

WOMAN'S PAGE.

The Looker-On.

In lands which have been at the making of history for any length of time the very stones cry out their stories, and the most trivial and ordinary events gain importance from the fact that they go forward amid surroundings venerable and replete with an association of ideas and memories.

This week in England an old institution is being denuded. The buildings of Christ's Hospital, founded by the boy-king, Edward VI., as a place of asylum for destitute and fatherless children, and an ancient institution more ancient still, the monastery of Grey Friars, have been sold, and the school, more familiarly known as the Blue Coat School, is being moved to other more healthful and more commodious quarters. In a very little while that open screen on the north side of Newgate street, with its little sculptured King in a niche above the ancient brick gate, through which so many famous boys have gone to the world, will have disappeared, and poor Charles Lamb, did fate devise that he should again walk beneath the archway, be quite lost in his own accustomed territory.

The monastery of the Grey Friars, which the outrageous rapacity of Henry VIII. tore from the hands of the monks and bestowed upon the City of London, was founded by the first Franciscans, who came over to England in the reign of Henry III. In those days men built churches and monasteries for their soul's good, just as in these days they build hospitals, endow libraries, or found colleges and universities, that they may escape the stigma of dying rich; and so out of the repentance and piety of many persons buildings for the use of the followers of one of the gentlest and most humane men the world has ever known rose one after another, until in the time of the "English Blue Coat" the monastery of the Grey Friars was one of the most important religious houses in London.

It was in the days of Edward I. that the church of the Grey Friars was begun, by Edward's second wife, Margaret. This church, on account of no doubt, of its founder, became the burial place of the Plantagenet queens of England, and of their followers. Among the duffies, therefore, which have devolved upon the almoners of Christ's Hospital, during the present week, is the removal of the human remains interred within the precincts of the ancient church. A strange and romantic company—four queens, the benighted dowager Margaret, whose life may be traced by her deeds of mercy, and whom the chronicler, Piers Langtoft, calls "good withouten lake"; Isabella, sometime Queen of Man, a veritable story-book personage; Joan the "Towser," daughter of Edward II. and Isabella of France, and wife of David Bruce, King of Scotland; and Isabella herself, wife of Edward II.; and over and above these, Mortimer, Isabella's paramour, a whole crowd of lords and ladies, knights and monks and other personages of high and low degree, and many old "Blues," for long years asleep beneath the cloister, having been buried there, as was the custom, by torchlight.

And the most interesting personage of them all, if the least to be admired, is Isabella, the "She Wolf of France." For some inexplicable reason, Shakespeare, though he wrote ten historical plays, gave no single complete characterization of an Edward. His "Richard III." includes the reigns of Edward IV. and Edward V., but of those Kings themselves there is only the very slightest sketching.

This is the more strange when we remember what warlike, chivalrous and romantic figures are the figures of Edward I. and his still more illustrious grandson, Edward III. As if to make up for this disregard on the part of the greatest of our dramatists of the line of Edwards, there is, however, in English literature a supreme tragedy, which deals with the most misfortunate and weakest of the name, "Edward III." by Christopher Marlowe.

The earliest edition of Marlowe's tragedy is dated 1594, and the play itself was entered in the Stationer's books in 1593, the very same year in which Shakespeare wrote his "Richard III." The two plays are, by reason of this, but more from the similarity of fate which overtook the unhappy hero of both, Marlowe's tragedy, one against the other, though according to such a celebrated critic and commentator as Mr. John Addington Symonds there is no comparison between the two. Marlowe's tragedy, being as far above Shakespeare's, "in organic structure and in dramatic characterization," as is the history of the "chastured and highly wrought paths of Edward's last days" wrought "the melodramatic and careless murder of Richard."

It is to Marlowe, therefore, that we must turn for a poetic conception of the woman who, perhaps of them all, has left the darkest stain upon the annals of English female royalty.

