half a beef and two muttons every week.'"

iv. A few days after his birth the heir of England was christened by the Prior of Westminster, who also officiated as his godfather; Lady Scrope and the Duchess of Bedford occupying the posts of godmothers. But, except in this respect, the whole ceremony was as mean as the christening of "a poor man's child." He was named after

the greatest of his Plantagenet ancestors, and his royal sire,—Edward; and, notwithstanding the mournful circumstances of his birth, was pronounced a strong and comely babe, as well he might be, if he in anything partook of the rare personal graces of his father and the tender loveliness of his mother.

v. The Queen and her child remained under the protecting roof of the Sanctuary till her husband's triumphant invasion of England, in April, 1471. Warwick and his Lancastrian allies were unable to bar against him the road to London, and the victorious sovereign accordingly entered the capital in state, its gates being thrown wide to receive him, and the citizens thronging the streets to bid him a loyal welcome. Having seized upon the Tower, and the unresisting Henry, Edward repaired in succession to St. Paul's and to Westminster to offer his thanksgivings to the Lord of Hosts. This duty performed, he hastened to the Sanctuary, to embrace his Queen and infant son. "A long time," says the old chronicler, "had she abiden and sojourned at Westminster, assuring her person only by the great franchise of that holy place; in right great trouble, sorrow and heavi-



Drawn by D. Roberts. 30 111 Engraved by E. Finden.

The Tower, 1670.

ness, which she sustained with all manner of patience that belonged to any creature, and as constantly as hath been seen at any time any of so high estate to endure. In the which season, nevertheless, she had brought into this world, to the King's greatest joy, a fair son, a prince, wherewith she presented him at his coming, to his heart's singular comfort and gladness, and to all them that him truly loved and would serve. From thence, that night, the King returned to London and the Queen with him, and lodged at the lodging of my lady, his mother; where they heard divine service that night, and upon the morrow, Good Friday."

v. Edward now set out from the metropolis once more to measure swords with his great enemy, the haughty Warwick, and on Easter Sunday won the famed fight of Barnet Heath, where he trampled in blood and mire, on the red rose of ill-fated Lancaster. He then marched on to crown his success at Tewkesbury, and darken his fame by the murder of Edward of Westminster, while his "Lady Bessie" retired to the Tower, under the protection of her brave brother, Anthony Woodville. When her triumphant lord returned to London, free

from all enemies except those who all unknown and unsuspected sat at his board, and shared in his private councils, he made haste to reward the faithful adherents who had tended his wife in her day of peril and disaster. Margaret Cobb was pensioned with twelve pounds per annum; Dr. Serigo with £40. The abbot was summoned to the king's privy council, and afterwards confirmed in his election to the Bishopric of Hereford. And bounties were lavished upon the meanest of those who had done his Queen a service.

vi. The heir of England was early initiated into the splendours and ceremonies of a court. In 1472, Edward was visited by his true ally and staunch friend, Louis of Bruges, Lord of Grauthuse, and Governor of Holland, for Charles the Bold, a man of high spirit, liberal intellect, and noble character, who, on two occasions, had greatly served the English King. He was received at Windsor with a regal hospitality, and on the morning after the day of his coming, heard mass in St. George's chapel. When the service was ended, King Edward gave his guest a cup of gold, garnished with pearl. In the midst of the cup was a great piece of unicorn's horn,

and on the cover of the cup a great sapphire. "Then the king," says a contemporary annalist, "came into the quadrant. My lord prince also, borne by his chamberlain, called Master Vaughan, bade the Lord Grauthuse welcome. Then the king took his guest into the little park, where they had great sport, and there the king made him ride on his own horse, a right fair hobby, the which the king gave him. The king's dinner was ordered in the lodge in Windsor park. After dinner the king showed his guest his gardens and vineyards of pleasure. Then the queen did order a grand banquet in her own apartments, at which King Edward, her eldest daughter, the Duchess of Exeter, the Lady Rivers, and the Lord of Grauthuse all sat with her at one mess; and at another table sat the Duke of Buckingham, my lady, his wife, my Lord Hastings, chamberlain to the king, my Lord Berners, chamberlain to the queen, the son of Lord Grauthuse, and Master George Barthe, secretary to the Duke of Burgundy. There was a side table, at which sat a great *view* of ladies all on one side of the room. Also on one side of the outer chamber sat the queen's gentlewomen." And then there followed a

luxurious banquet, and when all had supped, the lords and ladies present made merry in the dance.

vii. On the 13th of October, King Edward kept his royal state at Westminster palace, and in the forenoon he presented himself before his parliament, in his royal robes, and received a loyal address from his faithful Commons, in which they expressed "their commendation of the womanly behaviour and great constancy of his queen when he was beyond sea; also the great joy and surety of his land in the birth of the prince; and the great kindness and humanity of the Lord Grauthuse, then present, shown to the king when in Holland." Grauthuse was now formally created Earl of Winchester—Occleve, the poet, reading aloud his letters patent. Then the king went into the White Hall, and the queen came thither crowned, and the infant Prince Edward, borne in the arms of his chamberlain, Master Vaughan. And thus the king, and queen, and prince, with their brilliant following, proceeded into the Abbey Church, and made their offerings at the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor.

viii. Legends and traditions of singular as-

trological predictions and mysterious prophecies always, unhappily, fulfilled, hover about the early lives of most of our Plantagenet sovereigns. With reference to Edward of the Sanctuary, the popular tradition is thus narrated by gossipping Dr. Doran:—

"When the queen was about to give birth to her first child, the court physicians, skilled in astrology, predicted that the child would be a son. It proved to be a daughter, and the maids of honour laughed at the 'medicos' and called them 'fools,' while Edward solaced himself with another prophecy, which said, that whether his eldest child were girl or boy, it should wear the crown of England. But now, when little Edward of the Sanctuary was growing in strength and beauty, the king, misdoubting astrologers, betook himself to the study of the stars and books of magic, and became so wise in the profitless lore, thereby gained, that he was able to draw his son's horoscope with his own hand. His eldest daughter, Elizabeth, on one occasion, came upon him when he was sitting mute, but not tearless, amid a group of lords, who dared not break the silence. The Princess, bolder than they, knelt at his knee and asked

him for a blessing. Edward looked upon her, took her to a recess in the chamber formed by a bay window, and seating her there, showed her the horoscope he had cast, whereby he had come to the conclusion, odious to himself, that no son of his would really ever wear the crown. The science further taught him that though Edward of the Sanctuary would never actually be king, she, Elizabeth of York, would, assuredly, one day be queen."

IX. The king, however, did not act as if he put any faith in his own prediction, but took as good heed to his education and training as if he desired to render him worthy of "the garland of the realm." He was only three years of age when Edward drew up letters of instruction to his governors, the Earl Rivers and the Bishop of Rochester, expressing himself as very anxious for the establishment of a serious and moral rule in the prince's household. He commanded that young Edward should rise every morning at a suitable hour, and no man have access to him until he had risen, except the Earl, his chaplains, and body-servants; that matins having been said in his presence, he should then attend mass in his chapel or closet; that on every holy

day he was to offer before the altar; that between breakfast and dinner his time was to be employed in study; that no man should sit at his board of loose or immoral character; that all conversation in his presence should turn upon virtue, honour, knowledge, wisdom, and deeds of worship; that after his meat, in eschewing of idleness, he be occupied about his learning and then be shown all such convenient disports and exercises as behoved his estate to have experience of; that the time between even-song and supper should be devoted to innocent pastime; and that the prince should retire to his bedchamber, and all "night livery" be set, and the travers (or curtain) drawn anon upon eight of the clock; and all persons from thence to be avoided, except such as shall be deputed and appointed to give their attendance upon him all night; and that they enforce themselves to make him merry and joyous towards his bed."

x. A further code of laws was entrusted to the discretion both of the Earl and the Bishop, and directed that the officers of the household should attend mass at six o'clock every morning; matins in the chapel, at

seven; and a mass sung by children, at nine. Three chaplains were appointed to posts about the prince, one as general confessor, one as mass priest, and the third as almoner. Persons given to foul speech or lewd conduct, of vicious lives or brawling manners, were strictly forbidden the youthful presence, on the wise old principle of the Latins, *Maxima reverentia debetur pueris*, and fit companionship was provided for him, and those youths honoured by association with the prince were placed like him under the gravest restrictions. "We will," says the king, "that the sons of noble lords and gentlemen being in the household with our said son, arise at a convenient hour, and hear their mass, and be virtuously brought up, and taught in grammar, music, or other training exercises of humanity, according to their births and after their ages, and in no wise to be suffered in idleness, or in unvirtuous occupation." They breakfasted at ten; dined at four; and supped about seven. The palace-gates were closed from September to May, at nine in the evening, but one hour later during the bright months of summer. No person was admitted before six, or after the gates were closed, without proving a cause

so reasonable as to entitle him to a licence from some member of the prince's council. And, indeed, every precaution was taken that the jealous care of a fond and ambitious father, himself experienced in all the miry ways of the world, could suggest as likely to protect his son from even the very knowledge of evil.

xi. The marriage of the young prince's brother, Richard, Duke of York, with Anne Mowbray, the infant heiress of the proud house of Norfolk, took place in January, 1477, and among the illustrious personages present at the ceremony was Edward, Prince of Wales, then in his seventh year. He afterwards partook of the luxurious banquet "laid out in the Painted Chamber." A more interesting incident in his brief career was his introduction to the printer William Caxton, whose most liberal and steadfast patron was the prince's uncle and governor, Earl Rivers. A richly illuminated MS., in the collection of the Archbishops of Canterbury, represents the illustrious printer ushered by Earl Rivers into the presence of King Edward and Queen Elizabeth, who are seated in chairs of state, with their son, a lovely boy, whose head is

crowned with golden curls, standing between them.

xii. The young heir of York received investiture of the Principality of Wales, with the usual ceremony, in 1477, but he was already in receipt of its revenues, and of those of his Duchy of Cornwall and county of Cheshire, their administration being confided to three trustees,—the Queen, Earl Rivers, and the Bishop of Rochester. On this memorable occasion, and in accordance with ancient prescription "many young lords and gentlemen of principal name were made Knights of the Bath, among whom Brian, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Littleton, that learned father of the laws, are registered." A glorious revel duly concluded the ceremonials of the festive day—a day so dear to the proud heart and ambitious hopes of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, who thus beheld her son seated in the seat of the sons of the kings of England.

xiii. In 1483, the Prince of Wales was despatched to Ludlow Castle to administer the government of the Principality, and pacify by his gentle boyish presence the turbulent

souls of the rebellious Welsh. And as the descendants of Cadwallader have always been very affectionate to those princes who have borne the title of their Principality, as being memorials of their ancient liberty and dominion, to the boy-prince of thirteen years they showed more obedience than ever they had been known to render to their ancient magistrates. The king, however, had not trusted wholly to his son's graceful looks and gentle address, but surrounded him with wise and experienced councillors, and specially, Earl Rivers, his governor, and Vaughan, his chamberlain, whose prudent measures contributed largely to the temporary pacification of the Principality.

xiv. The prince was at Ludlow Castle when his father died—April 9th, 1483—and was removed to London in the charge of Earl Rivers, and attended by a few of his household servants. Queen Elizabeth, who presided at the first council held after her husband's death, had proposed that he should be escorted to his capital by a powerful body of troops, but, unfortunately, Lord Hastings, a bitter foe to the aspiring Woodvilles, took umbrage at the suggestion. He would retire

from court, he declared, if the young king was brought to London surrounded by soldiers. Who were his foes? Against whom was the sovereign to be defended? Not against his valiant uncle Gloucester! Not against Stanley—surely, not against himself! Was not this proposed force rather destined to confirm the power of her kindred, and enable them to violate the oaths of amity they had so lately sworn by the death-bed of their royal master? The Queen, in tears, retracted her proposition, for though she foreboded evil to herself and her children, she little imagined from what quarter that evil would proceed. Her suspicions were directed against Hastings and the proud aristocracy who had so often launched their gibes and sneers at the "mushroom Woodvilles," and neither she nor her council apprehended any danger from the treachery or ambition of the crafty Gloucester, who had not of late mingled in court intrigues, and was at that moment absent at his government of the Scottish marches. When the Duke received information of the death of his royal brother, he immediately caused Edward the 5th to be proclaimed as king, at York, and addressed to the Queen a

letter, so full of affectionate condolences and deferential counsel, that she imagined in her brother-in-law she had found a loyal friend and a faithful adviser. Elizabeth, and her council, therefore, finally commanded Earl Rivers to bring the young king to London unattended by his Welsh soldiery, and thus unintentionally cleared the principal obstacle from the path of Richard of Gloucester's crafty and sanguinary ambition.*

xv. Meanwhile, the Duke set out from York, attended by a numerous train of the northern gentry; and at Northampton was joined by the Duke of Buckingham, who was also followed by a brilliant retinue. As he was aware the king was hourly expected on that road, he resolved to wait his arrival under the pretence of conducting him in person to London. But the Earl Rivers, fearing that Northampton was too small a town suitably to accommodate so large and distinguished an assemblage, sent the young sovereign forward by another road to Stony Stratford, and went himself to Northampton to apologise for this proceeding, and to pay his respects to the

* Carte.

King's uncle.* That accomplished master of the craft of Kings received him with the warmest cordiality, and entertained him at supper with Buckingham and himself. The next day Rivers proceeded with them to join the king, but as he was entering Stony Stratford, was arrested by Gloucester's orders. Sir Richard Grey, one of the Queen's sons, by her first husband, was at the same time put under a guard, and Sir Thomas Vaughan, Edward's faithful and devoted chamberlain. Having disposed of these obstructions, Gloucester was able to take possession unopposed of the person of the Boy-King. He approached him, however, with every demonstration of respect and deference, and endeavoured to excuse the violence he had committed on his councillors and attendants. But Edward, a youth of warm affections and ingenuous disposition, was ill able to conceal the anger he felt at an outrage he was powerless to avenge.

xvi. It was at midnight, on the 3rd of May, that Elizabeth received information of these startling events, which at once revealed

* Holinshed.

to her the depths of Gloucester's duplicity and the true character of his ambitious projects. But remembering that while her second son was in safety, the young King's life would be secure, inasmuch as his murder would profit Gloucester nothing while another legitimate heir to the crown remained, she took the Duke of York, and her daughters, and went out of the Palace of Westminster into the Sanctuary, and there lodged in the Abbot's place, and she, and all her children and company, were registered as sanctuary persons.

"Before day broke, the lord chancellor, then Archbishop Rotherham (of York), who lived in York-place, beside Westminster Abbey, having received the news of the Duke of Gloucester's proceedings, called up his servants, and took with him the great seal and went to the Queen, about whom he found much heaviness, rumble, haste, and business, with conveyance of her [household] stuff into sanctuary. Every man was busy to carry, bear, and convey household stuffs, chests, and fardels; no man was unoccupied, and some

walked off, with more than they were directed, to other places."*

xvii. The Archbishop found the Queen sitting on the rushes in dismay. Her long, fair hair, so renowned for its beauty, having escaped from its confinement, was streaming over her person even to the ground. He sought to relieve her sorrow with a cheering message which he had received from Lord Hastings. "Ah, woe worth him!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "for it is he that goeth about to destroy me and my blood."—"Madam," said the Archbishop, "be of good comfort. I assure you, 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 with these words he gave up the great seal to the Queen, and departed from her in the dawning of the day; and when he opened his window, and looked forth on the Thames, he saw the river covered with boats full of the Duke of

* Hall.

Gloucester's servants, watching that no one might go to the Queen's asylum.

xviii. Edward the Fifth, attended by Gloucester's minions, all in deep mourning for the late monarch, entered London on the 4th of May, and after a stay at the Bishop of Ely's palace, near Hatton Garden, became a tenant of the regal apartments in the Tower. The sovereign thus secured, it was now Gloucester's object to obtain possession of the person of Richard, Duke of York, in which he succeeded by an artifice to be described in our next chapter. He still continued to amuse the Yorkists by urging on the preparation for the young king's coronation, and it was not until he held his famous council in the Tower, on the 13th of June, that he finally threw off the mask. Then, finding Hastings unshakenly loyal to the house of York, he denounced him as in league with the sorceresses, Queen Elizabeth Woodville and Jane Shore, the late king's mistress, and baring his shrunken and withered arm, declared it was the effect of their magical arts. "You are the chief abetter," he cried, "of that witch Shore! you are yourself a traitor: and I swear by St.

Paul that I will not dine before your head be brought to me!" Armed men rushed into the chamber, and hurrying off Hastings he was instantly beheaded on a timber log which lay in the court of the Tower. Lord Stanley, the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Ely, and other loyal adherents to the youthful sovereign's cause were at the same time seized and cast into prison.

xix. Gloucester's next movement was to prove the queen's marriage invalid, and her issue illegitimate, by reason of a prior marriage which Edward the Fourth had secretly contracted; an alliance with Lady Eleanor Talbot, daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury; and as ambition is never in lack of tools, he contrived that a petition should be presented to him praying him to take heed that the crown did not fall to the issue of the pretended marriage between King Edward and Lady Elizabeth Gray, "made without the assent of the lords of the land, and by the sorcery of the said Elizabeth and her mother Faquette (as the public voice is through the land), privily and secretly in a chamber, without proclamation by banns according to the laudable cus-

tom of the church of England." At Crosby Hall, on the 26th, Richard was recognised as king; ten days later his coronation followed, at which Edward the Fifth was compelled to be present, and the royal children were removed to the Portcullis tower that their uncle might occupy the regal apartments. Of their murder, which was consummated by Richard's brutal myrmidons during his progress to the north, we shall speak at length in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V.

RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK, SECOND SON OF EDWARD IV.

[AUTHORITIES:—Sir Thomas More; Hall, Harding, Holinshed Baker; Carte's History of England; Lingard; Eachard; Wardrobe Accounts of Edward IV., edited by Sir Harris Nicolas etc., etc.]

CHAPTER V.

RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK, SECOND SON OF EDWARD IV.

> O, 'tis a parlous boy,
> Bold, quick, ingenuous, capable:
> He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

> Look back with me unto the Tower,
> Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
> Whom envy hath immured within your walls!
> Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
> Rude, ragged nurse! old sullen playfellow
> For tender princes, use my babies well.
>
> IBID.

i. In Shakspeare's noble historical drama of the Wars of the Roses, as divided into the plays of "Henry VI.," and "Richard the Third," few scenes are replete with a tenderer pathos than those which bring upon the tragic stage the two princely sons of Edward the Fourth, and Elizabeth Woodville. The great

dramatist has painted their different characters with his wonted discrimination; Edward, gentle, meek, and loving, of gracious address and lowly speech; Richard of York, quick, impetuous, and spirited, with a keen wit and a clear judgment. And the popular mind has taken up the poet's presentation. For the English people, Edward the 5th and his brother are what Shakspeare has depicted them; their fate is the fate so touchingly described in his immortal verse; and no "Historic Doubts" put forward by the ingenious Walpole, no elaborate apology prepared by the painstaking Burke, will blot out from their remembrance the murder of the two princes at the instigation of the English Borgia, Richard the II .

ii. Richard, Duke of York, so named after his illustrious grandfather, was born at Shrewsbury, in the spring of 1472, when his father ruled England with an undisputed sway. Of his earlier years the details which have come down to us are neither many nor interesting, but we can easily believe that he was bred up in the midst of the pomp and splendour suitable to a son of England, and that his father exercised as much care in

ordering his household and directing his mental training as in the case of his elder brother, Edward of the Sanctuary. He was scarcely five years old when he figured as principal actor in the serio-comedy of the marriage of Anne Mowbray, the infant heiress of the Duke of York. The bride was scarcely three years old, the bridegroom five. The ceremony was performed with sumptuous state in St. Stephen's chapel, in the presence of the king, the Prince of Wales, the Princesses Elizabeth, Mary, and Cicely, and a glittering show of lords and ladies. Neither bride nor bridegroom lived to repeat their nuptials at a maturer age; their premature deaths seeming to verify the old English proverb, "Early wed, early dead."

iii. The year which witnessed the young prince's marriage also beheld the investiture of his brother with the principality of Wales, and was likewise marked by the unjust condemnation of his uncle, the Duke of Clarence. Richard, now Duke of York, appears, from this time, to have assumed a very luxurious state, and we read of his gowns of purple and green velvet, green damask, and white cloth of gold; of his mantle of blue velvet, lined

with white damask, and garnished with a garter of ruddeur; of the green cloth of gold which covered his harness and saddle; and of other decorations for himself and his "belongings," which must have been very beautiful and grand to see!

iv. The death of Edward the IV., in April, 1483, cast a sudden shadow on the previously unclouded lustre of his son's career. When the Duke of Gloucester's seizure of the person of Edward the V. revealed to the widowed Elizabeth the depth of that subtle plotter's nefarious designs, she hastened to carry the boy-duke, and his sisters, to the secure shelter of the Sanctuary. He was at this time eleven years old. The Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Henry VII., was seventeen; the Princess Cicely, in her fifteenth year; Anne was about eight; Katherine nearly four; and Bridget, three. They were not long permitted by the Protector to remain undisturbed in their holy asylum. It was essential for the success of his bold ambition that both the sons of Edward IV. should be in his power, and for this purpose he moved the peers at a council held in the Star Chamber, contiguous to the Sanctuary, that Elizabeth

should be compelled to deliver up the Duke of York. A stormy debate ensued. Richard represented to the council that an indignity was put upon the Government by the Queen's ill-founded apprehensions, and that it was absolutely needful the young prince should be present at the approaching coronation of his brother. But the ecclesiastical dignitaries, and especially the two primates of Canterbury and York, maintained that Sanctuary was inviolate and to employ force was sacrilegious. It was, nevertheless, resolved that "there might be sanctuary men and women, but as children could commit no crime for which an asylum was need, the privileges of sanctuary could not extend to them: therefore the Duke of Gloucester, who was now recognised as Lord Protector, could possess himself of his nephew by force if he pleased." The Archbishop of Canterbury, unwilling that force should be employed, now offered his mediation with the Queen. "He would do his best endeavour," he said, "to persuade her; but if he could not, he then thought it was not to be attempted against her will, for that it would turn to the high displeasure of God if the privilege of that holy place should

now be broken, which had so many years been inviolably kept, which both kings and popes so good had granted, so many had confirmed, and which holy ground was, more than five hundred years ago, by St. Peter in his own person, accompanied with great numbers of angels, by night, so specially hallowed and dedicated to God; and for proof thereof, there is yet in the Abbey St. Peter's cope to shew; that from that time hitherward, there never was so undevout a king that durst violate that sacred place; nor so holy a bishop that durst presume to consecrate it, and therefore (he said) God forbid that any man, for any earthly thing, should enterprise to break the liberty and immunity of that sacred sanctuary: and I trust with God's grace, we shall not need it, at least, my endeavours shall not be wanting; if the mother's dread and womanish fear be not the let."

v. The interview between the primate, the deputation of peers that accompanied him, and Queen Elizabeth, was one of the most painful character. In vain the Archbishop urged that the young king required the company of his brother, being melancholy without a playfellow. The Queen 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, who hath no wish to play, because he is sick? 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!" But the primate and his brother-nobles renewing their solicitations, the distraught woman yielded what the sovereign would have refused, and taking the boy-duke by the hand, she exclaimed, "Lo, here is this gentleman, who I doubt not would be safely kept by me, if I were permitted; and well do I know there be some such deadly enemies to my blood, that, if they wist where any lay in their own bodies, they would let it out if they could. The desire of a kingdom knoweth no kindred: brothers have been brothers' bane, and may the nephews be sure of the uncle? Each of these children are safe while they be asunder. Notwithstanding, I here deliver him, and his brother's life with him, into your hands, and of you I shall require them before God and man. Faithful be ye, I wot well,

and power he have, if he list, to keep them safe; but if he think I fear too much, yet beware ye fear not too little!" And then, embracing her child, she continued, "Farewell, my own sweet son! God send you safe keeping! Let me kiss you once ere you go, for God knoweth when we shall kiss together again!" So with many kisses and caresses, she turned from him and wept; and the young prince, loudly sobbing, was led out of the presence of the mother he was never again to embrace.

vi. The tragedy of the murder of the two princes took place in that part of the old fortress-palace of London which is traditionally named the Bloody Tower. They were removed to this building when King Richard took possession, on the 4th of July, of the regal apartments which they had previously tenanted. All liberty of egress was now denied them, and all their attendants were removed but one, whose nickname sufficiently indicates the reason why he was retained—Black Will, or Will Slaughter, who was set to serve them, and four keepers to guard them. The young king was heard to say, sighingly, "I would mine uncle would let me

have my life, though he taketh my crown." "After which time, he never tied his points, nor anything attended to himself; but with that young babe his brother, lingered in thought and heaviness till the traitorous deed delivered them from wretchedness."

vii. The chief mover in this foul tragedy was Sir James Tyrrel, vice-constable of England under Edward IV., who had attached himself to Richard's person, and proved a fit agent for the accomplishment of his murderous schemes. As Richard progressed to the north, where his chief strength lay, and where he was desirous to preserve his popularity, he despatched this Sir James Tyrrel from Warwick to destroy the royal children, and Sir Robert Brakenbury, the constable of the Tower, having previously refused participation in so black a crime, he now therefore received peremptory orders to give up the keys of his fortress for one night to Richard's emissary. He associated with him in the foul task three fellows of evil character, Slaughter, Dighton, and Forrest—the latter, one of the princes' keepers, "a fellow flesh-bred in murder;" Dighton, one of his own varlets, "a big, broad, square knave." "All their other attendants being re-

moved from them," says Sir Thomas More, "and the harmless children in bed, these men came into their chamber and suddenly lapping them in the clothes, smothered and stifled them till thoroughly dead: then laying out their bodies in the bed, they fetched Sir James to see them, who caused the murderers to bury them at the stair foot, deep in the ground under a heap of stones. Then rode Sir James in great haste to King Richard and showed him the manner of the murder, who gave him great thanks, but allowed not their burial in so vile a corner, but would have them buried in consecrated ground. Sir Robert Brakenbury's priest then took them up, and where he buried them was never known, for he died directly afterwards. But when the news was first brought to the unfortunate mother, yet being in sanctuary, that her two sons were murdered, it struck to her heart like the sharp dart of death; she was so suddenly amazed, that she swooned and fell to the ground, and there lay in great agony, yet like to a dead corpse. And after she revived and came to her memory again she wept and sobbed, and with pitiful screeches filled the whole mansion. Her breast she beat, her fair hair she tore and

pulled in pieces, 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. After long lamentation she kneeled down and cried to God to take vengeance, 'who,' she said, 'she nothing doubted would remember it;' and when, in a few months, Richard unexpectedly lost his only son, the child for whose advancement he had steeped his soul in crime, Englishmen declared that the imprecations of the agonized mother had been heard."

viii. Baker the historian relates the circumstances in the following fashion:—"Sir James Tyrrel," he says, "being now lieutenant for the time, and having the two innocent princes under his custody, gets two others as very villains as himself, the one Miles Forest, the other James Dighton, his horse-keeper, big sturdy knaves, and these he made his under agents, who coming into the children's chamber in the night (for they were suffered to have none about them but one Black Will or William Staughton,* a bloody rascal), they suddenly lapped them up in their clothes, and

* *i. e.*—Slaughter.

keeping down by force the feather bed and pillows hard under their mouths, so stifled them, that their breaths failing they gave up their innocent souls to God." The vengeance which the sonless queen implored upon her children's murderers actually overtook them. "Miles Forest, at St. Martin's-le-Grand, piece-meal rotted away; Dighton lived at Callice a long time after, but detested of all men died in great misery; Sir James Tyrrel was beheaded afterwards on Tower Hill for treason; and King Richard himself, after this abominable fact was done never had a quiet mind, troubled with fearful dreams, and would sometimes in the night start out of his bed and run about the chamber in great fright, as if all the furies of hell were hanging about him."

viii. It may interest the reader to compare the Shakspearian narrative with the quotations we have given from the old historians. The poet represents Sir James Tyrrel as saying—

> "The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
> The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
> That ever yet this land was guilty of.
> Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
> To do this piece of ruthless butchery,

Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs!
Melting with tenderness and wild compassion,
Wept like two children, in their death's sad story.
O *thus*, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes.*
Thus, thus! quoth Forest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms,
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillows lay,
Which once, quoth Forest, *almost changed my mind;*
But O, the devil! there the villain stopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—we smothered
The most resplenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation, e'er she framed.
Hence both are gone; with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak, and so I left them both
To bear this tidings to the bloody king."
Richard III., Act iv., Scene 3.

ix. Certain ingenious writers have endeavoured to cast a doubt upon the fact of this terrible incident, and have contended that the bones discovered in the Tower, and supposed to be those of the royal children, could not have been so, because Richard III. exhumed them from the first place of sepulture, and by a singular act of remorseful conscience caused them to be buried in consecrated ground. The priest of the Tower, to whom this duty was entrusted, selected as a suitable spot the entrance to his own chapel, but as he died soon after the removal of the bodies, the last rest-

ing place remained unknown, till, in the reign of Charles II., the chapel was converted into a record office, and the skeletons of the two ill-fated princes discovered (A.D. 1664). The particulars of the murder were revealed by Tyrrel himself previous to his execution in 1502.

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCE EDWARD OF MIDDLEHAM, SON OF RICHARD III.

[AUTHORITIES:—Hall's Unitie of the Houses of York and Lancaster, cont. by Grafton; Baker, Holinshed; Carte, Eachard, and Lingard's History of England; Chronicle of Croyland (the continuation); Sir Thomas More's History of Edward IV., Edward V., and Richard III.; Burke's Richard III., etc.]

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCE EDWARD OF MIDDLEHAM, SON OF RICHARD III.

> Death lies on him, like an untimely frost,
> Upon the sweetest flow'r of all the field.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

i. "TRUTH is strange—stranger still than fiction," and there are many romantic passages in English history which exceed in depth of colour and force of contrast, in varied interest and concentrated passion, all the fictions conceived by the fertile brain of the novelist or the vivid imagination of the poet. And when monarchs and heroes, knights and beauties, are the actors; when the council chamber, the battle-field, and the prison are the scenes; why should not the actual historic drama surpass in rapidity of movement and subtilty of meaning the mimic tragedy which is enacted before the foot-lights? No fancy

can invent a series of incidents more surprising in character than the occurrences recorded by the historian, and the life of a nation is assuredly as full of change and marvel as the life of any ideal hero or imaginary personage, who figures in epic or novel. Thus, the most inveterate admirer of fiction, whose eyes are filled with tears at the love-passages of Pamela or the sufferings of Caleb Williams, may well be invited to sympathise with the strange story of Anne of Warwick, the fair daughter of the great "King-Maker," and the love-romance of that man of ruthless ambition and surpassing political capacity, Richard of Gloucester, King of England. It relieves the lurid grandeur of the English Borgia's career with a gleam of human feeling, and the passionate affection which the fond father lavished upon his son redeems our common nature from the imputation his dark, sad life of crime might have cast upon it.

ii. Anne of Warwick, the last of the Plantagenet Queens, was born at Warwick Castle, in the year 1454. She was the younger of the two daughters, whom Anne, the heiress of the Beauchamps, bore to the king-making Earl of Warwick. It was her peculiar destiny

Drawn by George Barret — Engraved by E. Finden

Warwick Castle.

to receive the offer of the consort's crown of England from the two rival houses of York and Lancaster; from Prince Edward of Lancaster, the son of Henry VI., and Richard the III., son of Richard, Duke of York. During Warwick's long alliance with the Yorkists, Anne was frequently brought into contact with the youthful Richard, and they were companions, and perhaps play fellows, when he was fourteen, and she twelve years old. At that early age the boy-duke pressed his love suit upon the gentle Anne, but neither in his person nor his disposition was there aught to attract her fancy, or induce her to smile favourably upon it. Her love was soon afterwards won by the handsome and gracious Prince Edward, the hope of Lancaster, and when deep wrongs constrained Warwick to make peace with Margaret of Anjou, and swear fealty to Henry the VI., the youthful twain were wedded at Angers, in August, 1470. Their married life was a brief one. Edward was slain on the fatal field of Tewkesbury, May 4th, 1471, and soon afterwards Anne's person was taken charge of by her sister's husband, the Duke of Clarence.

Clarence was aware of his brother of Gloucester's passion for the fair young widow, but unwilling that the united inheritance of Warwick and Salisbury, of which she was a co-heiress, should be divided, he aided her by every means in his power to avoid discovery. So the Lady Anne stooped from her high but perilous state as Princess of Wales to assume the disguise of a servant, and labour menially in the house of a London citizen of mean repute. For nearly two years the subtle craft of Gloucester was unable to track her to her hiding-place, but he was not one to be easily baffled,—no man of light purpose to abandon a cherished scheme because he met with let or hindrance—and, at last, his persevering exertions were crowned with success. She was found, this daughter of Warwick and Princess of Wales! "under the disguise of a cookmaid in the City of London," and quickly transferred to the Sanctuary of St. Martin's-le-Grand. From thence she was removed to the protection of her uncle George, Archbishop of York, and even allowed to visit and console Margaret of Anjou, then a prisoner in the Tower; but as she was still most

resolute in her refusal to marry Richard, these indulgences were speedily withdrawn.

iii. Some weary months passed by, and finally the woman's resolve yielded before the man's sterner purpose. In March, 1473, she was wedded to Richard at Westminster, and soon afterwards, the King in council made an award by which the lands of Beauchamp and Warwick were portioned between him and his brother Clarence. It would seem that the marriage was attended by some informality, for in the following year an act of Parliament was passed, which empowered 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 to her; a clause which, as Miss Strickland observes, seems to imply that reasons existed for a divorce should Anne determine on ridding herself of the husband she loathed. The informalities, it is probable, originated in the want of the proper bulls to authorise the marriage of such near relations; and, "as the free consent of both bride and bridegroom was an indispensable preliminary to such dispensation, the absence of these legal instruments nega-

tively prove that the unfortunate Anne of Warwick never consented to her second marriage."

iv. Richard and the wife so long wooed, so unwillingly wed, resided chiefly at Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire, an abode convenient for the office borne by the Duke as Governor of the Northern Marches. It formed a part of his wife's dowry, and tradition relates that in their early youth they had spent much time together under its ancient roof. Here was born, in 1474, their only child, Edward, generally surnamed "of Middleham" from the place of his birth. From this period there is reason to believe that the Lady Anne was more reconciled to her lot, and that the fair sweet boy became a bond of union between her and her astute husband. Nor does there exist any ground for the suspicion put forward by some authorities that Richard soon grew weary of his wife, or treated her with any lack of courtesy and affection.

v. For nine years the current of Edward's young existence flowed on undisturbed. His father was displaying his military ability and administrative genius in his campaigns in Scotland, winning several victories and cap-

turing Edinburgh; recovering the town and castle of Berwick, which Margaret of Anjou had sold to the Scots; and founding several religious and charitable houses in the neighbourhood of Middleham. Meanwhile, the princely Edward was growing in healthful grace and delicate beauty, and occupied his mother's heart with all the cares of an absorbing affection. "Richard's household book at Middleham affords some notitia 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-Wilton, in some frolic of rush-bearing, and 5s. for a feather for my lord prince; and Dirick, shoemaker, had 13s. 1d. for his shoes; and Jane Collins, his nurse, 100s. for her year's wages. Among the expenses which seem to have occurred on the progress of the young prince up to London, on the occasion of the coronation of his parents, are his offerings at Fountain's Abbey, and other religious houses. For mending his whip 2d., and 6s. 8d. to two of his men, Medcalf and Peacok, for running on foot by the side of his carriage."

vi. In July, 1483, Edward and his mother were summoned to London to share with Richard the pomps and luxuries of royalty. Their progress was a brilliant, and withal a pious one, for they offered alms at every shrine that lay in or near their road. Early in July they arrived in London, and took up their abode at Baynard's Castle, the house of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, from whence they were conducted, on Sunday, the 4th,—the principal figures of a splendid river-pageant, —to the Tower. The same day Edward of Middleham was created Prince of Wales. On the morrow, a grand procession of the king, and queen, and prince, with their heralds, nobles, knights, and pages, and four thousand of Richard's stout Northern soldiery, passed through the city to Westminster, where the king and queen were duly crowned, the ceremonial being of unusual splendour. They then removed to Windsor Castle, where Richard left her, and went on a progress through the principal towns of his kingdom, ending at Tewkesbury. While at Windsor, the Spanish ambassador had an audience of the sovereigns to propose a marriage between the young prince Edward and Isabella, daugh-

ter of Ferdinand, King of Castile and Arragon. Isabella was the eldest of four daughters, the youngest of whom was that Katherine of Arragon, who ultimately married the two sons of Henry the Seventh, Richard's conqueror,—Arthur Prince of Wales, and Henry Duke of York, afterwards so famous as Henry the Eight.

vii. The Queen and her son now commenced a splendid progress, in which they were attended by prelates and peers, and the Spanish ambassador. They finally rested at Warwick Castle, the place of Anne's birth, and the seat of her father's feudal magnificence, where they were joined by King Richard, and for a week held there a most regal state. Next they passed on through Coventry to York, where they arrived on the 31st of August, and where a second coronation was celebrated, and Prince Edward re-invested Prince of Wales. "The overflowing paternity of Richard," says Strickland, "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 favour of God, that he will make an honest man.' "

viii. After the coronation ceremonial was ended, Queen Anne proceeded through the streets of York, holding her little son by the hand. He wore the demi-crown of Prince of Wales, and glittered with jewels and cloth of gold. From York the gay pageant moved to Pontefract, where Richard received tidings of the Duke of Buckingham's formidable outbreak. Sending his son for safety to Middleham, the Warrior-King, accompanied by Queen Anne, set out in all haste for the metropolis.

ix. Absent or present, his boy of promise was never forgotten by Richard's passionate affection. Of this a curious proof is afforded by an incident related in the continuation of the chronicle of Croyland:—"One day, at this period, in the month of Febuary, 1484, shortly after mid-day, nearly all the lords of the realm, both spiritual and temporal, together with the higher knights and esquires of the King's household (among all of whom John Howard, who had lately been created by the king Duke of Norfolk, seemed at that time to hold

the highest rank) met together, at the special command of the King, in a certain lower room, near the passage which leads to the Queen's apartments, and here each subscribed his name to a kind of new oath, drawn up by some persons to me unknown, of adherence to Edward, the King's only son, as their supreme lord, in case anything should happen to his father." But vain were all these precautions. Richard's love and ambition were doomed to be crushed in the dust by a resistless fate. "In a short time after it was fully seen how vain are the thoughts of a man who desires to establish his interests without the aid of God. For, in the following month of April, on a day not very far distant from the anniversary of King Edward, this only son of his, in whom all the hopes of the royal succession, fortified with so many oaths, were centred, was seized with an illness but of short duration, and died at Middleham Castle, in the year of our Lord 1484, being the first of the reign of the said King Richard. On hearing the news of this at Nottingham, where they were then residing, you might have seen his father and mother, in a state almost bordering on madness, by reason of his sudden

grief." According to the Rous Chronicler, Edward of Middleham died on the last day of March, and died, he says, an "unhappy death;" from which we may either infer that his decease was sudden, and attended by some remarkable circumstances; or that it was considered unhappy in its influence upon the future of his doting parents. It fell like a death-blow on the heart of Anne, who from that fatal hour never knew peace of mind or health of body, and gradually sank a victim to her unavailing regret. She died, literally, of a broken heart, at Westminster Palace, on the 16th of March, 1485, at the early age of thirty-one. Thus terminated a career which opening in sunshine was soon obscured with the deepest and darkest shadows, and which a few passing gleams of light did but irradiate to contrast all the more terribly the prevailing gloom.

CHAPTER VII.

PRINCE ARTHUR OF WINCHESTER, SON OF HENRY VII.

[AUTHORITIES:—Bernard Andreas; Erasmi Opera; Froude's History of England; Bacon's Henry the Seventh; Eachard's History of England; Lingard's ditto; Strickland's Queens of England; Pynson's Traduction and Marriage of the Princess Katherine; Leland's Collectanea; Ellis's Original Letters; Wood's Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies; Pictorial History of England; etc., etc.]

CHAPTER VII.

PRINCE ARTHUR OF WINCHESTER, SON OF HENRY VII.

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly rising o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm."

GRAY.

i. The marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Edward the Fourth, with Henry the Seventh took place in London on the 18th of January, 1486. This act of atonement to the house of York was received by the people with great satisfaction, and "the day of marriage," says Lord Bacon, "was celebrated with greater triumph and demonstration of joy and gladness than the days either of the king's entry or coronation; which the king rather noted than liked. And it is true that all his life time, while the Lady Elizabeth lived with him (for she died before him), he showed himself no very indulgent husband towards her,

though she was beautiful, gentle, and fruitful. But his aversion towards the House of York was so predominant in him, as it found place not only in his wars and councils, but in his chamber and bed."

ii. Henry's title to the throne was one that could better be vindicated by the sword than by legal argument or constitutional right. The claim of the House of Lancaster is considered by our best jurists to have been ill-founded. Henry the Seventh, indeed, was the son of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, who was sole daughter and heir of the Duke of Somerset, sprung from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, but the descent of the Somerset line was illegitimate, the Duke of Somerset being the issue of John of Gaunt's adulterous connexion with Catherine Swinford. "And though," says Hume, "the Duke of Lancaster had obtained the legitimation of his natural children by a patent from Richard II., confirmed in parliament, it might justly be doubted whether this deed could bestow any title to the crown; since in the patent itself all the privileges conferred by it are fully enumerated, and the succession to the kingdom is expressly excluded. In all settlements of the

crown, made during the reigns of the Lancastrian princes, the line of Somerset had been entirely overlooked; and it was not till the failure of the legitimate branch that men had paid any attention to their claim. And, to add to the general dissatisfaction against Henry's title, his mother, from whom he derived all his right, was still alive, and evidently preceded him in the order of succession."

iii. Elizabeth was now the sole representative of the House of York, and her marriage with Henry united in their issue the long contending claims of the rival Roses. Both king and queen professed to be descended from the old Welsh princes, the lineage of Henry dating from the illustrous Cadwallader himself; and in his person the old prophecy being fulfilled that the blood of the great British hero should, in the fulness of time, once more occupy the throne of Britain. The politic Henry made the most of his armoric ancestry, and when a son and heir was born to him, on the 20th of September, 1486, in Winchester Castle, he named him after the most famous chieftain of the pre-historic age—PRINCE ARTHUR. A name of wonderful import, if the old chronicler

Grafton may be credited, for not only did Englishmen rejoice at it as significant of their heroic glories, but "outward nations and foreign princes trembled and quaked, so much was that name to all most terrible and fearful."

iv. A splendid christening ceremonial was celebrated in honour of this infant heir of the fortunes of Lancaster and York. The prince was born (prematurely) on a Wednesday, about one o'clock a.m., but remained unchristened until the following Sunday, "because the Earl of Oxford was at that time in Suffolk, which should be one of the godfathers at the font, and also the season was rainy." A new font of silver gilt was prepared for the occasion, and hallowed by Bishop Alcock. All the dignitaries of the cathedral, arrayed in robes of state, made ready to receive the royal infant; bells were rang aloud in every sacred town, and the loud music of trumpets swelled through the streets of Winchester. Then, in dignified order, came the grand procession of nobles, knights, and squires; heralds and pages; maids of honour and pursuivants; while torchbearers, raising aloft their tall wax tapers, threw a pleasant gleam on the Lady

Anne, the queen's sister, who advanced with a rich chrysom pinned on her right breast; and on the Lady Cicely, another of the queen's sisters, who carried the infant prince, wrapped in a mantle of crimson cloth of gold furred with ermine, and who was supported by the Marquis of Dorset and the Earl of Lincoln.

v. For six long hours this brilliant company waited for the coming of the prince's sponsor, the Earl of Oxford, who was making what haste he could from Suffolk, but was sore bested by the miry and almost impassable roads. At last the king commanded that the ceremony should proceed, and the Earl of Derby and Lord Maltravers stood at the font as godfathers, the queen's mother as godmother to her grandchild. The name was uttered, the benediction pronounced, and the babe bodily immersed in the holy water, which process having been completed, the lagging Earl of Oxford arrived. The other rites were duly celebrated in the order prescribed by the Catholic Church, and the infant prince, being borne to the high altar, was laid thereupon by the Earl of Oxford. Evensong was next performed, and the Earl of Lincoln then took

the prince and held him upon his right arm, while the Bishop of Exeter confirmed him, and the Bishop of Salisbury knit the linen cloth about his neck. Costly gifts were laid upon the altar by the sovereign, and spice and hippocras, in cups of silver gilt, served round at St. Swithin's shrine; whereupon the Lady Cicely bore homeward in state the royal babe, to the sound of merry music and enthusiastic shouts. A grand banquet at the castle closed the day's rejoicing, while in the precincts of the cathedral several pipes of wine were broached, that every loyal citizen might drink a cup to the health of the heir of the united Roses!

vi. The nursery of the royal couple was not long tenanted by Prince Arthur only. Two sons and five daughters in all were the issue of their auspicious marriage; Henry, Duke of York, born in 1491; Margaret, afterwards Queen of Scotland; Elizabeth, who died in her infancy; Mary Tudor, for a brief while Queen of France, and afterwards the loved and loving wife of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; and Katherine, the last princess born in the Tower of London, in giving birth to

whom the royal mother perished. Prince Edmund lived so few hours that his name need hardly be recorded in our chronicle.

vii. As soon as Prince Arthur was emancipated from the nursery, his education was confided to the care of Bernard Andreas, a learned Italian, who has left in Latin a curious memorial of his pupil, and a record of the principal events of Henry the Seventh's reign. He eulogises the young prince as endowed with the highest virtues, and gifted with a wonderful capacity, which enabled him to obtain a mastery of almost every branch of learning. He either learned without book, or revolved with his own hands and eyes, an entire library of classics, such as would now-a days tax the energies of even a graduate in honours at Oxford! He read, we are told, in grammar, Aulus Gellius, Valla, Sulpicius, Perot, and Garin; in oratory, the works of Cicero and Quintilian; in history, Livy, Suetonius, Tacitus, Pliny, Cæsar, Thucydides, Valerius Maximus, Sallust, and Eusebius; and in poetry, Homer, Virgil, Terence, Plautus, Silius Italicus, Ovid and Lucan: whence we may infer that Prince Arthur was an omnivorous student, and that his instructor

exercised no great discretion in the selection of the authors he placed before him. Speed, the chronicler, repeats this list with evident satisfaction, as showing what books were considered essential in the days of the Tudors, for the "rudimental" education, and early mental training of the sons of kings, and laments over the degeneracy of his own age, when a less profound and comprehensive curiculum of study was unhappily in vogue. But it may reasonably be doubted whether the prince's knowledge of any of these authors was more than superficial, and whether his Latinity was anything more classic or profound than the Latinity of kings.

viii. But if we may suspect the depth and extent of his erudition, we have no pretence for disputing his excellence as a toxophilist. So renowned was his skill in archery, that all first-rate bowmen were popularly called "Prince Arthurs," and while his brother Henry outshone him in the dance, he remained unrivalled at the butts. He was not of so handsome a figure or gracious an address as the fascinating Duke of York, nor does he appear to have commanded so much of the applause of the vulgar; but, neverthe-

less, his person was well shaped, his countenance open and engaging, and from the few glimpses we obtain of his mode of life and conduct, it would seem that his mind was admirably balanced, his natural capacity excellent, and his love of knowledge unaffected. In the tenth year of his age he paid two visits to Oxford, where the students received him nobly, as beseemed one who was in tastes and sympathies so akin to themselves. He lodged with the President, and dined on fish, and flesh, and fowl, with red wine, sack, and honest claret.

IX. As he grew out of childhood, Dr. Thomas Linacre was associated with Andreas in the care of his health and education, and never had promising pupil a more capable instructor.

Linacre, descended from the Linacres of Linacre Hall, in the parish of Chesterfield, Derbyshire, was born at Canterbury about 1460. There he received the rudiments of his education from one William of Selling, or William Tilly, and, removing to Oxford, so speedily distinguished himself by the force of his intellect and the extent of his erudition, that he was unanimously chosen a fellow of

All Souls College, in 1484. Not content with the learning to be acquired at Oxford, he proceeded to Italy, and studied at Bologna, and afterwards at Rome, under Hermolaus Barbarus. Here the works of Aristotle and Galen especially attracted his attention, and he is said to have been the first Englishman who mastered them in the original Greek. He translated several of Galen's treatises into Latin; corresponded with Politian; and shone "a bright particular star," at the court of Lorenzo de Medici.

On his return to England Linacre was honoured by the University of Oxford with the diploma of Doctor of Medicine, and his lectures on physic and natural philosophy attracted admiring audiences. So eminent was his reputation that Henry VII. summoned him to court, and entrusted him with the chief care of the health and education of the heir to the crown. To Prince Arthur he dedicated his translation of Proclus, "De Sphæra," which was printed in the "Astronomi Veteres," (A.D. 1499); and for the Princess Mary he composed an Elementary Latin Grammar. His learning and theological studies attracted the attention of Henry, then

Duke of York, who, on his accession to the throne, distinguished him with especial marks of favour, and appointed him his Physician-in-Ordinary.

Linacre was not only a "leech," but a divine. In 1509 he held the rectory of Mersham, which he resigned for a prebendship in the cathedral church of Wells. In 1518 he was appointed a prebendary of York. He proved his devotion to the medical profession, however, by founding lectureships on physic at Oxford and Cambridge, and by the establishment of the corporate body of the college of Physicians in London. He died, after a life of useful labour, on the 20th of October, 1524, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

x. Prince Arthur was only eight years of age when his politic father sought to strengthen his position by allying him with the daughter of Ferdinand of Spain. The negociations were, however, protracted over several years, each monarch watching the varying fortunes of the other with artfully-concealed anxiety, and it was not until Ferdinand had crushed out the last lingering sparks of the Moorish

dominion, and Henry had disposed of every obnoxious claimant to his crown, that a formal contract of marriage was completed between Prince Arthur and Katharine of Arragon. Meanwhile, a constant correspondence had been maintained between the two, the Prince addressing his future bride in such excellent Latin, that it may shrewdly be suspected his love-letters were adorned by the correcting pen of Linacre or Bernard Andreas. Here is a specimen:* endorsed,

"To the most illustrious and excellent Princess, the Lady Katherine, Princess of Wales, Duchess of Cornwall, &c.

"My most entirely and beloved Spouse."

The letter runs as follows:—

"Most illustrious and admirable lady, my dearest spouse, I wish you the highest health with my hearty commendation. I have read the most loving letters of your Highness, lately given to me, wherein your most entire affection for me I have easily perceived. And indeed, those letters, written by your own hand, have so pleased me, and rendered me so cheerful and happy, that I feel as if I be-

* Wood's Letters of Royal and Illustrious Ladies.

held your Highness, and conversed with and embraced my dearest wife.

"I cannot tell you how earnestly I long to see your Highness, and how the delay in your coming continually vexes me; but I owe you my eternal gratitude for so lovingly responding to my ardent passion. Let our correspondence continue, I entreat, as it has begun; and as I cherish your sweet memory, night and day, so do you preserve my name ever in your heart. Let your coming to me be hastened, that instead of being absent, we may be present with each other, and the love existing between us, and the happiness we desire, may reap their proper fruit.

"Moreover, I have done as your illustrious Highness wished me, in commending you to the most serene Lord and Lady, the King and Queen, my parents, and in repeating your filial affection towards them, which it gratified them exceedingly to hear, especially from my lips. I entreat your Highness to be pleased to exercise a like good office for me, and to remember me with sincere good-will to the most serene Lord and Lady, your parents, for I as highly reverence, esteem, and prize

them as if they were mine own, and wish them all happiness and prosperity.

