

# Tribune.

SAINT JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 25, 1873.

No. 259

VOL. II.

## THE DAILY TRIBUNE

Is issued every afternoon from the office, No. 51 Prince William Street.

Subscription Price: \$5 per annum in advance. SINGLE COPIES TWO CENTS.

## THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE

Is issued every Tuesday Morning, and mailed in time for the early morning trains, East and West.

Subscription Price ONE DOLLAR, in advance. POSTAGE PAID AT OFFICE OF DELIVERY.

## ADVERTISING RATES.

The following are the rates charged for Transient Advertisements in THE TRIBUNE:

For Advertisements of Governments, Corporations, Railways and Steamboat Companies and other public bodies—for Theatres, Concerts, Lectures and other public entertainments, first insertion, \$1.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents.

For ordinary mercantile transient advertising, first insertion, 60 cents; each subsequent insertion, 30 cents. Advertisements of Employment Wanted, Help Wanted, Agents Wanted, Rooms Wanted, Articles Lost, Houses to Let, Lectures, Removals, &c., &c., &c., inserted in condensed form, not exceeding five lines, at 25 cents each insertion, and 15 cents for each additional line.

Marriage Notices, 50 cents; Deaths 25 cents; Funeral Notices 25 cents, for each insertion.

Contracts for advertising BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL CARDS;

GENERAL BUSINESS; LAND SALES, ETC., for long or short periods, may be made at the counting room, on the most liberal terms.

Contracts for yearly advertising will secure all the advantages of transient advertisements at a very much lower rate.

Advertisers in THE DAILY TRIBUNE will insure proper display and accuracy in their advertisements by sending the manuscript to the counting room, 51 Prince William Street.

Merchants, Manufacturers and others are respectfully solicited to consider the claims of THE DAILY TRIBUNE in the distribution of their advertising patronage.

The Tribune has already secured a large circulation in the city, while the sales on the afternoon trains, East and West, are not exceeded by any other Daily.

M. McLEOD, BUSINESS MANAGER.

## GENT'S SLIPPERS

Just Received:

70 PAIRS GENT'S FINE SLIPPERS.

Different kinds—each pair warranted, at

32 KING STREET, GEO. JACKSON'S,

MAPLE HILL.

THE Subscriber begs to announce to his friends and the public that he has leased and fitted up for a HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT, on the corner of the MANAWAGOSHIER ROAD. This house is admirably adapted for the reception of the city and the drive presents a grand and beautiful view.

THE BEAUTIFUL & SPACIOUS GROUND at Maple Hill is admirably adapted for OUTDOOR PARTIES, FEAS, or CHAMBER, on application to the Proprietor.

CHARLES WATTS, Proprietor.

July 19

## Continental Hotel.

THIS new and commodious house, situated on KING'S SQUARE,

will be open for the reception of a number of the most modern improvements, having just been built by Mr. G. H. P. King.

The house is new, and fitted with all the most modern improvements, having just been built by Mr. G. H. P. King.

The location is the finest in St. John. The Subscriber, regarding thanks for the liberal patronage heretofore shown him, while proprietor of the Liberty House, would respectfully request a continuance of the same in this New Place, where, with the best facilities, he will make the most complete arrangements for the accommodation of all.

WILLIAM DUNLOP, Proprietor.

WILLIAM DUNLOP, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Flour, Groceries & Liquors, No. 40 CHARLOTTE STREET,

nov 21 by St. John, N. B.

## D. E. DUNHAM, ARCHITECT.

Rooms, 1 and 2 Bayard's Building, (UP STAIRS),

106 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET.

Persons intending to build or remodel their buildings, would do well to call at the above office before commencing operations, as the architect's services are given all the information that can be obtained from the most experienced and skillful hands, and the cost of the drawings, when finished, what it cost.

United States Hotel, HEAD OF KING STREET,

FRONTING ON KING SQUARE.

Liberal terms will be made for Permanent Board.

JAMES HINCH, Proprietor.

## THE WHITE ROSE OF YORK.

More than three centuries ago! In an apartment of the Beauchamp Tower, London, a young maiden seems busily at work over her books. Her table is covered with folios in the Latin language. A simple white dress falls in ample folds around the tall slender form; at the neck is a broad, pointed lace collar; the sleeves are made in puffs. Nothing can compare with the exquisite delicacy of the neck and hands. The magnificent golden-brown hair is wound in a heavy coil at the back of the head; but over brow and temples, and behind the small ears, it tipples in numberless tiny ringlets like the sunbeams. Golden also are the lashes of the deep-blue eyes. The expression of the face is firm, rather than gentle; the forehead is that of a sovereign; the nose is aquiline; but around the lips at this moment plays a smile of unutterable sweetness, and the glance says: "I am happy, for—love!"

