

WHEN KNIGHTHOOD WAS IN FLOWER

Or, The Love Story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, the King's Sister, and Happening in the Reign of His August Majesty King Henry the Eighth

By EDWIN CASKODEN [CHARLES MAJOR]

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THE CASKODENS.

WE Caskodens take great pride in our ancestry. Some persons, I know, hold all that to the height of vanity, but they usually have no ancestors of whom to be proud. The man who does not know who his great-grandfather was, naturally enough, will not care what he was. The Caskodens have pride of ancestry because they know both who and what.

We have a right to be proud, for there is an unbroken male line from William the Conqueror down to the present time. In this lineal list are fourteen barons—the title lapsed when Charles I. fell—twelve Knights of the Garter and forty-seven Knights of the Bath and other orders. A Caskoden distinguished himself by gallant service under the great Norman and was given rich English lands and a fair Saxon bride, albeit an unwilling one, as his reward. With this fair, unwilling Saxon bride and her long plait of yellow hair goes a very pretty, pathetic story, which I may tell you at some future time if you take kindly to this. A Caskoden was ancestor to William Rufus and sat at the rich, half-barbaric banquets in the first great hall. Still another was one of the doughty barons who wrestled from John the great charter, England's declaration of independence; another was high in the councils of Henry V. I have omitted one whom I should not fail to mention, Adolphus Caskoden, who was a member of the dance parliament of Henry IV, so called because there were no lawyers in it.

It is true that in the time of Edward IV, a Caskoden did stoop to trade, but it was trade of the most dignified, honorable sort—he, the goldsmith, and his guild, as you know, were the bankers and international clearance house for people, kings and nobles.

Now, it has been the custom of the Caskodens for centuries to keep a record of events that have happened, both private and public. Some are in the form of diaries and journals, like those of Pepys and Evelyn; others are letters, like the Pastons'; others, again, in verse and song, like Chaucer's and the Water Poets'; and still others in the more pretentious form of memoir and chronicle. These records we always have kept jealously within our family, thinking it vulgar, like the Pastons, to submit our private affairs to public gaze.

There can, however, be no reason why those parts treating solely of outside matters should be so carefully guarded, and I have determined to choose for publication such portions as do not divulge family secrets or skeletons, and which really redound to family honor.

For this occasion I have selected from the memoir of my worthy ancestor and namesake, Sir Edwin Caskoden, grandson of the goldsmith and master of the dance to Henry VIII, the story of Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, sister to the king.

This story is so well known to the student of English history that I fear its repetition will lack that zest which attends the development of an unforeseen denouement, but it is of so great interest and is so full in its own right, that I cannot resist the temptation to write it by time—love that I will nevertheless rewrite it from old Sir Edwin's memoir.

CHAPTER I.

THE DUEL.

IT sometimes happens, Sir Edwin says, that when a woman will she won't, and when she won't she will, but usually in the end the adage holds good. That sentence may not be luminous with meaning, but I will give you an illustration.

I think it was in the spring of 1500—at any rate, soon after the death of the Modern Solomon, as Queen Catherine called her old father-in-law, the late King Henry VII.—that his august majesty Henry VIII, "the undubitable flower and very Heir of both the sayd Linages," came to the throne of England and tendered me the honorable position of master of the dance at his sumptuous court.

As to "worldly goods," as some of the new religionists call wealth, I was very comfortably off, having inherited from my father, one of the counselors of Henry VII, a very competent fortune indeed. How my worthy father contrived to save from the greedy hand of that rich old miser so great a fortune I am sure I cannot tell. He was the only man of my knowledge who did it, for the old king had a reach as long as the kingdom, and upon one pretext or another, appropriated to himself everything on which he could lay his hands. My father, however, was himself pretty shrewd in money matters, having inherited along with his fortune a rare knack at keeping it. His father was a goldsmith in the time of King Edward and enjoyed the marked favor of that pious prince.