"May your Highness be ever fortunate and happy, and be kept secure and joyful, and let me be acquainted of it often and speedily by your letters, which will be to me most pleasant.

"From our Castle of Ludlow, the 3rd of the Nones of October (15th), 1499.

"Your Highness's most loving spouse,

"Arthur,

"Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, and

"Eldest Son of the King."

xi. Donna Catalina, as the Spanish called her, departed from Granada for England on the 21st of May, 1501; she embarked at Corunna on the 17th of August, but owing to a prevalence of contrary gales, was driven back on the coast of old Castile,—a mishap which occasioned Donna Catalina a serious illness. When she had recovered, she again embarked, on the 26th of September, and the weather proving favourable, landed at Plymouth (which the Spanish chronicler calls *Salamonte*), on the 2nd of October, where she was grandly received "with much feasting and rejoicing." Lord Broke, the steward of

the royal palace, was sent forward by King Henry to "purvey and provide for her," and the Earl of Surrey and the Duchess of Norfolk to attend upon her. King Henry himself commenced his progress to meet her, from the palace of Shene, on the 4th of November, but owing to the tempestuous rains and the perilous conditions of the roads, got no farther than Chertsey on the first day. Next morning the king's grace and all his company rose betimes, and smiting the sides of their horses with impetuous spurs, rode as far forward as East Hampstead, where they pleasantly encountered "the pure and proper presence" of Prince Arthur, who had set out to salute his sage father, as yet unaware that Donna Catalina had arrived. The night was agreeably spent at East Hampstead, and next morning the cavalcade resumed its journey; when as the travellers spurred across the open Downs, they were met by the prothonotary of Spain and a party of Spanish cavaliers, whose mission it was to forbid the approach of the royal bridegroom and his father, as contrary to the old Moorish custom for the betrothed to gaze upon the Infanta until she stood before him at the altar. This

prohibition proved very unacceptable to King Henry, who, after a long deliberation with his nobles, compromised the difficulty by leaving his son upon the windy, rain-swept Downs, while he himself rode forward to salute the Spanish princess.

xii. The king accordingly made all speed to reach Dogmersfield, where the Infanta had arrived two or three hours before. At first her environage of prelates, nobles, and ladies stoutly refused to admit him into her presence, but Henry protesting that if even she were in bed, he meant to see and speak with her, for that was his mind, and the whole intent of his coming, an interview was finally conceded. Neither Henry nor Catherine could converse in any language common to the two, but nevertheless, they uttered each in his or her own tongue, the "most goodly words" to each other, "to as great joy and gladness as any persons conveniently might have." In due time the prince arrived, and both he and his royal father were admitted into the presence of the Infanta, and a conversation carried on in Latin. By means of that ancient language, and the still older language of the eyes, the future bride and bridegroom

contrived to say what was mutually pleasing, so that the king took occasion to make them pledge their troth in person. Henry and his son then withdrew to supper, and after the meal was ended, they most courteously visited the infanta in her own chamber, when she and her ladies called for their minstrels, and with great goodly behaviour and manner solaced themselves with dancing. Prince Arthur knew nothing of fandangos or boleros, but to shew he was not ignorant of the accomplishment, he offered his hand to Dame Jane Guildford, his sister's governess, and demeaned himself right pleasantly and honorably.

xiii. The morrow was the 7th of November, and the Infanta proceeded as far as Chertsey, lodging for the night at its royal palace, and the next day she set forth with the intention of reaching Lambeth. But before she arrived at that town "this noble lady met, beyond a village called Kingston-upon-Thames, the Duke of Buckingham on horseback, the Earl of Kent, the Lord Henry Stafford, and the Abbot of Bury, with a train of dukes and gentlemen to the number of four hundred, all mounted and dressed in the Stafford livery of scarlet and black. After the

said Duke had saluted her grace, the Abbot of Bury pronounced in goodly Latin a certain prolusion, welcoming her into this realm." The night was spent at Kingston. The next morning the Spanish lady and her brilliant following reached Kennington Palace, where she continued while her Spanish and English attendants made the necessary preparations for her presentation to the English people, who have ever been famous for "the wonderful welcomes they give to acceptable and well-beloved strangers."

xiv. Meanwhile King Henry had rejoined his queen at Richmond, nor did the royal couple quit that most beautiful of "sylvan bowers" until the 10th, when the king rode to Paris Garden, Southwark, and then taking water dropped down to Baynard's Castle, an ancient fortalice agreeably situated on the river side, whose interior had been suitably garnished and arranged for the reception of the Castilian lady. The day previous Prince Arthur, with a splendid train, had ridden through Fleet Street to the Wardrobe Palace at Blackfriars, and took up his abode there until the day of his marriage. The princess did not make her entry into the city until the

12th of November, when she went in procession, with a splendid retinue, from Lambeth to Southwark, and crossed London Bridge into the wealthy metropolis of her future kingdom.

xv. The Infanta, after the manner of Spanish ladies, rode on a mule; the Duke of York on her right hand, and the Papal Legate on her left. Her saddle was fashioned like a small arm-chair, with crossed staves, and was luxuriously gilded and fancifully adorned. Her attire was picturesque, and won the admiring gaze of the good citizens of London. On her head she wore a broad round hat resembling a cardinal's, and tied beneath the chin with a lace of gold. A coif, of carnation colour, under this hat, did but partially confine her auburn hair, which streamed over her shoulders like rippled gold. The Infanta's governess, Donna Elvira, called the lady-mistress, followed her closely, dressed all in black, with a kerchief on her head, and black cloths hanging down on each side of her face, like "a religious woman." Four Spanish ladies on mules came next, each led by an English lady, dressed in cloth of gold and

riding on a palfrey; but as the Spanish and English did not sit on the same side in riding, each couple appeared to ride back to back, as if a very settled aversion existed between them.

XVI. The Infanta was welcomed with a civic pageant representing the apotheosis of St. Katherine, her name-saint, and at almost every step she was met with some gorgeous ceremonial or emblematic device, in which her descent from the legitimate line of Lancaster by Philippa, Queen of Castile, daughter of the famous John of Gaunt, was duly allegorized. In another pageant the Prince was likened to the northern star Arcturus, the Infanta to Hesperus, the fair star of the west. Thus attended by allegories and emblems the Spanish lady moved onward to her place of destination, the Bishop's Palace, situated close to the cathedral where the marriage service was to be celebrated. A long platform of timber had been erected in the interior of the church, from the west door to the first step of the choir, at a height of six feet from the ground; and in the centre a high circular stage was constructed, ascended on all sides by steps. This stage was the place where the

nuptial ceremony was performed, and was large enough to accommodate eight persons; it was railed round and covered with scarlet cloth. On its north side a latticed box was prepared for the king and queen, and the Countess of Richmond; on the south a raised daïs for the Lord Mayor and civic authorities.

xvii. On St. Erconwald's day, November the 14th, the marriage took place. The Infanta was escorted from the palace to the cathedral by the handsome Henry, Duke of York, who was to cast so dark a shadow and so fatal a cloud over her later life. She was magnificently attired: "her gown was very large, both the sleeves and also the body, with many plaits; and beneath the waist, certain round hoops, bearing out the gown from the body after her country manner. She wore upon her head a coif of white silk, with a scarf bordered with gold, and pearl, and precious stones, five inches and a half broad, which veiled great part of her visage and her person." A train of one hundred ladies, and a bevy of young unmarried bachelors, followed her in glittering array. The Prince entered the cathedral at the south door, "next westward to Our Lady of Grace, in the body of

the church." His retinue was very splendid, as beseemed a Prince of Wales. He was attired in white satin.

xviii. The marriage-ceremonial was marked by many peculiar details which are elaborately recorded in a curious black-letter pamphlet, printed by Caxton's successor, friend, and pupil, Richard Pynson, and of which a copy is preserved in the British Museum. This "Traduction and Marriage of the Princess Katherine, Infanta of Spain," shows, that the bride and bridegroom having taken their places on the elevated stage already described, the banns were publicly proclaimed, and question was whether any person present knew cause or reason why they should be forbidden. Then followed a singular comedy. A doctor of laws previously selected for the office, stepped forward, and objected to the marriage on certain assumed grounds which he professed to draw from the laws of Christ's holy church, When he had concluded his pleadings, another learned advocate advanced to refute them, and demonstrated, undoubtedly to the satisfaction of his audience, that the marriage was an excellent marriage, and forbidden by no laws either human or divine. The comedy

was terminated by the Master of the Rolls, who gravely investigated the force of the conflicting arguments, and finally gave judgment for the defendant, declaring the marriage to be in accordance with the rules and principles of the church. One cannot help pitying the passive actors in this strange scene—the young bride and bridegroom, the one eighteen, the other but sixteen years old—exposed for so wearisome an interval to the gaze of the crowded cathedral!

xix. Nineteen bishops and abbots, headed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, having completed the lengthy ceremonial, the Prince and Princess retired to the Episcopal Mansion, the young Duke of York, by a strange fashion, conducting thither the bride as he had led her to the cathedral. Then the minstrels played their merriest, and a splendid banquet was placed before the glittering assemblage, while the river was thronged with gaily bannered boats, and bonfires blazed in every street, and the red wine ran freely from every conduit. The people were well-pleased with the alliance, for Katherine brought with her a dowry of 200,000 crowns of gold; and, in illustration of the prevalent feeling, a stage-

mimic, costumed to represent Katherine's star-gazing ancestor, Alfonzo the Wise, had appeared in the morning before the princely twain, and in the name of all the planets promised them a long career of happiness, and a fruitful bed—audacious prophecy, only to be too sadly contradicted by Time and Circumstance!

xx. For a fortnight after the marriage, all London was mad with revelry. Thus, on the Thursday, the bride, accompanied by the royal family, came in barges to Westminster. "The large space before Westminster-hall was gravelled and smoothed, and a tilt set up the whole length from the water-gate to the gate that opens into King-street, leading to the Sanctuary.* On the south side was a stage, hung with cloth of gold, and furnished with cushions of the same: on the right side, entered the king and his lords; on the left, the queen, the bride, and their ladies. 'And round the whole area were stages built for the honest common people, which, at their cost, were hired by them in such numbers, that nothing but visages presented themselves to the eye, without any appearance of bodies!

Leland's Collectanea.

And eftsoons, when the trumpets blew up goodly points of war, the nobility and chivalry, engaged to tilt, appeared in the arena, riding under fanciful canopies, born by their retainers.' These shall serve as specimens for the rest: 'Bourchier, Earl of Essex, had a mountain of green carried over him as his pavilion, and upon it many trees, rocks, and marvellous beasts, withal, climbing up the sides: on the summit sat a goodly young lady, in her hair, pleasantly beseen. The Lord Marquess of Dorset, half-brother to the queen, had borne over him a rich pavilion of cloth of gold, himself always riding within the same, drest in his armour.' Lord William Courtenay, brother-in-law to the queen, made his 'appearance, riding on a red dragon led by a giant, with a great tree in his hand.' Attended by similar pageantry, twenty or thirty of the tilters rode round the area, to the delight of the commonalty, who had all their especial favourites among the noble actors in the scene, and had, moreover, the infinite satisfaction of seeing them tilt with sharp spears, and, 'in great jeopardy of their lives, break a great many lances on each other's bodies,' though the ultimatum of pleasure was not af-

forded by any of these sharp spears effecting homicide. Plenty of bruises and bone aches were the concomitants of this glorious tilting, but no further harm ensued to the noble combatants."*

xv. When the tilting was over, the bride and her attendants withdrew to the carousals of Westminster Hall. The royal daïs was erected at the upper end, and behind it blazed a glorious show of vessels of gold and silver. The Queen, the Princess, and the Countess of Richmond sat on the king's left hand; their ladies and the royal children stationed near the Queen: Prince Arthur was placed on his father's right hand, and the nobles of the court took their seats on the King's side according to their degrees of precedency. "Thus," says Miss Strickland, "in the ancient regime of the court, the sexes were divided into two opposite parties; the king and queen, who were the chiefs of each band, were the only man and woman who sat near each other. When any dancing was required that was not included in the pageantry, a lady and a cavalier went down, one from the king's and the other from the queen's party, and

* Strickland's Queens of England.

figured on the dancing space before the royal platform."

xvi. The pageantry began with magnificent moving shows of a mountain, a castle, and a ship, which were wheeled in before the royal dais; the ship manned by seamen, who astonished the ears of the court with seafaring speech. The castle was splendidly lighted up; it contained eight newly-apparelled gentlewomen within, each fair face looking from her appropriate window, and on the summit sat a lady in Spanish garb, costumed to represent the dusky Catalina. Two "well-behaved and well-beseen gentlemen," personating Hope and Desire, pressed their suits warmly upon this representative of the Infanta, but were rejected with appropriate contumely. After much pantomimic action, the ladies descended from the castle, and the ship and mountain gave up their gentlemen, and the twelve couples danced several "goodly roundels, and divers figures, and then vanished out of sight and presence." The castle was drawn away, as it had been brought thither, by "marvellous beasts,"—gold and silver lions harnessed with huge chains of gold—each beast being impelled by "two men, one

in the fore and the other in the hind quarters, so well hid and apparelled, that nothing appeared but their legs, which were disguised after the proportion and kind of the beast they were in."

xvii. This part of the entertainment over, Prince Arthur and the Princess Cicely, his aunt, descended from the dais, and danced two *base* dances, followed by the bride and one of the Spanish ladies, who, in like manner, moved through two stately measures. Next, Henry, Duke of York, having with him his sister the Lady Margaret, the young Queen of Scots, in his hand, came down and danced two dances, and went up to the Queen. And so much was their performance approved, that a repetition was insisted upon, and as an actor stimulated by popular applause redoubles his exertions to deserve it, so the gay boy-duke now flung off his robe, and danced in his jacket in so "goodly and pleasant a manner," that it was to King Henry and Queen Elizabeth a great and singular pleasure.

xviii. We have no space for an enumeration of the festivities that marked each of the fourteen days, but venture to borrow from

Miss Strickland's lively pages a summary of the chronicler's narrative of the Sunday doing. "'On the Sunday,' she says, quoting the herald's account preserved in Leland's Collectanea, 'was laid out a royal dinner in the white hall, or parliament chamber. The king sat at the side table next to his own chamber, with Katharine of Arragon at his right hand. At the same table sat the prothonotary of Spain, and Katherine's Spanish duenna. The queen sat at the table at the bed's feet, which was the table of most reputation of all the tables in the chamber.' It seems, from this passage, that some partition had been removed and the king's chamber and bed thrown into view, a practice frequent in Gothic castles. The evening refreshment, called the voide, was brought in by fourscore earls, barons, and knights, walking two and two, the ceremony of serving the voide being precisely as coffee is now presented after dinner; but instead of coffee and biscuits, ipocras and comfits were offered. One noble servitor presented the spice-plate, a second the cup, while a third, of lower rank, filled the cup from a golden ewer. At this voide Katherine of Arragon distributed the

prizes won in the tilt-yard. To the Duke of Buckingham she gave a diamond of great *virtue* and price, the Marquis of Dorset received from her hands a ruby, and to the others were given rings set with precious stones. The court departed the next Sunday for Richmond, where, after an exordium on the proper way of spending the Sabbath, our informant tells us that, 'after divine service the king sped with his court through his goodly gardens to his gallery, upon the walls, where were lords ready set to play; some with *chesses* [chess-boards], some with tables [or backgammon], and some with cards and dice. Besides, a framework with ropes was fixed in the garden, on which went up a Spaniard, and did many wondrous and delicious points of tumbling and dancing.' In the evening the pageant of a rock, drawn by three sea-horses, made its appearance at the end of the hall; on either side of the rock were mermaids, one of them being a 'man-mermaid' in armour. But these mermaids were but cases or shells, in which were perched the sweet-voiced children of the king's chapel, 'who sang right sweetly, with quaint harmony' while the pageant was progressing to

the dais, where sat the royal bride and the king and queen. 'Instead of dancers, there were let out of the rock a great number of white doves and live rabbits, which creatures flew and ran about the hall, causing great mirth and disport. Then were presented to the lords and ladies of Spain rich gifts of plate from King Henry, with thanks for the care they had taken of the Princess Katherine, and they took leave for their return to Spain.' "

xix. Thus passed away the honeymoon in fanciful amusements and joyous revelry! Jousts, and masques, and feasts—spectacles in public and carousals in private—the whole round of wearying gaiety was attended by the royal pair, not wholly to the contentment, it would seem, of the newly married prince. The fortnight ended he repaired to his principality of Wales, and took up his residence at Ludlow Castle. There he was guided in his administration by a very grave and reverend council,—Sir Richard Pole, Sir Henry Vernon, Sir Richard Crofts, Sir David Phillips, Sir William Uvedale, Sir Thomas Englefield, Sir Peter Newton, Sir John Walliston, Sir Henry Morton, and Dr. William Smith. The latter was the physician charged

with the care of the health of Prince Arthur and his bride. They kept up the state and dignity of a miniature court, and won "golden opinions" from all who came in contact with them by their gentle bearing and affable address. A kind phrase dropt from a prince's tongue outweighs with the many the most impassioned philippics of the greatest orator, and it is at very small cost that a sovereign may secure the affection of his contemporaries and the applause of posterity.

XX. Into the happy retirement and wedded bliss of Ludlow Castle, suddenly strode Death. The young prince fell ill, and in a few brief days, died—of the plague, according to some authorities, of mental and physical fatigue, according to others. He had not been five months married when death came to him, on the 2nd of April, 1502, in the seventeenth year of his age. The nation bewailed his premature decease with sincere regret. On his parents, who had loved him ardently, the blow fell with overpowering force.

The Privy Council long hesitated who should tell the fatal news to the king. His confessor was at length selected, and the holy

man accordingly repaired to the royal chamber in Greenwich Palace, early in the morning. When Henry, surprised at his presence, inquired the cause, he replied with texts of comfort in Latin, and then informed him that his eldest son was not. In his deep affliction Henry immediately sent for the Queen—there is a certain consolation in the companionshi of sorrows, and the gentle Elizabeth, already aware of their misfortune, did her best to soothe and cheer him. "Heaven," she said, "had still left to them a goodly young prince and two fair princesses. God is where he was, and we are both still young." And in this strain she continued until the king took courage, and thanked her for her good comfort. Thus far the brave woman had crushed into silence her own bitter grief. But when "she was departed and come to her own chamber, the natural and motherly remembrance of the great loss smote her so sorrowfully to the heart, that those that were about her were fain to send for the king to comfort her. Then his grace, in true, gentle, and faithful love, in good haste came and relieved her, and showed how wise counsel she had given

him before ; and he, for his part, would thank God for his son, and would she should do in like wise."*

xxi. The corpse having lain in state, with tapers round about it, for one and twenty days and nights, was carried on the afternoon of the 23rd of April, one stage towards Worcester Cathedral—the Prince's banner preceding it, and a mournful train of priests and knights and squires slowly following. In Ludlow parish church it remained the night, a solemn funeral service being duly celebrated, and on the day after high mass, the sable train again moved forward. They reached Bewdley on the 25th, and on the 26th arrived at Worcester. "On the road, doles of groats and half groats were given to the poor, and all the honors that loyalty could devise and money pay for, were readily offered by church, convent, town, village, prince, and peasant, as young Arthur passed on. When he reached the cathedral town of Worcester, the spectacle was more imposing than any the old city had before witnessed. Dead kings had lain, and living princes lived, within its walls, but

* Leland's Collectanea.

seldom was young prince carried to his rest with such an amount of pomp, such glorious circumstance of mourning, as marked the entombing of the Tudor Prince of Wales.

xxii. "This pomp and circumstance," says Dr. Doran, "were at their highest, when young Lord Gerrard, heir of the Earl of Kildare, rode into the cathedral on the dead prince's courser, and covered with his armour, where he made offering of the horse to the gospeller of the day, the Abbot of Tewkesbury, and then retired on foot, bearing a pole-axe in his hand, the head downwards, and was so led away. To see the weeping when this was done and not have wept too, would have argued, we are told, a hard heart in the spectator. There were offerings made of gold, and money, and rich palls, which were thrown over the coffin, and one of which Worcester has preserved to this day. Meanwhile service was sung and sermons were preached, and doles of groats to the poor made throughout and about the church; and, amid a wail of mournful melody, the princely corpse was lowered to its grave, 'with weeping and sore lamentation.'"

xxiii. The death of this ill-fated prince has excited little comment from our historians, and yet it is worthy of notice among the memorable events of English history. In the chain which binds the present to the past, the slightest link is of some importance. Had Arthur lived to become King of England, how different the results which might have sprung from his mild nature and gentle temperament, to those, the product of the imperious will and resolute character of Henry the Eighth! The religious houses might still have cast their shadows over the pleasantest places of merry England. No Anna Boleyn might have compassed the fall of an arbitrary Wolsey; no Mary have lit the fires of an accursed Smithfield! Elizabeth might never have built up the goodly structure of English Protestantism, nor encouraged the development of English commerce. On the life or death of that weakly prince hung the destinies of a mighty empire; but little could those who wept around his grave foresee the extensive results which his premature death originated. Thus, as the elder D'Israeli justly observes, "without venturing to penetrate into the

mysteries of the present order of human affairs, and the great scheme of fatality or accident, it may be sufficiently evident to us, that often on a single event revolve the fortunes of men and of nations."

CHAPTER VIII.

HENRY FREDERICK STUART, PRINCE OF WALES —SON OF JAMES THE FIRST.

1. His Early Years.—2. Anecdotes of his Education.—3. His Court.—4. His Illness and Death.

[Authorities:—Harleian Miscellany, Narrative by Cornwallis; Diary of Sir Simon d'Ewes; Wormwood's Memorials; Nichols' Progresses of James I.; D'Israeli's James I.; D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature; State Papers, Domestic Series; Birch's Life of Henry, Prince of Wales; Bishop Goodman's Memoirs; Rapin's and Kennett's Histories of England; Osborne's Secret History of James I.; Nugæ Antiquæ; Cooke's Detection; Arthur Wilson, Weldon, etc., etc.]

CHAPTER VIII.

HENRY FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES, SON OF JAMES I.

Lo, where he shineth yonder
A fixed star in Heaven,
Whose motion here came under
None of the Planets seven.

If that the Moon should tender
The Sun her love, and marry,
They both could not engender
So sweet a star as Harry.
[*Contemporary Ballad-writer in Lansdowne MSS.*]

I.

HIS EARLY YEARS.

i. Prince Henry Frederick, the eldest son of James the First and Anne of Denmark, was born in Stirling Castle, on the 19th of February, 1594. He was christened according to the rites of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, with a splendour not unworthy of his destiny as the future heir presumptive to two thrones. On the day appointed for the

ceremony, he was removed from his own apartment to the Queen's presence-chamber, and placed in a state-bed which had been specially prepared for him. As soon as the Foreign Ambassadors arrived—among whom was Elizabeth of England's envoy, the notable Earl of Sussex, Leicester's potent rival—the Countess of Mar and her ladies took the infant-prince from his bed, and delivered him to the Duke of Lennox, who formally presented him to the Ambassadors. The procession then moved into the Chapel in the following order:—First came Lord Hume, carrying the ducal crown of Rothsay. Then, Lord Livingston, bearing the "towel, or napkin;" Lord Seaton, with the Basin, and Lord Temple, the "Laver." The Earl of Sussex next appeared, in the place of honour, and supporting, as best he could, the royal babe in his stalwart arms. The train of the said babe was borne by Lords Sinclair and Urquhart, and his canopy was sustained by four Scottish gentlemen of distinction. When the procession reached the chapel-door, King James arose from his seat, and received the Ambassadors at the entrance of the choir. The infant was then presented to

the Duke of Lennox, who handed him over to the royal nurse; and the Ambassadors were conducted in due form to their proper seats, "every chair having a tassel board covered with fine velvet." The service was performed by Cunningham, Bishop of Aberdeen. James himself, and not the sponsors, gave the name; and in his agitation repeated it, thus—"Henry Frederick, Frederick Henry;" whereupon the Bishop designedly pronounced the baptismal appellation three times, as it was delivered by the father. The ceremony concluded, the procession returned to the palace in the same order, and the Prince having been replaced in his bed, the Lyon King-at-arms proclaimed his titles as follows:—Henry Frederick, Knight and Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, Earl of Carrick, Duke of Rothsay, Prince and Steward of Scotland. Largesse of gold and silver was distribued among the populace; bonfires blazed; and at a grand evening banquet knighthood was conferred on many deserving and loyal gentlemen. For some days the revels continued; tourneys and tiltings in the morning—songs, dance, and wine at night.

ii. Prince Henry was a strong and vigorous child, and at an unusually early age gave indications of more than average capacity. His custodian was the Earl of Mar, and as it was of high importance to James that his first-born should be securely guarded, he was placed in the Earl's care in the strong palatial castle of Stirling. This proceeding was much to the Queen's distaste. Both from motives of ambition, which rendered her anxious to establish her influence over the mind of her child, and from natural maternal sympathies, she resented this separation; and when she found her husband insensible to all her entreaties, she even dared to ally herself with the noble in open hostility to the King, and to project an assault on Stirling Castle with armed force, that she might regain possession of the infant-prince. James, however, was apprised in due time of Anne of Denmark's meditated treason, and thereupon addressed the following peremptory missive to the Earl of Mar:—

"Striveling, 24, July, 1595.

"My Lord of Marre,

"Because in the surety of my son consisteth my surety, and I have concredited

Drawn by G. F. Robson. Engraved by E. Finden.

Stirling Castle.

unto you the charge of his keeping, upon the trust I have of your honesty; this I command you out of my own mouth, being in the company of those I like, otherwise for any charge or necessity that can come from me, you shall not deliver him; and in case God call me at my time, see that neither for the Queen, nor estates, their pleasure, you deliver him till he be eighteen years of age, and that he command you himself."

iii. We have spoken of his remarkable precocity which, perhaps, to a superstitious mind, might have suggested a premature death. Something was probably due to the wise carefulness and admirable discretion of the Countess of Mar, who, in a M.S. of the times, is spoken of as "an ancient, virtuous, and severe lady, who was the prince's governess from his cradle." He was never seen to weep, and seemed apparently insensible to pain. When little more than five years old, a son of the Earl of Mar, not much younger than himself, having ill-treated one of the royal pages, the Prince immediately reproved him:—"I love you," he said, "because you are my lord's son, and my cousin; but if you be not

better conditioned, I will love him better." His tutor was Mr. (afterwards Sir) Adam Newton, a man of learning and ability, but a rigid disciplinarian. Yet the prince never remembered his austerity to his disadvantage, but in later life appointed him his secretary. When playing at golf, on one occasion, and about to strike the ball, a spectator of the game cried out "Beware, Sir, that you do not hit Mr. Newton." The Prince forbore the stroke, but smilingly observed, "Had I done so, I had but paid my debts." At another time, his tutor seeking to dissuade him from some childish pastimes, said to him, good-humouredly, "God send you a wise wife!" "That she may govern you and me?" inquired the prince. Newton rejoined that he had one of his own. "But mine, if I have one," retorted Henry, "would govern your wife, and by that means would govern both you and me!"

IV. The tutor did not neglect his physical training, while storing his mind with the spoils of literature, and would often encourage him by his own example to practice knightly exercises. One day, when tossing the pike,

he displayed so little skill that he failed to hit the mark, which the prince observing, Newton irritably replied that, "to find fault was an evil humour." "Master," said Prince Henry, "I take the humour of you." "It does not become a prince," said Newton. "Then doth it worst become a prince's master!" A forcible retort, which probably Newton did not fail to comprehend. On another occasion, the two were playing at shuffle-board, and the tutor censured his pupil for making too frequent changes in his playing. Somewhat out of humour, he took up a piece, flung it on the board, and missed his aim, whereupon the prince laughingly cried, "Well thrown, master!" Newton, irritated, exclaimed, "I will not strive with a prince at shuffle-board." "Yet you gownsmen," said Henry, "should be best at such exercises, which are not meet for men who are more stirring." Newton rejoined, "I am meet for whipping of boys." "Then you vaunt!" exclaimed the prince, "that which a ploughman or cart-driver can do better than you." "I can do more," continued Newton, "for I can govern foolish children." The prince, unwilling, out of respect for his tutor, to carry

on this war of words, now rose from the table, saying, in a low voice, to those immediately around him, "He had need be a wise man who can do that!"

v. Intent upon his proper educational training King James drew up for him a volume of excellent suggestions and much sound advice, couched in a very stiff and cumbrous style, which he pedantically entitled, the "Basilicon Doron." Three years later (April, 1603), the death of Queen Elizabeth summoned the royal Author to the throne of England. "Let not this news," he wrote to his son, "make you proud, or insolent, for a King's son and heir were you before, and no more are you yet. The augmentation that is hereby like to fall unto you, is but in cares and heavy burden." Prince Henry, however, had already learned to regard the crown of wealthy and powerful England as a more precious prize than that of hardy, but obscure Scotland, and disregarding his father's "pride that aped humility," congratulated his "most honoured mother" in an elaborate letter, "on the happy success of this great turn, almost above men's expectation." He accompanied the Queen to England, with his

sister Elizabeth, afterwards the hapless Queen of Bohemia, in June, 1603, arriving at Windsor after a month's triumphal progress. On their way they rested awhile at the princely mansion of Althorpe, where they were entertained with a masque by rare Ben Jonson, in which the poet thus bravely addressed the boy-prince, not ten years old:

> "Shine bright and fixèd as the Arctic star,
> And when slow Time hath made you fit for war,
> Look over the salt ocean, and think where
> You may best lead us forth who grow up here,
> Against a day when our officious swords
> Shall speak our actions better than our words."

vi. On the 2nd of July, he was invested at Windsor with the Order of the Garter, the ceremony being conducted with unusual pomp and splendour. The same high dignity was, at the same time, conferred upon the Duke of Lennox, and the Earls of Mar, Pembroke, and Southampton. On this great occasion, the spectators were amazed, we are told, at his "quick, witty answers, princely carriage, and reverend obeisance at the altar."

In 1610, on the 4th of June, he was created Prince of Wales, and the festival was celebrated with a luxurious magnificence which outshone even the most famous *fêtes* of the

London of the Plantagenets and Tudors. It was worthy of the first Duke of Rothsay, who was also Duke of Cornwall.

vii. The pageantry began on Wednesday evening, the 30th of May, when, attended by a train of young companions, the Prince set out from St. James's to Richmond, sleeping there, and returning to the great city in processional state on the following morning. The latter journey was made by water. And as the day shone bright with summer sunshine, the river was crowded with bannered boats, and its shores thronged with shouting spectators; while the procession made its way so slowly that the prince was compelled to land awhile at Barnes, to refresh himself "in an arbour by the waterside," and take "a short repast of such sweetmeats and other things as could then be provided on the sudden."

The procession next dropped down to Chelsea, where the prince was met by the members of the fifty City Companies, in fifty-four richly caparisoned barges, and by a fair London maiden, mounted on a paste-board whale, who as Corinna, the Genius of Great Britain, addressed him in a strain of superla-

tive flattery and "exquisite conceit." Prince and procession, aquatic monster and City guilds, reached Whitehall, when the tide was at its highest, but the hero of the day was not suffered to land until he had endured the infliction of another oration, from a representative of Amphion, who bestrode a dolphin, and declared himself the Genius of Wales.

viii. The city was left to meditate over what had already been accomplished until the following Monday, June the 4th, when, at half-past ten in the morning another river-procession was arrayed, and conducted the king and his son to Westminster. There they landed, and proceeded through a joyous and exultant throng to the House of Peers, with a gorgeous train of nobles, knights, squires, and heralds. In due time the king ascended the throne, in his royal robes, and was soon afterwards attended by Prince Henry and his retinue, preceded by Garter King-at-Arms, and supported by the Earls of Nottingham and Northampton. The prince bowed thrice as he approached the throne, and knelt at its foot on a rich cushion, while the Earl of Salisbury read aloud the patent which secured him the honours and dignities of the

Welsh principality. The king next put the robes upon him, belted the sword to his side, invested him with rod and ring, and set the cap and coronet on his head. Thus attired, he took his seat on the left hand side of the throne, kissed the king's hand, and was afterwards folded in a warm parental embrace. Then the procession returned, amid the fanfaronade of trumpets, and the shouts of the multitude, to Whitehall, and the day closed with a magnificent banquet.

ix. On this occasion the order of the Bath was conferred on four-and-twenty noblemen and gentlemen. A revenue of £1500 monthly was allowed for the maintenance of the prince's household; and grants were made to him of ancient possessions in Wales, valued at £4000 per annum. His income was further increased by allowances from the Treasury, and the rents of his manors, amounting in all to another £3000 yearly. But as he maintained a right regal state, it was seldom that his income was adequate to his expenditure, and his father was often called upon to make advances from the royal resources.

II.

HIS EDUCATION.—ANECDOTES.

i. From the numerous anecdotes recorded by contemporary writers it is easy to obtain a clear view of the peculiarities of mind and character of this prince of great promise. We shall string them together without any particular regard to their chronological order, that the reader may have sufficient grounds whereon to establish a satisfactory judgment. They will lead him, we think, to echo the favourable opinion of the elder D'Israeli, who says that "unquestionably he would have proved an heroic and military character. Had he ascended the throne, the whole face of our history might have been changed; the days of Agincourt and Creçy had been revived, and Henry IX. had rivalled Henry V. It is remarkable that Prince Henry resembled that monarch in his features, as Ben Jonson has truly recorded, though in complimentary verse. Merlin, in a masque by Jonson, thus addresses Prince Henry:—

> "Yet rests that other thunderbolt of war
> Harry the Fifth: to whom in face you are
> So like, as fate would have you so in worth."

He was endowed with a remarkable insight into character, a ready wit, a clear judgment, no ordinary powers of self-control, a princely carriage, and a fascinating address. His faithful servant, Sir Charles Cornwallis, says he was "courteous, loving and affable, his favour, like the sun, indifferently seeming to shine upon all; naturally shame-faced and modest, most patient, which he showed both in life and death. Quick he was to conceive anything; not rash, but mature in deliberation, and constant having resolved. True of his promise, most secret even from his youth, so that he might be trusted in anything that did not force a discovery, being of a close disposition, not too easy to be known, or pried into; of a fearless, noble, heroic, and undaunted courage, thinking nothing impossible that ever was done by any. He was ardent in his love to religion. He made conscience of an oath, and was never heard to take God's name in vain. He hated Popery, though he was not unkind to the persons of Papists. He lived and died mightily, striving to do somewhat of everything, and to excel in the most excellent. He greatly delighted in rare inventions and arts, and in all kinds of engines belong-

ing to the wars both by sea and land; in the bravery and number of great horses; in shooting and levelling of great pieces of ordnance; in the ordering and marshalling of arms; in building and gardening, and in all sorts of rare music, chiefly the trumpet and drum; in triming and painting, carving, and in all sorts of excellent and rare pictures which he had brought unto him from all countries."

ANECDOTAL ILLUSTRATIONS OF PRINCE HENRY'S CHARACTER.

I.—HIS LOVE OF MARTIAL PURSUITS.

When he was asked what music he liked best, he replied "a trumpet."—On one occasion, while executing some military movements, a pedantic formalist who was present observed that no men could become good soldiers unless they always kept true measure and order in marching. "What then must they do," cried Henry, "when wading through a swift-running water?"—Eating, in the royal presence, a dish of milk, James inquired of him, why he ate so much child's meat? "Sir," replied the prince, "it is also man's

meat." Soon afterwards he partook heartily of porridge, and the King remarked, according to the notions of diet then prevalent, that such meat would make him cowardly. "Nay," replied the prince, "though it be but a cowardly fowl, it shall not make me a coward." —Once taking strawberries with a couple of spoons, the youthful hero exclaimed, "I use the one as a rapier, and the other as a dagger."

Finding him so prone to martial pursuits, the king endeavoured to divert him to literary studies by the example of his brother, Prince Charles, who, he said, would be admirably fitted for the cabinet and the council, while Henry could only shine in field exercises and military affairs. The prince at the time made no reply, but when his tutor one day repeated what the king had said, he asked whether, indeed, his brother would prove so good a scholar? Receiving an affirmative reply, the prince exclaimed, "Then I will make Charles Archbishop of Canterbury."

King James once asked him which he thought the most excellent verses in Virgil. He repeated these:

> "Rex erat Æneas nobis, quo justior alter
> Nec prietate fuit, nec bello major et in armis."

Henry the Fourth, of France, appreciated his namesake's great qualities at an early period, and directed his ambassador to pay him particular attention. "He is a prince who promises much," wrote that ambassador, "and whose favour cannot but one day be of advantage." And when Henry had sent the young Dauphin some English dogs as a gift, the ambassador recommended that in return he should be presented with "a suit of armour well gilt and enamelled, together with pistols, and a sword of the same kind; and if to these be added," he continues, "a couple of horses, one of which goes well, and the other a barb, it will be a singular favour done to the Prince."

He appears to have nourished the project of recovering Calais, whose loss had always been a source of national irritation. When the Prince de Joinville returned to France, Henry sent over an engineer in his train with orders to secretly examine the defences of the coveted seaport, and especially those of Rix-Banc. He was accustomed to take long walks on foot that he might be able to endure the fatigue of protracted marches. His interest in naval affairs was very great, and it was

principally at his instance that the ships *Resolution* and *Discovery* were despatched, in 1612, to explore a north-west passage to China. Of Phineas Pitt, our first great naval architect, he was the steadfast patron.

III. HIS PATRIOTIC ARDOUR.

The French ambassador coming one day to take leave of him, found him practising with the pike, and inquired if he could deliver any message from him to the king his master? "Tell him," replied Henry, "how you saw me employed."—It was reported to him that the French king had declared that his bastard, as well as the bastard of a Duke of Normandy, might conquer England. "I'll to cuffs with him," exclaimed Henry, "if he go about any such means."—James the First once asked him whether he loved Englishmen or Frenchmen the better? "Englishmen," he replied, "because I am of kindred to more noble persons of England than of France." —He could never be induced to betray any special partiality for either portion of his future kingdom. A nobleman inquired of him whether he would rather be king of England

or Scotland? "Which of them is best?" he said, and on being answered "England," rejoined, "Then would I have both!" In the same spirit, when reading in Virgil, the line—

"Tros Tyriusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur,"

He said that with a slight alteration it would suit himself:—

"Anglus Scotusve mihi nullo discrimine agetur."

The prince, on another occasion, when practising archery, enquired of a courtier who stood near him, at what mark he should shoot. The courtier gaily pointed at a Welshman who was present. "Will you see then," said the Prince, "how I will shoot at Welshmen?" and turning his back upon him he shot his arrows in the air.

A dish of jelly being placed before him in the form of a crown, with three lilies, a jester, who was a favorite with the Prince, observed that its value was just one crown. "Ay," cried Henry, "and I would I had that crown!" referring to the French *fleurs-de-lis*. "It would be a great dish," said the jester. "How can that be," retorted the Prince, "since you value it but a crown."

IV. HIS READY WIT.

His physician told him that he rode too fast. He replied, "Must I ride by rules of physic?" When he was eating a cold capon in cold weather, he was warned that it was not fit meat for the weather. "You may see, doctor," said Henry, "that my cook is no astronomer."

A Welshman, warm with wine, exclaimed in the King's presence that there were 40,000 men in the Principality who would sacrifice their lives for the prince against any king in christendom. James hastily inquired, "To do what?" Henry averted the royal jealousy by his ready reply, "To cut off the heads of 40,000 leeks."

A musician having played an extemporaneous piece with which his audience were enthusiastically delighted, was pressed to repeat it. "I could not," said he, "for the kingdom of Spain; for this were harder than for a preacher to repeat word by word a sermon that he had not learned by rote." A

clergyman present observed that he did not think this impossible. "Perhaps not," rejoined Henry, "for a bishopric!"

On one occasion, being desirous of enjoying a thorough game at play with his young companions, he excluded all the men from his chamber; but an old servitor, who was ignorant of the prohibition, having entered, he gave him leave to remain. He was asked why he admitted the graybeard rather than any of the other men. "Because," said the prince, "he has a right to be of our number, for *senex bis puer*"—(An old man is twice a child).

A servant having cut the prince's finger, and sucked the blood from the cut with his mouth, that it might the more rapidly heal, Henry remarked pleasantly, "If, which God forbid! my father, myself, and the rest of his kindred should fail, you might claim the crown, for you have in you now some of the blood-royal."

His acute intellect was peculiarly averse to flattery. Once, when he wore white shoes, and a sycophantic courtier said he should like to kiss his foot, he replied, "Sir, I am not the

Pope." "Nay," said the courtier, "I would not kiss the pope's foot, except it were to bite off his great toe." The prince replied, coldly, "At Rome you would be glad to kiss his foot, and forget the rest."

"It was then the mode," says D'Israeli, "when the king or the prince travelled, to sleep with their suite at the houses of the nobility; and the loyalty and zeal of the host were usually displayed in the reception given to the royal guest. It happened that in one of these excursions the prince's servants complained that they had been obliged to go to bed supperless, through the pinching parsimony of the house; which the little prince, at the time of hearing, seemed to take no great notice of. The next morning the lady of the house coming to pay her respects to him, she found him turning over a volume that had many pictures in it, one of which was a painting of a company sitting at a banquet: this he showed her. "I invite you, madam, to a feast." "To what feast?" she asked. "To this feast," said the boy. "What! would your highness give me but a painted feast?" Fixing his eye on her, he said, "No

better, madam, is found in this house." There was a delicacy and greatness of spirit in this ingenious reprimand far excelling the wit of a child." *

Of Sir Walter Raleigh's imprisonment in the Tower he observed, that "no king but his father would keep such a bird in such a cage."

V. HIS RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES.

Prince Henry was as earnestly opposed to the Roman Catholic church as he was passionately attached to the Reformed religion, notwithstanding the influence which his mother endeavoured to exercise upon his youthful mind. According to gossipping Bishop Burnet, when King James desired to marry him to one of the popish princesses of Savoy, he wrote to his father, and entreated, that if it were intended so to dispose of him, he might be wedded to the younger princess of the two, for he should then have more hopes of her conversion. The Puritans placed all their trust and confidence in him, and eagerly anticipated his accession to the throne as herald-

* Curiosities of Literature.

ing destruction to Anti-Christ. The following couplet was very popular at the time:—

> "Henry the Eighth pulled down the abbeys and cells;
> But Henry the Ninth shall pull down bishops and bells." *

He was very regular in his attendance at Divine worship, and retired thrice a-day to pray in private. Had he lived, it was his design to select the most learned and pious of his chaplains, and abide by their advice in all matters of conscience.

He had the greatest aversion to an oath, in which, indeed, as in many other particulars, he was diametrically the opposite of his father. He never swore himself, nor kept in his service any person who did.† A box was kept at each of his residences—Nonsuch, Richmond, and St. James's — wherein the fines collected from those of his household detected in swearing were deposited, and at stated times the proceeds were distributed among the poor. On one occasion, when pursuing the chase, the stag chanced to cross a road in the vicinity of a butcher and his dog. The dog killed the stag, whose carcase proved too heavy for the butcher to carry

* Nugæ Antiquæ. † Birch.

away. The huntsmen coming up complained to the prince of the butcher's conduct, and when Henry observed that the dog was to blame, and not the man, replied, "If your father had been here, he would have sworn so that no man could have endured it." "Away," exclaimed the prince, "all the pleasure in the world is not worth an oath!"

VI. PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCE.

By Sir Charles Cornwallis:—"He was of comely, tall, middle-stature, about five feet and eight inches high; of a strong, straight, well-made body, with somewhat broad shoulders, and a small waist, of an amiable majestic countenance, his hair of an auburn colour, long faced, and broad forehead, a piercing grave eye, a most gracious smile, with a terrible frown."*

By the French Ambassador (Mons. de Boderie), October, 1696:—"He is a particular lover of horses, and what belongs to them, but is not fond of hunting; and when he goes to it, it is rather for the pleasure of galloping, than that which the dogs give him.

* Harleian Miscellany.

He plays willingly enough at tinns, and at another Scot's diversion very like mall ; but this always with persons older than himself, as if he despised those of his own age. He studies two hours a day, and employs the rest of his time in tossing the pike or leaping, or shooting with the bow, or throwing the bar, or vaulting, or some other exercise of that kind, and he is never idle. He shows himself likewise very good-natured to his dependants, and supports their interests against any persons whatever, and pushes what he undertakes for them or others with such zeal as gives success to it. For, besides his exerting his whole strength to compass what he desires, he is already feared by those who have the management of affairs, and especially the Earl of Salisbury, who appears to be greatly apprehensive of the prince's ascendant, as the prince, on the other hand, shows little esteem for his lordship."

III.

HIS COURT.

i. Prince Henry held his court at St. James's, which was specially appropriated to his service. It was so numerously attended by the *élite* of the nobles and gentlemen of England, that king James's jealous apprehensions were aroused, and he once exclaimed "Will he bury me alive?" In 1610, his household consisted of four hundred and twenty-six persons, of whom two hundred and ninety-seven received regular salaries. At their head was Sir Thomas Chaloner, whose reward was £66 13s. 4d. per annum, with his diet. Dr. Hammond, his chaplain, and his two yeomen, Wilson and Bower, had each £100 yearly. His librarian was paid £30; his barber £20, with £48 13s. 4d. for board wages, and £26 13s. 4d. for living.

ii. A pamphlet is extant which sets forth the regulations of his household, and the duties of its different members; a very curious illustration of manners and customs in the reigns of the Stuarts. His grooms are

cautioned not to appear in their master's presence with unbuttoned doublets, or hose untied. They are bound to lie nightly on a pallet in the privy-chamber, and to take care that every room is strewn with fresh rushes, and well-aired before the prince leaves his own apartment. When he is away from home every chamber is to be kept close locked; and when he is at study, due precautions must be taken to secure him from any disturbance. The servants are enjoined to refrain from lewd conduct and evil-speaking, and those who are so unfortunate as to possess no change of linen or apparel are forbidden to sleep in the prince's house.

iii. He will dine—according to these minute regulations—at half-past ten, and sup at half-past five. The gates close for the night at nine o'clock, and each servant must attend prayers at least once a day. Women of questionable reputation must not be allowed to linger "about the stables;" busy-bodies and purloiners of kitchen-stuff are also "warned off" the royal premises; and it is required that every official in the prince's household should take the Sacrament at least

"four times in the year," though "once a month" is strongly recommended. From these and other rules it would appear that Prince Henry was quite as anxious about the moral welfare and spiritual condition of his officers and servants, as about their and his own domestic comfort and household provision.

iv. A prince of such promise, and heir to the crown of England, Scotland and Ireland, was necessarily an object of high interest to those sovereigns of Europe who had marriageable daughters. France was especially desirous to contract an alliance between Prince Henry and the Princess Christine, and offered with the lady a dowry of 50,000 crowns. As neither King James nor his son displayed any eagerness to accept the offer, the dowry was increased to 70,000 crowns. The negotiations were protracted to such a length that Henry died before any satisfactory result was attained. Nor does he appear to have been very susceptible to female influence. Sir Charles Cornwallis says that though the finest women of the court and the city attended his entertainments, the Prince showed no incli-

nation for any particular beauty. The only lady who appears to have attracted his admiration and retained it for any lengthened period was the lovely but frail Countess of Essex, and in this case the profligate Somerset was his successful rival. Though of a warm and impassioned temperament, his life was regulated by the strictest prudence, and his religious tendencies made him the idol of the English puritans. This sense of duty was as great as his father's want of it. In strength of will and purity of thought he was the very reverse of the weak and vicious King, and abhorred with all the consciousness of a virtuous soul his father's abandoned and dissolute minions. The good, and the wise, and the learned sought in him, therefore, their friend and patron, and anticipated in his reign a Golden Age for the three kingdoms. On one occasion, when leaving the downs at Newmarket, to retire to their respective mansions, the Prince was followed by a brilliant train of nobles and gentlemen, while the King rode off unaccompanied, save by his servants. The difference was sarcastically pointed out to James by the court-fool,

Archie, and so keenly was it appreciated by the weak and timorous sovereign that he burst into a passion of tears. "The king," says a contemporary writer, "was much annoyed to find that all the work which he had imagined to belong to himself, was wholly lost in the hopes which the people entertained for his son." For this reason he sedulously excluded him from the smallest share of political power, and would not allow him to take the slightest part in the government of the kingdom.*

* We quote the following from "A Relation of Prince Henry's noble and virtuous disposition, etc.," in the Harleian MSS.:—

"It cannot be denied that he was exceedingly observant, never failing to sacrifice unto God the first of his actions; to continue in them with all demonstration of reverence, without any diversion or distraction; to cherish such, in whom he found ability to teach, and piety to express in life the fruits of their doctrine, to resolve, so far to become immutable in the religion he professed, as, long before his end, with solemn protestations he vowed that he would never join in marriage with a wife of a different faith; and had, besides, a determination (if longer he had lived) to have made choice of a chaplain of his own, a man in years, grave in divinity, rarely learned, and of great discretion, experience, and wisdom; by whose advice, in all matters spiritual, and tending to the rectifying of the soul, he intended to have received a continual direction. . . . .

"Plenty and magnificence were the things that in his house he especially affected; but not without such a temper as might agree with the rules of frugality and moderation. He caused to be put down in writing unto him, the several heads of all his annual charges, the ordinary expence of his house and his stables, the charge of his apparel and wardrobe, his rewards of all such other things as yearly were to be issued out of his coffers; and, comparing them with his annual revenue, did so judiciously fashion and proportion them (by shortening what he found superfluous, and increasing what was wanting, and too short in any of them), as he reduced them to a certainty, and such as his revenues would well defray; besides a yearly spare of some thousands of pounds, which he reserved for a store or treasure to be ready for all events and occasions accidental.

By giving of which so good and solid foundation and order unto his state, he delivered himself from all necessity of becoming rigid or strait to his tenants; either by any unmeasurable improving their farms or their fines, or seeking or taking advantage of any of their forfeitures, and become also unnecessitated to take the benefit that both law and right afforded unto him of such as had in time of former princes purchased lands appertaining to his Duchy of Cornwall; which could not by law be alienated from the same, to whom, out of his princely bounty, and gracious compassion, upon resuming of them, he gave some reasonable satisfaction. The banquets and feasts that any time he made, his desire was, should be magnificent and agreeing with his princely dignity; yet not without an especial eye, and care had, that nothing should be spent in disorder, or the charge made greater through the want of providence, or well-managing by his officers: in those he ever affected the demonstration of a princely greatness, and that all things should pass with decency and decorum, and without all rudeness, noise, or disorder. In anything either committed or permitted unto him, by the King his father concerning the state and defence of the kingdom, exceedingly willing, sedulous, and careful he ever shewed himself, to perform all offices and duties understandingly, and with much circumspection. He was once sent by his Majesty to take a view of the navy at Chatham, whither myself waited upon him, and observed how great his desire was, not only to see with his own eyes every particular ship, but to enable himself by conference and consultation with the best experienced of his Majesty's officers of the navy, in the fashion and fabrication of the ships; to understand their strengths and form of their sailing; to take knowledge of such as were then perfected and fitted for present service; and which defected, and in what several parts: to the end there might instantly be order given for the repairing of them. He also very particularly informed himself of their several equipages and furnitures; went in person to take an exact view of them and of his Majesty's store for that purpose; and would not be satisfied without understanding the special uses of every of those things, and of all other that tended to make them serviceable and useful. What further in years more ripe was in naval affairs, wherein consisted the principal strength, honour, and advantage of this kingdom, to be expected of him, may easily be discerned by his will, his diligence, his understanding, his princely courage, delivered unto him by a servant of his own, concerning a naval war with Spain, whensoever that King shall give cause of a public hostility. . . .