Isabella of France, inherited her wonderful beauty (Froissart says she was one of the greatest beauties in the world) from her father, "Philip the Fair," and also she inherited also his treachery and baseness of character. The vile and corrupt daughter of a vile and corrupt father, and married to a weak, despotic and childish man, the wonders of reproductive nature are exemplified in her children. The eldest of whom became the illustrious Edward III., and the youngest, "Joan the Tower," the saintly and devoted consort of David Bruce, of Scotland. Drops of purity and nobility and tenderness mingle somewhere with that dark blood which sprang from Tortoise the Forester, and showed in such cynicism, such superstition, such personal bravery, such consummate generalship, such resolution, such cruelty, such stuteness of character, such shameless wickedness as characterized Fulk the Black, the greatest of the Angevin ancestors; and these drops every generation, making the Plantagenet line the most markedly conspicuous for excess of brutality and personal debauchery, in some cases, as it is for piety and nobleness and high-mindedness in others.

Isabella was only thirteen years of age, a lovely, tempestuous, high-spirited, imperious child, when she was

favorites, and very handsome. During the days of her youth and adolescence she bore herself with a good deal of circumspection and quietness, awe, no doubt, by the many airs of her young husband and by the wit, aplomb, and successful success of Piers Gaveston, the hated favorite, the Adonis of the English court; during her early womanhood, when she was bearing her children—Edward, afterwards Edward III., the most renowned of all our monarchs; John of Eltham, the Princess Eleanor, and "Joan de la Tour," afterwards, as we have noted, Queen of Scotland—she was the idol of the English people; and during her maturity she developed those wolfish, cruel and abnormal tendencies which made her name a hated one for all time. It is a strange and terrible progression, yet even in the lovely child, the girl wife, the young mother, the laughing and beautiful queen, are some traits which afterwards develop into such a horrible and unnatural ending.

To the whole, Marlowe rather outlines than fills out the character of the queen in his tragedy. He takes it for granted that we know our history, that we know those monstrous unfaithfulness and revenge it was that Edward's destruction, and from the picture of Edward's wife he leaves us to draw our own conclusions and form our own portraits. The Queen enters the play to protest against the conduct of Edward with Gaveston. It is at Westminster, before the palace. The two Mortimers are there and Warwick and Lancaster, the Archbishop of Canterbury and an attendant. They talk about the King's infatuation, and its disastrous effect upon the kingdom. Then the Queen comes on rapidly in evident distress and perturbation. Mortimer, with whom during the baron's war, when he led a rebellion against the King, she has in some way become acquainted, and whose fierce and cruel character accords well with her own, stops her and asks:

"Mortimer, whither walks your Majesty so fast?"

And she replies in an affection of slighted love (for her infatuation for Mortimer seems to have been instantaneous):

"Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer, To live in grief and painful discontent; For now my lord, the King, regards me not."

But death upon the love of Gaveston. He claps his cheeks and hangs about his smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears:

"And when I come he frowns, as who should say, 'Go, whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston.'"

Thus have we the first note struck in that subtlest of conduct which was so essentially and so effectively the Queen's policy, for what words were so likely to rouse men to fury as these from the lips of a beautiful and idolized sovereign lady.

We next find her using her cunning and insinuating astuteness with even finer effect.

Gaveston has, at the demand of the barons, been outlawed to Ireland, but Isabella, with that clear foresight inherited from her far-seeing father, perceives that which is hidden from the warlike but scarcely diplomatic band, the fact that by reason of the store of gold which Edward's generosity to his favorite has possessed him of, he may in Ireland purchase such friends as may menace the power of the barons and serve to restore him to the side of the King, strengthened and a power indeed. She therefore whispers her fears to Mortimer, as also a plot by which Gaveston's banishment is to be repented and he recalled to England, where, hated as he is, he may the more easily be done away with. The details of the plot are, however, we do not hear them, but they are carried out and successful show Isabella, sagacious, discerning and clever in the ways of craft and stratagem; and her care to act always through others is the perfection of workmanship on the part of the dramatist, and evidences the true conception he had of the character of the historic figure. The fact that the Queen, so soon as she has got the barons' consent to her plan, turns the influence she has exerted, apparently on Gaveston's behalf, to the aid of Mortimer's having a hand in the completeness with which Marlowe has drawn his character.

