

Opposite, on the site of the Admiralty, stood Peterborough House, from the roof of which Archbishop Usher attempted to witness the execution. We read in Parr's life of Usher: "At the time of his Majesty's murder, the Lady Peterborough's house (where my lord then lived) being just over against Charing Cross, divers of the court's gentlemen and servants got upon the leads of the house, from whence they could see plainly what was acting before Whitehall. The primates, who could not stand the sight, fainted, was taken down and put on his bed."

Philip Henry, who also witnessed the execution, related that at the instant when the blow was given, there was "such a dismal universal groan among the thousands of people that were within the sight of it (as it were, with one consent), as he never heard before, and desired he might never hear the like again, nor see such a cause for it."

There is doubtless an inclination on the part of the royalist historians to exaggerate the sorrow and rage of the nation in regard to the putting to death of the king. Hume would have us believe that "women cast forth the unaimed fruit of their womb when they learned it; and others fell into convulsions, or sank into such a melancholy as attended them to their graves; and that some, unfaithful of themselves, as though they could not or would not survive their beloved prince, suddenly fell down dead." This is a high colouring about this; yet, undoubtedly, among a large section of the people a profound grief prevailed. There is even a story of a learned Fellow of All Souls who died of the shock given him by the king's execution. Numbers of the clergy and gentry.—Philip Henry, Usher, and Evelyn, among them,—always kept the anniversary of the day as a strict fast, and this custom was observed during many years. The first Lord Holland used to relate that, during the life of his father, Sir Stephen Fox, upon its return, the 30th of January, the waistcoat of the house used to be hung with black, and no meal of any sort permitted until after midnight.

The loyalty of Westminster School was proved beyond question at this time. "We really were King's Scholars, as well as called so," says South, promptly. "Nay, upon that very day, that black and eternally infamous day of the king's murder, I myself heard, and am now convinced that the king was publicly prayed for in this school, but an hour or two at most before his sacred head was struck off." At such a time, any expression of attachment to the king, or sympathy with his fate, had its dangers. We read that immediately after the decapitation, Hewson, (originally a cobbler, afterwards a member of Cromwell's Parliament, and a colonel in the army) went with a party of horse from Charing Cross to the Royal Exchange, proclaiming, as he went, "that whosoever should say that Charles Stuart died wrongfully should suffer present death."

After the execution, the king's body was embalmed and removed to Windsor for interment. The Parliament sanctioned the expenditure of not more than five hundred pounds upon the funeral. No religious ceremony took place; the burial service being at that time prohibited. No tablet or inscription marked the last resting-place of royalty. "I cannot," says Bishop Kennet, "but commend the piety of those gentlemen employed to bear the body of King Charles I. who, making a view of St. George's chapel in Windsor to find the most fit and honourable place of burial, declined at first the tomb-house built by Cardinal Wolsey, as supposing King Henry VIII. was buried there, in regard his majesty would upon occasional discourse express some dislike of King Henry's proceedings in misapplying those vast revenues the suppressed abbies, monasteries, and other religious houses were endowed with."

Charles was said in his lifetime to have registered a vow, that if it pleased Heaven to restore him to his "kingly rights," and re-establish him upon the throne, he would give back to the Church all the impropriations then held by the Crown; and whatsoever lands had been taken from any episcopal see, or any cathedral or collegiate church, from any abbey or other religious house, he promised thereafter to hold from the Church under such reasonable fines and rents as should be determined by some conscientious persons, whom he proposed to choose with all upright hearts, to direct him in that particular. "The scruples of the king's friends seem to have been removed, however. The coffins deposited in a vault in the centre of the choir containing two coffins—believed to be those of King Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour.

To quote Clarendon: "This unparalleled murder and parricide was committed . . . in the forty and ninth year of his age, and when he had such excellent health, and so great vigor of body, that when his murderers caused him to be opened (which they did), and were sorry of them present at it with great curiosity," they confessed and declared "that no man had ever all his vital parts so perfect and unhurt; and that he seemed to be of so admirable a composition and constitution, that he would probably have lived as long as nature could subsist."

The coffin of King Charles had been seen on one occasion during the reign of William III., when the vault was opened for the interment of one of the Princess Anne's numerous children; but afterwards it seems to have remained altogether unnoticed, until indeed some doubt and question began to arise as to the exact spot in which the royal remains had been deposited. But in 1813 the vault was once more opened, on the occasion of the funeral of the Duchess of Brunswick, the sister of George III. Before the re-closing of the vault, search was made for the coffin of King Charles, in the presence of the Prince-Regent, the Duke of Cumberland, the Dean of Windsor, Sir Henry Hallford, and others. The heavy coffin was found, and partially opened, and Sir Henry Hallford published afterwards "An Account of what appeared on opening the coffin of King Charles I." (1813). The body was found in tolerably good condition amongst the gums and resins which had been employed to preserve it. "At length the whole face was disengaged from its covering. The complexion of the skin was dark and discoloured. The forehead and temples had little or nothing of their muscular substance; the cartilage of the nose was gone; the left eye in the first moment of exposure was open and full, though it vanished almost immediately, and the pointed beard was perfect. The shape of the face was long oval; many of the teeth remained. . . . When the head had been entirely disengaged from the attachments which confined it, it was found to be loose, and without any difficulty was taken up and held to view. . . . The back part of the scalp was perfect, and had a remarkable fresh appearance; the pores of the skin being more distinct, as they usually are when soaked in moisture; and the tendons and ligaments of the neck were of considerable substance and firmness. The hair was