"He so distributed the day, by dividing his hours into the service of God, to the fitting himself to the office he was born unto, both in government civil and military, and to necessary exercises and recreations; as no part of it could be said to be in vain bestowed. To enable his knowledge in government civil, he read histories; the knowledge of things past, conducing much to resolution in things present, and to prevention of those to come. In the military, he added thereunto the mathematicks, study of cosmography, and had one that instructed him in the matter and form of fortifications.

"For practice, he used in a manner daily to ride and manage great horses, with which he had his stables most excellently furnished; oftentimes to run at the ring, and sometimes at tilt, both which he so well and dextrously performed.

"It is true, that he was of a high mind, and knew well how to

IV.

HIS ILLNESS, AND DEATH.

i. The old poets were very fond of dwelling upon the uncertainties of life;

> "The glories of our birth and state
> Are shadows, not substantial things;"

and of pointing out that the most brilliant careers are usually the briefest; that the burst of dazzling sunshine is succeeded by the deep dull darkness, that the brightest lightning issues from the densest cloud. In Prince Henry they might have found a remarkable illustration. His career of such abundant promise and auspicious hopefulness was termi-

keep his distance, which, indeed, he did to all; neither admitting a near or full approach either to his power or his secrets. He was of a comely personage, of indifferent stature, well and straight limbed, and strongly proportioned; his countenance and aspect inclining, in those his young years, to gravity and show of majesty. His judgment, so far beyond what his age could promise, that it was truly admirable. His speech slow, and somewhat impedimented; rather, as I conceive, by custom and a long imitation of some that did first instruct him, than by any defect in nature, as appeared by much amendment of the same, after that he had been advised to a more often exercise of it, by using at home, amongst his own servants, first short discourses, and after longer, as he should find himself enabled."

nated suddenly. He was taken ill on the last Sunday in October; he died on the 5th November, 1612. Something of suspicion, however, had been excited by his appearance as early as September, when he was present at divine service one Sunday, at the king's house of Havering-atte-Bower. "Some of us did say," writes Bishop Goodman, "looking upon Prince Henry, and finding that his countenance was not so cheerful as it was wont to be, but had heavy darkish looks, with a kind of mixture of melancholy and choler; some of us did then say that certainly he had some great distemper in his body, which we thought might proceed from eating of raw fruits, peaches, musk melons, &c. A while after, we heard that he was sick." The Prince Palatine of Bohemia soon afterwards arrived in England, on the occasion of his nuptials with Prince Henry's lovely and unfortunate sister, the Princess Elizabeth, to whom Prince Henry was passionately attached, and during his residence in London the latter exerted himself greatly to promote his amusement. The fatigue was probably too much for him, and while dining with the King and Prince

Palatine at Whitehall, on the last Sunday in October, he suddenly turned pale, and was removed in a fainting condition to St. James's. There he lay for a whole week, unvisited by any of his family, save, it is said, the Princess Elizabeth in disguise; and daily growing weaker, until his condition was evidently so perilous that the usual Sunday's revel was compelled to be deferred. He bore his illness with equanimity. Death had no horrors for his calm sagacious mind, and life without health seemed to him no boon to be desired. "It was to small purpose," he said, "for a brave gallant man, when the prime of his days were over, to live till he was full of diseases." Bishops ministered at his bedside, and he listened to their prayers and ejaculations with edifying piety. He soon appreciated the full extent of his danger, though the court physicians seemed ignorant of the nature and diagnosis of his malady. Dr. Butler, indeed, the great physician of the day, pronounced sentence of death on the sufferer the moment he was summoned to his aid. "Butler's eye," says quaint Thomas Fuller, "was excellent at the instant discovery of a

cadaverous face on which he would not lavish any art. This made him, at the first sight of sick Prince Henry, to get himself out of sight." Sir Walter Raleigh, then a prisoner in the Tower, sent him a wonderful draught or cordial, which, he said, would effect an immediate cure, unless, indeed, poison had been administered to the patient. Its failure first suggested to the Queen the dark suspicion which the people afterwards caught up so eagerly. At all events the disease grew apace, and as it afflicted the head the Prince was often incapable of recognising his attendants, or joining in their prayers. He died very tranquilly on the 5th of November, aged only 18 years, eight months, and seventeen days.

ii. A curious account of the supposed causes of his illness is given in the *Aulicus Coquinariœ*, which may here be presented to the attentive reader, with the remark that in the *Harleian Miscellany* he will find a record of the daily symptoms and variations of the disease down to its fatal termination.

"In the nineteenth year of his age appeared the first symptoms of change, from a full round face and pleasant disposition, to be

paler and sharper, more sad and retired, often complaining of a giddy heaviness in his forehead, which was somewhat eased by bleeding at the nose, and that suddenly stopping was the first of his distemper, and brought him to extraordinary qualms, which his physicians recovered with strong waters.

"About this time, several ambassadors extraordinary being despatched home, he retired to his house at Richmond, pleasantly seated by the Thames river, which invited him to learn to swim in the evenings after a full supper, the first immediate pernicious cause of stopping of that gentle flux of blood, which thereby putrefying, might engender that fatal fever that accompanied him to the grave. His active body used violent exercises; for at this time, being to meet the king at Bever, in Nottinghamshire, he rode it in two days, near a hundred miles, in the extremity of heat in summer; for he sat out early, and came to Sir Oliver Cromwell's, near Huntingdon, by ten o'clock before noon, near sixty miles, and the next day betimes to Bever, forty miles.

"There, and at other places in all that progress, he accustomed himself to feasting, hunt-

ing, and other sports of balloon and tennis, with too much violence.

"And now returned to Richmond in the fall of the leaf, he complained afresh of his pain in the head, with increase of a meagre complexion, inclining to feverish; and then, for the rareness thereof, called the new disease; which increasing, on the 10th of October he took his chamber, and took council with his physician, Dr. Hammond, an honest and worthy learned man. Then removes to London to St. James's, contrary to all advice; and (with a spirit above indisposition) gives leave to his physician to go to his own home.

"And so allows himself too much liberty, in accompanying the Palsgrave, and Count Henry of Nassau (who was come hither upon fame to see him), in a great match at tennis in his shirt, that winter season, his looks then presaging sickness. And on Sunday, the 25th of October, he heard a sermon, the text in Job, 'Man that is born of a woman, is of short continuance, and is full of trouble.' After that he presently went to Whitehall, and heard another sermon before the king, and after dinner, being ill, craves leave to

retire to his own court, where instantly he fell into sudden sickness, faintings, and after that a shaking, with great heat and headache, that left him not whilst he had life."

iii. The manner of his death, however, made a great impression upon the minds of the vulgar, who are always prone to ascribe the unexpected decease of one of their favourites to the evil agency of jealousy or malice. Their suspicion was countenanced and encouraged by many in high places. One of his chaplains preached a sermon at St. James's, in which he spoke so markedly of the peculiar circumstances attending the prince's death, that he "melted his congregation into tears," and ensured his speedy dismissal from his office. The queen to her last hour believed that her princely son had died of poison. And by some it was supposed that the poison was administerd in a bunch of grapes—the prince being over-fond of fruit—by others, that some subtle perfume had been communicated to a pair of gloves, which the warmth of the hands educed, until it became fatal.

iv. A diversity of opinions prevailed with respect to the supposed poisoners, no less

than with regard to the poison they employed. Some imagined that it was a Roman Catholic hand, who dreaded the effect of Prince Henry's steadfast Protestantism when he should wear the crown. There were not wanting audacious tongues to insinuate that the jealousy of King James had proved fatal to the brilliant promise of his heroic son. But this is a calumny for which no accurate historian has been able to discover the slighest reasonable basis. If Prince Henry was poisoned, and for our own part, we believe that his illness and death originated in natural causes, and betrayed no suspicious symptoms —the person who would have profited most by the crime, and whose bold and criminal malignity would not have hesitated at it, was Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, the profligate lover of Lady Essex, and afterwards the convicted murderer of Sir Thomas Overbury. Bishop Burnet says, he had been assured by Colonel Titus, who himself had been informed by Charles I., "that he was well assured Prince Henry was poisoned by the Earl of Somerset's means." Lord Chief Justice Coke ventured to hint in court, and lost the king's favour in consequence, that Overbury was

murdered to prevent the discovery of Somerset's share in the Prince's death. On the other hand, a *post mortem* examination of his body did not reveal a trace of poison, and the Prince himself, throughout his illness, had no suspicion of it. His physicians and the members of his household were devotedly attached to him, and would hardly have allowed him to pass away unrevenged, had they imagined him the victim of a murderous enemy. The question, however, still remains one of those problems of history which may amuse the fancy of the ingenious inquirer, but whose discussion can have no profitable result.

v. After the death of Prince Henry, the king removed from Whitehall to Theobalds, and Queen Anne shut herself up in an apartment hung with black, at Somerset House. The funeral of the "hope of England" was attended by a nation's lamentation, and two thousand mourners followed the corpse from St. James's to the old Abbey of Westminster. His life-like effigy, under a canopy, and attired in the robes of the Prince of England, was the chief object in the sad procession, and moved many of the spectators to tears. To

whom, they thought, could they now turn with any reasonable hope of a bright and brilliant future? Who now would rescue them from the oppression of a profligate court, and the mean tyranny of a pedantic sovereign? Who would revive the tarnished glory and decaying fame of England, and make her terrible abroad as well as free, and happy, and peaceful, at home? In the grave of that young prince was buried the fortune of the Stuart Line! The splendours of that ill-fated dynasty went down with him into the darkness. His was the indomitable will that might have withstood the fierce assaults of the disaffected, if, indeed, his sagacious intellect had not disarmed them by anticipating every reasonable reform. Naseby and Worcester would probably have remained unfought, had Henry, and not Charles, succeeded to the English throne; and the valour of cavaliers and roundheads have been approved upon distant fields and against foreign foes, under the victorious banner of HENRY the NINTH.*

* We extract the following singular details from a pamphlet preserved in Pick's Desiderata Curiosa (lib. vi.), "Manner of the Sickness and Death of Prince Henry, from a MS. of John More, late Lord Bishop of Ely":—

Sunday, the 1st of November, was the eighth day of Prince Henry's sickness. He was bled to the amount of seven or eight ounces from

his right arm; "during which tyme he faynted not, bleedinge well and abundantlye; desiringe and callinge to them to take more, as they were about to stop the same, finding some ease as it were uppon the instant." In the afternoon he was visited by the King and Queen, Prince Charles, his sister Elizabeth, and the Palsgrave. The night passed unquietly.

On Monday, the 2nd, he became worse. The symptoms are described as redness of face, shortness of breath, increase of drowth, blackness of tongue, and excessive heat. The blood and humours "retyred in aboundance, with great violence, towards the brayne," causing much pain in the head. His spirits were depressed. "Dr. Atkins, a physician of London, famous for his large practice, honesty, and learninge, was sent for by the King; whose opinion was that His Highness's disease was a corrupt, putrid fever, the seat whereof was under the liver in the first passages. This night came upon him greater alienation of brain, raving and idle speeches out of purpose, calling for his clothes, and rapier, etc. Sayinge, hee must be gone, hee would not staye; and I know not what els; to ye great griefe of all that heard him, whose hopes now beganne to vanishe."

Tuesday, the 3rd.—The disease still increased. The Prince was seized with convulsions, raved sadly, and suffered from a more violent fever. Dr. Mayerne [Sir Theodore Mayerne] proposed bleeding, and said if he were a mean person he might be saved. But the other leeches disapproved, and gave him a glyster, which brought away "much venomous and putrid matter." His head was now shaven, and "pidgeons applied to lessen and draw away the humours of that superfluous bloode from the head; which he endured with wonderful and admirable patience." During the night his ravings were violent.

Wednesday, the 4th.—"This daye a cock was cloven by the backe, and applyed to the soles of his feete. But in vayne. The cordyals also were redoubled in number and quantitie, but without any profitt." The King went to see him, but an interview was judged undesirable. He was now removed to a larger and quieter chamber, and his malady having assumed so serious an aspect, he was attended by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and prayers were read by his bedside, Dr. Milbourne, Dean of Rochester, officiating. The Dean from this time forth prayed daily with him "until his departure."

Thursday, the 5th.—The King was made acquainted with his son's imminent danger, and that no hope remained except from the employment of remedies which in themselves were dangerous. Absolute power was accordingly offered to Dr. Mayerne, but the shrewd physician wisely refused it, observing, "that it should never be said of him in after ages that he had killed the Kynges eldest son." He again proposed bleeding, but was overruled. More cordials were administered and another clyster. The Archbishop of Canterbury again visited him, and the Prince devoutly expressed his belief in the Church of England. On this day, prayers were read for him in all the churches. The Prince, in his agony, called several times upon his great friend, Sir David Murray, "David, David," but when Sir David enquired his pleasure, he replied, "I would say somewhat, but I cannot utter it." Other physicians were now called in, and a Diascordium, tempered with cooler cordials, given him, but their patient grew worse during

the weary and watchful night. He begged that all his letters might be burnt, and evidently desired to make some statement of importance, pulling the royal chirurgeon to his side by the hair, and seeming sadly grieved when he could not make him understand.

On Friday, the 6th, about three o'clock, his attendants observed a great change; "at which tyme there arose wonderfull great shoutinges, weepinge and cryinge in the chamber, courts, and adjoyning streetes." A cordial sent to him by Sir Walter Raleigh afforded no relief.

The Archbishop of Canterbury attended him in his last moments, and having besought him "in certaine signe of your faith and hope of the blessed Resurrection, give us, for our comforte, a signe by liftinge upp of your handes," the Prince raised his shrunken arms and folded palms, to the great joy and satisfaction of the byestanders. And so, quietly, gently, and patiently, "at half a quarter, or thereabouts, before 8 o'clock at night," on Friday, the 6th of November, 1612, died Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales.

END OF VOL. I.

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ANECDOTAL MEMOIRS

OF

ENGLISH PRINCES.

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OF

ENGLISH PRINCES,

AND

NOTICES OF CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL HOUSES OF ENGLAND.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF

"Memorable Battles in English History," "The Sea-Kings of England," &c., &c.

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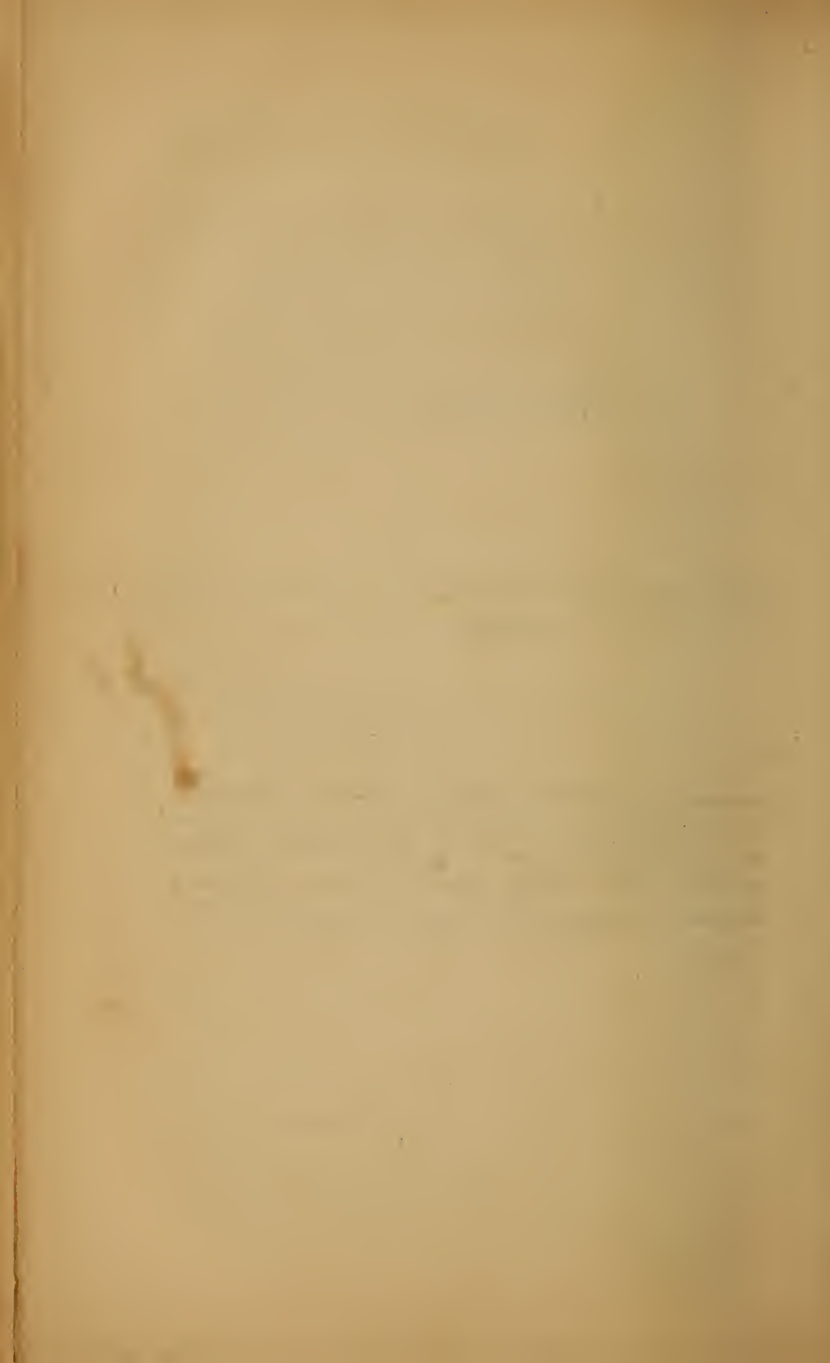
CHAPTER I.

HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, THIRD SON OF CHARLES I.

[AUTHORITIES:—Herbert's Threnodia; Rushwood's Collections; Clarendon's History of the Great Rebellion; Peck's Desiderata Curiosa; Worsley's History of the Isle of Wight; Fuller's Worthies; Jesse's England under the Stuarts; Whitelocke's Memorials; Journals of the House of Commons; Reresby's Diary, etc.]



CHAPTER I.

HENRY, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, THIRD SON OF CHARLES I.

> O more than human Glôucester, Fate did show
> Thee but to earth, and back again withdrew.
>
> *Sir John Denham.*

i. Henry of Oatlands, as he is named from the place of his birth, was born at the ancient palace of Oatlands, in Surrey, on the 8th of July, 1639. The fortunes of his house were already obscured by the lurid shadow of coming events, and already there brooded in the horizon that terrible storm whose outbreak should topple crown and mitre in the dust. He was the third son of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, but his birth was not welcomed by the bursts of loyal enthusiasm and torrents of odes and congratulatory verses which had distinguished the advent of his elder brothers.

ii. He was entrusted in his infancy to the care of the Countess of Dorset, and on the death of that estimable *gouvernante* in 1645, to the charge of the Earl of Northumberland, in companionship with his gentle sister, the Princess Elizabeth. They resided for a few weeks at the Earl's mansion, Sion House, on the bank of the pleasant Thames, where by the order of the Parliament, they were provided with a decent household, with physicians and chaplains, gentlemen-ushers, French masters, pages, cofferesses, and other attendants. The Earl received £3,000 per annum as a recompense for his cares, and £3,500 was allowed for the expenses of his wards.

From Sion House they returned to St. James's palace, where they were joined by the young Duke of York, after the fatal issue of the siege of Oxford. For several months they remained there in close retirement, hearing little of the world without, and ignorant of the deep dread shadows which were so rapidly gathering over their father's fate. The King, however, was not unmindful of them, and used every exertion to obtain an interview with those he so dearly loved.

iii. On the 16th July (1647), the Earl of Northumberland accompanied the young prince and princess to Maidenhead. Loyalty was not dead in the hearts of Berkshire men and women, and it was through streets brightly dressed with flowers and thronged with sympathising faces that they made their way. At eleven o'clock, and at the Greyhound Inn, they were joined by King Charles. The interview was one of tender interest. To the young Duke, whom his father had not seen for years, he said, "Do you know me, child?" The prince, wondering, replied, "No." "I am your father, child," the King continued; "and it is not one of the least of my misfortunes that I have brought you, and your brothers and sisters, into the world, to share my miseries."*

iv. From Maidenhead the royal children went to Caversham, a sunny village on the leafy banks of the river, where they abode for two happy days, much to their contentment.

v. During the king's detention at Hampton Court, he was several times permitted to see

* Whitelocke.

them. On these occasions Cromwell was often present, and it has been recorded that he alone, of all the Commonwealth leaders, bent the knee to the sons and daughter of the sovereign. A tender correspondence was carried on between the king and the princess Elizabeth,—a maiden of extraordinary promise,—of which a specimen or two may be afforded—*

"Hampton Court,
"27th October, 1647.

"Dear Daughter,—

"This is to assure you that it is not through forgetfulness, or any want of kyndenes, that I have not, all this tyme, sent for you, but for such reasons as is fitter for you to imagen (which you may easily doe), than me to wryte; but now I hope to see you, upon Fryday or Saturday next, as your brother James can more particularly tell you, to whom referring you, I rest your loving father,

"Charles R."

vi. Equally tender in tone is the following, written at a later period:—

* Sir Henry Ellis's Original Letters.

"Newport (I. of Wight),
"14th October, 1648.

"Dear Daughter,—

"It is not want of affection that makes me wryte so seldome to you, but want of matter such as I could wish, and indeed I am loathe to write to those I love when I am out of humore (as I have beene these dayes by past), least my letters should troble those I desyre to please; but having this opportunity I would not loose it, though at this time I have nothing to say, but God bless you. So I rest, your loving father,

"Charles R.

"Give your brother my blessing with a kisse; and comend me kyndly to my Lady Northumberland by the same token."

vii. The condition of the king's affairs, in the spring of 1647, was so threatening, that the adherents of the royal family deemed it necessary to remove the young Duke of York out of the reach of the chiefs of the Parliamentarian party. The king, while at Hampton Court, had foreseen that such a step might be needful, and had bidden him "when a fit opportunity offered, to make his escape beyond

the seas." The royal children, at this time, resided at St. James's, "where they had the liberty of the garden and park to walk and exercise themselves in, and lords and ladies, and other persons of condition, were not restrained from resorting thither to visit them."* One Colonel Bamfield, "a man of an active and insinuating nature," made use of this permission to devise a means of escape, which was successfully accomplished on the 20th of April, 1648, under circumstances that displayed no ordinary intelligence and powers of self-command on the part of the youthful prince. They are thus narrated in the Stuart papers:—

vii. "All things being in readiness on the night of the aforementioned day, the Duke went to supper at his usual hour, which was about seven, in the company of his brother and sister, and, when supper was ended, they went to play at hide and seek with the rest of the young people in the house. At this childish sport the Duke had accustomed himself to play for a fortnight together every night, and had used to hide himself in places so difficult to find, that most commonly they were

* Clarendon.

half an hour in searching for him; at the end of which time he came usually out to them of his own accord. This blind he laid for his design, that they might be accustomed to miss him, before he really intended his escape; by which means, when he came to practice it in earnest, he was secure of gaining that half-hour, before they could reasonably suspect he was gone.

"His intention had all the effect he could desire; for that night, so soon as they began their play, he pretended, according to his custom, to hide himself. But instead of so doing, he went first into his sister's chamber, and then locked up a little dog that used to follow him, that he might not be discovered by him; then, slipping down by a pair of back stairs, which led into the inmost garden, having found means beforehand to furnish himself with a key of a back-door from the said garden into the park, he there found Bamfield, who was ready to receive him, and waited there with a footman who brought a cloak, which he threw over him and put on a periwig. From thence they went through the Spring Garden, where one Mr. Tripp was

ready with a hackney coach, which carried them as far as Salisbury House. There the Duke went out of the coach with Bamfield, as if he had intended some visit in that house, and Tripp went forward with the coach, having received directions to drive into the city, and keep the coach as long as he could conveniently at that end of the town. But when they were gone, the Duke and Bamfield went down Ivy Lane, where they took boat, and landed again on the same side of the river close by the bridge. From thence they went into the house of one Loe, a surgeon, where they found Mrs. Murray, who had women's clothes in readiness to disguise the Duke. Being immediately dressed in them, he departed thence, attended by Bamfield and his footman to Lion-key, where there awaited a barge of four oars, into which they entered, and so went down the river, the tide serving for the passage.

"They were no sooner in the barge than the master began to suspect somewhat; for when Bamfield bespoke his attendance there with his barge, he had only told him he was to bring a friend, but now, finding a young woman was brought without other company,

it made him jealous there was something more in the business than he had first imagined; the consideration of which did so much affright him, that his whole discourse in going down was employed in telling them, it was impossible to pass by the Blockhouse, at Gravesend, without discovery, and that they had no other way to get on board the ship, which waited for them in the Hope, than to land at Gravesend, and there to procure a pair of oars to carry them on ship-board. And when Bamfield debated the matter with him, showing the difficulty and hazard of procuring a boat which should convey them to their ship, he raised new objections of his own danger, from the shining of the moon and other inconveniences. But while they two were thus reasoning the matter, the master of the barge became fully satisfied, concerning those suspicions which he had, that this woman was some disguised person of considerable quality; for peeping through a cranny of the door into the barge-room, where there was a candle burning before the Duke, he perceived His Royal Highness laying his leg upon the table, and plucking up his stocking in so unwomanship a manner, that

he concluded his former surmises of him were undoubted truths, as he afterwards acknowledged to them."

viii. It now became necessary to make this inquisitive navigator a confidant of their adventure, and to bribe him to secrecy—a task which was successfully accomplished, and instead of landing them at Gravesend, he dropped quietly down the river, and put them on board the Dutch vessel which lay in expectation of them. After a brief voyage they landed in safety at Middleburg.

ix. When the Duke's flight became known, all London was convulsed with astonishment. The Lords sent a message to the Commons, in which they thus described the circumstances:—"The duke, with his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, and his sister, the Lady Elizabeth, being sporting by themselves after supper, the Duke privately slipt from 'em down the back stairs, without either cloke or coat; and having the key of the garden door, passed through the park, and so away." Every precaution was taken that the other royal children should not follow his example, and they were removed from St. James's to Sion House, under the charge of

the Earl of Northumberland. Shortly afterwards they were intrusted to the guardianship of the Countess of Leicester, and remained in the old mansion on the Thames, courteously attended, and in all things provided for according to their rank. The young Duke's tutor was a Mr. Lovel, a man of eminent abilities, sound acquirements, and unostentatious piety, who taught his pupil the principles of political economy, and confirmed his youthful attachment to the Protestant faith, while superintending his studies in Latin, French, and Italian, and the ordinary branches of literature and science.

x. The Prince was not ten years old when summoned, on the morning of the 29th of January, 1649, to his last interview with his royal father; an interview which made a lasting impression on his mind, and became the grave sad memory of his future life. It has been described by the Princess Elizabeth, in language of touching simplicity, with which we cannot refuse to adorn our pages.

xi. "*What the King said to me 29th of January last, being the last time I had the happiness to see him:—*

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

we could possibly have been, if he had lived;' with many other things, which I cannot remember.

"Then, taking my brother Gloucester on his knee, he said, 'Sweetheart, now will they cut off thy father's head;' upon which the child looked very 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 brother, Charles and James live; therefore, I charge you, do not be made a king by them.' At which the child, sighing deeply, replied, 'I will be torn in pieces first.' And these words coming from so young a child, rejoiced my father exceedingly; and his majesty spoke to him of the welfare of his soul, and to keep his religion, commanding him to fear God, and he would provide for him. All which the young child earnestly promised. His Majesty also bid me send his blessing to the rest of my brothers and sisters, with commendations to all his friends. So after giving me his blessing, I took my leave."*

xii. Many kisses, many embraces—to adopt

* Reliquiæ Sacræ, 337, 338.—Rushworth's Collections, vi.

the language which the present writer has employed elsewhere—such kisses, such embraces as Love on the threshold of the grave well may bestow on the loved ones, the royal sire lavished on his children, already fatherless in his sad eyes. And then he called to good Bishop Juxon to lead them from him. They sobbed bitterly. The father—still a man, still a king—leant his head against the window, and strove to keep down his tears; but as they passed through the door, his eyes chanced to light upon them, and hastening from the window, he folded them in one last, long embrace, and pressed upon their lips his last, long kisses, and then—cast himself upon his knees, and told his sorrow and his love to God.

xiii. After the king's execution, the royal children were removed to Penshurst, the famous seat of the Sidneys; their allowance was reduced to £1000 per annum each; and their household shorn of much of its pretensions. Orders were given that "they should be treated without any addition of titles, and that they should sit at their meat as the children of the family did, and all at one table." At Penshurst they were care-

fully tended by the Countess of Leicester—the mother of Algernon Sidney—"who," says Clarendon, "observed the order of the Parliament with obedience enough, and treated them with as much respect as the lady *pretended* she durst pay to them."

xiv. From the classic groves of Penshurst the young Duke and his sister were removed to the ancient pile of Carisbrooke Castle, the scene of their father's long captivity, in pursuance of an order made by the Parliament for the removal of the two children of the late King, out of the limits of the commonwealth. They landed at Cowes on Thursday, the 13th of August, 1650, having left Penshurst on Friday the 9th, and reached Carisbrooke, after some delay, on Saturday, the 16th. The apartments allotted to them were suitably furnished, and they were placed under the immediate care of Mr. Anthony Mildmay, "an honest and faithful gentleman." In attendance upon them was Mr. Lovel, the young Duke's tutor; John Barmiston, gentleman-usher; Judith Briott, the princess's gentlewoman; Elizabeth Jones, her "laundrie-mayde;" and John Clarke, groom of her chamber.

xv. It is almost needless to state that there exists no foundation for Hume's assertion, that the chiefs of the commonwealth intended to apprentice the princess to a button-maker at Newport, and the young duke to a shoemaker. Rumours to this effect, however, reached the ears of Henrietta Maria, and caused her much uneasiness. They originated, probably, in a debate in the House of Commons on the question of providing for the maintenance of the royal children, when Cromwell bluntly said, in his wonted rough and vigorous way, that "as to the young boy, it would be best to bind him to a good trade." But the parliament proceeded no further than to command that "no person should be allowed to kiss their hands, and that they should not be otherwise treated than as the children of a gentleman."

xvi. The young duke was soon left to endure his captivity alone. His sister, from the day of her arrival at Carisbrooke, complained of headache and feverish cold, which, despite all the art of her physicians, rapidly increased upon her; so that "after many rare ejaculatory expressions, abundantly demonstrating her unparalleled piety, to the eternal honour

of her own memory, and the astonishment of those who waited on her, she took leave of the world on Sunday, the 8th September, 1650." For nearly two years her brother remained a prisoner in Carisbrooke, when Cromwell, generously, and at his own instigation, allowed him to rejoin his mother and royal brothers in France, and supplied him with a sum of £500 to defray the expenses of his removal.

xvii. Henrietta received him with a loving welcome, and attempted to proselytize him to the Roman Catholic communion, but the young prince had been too well grounded in the principles of the Protestant faith, and remembered too earnestly the last pathetic words of his dying father. His injunctions, he said, he had not forgotten; that he should adhere to the Reformed religion, and obey his Sovereign even in preference to his mother. By abandoning the Church of England, he added, he should incur the anger of his brother Charles, whom he now regarded as his sovereign, and entitled to his entire obedience. It was shameful, he continued, to force a controversy upon him in the absence of his tutor, who was better able than he

was to refute the arguments of his priestly antagonists. Enraged and disappointed at what she considered his sinful contumacy, Henrietta now subjected him to an hourly persecution; forbidding him her presence, turning his horses out of her stables, depriving him of his dinner, and, during the cold nights of winter, removing the very sheets from his bed. And yet she had faithfully promised Charles that if he suffered his brother to remain with her at Paris, she would make no attempt to pervert him from the church in which he had been bred. Charles was politician enough to understand that if either he or his brother embraced the Romish persuasion, his chance of occupying the throne of England was virtually reduced to a phantom. Accordingly he addressed to the young Duke the following letter, which if not the composition of a very sincere Protestant is undoubtedly that of a clever diplomatist. Thus he writes:—

"Cologne, November 10, 1654.

"Dear Brother,

"I have received yours without a date, in which you tell me that Mr. Montague

[the Abbé Montague, Queen Henrietta's almoner] has endeavoured to pervert you from your religion. I do not doubt but you remember very well the commands I left with you at my going away, concerning that point. I am confident you will observe them; yet your letters that come from Paris say, that it is the Queen's purpose to do all she can to change your religion, in which, if you do hearken to her, or anybody else in that matter, you must never think to see England again; and whatsoever mischief shall fall on me or my affairs, from this time, I must lay all upon you as being the only cause of it.

"Therefore, consider well what it is to be not only the cause of ruining a brother, that loves you so well, but also of your King and country. Do not let them persuade you either by force or fair promises; for the first they neither dare nor will use; and for the second, as soon as they have perverted you, they will have their end, and then they will care no more for you. I am also informed that there is a purpose to put you into the Jesuits' College, which I command you, upon the same grounds, never to consent to. And whensoever any one shall go to dispute with

you in religion, do not answer them at all; for though you have the reason on your side, yet they, being prepared, will have the advantage of anybody that is not upon the same security that they are.

"If you do not consider what I say unto you, remember the last words of your dead father, which were to be constant to your religion, and never to be shaken in it. Which, if you do not observe, this shall be the last time you will hear from,

"Dear Brother,

"Your most affectionate Brother,

"CHARLES R."

xviii. Charles followed up this letter by despatching the Marquis of Ormond to Paris, to remonstrate with the Queen, and remove the Duke of Gloucester from the Abbé Montague's dangerous neighbourhood to Charles's court at Cologne. Thither the Marquis and his charge in due time repaired; Ormond being compelled to dispose of the jewelled George of his insignia of the Garter to obtain food, and defray the other expenses of the journey.

xix. In 1658 the young Duke accom-

panied his brother, James of York, to the campaign in Spain, and both specially distinguished themselves in the defence of Dunkirk previous to its surrender to Cromwell's soldiers. During their service under the Spanish flag the two Stuart-princes appear to have been allowed a body-guard of 50 men, handsomely accoutred, and two hundred pounds monthly, for the maintenance of a suitable table. They displayed a valour not unworthy of the race from which they sprang, and Gloucester, though only nineteen years of age, was as steady under fire as a seasoned veteran. Towards the close of the battle of Dunes, the young prince lost possession of his sword. Villeneuve, Master of the Horse to the Prince de Ligne, sprang from his charger, and succeeded in recovering it, the Duke coolly protecting him with his pistol until he remounted.

xx. At the Restoration, the Duke of Gloucester accompanied his brother to England, and shared in the enthusiastic welcome extended by the people to almost every member of the Royal Family. Parliament gratified him with a present of five thousand pounds to provide himself with an establish-

ment worthy of his rank. But the prince did not long survive to enjoy his return to his heritage. Seized with the small-pox his physicians, according to Pepys, seriously neglected him; and the disease terminated fatally, on the 3rd of September, 1660. His loss was sincerely regretted by the people, and much lamented by his family. King Charles, it is said, felt it more acutely than any previous misfortune that had befallen him; and the Duke of York attended his funeral as chief mourner. In the memoirs which he composed in his exile at St. Germains, James speaks of him as possessing "all the natural qualities to make a great Prince." It is probable, indeed, that, had he lived, his influence would have checked his royal brother in his mad and arbitrary career, or that after his abdication, he would have been called to the vacant throne by the unanimous voice of the people. All contemporary evidence describes him as a prince of extraordinary parts and unusual promise; with a wit and judgment beyond his years, and a mind naturally clear and comprehensive, cultured by careful training; brave, generous, and of fascinating address; and with the capacity of overcoming

a large amount of work rapidly, methodically, and successfully. Of all the children of Charles the 1st he appears to have been most beloved by Englishmen, and his premature death was at once a misfortune for the nation and a heavy blow for the royal house of Stuart.

CHAPTER II.

JAMES, DUKE OF MONMOUTH, NATURAL SON OF CHARLES II.

[AUTHORITIES:—Macaulay's History of England; De Grammont's Memoirs; Historical Account of the Heroic Life of James, Duke of Monmouth, A.D. 1683; Bishop Burnet's History of His Own Times; Eachard, Kennet, Hist. of England; Dalrymple's Memoirs; Life of Bishop Ken, by a Layman; Scott's Dryden; Account of what passed at the Execution of the late Duke of Monmouth, A.D. 1685; Roberts's Life of Monmouth, etc.]

CHAPTER II.

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Of all the numerous progeny were none
So beautiful, so brave as Absalom.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With Kings and states allied to Israel's crown.
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please.
His motions all accompanied with grace,
And Paradise was opened in his face.

DRYDEN.

i. James, Duke of Monmouth, was the eldest son—as he was assuredly the best beloved—of Charles II. His mother was Lucy Walters, "a private Welshwoman of no good fame, but handsome," who became the mistress of Charles the Second before his acces-

sion to the throne. "She was so perfect a beauty," says Madame Dunois, "and so charmed and transported the king, when he first saw her in Wales, that amidst the misfortunes which disturbed the first years of his life and reign, he enjoyed no satisfaction nor pleasure, but in loving and being beloved by this charming mistress. This being his first passion, the equipage he allowed her, the care he took to please her, and the complaisance he had for her, were so exceeding great, that it made the world believe he had promised marriage." According to other authorities, however, it was in Holland that Charles first met with her, when she was living with Colonel Robert Sidney, and many believe that the Colonel, and not the King, was really the father of the Duke of Monmouth, who was born at Rotterdam, on the 9th of April, 1649.

ii. His guardian was Lord Crofts, and the boy was known as James Crofts until the Restoration. He lived principally at Paris, where he was carefully watched by the anxious eye of Queen Henrietta Maria. She paid more attention, however, to his initiation into the mysteries of the Catholic faith than to

his general education, and he was brought up under the immediate care of the Pères de l'Oratoire, at Sully, a college belonging to their fraternity. He appears at this time to have been a tolerable Papist, and a most intolerable scholar.

iii. Young Crofts, as he was popularly called, was removed to England in 1662, still under the protecting ægis of the Queen Mother. He was presented to his father at Hampton Court, who, proud of his extreme beauty and remarkable grace of manner, at once acknowledged him as his son, and distinguished him with peculiar affection. The Countess of Castlemaine, the bold and brilliant Barbara, was much incensed at the king's display of philo-progenitiveness. For "*her* children," says the sarcastic De Grammont, "were like so many puppets, compared with this new Adonis." Though only in his fourtenth year he was provided with a splendid household; created Duke of Orkney, and on the 20th of February, 1663, Duke of Monmouth. A *suite* of apartments in the Priory Gallery at Whitehall was luxuriously furnished for the youthful prince. He took his seat in the House of Peers with all the cere-

mony appropriated to the reception of a prince of the blood; and in April, 1663, was distinguished with the Order of the Garter.

iv. Let us look at this splendid young nobleman as he figures on the bright canvass of De Grammont:—"The external graces of his person were such, that nature, perhaps, never formed anything more complete. His face was extremely handsome, and yet it was a manly face, neither inanimate nor effeminate, each feature having its peculiar beauty and delicacy. He had a wonderful genius for every sort of exercise, engaging aspect, and an air of grandeur. The astonishing beauty of his outward form excited universal admiration: those who before were looked upon as handsome were now entirely forgotten at Court; and all the gay and beautiful of the fair sex were at his devotion. He was particularly beloved by the King, but the universal terror of husbands and lovers. This, however, did not long continue; for nature not having endowed him with qualifications to secure the possession of the heart, the fair sex soon perceived the defect."

Here is another picture from the pen of Madame Dunois:—"He was very handsome,

extremely well made, and had an air of greatness answerable to his birth. He was brave, even to a fault, and exposed himself in the service abroad with a courage not to be excelled. He danced extremely well, and with an air that charmed all that saw him. His heart was always divided between love and glory. He was rich, young, gallant, and, as I have before said, the handsomest and best shaped of men. It will not after this appear strange that many ladies made it their business to engage his heart."

v. He was married on the 20th of April, 1663, to Lady Anne Scott, sole daughter of Francis, Earl of Buccleuch, and the wealthiest heiress in Great Britain. The bridegroom was only fourteen years old; the bride was a year younger. She was not only endowed with an immense fortune, but with many estimable qualities; was virtuous and witty; charitable to the poor, and a patron of men of letters. Evelyn speaks of her as "a virtuous and excellent lady," and Madame Dunois says, that "though she was not extraordinarily beautiful, and was a little lame, yet in the main she was very desirable." A fair and a

wealthy wife was no insignificant prize, but the king was not yet weary of lavishing benefits upon his handsome son. In due course he was made a General in the army and captain of the first troop of Life-guards; master of the horse; gentleman of the bed-chamber; governor of Hull; Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; and, as the husband of the heiress of Buccleuch, Lord Great Chamberlain of Scotland.

vi. The personal prowess of this favourite of fortune was displayed at a very early age. In the great sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1665, he served as a volunteer on board Prince Rupert's ship, and manifested all the coolness of an experienced veteran. But the military service had greater attractions for him than the naval, and after some study of the tactics of armies, he was appointed to an important command, and sent to the assistance of Louis XIV. in his war with the Dutch. Six thousand English troops were placed under his command, and, in 1672, he joined the French camp at Charleroi in time for the summer campaign. Nor was he a holiday soldier, a "carpet knight," who knew nothing of war but its "pomp and circumstance." He as-

sisted, in this arduous campaign, at the sieges of Arfry, Rhineberg, Wesel, Emmerick, Doesburg, and Zutphen, and evinced so brilliant a courage and prompt a judgment that he fully merited the enthusiastic welcome with which he was received, on his return to England in July. The nation was rejoiced at an opportunity of making a hero of its favourite.

vii. In the previous year, however, he had been distinguished by an exploit of a far less creditable character, which is probably the subject of Dryden's allusion in the following lines:—

> "What faults he had—for who from faults is free?
> His father could not, or he would not see!
> Some warm excesses, which the law forbore,
> Were construed youth that purged by boiling o'er;
> And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
> Was called a just revenge for injured fame."

Andrew Marvel refers to the incident in the following terms, (February 28, 1671):—"On Saturday night last, or rather Monday morning at two o'clock, some persons reported to be of great quality, together with other gentleman, set upon the watch and killed a poor beadle, praying for his life upon his knees, with many wounds: warrants are out for ap-

prehending some of them, but they are fled." Again, he writes:—"Doubtless, you have heard before this time, how Monmouth, Albemarle, Dunbane, and seven or eight gentlemen, fought with the watch and killed a poor beadle: they have all got their pardon for Monmouth's sake, but it is an act of great scandal." The death of a poor beadle, however, can hardly be considered "a just revenge for injured fame," and Dryden more probably alludes to the punishment inflicted, through Monmouth's agency, upon Sir John Coventry, whose nose was slit as a warning to him never again to censure in the House of Commons Charles the Second's profligate amours.

viii. Though peace with the Dutch was concluded in 1673, and a termination thus put to a disastrous war—which, as Sir William Temple says, instead of making Charles a great king, had the honour of making only four great subjects*—the English troops in the French service were not recalled, and Monmouth was afforded further opportunities of obtaining military distinction. In 1676, he headed the forlorn hope which stormed

* Clifford, Ashby, Albemarle, and Lauderdale.

the city of Maestricht, and acted as even his uncle, James II. (in his Memoirs) admits, with equal courage and prudence. The English parliament having constrained Charles to espouse the Dutch cause, Monmouth next fought under the very banner which in his earlier campaigns he had so stoutly opposed, and, in 1678, was engaged against the French under the Prince of Orange, afterwards William the 3rd. In the unsuccessful attack upon the Duke of Luxemburg's lines at Mons he earned his generalissimo's warmest approbation, and he was afterwards sent with three thousand English troops to secure the important port of Ostend.

ix. His last appearance in the field, except at Sedgmoor, was against the Scotch Covenanters. With a small body of English cavalry, the Scotch guards, and some regiments of royal militia, he marched against the rebels who had taken post at Bothwell Bridge, about eight thousand strong, animated by religious enthusiasm, but neither directed by military skill nor controlled by military discipline. Monmouth attacked the bridge on the 22nd of June. It was defended by the insurgents with extraordinary resolution

while their ammunition lasted, but when they sent for a further supply, they received orders to abandon their post, and retire, though the bridge could be held by a handful of men against a whole army. Monmouth immediately crossed the bridge, and drew up his forces in battle array. His artillery soon put to flight the disorganised bands of the Covenanters, and his cavalry completed their total rout. About seven hundred fell in the terrible mêlée, and twelve hundred were taken prisoners. These were treated by Monmouth with a humanity which confers more lustre upon his character than his undoubted courage. All who promised to behave peaceably were at once dismissed to their homes; the remainder, about 300, were transported to Barbadoes; and two of the leading preachers were hanged.

x. Monmouth was now at the very height of his popularity, and eager tongues were busy in extolling his conduct in the field, his capacity in the council, the generosity of his disposition, and the brilliancy of his talents. He was the favourite both of king and people, and in the unpopular Duke of York found such a foil as set off his own excellences to

the utmost possible advantage. Yet from this hour of pride and prosperity may be dated the beginning of his downfall. The extreme unpopularity of the king's brother, and the general demand for a bill to exclude him from the succession to the throne on the ground of his being a Roman Catholic, nourished in Monmouth's busy and impetuous brain a thousand wild schemes of ambition. He became the tool of the intriguing and versatile Shaftesbury, who contrived to impress on the mind of the nation a belief in Monmouth's legitimacy, and circulated a rumour that the king had been secretly married to Lucy Walters, in the first flush of his idolatry of that abandoned Phryne. The story, though manifestly incredible, was willingly accepted by the people, who regarded Monmouth as the Protestant hero—the champion of civil and religious freedom—and were only too ready to believe anything that told to his advantage.

xi. The report was one that necessarily caused James much uneasiness, and he refers to it at length in the garrulous Memoirs which he drew up in his retreat at St. Germains. He states that Shaftesbury and his complot-

ters would fain have persuaded Dr. Cosin, Bishop of Durham, who had attempted during Lucy Walter's residence at Paris to recover her from her life of shame and degradation, to sign a fictitious certificate of her marriage with Charles. They pointed out that by doing so he would exclude the papist Duke of York from the throne, to the infinite advantage of the Reformed Church and the interest of the Protestant religion. But this Bishop, like an honest man, communicated the nefarious design to the King; and Charles, who, warmly as he loved his son, was unwilling to impose a fraudulent contract on his brother, took some pains to investigate the matter. And when he was urged by Shaftesbury and Carlisle to declare the legitimacy of Monmouth, he exclaimed, "Much as I love him, I would rather see him hanged at Tyburn than I would confess him to be my heir."

xii. It was about this time that the King, while at Windsor, was seized with a serious illness which set on the alert the partisans of the rival Dukes. A general consternation afflicted all classes of people, for it was perceived that if he died at this juncture a struggle for the crown would inevitably

ensue, and men had not so soon forgotten the disasters of the civil war as to view with ought but apprehension the prospect of another internecine struggle. The principal councillors of the King—Essex, Halifax, and Sunderland—advised him, therefore, to send secretly for the Duke of York, that, in case of any unfortunate result, he might be on the spot to assert his legitimate claims. In this the king, who always showed himself anxious to protect his brother's rights, fully concurred. The Duke of York returned from Holland (September 2nd), but found on his arrival that his brother had recovered. His journey, however, was not without important results. He obtained from the King a solemn declaration of Monmouth's illegitmacy, which to this day stands recorded in the rolls of the Privy Council. It is dated on the 3rd of March, 1679, and runs as follows:—

"That to avoid any dispute which may happen in time to come concerning the succession to the crown, he declares in the presence of Almighty God, that he never gave nor made any contract of marriage, nor was married to any woman whatsoever, but to

his present wife, Queen Catherine, now living.

"CHARLES REX.

"Whitehall, March 3rd, 1679."

And three months later a similar protest was entered in the Court of Chancery; that "on the word of a King, and the faith of a Christian, he was never married to Mrs. Barlow, alias Walters, the Duke of Monmouth's mother, nor to any woman whatsoever, besides the now Queen." James succeeded in accomplishing a yet greater triumph, and obtained Monmouth's dismissal from his post of captain-general and the governorship of Hull, while he was also commanded to withdraw to Holland. Satisfied with these results he thought it advisable to appease the growing discontent of the nation by returning to Brussels, from whence he afterwards proceeded to Edinburgh, and assumed the government of Scotland.

xiii. If by these means the duke had secured his influence at court, it soon appeared that he had contrived to inflame against himself the passions of the nation, and the disgrace of Monmouth being rightly attributed to his ex-

ertions, that spoiled favourite of fortune was regarded as a martyr in the cause of civil and religious liberty. The populace with their idol resemble a lover with his mistress, for whom there exist no faults in the beloved one, or who looks upon those faults in the madness of his idolatry, as positive beauties. Thus, when Monmouth having vainly solicited his recal, returned to England, early in 1680, without permission, and at the risk of imminent personal peril, he was everywhere received with an enthusiastic greeting. It was midnight when he entered London, but the watchmen immediately awakened the slumbering citizens with the cry of "Monmouth has returned!" As if by magic the bells pealed out a welcoming chime from every tower and steeple, and huge bonfires blazed in all the principal streets. The king sent an angry order to his daring son to return at once to Holland; but Monmouth, escorted by one hundred followers, splendidly equipped and fully armed, had set out on an almost regal progress through Worcestershire, Staffordshire, Cheshire, and Lancashire, being received in every town by shouts of welcome, and with such festive ceremonials as usually

attend the progress of some popular monarch. "When he approached a town," says Dalrymple, "he quitted his coach and rode into it on horseback. The nobility and gentry went foremost in a band. At a distance, and single, rode the duke, and at a distance behind him the servants and tenants. When he entered the towns, those who received him formed themselves into three ranks; the nobility, gentry, and burghers being placed in the first, the tenants in the next, and the servants in the last. He gave orders for two hundred covers to be prepared wherever he dined. At dinner two doors were thrown open, that the populace might enter at the one, walk round the table to see their favourite, and give place to those that followed, by going out at the other. At other times he dined in an open tent in the fields, that he might the more see and be seen. At Liverpool he ventured to touch for the king's evil. He entered into all country diversions, and, as he was of wonderful agility, even ran races himself upon foot. And when he had outstripped the swiftest of the racers, he ran again in his boots, and beat them, though running in their shoes. The prizes which he gained during the day,

he gave away at christenings in the evening. The bells were rung, bonfires made, and volleys of fire-arms discharged; wherever he came, the populace waving their hats in the air, shouted after him, 'a Monmouth, a Monmouth!' and all promised him their votes in future elections to Parliament."

xiv. Monmouth was in the very heart of his triumph when, on the very day that the inhabitants of Stafford proposed to entertain him with a magnificent fête, he was arrested by the king's orders. The writ of arrest was served by a single serjeant-at-arms, but neither Monmouth nor his friends dared the least resistance. He speedily dispatched Sir Thomas Armstrong for a *habeas corpus*, and having obtained it, returned to the metropolis, thus ignominiously closing his triumphal progress.