Being thus in a position of affluence, I cared nothing for the fact that little or no emolument went with the office. It was the honor which delighted me. Besides, I was thereby an inmate of the king's palace and brought into intimate relations with the court, and

above all, with the finest ladies of the land—the best company a man can keep, since it ennobles his mind with better thoughts, purifies his heart with cleaner motives and makes him gentle without detracting from his strength. It was an office any lord of the kingdom might have been proud to hold.

Now, some four or five years after my induction into this honorable office there came to court news of a terrible duel fought down in Suffolk, out of which only one of the four combatants had come alive—two, rather, but one of them in a condition worse than death. The first survivor was a son of Sir William Brandon, and the second was a man called Sir Adam Judson. The story went that young Brandon and his elder brother, both just home from the continental wars, had met Judson at an Ipswich inn, where there had been considerable gambling among them. Judson had won from the brothers a large sum of money which they had brought home, for, notwithstanding their youth, the elder being but twenty-six and the younger about twenty-four years of age, they had gained great honor and considerable profit in wars, especially the younger, whose name was Charles.

It is a little hard to fight for money and then to lose it by a single spot upon the die, but such is the fate of him who plays, and a philosopher will swallow his ill luck and take to fighting for more. The Brandon could have done this easily enough, especially Charles, who was an offhand philosopher, rather fond of a good humored fight, had it not been that in the course of play one evening the secret of Judson's winning had been disclosed by a discovery that he had been cheated. The Brandon waited until they were sure, and then trouble began, which resulted in a duel on the following morning.

This Judson was a Scotch gentleman of whom very little was known except that he was counted the most deadly duelist of his country. He was called the "Walking Death," and it is said he took pride in the appellation. He boasted that he had fought eighty-seven duels, in each of which he had killed seventy-five men, and it was considered certain death to meet him. I got the story of the duel afterward from Brandon as I give it here, and John was the elder brother and when the challenge came was entitled to fight first, a birthright out of which Charles tried in vain to talk him.

The brothers told their father, Sir William Brandon, and at the appointed time father and sons repaired to the place of meeting, where they found Judson and his second ready for the fight. Sir William was still a vigorous man, with few equals in sword play, and the sons, especially the younger, were better men and more skilful than their father had ever been, yet they felt that this duel meant certain death, so great was Judson's fame for skill and cruelty. Notwithstanding they were so handicapped with this feeling of impending evil, they met their duty without a tremor, for the motto of their house was "Memento Mori." It was a misty morning in March. Brandon has told me since that when his elder brother took his stand it was as if he had been struck by lightning, superior both in strength and skill, but after a few strokes the brother's blade bent double and broke off short at the hilt, when it was thrown some yards. Thereupon Judson, with a malignant smile of triumph, deliberately selected his opponent's heart and pierced it with his sword, giving the blade a twist as he drew it out in order to cut and mutilate the more.

In an instant Sir William's doubtless was off, and he was in his dead son's tracks, ready to avenge him or to die.

"Fight, you bloodhound!" Again the thrust which should have killed broke the sword, and the father died as the son had died.

After this came young Charles, expecting, but so great was his strong heart, not one whit fearing, to lie beside his dead father and brother. He knew he was the superior of both in strength and skill, and his knowledge of men and the noble told him they had each been the superior of Judson, but the fellow's hand seemed to be the hand of death. An opening came through Judson's unsilkened play which gave young Brandon an opportunity

for a thrust to arm, but his own, like his father's and his brother's, bent double without penetrating. Unlike the others, however, it did not break, and the thrust revealed the fact that Judson's skill as a duelist lay in a sort of mail which it was useless to try to pierce. Aware of this, Brandon knew that victory was his and that soon he would have avenged the murders that had gone before. He saw that his adversary was strong neither in wind nor arm and had not the skill to penetrate his guard in a week's trying, so he determined to fight on the defensive until Judson's strength should wane, and then kill him when and how he chose.

