

were of a similar magnificence. In fact the Hampton Court of Cardinal Wolsey reminds us of Jerusalem under King Solomon; silver was nothing accounted of, and all the vessels were of pure gold. While in his double capacity of Primate and Prime Minister, a household organized after old feudal ideas rivalled that of Lord Warwick, "the last of the Barons." The palace contained 280 beds, and yet many of the retainers must have slept as they could, on the rushes strewn on the floors or in the spacious out-buildings. The household numbered 500. There were sixty priests in copes, besides dean and sub-dean, a score of singing priests, and a mixed choir of churchmen, children, and laymen. He had 160 personal attendants, among whom, by the way, were no fewer than sixteen doctors, so that his mere annual household expenses, on Mr. Law's calculation, must have amounted to half a million of our modern money.

Amid all that lavish magnificence, and the indolent luxury of his idle attendants, the great man, though he denied himself when not in the mood, toiled indefatigably in the service of his exacting earthly master. He and the King conjointly were deep in diplomacy and intrigues with every State in Europe. The grand State *fêtes* of Hampton culminated, perhaps, in the splendid banquet given to the French ambassadors in the autumn of 1527. Wolsey's disgrace and fall followed soon after. Great and overgrown subject as he was, he had stood only by the favour of the strong-willed King; he was envied and detested by the old aristocracy, whom he had treated *en Louis XI.*, as Henry's *alter ego*; he was held up to odium by the bitter reforming satirists, who denounced him as the incarnation of the spiritual pride of Rome; so, when Henry chose to crush his creature, for once the national sentiment was cordially with the King.

No doubt Wolsey's ruin was precipitated by his ostentatious embellishment of Hampton. Henry coveted the new palace as he set his heart on the charms of any one of the unfortunate Court beauties he successively made his wives. When the Cardinal withdrew to Esher, Henry moved into Hampton. Immediately he began to make extensive additions, and the workmen were set to work to efface the monograms and episcopal badges of the dispossessed owner. Henry, who was still in the pride of his bodily powers, laid out the great tilt-yard as well as new gardens, and he formed the covered tennis court, said to be the first ever made in England. Nor did the controversialist who had taken up the defence of the Papacy neglect learning and the *belles lettres*. He filled the library with books brought from York Place, and had a regular catalogue made of them. To all appearance he was on the happiest terms with his consort, Queen Katharine—except that Anne Boleyn had her private apartments, known as Mistress Boleyn's Lodgings. Nor did Hampton's reputation for hospitality suffer under Henry. The King's household was twice as numerous as that of the disgraced Minister. There seems to have been hardly a check upon the guests who crowded to the different tables. The people not only sponged on the King, but purloined portable objects, and even walked off with "fixtures;" so that stringent laws had to be promulgated against stealing tables, cupboards, the locks from the doors, etc. The most honoured guests must have had vast capacity for consumption and absorption; unless it was understood that the chamber allowances were passed on to their menials, who, however, had their free commons at the public tables. A duke or duchess, among other rations, had three gallons of ale and a pitcher of wine per diem; while a countess, though she must content herself with somewhat shorter measure, might nevertheless have bathed in malt liquor, had bathing been then the habit. Among other additions, in the early days of his occupation, Henry constructed the Great Hall. With constitutional impulsiveness, he pressed on the work by day and night, for there are heavy outgoings entered in the account-books for illuminations of tallow candles. Bricks were brought from Taplow, stone came from the Reigate quarries; while the oaken timbers were forwarded in thousands of tons from Dorking, Leatherhead, Banstead, Berewood, and—strangest of all, as it now strikes us—from St. John's-wood. In Mr. Law's opinion, "the elaborate and ornate roof is probably the most splendid example in the Perpendicular style ever erected in England."

The inconstancies of the amorous King were reflected in the decorations of the palace, to the great embarrassment of the builders. He had designed the grand hall and the suite of withdrawing rooms in honour of Anne Boleyn; but just as they approached completion that unlucky beauty was beheaded, and her badges were obliterated to make way for those of Jane Seymour, whose reign was even more ephemeral. Catherine Howard has left a memory as well as a name in the palace. Her troubled spirit is said to frequent "the old mysterious 'Haunted Gallery,' the door of which is on the right-hand side as you go down the Queen's great staircase." Tradition, or rather history, says that Catherine had contrived to escape from the chamber in which she was confined, and, hurrying down the long gallery, intercepted her husband on his return from hearing Mass. Henry turned a deaf ear to her prayers; shrieking and struggling, she was dragged back by her guards; and ever since she still shrieks in that gallery from time to time. Two ladies of character and station have heard her plaintive screams within the last few years. Mr. Law tells another ghost story of the Court which is at least as well authenticated; and he appears to be not altogether sceptical as to either.