Dryden has celebrated this remarkable journey in sonorous verse:

> "The crowd, that still believe their king's oppress,
> With lifted hands their young Messiah bless:
> Who now begins his progress to ordain,
> With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train;
> From east to west his glories he displays,
> And like the sun, the promised land surveys.
> Fame runs before him as the morning star,
> And shouts of joy salute him from afar;
> Each house receives him as a guardian God,
> And consecrates the place of his abode."

xv. From the little we know of Monmouth's proceedings during the next two years, it would seem that the excitement caused by his return died away as suddenly as it had risen. But his conduct still continued to give so much umbrage to the king, that in 1682 he intimated to the University of Cambridge his pleasure that they should choose another chancellor in the place of the Duke; and, accordingly, Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, the unworthy son of an illustrious sire, was unanimously elected. The University, always loyal, even to excess of adulation, now went out of its way to insult its former head by removing Monmouth's picture from the Halls and Colleges, and publicly burning it—an "eager and ridiculous action," which Stepney justly satirized—

> "Yes, fickle Cambridge—Perkins found this true,
> Both from your rabble, and your doctors, too;
> With what applause you once received his grace,
> And begged a copy of his godlike face!
> But when the sage vice-chancellor was sure
> The original, in limbo, lay secure,
> As greasy as himself, he sends a lictor
> To vent his loyal malice on the picture."

xvi. In 1683, Monmouth repaired to Paris, where he was warmly received by Louis and

the French court. "On the 25th of February in that year, was contested, in the neighbourhood of the French capital, perhaps the most famous horse-race of modern times; Louis the Fourteenth having sent to different countries, inviting the owners of the swiftest horses to try their fortune upon that day. The plate, which the king himself presented, and which was valued at a thousand pistoles, was run for on the plain d'Echére, near St. Germain-en-Lai. The honor of England was sustained by the Duke of Monmouth, who carried away the prize in the presence of Louis and the French court."

xvii. In the memorable Rye-house plot Monmouth was as closely implicated as Russell and Sidney, and his guilt from his relationship to the king was infinitely greater, but happily for him he contrived to effect his escape. In that part of the conspiracy which meditated the assassination of king Charles, neither he, nor Russell, nor Sidney was a participator, nor had they any knowledge of the crime that their followers contemplated. His escape, it is said, was in no way due to his father's clemency. As the story is told by Bishop Burnet, king Charles went to the house of

the Duchess of Monmouth, and weeping while he related his son's misdeeds, informed her that their mansion would shortly be searched, but as he had commanded that her private apartments should be respected, she might easily conceal her husband therein. The duke, however, mistrusted the king's words, and hid himself elsewhere; a fortunate circumstance, adds the bishop, since the duchess's chambers were the first that were examined. Such is the improbable tale told by the garrulous prelate, who heard it, he says, from Lord Cutts—and Lord Cutts, from Monmouth himself.

xviii. Lord Dartmouth very justly throws doubt upon the probability of this singular legend. "Mr. Francis Gwin," he says, "secretary at war in Queen Anne's time, told me, that as soon as this book (Bishop Burnet's Memoirs) was published, he asked the Duchess of Monmouth if she remembered anything of this story: she answered, it was impossible she should, for there were not one word of it true." Its falsehood is patent upon the face of it, for Charles's affection for his son could not be disguised, and during the whole time of the Duke's pretended conceal-

ment, he sent him messages of loving assurance, and even admitted him to several private interviews.

xix. After the excitement caused by the conspiracy had somewhat subsided, Halifax, anxious to establish at court an influence which might oppose the Duke of York's, sought out Monmouth in his retreat, and pursuaded him to write to the king, in terms of the deepest contrition. "There is nothing," he wrote, "under Heaven has struck me so much to the heart, as to be put into a proclamation for an intention of murdering you, Sir, and the Duke. I do call God Almighty to witness, and I wish I may die this moment I am writing, if ever it entered into my head, or ever I said the least thing to anybody that could make them think I could wish such a thing. I am sure there cannot be such villains upon earth to say I ever did." The impression produced by this emphatic letter was deepened by a second, in which Monmouth described with eloquent pathos the misery he endured. All the king's former affection for his Absalom revived; he pardoned him, and interceded with the Duke of York to obtain

his pardon also. The only condition forced upon Monmouth was, that he should disclose all the knowledge he had of the conspiracy; but, on the other hand, the king promised that his testimony should never be used against any of his former friends. Charles then summoned an extraordinary council, and informed them both of Monmouth's penitence and pardon; and "the night," says Welwood, "that the Duke first appeared at court upon this reconciliation, King Charles was so little master of himself, that he could not dissemble a mighty joy in his countenance, and in everything he did or said, inasmuch that it was the public talk about town, and strongly insinuated to the Duke of York, that all the King's former proceedings against the Duke of Monmouth were but grimace."

xx. But if Monmouth was reconciled to the court, he had exasperated against him all his former friends; and stung by the reproaches heaped upon him, he soon flung to the winds his penitent resolutions, and employed emissaries to deny that he had ever made the confession imputed to him. Even now, the long suffering of the easy-natured monarch was not exhausted. He admitted his son to a private

interview, in which he expressed his fear lest he should relapse into his former errors, and besought him to make the same confession to the public which he had already made to him. He placed before him a draft of a letter to this effect, which the vacillating Monmouth, yielding to the king's unwearied kindness, immediately signed. But as soon as he returned to the councils of his partisans, their vehement reproaches and cunning insinuations overthrew his new-born penitence. He hastened to the royal presence, and requested that the letter might be returned to him. Charles told him calmly that his wish should be complied with, rather than he should have occasion to say he had been constrained to act against his inclination. At the same time he bade him consider well the importance of the step he was about to take, and attend him again on the following morning. But the next day—the day on which Algernon's Sidney's judicial murder was perpetrated—Monmouth remained in the same resolve. The King, with undisguised sorrow, put the letter in his hands, but banished him at the same time from the kingdom.

XX. For the next two years the Duke principally resided at the Hague, where the Prince and Princess of Orange treated him with peculiar consideration. He was supplied by Charles, privately, with sums of money, and it appears that he was also admitted occasionally to a secret interview. And it was noticed that whenever any one of the court referred to Monmouth's misdoings, the king always introduced some extenuating or apologetic comment. And as the discontent of the people increased, and the arbitrary character of the Duke of York developed itself, Charles, whose judgment was sound enough when he chose to exercise it, meditated an entire change of measures and a new plan of administration; to dismiss the Duke in honourable retirement to the regency of Scotland, to summon a parliament, to admit to his councils faithful and popular advisers, and to recal Monmouth from Holland. That, but for his premature death, he would have carried out at least the latter design is apparent from the passages in Monmouth's private Diary, found on his person after the rout at Sedgmoor, which Welwood has preserved. The names are all in

cipher, and 29 clearly refers to the king, 39 to the Duke of York. L was probably Halifax; D, Mary of Modena, James's duchess.

"13 October, 1684.—L came to me at eleven at night from 29. Told me 29 would never be brought to believe that I knew anything of that part of the plot which concerned Rye-house; but as things went he must behave himself as if he did believe it, for some reasons that might be to my advantage. L desired me to write to 29, which I refused; but afterwards told me 29 expected it, and I promised to write to-morrow if he could call for the letter at S. L showed a great concern for me, and I believe him sincere, though 3 is of another mind.

"14 Oct.—L came, as he promised, and receiving the letter from 3 sealed, refusing to read it himself, though I had left it open with S for that purpose.

"20 Oct.—L came to me at S, with a line or two from 29, very kind, assuring me he believed every word in my letter to be true; and advised me to keep hid till he had an opportunity to express his belief of it some other way. L told me he was to go out of

town next day, and that 29 would send 80 to me in a day or two, whom he assured me I might trust.

"25 Oct.—L came for me to —, when 29 was with 80. He received me pretty well, and said 30 and 50 were the causes of my misfortunes, and would ruin me. After some hot words against them and against S, went away in a good humour.

"26 Oct.—I went to E—, and was in danger of being discovered by some of Oglethorp's men, that were accidentally at the back door of the garden.

"2 Nov.—A letter from 29 to be to-morrow at seven at night at S, and nobody to know it but 80.

"3 Nov.—He came not, there being an extraordinary council. But 80 brought me a copy of 50's intercepted letter, which made rather for me than against me. Bid me come to-morrow at the same hour, and to say nothing of the letter, unless 29 spoke of it first.

"4 Nov.—I came and found 29 and L there. He was very kind, and gave me directions how to manage my business, and what words I should say to 39. He appointed 80 to come to me every night till my busi-

ness was ripe, and promised to send with him directions from time to time.

"9 Nov.—L. came from 29, and told me my business should be done to my mind next week, and that Q. [Queen Katherine] was my friend, and had spoke to 39 and D. in my behalf; which he said 29 took very kindly, and had expressed so to her. At parting he told me there should be nothing required of me but what was both safe and honourable; but said there must be something done to blind 39.

"15 Nov.—L. came to me with a copy of the letter I was to sign to please 39. I desired to know in whose hands it was to be deposited, for I would have it in no hands but 29. He told me it should be so, but if 39 asked a copy it could not well be refused. I referred myself entirely to 29's pleasure.

"24 Nov.—L. came from 29, and ordered me to render myself to-morrow. Cautioned me to play my part, to avoid questions as much as possible, and to seem absolutely converted to 39's interest. Bade me bear with some words that might seem harsh.

"25 Nov.—I rendered myself. At night 29 could not dissemble his satisfaction; pressed

my hand, which I remember not he did before, except when I returned from the French service. 29 acted his part well, and I too. 39 and D. seemed not ill-pleased.

"26 Nov.—29 took me aside, and falling on the business of L. R. [Lord Russell], said he inclined to have saved him, but was forced to it, otherwise he must have broke with 39. Bid me think no more on it. Coming home L told me he feared 39 began to smell out 29's carriage. That . . . . said to 39 that morning, that all that was done was but sham.

"27 Nov.—Several told me of the storm that was brewing. Rumsey was with 39, and was seen to come out crying that he must accuse a man he loved.

"29 Dec.—A letter from 29, bidding me stay till I heard further from him.

"5 Jan., 1685.—I received a letter from L., marked by 29 in the margin, to trust entirely in 10; and that in February I should certainly have leave to return. That matters were concerting towards it; and that 39 had no suspicion, notwithstanding, of my reception here.

"3 Feb.—A letter from L. that my business

was almost as well as done; but must be so sudden as not to leave time for 39's party to counterplot. That it is probable he would choose Scotland rather than Flanders or this country [Holland], which was all one to 29.

"16 Feb.—The sad news of his death, by L.; O, cruel Fate!"

xxi. The death of Charles completely altered Monmouth's prospects. The Prince and Princess of Orange no longer honoured him with marked attentions, lest they should be displeasing to the new monarch, though James II., in his Memoirs, asserts that they endeavoured to inflame the animosity which already existed between him and his nephew. "Whichever got the better," he says, "would equally advantage his pretensions. If the Duke of Monmouth succeeded, it would be easy for William, that was a Protestant as well as he, and in right of his wife the next heir, to shove him off the saddle. If, on the contrary, the Duke of Monmouth was worsted, he got rid of a dangerous rival, and was sure all his party would have recourse to him. This made him, underhand, do all he could to

inflame the young man's fury and ambition; and send him out like a victim to the slaughter, playing a sure game himself, to whomsoever fortune should give the advantage." But nothing in William's conduct gives any colour to so grave an accusation, and it is a fact that he behaved to Monmouth after James's accession, with a discreet coolness. James's rancour was doubtlessly excited by his refusal to seize the Duke's person, and deliver him up to the English envoy, to be sent to England; a kidnapping transaction in which the Stadtholder indignantly refused to have any share. He desired him, however, to quit Holland, where he could no longer afford him any effectual protection, and provided him with money. Accompanied by his paramour, the beautiful Lady Henrietta Wentworth, he retired to Brussels, where, in order to supply those educational deficiencies of which he had long been sensible, he sedulously devoted himself to study. Soon the leaders of the more fanatical sects of Protestants rallied round him as the hero and martyr of their cause, and these were augmented by every adventurous spirit who had aught to hope from change or revolution, until the coterie at

Brussels alarmed the jealousy of James II., and he procured the Spanish Governor of the Netherlands to order Monmouth to quit the country. Thus harassed by a constant apprehension of arrest, unable to take refuge in France—for the English king was already the ally, or rather the salaried bondsman of Louis Quatorze—Monmouth, in sheer desperation, began to give heed to the insidious counsels of the more daring of his adherents. Against his own judgment he found himself constrained to contemplate an invasion of England, though under circumstances which seemed to forbid all hopes of a successful result. For as James II. had not yet manifested his arbitrary notions of government, between him and his Parliament a cordial understanding subsisted. So decided was the temper of the majority of the nation, that even the Prince of Orange, whose dislike to James II. was notorious, offered to come over to England, and take the command of the troops designed to crush Monmouth's small and desperate band.

xxii. Nor did Monmouth possess any one of those qualities which are requisite for the successful leader of an insurrection. His per-

sonal courage was unimpeachable; he had had military experience, and knew something of the management of large bodies of men; but he was unstable to an excess, vain, over-sanguine; easily elated and as easily depressed; incapable of conceiving a great plan or of carrying it out when formed; devoid of firmness, rash, and yet incapable of daring all when to dare is to command success. He was not unaware of his own deficiencies, and when free from the exciting influence of his desperate companions, could discern the difficulties of the enterprise on which he had embarked. He wavered; he hesitated; he would fain have withdrawn, but he had pledged himself to the Duke of Argyle, who had already sailed from Scotland on the understanding that the duke would co-operate in England. In this hour of doubt and despondency, he thus addressed himself to one of his adherents:

"I have received both yours this morning, and cannot delay you my answer longer than this post, though I fear it will not please you so much as I heartily wish it may. I have weighed all your reasons, and everything that you and my other friends have writ to me on the subject; and have done it with the great-

est inclination to follow your advice without prejudice. You may well believe I have had time enough to reflect sufficiently upon our present state, especially since I came hither. But whatever way I turn my thoughts, I find insuperable difficulties. Pray do not think it an effect of melancholy, for that was never my greatest fault, when I tell you that in these three weeks' retirement in this place I have not only looked back but forward; and the more I consider our present circumstances, I think them still the more desperate, unless some unforeseen accident fall out, which I cannot divine nor hope for." . . "And," he adds, "to tell you my thoughts without disguise, I am now so much in love with a retired life, that I am never like to be fond of making a bustle in the world again." Such are the inconsistencies of human nature! This ambitious man longed for the ease of a lettered life when it behoved him to plunge resolutely into the press of the battle, and would fain have bound his brow with love's tender garland, when his hand should have grasped the sword which might win him a regal crown! The motive of this new-born desire for the happiness of a private life, was the

passionate love he had conceived for the Baroness Henrietta Wentworth, who had given up home, and friends, and honor for him; and for whom he had abandoned his admirable wife and children. "Lady Wentworth," says Bishop Burnet, "had followed him to Brussels, desperately in love with him, and both he and she came to fancy that he being married to his duchess, while he was indeed of the age of consent, but not capable of a free one, the marriage was null; so they lived together, and she had heated both herself and him with such enthusiastical conceits, that they fancied what they did was approved of God!"

xxiii. It was with the greatest reluctance, and an uncontrollable presentiment of evil, that he tore himself from the arms of Lady Wentworth, and set sail for England on the 24th of May, 1685. His force was ridiculously inadequate to the magnitude of his enterprise; it consisted only of a 32-gun frigate, three small transports, and a body of eighty-two gallant and well armed adventurers. He carried with him, however, a supply of arms for five thousand men. After encountering stormy seas and contrary winds

for no less than nineteen days, he landed at Lyme in Dorsetshire, on the 11th of June, accompanied by Lord Gray, Fletcher, Ferguson, and Wade. Immediately on landing he commanded silence, and kneeling down on the shore, "thanked God for having preserved the friends of liberty and pure religion from the perils of the sea, and implored the divine blessing on what was yet to be done by land. He then drew his sword, and led his men over the cliffs into the town. As soon as it was known under what leader, and for what purpose the expedition came, the enthusiasm of the populace burst through all restraint. The little town was in an uproar with men running to and fro and shouting, 'A Monmouth! a Monmouth! the Protestant religion!' Meanwhile, the ensign of the adventurers, a blue flag, was set up in the market place. The military stores were deposited in the Town Hall; and a declaration, setting forth the objects of the expedition, was read from the cross."* It was couched in the most inflammatory terms; designated James II. as his "mortal and bloody enemy;" accused him of having been accessory to the

* Macaulay.

murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey; with having hired the assassins of the lamented Earl of Essex; and with having done to death the late king," for which villanous and unnatural crime, that barbarous and horrid parricide, executed upon our father, we will persecute him to death." He vindicated his own legitimate right to the crowns of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, notwithstanding the means used by the late king, his father, upon Popish motives, and at the instigation of the Duke of York, to weaken and obscure it. He denounced all who should aid the said Duke as enemies of God, mankind, and their country. He called heaven and earth to witness to the necessity of their betaking themselves to arms as men and christians, and appealed to God in witness to the justice of his cause, not doubting but that he should receive the assistance of all Protestant kings, princes, and commonwealths, who did either regard the gospel of Jesus Christ, or their own interests. "Above all," he added: "Our dependence and trust is upon the Lord of Hosts, in whose name We go forth, and to whom We commit Our Cause, and refer the decision betwixt Us and

Our enemies in the day of battle. Now let us pray the men for our people, and for the cities of our God; and the Lord do that which seemeth good unto them."

XXIV. Such was the effect of his impassioned appeal, and of Monmouth's popularity, that in the four days he remained at Lyme more than one thousand horse and foot flocked to his standard, but these were principally of the lower orders. Upon the minds of the gentry his proclamation had an unfavourable influence, from the very violence of tone which pleased and excited the vulgar. It was answered by both Houses of Parliament in an emphatic manner. They presented an address to the King, pledging themselves to assist and stand by him with their lives and fortunes. They passed a bill for attainting Monmouth of high treason. They offered a reward of £5000 for his capture either alive or dead, and voted a supply of £400,000 for the King's present extraordinary occasions. Some of the gentry, and a few of the nobility perhaps, may have secretly wished him success from their interest in the ascendancy of Protestant principles; but the rank, wealth, and intelligence of the nation were un-

doubtedly opposed to him. His pretensions to the throne, it was felt, could not for one moment be supported, nor was his the hand firm and vigorous, in which any well wisher to his country would desire to see the English sceptre placed.

xxiv. On his advance towards Axminster, Monmouth received intelligence of the arrival of the Duke of Albemarle—formerly a boon companion in his youthful excesses—with about 4,000 of the Devonshire militia. They had approached within a quarter of a mile of each other when Albemarle, observing the disaffection of his followers, deemed it advisable to order a retreat, lest they should desert *en masse* to the invader. Monmouth, unhappily for his future success, neglected to pursue him. Had he moved forward with vigour he would have obtained arms and recruits, and won, upon easy terms, a triumph, which would have done more to rally public opinion to the support of his enterprise than a hundred proclamations. But he lacked the self-reliance of a great commander. He doubted the capacity of his troops. He was haunted with a presentiment of failure, which in itself was a greater blow to his cause than

all the muskets and artillery of King James. Nor was he surrounded by able advisers. Lord Gray, who commanded the cavalry, had already shown himself a coward, yet the easy-natured Monmouth continued him in his important post. Fletcher of Saltoun was, indeed, a man of genius and honesty, but in a fit of ungovernable passion he had shot dead a comrade, and been compelled to quit the camp. The Duke, thus flung back upon his own resources, resolved to wait until he had got his men into better training, whereas, had he pressed forward vigorously, he might probably have marched unopposed to the gates of Exeter. For the adventurer there is no safer course than, paradoxical as it may seem, that which appears the most desperate. No golden mean exists for him. He who would win all must risk all, and either shake men's minds with fear, or startle them into admiration.

XXV. Monmouth continued his triumphal progress to Taunton, where he arrived on the 18th of June, having occupied seven days in advancing twenty miles. Here he was received as if already James had been defeated; as if already the triple crown glittered upon his brow. Troops of young and lovely maidens

presented him with a standard which their own fair fingers had woven. The houses were decorated with green boughs and garlands, and it was through a press of excited admirers that he slowly made his way. The leader of the band of girls, already spoken of, placed in his hands a Bible. "I have come into the field," cried the Duke, carried away by no fictitious enthusiasm, "to defend the truths contained in this book, and, if there be occasion for it, to seal them with my blood." Rome warm with the hot tide of Italian blood, could not have welcomed her Rienzi or her Petrarch with a wilder fervour.

xxvi. His imagination stimulated by these exciting scenes, his judgment warped by the counsels of rash and incapable advisers, Monmouth now committed his second great error. He put forth another proclamation, in which he assumed the title of king; he set a price on James the Second's head; declared the Parliament a factious assembly; and even went so far as to exercise the ancient prerogative of "touching for the evil." "Whether his own single folly," wrote Lord Lonsdale, who was one of his contemporaries, "or the council of those that were supposed to betray him

added to it, was the cause of his proclaiming himself king, was doubtful. But this was certain, that several thousands quitted him within three days after." Many had been willing to unite with him in wresting from the reluctant James proper guarantees for the free exercise of the Protestant religion, but they had not yet had sufficient proof of his despotic tendencies to desire to deprive him of the throne. Those who would have gone to the latter extreme were Whig partisans pledged to the succession of the Princess of Orange; while moderate men of all parties saw in Monmouth's rash assertion the forerunner of an obstinate, and, perhaps, a prolonged contest; "an inundation," to use the sagacious Evelyn's language, "of phantasies," which must needs cause "universal disorder, cruelty, injustice, rapine, sacrilege and confusion, an universal civil war, and misery without end."

xxvii. "Quos deus vult perdere, priùs dementa." Monmouth proceeded from Taunton to Bridgewater, and thence to Wells and Frome, delaying in each town to be solemnly proclaimed, and wasting in idle ceremonies the time that should have been employed in ener-

getic action. His greatest enemy could have desired no better opportunities than his dilatoriness afforded. It enabled King James to assemble a sufficient force to check his almost regal progress. Three thousand men were placed under the leadership of the Earl of Feversham and Colonel Churchill, and six British regiments were recalled from Holland to act as a reserve. Meanwhile, Argyle's attempt in Scotland had been promptly crushed, and clouds gathered so rapidly over Monmouth's path, that the buoyant spirit which had recently animated him gave way to a mood of the darkest despair. He even hesitated whether he should not make his way to the sea coast, and take ship at Poole, but the shame of abandoning his adherents, and some apprehension, perhaps, that no continental country would offer him a secure asylum, induced him to return to Bridgewater, and there prepare for one final and desperate stake in the hazardous game he had chosen to play.

xxvii. The careless disposition which Feversham had made of his forces in the neighbouring village of Sedgmoor, seemed to invite an attack; and had Monmouth possessed the

capacity of but a third-rate general, he might have seized an easy victory. It was, indeed, determined that an attempt should be made at night, when it was known that Feversham indulged himself and his men in the vilest orgies. But there was *one* in the royal army whose vigilance did not sleep, who watched while his commander drank or slept; John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, and the hero of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenard, and Malplaquet; and it was *his* capacity that in the ensuing contest saved King James's soldiers from the disgrace of a total defeat.

xxviii. It was about eleven o'clock on the night of the 5th of July, that, favoured by a heavy mist, Monmouth's courageous but ill-disciplined adherents moved steadily towards the village of Sedgmoor. They reached the camp of the royalists at one, but instead of commencing a simultaneous attack upon all points, as intended, they stumbled in the darkness on Lord Dumbarton's regiment, and the struggle which ensued aroused the entire army. Between Monmouth's forces and the royalists ran a swift stream, over which their guide would have conducted them by a convenient

ford, but as soon as they caught sight of the enemy, their undisciplined courage broke through all restraints, and despite the exertions of their officers, they rushed to the attack. After a swift, fierce fight they were compelled to retire, and seek the fording place; a task of no small difficulty, for in their confusion they had lost their guide. They crossed the stream in disorder, to find the royalists fully armed, and drawn up in battle array to receive them. Nevertheless, with admirable heroism, they threw themselves upon the hostile pikes, and fell in scores before the royal artillery. Monmouth fought with a brilliant courage, which showed him not unworthy to lead such gallant men; while so heavy was the on-rush of the Somersetshire hinds, that the king's troops began to waver. At this critical juncture, the horse, led by the cowardly Lord Grey, as if seized with a sudden panic, broke from the field, and the royalist cavalry was thus enabled to turn the flank of the insurgents, and plunge into their midst with terrible swords. The battle was over. For three hours had the undisciplined peasantry of the west withstood King James's veteran troops, but now, deserted by

their comrades, and short of ammunition, they were constrained to give way. The retreat became a rout, and the rout a massacre. About 1500 fell in the engagement and the pursuit. As many were taken prisoners,—and treated with a foul severity, which blackened their conqueror's name with an eternal infamy. The Duke of Monmouth had from the beginning of his desperate attempt behaved with conduct and courage, as the king himself allowed,* but he was deficient in the qualities of a great general, as his forces, however brilliant in valour, lacked the excellencies of veteran troops. Perceiving that all hope was lost, he rode desperately from the bloody field, to hide himself, if possible, in some of the less accessible coverts of the New Forest.

xxviii. Conspicuous in the fight at Sedgmoor, was the priest militant, Mew, Bishop of Winchester, who, during the civil troubles of Charles the First's reign, had been a captain in the army. Laying aside his episcopal character, he again became "active in the

* Reresby. But Fox accuses him of having left the field while his troops were still fighting, "and therefore too soon for his glory."

soldiery way," and "performed singular service in the managing of the great guns." It should also be stated, to his honour, that after the battle he was humanely active on behalf of the unhappy prisoners. Observing that the brutal Feversham was about to hang several of them on every post he met with, the bishop came up and expostulated with him: "My lord," said he, "this is murder in law. These poor wretches, now the battle is over, must be tried before they are put to death."

xxix. Monmouth had ridden some twenty miles on his weary way when his horse sank beneath him from fatigue. He then changed clothes with a peasant, and continued his way on foot. The search after him, however, was too hot to be long eluded. He was discovered in a dry ditch, covered with fern, in a place called The Island, near Hollbridge, in Dorsetshire—"an extensive tract of land separated by an enclosure from the open country, and divided by numerous hedges into small fields." Here, for two days, had lain concealed—his whole supply of provisions some dry peas—Charles the Second's favourite and once brilliant son. He offered no resist-

Drawn by D. Roberts from a sketch by Hollar.

Engraved by E. Finden

Whitehall

ance to his captors, but trembled violently, and overcome by long watching and fasting, burst into hysterical tears. He afterwards acknowledged that, from the day of his disembarcation to that of his capture, he had never enjoyed a night's rest, nor eaten a meal in peace, and for three whole weeks he had never been in bed. His "George" was found upon him, and sent, with the news of his capture, to the king, who straightway announced the joyful tidings in the *London Gazette*:—

"Whitehall, July 8th,
"At twelve o'clock at night.

"His Majesty has just now received an account that the late Duke of Monmouth was taken this morning in Dorsetshire, being hid in a ditch, and that he is in the hands of my Lord Lumley."

XXX. Lord Lumley conducted his prisoner to Ringwood, where he remained two days and nights (July 9 and 10). He suffered, it is said, at this period, severe mental agony and depression, aggravated, perhaps, by the bodily fatigue and privation which he had undergone. His courage seemed to have

deserted him. He who could face unmoved the thunder of an enemy's cannon could not contemplate without emotion the prospect of a violent death upon a public scaffold. He was young, and he had yet much to live for —much to make life happy, and he therefore stooped to ask pardon of one whom not even his panegyrists could praise as inclined to pity the unfortunate, or forgive those who had offended him. He addressed the King in the most pathetic language. He laid all the blame on the evil advisers he had unfortunately met with—" But, Sir," he continued, " I will not trouble your Majesty with many things I could say for myself, that I am sure would move your compassion, the chief end of this letter being only to beg of you that I may have that happiness to speak to your Majesty; for I have that to say to you, sir, that I hope may give you a long and happy reign. I am sure, sir, when you hear me you will be convinced of the zeal I have for your preservation, and how heartily I repent of what I have done. Therefore, sir, I shall make an end by begging your Majesty to believe so well of me, that I would rather die a

thousand deaths than excuse anything I have done; if I really did not think myself the most in the wrong that ever man was, and had not from the bottom of my heart an abhorrence of those who put me upon it, and for the action itself. I hope God Almighty will strike your heart with mercy and compassion for me, as He has done mine with abhorrence of what I have done."

xxxi. On the following day he also addressed a supplicatory letter to the Queen Dowager, Catherine of Braganza, by whom he had always been befriended:—

"Madam,

"Being in this unfortunate condition, and having none left but your Majesty that I think may have some compassion, and that for the last King's sake, makes me take this boldness to beg you to intercede for me. I would not desire your Majesty to do it, if I were not from the bottom of my heart convinced how I have been deceived into it, and how angry God Almighty is with me for it. But I hope, Madam, your intercession will give me life to repent of it, and to show the King how really and truly I will serve him

hereafter. And I hope, madam, your Majesty will be convinced that the life you save shall ever be devoted to your service: for I have been, and ever shall be,

"Your Majesty's most dutiful and obedient Servant,

"MONMOUTH."

xxxii. From Ringwood Monmouth was conducted by Lord Lumley, and a body of militia, to Winchester, and from thence by way of Farnham Castle and Guildford, to Vauxhall, where he arrived on the 13th of July. From Vauxhall he proceeded by water, under the escort of Lord Dartmouth's regiment, to Whitehall, and remained there during the day. In the evening he was removed to the Tower, accompanied in the same coach by Colonel William Legge, who had orders to stab him to the heart if the populace attempted a rescue. It was immediately intimated to him that as a prisoner captured in open war against his king he would only be allowed two days to prepare for his end.

xxxiii. But Monmouth had not yet abandoned all hope. In love with life, he dis-

played in his last days a meanness of which he had hitherto been considered incapable. When he had embarked on his perilous enterprise he must have known that one of two prospects awaited him; victory and a crown—defeat and the scaffold. And yet for the latter dread alternative he showed himself utterly unprepared. He earnestly besought the king to grant him an interview, though from the relentless cruelty of James's nature and the magnitude of his own offences, he should have felt that it could only end in his further humiliation. Nor was the conduct of the king less unworthy. That he was justified in exacting the penalties of high treason from so notorious an offender, who had usurped his regal title and charged him with the basest and blackest crimes, cannot be doubted; but it was cruel and unjust to excite his hopes by admitting him to his presence at a time when he had already determined upon showing him no mercy. He should have remembered that Monmouth was his brother's son, and the godfather of one of his own children; that in happier years they had met in social intercourse, and joined in the same scenes of mirth and revelry; he might have reflected on the

indecency of openly triumphing over a fallen foe. But James was eager to cheat him into a full confession, and to exult in his victim's agonies; on the one hand to satisfy his suspicious temper, on the other to indulge his unrelenting disposition.

xxxiv. The interview took place at Whitehall, — the scene of Monmouth's former triumphs, and where he had passed the happiest days of his life. In its glittering saloons he had figured as "the observed of all observers;" had been caressed by the imperious Castlemaine, the lovely Frances Stewart, and the fascinating Louise de Quérouaille; had exchanged repartees with Rochester, and intrigued with Shaftesbury. He passed now into the presence of James and his Queen, a prisoner, his arms tied behind him with a silken rope. What a rush of burning memories must have perturbed his brain, as he gazed upon the scenes so familiar to his eyes in the days of his prosperity and splendour! How bitter the contrasts of his earlier and his later life! The palace, and the boudoir of beauty, and the council chamber; the rapid flight, the dry ditch, the scanty meal of parched peas, the prison, and—the future

scaffold! Do you think in this hour of agony that he did not curse the weakness of his ambition, and the credulous vanity which had made him the tool of reckless conspirators?

XXXIV. Flinging himself upon his knees at the king's feet, he passionately implored him for mercy. He acknowledged, weeping, that he deserved to die, but added that if his life were spared it should henceforward be consecrated to his service. He admitted that King Charles had confessed to him that he was never married to his mother. He expressed his willingness to change his religion, reminding the King that in his youth he had actually been bred in the faith of the Church of Rome. "Remember, sir," he exclaimed, "I am your brother's son, and if you take away my life you shed your own blood." Upon the ears of any other man than James this last pathetic appeal could hardly have fallen without effect. Monmouth was now so low that he had ceased to be an object of fear. His life might have been spared without imperilling the safety of the crown. But the tyrant was inexorable. Finding the Duke had no important disclosures to make, or that he shrank

from the baseness of implicating others in his ruin, he stood unmoved before his kneeling victim. According to Bishop Kennet, even Mary of Modena heaped upon him the most arrogant and unmerciful insults. Alas, how different the fallen suppliant—bathed in tears, and clinging to a tyrant's knees—from that gay and splendid prince whom Dryden, but four short years before, had addressed in glowing verse. Did the resonant music of those vigorous lines recur to him in the moment of his deep humiliation?

> "Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
> Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky,
> Thy longing country's darling and desire,
> Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire;
> Their second Moses, whose extended wand
> Divides the seas, and shows the promis'd land;
> Whose dawning day in every distant age
> Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage:
> The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
> The young men's vision, and the old men's dream.
> Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
> Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree!"

At last, after a painful interview, when he perceived that nothing could be gained by further submissions, Monmouth rose from his knees, and retired with becoming dignity from the royal presence.

XXXV. It was after this scene that James despatched a letter to his son-in-law, the Prince of Orange, which vividly illustrates the harshness of his character. He could write thus coldly of an interview on which a nephew's life depended:

"Whitehall, July 14th, 1685.

"The Duke of Monmouth is brought up hither with Lord Gray and the Brandenburgher. The two first desired earnestly to speak with me, as having things of importance to say to me, which they did, but did not answer my expectation in what they said to me; the Duke of Monmouth seemed more concerned and desirous to live, and did behave himself not quite so well as I expected, nor so as one ought to have expected, from one who had taken upon him to be king. I have signed the warrant for his execution to-morrow. For Lord Gray, he appeared more resolute and ingenious, and never so much as once asked for his life." In his next communication to William, he says: "He was very solicitous to have gained more time, and did many things towards it, not very decent for one who had taken on him the title of king."

XXXVI. One day only was allowed the Duke

to prepare for death. Still nourishing hope, he wasted the time in fruitless supplications for mercy, as if he, who in the late rebellion had not spared even women and children, would extend his clemency to its leader, to his long detested rival, and dangerous competitor for the crown! He implored Lord Dartmouth to intercede for him. "I know, my lord," he said, "that you loved my father: for his sake, for God's sake, try if there be room for mercy." When he was told that such an intercession would be hopeless, he once more addressed himself to the king:

"Sir,

"I have received your Majesty's order this day that I am to die to-morrow. I was in hopes, sir, by what your Majesty said to me yesterday, of taking care of my soul, that I should have had some little more time; for truly, sir, this is very short. I do beg of your Majesty, if it be possible to let me have one day more, that I may go out of the world as a christian ought.

"I had desired several times to speak to my Lord Arundel of Wardour, which I do desire still. I hope your Majesty will grant it me; and I do beg of your Majesty to let

me know by him if there is nothing in this world that can recal your sentence, or at least reprieve me for some time. I was in hopes I should have lived to have served you, which I think I could have done to a great degree, but your Majesty does not think fit. Therefore, sir, I shall end my days with being satisfied that I had all the good intentions imaginable for it, and should have done it, being that I am

"Your Majesty's most dutiful,

"MONMOUTH."

"I hope your Majesty will give Dr. Tenison leave to come to me, or any other that your Majesty will be pleased to grant me."

xxxvii. Mr. Jesse has pointed out that Monmouth's feverish eagerness to obtain an additional day's delay in the execution of his sentence, probably proceeded from superstitious motives, as much as from a clinging to life. He is said to have given singular credence to a fortune-teller's prediction that if he outlived St. Swithin's day, he would become a great man. And, by a strange coincidence, it was upon St. Swithin's day that he was fated to die. "Nor was this the

only evidence we possess of Monmouth's superstition. On the occasion of his capture, a manuscript was found on his person, consisting of 'spells, charms, and conjurations,' written in his own hand. Archbishop Tenison also mentions that after Monmouth's death, there was discovered, underneath the stone of his ring, a charm, which he had obtained from a German mountebank, professing to be a preservative in the day of battle, or against imminent danger."

xxxviii. The evening before the fatal day of doom, his Duchess, whom he had cruelly neglected, expressed an earnest desire to be permitted to take her farewell of him. Monmouth consented, though not without some reluctance. Accordingly to Evelyn, he received her coldly, and chiefly addressed himself to Henry, Earl of Clarendon, who had accompanied her. On the following morning, however, he admitted her to a second interview, and showed himself sensible of her deep and unchanging affection. The particulars have been preserved by a writer,* who was present at the mournful scene :—"The Duke's behaviour," he says, "all the time was brave

* Quoted in Scott's Dryden.

and unmoved; and even during the last conversation and farewell with his lady and children, which was the movingest thing in the world, and which no bystander could see without melting into tears, he did not show the least concernedness. He declared before all the company how averse the Duchess had been to all his irregular courses, and that she had never been uneasy to him on any occasion whatever but about women, and his failing of duty to the late king. And that she knew nothing of his last design, not having heard from himself a year before, which was his own fault, and no unkindness in her, because she knew not how to direct her letters to him. In that he gave her the kindest character that could be, and begged her pardon of his many failings and offences to her, and prayed her to continue her kindness and care to her poor children. At this expression she fell down on her knees, with her eyes full of tears, and begged him to pardon her if ever she had done anything to offend and displease him, and embracing his knees, fell into a swoon, out of which they had much ado to raise her up, in a good while after. A little before, his children were brought to him,

all crying about him, but he acquitted himself of these last adieus with much composure, showing nothing of weakness or unmanliness."

xxxix. To assist the unfortunate duke in his devotions, Dr. Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, Turner, Bishop of Ely, Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and Dr. Hooper, were permitted to attend him. Some Catholic divines had been sent to him from court; "but," says Macaulay, "they soon discovered that, though he would gladly have purchased his life by renouncing the religion of which he had professed himself in an especial manner the defender, yet, if he was to die, he would as soon die without their absolution as with it." Bishops Ken and Turner discharged their painful duty with all tenderness, and yet with conscientious faithfulness, sitting up with him during the night of the 15th of July, and endeavouring to prepare him for eternity. They found him confident of eternal happiness, but only disposed to an imperfect repentance, as he absolutely denied the wickedness of his rebellion or the sin of his adulterous connection with Lady Henrietta Wentworth. Burnet gives

a graphic account of his conversation with the two prelates.* "They continued still to press on him," he says, "a deep sense of the sin of rebellion; at which he grew so uneasy that he desired them to speak to him of other matters. They next charged him with the sin of living with the Lady Wentworth as he had done. In that he justified himself: he had married his duchess too young to give a true consent. He said that lady was a pious, worthy woman, and that he had never lived so well in all respects as since his engagements with her. All the pains they took to convince him of the unlawfulness of that course of life had no effect. They did certainly very well in discharging their consciences, and speaking so plainly to him, but they did very ill to talk so much of this matter and to make it so public as they did; for divines ought not to repeat what they say to dying penitents, no more than what the penitents say to them. By this means the Duke of Monmouth had little satisfaction in them, and they had as little in him. He was much better pleased with Dr. Tenison, who did very plainly speak to him with relation to his

* Burnet's History of His Own Time.

public actings and to his course of life; but he did it in a softer, and less peremptory manner. And having said all that he thought proper, he left those points in which he saw he could not convince him, to his own conscience, and turned to other things fit to be laid before a dying man."

xl. A somewhat different account is given by Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, who, it is reasonable to suppose, obtained his information from one of the officiating prelates. "They got him," he says,* "to own that he and Lady Henrietta Wentworth had lived in all points like man and wife, but they could not get him to confess it was adultery. He acknowledged that he and his duchess were married by the law of the land, and therefore his children might inherit if the king pleased. But he did not consider what he did when he married her. He confessed that he had lived many years in all sorts of debauchery, but said he had repented of it, asked pardon, and doubted not that God had forgiven him." He spoke to them the next morning in a similar strain. He said he had prayed that if he was in error

* Aubrey's Letters of Eminent Men.

in that matter, God would convince him of it; but God had not convinced him, and therefore he believed it was no error. The prelates thereupon refused to administer the Sacrament to him. He simply replied that he was sorry for it. And he was equally determined in his refusal to admit the sinfulness of his late rebellion.

xli. On the morning of his execution he was visited by Dr. Tenison, who had also bequeathed to posterity a record of their interview: "I was sent for," he says, "to the Duke of Monmouth in the Tower, on the day of his execution; the duke knowing me better than the two prelates, Bishop Ken and Bishop Turner. He took me aside to the window and held a long conversation with me, too much upon his own follies. When, among other things, I mentioned a report of his Grace's preaching in the army, 'No,' said the duke, 'I never preached; nobody preaches but Ferguson, and he very foolishly many times. That man,' says he, 'is a bloody villain.' When I minded him of being better reconciled to his duchess, he owned his heart had been turned from her, and he pretended the cause of it to be, that in his affliction she

had gone to plays, and into public companies, 'by which,' said he, 'I knew she did not love me.' When I charged him with his conversation with Mrs. Wentworth, he freely owned it, and said he had no children by her; but he had heard it was lawful to have one wife in the eye of the law, and another before God.' I then took a Bible and laboured to convince him of the falsehood and the ill-consequences of such a principle. 'Well,' says he, 'but if a man be bred up in a false notion, what shall he do when he has but two hours to live?' The duke pulled out a gold watch, and pressed me to carry it in his name to Mrs. Wentworth, which I positively refused, and said I could not be concerned in any such message or token to her. The duke did not seem at all profane or atheistical, but had rather a cast of enthusiasm in him."

xlii. About ten o'clock in the morning Monmouth, still accompanied by the two prelates, in accordance with his earnest entreaty, was conducted in the coach of the Lieutenant of the Tower to Tower Hill. The road on each side was lined with soldiers, and the carriage attended by a strong escort, who, had any rescue been undertaken,

were directed to shoot him. He ascended the scaffold with perfect composure, though the populace were affected to tears, and with sighs and moans expressed their concern for their once brilliant favorite. Turning towards them, he spoke a few words of farewell. "I shall say little," he begun, "I come here not to speak, but to die. I die a Protestant of the Church of England." Here the bishops interrupted him, declaring that as he would not confess the sinfulness of resistance against his king, he was not a member of the Anglican Church. He continued: "I have had a scandal raised upon me about a woman, a lady of virtue and honor; I will name her—the Lady Henrietta Wentworth. I declare she is a very virtuous and godly woman; I have committed no sin with her, and that which hath passed betwixt us was very honest and innocent in the sight of God. I can bless God that He has given me so much grace, that for these two years last past I have led a life unlike to my former course, and have been happy."

The Bishops—"In your opinion perhaps, sir, as you have been often told; but this is not fit discourse in this place."

MR. SHERIFF GOSLIN—"Sir, were you ever married to her?"

MONMOUTH—"This is not a time to answer that question."

The prelates now commenced praying for him, and the Duke knelt down and joined them. Before they again rose from their knees, he was once more exhorted to a true and full repentance.

After they were risen up he was entreated to pray for the King; and was asked whether he did not desire to send some dutiful message to his Majesty, and to recommend his wife and children to his Majesty's favour.

MONMOUTH—"What harm have they done? Do it if you please; I pray for him and for all men."

THE BISHOPS—(Repeating the versicles)—"O Lord, show Thy mercy upon us."

MONMOUTH—"And grant us Thy salvation."

THE BISHOPS—"O Lord, save the King."

MONMOUTH—"And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee."

THE BISHOPS—"Sir, do you not pray for the King with us?—O Lord, save the King!"

Monmouth, after a pause—"Amen!"

Then he spake to the executioner concerning his undressing, and that he would have no cap. And at the beginning of his undressing it was said to him in this manner:—

The Bishops—"My Lord, you have been bred a soldier; you would do a generous Christian thing, if you please to go to the rail, and speak to the soldiers, and say, that hear you stand a sad example of rebellion, and entreat them to be loyal and obedient to the King."

Monmouth—"I have said I will make no speeches. I will make no speeches. I come to die."

The Bishops—"My Lord, ten words would be enough."

Then calling his servant, and giving him something like a tooth-pick case, "here (said he), give this to the person [the Lady Henrietta] to whom you are to deliver the other things."

Monmouth (to the executioner)—"Here are six guineas for you: pray do your business well. Do not serve me as you did my Lord Russell; I have heard you struck him three or four times."

"Here,"—to his servant—"take these remaining guineas, and give them to him if he does his work well."

Executioner—"I hope I shall."

Monmouth—"If you strike me twice, I cannot promise you not to stir."

During his undressing and standing towards the block, there were used by those who assisted him divers ejaculations proper at that time, and much of the 51st Psalm was repeated, and particularly, "Deliver me from blood-guiltiness, O God! thou God," &c.

Then he lay down, and soon after he raised himself upon his elbow, and said to the executioner, "Prithee, let me feel the axe." He felt the edge, and said, "I fear it is not sharp enough."

Executioner—"It is sharp enough, and heavy enough."

Then he lay down.

During this space many pious ejaculations were used, by those who assisted him, with great fervency. *Ex. gr.* "God accept your repentance, God accept your repentance, God accept your imperfect repentance; my Lord, God accept your general repentance; God Almighty show his Omnipotent mercy upon

you; Father, into Thy hands we commend his spirit. Lord Jesus, receive his soul."

Then the executioner proceeded to do his office.

Of the miserable tragedy which followed an eye-witness has preserved a pathetic narrative:

"The Duke would have no cap to his head, nor have anie thing on his face; and yett for all this the botcherly dog, the executioner, did so barbarously act his pairt, that he could not, at fyve stroaks of the ax, sever the head from the body. At the first, which made only a slender dash in his neck, his body heaved up, and his head turned about, the second stroak he made only a deeper dash, after which the body moved; the third, not being the work, he threw away the ax, and said, 'God damn me, I can doe no more, my heart fails me.' The byestanders had much adoe to forbear throwing him over the scaffold; but made him take the ax again, threatening to kill him if he did not doe his duty better, which two stroaks more not being able to finish the work, he was fain at last to draw forth his long knife, and with it to cutt of

the remaining pairt of his neck." The executioner's name was John Ketch, whence the term of opprobrium popular even at the present day.

xliii. "Thus perished," to quote the language of Hume, "in the thirty-sixth year of his age, a nobleman who, in less turbulent times, was well qualified to be an ornament of the court, even to be serviceable to his country. The favour of his prince, the caresses of faction, and the allurements of popularity, seduced him into enterprises which exceeded his capacity: the goodwill of the people still followed him; even after his execution, their fond credulity flattered them with hopes of seeing him once more at their head; they believed that the person executed was not Monmouth; but one who, having the fortune to resemble him nearly, was willing to give this proof of his extreme attachment, and to suffer death in his stead." As late as the reign of George III. Voltaire considered it necessary to prove the falsity of a report that the Duke of Monmouth was really the "Man in the Iron Mask."

xliv. The conduct of James, after the

execution of his rival, was unworthy of a Christian King. He caused a medal to be struck in commemoration of the deplorable event which most men would have willingly forgotten, and thus degraded an act of justice into a deed of butchery. The obverse of the medal presented the bust of Monmouth, without any inscription; on the reverse might be seen a young man falling into the sea from a lofty rock which he had vainly attempted to climb. On the summit of this rock three crowns were placed amidst thorns and brambles, and the legend *Superi risère*, July 6, 1685, was engraved beneath. His banner and insignia as Knight of the Garter were torn down from his state in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, and contemptuously flung into the castle ditch.

xlv. Monmouth left three children by his duchess—James, Earl of Dalkeith, who died in 1705, aged 21; Henry, Earl of Deloraine, deceased in 1739; and the Lady Anne, who died of grief in August, 1685, scarcely four weeks after her mournful interview with her father in the tower.

His Duchess married a second time in

May, 1688, when she became the wife of Lord Cornwallis, by whom she had a son and two daughters, who all died unmarried. Her admirable patience and decorous fortitude have been commemorated by the poet:—

> "For she had known adversity,
> Though born in such a high degree;
> In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
> Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb!"—SCOTT.

The Duchess died on the 6th of February, 1702, in her 81st year. The present Duke of Buccleuch is her lineal descendant.

CHAPTER III.

JAMES, DUKE OF YORK, AFTERWARDS JAMES THE SECOND.

[AUTHORITIES:—Clarke's Life of James II.; Fox's History of the Reign of James II.; Bishop Burnet's History of His Own Time; Oldmixon's Diary; Lingard's History of England; Macaulay's History of England; Reresby's Diary; Aubrey's Letters of Eminent Persons; The Stuart Papers; &c.; &c.]

CHAPTER III.

JAMES DUKE OF YORK, AFTERWARDS JAMES THE SECOND.

> "Qui prius angustâ gestabat fronte coronam
> Exiguâ nunc pulvereus requiescit in urnâ.
> Quid solium, quid et alta juvant? terit omnia lethum;
> Verum laus fidei ac morum haud peritura manebit.
> Tu quoque, summe Deus, regem quem regius hospes
> Infaustum excepit, tecum regnare jubebis.
> *Epitaph on James II., at St. Germains.*

i. James, the second surviving son of Charles the First and Henrietta Maria, was born at St. James's Palace, on the 15th of October, 1633. He was proclaimed at the hour of his birth Duke of York, though he did not receive the patent of the title until the 27th of January, 1643. He was christened on the 24th of October—nine days

after his birth—by the Archbishop of Canterbury; the ceremony being performed with the usual magnificence, and followed in the evening by a splendid banquet.

ii. His childhood was spent at St. James's, in company with his youthful brother and ter, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and the Princess Elizabeth, until the year 1641, when, at the outbreak of the civil war, the king desired to send him to remove him to York. The parliament thought fit to interdict his removal, but James was in the hands of a loyal nobleman, the Marquis of Hertford, who, having little regard for the predominant faction in the commons, conveyed him with all speed to his father's court. On his arrival there, though he was only in his eighth year, king Charles, who was as indulgent as a parent as he was uxorious as a husband, conferred upon him the order of the Garter.

iii. From York, the young Duke was removed to Hull, and entrusted to the guardianship of Sir John Hotham. When that treacherous partisan revealed his defection rom the royal cause, by refusing to admit King Charles and his retinue when they presented themselves before the gates, the

Duke of York was still a resident in the town, but for some unexplained reason the parliament did not detain him, but suffered him to rejoin his father, who placed him in secure hands, and watched over his various movements until the surrender of Oxford in 1646.* The royal youth then fell into the hands of the Roundheads, and was immediately placed in charge of Sir George Ratcliffe, until the intentions of the parliament could be ascertained. Fairfax and his officers shortly afterwards paid him a ceremonious visit, when, as James at a later period recorded, Fairfax was the only officer present who forebore to kiss his hand, and Cromwell the only officer who courteously bent his knee.

iv. In July, 1646, the Duke was removed to St. James's Palace, where, with the Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth, he was placed under the ward of Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland. That nobleman, throughout the period of his guardianship, behaved to the royal children with the most delicate consideration. The Duke was

* The young Duke was present at the siege of Bristol, and was also a spectator of the battle of Edgehill. On this last occasion both Prince Charles and himself narrowly escaped the enemy's fire.

allowed on several occasions to visit the captive king, both at Maidenhead and Hampton Court; and Charles would sometimes ride over to Sion House, to see his children, and enjoy their company. He availed himself of these opportunities to inculcate upon their youthful minds the principles of religious duty, and especially to teach them a proper reverence for the established Church of England.

v. Both Charles and Henrietta Maria were anxious that the Duke should effect his escape as soon as possible. He made two attempts, which were unsuccessful, and having been discovered, led to his examination before a committee of the parliament, and a threat of incarceration in the Tower. The third effort was crowned with success, in no slight measure through the courage and presence of mind of the youthful prisoner. His only confidants were a Mr. George Howard and a Colonel Bamfield; and the manner in which it was effected, on the night of the 20th of April, 1648, has thus been described by James himself.*

* We have already given this narrative in the preceding chapter, but to save the reader the trouble of frequent reference, we repeat it here *in extenso*.

vi. "All things being in readiness . . the Duke went to supper at his usual hour, which was about seven, in the company of his brother and sister, and, when supper was ended, they went to play at hide and seek, with the rest of the young people in the house. At this childish sport the Duke had accustomed himself to play for a fortnight together every night, and had used to hide himself in places so difficult to find, that most commonly they were half-an-hour in searching for him; at the end of which time he came usually out to them of his own accord. This blind he laid for his design, that they might be accustomed to miss him, before he really intended his escape; by which means, when he came to practice it in earnest, he was secure of gaining that half-an-hour before they could reasonably suspect he was gone.