thick at the back part of the head, and in appearance nearly black. . . . On holding up the head to examine the place of separation from the body, the muscles of the neck had evidently retracted themselves considerably; and the fourth cervical vertebra we found to be cut through its substance transversely, leaving the surfaces of the divided portions perfectly smooth and even." Doubtless in the eyes of many people this curious investigation will wear the semblance of an act of gross desecration. But antiquarianism is, as a rule, rather unobscured; heedless what approaches it may incur, provided its curiosity is satisfied. And certainly it has to be said that, after the Regent's post-mortem inquest upon the King, all doubt as to his place of interment may be considered as completely ended.

Byron, it may be noted, commemorated the examination in St. George's Chapel in lines, perhaps needlessly, foolishly violent, composed "On the occasion of his Royal Highness the Prince-Regent being seen standing between the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I. in the royal vault at Windsor."

Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,
By heedless Charles see heartless Henry lies;
Between them stands another so-called thing—
It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a king:

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,
In him the double tyrant starts to life;
Justice and Death have mixed their dust in vain,
Each royal vampire wakes to life again.
Ah, what can tombs avail! since these disgorge
The blood and dust of both—to mould a George!
(To be concluded.)

AN M. D.'S TALE.

"My dear fellow," said I, passing my arm through my friend's, as we left Lady L.'s hall together, "I don't like your dancing so much with that girl in blue."

"That cerulean angel, you mean," said Jack; "but the fact is, you are jealous."

"It is not much use for a man who starts for India to-morrow to be jealous of any one he leaves behind, more especially if he has; mark his fortune before he can keep a wife. But there is no possible reason why you should not marry, with that Blackmore property of yours, and give 'em hostages to fortune, as saith my Lord Bacon; only I hope you will not choose that little girl in blue."

"Well, Tracy, here we are at the chambers; you shall give your reasons why a man should not marry a lady dressed in blue, over a pipe.—So long as she doesn't wear blue stockings to match, I can't see anything to object to in it."

"Oh, the bliss of an evening pipe with the friend of your heart! We found a snug fire burning, swept away some books and papers to the sofa, settled our tumblers at our elbows, and ourselves in roomy slippers and easy-chairs, and were soon in a silent cloud-protected Olympus."

"Now," said my friend (having doubtless emerged from a dreamland tenanted by an hour in blue tarnation), "what makes you choose my partner of to-night? I suppose I had no business to engross her for several dances, you will say; but her style of dancing suits me; and when a *parson* means nothing serious, women don't mind being booked for several waltzes. I am not an eldest son, you know, and Mount-chapel did not slow in the horizon, all the evening."

"I did not mean that," I replied; "you can settle all that with her *chaperone*."

"Didn't you like her blue gaiter, then?" he went on. "Think of the blue veils that loitered 'slowly-drawn' round Mount Ida, man, and what goddesses were concealed behind them."

"Sweet creatures in blue are much the same to me as sweet things in pink, Jack. The only blue things I dislike are blue pills."

"And devils," added he. "Is it her face you carp at, or her figure, or her eyes, or what?"

"Now you have it: I can't stand her eyes."

"Not stand her eyes?" he exclaimed in astonishment, puffing out volumes of smoke. "I don't much wonder at that, for I am sure I cannot. But they are heaven's own blue, and in their depths— and then he clasped his hands and went into a silent ecstasy, as is the wont of lovers."

"Well," said I, "you need not fancy me the green-eyed monster, for I am quite indifferent to their colour; but, seriously, I don't like their flash."

"It does look a man through," replied the smitten Jack.

"I don't suppose you are very hard hit yet, or it would be no use my telling you—she has madness in her."

"Good heavens! how can you tell? Did you ever see her before? Do you know anything of her family?"

"Not I; I never met her before to-night; but it is little use a man going out to India, the land of madness, unless he has studied mental disease, and the eye is the surest criterion of it. I would not see a friend of mine marry that girl for a great deal."

"My dear Tracy, you are far too solemn about it; who is going to marry her, in the first place? and in the next, I am not such a blind believer in science as to think the eye the seat of reason, nor yet so incredulous, as to deem all you tell me 'my eye.'"

"It is really no laughing matter," I replied. "The eye is the mirror of the soul, if you can only read it rightly. I am confident that the wild excited flash I noticed frequently in those deep violet eyes of a fiery girl (themselves the very colour that bespeak immense imagination and enthusiasm) forebodes no good hereafter. Excite her, and you would raise a storm in a moment. I have seen a woman of her temperament before now, in the hospital, make her teeth meet in the board at the head of her bed. Give her a continuance of excitement, and cunning will lead its wiles to mania. Hence arises the direst form of mental aberration—the catatonic of marble externally, the passions of a fury working within. Such a woman must be rigorously confined, or she will work a demon's masterpiece."

"There, Tracy, enough!" he said, and we gaily changed the topic,