

The Queen's Tragedy

six years before, a clumsy, high-shouldered lad of eighteen, and Guy, as usual, had been sorry for him. He had watched him, at first with amusement and then with pity, carrying four tankards at once and dropping two of them, and shedding salad along the rushes of the hall. Then he had begun to patronize him a little, though he was only Stephen's senior by four years ; he had allowed him to bring his lexicon and his grammar up to the comparative quiet of his own study ; and little by little had begun to get at his heart. He had found there a very fierce and uncontrolled fire that burned as hotly for disorder as Guy's for authority. Guy did not care very much for what was taught or done, or as to who sat on the throne of England ; but he did desire that all should be in order ; and it seemed that on the other hand Stephen Brownrigg's soul was one of those doomed from infancy to be opposed to government. As a boy he had headed an ink-pot rebellion at Norwich grammar-school, and had made passionate speeches on the inherent freedom of manhood ; then he had quieted a little on coming to College, till again his ardour had broken out in a wider field. On Edward's accession he had presided at indignation meetings in the sizar's room in favour of the Lady Elizabeth ; then he had become reconciled when he understood that the new government did not make for peace, but again had flared out at the prince's death ; and Guy had observed him, with mingled irritation and amusement, marching beside Northumberland's men across the market-place, and bellowing once more for the Lady Jane Grey. Now there was an end of all that ; the Lady Jane had suffered for the sins of her father-in-law and her own acquiescence in treason ; Mary ruled at Westminster, and there was nothing left for Stephen but the luxury of a desperate cause.

And what was Guy to say to him now ? Stephen had