Edward VI. was born at Hampton, though he never saw the palace again until six months after his accession. It was there that the Protector Somerset, as mean in spirit as he was proud of bearing, tried to don the skin of the dead lion, and awe the nobles and the people with the roar of the stern Henry. Seymour made a forification of the place, and fled without even showing fight. Mary and Philip of Spain passed their wretched honeymoon there, and we see reason enough for Philip's marital repulsion in Antonio More's portrait of the ungraceful bride. Not that there was much to choose between the pair, though More's portrait of the King is decidedly flattering. No wonder that Mary was jealous of her young

sister, who was brought to Hampton as a prisoner in the custody of Bedingfield. There is a quaint and charming portrait of the young Princess in a fancy dress, attributed to Zuccherro, but she had sadly changed before the same artist is said to have painted her again in her remorseful decay. It was at Hampton that Mary experienced such bitter mortification and disappointment, when, in the confidence that she was to give birth to a child and a Prince, all the bells of the metropolitan churches were set to ring merry peals. When "the dreadful truth began to dawn upon her mind, and all her hopes gave way, . . . for weeks she would lie in her bed, without speaking, like one dead. Then she would sit for whole days on the floor, huddled up, with her knees against her face, her whole body swollen with disease, her countenance distorted and haggard, and her mind shaken with the ruin of all her hopes." As the Huguenots of France saw the finger of God in the fate that befell the author of the bloody St. Bartholemew massacre, so the relatives of Mary's many martyrs must have believed that the murderers had been marked down by the vengeance of Providence. Of Elizabeth at Hampton Mr. Law has little to say. Like Wolsey, the queen retired to the palace for repose, though she was involuntarily detained there in the autumn of 1562, when she so nearly succumbed to the severe attack of small-pox which threw Protestant England into an agony of apprehension and suspense. And Mr. Law reminds us of rumours associated with Hampton which, if we are to give credence to contemporary and very circumstantial scandals, go far toward compromising the reputation of the "Virgin Queen." But we prefer to end our notice with some jovial reminiscences of hospitality that was worthy of the bluff and free-handed King Harry. In a single year Elizabeth is said to have expended at Hampton, in the mere outgoings for eating and drinking, what was equal to about £400,000 of our present money. If the Tudor monarchs frequently came on their subjects for forced "benevolences," it must be confessed that the wise practice of their statecraft knew how to conciliate public sympathy among their immediate neighbours and dependants.—*The Times*.

### ON THE STREAM.

In solitude, deep hid, a winding nook  
With o'er-lacing branches  
To thwart the warm glances  
Of the sun, prying to steal just one look.

There's the yellow birch with tassels, and the willow  
Laving the limpid stream,  
While shadows dance and gleam,  
Playing coyly with the laughing billow.

There's an old, gray moss-grown mill;  
It's silent and alone,  
With water-wheel broke down—  
Never more to splash in foam the rill.

When fire-flies flit and gleam among the trees,  
I take my little boat,  
And down the stream I float—  
My love and I before the evening breeze.

The warbler in the bush, when all was hushed  
Once, trilled a deep love-note;  
From out his dusky throat  
The melody in streams of music gushed.

Our two hearts caught the spirit of the scene,  
I asked my love to choose,  
And she did not refuse  
To answer "yes!" So ended young life's dream.

*La Hève, N. S.*

C. T. EASTON.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

JOB AND "THE TEMPEST."

To the Editor of THE WEEK:

SIR,—The comparison of an eminent statesman at a religious convention to Satan among the sons of God lately made by a Canadian journalist, who, like Shylock and another personage, with whom, however, on this occasion, as I shall point out presently, we have nothing to do, can cite Scripture for his purpose, suggests the remark how common is misconception of the sublime tragedy of Job. And this, too, notwithstanding the wealth of criticism, both German and English. Many years ago Mr. Froude, for the instruction of English readers, analysed this great drama with unrivalled critical acumen, and one of the many instructive results of that analysis was the apparently conclusive demonstration that Satan, one of the *dramatis personæ*, was not in the conception of the great unknown dramatist, the author, the Evil Spirit, but the Messenger of God. It will, perhaps, help to illuminate Mr. Froude's criticism, and at the same time point to a parallel not altogether fanciful, over an immense gulf of time, between the genius of the greatest of the ancient and the genius of the greatest of the modern dramatists, if I may observe that Satan in the drama of Job stands in the same relation to God that Ariel in "The Tempest" stands to Prospero.

Toronto.

Yours truly,  
M. J. F.