"His intention had all the effect he could desire; for that night, so soon as they began their play, he pretended, according to his custom, to hide himself. But instead of so doing, he went first into his sister's chamber, and there locked up a little dog that used to follow him, that he might not be discovered by him; then, slipping down by a pair of

back stairs, which led into the inmost garden, having found means beforehand to furnish himself with a key of a back-door from the said garden into the park, he there found Bamfield, who was ready to receive him, and waited there with a footman who brought a cloak, which he threw over him, and put on a periwig. From thence they went through the Spring Garden, whence one Mr. Tripp was ready with a hackney coach, which carried them as far as Salisbury House. There the Duke went out of the coach with Bamfield, as if he had intended some visit in that house, and Tripp went forward with the coach, having received directions to drive into the city, and keep the coach as long as he could conveniently at that end of the town. But when they were gone the Duke and Bamfield went down Ivy-lane, where they took boat, and landed again on the same side of the river, close by the bridge. From thence they went into the house of one Loe, a surgeon, where they found Mrs Murray, who had woman's clothes in readiness to disguise the Duke. Being immediately dressed in them, he departed thence, attended by Bamfield and his footman to Lion-key, where there waited a

barge of four oars, into which they entered, and so went down the river, the tide serving for the passage.

"They were no sooner in the barge but the master began to suspect somewhat: for when Bamfield bespoke his attendance there with his barge, he had only told him he was to bring a friend; but now, finding a young woman brought without other company, it made him jealous there was something more in the business than he had first imagined; the consideration of which did so much affright him, that his whole discourse in going down was employed in telling them it was impossible to pass by the Block-house at Gravesend, without discovery, and that they had no other way to get on board the ship, without waiting for them in the Hope, than to land at Gravesend, and there to procure a pair of oars to carry them on ship-board. And when Bamfield debated the matter with him, showing the difficulty and hazard of procuring a boat which should convey them to their ship, he raised new objections of his own danger, from the shining of the moon and other inconveniences. But while they two were thus reasoning the matter, the master of the barge

became fully satisfied concerning those suspicions which he had, that this woman was some disguised person of considerable quality; for peeping through a cranny of the door into the barge-room, where there was a candle burning before the Duke, he perceived his Royal Highness laying his leg upon the table, and plucking up his stocking, in so unwomanship a manner, that he concluded his former surmises of him were undoubted truths, as he afterwards acknowledged to them."*

vii. The Duke and his companion now made a virtue of necessity, and confided the secret to the suspicious bargeman. The confidence they reposed, and the bribe they offered, secured his fidelity; and he exerted himself to favour their escape. All the lights on board were extinguished, and to prevent any noise being heard, the oars were not made use of, but the barge allowed to float down with the tide. Thus the Dutch vessel engaged by Bamfield was reached in safety, and in due time the fugitives were landed at Middleburgh, in Holland.

viii. James's escape caused considerable excitement, and the proceedings of the Par-

* Rev. J. S. Clarke's Life of James ii.

liament in consequence are thus reported by Rushworth: —"April 22, 1647. A message came from the Lords to the Commons, desiring a conference in the Painted Chamber, concerning the escape of the Duke of York last night from St. James's. At this conference report was made that the Duke, with his brother the Duke of Gloucester, and his sister the Lady Elizabeth, being sporting by themselves after supper, the duke privately slipt from 'em down the back stairs, without either cloak or coat, and having the key of the garden door, passed through the park, and so away." Immediate notice was given to the General, Sir Thomas Fairfax, and orders were issued that all the passages round London should be searched for him, especially the roads towards Wales and the North, imagining he had taken that way or towards Scotland. The different seaports were also guarded, but James had already made his escape from Gravesend.

ix. The Duke passed a night at Middleburgh, and then removed to Dort, still retaining his woman's attire, until the return of the messenger he had despatched to his sister, the Princess of Orange, enabled him to re-

sume his proper garb. He was next conveyed in a yacht to Maesland, where the Princess and her husband received him with affectionate consideration, and Lord Byron, recently elevated to the peerage by King Charles, in acknowledgment of his faithful services to the royal cause, was appointed his governor. Early in 1648 he proceeded to join his mother, the queen Henrietta Maria, at Paris, but halted at Cambray on receiving information of the troubles which had broken out in the capital, and the flight of the royal family from St. Germains. He then repaired to the Benedictine monastery of St. Amand, where he was comfortably entertained until the settlement of the civil commotions at Paris enabled him to join his mother.

x. The Duke accompanied his brother Charles to Jersey in Sept. 1649, with a retinue of three hundred persons, though the two, on quitting Paris, had but three hundred pistoles to defray their travelling expenses. He remained there about four months, when he received orders from the Queen to return to France. As the Parliament were making ready a naval expedition to wrest the Channel Islands from the hands of the royalists,

James so far complied with Henrietta Maria's summons as to quit Jersey, but having estranged himself from his mother, who had behaved with great severity, and whose reputed *liaison* with Jermyn, Viscount St. Albans, had lowered her authority over her children, he proceeded to Brussels instead of Paris, on a visit to his sister. The Princess of Orange, however, refused to see him until he had become reconciled with the Queen. The wanderer, therefore, continued his journey as far as Rhenen, a residence of his aunt Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, where he resided until early in 1650. He was at length invited to visit the Prince and Princess of Orange at the Hague. His arrival there was almost contemporary with that of the Ambassadors of the Commonwealth, and as it was the intention of the States to receive them with the ceremonials proper to their dignity, James withdrew to Breda, that he might not seem to countenance the honours paid to the representatives of his father's murderers. As soon as the reception was ended, he again repaired to the Hague, and remained there until the month of June, when a letter from his brother Charles enjoined

upon him to proceed to Paris, and to ask the Queen-Mother's forgiveness.

xi. The Duke commenced his military career in 1652, at the age of 20, when he succeeded, after many solicitations, in obtaining his mother's consent to his serving in the French army under the illustrious Turenne against the Spanish forces in the Low Countries. "The principal difficulty he had to encounter," says Mr. Jesse, "was in raising a sum of money sufficient to furnish him with an outfit; which, however, was at length obviated by one Gautier, a Gascon, advancing him three hundred pistoles. His brother Charles added a set of Polish coach horses, with which he departed in high spirits to his first campaign. His companions were Sir George Berkeley and a Colonel Worden, who together with three or four servants composed his retinue."

xii. He served under the command of Turenne until 1655, when the treaty concluded between Louis XIV. and Cromwell, compelled his expulsion from the territories, and his dismissal from the army of France. During these three years of warfare he distinguished himself by his devotion to his

duties, his conspicuous military capacity, and the true Stuart intrepidity. The Prince de Condé, whose praise even the son of a king could not disdain to refuse, said of him, that if ever there was a man without fear, it was the Duke of York; and Marshal Turenne was never weary of panegyrising his ardent valour and devoted zeal. But our limits will not permit us to recapitulate the incidents of the campaigns in which he shared, nor, indeed, were they of such a nature, as to excite the interest of the English reader. Marches, and counter-marches, ambuscades and skirmishes, manœuvres which displayed the tactical skill of the commanders, but led to no decisive results, sieges conducted in accordance with set rules and prescribed forms; into these dry bones it is now impossible to put life. No Napoleon had yet arisen to revolutionize the art of warfare, and the movements of even a Condé or a Turenne were almost as mechanical as those of well-disciplined automata.

xiii. On quitting the French service the Duke offered his sword to the King of Spain, and like a soldier of fortune, fought without compunction against his former companions.

His skill and gallantry in the protracted defence of Dunkirk against the French won him especial encomiums, though it could not prevail against the steadfast intrepidity of the six thousand troopers furnished by Cromwell to his new ally. While employed in the army of Spain he received £200 monthly to defray the expenses of his table, and was allowed a guard of honour of fifty well-equipped cavaliers.

xiv. In 1660 the Duke of York, as heir presumptive to the Crown, accompanied Charles II. on his return to England, and assumed at once that place at Court to which his birth and rank entitled him. He was appointed Lord High Admiral, and a yearly allowance made him adequate to the support of his dignity. Soon afterwards he startled the court and country by his marriage with Anne Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, the ablest and the most honest of the statesmen of the Commonwealth.

xv. Anne Hyde was born in 1638. She accompanied her father abroad during the exile of the royal family, and was appointed maid of honour to the Princess of Orange, eldest sister of Charles II. The Duke of

York first saw her in attendance on his sister at the court of Henrietta Maria, and seems to have fallen in love with her at first-sight. He found her less compliant than most court ladies, and could not obtain possession of her person until he had signed a contract of marriage at Breda, on the 24th of November, 1659. The contract satisfied her scruples, but was really of no validity, if either the king refused his assent, or the Duke thought proper to behave dishonestly. As there seemed at that period but little hope of the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne of England, an alliance between a soldier of fortune and a maid of honour was not so unequal an one, but when Charles the Second replaced on his brow the crown of his ancestors, a marriage between the heir presumptive and the daughter of his brother's minister appeared impracticable. Anne Hyde, who was now on the eve of becoming a mother, felt keenly the misery of her position, and dreaded the indignation of her honourable and illustrious sire. She had also reason to apprehend that James, who was a libertine less from passion than calculation, had already experienced that satiety which in coarse minds springs

from possession. She knew, too, that he was surrounded by an *entourage* of unscrupulous advisers, who would not fail to paint in vivid colours the disastrous effect which such a marriage might have upon his interests. To increase her anxieties, a foul intrigue was concerted against her fair fame,* which, save in the instance of the Duke of York, had never been sullied or besmeared. The chief conspirator against a woman's character was Sir Charles Berkeley, who prevailed upon his friends, Jermyn, Talbot and Arran, to inform the Duke that they had been the favoured lovers of his mistress, while Berkeley himself impudently asserted that he also had been admitted to her bed. James was too sagacious, however, to be duped by so palpable a plot, and though he forgave its concoctors, he thenceforth endeavoured, with all zeal and honesty of purpose, to fulfil his contract with Anne Hyde, and place a Duchess's crown upon her head.

xvi. It now devolved upon James to acquaint his brother with the imprudent engagement he had formed at Breda. Flinging himself at the king's feet, he besought him

* Pepys' Diary.

with tears in his eyes to sanction his fulfilment of his solemn promise. Were he not allowed to redeem his honour, he must immediately say farewell to England, and spend the remainder of his days abroad. Charles, after some hesitation, gave his assent, though not without much opposition from the Queen Dowager, who declared that she would quit Whitehall by one door when "that woman" entered it by another; and from the Princess of Orange, who cared not to see her former attendant elevated to a position of higher dignity than her own. Nor was the Earl of Clarendon less resolute in his opposition to the marriage, which, he said, would elevate him to a rank above that to which he was entitled, and from which his downfall would be the greater. When acquainted by the Marquis of Ormond with the fact of his daughter's contract to the Duke, and her pregnancy by him, he broke into an immoderate passion of mingled rage and sorrow; declared that he would turn the strumpet out of his house, and leave her to shift for herself; and advised the king "to send the woman to the Tower, and get an act passed for cutting off her head, which he would be the first to propose." It is diffi-

cult to believe, however, that the ambitious minister could be insensible to the honour of becoming father-in-law to a royal duke, and, perhaps, grandfather of a future king or queen.

xvii. The influence of the peace-loving Charles at length removed every difficulty, and bore down all opposition. The marriage was celebrated at Worcester House, in the Strand, Lord Clarendon's residence, on the night of the 3rd of September, 1660, and was soon afterwards publicly owned. A suitable household was immediately appointed, and St. James's fitted up for her residence. A wit and a beauty, she gathered around her a bright and brilliant circle, and it was noticed that her court exceeded in its splendid exclusiveness that of the Queen Dowager herself. It speedily appeared that in raising her to her lofty position James had raised a woman well fitted to adorn it. "She had a majestic mien," says Grammont, "a pretty good shape, not much beauty, a great deal of wit, and so just a discernment of merit, that whoever of either sex were possessed of it, were sure to be distinguished by her; an air of grandeur in all her actions made her to be

considered as if born to support the rank which placed her so near the throne.

xviii. Though possessed of a wife endowed with such rare gifts of mind and person, James was notoriously unfaithful to her; but, as if by way of contrast, he solaced himself with mistresses so palpably devoid of beauty that Charles the Second professed to believe they were enforced upon him by his confessors as *penance*. Of these the most famous was Arabella Churchill, the sister of the great Duke of Marlborough, and Catherine Sedley, Countess of Dorchester. The former, at the age of eighteen, became a maid of honour in the Duchess's household (A.D. 1665), and though De Grammont describes her as "nothing but skin and bone," speedily enchanted the fancy of the fickle James, and became his acknowledged mistress. She bore him two sons and a daughter; James Fitz-James, born in 1670, and illustrious in history as the Duke of Berwick; Henry Fitz-James, born in 1673, subsequently Grand Prior of France; and Henrietta, born in 1670-1, afterwards the wife of Lord Waldegrave.

Catherine Sedley, a woman of singular

mental powers, celebrated in Johnson's famous couplet,—

> "Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring,
> And Sedley cursed the charms which pleased a king,"

was the mother of several children by James, of whom only one survived her, Catherine Darnley, afterwards Duchess of Buckingham. She was well aware of her plainness of person. "I wonder," she said, "for what qualities James chooses his mistresses. We are none of us handsome, and if we have wit, he has not enough himself to find it out." Her wit often overleaped the bounds of discretion; it was rather surprising than pleasing, for she knew no restraint in what she said of or to anybody. She retained her influence over James until his accession to the throne, when the tears of Mary of Modena, and the threats of his confessors proved too powerful. Having been created Countess of Dorchester, and gratified with a pension of £4,000 per annum, she retired to France; but to the end of his life James continued to correspond with her. She lived to witness the accession of William III., Queen Anne, and George I., and died at Bath on the 26th of October, 1717.

xix. From an enumeration of the Duke's intrigues we turn with pleasure to record his share in the hostilities against the Dutch. Eager to increase his military reputation, and weary, perhaps, of the inactivity of a court life, he appears to have sedulously promoted the rupture with Holland, which took place in 1664. The nation at large was desirous of the war, for it viewed with anger the commercial monopoly which the Dutch had for many years enjoyed, notwithstanding the superior prowess of the English at sea; and James, passionately fond of naval affairs, prone to encourage commercial enterprise, ambitious of distinction, and instigated by religious rivalry, neglected nothing which could inflame the already excited temper of the people.

xx. War was openly declared against the States on the 22nd of February, 1665. The command of the fleet destined to operate against the Dutch, who had placed in the narrow seas an armada of imposing strength, was entrusted to the Duke of York, assisted by Prince Rupert and the Earl of Sandwich. It consisted of 110 men-of-war and frigates,

and 28 fire ships, carrying 4,537 guns, and 22,206 seamen and soldiers. The largest vessels were the Prince, 86 guns, carrying the flag of the Earl of Sandwich; the Royal Charles, 78 guns, hoisting the standard of the Duke of York; and the Royal James, 78 guns, bearing the flag of Prince Rupert. The Dutch fleet comprised but 103 men-of-war, 11 fire-ships, and 7 yachts, but these were superior in size and strength to the English vessels.

The two great navies came into collision off Lowestoft on the 3rd of June; the English, through skilful manœuvring,—for under the ostensible commanders served men of approved ability and great experience—the trained seamen of the Commonwealth—Sir William Penn, Sir John Lawson, Sir William Berkeley, Sir Christopher Myngs—obtained the weather-gage. The battle was desperately fought, and was, at first, maintained on both sides with equal advantage. About noon, however, the Earl of Sandwich, leading the Blue division, attacked the centre of the Dutch fleet with tremendous impetuosity, disordering their entire array. At one o'clock the flagships of the Hollanders' Admiral, the

gallant Opdam, blew up; all on board, except five seamen, perishing; and from the moment of this accident the overthrow of the Dutch fleet was assured. The struggle terminated when night came on; Tromp making all sail for the Dutch coast; their navy having endured the most terrible disaster ever known at sea. Fourteen ships had been sunk, eighteen captured, and several burnt or blown up. 2,500 men had been taken prisoners; and the loss in slain and wounded, computed by some authorities at 6,000 men, is estimated by others at 8,000.

XXI. The defeat of the Dutch, however complete, might have been converted into an annihilation, but for a strange occurrence which still remains an historical mystery. After the close of the action a council of war was held on board the Duke of York's flagship, when his personal adherents and sycophantic followers, caring less for their master's glory than for their own safety, advised him to content himself with the undoubted victory he had obtained, and to discontinue the pursuit of the enemy. But James, who was personally brave; who throughout the action had been in the hottest of the fire, and had

seen the gallant Falmouth, Boyle, and Muskerry killed at his side; disregarded the advice of his interested councillors, gave orders to press on all sail, and desired to be called as soon as they sighted the retreating Hollanders. He then retired to his cabin. As the night waned, however, Brouncker, the Duke's principal gentleman of the bedchamber and his favourite confidant, made his appearance on the quarter-deck, with directions to Sir William Penn, the English admiral, to slacken sail. Penn was naturally surprised at an order so contrary to the wishes the Duke had so recently expressed, but knowing the confidential position held by Brouncker, he unhesitatingly obeyed it. When the prince arose on the following morning, he went upon the quarter-deck, and seemed amazed to see the sails slackened, and that thereby all hope of overtaking the Dutch vessel was lost. "He questioned Penn upon it. Penn put it upon Brouncker, who said nothing. The Duke denied that he had given any such order; but he neither punished Brouncker for carrying it, nor Penn for obeying it. He indeed put Brouncker out of his service; and it was said that he durst do no more, because he was so

much in the King's favour, and the mistress's."

James's own account of the transaction is very different:—"That while he was asleep, Brouncker brought orders to Sir John Harman captain of the ship, to slacken sail; Sir John remonstrated, but obeyed. After some time, judging that his falling-back was likely to produce confusion, he hoisted the sail as before; so that the Prince, coming soon after on the quarter-deck, and finding all things as he left them, knew nothing of what had passed during his repose—nobody gave him the least intimation of it. It was long after, that he heard of it by a kind of accident; and he intended to have punished Brouncker by martial law; but just about that time the House of Commons took up the question, and impeached him, which made it impossible for the Duke to punish him otherwise than by dismissing him his service. Brouncker, before the house, never pretended that he had received any orders from the Duke."

xxii. It is, however, impossible to believe in the accuracy of the Duke's account. That James, for three years (Brouncker's dismissal did not take place until 1668) should have

been ignorant of an occurrence which was the theme of public scandal, and occasioned an infinity of lampoons, is incredible. It was bitterly alluded to by Sir John Denham, in the vigorous satire entitled, "Directions to a Painter"—

> "And first he orders all the rest to watch,
> And they the foe, while he a nap doth catch.
> Slept not, nor needed—he all day had winkt.
> The Duke in bed, he then first draws his steel,
> Whose virtue makes the misled compass wheel;
> So, e'er he waked, both fleets were innocent,
> But Brouncker Member is of Parliament."

The most probable explanation of the difficulty seems to be that the Duke, when he had retired to his cabin, allowed himself to be overcome by the importunities of his followers, and gave the order to slacken sail, of which, probably, his cooler judgment repented.

xxiii. The Duke of York was now withdrawn from the chief command, it being alleged that his royal person ought not to be exposed to such imminent peril. He did not fail, however, to devote his best energies, and his administrative abilities, which were considerable, to the organization of the royal navy on a permanent and substantial footing.

Otherwise, he mingled but little in public affairs for several years, except to exert his influence, without success, to prevent the disgrace and ruin of his father-in-law, the illustrious Clarendon.

xxiv. On the 31st of March, 1671, it was James's misfortune to be deprived of his admirable Duchess, who, had she lived, would have worthily graced a throne, and might by her wise councils, have prevented her husband from losing one. Some months before her decease she had embraced the Roman Catholic faith, though her conversion was not generally known. A rumour of it reached her father, the exiled Chancellor, and he addressed to her a letter of eloquent remonstrance; but "perverts" are not to be reclaimed in their first hot frenzy by paternal expostulations. They accept the anger of those who love them as a portion of their probation. Of her brothers, the Earl of Rochester, incredulous of her apostacy, bade her farewell in her hour of agony; but Lord Cornbury, easier of belief and more zealous in his Protestantism, refused to visit her.

xxv. In her dying moments she was attended by Dr. Blandford, Bishop of Worcester, who had previously been informed by the Duke of the change in her religious principles. The wise prelate regretted that she had lapsed from her early faith, but was liberal enough and tolerant enough to express his conviction that as she had acted from conscientious motives, her salvation was still possible; a latitudinarian heterodoxy of which most of his contemporaries, and not a few of his successors, were incapable. He afterwards repaired to her chamber, and made her a short Christian exhortation, suitable to her then condition. But on his entrance, observing Queen Catherine seated by her bedside, the modest and humble prelate had not the presence of mind enough to begin prayers, "which," says Burnet, "probably would have driven the queen out of the room; but that not being done, she pretended kindness, and would not leave her. He happened to say, 'I hope you continue still in the truth?' upon which she asked, '*what is truth?*' And then her agony increasing, she repeated the word, *truth*, *truth*, *truth*, often." A few minutes afterwards she expired, in the 34th

year of her age (March 31st, 1671). Her remains were interred in the vault of Mary Queen of Scots, in the chapel of Henry the VII., in Westminster Abbey.

xxvi. Anne Hyde was a very handsome personage, and a woman of fine wit: somewhat stout, but comely, and with a natural air of stateliness and dignity which well became her princely rank. She possessed the rare but valuable faculty of graciousness, and irresistibly attracted the respect and admiration of all who came within the sphere of her influence. Her mental powers were far above the average, and she had strengthened and sharpened them by her study. Like most persons of strong passions and sanguine dispositions, she hated an enemy as warmly as she loved a friend, and her frankness was such that she could as little conceal her antipathies as she could disguise her affections. The wits of the court, ill-inclined towards a daughter of Clarendon and a *parvenu* Duchess of York, could find little to say in depreciation of her, except a gross scandal which was fully confuted, and that she was "one of the greatest eaters in England;" a censure against which we may fairly balance

the acknowledgment of the caustic and censorious Burnet, that she was "a very extraordinary woman."

xxvii. The royal widower did not long lament the death of Anne Hyde. In the autumn of the following year he made proposals to the Duke of Modena for the hand of his daughter, Maria Beatrice Eleonora D'Este, then in her fourteenth year. The Duke gladly assented to an alliance which promised to make his daughter a Queen of England, and the marriage was solemnized by proxy at Modena, the proxy being Henry Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborough. Her dowry was two hundred thousand pounds, and a wealth of charms, both of mind and person, which it is doubtful whether her grave husband could fully appreciate.

xxviii. The royal couple first met at Dover, where the nuptials were celebrated on the same day, November 21, 1673.* They arrived at Whitehall on the 26th, having been received on the river by a grand procession of the King, his courtiers, and nobility. The youthful bride sprang into a sudden popularity

* The parliament remonstrated with great zeal against the Modenese alliance, but Charles told them that their remonstrance was too late, the marriage having been already celebrated by proxy.

in Charles's glittering court, and the poets lavished their smoothest verses in praise of her remarkable beauty.

> "Our future hopes all from thy womb arise,
> Our present joy and safety from your eyes;
> Those radiant eyes whose irresistless flame
> Strikes envy dumb, and keeps sedition tame."

Those radiant eyes, however, did not tame the prejudices of the people, excited by the prospect of a Roman Catholic Queen; nor did they "strike dumb" the complaints of the ladies of the court of her haughty and satirical temper.

xxix. For the next fifteen years James's career is inextricably mixed up with the history of England, which his bigoted attachment to the Church of Rome and his absolute theories of government so remarkably influenced. As the Stuart dynasty had begun with a James, so it ended with a James, who possessed not only a Stuart courage but the Stuart obstinacy, while he lacked those charms of manner which had rendered his brother popular, and attached to his father the undying loyalty of the most brilliant nobles of England. It is not our province here to relate

the events which culminated in James's deposition from the throne. These have recently been told by Lord Macaulay, with a power and a picturesqueness no meaner pen may hope to rival. But we may be permitted to note a few of the more interesting incidents of his personal history.

XXX. In the negociations with Louis XVI. which Charles and his ministers conducted, with the view of re-establishing the Roman Catholic religion in England, the Duke took an important part, his object being to secure his succession to his brother's throne, and to promote the prosperity of the Church, which had obtained so powerful a hold upon his affections. His unpopularity among his future subjects continued to increase, and it broke into a flame when fanned by the Popish Plot of Titus Oates and his fellow perjurers. The correspondence of his secretary, Coleman, with the Pope's enemies at Brussels, and other foreign papists, contained many extraordinary passages, which, when published by order of the parliament, not unreasonably increased the popular distrust. "We have here," wrote the imprudent enthusiast, "a mighty work

on our hands, no less than the conversion of three kingdoms, and by that perhaps the utter subduing of a pestulent heresy, which has a long time domineered over a great part of this northern world; there were never such hopes of success, since the days of Queen Mary, as now in our days. God has given us a prince [the Duke] who is become (may I say a miracle?) zealous of being the author and instrument of so glorious a work; but the opposition we are sure to meet with is also like to be great, so that it imports us to get all the aid and assistance we can." So high ran the torrent of popular indignation at James's supposed designs, that the king, as a measure of precaution, desired him to withdraw to the continent, and the Duke, having first required a special written order for that purpose to clear him from the imputation of taking flight through fear or a consciousness of guilt—and having obtained Charles's solemn declaration of the illegitimacy of the Duke of Monmouth, willingly retired to Brussels (A.D. 1678-9).

xxxi. The extreme Protestant party were not yet satisfied, and, baving determined to push matters to an extremity, introduced into

parliament a bill which provided for his total exclusion from the throne of England and Ireland. On the king's death, the crown was to devolve upon the person next in succession after the Duke; all acts of royalty which the Duke should afterwards perform, should not only be void, but be deemed treason; if he entered any of the English dominions he was declared guilty of the same crime; and all who advocated his claims should be punished as rebels and traitors. This most vigorous and extraordinary measure passed the House of Commons by a majority of seventy-nine, but was prevented further progress for a time by the dissolution of parliament (June, 1679). A new parliament assembled in October, but to the king's mortification, the prejudices and apprehensions of the people were in no wise diminished, and the obnoxious bill was again brought forward. It once more passed the House of Commons by a large majority, but in the peers the influence of the court succeeded in carrying its rejection (November 15).

xxxii. A rapid change which came over the spirit of the nation, exhausted by or ashamed of its extreme violence, enabled Charles II.,

in 1682, to recal his brother, whom he sincerely loved, to England, and soon afterwards to place in his hands the administration of the affairs of Scotland. The Duke having elected to proceed to his new government by sea, met with a disaster which had almost gratified the hopes of the bitterest advocates of the Exclusion Bill. His ship ran upon a sandbank, and speedily became a total wreck. He was, at the time, in bed, and, without putting on his clothes, forced his way through the cabin window, beneath which a little boat waited for him. He was accompanied only by the Earl of Warton and the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber, who, with drawn swords, prevented any of the crew or passengers from struggling with the skiff, and overloading her. About one hundred and thirty persons perished on this melancholy occasion, and the Duke's enemies pretended, that while so many persons of rank and quality lost their lives, his sole anxiety arose in reference to the danger of his priests and dogs. But on the other hand, it is certain that the sailors on board the Duke's ship, though conscious of the terrible fate which

awaited them, as soon as they perceived the Admiral in safety, broke into a loud shout of joy and satisfaction.

xxxiii. The Duke's administration of Scotland was marked by extreme rigour, though in his demeanour towards the nobility and gentry he showed a courtly manner, and evinced a strong desire to secure their attachment. The statement that he was fond of watching the tortures to which criminals in those days of barbarity were so often subjected, scrutinizing their agonies as an anatomist might pore over the sufferings of the living subject he was dissecting, proceeds from quarters which must be regarded with suspicion. It seems evident that there is but one well authenticated instance of his having been present at a scene so deplorable, and so unworthy of princely countenance.* But he was cognizant of the cruelties practised by his ministers, and made no effort to check them. His reserved and austere temper sympathized with measures of repression, and doubtless he justified them to himself as necessary to the security of the crown, and essential to the

* Woodrow, vol. ii.

prosperity of the Church. No man so easily deceives himself as the religious enthusiast, who can always satisfy his conscience by declaring that heaven approves of his actions, and that his cruelties or his follies are committed for "the glory of God." Bigotry is the cloak which conceals, even from the bigot's own eyes, a thousand sins, and the king will kneel before the altar, side by side with an abandoned courtesan, in the happy assurance that his zeal for the Church will balance satisfactorily against his passion for woman.

xxxiv. On the death of Charles, January 6, 1684, the Duke of York succeeded to the throne without opposition, and even with the satisfaction of the people. Against his rigid temper and religious fanaticism the nation seem disposed to set his inflexible fidelity to his word, and his known zeal for the glory and honour of England, and though many of the leading statesmen of the age apprehended a course of arbitrary government which might lead to serious disasters, the majority of the people looked approvingly upon their new monarch. For his part, he seemed resolved

to win and deserve popularity. Summoning his privy council, he addressed them in a forcible and lucid speech, promising to maintain the government, both in Church and State, as by law established, "its principles being so firm for monarchy, and its members showing themselves so good and loyal subjects."* Though he was suspected of having adopted arbitrary principles, he knew, he said, that the laws of England were sufficient to make him as great a monarch as he could wish, and he was determined never to exceed them. He had heretofore ventured his life in defence of the nation, and he was still prepared to go as far as any man in maintaining all its just rights and liberties.

XXXV. These declarations were received with the utmost satisfaction from the confidence that was generally reposed in James's sincerity. "We have now," it is said, "the word of a king, and a word never yet broken." Addresses of congratulation poured in from every considerable town, and an outburst of loyalty spread suddenly from the wilds of Scotland to the bare bleak hills of Cornwall.†

* Evelyn's Memoirs. † Eachard.

It is probable, too, that James, at this time, was really sincere in his professions—that he did not meditate the subversion of the established religion, but the removal of the penalties and restrictions which oppressed so heavily all classes of Nonconformists, the Quaker as well as Papist. Such was assuredly the belief of men, who, like William Penn, were admitted into his confidence, and to whom he solemnly declared that, though a Catholic himself, his only desire was to secure for all his subjects the right of freedom of opinion,—liberty of conscience.

xxxvi. The public, however, were stirred into alarm and apprehension when, on the following Sunday, the King openly attended mass in the Queen's Chapel, St. James's, surrounded by all the ensigns of his regal state, and the "pomp and circumstance" which the Romish Church so well knows how to display. It is said that when the Protestant Duke of Norfolk, who bore the Sword of State, reached the chapel door, he stopped short, and permitted the procession to pass on without him. "My lord," said the king, reproachfully, "your father would have gone further."

"Your majesty's father," retorted the Duke, "would not have gone so far." As his predilection for the Papal Church, and the arbitrary character of his government, became more fully developed, he met with other instances of resolute opposition. When the Pope's Nuncio paid a public visit to the king at Windsor, the Duke of Somerset, whose duty it was to attend the reception of the ambassadors, declined to be present. "It was," he said, "in opposition to the laws." "Are you not aware," exclaimed the monarch, "that I am above the law?" Your majesty," said the Duke, "may be above the law, but I am sure that I am not." Even from the ambassador of Spain his unwise and excessive zeal drew a pointed reproof. Ronquillo warned him that the meddling of the priests in court and state affairs might involve him in serious difficulties. "But is it not the custom," said James, "for the King of Spain to consult his confessors?" "Yes," replied the astute ambassador, "and it is for that very reason our affairs succeed so ill." Bishop Compton (of Oxford), who had commenced life as a cornet in the Horse Guards, remonstrating somewhat freely on the

dangerous policy adopted by the sovereign, James sarcastically remarked, "You talk more like a soldier than a bishop." "Your majesty," exclaimed the prelate, "does me an honour in reminding me that I formerly drew my sword in defence of the constitution: I shall assuredly do so again if I live to see the necessity!"

xxxvii. Next to intriguing with his priests, and commercing with his favorite mistress, the lively and witty Catherine Sedley, whom he had created Countess of Dorchester,—James most affected the pastime of the chase, and hunted regularly once or twice a week in the neighbourhood of Putney and Barnes, Wimbledon and Richmond. The influence of his wife and the reprimands of his confessors induced him for a time to dismiss the countess from his court, and banish her to Ireland, with a pension, but she soon returned to London and renewed her intimacy with him.

xxxviii. The dark side of James's character was remarkably prominent in his treatment of Monmouth and Monmouth's misguided adherents. Some of his apologists, indeed, have attempted to clear him of any participation in the

odious cruelties of Jeffreys; but the man whom he made a peer and elevated to the highest judicial seat in England, declared, when dying in the Tower, that whatever he did, he did by express orders, and "I have this farther," he exclaimed, "to say for myself, that I was not half bloody enough for him that sent me thither." Burnet asserts that he not only was acquainted with the horrors practised in the West, but had an account of them forwarded to him daily. The selection which he made of instruments to carry out his intentions is a sufficient condemnation. The man who chose Jeffreys as his judge and Kirke as that judge's military second was well aware of their character; was well aware that they were not the men to wipe out the stain of revolt in rose water. "It was not possible to find in the whole kingdom two men more devoid of religion, honour, and humanity; they were two cruel, merciless tigers that delighted in blood."* And so the gibbets groaned with victims, and the aged and innocent were flung into the cruel flames, while James listened to the dark counsels of crafty priests, and ad-

* Rapin, vol. ii.

vanced step by step towards an abyss of destruction, A.D. 1685.

XXXIX. In the dangerous career upon which he had entered, James was impetuously carried forward by those very qualities which mostly deserve our respect. He was undoubtedly sincere in his attachment to what he believed to be the only true church; he was a man of singular personal courage; his attention to business was untiring, and his tenacity of purpose almost amounted to obstinacy. Thus, having resolved to establish the Romish Church in a position of a supremacy, he would not suffer himself to be deterred by the fears of his counsellors or the opposition of his subjects. He pursued his design with all the energy of a fanatic, despising even the warnings of the Pope, whose sagacity foresaw the probable results of his ill-judged enthusiasm. His efforts were well seconded by the priests whom he encouraged. A curious paper in the handwriting of Archbishop Sancroft relates some of their manœuvres:—

"Audacious attempts of Popish seducers in London in K. James's reign.

"Books and pamphlets prejudicial to the

Church are sold in every state, cried by hawkers about the streets, or commonly as Gazets, thrown or brought into houses, or sent by Penny-Post bundles; such as 'The Touchstone of the Reformed Gospel,' 'The Translation of the Masse,' 'The Papist Misrepresented,' etc.

"Papists bring papers into coffee houses, and plead the cause out of them, as out of so many briefs.

"Papists, both of the Layetie and of the Clergy, offer arguments to the passengers in Hackney coaches to Windsor and other places."*

xl. James's first great measure towards the accomplishment of his designs was his suspension of the penal laws and tests—which fell so heavily on Papists and Nonconformists—by his own authority, and without the consent of Parliament. In this arbitrary act he was justified by the declaration of all the Judges of England, save one, that these laws were powers committed to the king for the execution of justice, but not to bind his authority,

* Tanner MSS.; the entire paper is too long for insertion, but full of interest.

or prevent his dispensing with them. Not the less was the act impolitic and unconstitutional, and the heart of the English people glowed with indignation when, by virtue of this dispensing power, papists were appointed to offices of importance, and five Roman Catholic lords were admitted to the Privy Council. This indignation flamed the more fiercely when the infatuated king revived the hateful Court of High Commission, and appointed to its presidency the sanguinary Jeffreys. When they found this court empowered to reform all abuses and offences; to cite before them ecclesiastical persons of every rank, and censure, suspend, or deprive them without appeal; and further, to alter the statutes of the universities, and all other corporations, civil and religious; it is no marvel that good men and true, sincere patriots, and lovers of freedom, should stand aghast at the unlimited tyranny to which James was evidently hastening. Well might Evelyn exclaim:—"So furiously do the Jesuits drive, and even compel princes to violent courses, and destruction of an excellent government in

Church and State."* The Declaration of Indulgence was published on the 4th of April, 1687. By suspending the various oaths and tests which shut out the Nonconformist from service in the State, James flattered himself that he should win the support of the Dissenters, while throwing open all offices of trust to Romanists. But, to their honour, it must be stated that they waived all personal considerations in their uncompromising hostility to the "religion of Anti-Christ," and joined the Church of England in its resistance to Romanism. The king himself discovered his error when too late, and acknowledged that his "treacherous counsellors" had inspired him to a course of conduct calculated "to set those against him who might otherwise have been his friends, and to court those who they were sure never would."†

xli. To strike terror into the hearts of those whom he considered as his rebellious subjects James encamped his army on Hounslow Heath, and proceeded rapidly in the headlong course which as surely fascinated him towards his ruin, as the gaze from a giddy precipice

* Evelyn's Memoirs. † Clarke's Life of James II.

tempts the charmed spectator to leap into the abyss beneath. Archbishop Sancroft, and six of the ablest prelates of the Church of England—Ken, of Bath and Wells; Lloyd, of St. Asaph; White, of Peterborough; Turner, of Ely; Trelawney, of Bristol; and Lake, of Chichester—having refused to sanction the publication and distribution in the churches of their respective dioceses of the royal Declaration of Indulgence, were committed to the Tower, and the Attorney and Solicitor-Generals ordered to prosecute them.

xlii. The "Trial of the Seven Bishops" is one of the most remarkable events in our English annals, but it has been pourtrayed by so many able pens, that we need not here attempt another version. Of more interest to us as more intimately connected with James's personal history, is the birth of a Prince of Wales—an event which seemed to secure the succession of the Stuart dynasty, but more than any other promoted its downfall.

xliii. The queen was delivered of a son at St. James's, on the 10th of June, 1688. At her accouchement no less than forty-two persons of rank were present, including eighteen privy

counsellors, four peers, and twenty ladies; and yet so great was the hatred which animated his Protestant subjects against the bigot king, so universal was the belief that influence which guided him and his own obstinate fanaticism would deem any means justifiable to secure his desired end, that the cry arose throughout England, "He has imposed upon us a surreptitious child! This is no offspring of the Queen's!" And the advocates of this opinion put forward numerous plausible arguments:—They pointed out that previous to her delivery the queen would allow neither the Princess Anne, nor any Protestant lady to satisfy herself of her pregnancy; that for seven years she had borne no child; that the accouchement was not only remarkably sudden, but occurred on a Sunday when all the Protestant court ladies were at Divine service; that neither the Princess Anne, nor the Archbishop of Canterbury, nor the Ambassador of the States was present at the birth; that during her labour, though the weather was very warm, and the queen's bedchamber heated by the crowd of persons around her, a warming pan was introduced into the bed;

and finally that the queen for six or seven years had been in a wretched state of health, and her death had been constantly anticipated.* At first James treated the rumours which reached his ears with the contempt they deserved, but finding that the "Warming-Pan Story" was growing into strength and consistency, he caused the depositions to be taken of the great officers of State, and other personages, of whom twenty-four were Protestants, who had been witnesses of the birth of the Prince of Wales, and ordered their publication. But so potent a life has calumny that the king's precaution had no visible effect, and the supposed spuriousness of his birth was one of the great obstacles which beset his son, when, at a later period, he strove for the English crown.

xliv. Notwithstanding the openly expressed opinions of a majority of his subjects, the King proceeded to celebrate the birth of his son with the most splendid pomp. He lavished presents upon his ministers, and rewards upon his priests, to whose prayers he attributed

* Burnet, History of My Own Time. Bishop Kennet's Complete History.

the realisation of his hopes. When the Queen's pregnancy was first apparent, he had caused a Form of Thanksgiving to be drawn up; not as is usual by the Archbishop, but by three more courtly prelates: Spratt, Bishop of Rochester, White, of Peterborough, and Crewe, of Durham,—a circumstance which was not forgotten in the lampoons of the time:

> "Two Toms and a Nat
> In Council sat,
> To rig out a Thanksgiving,
> And made a prayer
> For a thing in the air,
> That's neither dead nor living."

But though a Thanksgiving was issued, the people refused to join in it;* and now, when a son was born in the purple, when a Heir to the Throne was at last vouchsafed, they exhibited no signs of gratitude, no signs of rejoicing. It was different with the French Court. Louis xiv. was well-pleased with an

* The Earl of Clarendon, James's brother-in-law, records in his Diary, under the date of January 15th:—"In the morning I went to St James's Church; this is the Thanksgiving Day appointed for the Queen's being with child; there were not above two or three in the church who brought the Form of Prayer with them." As early as the year 1682, when the Queen was pregnant, a similar calumny to that alluded to in the text, was spread abroad; but as the issue proved to be a princess, faction allowed it to pass into oblivion.

event which seemed to place an insuperable barrier between the Prince of Orange and the Crown of England; and the English ambassador wrote to the Secretary of State in almost delirious phrases: "I found so general a joy in all people there, as I never yet saw upon any occasion. His Most Christian Majesty, at coming from Council to go to Mass, called me to him, and, with a satisfaction in his face not to be expressed, told me that, next to the King, my master, no man had a greater joy than he for the news of a Prince being born. And the Duke de la Tremouille and Rochefoucault, with Monsieur de Croissy, who were at his waking, at which time the news was brought him by the latter, told me they never saw any man so joyful."

xlv. Something more was wanting than the congratulations of foreign princes to assure to the princely babe his succession to his father's crown; and in that political sagacity and prudent statesmanship which alone could guide him safely through the storms he had conjured up the King was unfortunately deficient. Scarcely six months had passed when the shadows of coming events warned

him to prepare for the escape, at any opportune moment, of his Queen and her babe. The Prince of Orange had landed with a considerable army, and was making a triumphal progress through the western counties. Traitors were in his court, and sat at his council-board, and distrust, suspicion, and hatred watched him on every side. He was no longer the James who had faced in serene courage the thunder of the Dutch cannon. Years, pleasure, and the enjoyment of power had enervated him, and, instead of advancing to meet the invader, he thought only of concessions to an angry people who would not accept them, and of flight to some friendly court where he might count his beads in peace. But first he provided for the safety of his wife and son. It happened, by a fortunate chance, that there was then lying off Gravesend a yacht appointed to convey to France the Count de Lauzun, the brilliant favourite of Louis XIV. In him the king found a prompt and trusty agent. He sent for him to Whitehall on the evening of the 6th of December, and requested him to make the necessary preparations. A few hours

afterwards, when the king had retired to bed, Lauzun returned and aroused him, with a companion, one Monsieur de St. Victor. They informed him that everything was ready, if the Queen would make the attempt. James repaired to her chamber and awoke her; but the tender woman who, despite her haughtiness, was an admirable wife, no sooner understood the task he sought to enjoin upon her, than she flung herself at his feet, and earnestly implored his permission to stay by his side, and share in his perils. But James was immoveable, and conducted by Lauzun, the Queen and her son quitted Whitehall, under the shelter of the friendly night; proceeded to Gravesend, embarked on board the yacht, and reached France in safety.*

xlvi. The King's position was now surrounded by perils. Whom was he to trust, when his friends had deserted him—and not only his friends, but his daughter, Anne? Her defection, indeed, was the severest blow he had received. He burst into tears—"Good God," he exclaimed, "am I then deserted by my own children? Oh, if my enemies only,

* Dalrymple's Memoirs. Bishop Kennet's Complete History.

had curst me, I could have borne it!" "It was an inexpressible grief," he wrote, at a later period, "to see those he had favoured, cherished, and exalted—nay, his own children, rise thus in opposition against him. This was what required a more than natural force to support; those strokes had been less sensible, had they come from hands less dear to him; but being delivered over to all the contradictions that malice or ingratitude could throw in his way, he saw no hopes of redress."*

xlvii. Without friends, without councillors, without an army, James could determine upon no other course than to quit the kingdom with as much secresy as possible. He does not seem to have understood that no steps he could take would be more eagerly welcomed by the Prince of Orange and his adherents. It removed a powerful rival from the Deliverer's path. James, a king *de facto*, was an obstacle which his son-in-law knew not how to get rid of. James, only king *de jure*, self-exiled, and a fugitive, could offer no successful opposition. But, alarmed for his personal safety, he hurriedly

* James's Memoirs, in Clarke's History of James II.

made the necessary preparations for his flight, and on the night previous to that which he had fixed for the attempt, confided his secret to the Duke of Northumberland, commanding him on his allegiance not to betray it. About three o'clock on the dim gusty morning of the 11th of December, accompanied only by Sir Edward Hales and two servants, he left Whitehall by a private passage which led to the river side, and entered a small boat rowed by two pair of sculls. As he dropped down the river, he drew from under his cloak the Great Seal of England, and flung it into the waters. What mysterious importance he attached to this emblem of sovereign power is uncertain, but his precaution did not prevent it from falling into the hands of his rival—a fisherman having caught it in his net, and restored it to the government.

xlviii. Meanwhile, at the hour when the king usually rose, the anti-chamber was crowded with courtiers and priests, and the usual attendants of his levées. The door of his bedchamber was suddenly thrown wide, and the Duke of Northumberland, a natural son of Charles the Second, announced to the

astonished throng that the king had fled. The news soon reached the ears of the Prince of Orange, whose only anxiety was to facilitate, if possible, the king's escape; and whose disappointment was extreme when, a few hours later, he learned that he had been arrested, and was on his way back to London.

xlix. King James's skiff had descended the river in safety, but when off Shellness Point, on the Isle of Sheppey, was boarded by a boat containing thirty-six armed men, who, ignorant of the quality of their prisoner, conveyed him ashore, and robbed him of his watch and money. They treated him so roughly, and the king resented the treatment so bitterly, that when in 1692 he issued a general amnesty, he exempted from it the rude fishermen of Sheerness, in company with such august traitors as Danby and Churchill. They then removed him to Faversham, from whence he wrote a letter in his own hand, "addressed to no particular person, but imploring the aid of all good Englishmen."* Meanwhile, his person had been recognised by one of the crowd that pressed upon him, who fell at his

* Macaulay.

feet, solicited him to forgive the irreverent treatment he had experienced, and constrained his fellows to return the jewels and gold they had taken from him. The king, however, would only receive the jewels, and caused the four hundred guineas he had with him to be distributed among the populace.

1. A detachment of troops having arrived at Faversham, he was set at liberty, and commenced his return to London. A despatch from the Prince of Orange desired him to halt at Rochester, but reached him too late, and James entered the metropolis amid the most enthusiastic display of loyalty, the tidings of his distress having moved the excitable feelings of the multitude.* He went through the city on Sunday, December 16, about four in the afternoon, preceded by a great many gentlemen bareheaded, and followed by a numerous company with loud huzzas.† The evening concluded with ringing of bells and lighting of bonfires,—signs of popular rejoicing which much discomfited the Prince of Orange, who was then lying at Windsor, and "highly sur-

* Clarke's James the Second.
† Ellis's Original letters.

prised" the king himself. "It is not to be imagined," he writes,* "what acclamations were made, and what joy the people expressed at his Majesty's return: such bonfires, ringing of bells, and all imaginable marks of love and esteem, as made it look like a day of triumph and humiliation; and this, so universal among all ranks of people, that the king, nor none that were with him, had ever seen the like before, the same crowds of people and crys of joy accompanying him to Whitehall, and even to his bedchamber door itself."

li. But James's presence in London complicated the "situation" to such an extent, that William's advisers determined him to force to a second attempt at escape by alarming him with fears for his personal safety. The Dutch guards were posted as sentries round Whitehall. Few persons of distinction attended his levées, and when his mistrust, by these and other manœuvres, had been thoroughly aroused, Lords Halifax, Delamere, and Shrewsbury disturbed him in his bed at midnight, and delivered a warrant which required him to leave the Palace before ten o'clock the

* The Stuart Papers.

next morning, and withdraw to Ham, near Richmond, the mansion of the Duchess of Lauderdale. All that was kingly in James's nature had been destroyed by the excesses of his manhood, and his superstitious subservience to the Romish priests. He obeyed the mandate, like a cowed and trembling criminal, only imploring permission to retire to Rochester instead of Ham.* His enemies were equally anxious with himself that he should take up his abode at some point near the sea shore convenient for his escape to France, and readily accorded him the required permission. Attended by about a hundred of the Dutch guards, he quitted Whitehall on the 18th of December. They left him at full liberty, and, it is said, showed him more respect than he had received from his own soldiers. Many among them were papists, so that when the king went to mass, they accompanied him, and behaved very reverently. And when he asked them "how they could serve in an expedition designed to destroy their own religion?" one of them replied, "My soul is God's, but my sword the Prince

* Macaulay.

of Orange's:"—an answer whose logic seems to us very indifferent, but which so delighted James that he repeated it to all who came about him.*

xlii. The king remained at Rochester, at Sir Richard Head's house, until the 23rd of December, the day on which he had resolved to make a second attempt at escape. His confidants and companions were the Duke of Berwick, his natural son,—Biddulph, a gentleman of the bedchamber,—and a Monsieur l'Abadie, a page of the backstairs. On the night of the 23rd, as soon as his attendants were dismissed, the king rose from his bed, attired himself in hot haste, and quitting the house by a back door which opened near the Medway, embarked on board the boat which was waiting for him. At midnight they dropped down the river to a tender anchored without the fort at Sheerness, but owing to a strong wind blowing in shore, did not reach it until six in the morning. The weather still continued hostile, and the fugitives, unable to reach Calais, made for the port of Boulogne, and finally gained Ambleteuse in safety, early

* Eachard's History of the Revolution.

on the 25th December, 1688. James then proceeded to Versailles, where Louis the 14th received him with a splendid courtesy, though his courtiers were less respectful in their reception of the bigot who had so easily given up his magnificent inheritance. "See," cried the Archbishop of Rheims, "the man who has lost three kingdoms for an old mass!" His late subjects were equally liberal of sarcasms against the King who had abandoned them. Numerous lampoons were flung about upon the stormy tide of public opinion, one of which has floated down to the present age as better worth preservation than many of its contemporaries. It is entitled "A Farewell," and among the verses two or three may be quoted on account of their decorousness:

"Farewell Petre, farewell Cross;
Farewell Chester, farewell ass;
Farewell Peterborough, farewell tool;
Farewell Sunderland, farewell fool!

"Farewell Brent, farewell villain;
Farewell Wright, worse than Tressilian;
Farewell Chancellor, farewell mace;
Farewell Prince, farewell race!