Right up to the moment of Isabella's going to France to act as Edward's envoy with her brother, who has there been encroaching upon English possessions, she plays the loving, neglected wife, and though Edward, in some of the epithets he flings at her, reveals that he is not without his suspicions as to her relationship with Mortimer, there is nothing, so reticent is Marlowe, in the actual conduct of the Queen to make us think that the dramatist believed in her guilt; nothing except one soliloquy at the close of the second act, in which she says, apropos of Mortimer's having asked to be thought of as he deserved:

"So well hast thou deserved, sweet Mortimer."

And Isabella could live with thee for ever."

Yet qualifies her admission:

"I know thou dost not love me."

Light.—"To comfort you, and bring you joyful news."

K. Edw.—"Small comfort and poor Edward in thy looks."

Light.—"I know thou dost not love me."

K. Edw.—"Small comfort and poor Edward in thy looks."

Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer; If he be strange and not regard my words, My son and I will over to France, And to the King, my brother, there complain.

How Gaveston hath robbed me of his love, But yet I hope my sorrow will have end, And Gaveston will be slain."

A hypocrite even to herself.

With the visit to France, however, there is a change, and though the dramatist does not follow history so closely as to show us the open scandal of her conduct with Mortimer at the French court, he depicts the anger and coolness toward her of the French King, her brother, an anger and coolness which we know were occasioned by her unquenchable and unwomanly behavior; he shows her plotting with Mortimer and Sir John of Hainault to return to England, place herself on the side of the barons (who are as disaffected and discontented as ever with Edward), for Gaveston being slain he has acquired a new favorite, de Spenser, and fight to accomplish his overthrow, the enthronement of the young Edward, and his wish to marry her.

Edward, and Mortimer as protectors, and in an aside made by the Duke of Kent, Edward's brother, reveals more of the true woman than he permits her to reveal of herself—

"Mortimer and Isobel do kiss while they conspire, And yet she bears a face of love forsooth."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Light.—"That love that hatcheth death and hate."

Far is it from my heart to do you harm. The Queen sent me to see how you were used, For she relents at this, your misery; And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears, To see a King in this most piteous state?"

K. Edw.—"Weepst thou already? List awhile to me, Where was it as Gaveston's, Or as Matrevis' heart, were it as Gaveston's, Yet will it melt ere I have done my tale."

This tongue where they keep me is the sink Wherein the filth of all the castle falls, Light.—"O, Matrevis!" K. Edw.—"And here in mire and puddle have I stood This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep One plays continually upon a drum, They give me bread and water, being so that for want of sleep and sustenance, My mind's distempered, and my body's numb, And whether I have limbs or no I know not, O, would my blood dropped out from every vein, As doth this water from my tattered robes."

Tell Isobel, the queen, I looked not thus, When for her sake I ran at tilt in France, And there unluckily the Duke of Clarence, Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

Light.—"Speak no more, my lord; This breaks my heart."

and there is an interesting legend recorded by Stowe to the effect that on the same day, London witnessed the solemn pageant of the entrance of the French procession of the two queens—one from the eastern, and one from the northern road—and that, entering the church by opposite doors, the royal biers met at the high altar.

Legend further relates that the ghost of Isabella has ever since haunted the cloister; which makes it easy for us to imagine how many a Blue Coat Boy has known "each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine" as his excited juvenile fancy created for him the figure of a tall woman in a flowing garment of grey, who carried close to her breast, a golden vase, and whose spectral flittings in and out of the ancient corridors and arches were revealed to him by the glimpses of the moon as it sailed serene and quite apart from earthly sorrow and wickedness amid the fleecy network of the summer clouds. And surely the moans and sorrowful sighing that seemed to smite his ear were the death cries from Berkley!