After a time Judson began to breathe hard and his thrusts to lack force. "Boy, I would spare you," he said. "I have killed enough of your tribe. Put up your sword and call it quits." Young Brandon replied: "Stand your ground, you coward. You will be a dead man as soon as you grow a little weaker. If you try to run, I will thrust you through the neck as I would a cur. Listen how you snort. I shall soon have you. You are almost as good as dead as you stand there. I could preach a sermon or dance a hornpipe while I am killing you. I will not break my sword against your coat of mail, but will wait until you fall from weakness, and then—Fight, you bloodhound!"

Judson was pale from exhaustion, and his breath was coming in gasps as he tried to keep the merciless sword from his throat. At last, by a dexterous twist of his blade, Brandon sent Judson's sword flying into the air. Judson rose through Judson's eyes and the bridge of his nose, leaving him sightless and hideous for life—a revenge compared to which death would have been merciful.

The duel created a sensation throughout the kingdom, for, although little was known as to who Judson was, his fame as a duelist was as broad as the land. He had been at court upon several occasions, and at one time, upon the king's birthday, had fought in the royal lists. So the matter came in for its share of consideration by king and courtiers, and young Brandon became a person of interest. He became still more so when some of the nobles who had served with him in the continental wars told the court of his daring and bravery and related stories of deeds at arms worthy of the best knight in Christendom.

He had an uncle at the court, Sir Thomas Brandon, the king's master of horse, who thought it a good opportunity to put his nephew forward and let him take his chance at winning royal favor. The uncle broached the subject to the king, with favorable issue, and Charles Brandon, led by the hand of fate, came to London court, where that same fate had been keeping for him events such as seldom fall to the lot of man.

(To be continued.)

Point St. Peter.

S. S. "Gaspesian" Capt. Bouchard arrived here yesterday from Quebec after discharging freight, proceeded to Malbay, so far no agent has been appointed at this place.

Mr. H. Smith is busy working at the crib for the Breakwater, he expects to have one placed tomorrow.

Dr. J. A. Pidgeon accompanied by his son Joseph, who paid a short visit to this place last week.

S. S. "Campania" is due at Malbay on Friday from Montreal.

Weather of late has been changeable with occasional snow storms. The roads are getting bad for travelling in consequence the mail carriers are somewhat behind time.

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Nouvelle.

After a long silence I will again take the opportunity of chronicling a few items to EVENTS for which you will permit me a space in your interesting paper as its columns are open to all correspondents in the counties it represents and particularly in the counties of Bonaventure and Gaspe which have been in many past years so unfortunate with there many important enterprises and the suffering of the inhabitants of these counties which is already well known.

But now, readers of EVENTS read our local paper that has now a large circulation in strange places and those who have not been witnesses or know the suffering of the poor inhabitants of these counties who have worked so hard for their most important conveniences and how they have succeeded. read over the columns of the last few issues of EVENTS and be convinced by the complaints regarding the extension of the Railway to Gaspe by Beata Gaspesia I and II, women that are now taking a stand regarding the public enterprises considering that their hands after many years of hard work support their families and having many times cast their votes as representatives to the government and signed all sorts of petitions have given up all hopes of their principal accommodation. Be a way communication. Many ideas of those women of Gaspesia are good and are receiving our appreciation. But people of Gaspesia, read over the article written in New Richmond by "Bonaventure" in EVENTS of April 2nd, doubtless approved generally by the people of Bonaventure. Let the debts be paid first.

Certainly the benefit of a railway communication that is extended to New Carlisle and are receiving great satisfaction from the management of Mr. Scott and the people of Bonaventure have to travel on the road the A. & L. S. Ry. we have to pay the highest fares with the consideration that a good section of the road is built at our own expense. At the expense, but not of the bondholders, companies. Now people of Gaspesia we have suffered a great dissatisfaction with the road formerly called B. C. R. now A. & L. S. Ry. and remember of the Baie des Chaleurs scandal.

But despite all those unfortunate facts we are seeing our village of Nouvelle prospering rapidly with its hearty farmers and hope to have in the future as rumor says an important enterprise in this municipality. Let the efforts of our pastor Rev. Father Drapeau in the form of a mill including a grist mill, a lumber mill and a butter factory. We wish the firm and the Rev. gentleman the best of success in their future enterprise. I will give more particulars later on.