"Farewell Queen, and farewell passion;
Farewell King, and farewell nation;
Farewell Priests, and farewell Pope;
Farewell!—all deserve a rope!" *

* Jesse's Memoirs of the Courts of England, temp. Stuarts.

liii. A striking picture of the changes wrought by the King's pusillanimous flight is afforded in a letter from Father Con—"a crafty man, who knew news well, and loved money*"—to the Provincial of the Jesuit's College at Rome.† Translated, it runs as follows:—

"London, December 10, 1688.

"Honour'd Father William,

"There is now an end of all the pleasing hopes of seeing our holy religion make a progress in this country. The King and Queen are fled, their adherents are left to themselves, and a new Prince, with a foreign army, has got possession without the least resistance. It is a thing unseen, unheard of, unrecorded in history, that a king in peaceful possession of his realm, with an army of 30,000 fighting men, and 40 ships of war, should quit his kingdom without firing a pistol. The foreigners themselves who have got possession are astonished at their own success, and laugh at the English for their cowardice and disloyalty to their prince. It looks as if heaven and earth had conspired

* Burnet.
† Earl of Clarendon's Diary, Vol. ii., quoted from the Tanner MSS., Vol. xxviii., f. 278. (Brit. Museum).

against us. But this is not all; the great evil comes from ourselves; our own imprudence, avarice, and ambition have brought all this upon us. The good king has made use of fools, knaves, and blockheads; and the great minister that you sent hither has contributed also his share.* Instead of a moderate, discreet and sagacious minister, you sent a mere boy, a fine showy fop to make love to the ladies;

Egregiam vero laudem, et spolia ampla tulistis.

But enough on this head, my dear friend; the whole affair is over. I am only sorry that I made one among so many madmen, who were incapable of either directing or governing. I now return, as I can, with the little family [of monks and jesuits] to a land of christians: this unhappy voyage costs me dear: but there is no help for it. The prospect was fair, if the business had been in the hands of men of sense; but, to our disgrace, the helm was held by rogues. I have already

* The Pope's Nuncio, Count d' Adda. This unfavourable opinion of him probably proceeded from his opposition to the violent designs of the king and the Jesuits, whose disastrous issue he clearly foresaw.

paid the compliments of the new year to our patrons; and I now do the same to you and to all friends. If God grants me a safe passage beyond sea, you shall hear from me.

"I remain as usual.

"P.S.—A Scotch gentleman named Salton [Fletcher of Saltown?] who is arrived here from P.D.O. [the Pere D'Orleans], sends his respects to you, and Signore Tomas. The confusion here is great nor is it known what is likely to be the event, much less what it will be: but for us there is neither faith nor hope left. We are totally put to the rout this time, and the Fathers of our Holy Company have contributed their part towards this destruction. All the rest, Bishops, Confessors, Friars and Monks, have acted with little prudence."

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

i. Louis the 14th was ill-disposed to see his most persistent opponent, William the 3rd, tranquilly seated on the throne of England, and free to devote all the resources of his new kingdom to the prosecution of his struggle

against the encroachments of France. He was, therefore, very willing to assist the fugitive James in any feasible attempt to recover his lost crown. If unsuccessful, the attempt would nevertheless be a diversion, which would draw off William's attention from his Continental schemes. Otherwise, the king's conduct was not calculated to produce any very favourable impression on his mind. At the Castle of St. Germain's, which Louis had placed at his disposal, he passed his time in theological disputations with his confessors, and in addressing letters to his adherents in the three kingdoms which were redolent with the haughtiness of a conqueror. A gleam of kingly spirit was visible, however, in his answer to Louis, when that monarch offered him an army of 15,000 men:—"No; I will succeed by the assistance of my subjects, or perish in the attempt." And roused to action by the counsels of his Queen, and the gallant exhortations of the Dukes of Berwick and De Lauzun, he resolved upon trusting himself to the loyalty of the Irish, and commencing in Ireland his enterprise for the recovery of the triple crown.

ii. In Ireland the command of the royal troops was entrusted to the gallant Tyrconnel, who urgently entreated James for reinforcements, and pointed out the beneficial effect his presence in that kingdom would be sure to produce,—confirming the wavering, encouraging the despondent, and inspiring the loyal. James accordingly embarked at Brest, on the 7th of March, 1689.* His forces consisted of about 1,200 British volunteers, and a goodly number of experienced French officers. He was escorted by a fleet of fourteen ships of the line, seven frigates, and three fire-ships. In his suite went his sons, the Duke of Berwick, and Henry Fitz James, the Grand Prior; the Duke of Powis; the Earls of Dover, Melfort, Abercorn, and Seaforth; the Lords Henry and Thomas Howard; Lords Drummond, Buchan, and Hunsdon; the late Lord Chief Justice Herbert; the Bishops of Chester and Galway; the Marquis d'Estrades; Counts Anthony and John Hamilton; Colonels Sarsfield, Porter, Luttrel, Clifford, and many others of approved gallantry, experience, or skill. He was provided by Louis—who did

* Clarke's James the Second. Burnet. Lingard.

all things as became a great monarch—with money, plate, superb equipages, and stores of household necessaries; and at parting was presented with his own cuirass, accompanied by the graceful farewell: "The best thing I can wish you is that I may never see you again."

iii. The expedition was detained at Brest by contrary winds until the 17th of the month, when it set sail, and arrived off Kinsale on the 22nd. James was received on his disembarcation with enthusiastic profusions of loyalty, and found that the able and energetic Tyrconnel had assembled for his support an army of 30,000 foot and 8,000 horse.

iv. In the latter end of March the king made his public entry into Dublin amidst the rapturous welcomes of its inhabitants. At the Castle-gate he was met by a procession of priests and bishops in their pontifical robes, carrying the Host, and he paid it in public the customary adoration. He dismissed from the Council those members whom he suspected of favouring the Protestant interest, and replaced them by his principal adherents. Tyrconnel he elevated to a dukedom, and five separate pro-

clamations denounced the partisans of William the 3rd, acknowledged the loyalty of the Roman Catholics, invited his subjects to supply the army with provisions, prohibited the soldiers from taking anything without payment, and summoned a parliament to meet at Dublin on the 7th of May.

v. James's adherents in England pressed him to bring over his army without delay, that, reinforced by the English royalists, it might at once overthrow William's government; but from this politic movement, which, probably, would have recovered his crown, he was dissuaded by his Irish council. Accordingly he entered upon an Irish campaign by attacking and capturing Coleraine, and investing Kilmore. He then returned to meet his parliament at Dublin, while the French General Rosene commenced his siege of Londonderry, one of the protestant strongholds. He was opposed by an heroic resistance. Their governor, Colonel Lundy, had deserted them, but directed and inspired by a courageous Protestant clergyman, George Walker, the inhabitants endured without murmuring the extremities of famine, harassed the besiegers by constant sallies, and obstinately repulsed

every attack which was levelled against their weak points. They were relieved at length by a reinforcement under General Kirke, and James's army precipitately abandoned the siege after having lost about 9,000 men.

vi. His party met with another severe discouragement in Enniskillen,—Lord Montcashel, with 6,000 Irish Papists, having been defeated by an inferior force, at a place called Newton Butler. On the other hand, the French fleet, under Chateau Renaud, obtained a slight advantage over Admiral Herbert, in Bantry Bay (May 1st). The French were far superior in number, and Herbert's ships were particularly ill-manned. Elated with a maritime success to which the French were little accustomed, Count de Vaux, the French Ambassador at Dublin, assured the King that the English had been totally defeated. "It is, then, the first time," answered James, who at that moment forgot the deposed monarch in the Englishman, and overlooked the gain to his cause in mortification at the shame which had befallen his country. Count De Vaux, however, had only this to boast of, that with 26 ships opposed to 18 he had not

lost a vessel. By many the English Admiral was blamed for attacking so superior a force, but William remarked that "such actions were necessary at the beginning of a war, though they would be rash in the course of it," and showed the sincerity of his approval by creating him Earl of Torrington.

vii. Towards the autumn of 1689 James's cause fell into the "sere and yellow leaf," and the disputes of his followers, the disasters which befel his troops, the misery which he saw on every side, affected him so deeply, that he yielded to the utmost dismay, and became the victim of a tormenting despondency. He felt himself rebuked and overmastered by William's superior genius. His chief anxiety was for his own personal safety, and he thought more of effecting his escape from Ireland than of recovering his lost crown. Very different was the spirit in which William defended the throne he had won. Landing at Carrickfergus on the 14th of June, 1690, he immediately proceeded to Belfast, where he was met by his generalissimo, the veteran Schomberg. Pressing forward to Loughbrilland, he there reviewed his army, which numbered 35,000 effective soldiers, well ap-

pointed, and full of confidence in their leader. Next he marched to Dundalk, and afterwards to Ardagh, which the enemy abandoned as he approached. Still moving forward with all his wonted vigour, he reached the Boyne, on whose opposite bank was posted the Royalist army.

viii. Such was the rapidity of the Deliverer's movements, and so feebly was managed James's military administration, that William had been six days in Ireland before his rival learned that he had even landed. James then committed Dublin to the custody of Luttrel and a body of Irish militia, and with a reinforcement of 6,000 foot, which had recently arrived from France, joined the main body of his forces, posted strongly on the river Boyne. There, in a sudden access of courage and decision, he resolved to give battle to the English, contrary to the advice of his most experienced officers, who would have had him retire to the Shannon, and await the result of the operations of the powerful fleet that Louis was about to despatch to his assistance. But with a deep river between him and his enemy, and his front further protected by a morass and rising

ground, he felt confident of victory, and believed that by one blow he should regain the fortune which had so long deserted him.

IX. When King William reached the Boyne, he proceeded to reconnoitre the position occupied by his rival, and the enemy observing his approach, posted some field pieces so that their fire should command his person. A man and two horses were killed by his side, and the second shot, rebounding from the earth, grazed his right shoulder, carried off part of his clothes and skin, and produced a considerable contusion. He showed not the least emotion at the accident, but his attendants were thrown into some confusion, and the enemy apprehending from the disorder that the king was killed, broke out into loud acclamations of joy,—so essential to the success of their party did they consider the death of William, and so involuntary was the tribute which they paid to his heroism and statesmanship! The glad tidings spread from place to place until they convulsed Dublin with pleasure. Thence they flashed their triumphant joy to Paris, where the intelligence was greeted with bonfires and illuminations. But the rejoicings

were premature. William rode along the line of his army to show that he was safe, and at night, calling a council of war, declared his resolution of attacking the enemy.

x. On the following morning (July 1st), was fought the famous battle of the Boyne, which destroyed all James's hopes of regaining the crown of the three kingdoms. The action was very hotly contested, but terminated in the total defeat of the Irish, who lost 1500 killed, and a much larger number wounded. William, on this occasion, displayed even more than his usual intrepidity. Yet he received "no manner of hurt in the action, though he was in the height of it; only a cannon ball carried away a piece of his boot. His Majesty did all that the greatest captain could do on such an occasion, and demeaned himself throughout with that compact gallantry, resolution, and pretence, that was so peculiar to himself, and was such a poise for the battle to incline to his own side, that his very enemies confessed that if the English changed kings with them they would fight the battle over again." The contrast which the conduct of James presented disheartened his followers. He appeared to have lost the tra-

ditional courage of his race. While the gallant partizans of a bad cause faced death in the swift shot or the bright steel, he remained afar from the shock of battle, posted on the hill of Dunmore, and guarded by the sabres of a few squadrons of horse. As soon as the tide of war rolled backwards, without making an effort to rally his struggling troops, he retired towards Dublin, where he only paused to accuse the army which had bled for him, of cowardice, and on the next day retreated to Waterford. There he embarked in a vessel prepared for his reception, which, out at sea, fell in with a French squadron under the Sieur de Florun. He now went on board a fast sailing frigate, was safely conveyed to France, and hastened to the luxurious ease and miniature court of St. Germains, where, in theological disputes with his priests, he soon forgot his disasters, or, at least, the causes of them.

LAST SCENES.

i. A.D. 1693. A conspiracy to assassinate King William—which received the countenance of James—having been discovered and defeated, the royal exile determined upon one

more attempt to regain his throne. Louis the 14th again came to his succour, and made vast preparations both by land and sea for the invasion of England. But these projects were frustrated by the great victory off Cape La Hogue, when Admiral Russel completely shattered the powerful fleet collected under M. de Tourville (May 19). The engagement was witnessed by James himself from a convenient point on the shore, and though the catastrophe which befel his allies implied the ruin of his cause, he was unable to refuse his admiration at the undaunted resolution with which the English fought. "None but my brave English," he exclaimed, "could perform such deeds of valour!" And when the fight was done, as a few scattered shot whistled near his post, he cried out, "Alas, I see that Heaven itself fights against me."

He appears to have entertained this opinion with his usual obstinacy, and to have sincerely believed that Providence had declared against him. It is certain that during the brief remainder of his career he made no further effort to recover his dominions. He retired to St. Germains, and wholly gave himself up to

religious exercises. It is said that he never spoke bitterly of those who had betrayed him; that he expressed no regret for his past splendours; that he read unmoved the calumnies aimed at him by his enemies; that the loss of his kingdom he acknowledged to be a just punishment for his offences; that he was assiduous in his devotions and rigorous in his austerities. His constant prayer was for death. "I am a great sinner," he would say, "and yet cannot but desire death with all my heart." "Is it possible, sir," the queen would reply, "that you can have so little consideration for me and our children? What shall become of us when you are gone?" "Madame," he answered, "Gód will take care of you and my children; for what am I but a poor frail man, who can avail nothing without Him, whereas He has no need of me to accomplish his designs!" And when one who was present, observing how the queen grieved at this discourse, begged of him to refrain from it in her hearing, he said,—"I do it on purpose to prepare her. According to all appearance, and the law of nature, I shall die first, and a stroke foreseen makes but a slight impression."

Thus tranquilly and beautifully passed the last days of the king's life; as a sun, perturbed at noon by a mist or cloud, shines out in serene splendour when slowly sinking in the purple glories of the west.

ii. The death of his daughter, Queen Mary, in 1694, appears to have somewhat disturbed his calm. She died without asking his forgiveness, or expressing any contrition for her undutifulness towards him. All other human affections were in her swallowed up and lost in her boundless love for her husband. James had hoped that her death would have opened the path to the English throne for his son, and he could not but feel a poignant disappointment when he discovered that William's seat was as firm as in her lifetime, and that the succession was devolved upon the Protestant house of Hanover. "All that the king got by her death," he says in his Memoirs, "was an additional affliction to those he already underwent, by seeing a child, whom he had always cherished beyond expression, and loved so tenderly, persevere to her death in such a signal state of disobedience and disloyalty, and to hear her extoll'd, and set out for it in the brightest

colours, as the highest virtue, by the mercenary flatterers of those times. Even that dull man, Dr. Tenison, then Archbishop of Canterbury, who with his languid oration at her funeral rather diverted than edify'd the company, ranked it amongst her highest praises, that by long and laborious contradictions she got the better of her duty to her parents, in consideration of her religion and her country. . . . . If anything had been able to trouble the tranquillity which the king's resignation afforded him, this would have done it, especially when he heard his poor daughter had been so deluded as to declare at her death, that 'her conscience no way troubled her,—that if she had done anything which the world might blame her for, it was with the advice of the most learned men of her church, who were to answer for it, not she.' This made the king cry out: 'O miserable way of arguing, so fatal both to the deceiver and those that suffer themselves to be decieved!' "*

iii. On the 4th of March, 1701, after hearing a passage in the Psalms which he felt to be peculiarly illustrative of the trials he had

* The Stuart Papers, in Clarke's Life of James the 2nd.

himself endured, he was seized with a fainting fit. Remedies having been applied with some success, his physicians advised him to try the waters of Bourbon. They seemed to accomplish his complete recovery, so that early in September he returned to St. Germains, but again, in the same chapel, he was seized with a similar attack. His attendants succeeded in restoring sensibility, and removed him to his chamber, where he once more fainted, falling into the outstretched arms of his trembling Queen. On the following Sunday, he was afflicted with a third seizure, which left him for a considerable period motionless and insensible as in death, and when the doctors forced open his mouth, he vomited a large quantity of blood before he recovered his perception of things around him. As soon as the vomiting ceased, he desired his confessor to read from the Sacrament, and, believing that the need was urgent, implored him to make haste, that he might not be deprived of any of the consolations of the church. Meanwhile, he sent for the Prince, his son, who, at his first entrance, seeing the king with a pale and ghastly countenance, and his bed bedabbled with blood, broke out, as well

as all about him, into the most violent expressions of grief. As soon as he came to the bedside, the king, "with a sort of contentedness in his look," stretched forth his arms to embrace him, and then, speaking with a force and vehemence that suited better his zeal than his feeble condition, conjured him to adhere firmly to the Catholic faith, in spite of probable consequences; to be faithful in service towards God; to be reverentially obedient to the Queen, the best of mothers; and to be lastingly grateful to the King of France, to whom he was under so many obligations. Those who were present, apprehending that the concern and fervour with which he spoke might do him prejudice, desired that the Prince might withdraw, which the King being troubled at, said, "Do not take away my son till I have given him my blessing, at least," which, when he had done, the Prince returned to his apartment, and the little Princess was brought to his bedside, to whom he spoke to the same effect; while she, with the abundance of her innocent tears, showed how sensibly she was touched with the languishing condition the king her father was in. He then partook of the last Sacra-

ment, expressed his forgiveness of his enemies, and especially of his daughter Anne, the Princess of Denmark, and the "Prince of Orange;" and declared that he died in charity towards all the world. He next received a visit from Louis the 14th, who, coming to his bedside, said, "Sir, I am come to see how your Majesty finds yourself to-day;" but the king, not hearing, made no reply. One of his servants telling him the King of France was present, James roused himself, and said, "Where is he?" upon which the King of France replied, "Sir, I am here, and am come to see how you do." James then began to thank him for all favours, and particularly for the care and kindness he had shown him during his sickness; to which the Most Christian Louis replied, "Sir, that is but a small matter; I have something to acquaint you of greater importance." Upon which the king's servants, imagining he would be private, the room being full of people, began to retire, which his Most Christian Majesty perceiving, said out loud, "Let nobody withdraw," and then went on, "I am come, Sir, to acquaint you that whenever it shall please God to call your Majesty out of this world, I will take

your family into my protection, and will treat your son, the Prince of Wales, in the same manner I have treated you, and acknowledge him, as he then will be, King of England."

Upon which all that were present, as well French as English, burst into tears, not being able any other way to express that mixture of joy and grief with which they were so surprisingly seized. Some indeed threw themselves at his Most Christian Majesty's feet; others by their gestures and countenances (much more expressive on such occasions than words and speeches) declared their gratitude for so generous an action; with which his Most Christian Majesty was so moved, that he could not refrain weeping himself. The king, all this while, was endeavouring to say something to him upon it, but the confused noise being too great, and he too weak to make himself be heard, his Most Christian Majesty took his leave and went away; and as he got into his coach, called the officer of the guard who waited upon the king, and gave him directions to follow and attend the Prince of Wales as soon as the King was dead, and show him the same respect and

honours he had done to the King his father when he was alive.*

iv. James the Second died at St. Germain's, on the 16th of September, 1701, in the 68th year of his age. His remains were embalmed, and after lying in state for several days, were interred with regal pomp in the Church of St. Germains, beneath the altar. A monument was placed there to his memory at the private cost of George the 4th, and bears an inscription of more than ordinary elegance:—

REGIO CINERI PIETAS REGIA.

Ferale quisquis hoc monumentum suspicis,
Rerum humanarum vices meditare.
Magnus in prosperis, in adversis major,
Jacobus 2us, Anglorum rex,
Insignes ærumnas dolendaque nimium fata,
Pio placidoque obitu exsolvit
In hâc urbe
Die xvio. Septembris, anni 1701;
Et nobiliores quædam corporis ejus partes
Hic reconditæ asservantur.

Qui priùs augustâ gestabat fronte coronam
Exiguâ nunc pulvereus requiescit in urnâ.
Quid solium, quid et alta juvant? terit omnia lethum;
Verum laus fidei ac morum haud peritura manebit.
Tu quoque, summe Deus, regem quem regius hospes
Infaustum excepit, tecum regnare jubebis.

v. James the Second, by his first wife, Anne Hyde, had the following issue:—†

* Clarke's James the Second—the Stuart Papers.

† By Catherine Sedley he had one daughter, Catherine Darnley; and by Arabella Churchill, James Duke of Berwick, and Henry Fitz-james, the Grand Prior; Henrietta, afterwards Lady Waldegrave, and a daughter who died in a convent.

1. Charles, Duke of Cambridge, born Oct. 22, 1660; died May 5, 1661. 2. Mary, Queen of England, born April 30, 1662; died 1694. 3. James, Duke of Cambridge, born July 12, 1663; died a few days later. 4 & 5. Dukes of Kendal and Cambridge, twins; born July 4, 1664; died, the former, May 22, 1667, and the latter, June 20, 1667. 6. Anne, afterwards Queen of England, born February 6, 1665; died 1714. 7. A son, born July 4, 1666. 8. Edgar, Duke of Cambridge, born Sept. 14, 1667; died June 8, 1671. 9. Henrietta, born January 13, 1669; died Nov. 15. 10. Catherine, born February 9, 1671; died December 5, 1671.

By Mary of Modena, Queen of England:— 1. Charles, Duke of Cambridge, born Nov. 7, 1673; died December 12. 2. Catherine Laura, born January 10, 1675; died Oct. 4. 3. Isabella, born August 28, 1676; died March 2, 1681. 4. Charlotte Maria, born August 15, 1682; died October 6, 1682. 5. James Frederick, "the Pretender," born June 10, 1688; died 1766. 6. Maria Louisa Teresa, born June 28, 1692; died April 8, 1712.

CHAPTER IV.

PRINCE JAMES FREDERICK EDWARD STUART, ELDEST LEGITIMATE SON OF JAMES II.

A.D. 1688—1766.

1. His Early Years.—2. The Campaign of 1715.—
3. Closing Scenes.

[Authorities:—Earl Stanhope's History of England; Earl Russell's Nations of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht; Ellis's Original Correspondence; Dalrymple's Memoirs; Parliamentary History; True Account of the Proceedings at Perth; Horace Walpole's Letters, ed. Bentley, etc.]

CHAPTER IV.

PRINCE JAMES FREDERICK EDWARD STUART, SON OF JAMES II.

I.

HIS EARLY YEARS.

As I went by St. James's I heard a bird sing,
That the Queen had for certain a boy for the King;
But one of the soldiers did laugh and did say,
It was born over-night, and brought forth the next day.
This bantling was heard at St. James's to squall,
Which made the Queen make so much haste from Whitehall.

CONTEMPORARY BALLAD.

i. It was the misfortune of JAMES FREDERICK EDWARD, the eldest legitimate son of James II., to be born at a time of a great popular convulsion, when men's minds were perturbed by strange suspicions, and the arbitrary government of his father had aroused a spirit of

bitter hostility against him. From the first announcement of the Queen's pregnancy the report had been generally credited that it was but a gross imposture, and that James, in order to establish a Roman Catholic dynasty, designed to foist a supposititious child upon his Protestant subjects as the Prince of Wales. As early as January (1688) the Earl of Clarendon could write, "It is strange to see how the Queen's being with child is everywhere ridiculed, as if scarce anybody believed it to be true;" and the lampooners and ballad-writers of the age found the supposed imaginary pregnancy of Mary of Modena a fertile theme for their bold and not over-delicate wit. It was even doubted by her sister-in-law, the Princess Anne; and many of the leading statesmen of the time discredited, or pretended to discredit, it. The imprudent conduct of the Queen herself seemed to give fresh force to the calumny. Only a few days before her accouchement she ordered her apartments to be got ready in St. James's, and removed thither from Whitehall, between eleven and twelve o'clock on Saturday night, the 9th of June.* Between the hours of nine

* Bishop Kennet.

and ten on the following morning, she was brought to bed of a male child—the unfortunate James Frederick Edward, known in English history as the Pretender.

ii. The infant prince was not long permitted to enjoy the position of "heir to the throne," and though born in the purple was fated to a career of sad and disastrous change. The invasion of the Prince of Orange, and the wide-spread treachery which surrounded James and impeded all his movements, determined him to provide for the escape of his Queen and child at the earliest possible opportunity. He found a capable instrument in the bold and audacious Lauzun, who had been banished from France on account of his pretensions to the hand of Mademoiselle de Montpensier, and had only just obtained permission to return. His yacht, for that purpose, was at this very juncture lying off Gravesend. To him, therefore, the king entrusted his secret, and had the satisfaction of finding him eager to discharge the trust he sought to impose upon him.

iii. James had retired to bed when Lauzun returned, accompanied by one Monsieur de St. Victor, and informed him that all the

necessary arrangements had been completed. He instantly arose, and hastening to the Queen's apartments, brought her acquainted with his intentions. How great soever the faults, how glaring soever the follies, of Mary of Modena, she possessed, at least, the womanly virtue of affection for her husband; and, now, flinging herself at his feet, she passionately implored him to permit her to stay and share in his perils; nor did she cease her entreaties until James, who with difficulty preserved his calmness, ordered her attendants to arouse the Marchioness of Powis (the prince's governess), and the two nurse-women. While the Queen hastily attired herself in a travelling costume, the King remained inflexible and tranquilly austere, but when the babe was brought into his presence, it was seen that his coldness was assumed. A glance at his infant heir broke down his firmness, and caressing him tenderly, he besought the Count de Lauzun, with faltering voice, to watch vigilantly over the safety of his precious charge.*

iv. At three o'clock on the morning of the 10th of December, the Queen, bearing her child

* Strickland's Queens of England: Mary of Modena.

in her arms, and followed by her ladies, glided with noiseless feet through the corridors of Whitehall, descended the private stairs, and reached the waterside. It was a bleak and dreary night. Not a star broke the intense dulness of the winter-sky. The wind blew in sudden gusts; the rain fell heavily; and the river rolled to and fro with a tempestuous emotion. But the fugitives had no time to meditate on these inconveniences, and, stepping into an open boat, crossed the Thames to Lambeth Stairs. A coach had been hired to wait their arrival, but from some misunderstanding, it was not at its post; and the Queen, with the heir of England in her arms, was fain to shelter herself from the stormy night, and from the gaze of any over-curious stranger, beneath the gray old walls of Lambeth church. The precaution she had taken was not a needless one. The attention of a man who came out of a neighbouring inn with a light in his hand was casually attracted thitherward. He made towards the spot where the trembling Queen was sheltered, when Da Riva, one of her attendants, suddenly stept into his path, and jostling him, as if by accident, the

twain fell into the mire. The stranger believing nothing intentional in the rencontre, made and accepted apologies, and went on his way without any further scrutiny.

v. The coach now arrived, and by rapid stages the Queen and her attendants made their way to Gravesend, taking care not to stop in any considerable town where the royal person might haply have been recognised. At Gravesend she assumed the character of an Italian lady returning to her own land, and was permitted to embark unquestioned on board De Lauzun's yacht. To guard against any treachery on the part of the captain, De Lauzun had engaged the services of three Irish officers, who kept closely by the seaman's side throughout the voyage, prepared to inflict a prompt and signal vengeance if occasion should require it. The voyage, however, was accomplished without accident or adventure. The Queen arrived safely at Calais, and by the express orders of Louis Quatorze, was conducted to the castle of St. Germains with royal ceremony. There she was soon afterwards joined by her husband, and they devoted their constant attention to

the education of the youthful prince, until, by the death of his father, September 16, 1701, he succeeded to the Stuart's heritage of sorrow and misfortune. As we have stated in the preceding chapter, Louis promised the dying king to grant to his son the royal honours he had paid to him ; and no sooner had James the II. expired than he caused to be proclaimed, with blare of trumpet and roar of cannon, James the III., King of Great Britain and Ireland. On the following day the pseudo-sovereign went in state to Versailles to return the real sovereign's visit. He was received with the most punctilious respect and ceremony, for Louis XIV. was essentially the king of Chamberlains, and "Le Grand Monarque" of Ushers. "When he met him a-top of the stairs, he took him in his arms and embraced him with as much kindness and tenderness as if he had been his own son." He conducted him into a room where there were two arm-chairs for the two kings—the King of France giving him the right hand. When the visit was over, Louis conducted him, with a profusion of courtesies, to the top of the stairs, and the

Prince returned to St. Germains with a suitable escort.

vi. The same mimicry of kingly state that had glittered round the father, now shone about the son, and intrigues and plots, rivalries and heart-burnings, were as rife at the Chateau of St. Germains as at the Palace of Versailles. To play the puppet-king, to dawdle with mistresses, and to lisp penitence into the ears of indulgent confessors, James Edward was excellently fitted; but to bear his part in any noble enterprise, to strike a daring blow for the recovery of the triple crown, was a task beyond his powers. His person was not unkingly—he was tall of stature, his limbs well-proportioned, his countenance blandly handsome, and his address gracious. But his abilities were not even respectable, and he lacked the inflexibility and firm resolution which had distinguished his father while Duke of York. His education had been of a character better adapted to the role of a jesuit than that of a king; and his capacity had not enabled him to break the trammels which a narrow bigotry had imposed upon him. Had he succeeded to the quiet inheritance of an established

throne, he would probably have reigned to his people's satisfaction, if not to his own glory, for he would never have dared, like his father, to attempt the foundation of any novel system of government. But to win a crown by his sword, or by the exercise of any high qualities of statesmanship, was an enterprise in which he whom our forefathers called "the Pretender" was not intended by nature to be successful.

vii. The year 1701 must have appeared to the phantom king and his mimic court as specially fated to destroy the hopes of the Stuarts, for in that year the memorable Act of Settlement, which entailed the English crown on the Protestant heirs of Sophia, Electress Dowager of Hanover, grand-daughter of James I., received the royal assent. Another act, which received the signature of William III., as he lay in his death agonies, formally denounced the Chevalier de St. George, as Prince James Edward was generally styled. But the accession of Queen Anne again revived the drooping hopes of his faction; and it was believed that her affection for her brother would induce her to recognise him as her lawful heir. During the early part of Anne's

reign, however, she manifested no such weakness, though many of her leading councillors and most trusted ministers carried on an active correspondence with the court of St. Germains. And Louis, anxious to arrest the progress of Marlborough's arms in the Netherlands, to distract the attention and divide the resources of his powerful enemy, resolved upon an effort to replace the son of James II. upon the British throne, and chose Scotland as the theatre of his military operations (A.D. 1706-7).

viii. No more favourable juncture could probably have presented itself. The Scots were sorely grieved at the recent union of the two kingdoms; the regular troops, under the Earl of Devon, amounted to not more than two thousand five hundred, and many of these were disaffected; the castle of Edinburgh was wholly unfitted to endure a siege; the high church party in England regarded the Chevalier as their legitimate monarch, and his adherents might be found in the court and in the council chamber, and occupying the most important offices of state. Colonel Hook, therefore, was sent over to Scotland by the court of St. Germains to ascertain on what

amount of support the Chevalier might reasonably rely. He found the spirit of the people burning for revenge upon Queen Anne and her ministry, and glowing with loyalty to the exiled Stuart. "Give us our King," they said, "and a barrel of gunpowder, and thirty thousand strong, we'll march into England." Colonel Hook's report was accordingly so favourable, and he spoke so sanguinely of the prospects which were opening before the Chevalier, that Louis determined to assist him in an attempt at invasion. A French fleet, therefore, assembled at Dunkirk under the command of the Chevalier de Fourbin, and about five thousand men embarked, under the leadership of the Comte de Gace, afterwards known as the Maréchal de Matignon. Louis showed to James Edward the same splendid generosity that he had displayed towards his father, and provided him with sumptuous accoutrements, with gold and silver plate, with rich liveries for his servants, with all the appurtenances, in fact, of regal state. On bidding him farewell, he placed in his hand a diamond-hilted sword, and repeated the parting speech with which he had saluted his father when proceeding on a

similar expedition,—"Adieu! the best wish I can make you is, that I may never see your face again!" It was an ill omen, this farewell, as Louis would have done well to have remembered.

ix. Meanwhile the English government had made an effort to prepare for the Chevalier's reception. Ten British battalions were ordered home from Ostend, and a fleet, fitted out with admirable rapidity, was put under the orders of Admirals Leake and Byng, and sailed from Deal for Dunkirk. Great was the amazement of the French when Leake, whom they thought to be at Lisbon, brought up his ships off Mardyke. They put a stop to the embarcation of their troops, and the Comte de Fourbin despatched representations to Louis that there was but little hope of success for the projected enterprise. But Louis was more confident than his Admiral, and ordered him to persevere. Accordingly, the British fleet having been blown off Dunkirk by a strong gale, the expedition sailed on the 19th of March, 1707, with a fair wind for the Coast of Scotland.

x. The adventurers had sailed some leagues up the Frith of Forth, and their signals were

communicating the glad intelligence of their arrival to the wistful eyes of the Jacobites on shore, when the sound of cannon off the mouth of the Frith warned them that Sir George Byng was on their track. The Comte de Fourbin did not dare to give him battle, but taking advantage of the wind which blew off land, glided out of the estuary, and crowded on all sail for the Coast of Holland. Though closely pursued by Byng, the superior swiftness of his ships enabled him to effect his escape; only "the Salisbury," a sluggish sailor, falling into the hands of the British Admiral. During the night the French altered their course, and next day were out of sight of their enemies.

xi. When Prince James Edward was apprised by De Fourbin of his need to put out to sea that he might escape the British fleet, he broke out into a passion of the deepest disappointment. Having recovered from his first bitter emotions he solicited the Admiral, to give him and his attendants a small vessel, which might land them on the Coast of Fife, where, he said, the old castle of Wemyss, held by a loyal adherent, would provide him

with a refuge, and his partisans with a rendezvous. To this proposition De Fourbin refused his assent, alleging that by the orders of his sovereign he was bound to take the same precautions for the Chevalier's safety as he would have done for that of Louis himself, and that he must, therefore, refuse to expose him to the attacks of his enemies in a decaying stronghold, situated in an unprotected country. The Chevalier then desired they might proceed to the northward, to land him at Inverness, and to this proposal De Fourbin was at first inclined to agree; but the wind veering about, and blowing directly ahead, he represented the voyage as impracticable or dangerous, and, with the consent of James Edward and his general, ordered his ships to make all sail for Dunkirk.

Such was the impotent conclusion of an expedition that had a fairer prospect of a successful issue than any attempted by James or by his son.*

* Lingard's England. Cunningham's Reign of Queen Anne.

II.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1715.

i. The Chevalier, anxious to obtain some experience in the field, and disappointed in his hope of recovering his father's crown now joined the French army in Flanders, under the illustrious Villars, and in the battles of Oudenard and Malplaquet, showed himself possessed of the traditional courage of his race. In the former famous fight—it is worthy of note—among the illustrious personages who contended under the banner of Marlborough was the Chevalier's more fortunate rival, the son of the Electress of Hanover, afterwards George I. At Malplaquet, the Chevalier was wounded in the arm, and it is said that he charged twelve times with the household troops of France, the Brigade Du Roi.

The disastrous issue of the campaigns in the Low Countries, and the victories by which Marlborough had won his way to the very borders of France, compelled Louis to sue for peace, and aided by the political intrigues of Harley and his fellow-conspirators, he was

fortunate enough to conclude the Treaty of Utrecht. In this most famous Treaty, it was stipulated that Louis should recognise Anne as Queen of Great Britain, acknowledge the Protestant succession as vested in the House of Hanover, and order the Pretender to quit the French dominions.

iii. After a vain protest the Chevalier withdrew from France, where he had so long been sheltered by the generosity of Louis, and took up his temporary residence in the territories of the Duke of Lorraine.

It seemed the peculiar destiny of the Chevalier to alternate between the most flattering hopes and the most terrible discouragements. At a moment when, abandoned by Louis, all prospect of regaining the royal seat of his ancestors might reasonably be supposed to have disappeared, he was elevated to the highest pitch of expectation by the overtures he received from the English Jacobites. Harley and Bolingbroke carried on with him a secret correspondence, and it was observed that the Queen placed about her person and in her service the most notorious partisans of the exiled House. Her health was much affected by a severe inflammatory fever; the loss of her

youthful son had deprived her of all motive for ambitious views; she looked upon the House of Hanover with that antipathy which individuals so often cherish towards their heirs; and she regarded her sufferings both of mind and body as Heaven's punishment of her filial disobedience. The Chevalier and his friends had strong reasons to believe that she was inclined to alter the succession in his favour; and still further to arouse her natural affections and strengthen her prepossessions he addressed her a letter very skilfully composed. "You may be assured, Madam," he wrote, "that though I can never abandon, but with my life, my own just right, which you know is unalterably settled by the most fundamental laws of the land, yet I am most desirous to owe to you rather than to any one living the recovery of it. It is for you that a work so just and glorious is reserved. The voice of God and nature calls you to it; the promises you made to the King, our father, enjoin it; the preservation of our family — the preventing of unnatural wars require it; and the public good and welfare of our country recommend it to you, to rescue it from present

and future evils; which must, to the latest posterity, involve the nation in blood and confusion till the succession be again settled in the right line. I am satisfied, Madam, that if you will be guided by your own inclinations, you will readily comply with so just and fair a proposal as to prefer your own brother, the last male of our name, to the Duke of Hanover, the remotest relation we have; whose friendship you have no reason to rely on, or be fond of; who will leave the Government to foreigners of another language, of another interest; and who, by the general naturalization, may bring over crowds of his countrymen to supply the defect of his right, and enslave the nation."

iv. These intrigues did not escape the notice of the Whig party, who assuredly represented a majority of the people of England, and they were not slow in exhibiting their unalterable fidelity to the Protestant Succession. They even proceeded to such lengths as to pass an address to Her Majesty, desiring her to offer a reward for the apprehension of the Pretender, to which she replied, with mingled dignity and good feeling:—"My Lords, it would be a real strengthening to the succession in the

House of Hanover, as well as a support to my government, that an end were put to those groundless fears and jealousies which have been so industriously promoted: I do not at this time see any occasion for such a proclamation: whenever I judge it to be necessary, I shall give my orders for having it issued." These "fears and jealousies" were not, however, so groundless as Her Majesty wished her subjects to believe. It is probable that she had not actually adopted a design to nominate the Pretender as her successor. The well known Protestant temper and constitutional inclinations of the bulk of the people had made her hesitate, and on her death-bed the sense of the troubles that an alteration of the succession would bring upon the nation, finally conquered her natural inclinations in favour of her brother. She placed the white staff of the Lord Treasurer in the hands of the great Whig nobleman, the Duke of Shrewsbury, and, in so doing, crushed for ever the rising hopes and brightening prospects of the House of Stuart.

v. When the news of the death of Queen Anne reached the Chevalier, he immediately quitted

the territories of the Duke of Lorraine, and repaired to Versailles. But George the 1st having notified to Louis the fact of his accession, and called upon him to observe the stipulations of the Treaty of Utrecht, he was compelled to quit Versailles, and return to Lorraine. From thence he issued a manifesto, protesting against the accession of "a foreign prince" to a throne which was incontestably the inheritance of his family, and copies of this protest having been placed in the hands of the chief English ministers, the ambassador of the Duke of Lorraine was refused an audience until the Pretender was dismissed from the Ducal territories. Meanwhile, the unpopularity of the new sovereign, and the animosity of the High Church party, excited by the favours lavished upon the fortunate Whigs, produced riots and disturbances in many parts of England. The white rose was publicly worn on the Pretender's birthday, and bells were rung, and his health drunk at Leeds, Marlborough, Leicester, and Birmingham. In London it became necessary to call out the soldiers. An effigy of William the 3rd was burnt at Smithfield. A minister, who at Whitechapel preached a sermon in

favour of the Hanoverian succession, was violently assaulted by the mob. In Lancashire the magistrates were constrained to levy the militia. These disturbances were regarded with great exultation by the Chevalier, who looked upon them as indications of the national feeling, and began to consider himself as virtually king of Great Britain. But the ripple on the wave only conceals the stillness which sleeps below. The country gentry and the mob were in favour of the Chevalier. He represented to them that principle of loyalty which has always so powerfully affected the English people; but the principle of order is scarcely less influential with our grave and reserved nation, and that principle was identified by the wealthy nobles, and the commercial and trading classes, with the House of Hanover. We believe, therefore, that the adherents of the Stuarts were wrong in supposing that the English people—as a people—desired their restoration, and we believe that the accession of the son of James the 2nd to the throne would have been the signal for a civil commotion which would once more have resulted in the expulsion of the Stuart dynasty.

vi. The Chevalier's party was strongest in Scotland, but to render an invasion successful it was obviously necessary that a rising should take place simultaneously both in England and Scotland, or all the resources of the English government would be devoted to the subjugation of the weaker country. It was equally needful that the invasion should be supported by the strength and power of France, and England alarmed for the safety of her own shores. The death of Louis the 14th, which followed closely upon the death of Anne, completed the downfall of the Stuarts, though the Chevalier and some of his enthusiastic advisers would not acknowledge the importance of that event. The Regent, who controlled the government of France during the long minority of Louis the 15th, had entered into confidential engagements with the ministers of George the 1st, and amused the Pretender's agents with "mysterious and equivocal expressions," calculated to frustrate the design of the expedition. Bolingbroke, who had fled from England to escape a bill of attainder, and accepted the post of Secretary of State to the Chevalier, confesses that his sole dependence was upon the ambition and energy

of Louis the 14th. "My hopes," he says, "sank as he declined, and died when he expired." He was astonished at the confidence which animated the Chevalier, and at the want of system and method which characterised the administration of his affairs. "The Jacobites," he says, "had wrought one another up to look upon the success of the present designs as infallible; every meeting-house which the populace demolished, every drunken riot which happened, served to confirm them in these sanguine expectations, and there was hardly one amongst them who would lose the air of contributing by his intrigues to the restoration, which he took for granted would be brought about without him, in a very few weeks."

vii. The Chevalier's designs were made known to the English government, who took the necessary steps to defeat them; committed some of the principal Jacobites to the Castle of Edinburgh; despatched reinforcements to strengthen the regular army, and appointed to the command-in-chief the powerful and popular Duke of Argyle. The Earl of Mar, who had led the Jacobite party in Scotland, finding that he had gone too far to retreat,

hastened to the Highlands; assembled the vassals of his clan; and "crossed the Rubicon" of civil war at Braemar, on the 26th of August, 1715. He had proclaimed a grand hunting-match to cover his designs, and assembled there the Marquis of Huntley, the Marquis of Tullibardine; the Earls of Nithsdale, Traquair, Errol, Marischal, Carnwath, Linlithgow, Southesk, and Seaforth; Viscounts Stormont, Kilsythe, Kenmuir, and Kingston; Lords Rollo, Nairn, Duffus, Ogilvy, Strathallan, and Drummond; the Chief of Glengary, and Campbell of Glendaride. Having pledged their fealty to James the Third, and sworn to be faithful to one another, they retired to their estates to levy and arm their vassals.

viii. This famous gathering of the clans is celebrated in a popular Jacobite ballad, composed, however, some years after the event it perpetuates:—

"The auld Stuart's back again,
The auld Stuart's back again,
Let howlet Whigs do what they can,
  The auld Stuart's back again.
What cares for a' their crushy deeds,
And a' Kilmarnock sowen seeds?
We'll wauk their hides, and fyle their feeds,
  And bring the Stuarts back again.

"There's Ayr and Irrine, wi' the rest.
And a' the cronies i' the west,
Lord! sic scawed and scabbit nest,
How they'll set up their crack again!
But wad they come, or dare they come,
Afore the bagpipe and the drum,
We'll either gar them a' sing dumb,
Or 'auld Stuart's back again.'

"Give ear unto my loyal sang,
A' ye that ken the right frae wrang,
And a' that look and think it lang,
For auld Stuart's back again.
Were ye wi' me to chase the rae,
Out oure the hills and far away,
And saw the lords were there that day,
To bring the Stuarts back again.

"Then what are a' their Westland crews?
We'll gar the tailors back again,
Can they forestand the tartan trews,
And auld Stuart's back again?"

ix. On the 6th of September, the chieftains and their clans assembled at Braemar, when the Standard of James the 3rd was formally erected. "The standard, which was said to have been worked by the Countess of Mar, was of blue silk; having on one side the arms of Scotland wrought in gold, and on the other side the Scottish thistle, with the ancient motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit.* It had also two pendants of white ribbons, on one of which were the words, 'For our wronged King and oppressed Country,' and on the

other, 'For our Lives and Liberties.'* Scarcely had it been set up, before the ornamental ball which surmounted it fell off,—an incident which the superstitious Highlanders regarded as an evil omen for the cause they had embraced.

> "But when our standard was set up,
> So fierce the wind did blaw, Willie,
> The golden Knop down from the top
> Unto the ground did fa', Willie ;
> Then second-sighted Sandy said,
> We'll do nae gude at a', Willie ;
> While pipers play'd frae right to left,
> Fy, furich Whigs awa, Willie."

The Earl of Mar soon found himself at the head of an army of ten thousand men, and having secured the pass of the Tay at Perth, he made himself master of the whole of Fifeshire, and of the seacoast on that side of the Frith. He sent a detachment under Brigadier Mackintosh to seize Edinburgh Castle. The design was good, and had it been successfully carried out, would have afforded the insurgents a rallying-point in the very capital of the kingdom. But to all the Jacobite rebellions there was lacking unity of purpose, and that concentration of means which proceeds

* Jesse's Court cf England under the Stuarts.

Drawn by C. Stanfield. Engraved by W. Finden.

from the supreme command being vested in one man of extraordinary capacity. The Jacobites had many gallant soldiers, and admirable guerilla leaders, but not one good general. The enterprise on Edinburgh failed, and Mar occupied much valuable time in useless delays and contrary movements, while the Duke of Argyle was rapidly receiving reinforcements from England. He did not draw his troops out of Perth until the 10th of November, when believing the royal army to be posted at Stirling, he marched towards the Forth, with the view of carrying the war into England. At Auchterarder he reviewed the soldiers and rested, on the 11th; and on the following day, Argyle having been strengthened with some squadrons of dragoons from Ireland, and apprised of the Jacobite leader's intention, rapidly threw his army across the Forth, determined to give him battle in the neighbourhood of Dunblane. His left was encamped at that village, and his right extended towards Sheriff-muir.

On the 13th, Mar, who was at the head of 9,000 effective men, both horse and foot, had drawn up his army in order of battle within two miles of the royal camp. As soon as the

Duke learned their movements, he posted his forces, which did not muster more than 3,500 men, on the heights to the north-east of Dunblane, but was out-flanked on both wings. The Highlanders charged his left, sword in hand, with characteristic impetuosity, and drove it clearly off the field, while Argyle, on his part, led his dragoons with equal success against the enemy's left, though not without a sharp hot struggle. The victorious Highlanders, returning from the pursuit, gathered in Argyle's rear, and a second engagement ensued, which terminated in the Duke's retreat upon Dunblane, and the rebels upon Ardoch. But the next day the Duke again occupied the field of battle, carried off the wounded, and four pieces of cannon abandoned by the enemy. He then retired to Stirling. Such was the battle of Dunblane, or Sheriffmuir. Both sides claimed the victory, but as Mar was compelled to retire to Perth, and thus to abandon his project of entering England, Argyle assuredly might boast most justly of his success.

xii. Disaster everywhere attended the rebel arms, and the insurrection was almost at an end, when the Chevalier suddenly made his

appearance on the scene of action. Though his hopes of a rising in England had been disappointed, and his adherents could offer him no secure asylum in Scotland, he resolved upon one effort to retrieve his decaying fortunes. From Bretagne he made his way along the French coast in the disguise of a mariner, and succeeded in reaching Dunkirk, where he embarked on board a small privateer, hired for the purpose, and well armed and manned. After a voyage of seven days he landed at Peterhead, on the 22nd of December, 1715, attended by the Marquis of Tynemouth, son of the Duke of Berwick, Lieutenant Cameron, and four other persons—all attired as naval officers. The news of their safe disembarkation was conveyed to France by the privateer, and the Chevalier, in a letter to his secretary, expressed his pleasure at finding himself in his ancient kingdom, and at the prosperous condition in which he professed to have found his affairs.*

xiii. Two days afterwards, he received, at Felteresso, the principal seat of the Earl Mareschal, the Earl of Mar, and thirty Scot-

* Tindal. See also Lingard and Mackintosh.

tish gentlemen, anxious to pay their respects to their legitimate monarch. He subsequently appointed his privy council, and issued six proclamations, in the name of James the Third of England, and Eighth of Scotland, in which he ordered a thanksgiving for his safe arrival, summoned his lieges to join his standard, and appointed the 23rd of Jany., 1716, for the day of his coronation. He further amused himself by mimicking the prerogatives, before he had obtained the power, of a king; conferring titles of honour, and elevating plain squires into pseudo knights. He may have thought by these proceedings to animate and encourage his followers, by professing a confidence which assuredly he did not feel; and, indeed, they appeared to derive a fresh and joyous inspiration from his presence. "Now," they exclaimed, "we shall be led to face our foes in the open field; no longer doomed to rot in camp, while the council is swayed by contradictory opinions." But a heavy gloom sat on the secret soul of the adventurer. From the Earl of Mar he had by this time learned the disastrous condition of his party. He seemed to see the bright bayonets of Argyle's soldiers already gathering around him, and

to hear the blare of their trumpets summoning Perth, his last stronghold, to surrender. The painful truth was evident:—Perth must be abandoned, and a guerilla warfare carried on in the Highlands, or the army—if a mass of men lacking cohesion and discipline could be called an army—dispersed to their respective districts. What counsel or comfort could the Prince offer to his adherents? He could only tell them that he had joined in their enterprise lest those who were laggards in their duty should plead his conduct as an excuse. For himself, he said, he had been cradled in sorrow and bred in misfortune, and he was ready, if it pleased God, to endure whatever the malice of his enemies might inflict upon him. This was not the language of a king coming to claim his crown from a loyal people, and contrasted strangely with the confident tone in which the court of St. Germains had been wont to indulge.

xiv. On the 5th of January the Prince made his public entry into Dundee, attended by a train of three hundred mounted gentlemen, and greeted by the acclamations of the populace, who surrounded him in the market

place, and pressed forward to kiss his hand. On the 8th he arrived at Scoon, the ancient palace of the Scottish Kings,—gray with the memories of a thousand years,—and on the following day, he visited Perth. Returning to Scoon, he took up his residence in the old feudal stronghold until the 20th, when the rapid approach of Argyle with a numerous and well-disciplined army compelled his immediate retreat. It is said that when these tidings reached him he broke into a passion of tears, and reproached his followers with having brought him to a grave instead of a crown; a weakness, which, when related to Prince Eugene, induced the sarcastic observation—"Weeping is not the way to conquer Kingdoms." The person and demeanour of James Edward at this crisis have been vividly depicted by an eye-witness and a partisan. He was tall and thin, he says, and evincing a pre-disposition to grow thinner as he advanced in years. "His countenance was pale, yet he seemed to be sanguine in his constitution, and had something of a vivacity in his eye that perhaps would have been more visible if he had not been under dejected circumstances; which, it must be

acknowledged, were sufficient to alter the complexion of his soul as well as his body. . . . We saw nothing in him that looked like spirit. He never appeared with cheerfulness and vigour to animate us. Our men began to despise him; some asked if he could speak. His countenance looked extremely heavy. He cared not to come abroad amongst us soldiers, or to see us handle our arms or do our exercise."* Such was not the man to infuse the spirit of success into a desperate enterprise, or to bind fortune with chains of gold to his cause. He was better fitted to lose a crown than to win one; and to figure in the mimic pageantry of St. Germains than to lead the forlorn hope of a difficult adventure.

xv. On the 30th of Jany.—a fatal day in the annals of the house of Stuart, the Chevalier and his Highlanders commenced their retreat, crossing the Tay, and winding through the Carse of Gowrie to Dundee. From thence he made his way to Montrose, where, after some natural hesitation, he embarked on board a small French vessel which happened to be lying in the harbour, accompanied by

* A true Account of the Proceedings at Perth.

the Earl of Mar, the Earl of Milford, Lord Drummond, Lieutenant-General Buckley, and thirteen persons of distinction. To avoid the English cruisers his ship first made for the Coast of Norway; and then hugging closely the shores of Holland and Germany, arrived, after a few days' voyage, at Gravelines, between Dunkirk and Calais. Thus, this most chivalrous Prince abandoned to the mercies of the English government, the faithful partisans who had endured so much in the fond hope of seating him on the ancient throne of his race. When they found themselves so shamefully deserted, many of them flung away their arms, and breaking up into different bodies, they dispersed among the mountains, each clan as rapidly as possible seeking the shelter of its own inaccessible glen. Such was the impotent conclusion of the enterprise of 1715.