There has always been a curious mystery connection with Swift's matrimonial affairs. He seems to have been very fond of bright, witty women. One such was Esther Johnson, whom he persuaded to come and live near him when he took his first Irish vicarage, simply for the enjoyment of her society. She expected marriage, but Swift had no such idea. After keeping her on the string for some years, and breaking up an eligible match her friends had arranged for her, he picked up another intellectually attractive woman, another Esther—Esther Vanhomrigh. To Miss Johnson he gave in his writings the name Stella, to Miss Vanhomrigh that of Vanessa. With both he continued a literary flirtation. Both wanted to marry him, and he could not marry either without the destruction of the other. Finally, Stella insisted upon a marriage, and Swift consented, upon the condition that it was to be kept a secret one. She agreed, and thenceforth assumed the direction of his household. Curiously, while they never lived together as man and wife, probably on account of some physical infirmity of the dean, for years she was content to be regarded simply as his mistress. Then Vanessa wrote Stella, demanding to know what her relation to Swift was, and in reply the lady divulged the secret. Vanessa survived the shock but a few weeks. Then Stella died, and Swift became a pariah.

The progress of a movement for improving the conditions of men in the lumber camps of Canada is described in the current issue of the Methodist Magazine and Review. The organization which has the matter in charge is the Canadian Reading Camp Association. The Rev. Alfred Fitzpatrick is the general secretary.

The Methodist Magazine says:—"For the benefit of those who have not taken an interest in this work we may say that its object is to develop a home study system of education for these men. In some camps seventy-five per cent. of the men can neither read nor write. The association has two teachers at work, and is engaging five or six others. These teachers spend their evenings in the reading rooms, encouraging the boys to improve their spare time. Says one of our periodicals:—'Mr. Fitzpatrick began the movement in a tentative way in a few lumber camps, and so great has been its success that he strongly urges the extension of the plan to other lumber and mining camps. Besides the assistance of private benevolence, he is urging the co-operation of the Ontario Government. The Hon. Mr. Harcourt, Minister of Education, gives the assurance of his heartiest co-operation. The modest sum of twelve hundred dollars has been placed in the estimates for the current year.'

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

Light.—"He sleeps." K. Edw.—"I wake, I do not die yet!" Light.—"How now, my lord?" K. Edw.—"Something still buzzeth in mine ears."

the "Tale of a Tub," in which he lambasted the dignitaries of the Church. His literary work for the Tory party procured him the deanery of St. Patrick's Cathedral, at Dublin. The "Tale of a Tub," however, stood in the way of his ever getting a bishopric. Swift's best known work is his "Travels of Lemuel Gulliver." It is in itself an amusing story, but it had a political interpretation at the time which is in large measure lost to modern readers. This work appeared in 1726. There is a good deal of vulgarity in Swift's writing, which occasions surprise in one of the great dignitaries of the Church. But it must be borne in mind that vulgarity was more countenanced in the eighteenth than in the twentieth century. Swift in later years grew morose and misanthropic, and in 1741 quite lost his faculties. This was four years before his death.

There has always been a curious mystery connection with Swift's matrimonial affairs. He seems to have been very fond of bright, witty women. One such was Esther Johnson, whom he persuaded to come and live near him when he took his first Irish vicarage, simply for the enjoyment of her society. She expected marriage, but Swift had no such idea. After keeping her on the string for some years, and breaking up an eligible match her friends had arranged for her, he picked up another intellectually attractive woman, another Esther—Esther Vanhomrigh. To Miss Johnson he gave in his writings the name Stella, to Miss Vanhomrigh that of Vanessa. With both he continued a literary flirtation. Both wanted to marry him, and he could not marry either without the destruction of the other. Finally, Stella insisted upon a marriage, and Swift consented, upon the condition that it was to be kept a secret one. She agreed, and thenceforth assumed the direction of his household. Curiously, while they never lived together as man and wife, probably on account of some physical infirmity of