On Thursday the 16th, a special meeting of the municipal council was held at the council room to decide the proposition of Mr. H. Brown as to having a wire fence erected along the road of the Escanaba River. The proposition has been thrown out owing to the opposition of Dominique Poirier.

As appeared in the Miguasha notes of last week many barrels of herring were sold on Good Friday. This shows the benefit which the inhabitants of that village have received this year. An amount of codfish was also caught there last fall which is an important resource to the people of Nouvelle.

The many friends of Miss Mary Tenier in this vicinity regret to hear the announcement that she has resigned her position as teacher in the Miguasha school. We also regret that her application for a school in Nouvelle has been refused for the cause that it was too late. We understand that a great change is being made among the teachers of this municipality.

EVENTS will certainly have a large number of subscribers in Nouvelle and Miguasha in the near future owing to the interesting columns it has published. The spring will be late by land we are however pleased to say that the snow has commenced to melt off at last.

Schneider "Leopold" Capt. Annett is shortly expected from Halifax N. S.

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"Money cheerfully returned if the sufferer is not relieved and improved after use of one bottle. Three to six bottles effect astonishing and permanent cures. If not relieved and cured, you waste no money."

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Fame Point.

Cold old winter has passed and spring has arrived bringing the steamers again. The S. S. Alderney passed this morning bound for Montreal from Sydney C. B. We hope she will arrive safely.

D. G. S. Constance is also out bound for Gaspe. We are pleased to see our old Gulf boats King Edward, Gaspesia and Campana going around on their old route.

The sugar makers predict a very poor year for their work. Mr. Bertie Asch has tapped his trees but so far has met with poor success.

Mr. John N. Asch of Boninola and his sons Neil and James were on a visit to the Light-House, his brother Hubert accompanied him home again.

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THRESHING MACHINES,

Wood Saws, Pianos, House and Road Scrapers, Organs, Blacksmith Coal,

WE WILL HAVE THIS SEASON.

Mr. Edmond Bond and family have moved to their summer cottage.

The new fog alarm at Fame Point has been screaming away quite a lot this month. It keeps the young Engineer, Mr. Geo. M. Asch, very busy, we are all sorry for him as he must find the nights very long and lonesome, with no one for company but faithful old Nigger.

Mrs. Augusta Laverne of Fox River has passed away after a lingering illness, aged 45.

Dr. Dargy has gone to Chlorey-dome in a boat. The roads are in a poor driving state. The fishermen are preparing already for their summer work, let us wish them all success.

Dunlop Notes.

Wedding bells are ringing to day—three marriages have taken place one in Beresford and two in St. Louis. The contracting parties in Beresford are John C. Roy and Miss Rose Vienneau.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. John Connell on the arrival of a daughter.

Leander Hadley left Friday morning to go to the drive, on the Tete-gouche river.

Gusty Heggarty of Tete-gouche is at present staying with his sister Mrs. Leander Hadley.

Last week Mr. James Melanson of Nigado returned from Moncton where he had gone to visit some of his many friends. His daughter Miss Theresa accompanied him as for St. Anthony.

Last week the Rev. Father Whetton paid a short visit to the Rev. W. E. Sormany.

Mr. U. Boudreau of St. Louis died last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Hadley spent last Sunday evening at "The Mills."

Sunday Mr. and Mrs. William Hadley of Dunlop visited their daughter Mrs. Edward Aubie.

Our roads are deadlily bad just at present. Today a buggy came up from Bathurst to Beresford.

Rev. W. E. Sormany went to Tete-gouche last Saturday.

Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver,

they act like magic—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; strengthening the muscular system, restoring the long-lost complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicines in the World.

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J. B. WAGNER,

TAILOR

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The qualities is just what it should be. Our Invariant Shoe in all the different toes, Flexible soles, Moderate price, is the very best in the market.

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