III.

CLOSING SCENES.

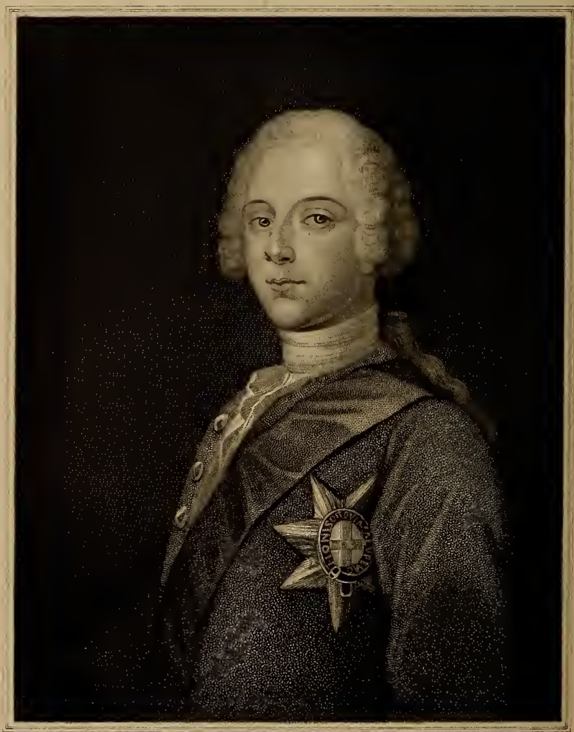
i. Almost the first act of the Chevalier on his return to St. Germains was to dismiss the Se-

cretary of State, Lord Bolingbroke, the only man about him—brilliant and shallow Pretender as he was—who possessed more than ordinary capacity, or had any experience of state affairs. The cause of this sudden and impolitic step is supposed to have been Bolingbroke's freedom of speech, which manifested itself at the expense of James and his courtiers; and, indeed, the gay and versatile St. John must have found ample food for his satiric fancy in the absurd and ludicrous pretensions of the female coterie which surrounded the Chevalier.

ii. After a brief stay in the neighbourhood of Paris, the heir of the Stuarts retired to Avignon, at the urgent instigation of the French Court. From thence he withdrew to Rome, where the Pope distinguished him with marked courtesy. His manner of life, however, hardly entitled him to the approbation of the Father of the Church, and disgusted his most trusty friends. Like his father, he maintained a bevy of mistresses, while he observed the ceremonies of the Church with a slavish punctilio; alternating, with characteristic facility, between the allurements of sin and the sackcloth and ashes of penitence. By these frail

beauties he was swayed from one impulse to another, abandoning decision upon decision with shameful rapidity, and constant only in his devotion to the wine cup and the mass. The pleasures of the night were redeemed by the devotions of the morning, and the attention he paid to his mistresses was only exceeded by the servility he displayed towards his priests.

iii. In actual life, as well as in the mimic life of fiction, the opinion sometimes prevails that the most effectual cure for the excesses of a profligate is the discipline of marriage. That such may be the case where those excesses are the outburst of a hot and passionate temperament, of veins glowing with the inspiration of youth, and of an imagination stirred by the first fond whispers of love and poetry, we are willing to believe; but not when the mind is habituated to voluptuousness, and pleasure has become the daily occupation of a jaded fancy and a narrow intellect. The friends of the Chevalier ventured upon the experiment, and selected for the victim the fair and amiable wearer of an illustrious name—the Princess Clementina Maria Sobieski—the granddaughter of that famous king of Poland who



Charles Edward Stuart.

drove the Turks out of Christendom and rescued Vienna from the standard of the Crescent. The Princess was in her 17th year, and endowed with the attractions of a beautiful person and a graceful mind. From an early age she had manifested a peculiar interest in the romantic history of the Stuarts—a history which has charmed the imaginations and spellbound the judgment of graver personages than a susceptible girl—and was fond of being styled by her play-fellows the Queen of England. When, therefore, the ministers of James proposed the alliance to her parents, both she and they eagerly yielded their assent, and the only difficulty to be conquered was the hostility of the English government, who were naturally unwilling that the line of the Stuarts should be perpetuated by marriage. As the Princess and her mother passed through the Tyrol, on their way to Italy, they persuaded the Austrian authorities to seize them, and confine them in a convent at Innspruck, whence they only obtained their release by a dangerous stratagem. But arriving at Bologna in safety, the Princess was there married by proxy on the 28th of May, 1719, the

Chevalier, her husband, at the time being absent at Madrid.

iv. The Princess bore him two sons, Charles Edward, the hero of the '45, and Henry, afwards Cardinal York. She soon learned to deplore the fate which had united her to a selfish voluptuary. Wounded by his indifference, and disgusted by his infidelities, she separated from him in 1725, but at the instance of the Pope, public scandal was avoided by a formal reconciliation; and under the same roof as the Prince, the unfortunate daughter of Poland dragged out a weary and miserable life, relieved only by the consolations of religion, until her death on the 18th of January, 1765.

v. In 1718 the Chevalier's prospects temporarily brightened under the encouragement of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, who contemplated an expedition against England for the recovery of the exile's throne, but the wild dream—it was scarcely anything better—was terminated at Frederickshall, where a chance shot cut short the career of the madman of the North. The project was again revived by Alberoni, the powerful and astute minister of Spain, who invited the Prince to Madrid,

and received him with all the honours usually paid to a crowned head. He also caused a formidable armament to be equipped at Cadiz, consisting of ten ships of war and transports, having on board six thousand regular troops, with arms for twelve thousand men, and bestowed the command on the Duke of Ormond, with the title of Captain-General of His Most Catholic Majesty. But the Fates never smiled upon these Stuart expeditions. The gallant armada, off Cape Finisterre, was buffeted by a terrible storm, which endured for eight and forty hours, and so shattered yards, and masts, and rigging, that most of the ships were compelled to return to port. Only two frigates arrived in Scotland, and disembarked at the island of Lewis the Earls Marischal and Seaforth, the Marquis Tullibardine, some field officers, three hundred men, and arms for two thousand men. Joined by a few hundred Highlanders the desperate adventurers crossed into Kintail; were met by a body of regular troops,under General Wightman, in the valley of Glenshiel; and after an undecisive skirmish, surrendered at discretion, the Highlanders, like mist before the sun, dispersing into their glens and mountain fortresses.

vi. With this mortifying catastrophe terminated, for a quarter of a century, the attempts of the Stuarts to recover the throne of Great Britain, and the Chevalier abandoned his dreams of royalty until the spirit and enthusiasm of his son Charles Edward once more aroused his ambition and excited his hopes. With the exception of the episode of the '45—which we shall chronicle in the following chapter—the remainder of the lengthened career of Prince James was passed in luxurious inaction. Two of the ablest letter-writers of the eighteenth century have left on record a graphic picture of him and his position, which does not tend to exalt our opinion of this dullest of the Stuarts. Gray writes in 1740, in the following epigrammatic manner :—" At a great ball given by Count Patrizii to the Prince and Princess Craon, at which he and his two sons were present. They are good firm boys, especially the younger, who has the more spirit of the two; and both danced incessantly all night long. For him, he is a thin, ill-made man, extremely tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance, a good deal resembling king James II., and has extremely the air and

look of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays; the first he does not do often, the latter continually."

vii. Horace Walpole, in 1752, observes:—"The Chevalier de St. George is tall, meagre, and melancholy in his aspect; enthusiasm and disappointment have stamped a solemnity on his person, which rather creates pity than respect. He seems the phantom which good-nature, divested of reflection, conjures up, when we think of the misfortunes, without the demerits, of Charles I. Without the particular features of any Stuart, the Chevalier has the strong lines and fatality of air peculiar to them all. At Rome, where to be a good Roman Catholic it is by no means necessary to be very religious, they have little esteem for him; but it was his ill-treatment of the Princess Sobieski, his wife, that originally disgusted the Papal court. She who, to zeal for Popery, had united all its policy—who was lively, insinuating, agreeable, and enterprising — was promptly supported by that court when she could no longer endure the mortifications that were offered to her by Hay and his wife, the titular Countess of

Inverness, to whom the Chevalier had entirely resigned himself. The Pretender retired to Bologna, but was obliged to sacrifice his favourites before he could re-establish himself at Rome. The most apparent merit of the Chevalier's court is, the great regularity of his finance and the economy of his exchequer. His income before the rebellion was £25,000, arising chiefly from pensions from the Pope and from Spain; from contributions from England, and some irregular donations from other courts; yet his payments were not only most exact, but he had saved a large sum of money, which was squandered on the unfortunate attempt in Scotland.

viii. Mr. Jesse, quoting from Keysler, furnishes us with a third and later sketch (A.D. 1756):—"The figure made by the Pretender is in every way mean and unbecoming. The Pope has issued an order that all his subjects should style him King of England; but the Italians make a jest of this, for they term him "The local King," or, "King *here*," while the real possessor is styled "The King *there*," that is, in England. He has an annual income of 12,000 *scudi*, or crowns, from the

Pope; and though he may receive as much more from his adherents in England, it is far from him to keep up the state of a sovereign prince. He is very fond of seeing his image struck on medals; and if kingdoms were to be obtained by tears, which he shed plentifully at the miscarriage of his attempts in Scotland, he would have found the medallists work enough. He generally goes abroad in three coaches, and his household consists of about forty persons. He lately assumed some authority at the opera by calling *encore* when a song that pleased him was performed; but it was not till after a long pause that his order was obeyed. He never before affected the least power. At his coming into an assembly, no English Protestant rises up, and even the Roman Catholics pay him the compliment in a very superficial manner. His pusillanimity, and the licentiousness of his amours, have lessened him in everybody's esteem."

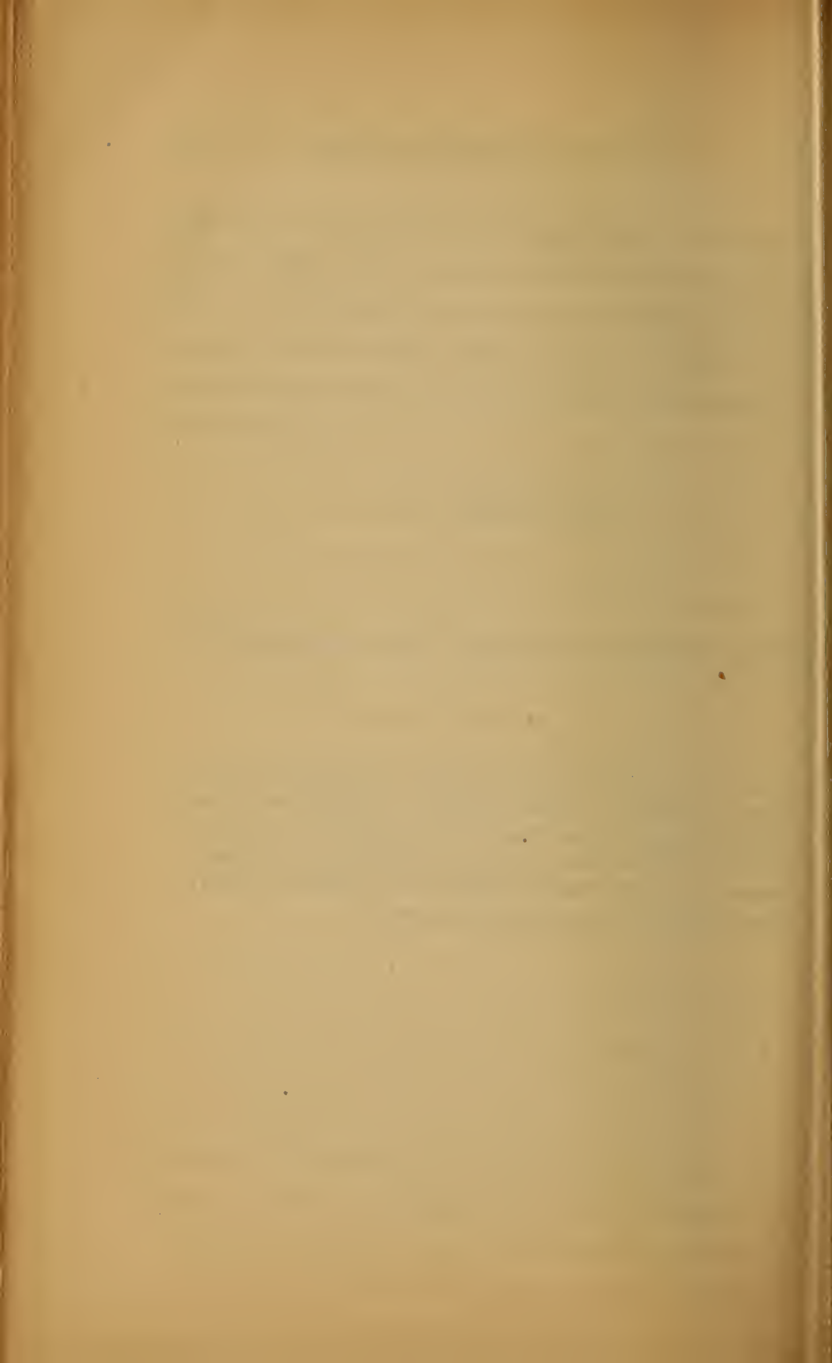
xi. The closing years of the Chevalier's life were clouded with the gloom of many infirmities, which rendered him a close prisoner in his bed chamber. He outlived the influ-

ence and credit of his race, and died at Rome, in his 79th year, on the 12th of January, 1766. His funeral was conducted with regal pomp, and his body, after lying in state for several days, was interred in the famous church of St. Peter's.

CHAPTER V.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD, "THE PRETENDER."

[AUTHORITIES:—Earl Stanhope's History of England from the Peace of Utrecht; Horace Walpole's Correspondence; The Culloden Papers; Home's History of the Rebellion; Chambers' History of the Rebellion of 1745; Tindal's History of England; Coxe's Life of Sir Robert Walpole; the Lockhart Papers; Jesse's Memoirs of the Pretenders, etc., etc.]



CHAPTER V.

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART, GRANDSON OF JAMES II., COMMONLY CALLED "THE PRETENDER."

"I once had sons, but now hae nane,
I bred them toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a' again,
And lose them a' for Charlie."

Scotch Ballad.

"Oh! better loved he canna be,
Yet, when we see him wearing
Our Hieland garb sae gracefully,
'Tis aye the mair endearing.

Though a' that now adorns his brow
Be but a simple bonnet;
Ere lang we'll see, of kingdoms three,
The royal crown upon it."

Jacobite Song.

i. Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir Stuart, known in English annals as "the Young Pretender,"—the eldest son of Prince James Frederick and Clementina

Maria, daughter of Prince Sobieski, eldest son of John, King of Poland,—was born at Rome, on the 20th of September, 1720. But few particulars have been preserved of his early years or educational training. Though he undoubtedly gave indications of considerable ability, little care seems to have been taken in reference to its development or cultivation. His preceptor was Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish Roman Catholic, whom history has unjustly suspected of having been bribed by the British government to betray his trust, but who may more righteously be accused of a criminal negligence of his responsibilities towards his pupil. Under his supervision the Prince learned nothing of the laws and annals of the kingdom he was taught to regard as his future heritage, and had thus no opportunity of profiting by the example of his predecessors. He spelt ill, he wrote carelessly. "Umer" does duty in his letters for *humour*, and the name of his father is mutilated into "Gems." Neither of his own nor of the French language does he appear to have acquired more than a superficial knowledge. But his talents were considerable; his energy of character markedly contrasted with the

lethargy of his father's disposition; his resolution almost degenerated into invincible obstinacy; and he possessed a peculiar fascination of manner, which spell-bound all who came within the sphere of its influence. The faults of his character were mainly the results of injudicious training; his virtues were all his own. His warmth of heart, and the strength of his friendships, were not the qualities of the Stuarts, but derived, perhaps, from that chivalrous Polish stock of which his ill-fated mother was a scion.

ii. His military experience began in his 15th year, when he earned more than ordinary distinction at the Siege of Gaeta, under the famous Duke of Berwick. His coolness under fire extorted from that able general no unqualified eulogium:—"This prince discovers," wrote the Duke, "that in great princes, whom Nature has marked out for heroes, valour does not wait the number of years. I joyfully indulge myself in the pleasure of seeing the prince adored by officers and soldiers. His manner and conversation are really bewitching." He continued with the Spanish army until the Duke was slain at the siege of Philipsburg.

iii. His next appearance in arms was in the year 1743, where he joined the French army under the Duc de Noailles. He served gallantly at the Battle of Dettingen, where the English followed the leadership of their brave and sturdy king, George the Second, and he fully emulated the courageous conduct of his fortunate rival. But a bolder enterprise summoned him to more important battle-fields, and the ardent hopes of the Stuart faction called him to contend for the crown which had been lost by his grandfather's errors and obstinacy. For this purpose, 15,000 veterans, under the Marshal de Saxe, were encamped at Dunkirk; a large number of transports collected in the Channel; and a fleet of eighteen sail of the line for their convoy assembled at Brest and Rochefort. Charles was invited by the French government to take the command of this expedition, and his father appointed him Regent, with full power to administer the government of the United Kingdom during his absence.

iv. He took leave of his father on the 9th of January, 1744, with a heart animated by youthful ardour and dazzling hopes. "I

trust, by the aid of God," he exclaimed, "that I shall soon be able to lay the crowns at your Majesty's feet." "Be careful of yourself," replied the Chevalier, "for I would not lose you for all the crowns in the world." Having obtained the necessary passports from Cardinal Aquaviva, he caused it to be noised abroad that he was proceeding on a hunting expedition. Then, assuming the disguise of a Spanish courier, and attended by only one servant, who personated a Spanish secretary, he travelled through Tuscany and Genoa to Savona, where he embarked on board a small ship, and passed through the British fleet unsuspected. Landing at Antibes, he travelled post to Paris, reaching the capital within twelve days of his departure from Rome. He remained there but a short period, for the French court seemed to have relinquished its design against England, and he was not even admitted to the royal presence. At Gravelines he next took up his residence, from its proximity to the starting-point of the projected expedition, and lived there in great privacy under the name of the Chevalier Douglas, with only Bohaldie, his secretary, in attendance upon him. "The

situation I am in," he wrote to his father, "is very particular, for nobody knows where I am, or what has become of me; so that I am entirely buried as to the public, and cannot but say that it is a very great constraint upon me, for I am obliged very often not to stir out of my room for fear of somebody's noting my face. I very often think that you would laugh very heartily, if you saw me going about with a single servant, buying fish and other things, and squabbling for a penny more or less! Everybody is wondering where the prince is; some put him in one place, and some in another, but nobody knows where he is really; and sometimes he is told news of himself to his face, which is very diverting."

v. While he was thus secluded at Gravelines, the French squadrons had sailed from Brest and Rochefort, and under the flag of Admiral Roquefeuille, sailed up the British Channel. They served to amuse the British fleet (under Sir John Norris, an officer of courage and experience, whose enterprise had been damped by age,) while Marshal Saxe embarked seven thousand veteran soldiers at Dunkirk, and, accompanied by the prince, sailed for the

English coast. The Hanoverian dynasty had nowhere such admirable allies as the elements. A terrible tempest scattered the transports, wrecked several of them, and constrained the others to put back into port shattered and disabled. The French ministry, never very warm in promoting the expedition, availed themselves of this disaster as a pretence for relinquishing it, withdrew their troops from Dunkirk, and appointed the Marshal de Lane to the command of the army in Flanders.

The Prince, in his disappointment at the failure of an enterprise from which he had expected so much both of profit and renown, proposed to his stout partisan, the Earl Marischal, to engage a small fishing vessel, and fling himself upon the Scottish coast; and when the Earl pointed out the folly of such a project, expressed a desire to enter the French army, and share in the glories of the approaching campaign. But the Earl also showed that such a step would enlist against him the patriotic sympathies of the people he aspired to govern, and accordingly he was forced to spend the next fifteen months in comparative inaction. He resided in or near Paris, carry-

ing on an incessant correspondence with his Scottish adherents, and enduring in silence the rebuffs and reprimands of the French court. From Scotland his friends wrote to him that they could do nothing for his cause unless he brought them 6,000 men and 10,000 stand of arms. He found himself, therefore, constrained to rely upon his own resources. Observing that the French war had nearly drained England of troops, and that its government had relaxed in its vigilance against schemes of invasion, wearied of an inglorious tranquillity, and burning for distinction in the field, Charles at length resolved upon an attempt as desperate as it was heroic. He exerted himself on every side to procure a supply of arms; he raised money from his adherents to defray the expenses of an expedition; and without acquainting his father of his real object, requested him to pawn his jewels and forward without delay the sum they fetched. "I wish you would pawn all my jewels," he wrote; "for on *this* side the water I should wear them with a very sore heart, thinking that there might be made a better use of them." He had obtained from a Parisian banker, named Waters, a loan of

120,000 livres, with which he purchased 20 field pieces, eighteen hundred broad swords, 1500 fusees, and a store of flints, balls, and gunpowder. A merchant of Nantes, named Walsh, undertook to transport him and his suite to Scotland in a fast 18-gun brig, La Doutelle, which had been fitted out to operate against the British traders; and the French government in a surreptitious manner provided him with the convoy of a 68-gun ship, the Elizabeth, under orders ostensibly to cruize upon the coast of Scotland, but with secret instructions to lend the Prince as much assistance as could clandestinely be afforded.

vi. The Prince was now residing at the Château de Navarre, near Evreux, from whence he addressed his father on the 12th of June, in a letter which, for the first time, revealed the audacious project he had conceived:—

"I believe your Majesty," he wrote, "little expected a courier at this time, and much less from me, to tell you a thing that will be a great surprise to you. I have been, above six months ago, invited by our friends to go to Scotland, and to carry what money and

arms I could conveniently get; this being, they are fully persuaded, the only way of restoring you to the crown, and them to their liberties.

"After such scandalous usage as I have received from the French court, had I not given my word to do so, or got as many encouragements from time to time as I have had, I should have been obliged, in honour and for my reputation, to have flung myself into the arms of my friends, and die with them, rather than live longer in such a miserable way here, or be obliged to return to Rome, which would be just giving up all hopes. I cannot but mention a parable here, which is —a horse that is to be sold, if spurred, it does not skip, or show some sign of life, nobody would come to have him, even for nothing; just so my friends would care very little to have me, if, after such usage, which all the world is sensible of, I should not show that I have life in me. Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son's following the example of his father. You yourself did the like in the year '15; but the circumstances, indeed, are now very different, by being much more

encouraging, there being a certainty of succeeding with the least help.

"Let what will happen, the stroke is struck, and I have taken a firm resolution to conquer or to die, and stand my grounds as long as I shall have a man remaining with me.

"I should think it proper (if your Majesty pleases) to be put at his Holiness's feet, asking his blessing on this occasion; but what I chiefly ask is your own, which I hope will procure me that of God Almighty, upon my endeavours to serve you, my family, and my country, which will ever be the only view of

"Your Majesty's most dutiful son,

"CHARLES P."

vii. Charles's attendants on this hazardous expedition were not unworthy of it, as most of them had much to gain by success, and little to lose by failure. The Marquis of Tullibardine, who had already shared in the rebellion of 1715, and been deprived of his inheritance of the title and estates of the dukedom of Athol; Sir Thomas Sheridan, who had been the Prince's tutor; Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service;

Mr. Kelly, an English clergyman, who had been many years imprisoned in the Tower, on suspicion of having been implicated in the plot of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester; O'Sullivan, an Irish officer in the service of France; Francis Strickland, an English gentlemen; and Æneas Macdonald, a banker in Paris, and younger brother of Macdonald of Kinlochmordart. With this extraordinary band of partisans, the Prince embarked on board the Doutelle, at St. Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire, on the 22nd of June, and sailed for Belleisle, where, after a delay of several days, they were joined by the Elizabeth. The expedition then set sail, but on the fourth day after their departure the Elizabeth was descried and attacked by the British man-of-war, Lion, of 58 guns, commanded by Captain Brett, one of Anson's most trusty lieutenants. Despite the disparity of the force, the British continued the engagement for nearly six hours, and each ship was so disabled as to be compelled to return to their respective ports. During the conflict the Doutelle had kept aloof, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the Prince, who longed to flesh his sword against

his father's rebellious subjects. But Walsh, the owner of the vessel, perceiving that the success of the expedition might be periled upon an unworthy issue, informed the Prince that unless he ceased his importunities he should be compelled to order him to retire to his cabin. The Doutelle accordingly proceeded on her voyage alone, but by the return of the Elizabeth Charles lost the greater portion of his arms and military stores. On approaching the Hebrides, a large eagle from her eyrie in the neighbouring mountains hovered about the adventurer's vessel. "Accept it," said the Marquis of Tullibardine, "as a good omen, which promises favourable things for us. The king of birds has come to welcome your Royal Highness upon your arrival in Scotland!"

viii. The Doutelle disembarked her passengers, on the 18th of July, upon the small island of Erisca, situated between the islands of Barra and South Uist. Its proprietor was Macdonald of Clanranald, but as he was known to be entirely guided by the counsels of his younger brother, Alexander Macdonald of Boisdale, the Prince resolved to address the latter, in the first instance, and induce

him to exert his influence with his chieftain to raise the clan in his behalf. A messenger was therefore despatched to Boisdale, who immediately obeyed the summons; but not as an enthusiastic partisan; on the contrary, he urged the Prince to abandon an enterprise which would only result in ruin, and plainly stated that he should feel it his duty to dissuade Clanranald from embarking in so wild and desperate a project. Deeply mortified by the result of the interview, Charles pursued his voyage to the mainland, and, on the 19th July, entered the bay of Lochnanuagh, in Invernesshire, on the dreary coast between Moidart and Arisaig. Here he summoned to his side the younger Macdonald of Clanranald, who appeared in company with Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, and others of his clan. The Prince found him as insensible to his arguments as his uncle, the phlegmatic Boisdale. To take up arms without concert or support could only result in the ruin of all their hopes. Charles persisted in his arguments and entreaties. "During the conversation," says Earl Stanhope, "they walked to and fro upon the deck; while a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points,

as was then the custom of the country; he was a younger brother of Kinlochmoidart, and had come to the ship without knowing who was on board of it; but when he gathered from the discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales, and when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their rightful sovereign, as they believed him, his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and instinctively grasped his sword. Charles observed his agitation, and with great skill availed himself of it. Turning suddenly towards him, he called out—"Will you, at least, not assist me?" "I will! I will!" cried Ronald. "Though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!" Charles eagerly expressed his thanks to the warm-hearted young man, saying he wished that all the Highlanders were like him. But, in very truth, they were like him; catching his enthusiasm, and spurning all further deliberations, the two Macdonalds declared that they also would join, and use every exertion to engage their countrymen.

IX. A few days later Charles landed, for

the first time, on the mainland of Scotland, selecting as the point of disembarcation a small farm called Borodaile, lying at the mouth of a mountainous defile in Inverness-shire. For a brief period he kept at the farm house his small but martial court, every member of which was animated by feelings that would have done no dishonour to the most chivalrous knights of the palmy days of chivalry. It was here that the famous interview took place between himself and the gallant Lochiel, without whose support it would have been useless for him to have carried out his enterprise, and without whom no Highland chieftain would have joined his banner, had he charmed ever so wisely. Lochiel repaired to the Prince's court in the firm conviction that the enterprise was desperate and unjustifiable. On his way he fell in with his brother, Cameron of Fassefern, who held the same opinion, and advised Lochiel to content himself with communicating it to the prince by letter. "I know you," said Fassefern, "better than you know yourself. If this Prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will make you do whatever he

pleases." Lochiel, however, was confident of his superior firmness, and, indeed, for a long time resisted bravely the influence of the prince's manners, and the force of his arguments. Charles, with that intuitive perception of a man's character which specially distinguished him, desisted at last from appealing to his reason, and addressed his passions. "I am resolved," he exclaimed, "to put all to the hazard. In a few days I will erect the loyal Standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." "Nay," exclaimed the chieftain, carried away by a whirlwind of emotion, "I will share the fate of my Prince, whatever it may be, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me the power." And such, according to Home, was the conversation on which depended the fate of the rebellion of the '45. Happy had it been for Scotland if Lochiel had turned a deaf ear to the impassioned pleading of his

Prince, and her annals escaped the bloody stain of Drumossie Moor!

x. There were many of the Highland chieftains unaffected by this enthusiasm of loyalty, but the majority eagerly drew their swords for the cause of the House of Stuart, and when the Prince raised his standard at Glenfillan, on the 19th of August, it was with an assurance of coming success that made his heart throb blithely. The banner of red silk, with a white space in the centre, which was blazoned a few weeks later with the boastful legend, *Tandem Triumphans*, was unfurled by the venerable Marquis of Tullibardine, and as the mountain breeze filled out its sheeny folds, the assembled clans sent up a shout which reverberated like the echo of thunder among the distant hills, and flung their bonnets in the air until it seemed to darken with a cloud. The manifesto of James the Third was then read aloud, and the Prince addressed his followers in a brief but animated speech. Shortly afterwards, Keppoch arrived with three hundred of his clan, and, within a few hours, the adventurer's little army was swollen to the numbers of 1,600 or 1,700 men.

xi. The "raising of the Standard" in the

picturesque valley of Glenfinnan has been worthily sung by Scotland's most chivalrous poet, the "Ariosto of the North,"—Sir Walter Scott,—in noble verse, which the reader, however familiar with it, will not be displeased to read again, and yet again :—

"The dark hours of night and of slumber are past;
And morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaldale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

"O high-minded Moray !—the exiled—the dear !—
In the blush of the dawning the standard uprear !
Wide, wide on the winds of the North let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh.

"Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beamed on your forefather's eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

"O sprung from the kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clanranald, Glengary, and Sleat,
Combine with three streams from one mountain of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

"True son of St. Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder, and burnish thy steel!
Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold swell,
Till far Corryarrack resound to the knell!

"Stern son of Lord Kenneth, high chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the gale!
May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and free,
Remember Glenlivat, Harlaw, and Dundee!

"Let the clan of grey Fingon, whose offspring has given
Such heroes to earth, and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renowned Rorri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar!

"How Mac Shiemie will joy when their chief shall display
The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of grey!
How the race of wronged Alpine, and murdered Glencoe,
Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the foe!

"Ye sons of brown Dermid who slew the wild-boar,
Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More!
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake.

"Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake!
'Tis the bugle!—but not for the chase is the call;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the hall!

"'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge!

"To the brand of each chieftain, like Fin's in his ire,
May the blood through his veins flow like torrents of fire!
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires, and endure it no more!"

xii. Leaving Prince Charles and his adherents to rejoice in their hopeful confidence of a triumphant enterprise, we turn to inquire what measures the Established Government were adopting to crush the rebellion which assumed such formidable proportions. They were neither well-conceived nor well-executed, nor were the men then in authority in Scotland capable of appreciating the nature of the crisis with which they had to contend.

Charles's departure from Nantes was not even known in Edinburgh until fully three weeks after his appearance on the Scottish coast! The commander-in-chief, Sir John Cope, was a gallant soldier, but an incompetent general; devoted to his duty, but without the nerve, the pluck, and the foresight which enable a man to grasp an unexpected responsibility. The Lord Justice Clerk was Andrew Fletcher, Lord Milton; the Lord President, Duncan Forbes, a statesman whom no Scotchman names without affection and no Englishman without honour. Loyal to the Hanoverian government, which he identified with the cause of civil freedom and religious tolerance, his exertions mainly contributed to restrain the Highland rebellion within manageable limits, and when it was crushed, it was *his* voice which was always uplifted on the side of mercy and compassion. "Opposing the Jacobites in their conspiracies or rebellions, but befriending them in their adversity and their distresses, he knew, unlike his colleagues, how to temper justice with mercy, and at length offended by his frankness the Government he had upheld by his exertions." But it was not upon this wise

and patriotic minister that the burden of the present crisis rested.

xiii. As soon as the authorities of Edinburgh could be convinced that the Pretender had actually landed, and was assembling a considerable military force, Sir John Cope drew together his troops at Stirling, and leaving behind him his dragoons, who could be of no service in Highland warfare, advanced at the head of 1500 men towards Fort Augustus, as a central position, from whence he might aim a crushing blow at the rebellion. It was upon arriving at Dalwhinnie that he first obtained any certain information as to Prince Charles's movements, and learned that he had seized the important pass of Corry Arrack, which lay between him and Fort Augustus. Corry Arrack is a lofty and precipitous mountain, ascended by a part of Marshal Wade's famous military road, which climbs its rugged acclivity in seventeen traverses or zigzags, popularly known as The Devil's Staircase, and affords an admirable strategical position for a defensive force. To attack the rebels at Corry Arrack, Cope perceived was to hazard in a fruitless effort the safety of his army. To retreat to Stirling seemed igno-

minious, and if he remained at Dalwhinnie he might incur the reproach of inactivity. He determined, therefore, with the concurrence of a council of war, to march into Inverness, and bring into the field the well-affected clans, not believing that the rebels would venture to descend into the Lowlands, while his army hung upon their rear. Such, indeed, was the feeling of many of the Jacobite officers, but Charles was their superior in political sagacity and military ability, and leaving his antagonist to pursue his march unmolested, put his own troops into motion, crossed the abrupt heights of Badenoch, and descended into the fertile plains of Athol. As he proceeded numerous detachments joined his army, issuing from every glen and valley to fight under the standard of the Stuart, and each and all, when they came under the influence of the Prince, were warmed by the fascination of his address and the gallantry of his bearing, into a very fever of enthusiastic loyalty! The Highlanders (says Earl Stanhope) were delighted at his athletic form and untiring energy; like one of Homer's heroes, he surpassed them all in stature. He required from them no sacrifices in which he himself

was unwilling to share. "At Dalwhinnie, he slept with them upon the open moor, sheltered only by his plaid. Every day he marched alongside some one or other of their bands, inquiring into their national legends, or listening to their traditionary songs. At table he partook only of their country dishes, seeming to prefer them to all others; he wished to be, as he said, 'a true Highlander,' and his few phrases of Gaelic were used whenever occasion offered. On the other hand, the simple and enthusiastic Highlanders were prepared to find or to fancy every possible merit in their long-expected Prince. Upon the whole, it might be questioned whether any chief has ever, in so short a period, so greatly endeared himself to his followers."

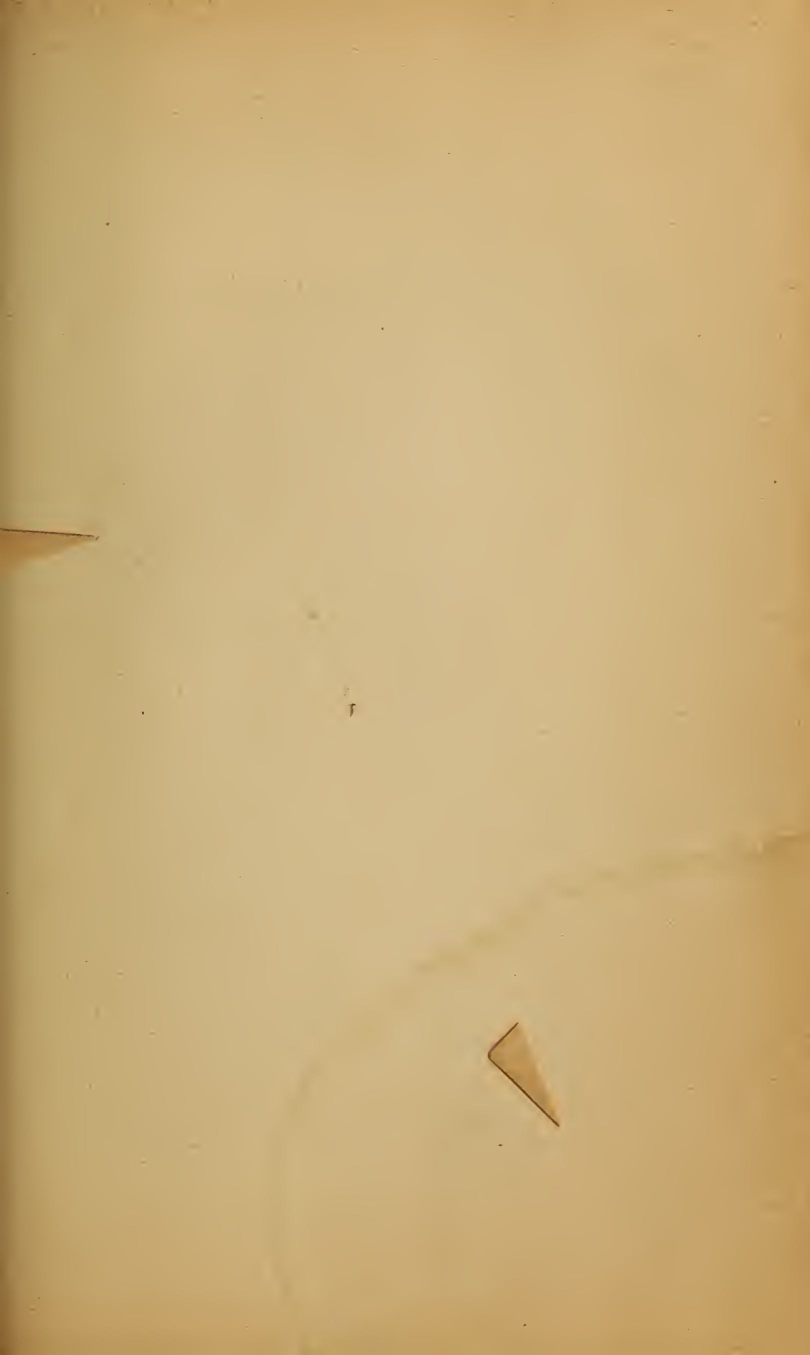
XIV. On the 30th of August Charles reached Blair, the seat of the Duke of Athol, who hastily fled at his approach, while the Marquis of Tullibardine joyfully took possession of the princely seat of his ancestors. Having received here the accession of several men of mark and influence, he swept onward to Perth, entering that ancient burgh upon horseback, amidst the exultant acclamations of the crowded streets. He remained at Perth several

days, mustering his men and collecting supplies of money. The Duke of Perth brought him 200 men, and Lord George Murray many of the tenants of his brother, the Duke of Athol. He brought him also what was infinitely more valuable, the benefit of his military experience and conspicuous ability, but, on the other hand, an obstinate temper, a rough and scornful manner, and an impatience of authority which soon sowed dissensions in the Prince's councils. The Duke of Perth became his declared enemy, and the minor satellites ranged themselves in two hostile camps; Secretary Murray and Sir Thomas Sheridan openly espousing the cause of the Duke, and the Prince himself frequently chafing at Lord George's scant observance of courtly etiquette. Nevertheless, Charles was fully sensible of the value of his services, and appointed him his Lieutenant General.

xv. During his stay at Perth the annual fair was held, and he gladly seized the opportunity of mingling with the crowds which it drew to the ancient city, and ingratiating himself with all classes by the graceful freedom of his manners. He conversed with them familiarly and sportively: "Tell your

fellow citizens," he said to a linen draper from London, "that I expect to see them at St. James's in the course of two months." At Perth he attended, for the first time, a Protestant place of worship. The day on which he quitted it he visited the palace of Scoon, the ancient residence of his ancestors, hallowed by the memories of centuries of strife and vicissitude. He stood there—an adventurer, preparing, sword in hand, to recover for his race the crown they had lost by their follies. Probably, the dream rose upon his excited imagination, that in no very distant future he might stand there—a king, bearing on his brow the diadem recovered by his chivalrous valour.

XVI. He left Perth on the 11th of September. He had learnt that Cope was rapidly marching upon Aberdeen with the intention of there embarking his troops, and hastening by sea to the protection of the Lowlands. It was his object, therefore, to move forward with the utmost celerity, and seize upon Edinburgh before Cope could arrive to its assistance. On the evening of the 12th he passed Dumblane; on the 13th his army defiled in sight of "the banner'd towers of



Doune." On the same day he crossed the Ford of Frew, about seven miles above Stirling; Cope's dragoons retiring as he advanced; and traversed the memorable field of Bannockburn, where in the old time, as quaint John Barbour sings:

> "The battle sae fellon was,
> And sae richt great spilling of blude,
> That on the earth the sluices stude."

The 14th saw him at Falkirk, and the next day at Linlithgow. He was now within sixteen miles of Edinburgh, where the greatest anxiety prevailed, and some hasty fortifications were thrown up for its defence. The castle was well-garrisoned, and commanded by General Grant, an intrepid veteran, but the city was incapable of resisting an assault, and its inhabitants, though generally well-affected to the reigning family, were indisposed to peril their lives or property. They placed all their hopes in a small army of dragoons and volunteers, commanded by Colonel Gardiner, a pious, gallant, and loyal soldier. These were posted at Colt Bridge, in the immediate neighbourhood of the city, and it was there that Charles expected to meet at last with an obstinate resistance.

But on the approach of a party of cavaliers from the Highland army, the dragoons were seized with a panic as shameful as it was unaccountable, which their officers were utterly unable to check. They galloped off the field in a frenzy of dismay, and, without slackening their speed through all the weary night, continued their headlong race until they reached the shores of Dunbar. This *Canter of Coltbrigg*, as the ride of the dragoons was properly called, decided the fate of Edinburgh. Its magistrates made no further efforts to provide for its defence, but engaged in a series of useless debates and fruitless recriminations, while Lochiel and five hundred Camerons contrived, by a simple ruse, to force their entrance into the Canongate, and sending parties round the inner circuit to the other gates, made themselves masters of the city without shedding a drop of blood.

xvii. On the following day Prince Charles made his public entry into the Scottish capital, amidst the deep rolling cheers of the Jacobites, and the whispered admiration of even Hanoverian enemies. "The figure and presence of Charles Stuart," writes Home,

the author of "Douglas," who was one of the spectators of this extraordinary scene, "were not ill-suited to his lofty pretensions. He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair complexion; he had a light-colored periwig, with his own hair combed over the front; he wore the Highland dress—that is, a tartan short without the plaid, a blue bonnet on his head, and on his breast the star of the order of St. Andrew. Charles stood some time in the park to show himself to the people; and then, though he was very near the palace, mounted his horse, either to make himself more conspicuous, or because he rode well and looked graceful on horseback. The Jacobites were charmed with his appearance; they compared him to Robert Bruce, whom he resembled, they said, in his figure as in his fortune. The whigs looked upon him with other eyes. They acknowledged that he was a goodly person; but they observed that, even in that triumphant hour, when he was about to enter the palace of his fathers, the air of his countenance was languid and melancholy: that he looked like a gentleman and a man of fashion, but not like a hero or a conqueror."

xviii. As he made his appearance in front of Holyrood House, a cannon-ball from the castle struck a portion of James the Fifth's tower, and fell into the court-yard below. The Prince, calm and unmoved, continued his progress, preceded by James Hepburn, of Keith, who had shared in the rebellion of 1715. He was a devoted partisan of the Stuarts, mainly through his abhorence of the Union, which, nevertheless, had been effected under the auspices ot a Stuart sovereign.

In the evening the long-deserted chambers of Holyrood glittered with the pomp of revelry, and the assiduous dancing of the Prince won the hearts of the Scottish beauties, completing the conquest which the romantic story of his birth and misfortunes had begun. The next day he held a review of his troops, and announced his intention of immediately leading them against the Hanoverian general whose army had landed at Dunbar on the 17th, and reinforced by the fugitive dragoons, and 200 of Lord Loudon's men, had advanced towards Edinburgh. On the 19th Charles quitted the capital, and on the 20th the two enemies came in sight of each other, the rebels occupying the ridge of Carberry Hill—the

royal troops drawn up in order of battle on the plain beneath. Cope's infantry were posted in the centre, with a regiment of dragoons and three pieces of artillery on each wing. His right rested on the village of Preston ; his left upon Seton House; while the villages of Preston Pans and Cockenzie, with the sea, lay in his rear.

xix. We need not describe the engagement that ensued. It resulted in the total repulse of the King's army, chiefly through the misconduct of the dragoons, who never waited to receive the attack of the Highlanders, but fled in all directions. The infantry did their duty, but were overpowered by numbers; the battle—or rather the skirmish—not enduring above five or six minutes. The Royalists lost 400 men, and among the slain was the pious and heroic Colonel Gardiner, whose virtues and remarkable career have been celebrated by Dr. Doddridge. The rebels had but thirty killed and eighty wounded, and captured, by way of compensation, the greater number of the enemy's standards, the whole of the artillery, and the military chest containing upwards of £2,500. The panic which had taken possession

of the royal troops, many of whom had distinguished themselves at Fontenoy and Dettingen, seems unaccountable, and resulted, perhaps, as much from want of confidence in their commander, as from terror at the strange aspect, savage looks, and unearthly cries of their Gaelic opponents. At all events, Charles' victory was complete, and rendered him for a time the master of Scotland. He returned to Edinburgh in triumph, and was received by the populace with the loudest acclamations. "Everybody," says a contemporary writer, "was mightily taken with the Prince's figure and personal behaviour. There was but one voice about them. Those whom interest and prejudice made a runaway to his cause could not help acknowledging that they wished him well in all other respects, and could hardly blame him for his present undertaking. Sundry things had concurred to raise his character to the highest pitch besides the greatness of the enterprise, and the conduct that had hitherto appeared in the execution of it. There were several instances of good nature and humanity, that made a great impression on people's 'minds." His gallantry during the battle of Preston Pans less benefited his cause than

his clemency after it, and throughout his brief and romantic career he eagerly seized every opportunity of mercy and compassion.

xx. But notwithstanding Charles's success he was scarcely nearer to the crown of his ancestors than at the commencement of his enterprise. The clergy stood aloof in ominous silence, and the great body of the people of both nations seem scarcely to have regarded it in a serious light. Some consternation might exist among a portion of the aristocracy, but the country at large went placidly on its way, apparently ignorant of the fact that a Stuart held his court at Holyrood, and had worsted the royal army at Preston Pans. Satisfied with the liberties they enjoyed under the Hanoverian rule, the subjects of George the Second, however little they loved him, were entirely indisposed to swear allegiance to the grandson of James the Second. Had they believed that such a change was possible, they would assuredly have risen with determined hearts to resist it; but there is abundant evidence to show that the rebellion of '45 was never seriously regarded by the bulk of the English nation. Men looked on

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in silence, as we watch with indifference the playing out of a dreary farce, and the chief feeling excited by the Pretender was that of curiosity. We cannot agree with Earl Stanhope that at any time Prince Charles had a chance of gaining the British throne. We believe that had there existed the probability of such a chance, England would unmistakably have manifested its determination to support the House of Hanover. On this point we quote with pleasure the language of a recent writer:—"Everybody," he says, "knows the main incidents of Prince Charles's romantic campaign; the successful battles which gave the insurgents the apparent command of the Lowlands; the advance into England; the retreat from Derby; the disasters of the rebel army, and its final extinction at Culloden. But although to us it appears a very serious state of affairs—a crown placed on the arbitrament of war, battles in open field, surprise on the part of the Hanoverians, and loud talking on the part of their rivals—the tranquillity of all ranks and in all quarters is the most inexplicable thing in the whole proceeding. When the landing was at first announced alarm was of course felt, as at a fair

when it is reported that a tiger has broke loose from the menagerie. But in a little time everything resumed its ordinary appearance. George himself cried 'Pooh, pooh! Don't talk to me of such nonsense.' His ministers, who probably knew the state of public feeling, were equally unconcerned. A few troops were brought over from the Continent, to show that force was not wanting if the application of it was required. But in other respects no one appeared to believe that the assumed fears of the disaffected, and the no less assumed exultation of the Jacobites, had any foundation in fact. Trade, law, buying and selling, writing and publishing, went on exactly as before. The march of the Pretender was little attended to, except perhaps in the political circles in London. In the great towns it passed almost unheeded. Quiet families, within a few miles of the invader's march, posted or walked across to see the uncouth battalions pass. Their strange appearance furnished subjects for conversation for a month, but nowhere does there seem to have been the terror of a real state of war—the anxious waiting for intelligence, 'the pang, the agony, the doubt;' no one felt

uneasy as to the result. England had determined to have no more Stuart kings, and Scotland was beginning to feel the benefit of the Union, and left the defence of the true inheritor to the uninformed, discontented, disunited inhabitants of the hills."

XXI. It would be inconsistent with the object of these volumes for us to dwell at any length upon the various incidents which distinguished the course of this singular rebellion. These are set forth with admirable fulness in Earl Stanhope's "History of England from the Peace of Utrecht," and especially in the elaborate "History of the Rebellion of 1745," compiled by Mr. Chambers. Enough for us to indicate some of the more important occurrences, and to trace the general conduct of the Prince.