The maiden writes eagerly on a loose leaf which lies in the volume before her, and it is verses she inscribes upon it.

The young poetess is the daughter of Henry VIII. and of the lovely, unfortunate Anne Boleyn; Elizabeth of England, the sister of the reigning queen, Mary. Now she lays down the pen—hastily folds the little sheet, conceals it in her dress, and resumes her melancholy but favorite place in the deep window-sill, where for hours long she has been standing.

The evening shadows already fill the little apartment, which in the brightest sunshine does not lose its sombre character, for it is a "strong chamber" of the Tower! The young girl gazes dreamily out, over the massive walls and dark giant buildings, to the river, on whose glassy surface the ships are lazily floating up and down—and further, further on to the great gate of the Tower and the road leading to London. There it is that she had first seen him; Ah, the man who had become the happiness and the misery of her young life. Fresh and glowing as it had been but yesterday, that same moment again rose before her soul. Let us recall it for the reader.

Mary, the newly-born girl, had descended from her white palfrey before that fatal gate, and there the most distinguished of her race, the Princess Elizabeth, the young Edward Courtenay, who was his twelfth year, immediately after his father's death, the Count of Devonshire had brought to the Tower, and there, in the tumult of that troubled time, he had been forgotten.

They had from earliest ages been renowned for their beauty and bravery, the sons of this old race; and it was his plan to see that this young prisoner of twenty-five years had inherited the beauty in its fullest measure. His noble regular features were deeply pale at this moment; an expression of deepest melancholy lay in his large, dark eyes. The sword fell in his hand, looked up, and the next moment his glance sank in the blue sea of two beautiful eyes.

Poor, and yet happy Courtenay! The hour of freedom was for thee but the beginning of eternal bondage! Love for the sister of his queen, with irresistible power took possession of his soul.

The time passed, and Edward Courtenay was about the court; its most cherished courtier. For the queen herself was enamored of her handsome cousin, and from the hour of their first meeting, so distinguished him, that soon throughout the realm people began to speak of the fair prospect Edward Courtenay had of sharing the throne with Catholic Mary.

And there was not one who would not gladly have seen the crown upon his youthful head, as a recompense for those long, dreary years of imprisonment. It was only in whispers they dared his name with that of the young Prince Elizabeth.

But that first passion had laid hold of Courtenay's heart, and in the blissful consciousness that he was fully returned, he was not too careful to conceal it. Perhaps he alone failed to detect the queen's hopes. The unlovely, dreaded, elderly Mary was no wife for Edward Courtenay.

When she had a true, heavy love had power of concealment! At the splendid entertainments the queen now gave at court, when she kept the young countess over at her side and leaned fondly on his arm—who had not noticed that his eyes never and only sought the charming Elizabeth? And upon those enchanted evenings, when a little circle of chosen ones gathered around the sovereign, and Ed-

ward Courtenay related the story of his sorrows, or, to the sister, of his loving tenderness—then the young girl's golden lashes would sink deeper and deeper, to keep back the starting tears.

At length, between these two was spoken that sweetest word of earth—love; and days passed—days of bewildering happiness, glowing with hope and golden dreams of the future. The unsuspecting queen conferred on her handsome cousin the title of Count of Devonshire, though she sportively gave him the name of the White Rose of York, and loaded him with favors.

With careless delight—almost with the bewilderment of a bird escaped from its cage into the light and absolute freedom, Edward courtly flattered around the title of Count of Devonshire, though she sportively gave him the name of the White Rose of York, and loaded him with favors.

Vainly Elizabeth warned him. For she ventured to do it. "She loves me as a son," was the refrain of all his answers, "not as an elder brother; fear nothing, my beloved. As soon as the queen has concluded with the marriage of Philip of Spain, I will boldly sue her for my sweet, white rose—for my bride!" For the talk of the Spanish marriage, the queen's minds also, and they did not know what to believe.

Ab, did not dream it was for his sake Mary delayed her nuptials and put off her wedding day; that she was only waiting for a token of his love, to say to him: "Take it from my hand—this love-token was not given—end; while the queen was really hoping for it, she discovered the bitter truth—Edward Courtenay had given his heart to her sister, the young girl Elizabeth, and had gained her heart in return. It is said that nothing in the world works so fearful change in a man's heart as love; and perhaps, the terrible cruelty that stained Mary's after-life may be traced to this instant banishment of both lovers from the Tower. Edward Courtenay was sent to Fotheringhay—to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Woodstock, and Edward Courtenay was sent to the Tower.

But rage against the sister who had freed both her prisoners, soon drove the queen to the same castle which, years later, received Elizabeth's beautiful rival, that most charming woman of the world, and who, with a heart full of anger and sorrow, Edward Courtenay entered those gloomy halls. The Princess was sent to Wood