The Castle of Edinburgh still held out for George the Second, and as the governor threatened to cannonade the city if he was not allowed to obtain the supplies he wanted, Charles left it unmolested. Having drawn from various quarters considerable reinforcements, though unable to secure the co-operation of some of the most influential of the Highland chiefs, and levied what loans and

contributions he could, he resolved to invade England, where he expected to be joined by a large, powerful, and wealthy Jacobite party. He set out from Holyrood on the last day of October, and on the next day his army of 6,000 men, 500 of whom were cavalry, dividing into two columns, began its march. But the invasion was so distasteful to the Highlanders that they began to desert in great numbers on the way.

xxii. Marshal Wade was now at the head of the royal army collected to oppose the progress of the rebels. He was utterly deficient in military ability, and as inactive as he was stolid. The Scotch army, directed by the superior genius of Lord George Murray, easily out-manœuvred the lethargic Marshal; and while Wade was preparing to meet them in Northumberland, suddenly crossed the borders into Cumberland, on the evening of the 8th of November. As the clans broke into English territory they drew their claymores, with an exultant shout; but Lochiel, in unsheathing his sword, chanced to cut his hand, and these brave Highlanders, whom no enemy could daunt, turned pale at what they considered an evil omen. Charles

immediately invested Carlisle, which surrendered on the 17th, without hesitation, but whose inhabitants showed no attachment to his cause, and evidently regarded the whole as an amusing pageant in which the investment and surrender of their town was a necessary tableau. And while success apparently crowned his arms, the tidings he received from Scotland showed how insecure was his hold upon that kingdom. The crown authorities had re-entered Edinburgh; Perth, and Dundee, Glasgow, Paisley, and Dumfries, had resumed their allegiance to the House of Hanover. The Highlanders might jauntily set the white rose in their bonnets, and brandish their claymores with wild triumphant cheers, but the wealth and intellect and good feeling of the two nations had renounced for ever the cause of the Stuarts.

xxiii. Nevertheless, partly buoyed up by the hope of a French invasion, and partly by his belief that the English Jacobites would flock by thousands to his standard, the adventurer continued his march into England. On the 27th he rested at Preston, from whence he proceeded to Wigan, and from Wigan to Manchester. The people thronged the road

to see the Highlanders pass, but when offered arms and solicited to enlist, refused on the plea that they did not understand fighting! At Manchester, however, he was joined by about 200 volunteers—the whole that Lancashire, once the stronghold of the Stuart cause, was now inclined to do for the last of the Stuarts. And, meanwhile, the English government were making vigorous preparations to crush the rebellion. Admiral Vernon cruised in the channel, and Admiral Byng off the Scottish coast, to prevent a French invasion, or even French supplies. An army for the protection of London was mustering at Finchley. The Duke of Cumberland had assembled 8,000 troops at Lichfield. Marshal Wade was moving in his rear. Large bodies of militia were levied in various districts, and Liverpool and Chester were put in a state of defence. Under these circumstances it is hardly surprising that when the rebel army reached Derby, without receiving those accessions of English Jacobites on which so many hopes had been raised, its leaders should be unwilling to hazard a further advance. It was useless for the Prince

to oppose his opinion to the determination of Lord George Murray and his ablest officers. *He* saw only the honour and glory of entering London in triumph; *their* cooler judgment perceived the perils which were rapidly environing them. Accordingly, though Charles exclaimed that rather than go back he would wish to be twenty feet under ground, he was constrained to accede to the propositions of his council, and on the 6th of December the rebel army commenced its retreat, annihilating for ever the hopes of the Stuarts!

xxiv. The retreat was characterised by very different features to the advance. Charles, formerly so hopeful and elate, was now sullen and dejected; and instead of marching at the head of his men, on foot, rode on horseback lingeringly in the rear. The troops were no longer kept under the bonds of restraint, and marked their progress by acts of violence and rapine, which brought down upon them the anger of the country people. Every straggler was slain without mercy, and even the sick were treated with unjustifiable severity. At Manchester, so favourably inclined to the Stuarts a few days

before, a violent mob opposed their vanguard, and though dispersed, again harassed their rear when they marched away.

XXV. As soon as the Duke of Cumberland was apprised of the retreat of the rebels he immediately pushed forward in pursuit. The rebels arrived at Carlisle on the 19th, and threw into the town a small garrison. The Duke attacked it on the 29th, and compelled its defenders to surrender unconditionally. On the 20th of December the invaders forded the Esk, and re-entered their own country, proceeding by different routes to Glasgow, where Charles arrived on the 26th, having marched from Edinburgh to Derby, and Derby back again to Glasgow—580 miles in six-and-fifty days. Here he remained eight days, refreshing and re-equipping his army; and on the 3rd of January, 1746, he set out for Stirling. Reinforced by two bodies of troops, under Lords John Drummond and Strathallan, he found himself at the head of 9,000 men, and sufficiently strong to undertake the siege of Stirling Castle, which he was desirous to secure as commanding the communication between the Highlands and Lowlands. But that fortress

was well garrisoned and commanded by an experienced soldier, General Blakeney. By this time, also, General Hawley, who had been appointed to the command of the royal army, in the room of the Duke of Cumberland—that general having been recalled, with his infantry, to guard the southern coast against an apprehended French invasion—had advanced into Scotland, and was marching to the relief of Stirling. Charles therefore turned to meet him, and pressing forward rapidly, found that most contemptible and inefficient commander lying idle at Falkirk, in the belief that at the news of his approach the "Highland rabble" would disperse in utter dismay. A battle immediately ensued, in which the royal dragoons behaved with their wonted cowardice, and the infantry with their usual steadiness, but, badly led by Hawley, were forced to retire. Charles did not pursue, and Hawley reached Edinburgh in safety, but covered with disgrace.

xxvi. The victory of Falkirk, however, was of no real advantage to the Pretender's cause, and proved to be the last gleam of success which brightened his daring enterprise. As soon as Hawley's defeat was known in

London, the Duke of Cumberland was once more appointed to the command-in-chief in Scotland. He set out immediately, and travelled with such rapidity that he reached Holyrood House on the morning of the 30th January,—a day of ill-omen to the house of Stuart. The Royal Duke, destined—says Earl Stanhope—to wield so decisive an influence over the fortunes of his cousin and competitor, was of very nearly the same age, being only four months younger. His character was adorned by considerable virtues; honesty of purpose, adherence to his promises, attachment to his friends. He was a dutiful son, and a liberal patron; as a soldier, he was enthusiastically fond of his profession; he had closely studied its details, and might even be lauded for capacity in an age which, to England at least, was singularly barren of military merit. "He had an intrepid temper," says Macaulay; "a strong understanding, and a high sense of honour and duty. As a general, he belonged to a remarkable class of captains; captains, we mean, whose fate it has been to lose almost all the battles which they have fought, and yet to be reputed stout and skilful soldiers. Such captains are Coligni and

William the Third. His bravery was such as distinguished him even among the princes of his brave house. The indifference with which he rode about amidst musket balls and cannon balls was not the highest proof of his fortitude. Hopeless maladies, horrible surgical operations, far from unmanning him, did not even discompose him. With courage, he had the virtues which are akin to courage. He spoke the truth, was open in enmity and friendship, and upright in all his dealings." But he carried his sense of duty to an extreme; his rigid justice often became severity; and the cruelty with which he treated the rebels after the victory of Culloden, when mercy would have been a wiser—not to say a more righteous—policy, has flung so dark a shadow on his fame that men are apt to forget the extent of his services and the excellences of his character.

xxvii. The Duke of Cumberland remained thirty hours at Edinburgh, and then set out to give the rebels battle. He was accompanied by Hawley and the Earl of Albemarle as Lieutenant-Generals, and his soldiers were in high spirits, from the assurance of victory which the presence of the Duke seemed to

afford. The rebels were already in rapid retreat, the Prince having been compelled to accede to the wishes of his ablest officers, who perceived the impossibility of making head with their diminished forces against the Duke of Cumberland's army. They retired, in different divisions, towards Inverness, and the royal army pursued them with a rapidity almost equal to their own. Prince Charles arrived at Inverness on the 18th of February, driving before him a body of about 2,000 men under the Earl of Loudon. He then subdued the citadel, and sent out a detachment to reduce and destroy Fort Augustus. But these temporary advantages produced no real gain. The rebel army was now cooped up among the mountains, debarred from all supplies, in want both of money and provisions, and harassed by the dissensions among its chiefs; while the royal troops, well supplied and equipped, were gradually approaching its retreat. The Duke had left Aberdeen, on the 8th of April, at the head of about 9,000 foot, and 900 cavalry. He forded the Spey on the 12th, and on the 14th entered Nairn, where he halted, and his army celebrated his birthday on the 15th. Meanwhile, Prince Charles and

his lieutenant-general, Lord George Murray, resolved upon a night march with the view of surprising the Duke in his camp at Nairn, and making the suddenness of the attack compensate for the disparity of numbers. From various causes they were not able to complete their preparations until eight at night, and then, the fatigued and famine-worn soldiers could not make the rapid progress their leaders desired. It was two o'clock before the head of the first column passed Kilravock House, which was nearly four miles from the English camp. Finding it impossible to succeed in their original design the rebel leaders retraced their steps, and resolved to await their enemy upon Culloden, or Drumossie Moor. Lord George Murray was anxious that the army, unfit as it was for any exertion, should retire beyond the river Nairn where the ground was inaccessible to cavalry, but the ardour and confidence of Charles would hear of no further retreat, and many of his counsellors were equally eager to make one more throw for victory.

xxviii. The prince drew up his army in two lines: the Camerons, the Athol brigade, the Stuarts, and some other clans under Lord

George Murray, on the right; the Macdonald regiments, on the left, under Lord John Drummond. "But we of the clan Macdonald," says one of their officers, "thought it ominous that we had not this day the right hand in battle, as formerly at Gladsmuir, and at Falkirk, and which our clan maintains we had enjoyed in all our battles and struggles since the battle of Bannockburn." The right flank was covered by some park walls; the left rested on a gentle slope which led to Culloden House. The royal troops came upon the field about eleven o'clock, and were drawn up by the Duke in three lines, with cavalry on each wing, and two pieces of cannon between every two regiments of the first line. "To obviate the effect of the Highland target, the Duke had instructed his soldiers, that each of them in action should direct his thrust, not at the man directly opposite, but against the one who fronted his right-hand comrade. He now again addressed his troops, saying that he would not suppose that there was any man in the British army reluctant to fight, but if there were any who, either from disinclination to the cause, or having relations in the rebel army, would prefer to retire, he

begged them in the name of God to do so, as he would rather face the Highlanders with 1000 determined men at his back, then have 10,000 with a tithe who were lukewarm." To this appeal the soldiers enthusiastically responded with cries of "Flanders! Flanders!" It was now past noon, and it was submitted to the Duke that he should allow his men to dine before they went into action. "No," he replied, "the men will fight better and more actively with empty bellies; and, moreover, it would be a bad omen: You remember what a dessert they got to their dinner at Falkirk!"

xxix. In the action which followed both the rival princes displayed the utmost coolness and courage. The Highlanders rushed to the attack with their customary spirit, but were met by the British infantry with immoveable steadiness, and mowed down by a rolling fire of musketry and cannon, which threw them into disorder. The Royal troops took instant advantage of their success, and swept upon the clans with an irresistible fury which converted disorder into confusion, and turned a retreat into a rout. The right and centre were thus defeated. On the left, the

Macdonalds, aggrieved at their removal from what they considered the post of honour, stood "moody and motionless," and neither the impassioned entreaties of the Duke of Perth, or their clansman Keppoch, could induce them to advance. The latter was brought to the ground by a musket shot, while exclaiming, "My God! have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" Thus they stood until the right and centre were repulsed. Then, in good order, they fell back, joining the remnant of the second line, but harassed in the rear by the frequent charges of the British cavalry.

xxx. Charles looked upon the ruin of his hopes with a species of incredulous amazement. When he saw his Highlanders repulsed and flying, he advanced to rally them, but Sir Thomas Sheridan and others pointed out that the battle was irretrievably lost, and prevailed upon him to quit the field.

xxxi. Happy for him that he could not witness the massacre of his unfortunate followers, whom the ferocious cavalry cut down with savage exultation, until the moor was covered with the slain, and the men, "what with killing the enemy, dabbling

their feet in the blood, and splashing it about one another, looked like so many butchers!"

On the following day most of the wounded were put to death—the only occasion, we believe, on which such barbarity has disgraced a British army. The helpless fugitives who had taken shelter in thickets or cabins were dragged from their hiding places, drawn out in line, and shot to death, or their brains beaten out by the soldiers with the butt-ends of their muskets. One farm building, into which some twenty disabled Highlanders had crawled, was deliberately set on fire, and burnt with them to the ground. The atrocious massacre called forth from the pen of Smollet an indignant lamentation, and in his "Tears of Scotland" is described in language which passion elevates into poetry:

> "Oh! baneful cause, oh! fatal morn,
> Accursed to ages yet unborn!
> The sons against their fathers stood,
> The parent shed his children's blood.
> Yes; when the rage of battle ceased,
> The victor's soul was not appeased;
> The naked and forlorn must feel
> Devouring flames and murdering steel;
> The pious mother, doomed to death,
> Forsaken wanders o'er the heath;
> The bleak wind whistles round her head,
> Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
> Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,

She views the shades of night descend;
And stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes and dies.
While the warm blood bedews my veins.
And unimpaired remembrance reigns
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathising verse shall glow:
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn."

xxxii. From the fatal field of Culloden Charles rode away, with ten faithful followers, to Gortuly, the seat of Lord Lovat, who received him now in his ill fortune with a pitiful lack of courtesy. Having partaken of some food and wine he rode forward to Invergarry, but found its owner absent, and neither furniture nor provisions in the house. Stretching himself on the bare floor, however, Charles slept till the middle of the next day, when he partook of two salmon which his Highland guide, Edward Burke, had caught in a neighbouring loch. Here the whole of his party except Burke, O'Sullivan, and O'Neal, took their leave of him, and the Prince hastened towards the Coast in the hope of getting on board a French ship to convey him to the Continent. Having reached Arisaig, near the spot where he had

first set foot on Scottish ground, he obtained a boat, and a guide in the person of Donald Macleod, a faithful old Highlander from the Isle of Skye, and embarked on the 24th of April for the Western Islands. On the following morning they gained the cluster of Isles named Long Island, and soon afterwards effected a landing at Roonish, in the desolate island of Benbecula, where the Prince took up his quarters in an uninhabited hut. He remained in this wretched abode two days and nights, owing to the prevalence of a terrible storm. On the 29th the adventurers put to sea in the hope of gaining Stornaway, the principal port in the island of Lewis, but were driven by another storm to the island of Scalpa, where Donald Macleod provided the Prince with comfortable shelter. After some further wanderings he reached South Uist, and received the kindest attentions from the elder Clanranald. His stay in this island exceeded a month. He was driven from it by the arrival of a large body of militia, and the appearance off its coast of several small vessels of war. He passed four nights in the little island of Win; the next two at a desolate spot called Ross-

inish, and the following one in a cave in the rocks of Arkersideallich. He then again visited South Uist, where he remained three days, and drank four bottles of brandy—the habit of intemperance which finally wrecked his fortunes now first taking hold of him. He found himself, on the second day after his landing, within a mile and a half of five hundred regular troops and militia. Escape seemed as impossible as concealment, but he was saved from his enemies by the courage and devotion of Flora Macdonald—the "Flora Mac Ivor" of Scott's *Waverley*—and a heroine who added considerable powers of mind and fascination of manner to remarkable graces of person. She was then on a visit to Clanranald's family, and generously undertook to save the Prince at whatever hazard to herself. From her stepfather, a Captain in the hostile militia, she obtained a passport to proceed to Skye, for herself, a man-servant, and a maid, who was termed Betty Burke, and was to be personated by the Pretender. She also obtained from him a letter to her mother, recommending her to take the said Betty Burke into her service, if

she proved as cunning a spinstress as she was said to be. It ran as follows:

"I have sent your daughter from this country, least she should be any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinstress. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spins all your knit; or, if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her. I have sent Neil Mackechan along with your daughter and Betty Burke to take care of them.

"I am, your dutiful husband,

"HUGH MACDONALD."

xxxiii. When Lady Clanranald and the heroine, Flora, sought out the Prince, with the female attire which it was necessary he should assume, they found him in a small hovel, cooking the dinner, which consisted of a sheep's heart, liver, and kidneys, roasting on a wooden spit. They expressed their grief at seeing the son of their King reduced to so miserable a condition. "It would perhaps be well for all Kings," he replied, "if they could pass through the same ordeal of hardships and privations which it has been my lot to undergo." On the same evening, with Flora and

a real Highlander, named Neil Mac Kechan, who acted as servant, he set out from his dangerous concealment (June 28th). In the course of the night a storm drove them off shore, and in the morning no land could be descried, but in due time they made the western coast of the Isle of Skye. Here, when about to land, they were saluted with a volley of musketry from a company of soldiers who suddenly made their appearance, and it was only by dint of hard rowing that they escaped from their perilous position. The weather had now moderated, and as the frail boat glided tranquilly over the waters, Flora Macdonald, worn with fatigue, fell asleep. Charles sat by her, anxious that her slumbers should not be disturbed by any needless noise on the part of the boatmen. He manifested throughout their wanderings the utmost interest in his fair and heroic companion, with a delicacy of feeling and gentleness of manner worthy both of her and himself.

xxxiv. Why has no modern Homer sung the Odyssey of this romantic adventure? It was replete with chance and change that might well fascinate the imagination, and hallowed

by a spirit of self-sacrifice and fidelity which the poet might well desire to immortalize. Of all the unlettered hinds and savage mountaineers who became the confidants of the Prince's secret, not one betrayed it; and though the British Government appealed to man's cupidity with the splendid bribe of thirty thousand pounds, no knave was found so base as to play the traitor to the fugitive. Such incidents as these might teach the misanthrope to think better of our common nature, and to honour with fitting reverence that manhood which is capable of a self-denial so noble, and a loyalty so profound.

Charles was now in the territories of Sir Alexander Macdonald, who from an insincere adherent of his cause had become its bitter foe. Nevertheless, to his wife, Lady Margaret, the daughter of the Earl of Eglintoun, Flora appealed for assistance, and that divine pity, which is the hallowed guest of every true woman's heart, responded to the appeal. She received the tidings of his misfortunes with pain, of his arrival in Skye with surprise, and secured for the fugitive the services of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, her husband's kinsman and factor, but in secret a warm adherent of

the exiled family. They now proceeded to Kingsburgh's house; the awkwardness of the prince in his woman's habiliments attracting the attention of Mrs. Macdonald's servant. "I think," said she, "I never saw such an impudent-looking woman as Kingsburgh is walking with: I dare say she is either an Irishwoman, or a man in woman's clothes. See what long strides the jade takes, and how clumsy she manages her petticoats." Flora replied that indeed she was an Irishwoman, and that she remembered to have seen her before. In fording a small brook which ran across the road, the prince held his petticoats up so improperly high as to cause the laughter and excite the wit of the country people who witnessed the unfeminine action. And when cautioned against the impropriety, on the next occasion he ran into the opposite extreme, allowing his skirts to float upon the water. "Your enemies," said Kingsburgh, "call you a pretender, but if you be, I can tell you you are the worst of your trade I ever saw."

XXXV. From Kingsburgh the prince procured the acceptable gift of a pair of new

shoes. The old pair were carefully tied together by the loyal Jacobite, and hung upon a peg, with the remark that they might yet be of service to him. "For," said he, "when you are fairly settled in St. James's, sir, I shall introduce myself by shaking these shoes at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof." These *souvenirs* of the prince's adventures, after Kingsburgh's death, were cut in pieces, and divided from time to time among the Jacobite friends of the family. "It is in the recollection of one of his descendants," says Chambers, "that Jacobite ladies often took away the pieces they got in their bosoms."

XXXVI. Charles now removed to Portrie, where, entering a wood, he exchanged his female attire for a Highland dress. Next day he bade farewell to the heroic Flora Macdonald, with many ardent and sincere acknowledgments of her services. Disguised as a servant, and under the name of Lewis Caw, he passed over to the Isle of Rasay. His wanderings were not yet over; he was again compelled to return to the mainland, and take refuge in a cave with

seven robbers for nearly three weeks. He afterwards effected a junction with his leal adherents, Cluny and Lochiel, when he enjoyed a plenty to which he had long been unaccustomed. "Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince!" he exclaimed, when devouring some collops from a saucepan with a silver spoon. For some time they resided in a very romantic and singular retreat, called *The Cage*, on the side of Mount Benalder; it was concealed by a dense coppice, and half suspended in the air. One of its tenants describes it as "only large enough to contain six or seven persons, four of which number were frequently employed in playing at cards; one idle, looking on; one baking; and another firing bread and cooking." Here the prince received the welcome intelligence that two French vessels, despatched to his relief, under the direction of a Colonel Warren, had sailed from St. Malo towards the end of August, and safely arrived in Lochnanuagh on the 6th of September. Thither the prince proceeded without delay, and finally embarked from Scotland on the 20th of September, attended by Lochiel, Colonel Roy Stuart, twenty-one gentlemen, and one hundred and seven com-

mon men. "It was the very same spot," observes Earl Stanhope, "where Charles had landed fourteen months before, but how changed since that time, both his fate and his feelings! With what different emotions must he have gazed on those desolate mountains, when stepping from his ship in the ardour of hope and coming victory; and now, when he saw them fade away in the blue distance, and bade them an everlasting farewell! Rapidly did his vessel bear him from the Scottish shores; concealed by a fog, he sailed through the midst of the English fleet; and he safely landed at the little port of Roscoff, near Morlaix, on the 29th of September."

XXXVII. Over the further career of the prince it is unnecessary to linger, and fortunate would it have been for his memory had it terminated on the wild shores of Lochnanuagh. History would then have painted him in her brightest colours and with her most flattering pencil as a hero without guile—brave, merciful, and generous—a man among men—to women tender and chivalrous as the best of the knights of old. It would have shown him capable of enduring with heroic fortitude the greatest privations, exposing himself in

battle with the most ardent courage, conducting himself in council with the highest prudence. It would have represented him as possessing all the virtues of his family without its vices, and as fitted by every grace of person and power of mind to wield the sceptre of his ancestors. It would have luxuriated in pleasant speculations upon the happiness of England if his bold adventure had met with the success it deserved, and in eloquent lamentations that Fortune decided in favour of a stolid and passionless Hanoverian. We should all have been Jacobite in our sympathies, for to that poetry which is latent in the nature of every one of us the romantic narrative of his sorrows and his sufferings would have appealed. But History has now to show us the reverse of the medal. The prince, who was once so capable of enduring privation, so generous, so thoughtful for others, so energetic and impassioned, sank, under the influence of an unhappy Fate, into a selfish and unfeeling voluptuary; became a drunkard, a faithless husband, and a false friend. Over the sad process of his degradation and decay let the cynic prolong his musings; for us, we shall turn with pleasure

from the shadows and darkness of a picture which attracts us at first by its warmth and brilliancy of colour.

xxxviii. From Spain, from Prussia, and from France, the Prince endeavoured in vain to obtain the resources of a second expedition: but neither was willing to engage any further in what was evidently a losing speculation. The nomination of his brother Henry as Cardinal (July 3rd, 1747) proved a severe blow to his ambitious hopes; it showed that the old Chevalier himself no longer considered a restoration possible, while it demonstrated his persistent attachment to the Church of Rome. By the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle France finally abandoned his cause, and consented to exclude the Pretender from her territories; and Charles endured the ignominy of being arrested by a party of the French Guards, imprisoned for a few days in Vincennes, and cast out upon the frontiers of Savoy like a common malefactor or houseless vagabond. For some years he vanished from the public stage, wandering in disguise through Germany and Holland, visiting England incognito in 1750 and 1752, and pursuing the chase in the gloomy recesses of the forest of Ardennes. On the death of the

Chevalier, in 1766, he took up his residence at Rome, and was reconciled to his brother the Cardinal; indulging himself in the society of a Miss Walkinshaw, a mistress whom he had first known in Scotland, and in habits of gross intemperance which soon alienated from him the most devoted adherents of his cause and family. In 1772, in his fifty-third year, he married a Roman Catholic lady,—a girl of twenty,—Princess Louisa of Stolberg. Attracted by the romance of his adventures she hoped for "an Hyperion;" she found "a satyr," "bloated and red in the face," with a countenance "heavy and sleepy" from excess of drinking. Who cannot imagine the results of so unfortunate a marriage? Harshness on the husband's part, followed by faithlessness on the wife's. Disappointed in her ideal, the Countess of Albany (for such was the title she bore) sought consolation in the passionate eloquence of the poet Alfieri; and the woman who confides her sorrows to a lover will soon entrust him with her honour. She eloped with Alfieri in 1780.

xxxix. To comfort his declining years the Pretender called to his side his daughter by

Miss Walkinshaw, and created her Duchess of Albany. They resided for some years at Florence, maintaining a mimic parade of sovereign state, speculating in astrological predictions, and nourishing hopes of a restoration to the throne of England which every month rendered more visionary and absurd. In 1785, they returned to Rome; where the hero of the '45 died, in his 68th year, of an attack of palsy and apoplexy, on the 30th of January, 1788, the anniversary of the execution of his great-grandfather, Charles the 1st. His remains were interred, with an affectation of regal pomp, in the Cathedral Church of Frescati, of which his brother was Bishop, but afterwards removed to St. Peter's at Rome, where a sumptuous monument from the eloquent chisel of Canova perpetuates, at the expense of the House of Hanover, the memory of a fallen dynasty, and the names of James the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth, Kings of England. Let sovereigns gaze upon the marble, and profit by the warning it conveys!

xl. Of the "Last of the Stuarts"—Henry Benedict Clement Marco, the second and youngest son of the Chevalier, born at Rome,

on the 26th of March, 1725, a few words of cursory notice may be acceptable.

He was only twenty-three years old when he received a Cardinal's hat from Benedict the Fourteenth. Subsequently he was appointed Bishop of Frescati, and Chancellor of the Church of St. Peter,—dignities for which he was eminently qualified by the purity of his morals and the sincerity of his devotion. His life for many years passed away in the tranquil performance of his duties, until disturbed by the storms of the French revolution, which swept so scathingly over the heads both of the exalted and the humble. That event deprived him of the two rich livings which he enjoyed in France; and the excesses of the revolutionary troops in Italy despoiled him of his valuable library and collection of antiquities. Aged, infirm, and almost destitute, he fled from Rome to Padua, in 1798, and from Padua retired to Venice, where he would have been reduced to the extreme of indigence, but for a yearly pension of £4,000, which George the 3rd, on hearing of his misfortunes, generously allowed him. He continued to enjoy it until his death, which took place at Rome, in June,

1807, at the age of eighty-two. Thus perished the dynasty of the Stuarts, after giving four monarchs to the throne of Great Britain, and experiencing a more than ordinary share of the vicissitudes which perplex the fate of kings. Its most significant memorial is that monument of Canova's which soars beneath the magnificent dome of St. Peter's splendid edifice. "Often, at the present day," says Earl Stanhope, "does the British traveller turn from the sunny heights of the Pincian, or the carnival throngs of the Corso, to gaze in thoughtful silence on that sad mockery of human greatness, and that last record of ruined hopes! The tomb before him is of a race justly expelled; the magnificent temple that enshrines it is of a faith wisely reformed; yet who at such a moment would harshly remember the errors of either, and might not join in the prayer even of that erring Church for the departed exiles—

REQUIESCAT IN PACE!"

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCE FREDERICK LOUIS OF HANOVER, SON OF GEORGE II.

[AUTHORITIES :—Lord Hervey's Life and Letters ; Bubb Doddington's Diary ; Earl Stanhope's History of England ; Earl of Hardwicke's Memoirs ; Walpole's Memoirs and Correspondence ; Coxe's Life of Walpole ; Thackeray's Four Georges ; Macaulay's Essays, etc.]

CHAPTER VI.

PRINCE FREDERICK LOUIS OF HANOVER, SON OF GEORGE II.

A Prince behold! for me who burns sincere,
E'en with a subject's zeal. He my great work
Will parent-like sustain, and added give
The touch, the graces, and the muses owe.
For Britain's glory swells his panting breast;
And ancient arts he emulous revolves;
His pride to let the smiling heart abroad,
Through clouds of pomp, that but conceal the man;
To please his pleasure, bounty his delight;
And all the soul of Titus dwells in him.

Thomson.

i. Such is the impassioned panegyric which the poet of "Liberty" lavishes upon the eldest son of George II.; upon that much-abused prince, whom his own father denounced as "a beast," and his mother, the fair and sagacious Caroline, as "the greatest ass, and the greatest liar, and the greatest

canaille, and the greatest beast in the whole world." Such is the eulogium which Thomson pronounces upon the man whom Lord Hervey, no incapable judge of character, thus witheringly portrays:—"He desired without love, could laugh without being pleased, and weep without being grieved; for which reason his mistresses were never fond of him, his companions never pleased with him, and those he seemed to commiserate never relieved by him. When he aimed at being merry in company, it was in so tiresome a manner that his mirth was to real cheerfulness what wet wood is to a fire—that damps the flame it is brought to feed. His irresolution would make him take anybody's advice who happened to be with him; so that jealousy of being thought to be influenced (so prevalent in weak people, and consequently those who are most influenced) always made him say something depreciating to the next comer, of him that advised him last. With these qualifications, true to nobody, and seen through by everybody, it is easy to imagine nobody had any regard for him; what regard, indeed, was it possible anybody could have for a man who had no

truth in his words, no justice in his inclination, no integrity in his commerce, no sincerity in his professions, no stability in his attachments, no sense in his conversation, no dignity in his behaviour, and no judgment in his conduct?" A recent writer says of him, "It has been the custom to ascribe all good qualities to a prince of Wales; yet flattery itself found it hard to say that Prince Frederick possessed a single virtue."

ii. The impartial historian, on a careful review of Prince Frederick's career, will, perhaps, be disposed to consider that the truth lies in a *juste milieu* between these opposite opinions. He was certainly possessed of considerable talents, but these were partly neutralised for good by the instability of his judgment. He was susceptible of strong affections, as his domestic life sufficiently proved, but vanity and weakness of character often caused him to act in opposition to his better feelings. He was not unaware that he was capable of a useful, if not a brilliant career, but his unfortunate position with respect to his father made him the tool of a party and the leader of a faction. It is certain that between him and his parents there existed a most unnatural

hatred, and that Queen Caroline, even on her deathbed, spoke of him in terms of the bitterest aversion. History has failed to discover the cause. It is supposed to have been revealed in the original MS. of Lord Hervey's Memoirs, but prior to their publication in 1848, the Marquis of Bristol cut out and burnt certain passages which he considered unfit to meet the public eye. Lord Kaimes, who had read them, and described them as "written with great freedom,"—a judgment which no one will dispute—declared in 1778, that whenever they appeared, posterity would learn the secret of the antipathy between George the Second and his son. Had the presumptuous heir-apparent carried off one of his father's German mistresses? Or was it, as Earl Stanhope suggests—though the cause seems insufficient for so enduring a hatred—Frederick's defiance of the parental injunction to terminate his engagement with the Princess Royal of Prussia? Between *her* father and Frederick's father prevailed an obstinate antipathy, which resulted in the rupture of the negociations. Whereupon Prince Frederick, "in as much despair as a lover can be who has never seen his mistress, sent from

Hanover one La Motte, as his agent, to assure the Queen of Prussia that he was determined in spite of his father, still to conclude the marriage, and that he would set off in disguise for Berlin to execute his purpose. But the Queen, in an overflowing transport of delight, could not refrain from imparting the good news to the English envoy at her court. He, as was his duty, gave timely notice to his own, the rash project was prevented, and the headstrong prince was summoned to England, where he arrived, to the great joy of the nation, in 1728." Whatever the cause, the fact of the malignant hate with which both king and queen regarded him cannot be disputed, and the king even went so far as to contemplate his disinheritance, until he was advised that such a proceeding was impossible in English law.

iii. In a constitutional monarchy it seems very difficult for the heir-apparent to the crown, if he mixes at all in politics, to avoid placing himself at the head of the opposition. "He is impelled to such a course," says Lord Macaulay, "by every feeling of ambition and of vanity. He cannot be more than second in the estimation of the party which is in. He

is sure to be the first member of the party which is out. The highest favour which the existing administration can expect from him is that he will not discard them; but if he joins the opposition, all his associates expect that he will promote them, and the feelings which men entertain towards one from whom they hope to obtain great advantages which they have not, are far warmer than the feelings with which they regard one, who at the very utmost can only leave them in possession of what they already have. An heir-apparent, therefore, who wishes to enjoy, in the highest perfection, all the pleasure that can be derived from eloquent flattery and profound respect, will always join those who are struggling to force themselves into power." This is, we believe, the true explanation of a fact which Lord Granville attributed to some natural peculiarity in the illustrious House of Brunswick. "This family," said he at council—we suppose after his daily half gallon of Burgundy—"always has quarrelled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation." He should have known something of the matter, for he had been a favourite with three successive generations of the royal house. We

cannot quite admit his explanation, but the fact is indisputable. Since the accession of George the First, there have been three Princes of Wales, and they have all been almost constantly in opposition. We may hope, however, that the fifth Prince of Wales of the House of Brunswick will break the evil spell which has so long existed, and by a prudent abstinence from political partizanship, command the respect of every faction, and the love and affection of the whole nation. A disregard of this wise and commendable prudence embittered the life and neutralised the career of Frederick Louis, Prince of Wales.

iv. The eldest son of Prince George Augustus (afterwards George II) and Caroline Wilhelmina Dorothea of Anspach (afterwards Queen Caroline) was born at Hanover, on the 20th of January, 1707. From his very birth the heir of England was neglected by his parents, and even his education was regarded as a matter of trivial importance. It is no marvel, therefore, that the lad, who was quick, intelligent, and self-reliant, of easy manners and fluent speech, speedily fell into indifferent company, and learned to amuse his leisure hours with the debasing pleasures of the dice

and the wine cup. His freedom of address soon degenerated into vulgar coarseness; his quickness became impertinence; his language was borrowed from the vocabulary of his unsuitable associates; so that his tutor felt himself constrained to lay a remonstrance before the Princess Caroline. With careless indifference she replied that, doubtless, his habits were those of a young and saucy page. The enraged tutor could only mutter that they rather resembled those of a rascal groom. Thus abandoned to himself and to his own wild impulses, he showed himself possessed of at least *one* of the Brunswick characteristics, in maintaining, like his father and grandfather, a number of shameless courtezans in open violation of the public decorum.

v. He was in his nineteenth year when George the First recognised him as the heir-apparent to the Crown by creating him Duke of Gloucester—though, for unexplained reasons, the patent never passed the great seal—Baron of Snowdon, in the county of Caermarvon, Viscount of Launceston, in Cornwall, Earl of Eltham, in Kent, Marquis of the Isle of Ely, and Duke of Edinburgh—"which patent" says an anonymous pamphleteer, writ-

ing in 1751, "did pass the seals, and was actually sent to him; for I know from the generosity which afterwards appeared in all his actions, he made the messenger who had the good luck to be sent with it a very handsome present." Perhaps the reason for not passing the first patent was because it was deemed an unfortunate title; for "Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, uncle to Richard II, was carried prisoner to Calais, and there murdered; Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, uncle to Henry VI, was clapt up in prison, and there privately murdered; Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III, was slain in Bosworth Field; Henry, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Charles I, died in the 20th year of his age, and just after his return from exile, so that he can hardly be said to have ever enjoyed any happiness in this life; and William, Duke of Gloucester, only son of Queen Anne, died in the 12th year of his age, after the death of his aunt, Queen Mary, and before his mother's acccession to the crown."

vi. The Prince was but a child when the crowned heads of England and Prussia contemplated an union of their houses by uniting

him to Frederick's eldest daughter, the Crown Princess. The two corresponded at an early date, and love-letters and love-gifts passed between them until the young prince actually grew ardently attached to his unseen *inamorata.* This strange passion did not die away as he grew older, notwithstanding his many debaucheries; nor did his dissolute life render him a less suitable "match" in the eyes of his lady love's ambitious mother, who would say to her, according to Thomas Carlyle:—"He is a Prince, that Frederick, who has a good heart, and whose genius is very small. Rather ugly than handsome; slightly out of shape even. But provided you, Wilhelmina, have the complaisance to suffer his debaucheries, you will quite govern him; and you will be more king than he, when once his father is dead. What glories for you in England!"

vii. The dislike which had always existed between George II. and Frederick the Great ripened, after the former's accession to the English throne, into a deep intense antipathy; and as a consequence the king of England positively forbade the marriage of the Prince with the Prussian Princess Royal. Hence

arose, as Earl Stanhope imagines, the settled aversion between George the Second and his son, and in order to prevent a clandestine marriage, Prince Frederick was hastily summoned to England—much to the delight of the English people, who had seen with displeasure the prolonged absence of the heir to the crown. At first, he won popularity by his reticence and apparent indifference to politics, but in due time, as he became familiar with the English language and customs, and learnt to appreciate the importance of his position, he began to mingle oftener and more prominently in public affairs, until he absolutely identified himself with the party in opposition to his father's ministers. Oppressed by the debt he had contracted in Hanover, and by the expenses of the regal state he persisted in maintaining, another source of irritation was added to the many already existing between himself and the King, in his constant applications for an increased allowance. King George at length agreed to give him £50,000 per annum, but the prince was still discontented, and a protracted struggle ensued, determined at last by the rejection of a motion

—made by Carteret in the Upper House and Pulteney in the Lower—to increase his income to £100,000.

viii. The Prince's main rule of conduct, it must be confessed, appears to have been simply this; to show himself in every respect the exact opposite to his father. George II. disliked "boetry" and "bainting;" Frederick, therefore, ostentatiously patronised artists and men of letters, and his miniature court was crowded by the celebrities of the time. "To these," says Lord Stanhope, "the Prince's house was always open; Pulteney, Chesterfield, Wyndham, Carteret, and Cobham became his familiar friends, and the 'al-accomplished' St. John the Mentor of his political course. It was with a view to his future reign, and as an oblique satire on his father's, that the fine essay of Bolingbroke, the 'Patriot King,' was composed."

ix. In 1734, when the breach between the King and the Prince had become irreparable, Frederick, at a loss for a career for himself, suddenly made his appearance at St. James's, and demanded an interview with His Majesty. An audience was, after some hesitation,

accorded him, when, to George's intense surprise, he urged three important pleas: first, that he might be permitted to serve in the ensuing campaign on the Rhine; second, that a fixed income should be settled upon him as heir-apparent; and third, that he might be provided with a suitable consort. To the first two requests, the King answered nothing; to the third, "Yes, you shall; but be respectful to the Queen;" and so the interview terminated. It was time, indeed, that a domestic life should be thrown open to the Prince; his connections with loose women having become a public scandal. The Princess Augusta of Saxe Gotha, a woman of considerable talent, was selected, and Prince Frederick consented to accept her. He then broke up his *liaison* with Miss Vane, the "Woman of Quality" of Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," but, by way of amendment, entered into a similarly disreputable connection with Lady Archibald Hamilton, a plain Scotch dowdy, the mother of ten children, and the kinswoman of half a hundred cousins "of that ilk."

x. The marriage took place in the Chapel Royal of St. James's on the 27th of April, 1736, when the bridegroom was twenty-nine,

and the bride seventeen years of age. It was attended with the usual ceremony, and followed by more than the usual happiness. The Princess made an admirable wife, and the Prince, despite his infidelities, was an attached husband. He cared not a jot for his mistresses; he was passionately devoted to his wife. At first, indeed, she was as wilful as a child, and was petted as a child, but her superior mental powers soon developed themselves, and she fulfilled the duties of her position with a tact and address which won the golden opinions of all with whom she came in contact. The Prince made her an important agent in the systematic annoyance of the King and Queen, and her accouchement of her first child was especially contrived to place them in awkward relations with the country. The approach of her confinement was only known to them a month before it took place, though the birth of an heir to the Prince of Wales was necessarily a circumstance of public importance, which concerned not only the Royal family, but the nation at large. The King, when apprised of its proximity, expressed a wish that it should take place under the roof of Hampton Court, where he

was then residing, and the Queen stated her intention of being present. Prince Frederick immediately determined to disappoint both his parents, and on the night of the 11th of August, 1737, resolved to remove his wife to St. James's Palace. This singular scene has been vividly depicted by Carlyle:—"Fred and Spouse," he says, "are out at Hampton Court: potential heir due before long, and no preparation made for it. August 11th, in the evening, out at solitary Hampton Court, the poor, young mother's pains came on; no Chancellor there, no Archbishop to see the birth—in fact, hardly the least medical help, and of political altogether none. Fred, in his flurry, or by forethought—instead of dashing off expresses, at a gallop as of Epsom, to summon the necessary persons and appliances, yoked wheeled vehicles and rolled off to the old unprovided Palace of St. James's, London, with his poor wife in person! Unwarned, unprovided; where, nevertheless, she was safely delivered that same night—safely, as if by miracle. The crisis might have taken her on the very highway: never was such an imprudence. Owing, I will believe,

to Fred's sudden flurry in the unprovided moment—unprovided, by reason of prior desuetudes and discouragements to speech, on papa's side. A shade of malice there might also be. Papa doubts not it was malice aforethought all of it. 'Had the potential heir of the British nation gone to wreck, or been born on the highway, from my quarrels with this bad Fred, what a scrape had I been in!' thinks papa, and is in a towering permanence of wrath ever since; the very newspapers and coffee-houses and populaces now all getting vocal with it."

The principal attendant on the Princess at the time of her accouchement was Lady Archibald Hamilton, her husband's mistress! The moment the queen had been apprised of the flight of her son and his wife she had started in swift pursuit, but she did not arrive at St. James's until the child was born,—the Princess Augusta, afterwards mother of the unhappy Caroline of Brunswick.

xi. This was the crowning point of the quarrel between Frederick and the king. "Papa," says Mr. Carlyle, "as it turned out, never more saw the face of Fred. Judicious Mamma, Queen Caroline, could not help a

visit, one visit to the poor young mother, as soon as proper. Coming out from the visit, Prince Fred obsequiously escorting her to her carriage, found a crowd of people and populace in front of St. James's; and there knelt down in the street, in his fine silk breeches careless of the mud, to 'beg a mother's blessing,' and show what a son he was, he for this part, in this sad discrepancy that had risen! Mamma threw a silent glance on him, containing volumes of mixed terror; drove off; and saw no more of Fred, she either." Both the Prince and Princess, it is true, made every suitable apology, and in so humble and respectful a tone that they ought, perhaps, to have been accepted by the king, but nothing now could soften the royal heart, and the quarrel was still further inflamed by Sir Robert Walpole, who apprehended that a family settlement might be followed by his own dismissal. By his advice an angry answer was returned to the Prince. He was informed that the king viewed his conduct with the most severe displeasure; that he would receive no further excuse or explanations; and that it was his command that the Prince and his family should immediately re-

move from St. James's. This despotic mandate was signed by the king, and dated the 10th of September.

xii. There was no alternative but obedience. The Prince hired Norfolk House, St. James's Square, and casting aside the last shreds of decorum, drew around him a court in direct opposition to his father's. Bubb Doddington figured there as treasurer; but the guiding spirits were men of a very different calibre,—Carteret and Pulteney, Pitt, and Littleton of Hagley. "Poor Fred!" to quote again from Carlyle, "he has a circle of hungry parliamenteers about him; young Pitt, a cornet of horse, young Lyttleton of Hagley,—not to mention others of worse type; to whom this royal young gentleman, with his vanities, ambitions, inexperiences, plentiful inflammabilities, is importunate for exploding Walpole. He may have, and with great justice I should think, the dim consciousness of talents for doing something better than 'write madrigals' in this world; infinitude of wishes and appetites he clearly has;—he is full of inflammable materials, poor youth. And he is the fireship those elder hands make use of for blowing Walpole and Company out of their

anchorage. What a school of virtue for a young gentleman; and for the elder ones concerned with him! He did not get to the Rhine campaign, nor indeed ever to anything, except to writing madrigals, and being futile, dissolute, and miserable with what of talent Nature had given him. Let us pity the poor constitutional Prince. One Fritz (of Prussia), was only in danger of losing his life, but what is that to losing your sanity, personal identity almost, and becoming Parliamentary Fireship to His Majesty's Opposition?"

xiii. Nevertheless, the Prince's life, on the whole, was not unhappy. His children loved him; he was the centre of a brilliant circle; and he moved at pleasure from Norfolk House to Leicester House, from Carlton House to Kew, amusing himself with literary converse, musical parties, and political intrigues. Into the latter he threw himself with bitter personal feeling, and all who were not for him he regarded as against him. Here is an illustrative anecdote:—Mr., afterwards Sir Edward Walpole, the brother of Horace Walpole, was one of those who attended the coterie at Leicester House, but nevertheless reserved for

himself a certain freedom of action. He was also one of the principal performers at the Prince's private concerts. On one occasion the Prince being anxious to embarrass the ministry on a question connected with the organization of the army, was seeking recruits on every side, and amongst others endeavoured to enlist Mr. Walpole. The latter refused, and on being urged to state his motives, replied, "You will never forgive me, sir, if I give you my reasons." "By G——d I will," said Prince Frederick, who was walking round the room with his arm on Edward Walpole's shoulder. The latter retorted, in jest, "By G——d, sir, you will not. Yet I will tell you. I cannot stay away from the House, or vote against the question, because *your* father and mine are for the question." The Prince turned away from him in anger, but the Princess Royal, who was seated at the harpsichord, had the good sense to exclaim, "Bravo, Mr. Walpole."

xiv. When the obstinate politician next attended an amateur concert at Leicester House, there were also present some hired professionals, and the Prince took occasion to address him as if he were one of their number.

Walpole in a rage rang the bell hastily, ordered his violencello to be removed, and left the house in a passion, heaping maledictions on the Prince and his companions. The irritation on both sides having subsided, Frederick's good feeling led him to offer an apology to Mr. Walpole, and the latter resumed his attendance at Leicester House. He was still, however, solicited to join the Opposition, and to free himself from the vexation of an incessant importunity he wrote to the Prince of Wales, and plainly asked him how he would like him to behave when he became king? stating that in just the same manner would he behave to George the Second while he continued on the throne. Frederick, when he had read the missive, exclaimed, with that proper feeling which he could at times display, "He is an honest man, and I will keep his letter," and the good understanding between them was never afterwards interrupted.

XV. The Prince was not destined to occupy the throne which he so eagerly coveted. A cold, caught on a bitter day in March, 1751, was neglected. It ripened into pleurisy, which was also neglected, and death followed

with fatal swiftness. From Bubb Dodding-ton's diary we extract a few passages relative to his last illness:—

"March 6th, 1751. Went to Leicester House, where the Prince told me that he had catched cold, the day before, at Kew, and had been blooded.

"March 8th. The Prince not recovered. Our passing the next week at Kew put off.

"March 10th. At Leicester House. The Prince was better, and saw company.

"March 13th. At Leicester House. The Prince did not appear, having a return of a pain in his side.

"March 14th. At Leicester House. The Prince asleep—twice blooded, and with a blister on his back, as also on both legs, that night.

"March 15th. The Prince out of all danger.

"March 16th. The Prince without pain or fever.

"March 17th. Went twice to Leicester House. The Prince had a bad night, till one this morning, then was better, and continued so.

"March 18th. The Prince better and sat up half-an-hour.

"March 20th. Went to Leicester House; from there to the House of Commons, and then to Hammersmith, and was told at Leicester House, at three o'clock, that the Prince was much better, and had slept eight hours in the night before, while, I suppose, the mortification was forming; for he died this evening a quarter before ten o'clock.

"March 21st. I came immediately to town, and learned from Mr. Breton, who was at Leicester House when the Prince died, that, for half-an-hour before, he was very cheerful, asked to see some of his friends, eat some bread and butter, and drank coffee: he had spit for some days, and was at once seized with a fit of coughing and spitting, which last was so violent that it suffocated him. Lord North was sent to the king. This morning the king ordered the body to be opened—an abscess was found in his side, the breaking of which destroyed him. His physicians, Wilmot and Lee, knew nothing of his distemper; as they declared, half-an-hour before he died, that his pulse was like a

man's in perfect health. They either would not see, or did not know, the consequences of the black thrush, which appeared in his mouth, and quite down into his throat. Their ignorance, or their knowledge of his disorder, renders them equally inexcusable for not calling in other assistance."

XVI. The death of the Prince was felt as a severe bereavement in his own family, by whom, despite his faults and follies, he was tenderly beloved. The Princess had borne him eight children, and was then pregnant with the ninth. He had been dead four hours before she could be convinced that she was really a widow. His eldest son, Prince George, afterwards George III., was deeply affected by his loss; he turned pale, and placed his hand to his heart, as if seized with a sudden pain. "I am afraid, Sir," said his tutor, "you are not well." "I feel," replied the young Prince, "I feel something *here;* just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall from the scaffold at Kew." The nation, generally, regretted his premature death, for his affability and good nature had made him popular with the many, who

always place a value on the small coin of Princes far exceeding their intrinsic worth. The king appears to have exhibited a genuine concern; but his brother, William, Duke of Cumberland,—by some called the "butcher," by others the "hero" of Culloden,—when he received the intelligence at Windsor, only turned to Lord Sandwich, and said, sneeringly, "It is a great blow to this country, but I hope it will recover it in time!"

xvii. He was mourned by the literary men he had befriended, and of whom he had been the generous, if inconstant, patron. For his amateur theatricals at Clifden, Thomson wrote his masque of *Alfred*, and received from the Prince an annuity of £100. His widow did not continue her husband's donations or imitate his munificence; and though she had a large dower, and a third of the revenues of the duchy of Cornwall settled upon her, she did not even pay all his debts. He owed several thousands to Bubb Doddington, and a very large sum to Sir Thomas Bootle, his Chancellor, the "bright Bootle" of Sir Hanbury Williams. When George III. ascended the throne he remembered his

father's obligation, and proposed to confer a peerage on the husband of Sir Thomas's niece, Richard Bootle Wilbraham. The promise, however, was not fulfilled, and it remained for George IV. to discharge, in some-wise, his grandfather's debt by creating the great nephew of Prince Frederick's chancellor, Baron Skelmersdale, of Lancashire.

xviii. Our sketch of this unhappy Prince's career may terminate with some desultory notes. In reference to his conduct on the first accouchement of his wife a remarkable narrative is afforded by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in a letter to Earl Stair, dated from Wimbledon, August 17, 1737. "There has been a very extraordinary quarrel at Court, which I believe nobody will give you so exact an account of as myself. The 31st of last month the Princess fell in labour. The King and Queen both knew that she was to lie in at St. James's, where everything was prepared. It was her first child, and so little a way to London, that she thought it less hazard to go immediately away from Hampton Court to London, where she had all the assistance that

could be, and everything prepared, than to stay at Hampton Court, where she had nothing, and might be forced to make use of a country midwife. There was not a minute's time to be lost in debating this matter, nor in ceremonials; the Princess begging earnestly of the Prince to carry her to St. James's, in such a hurry that gentlemen went behind the coach like footmen. They got to St. James's safe, and she was brought to bed in one hour after. Her Majesty followed them as soon as she could, but did not come till it was all over. However, she expressed a great deal of anger to the Prince for having carried her away, though she and the child were very well. I should have thought it had been more natural for a grandmother to have said she had been mightily frightened, but she was so glad it was so well over. The Prince said all the respectful and dutiful things imaginable to her and the King, desiring her Majesty to support the reasons which made him go away as he did without acquainting his Majesty with it; and I believe all human creatures will allow that this was natural for a man not to debate a thing of this kind, nor

to lose a minute's time in ceremony, which was very useless, considering that it is a great while since the King has spoke to him, or taken the least notice of him. The Prince told her Majesty he intended to go that morning to pay his duty to the King, but she advised him not. This was Monday morning, and she said Wednesday was time enough; and, indeed, in that I think her Majesty was in the right. The Prince submitted to her counsel, and only writ a very submissive and respectful letter to his Majesty, giving his reasons for what he had done. And this conversation ended, that he hoped his Majesty would do him the honour to be god-father to his daughter, and that he would be pleased to name who the god-mother should be, and that he left all the directions of the christening entirely to his Majesty's pleasure. The Queen answered that it would be thought the asking the King to be god-father was too great a liberty, and advised him not to do it. When the Prince led the Queen to her coach, which she would not have had him have done, there was a great concourse of people; and notwithstanding all that had passed

before, she expressed so much kindness that she hugged and kissed him with great compassion." From this account, whose accuracy is confirmed by Lord Hervey in his cynical Memoirs, it is evident that the Prince was more sinned against than sinning.

xix. A well-known bon mot of Pope's is connected with Prince Frederick Louis. "Mr. Pope," said the Prince, "you don't love Princes." "Sir," replied the poet, "I beg your pardon." "Well, you don't love Kings then." "Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown."

xix. The Prince was an assiduous though not always a successful patron of art. According to Virtue, the celebrated engraver, "his collection of the best masters would always show his taste, though not the extent of his judgment and inclinations. He has done more in collections than any Prince in England since King Charles the First, and emulated that worthy great king, wishing he could form so considerable a collection."

xx. Upon the death of the Prince the following epigram appeared, and was freely circulated all over the town:

"Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead;
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another;
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her;
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation:
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead—
There's no more to be said."

THE END.

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