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HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.

RHYMES
OF THE
KINGS AND QUEENS OF
ENGLAND.

BY MARY LESLIE.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE RULERS OF ENGLAND
FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO THE
REIGN OF VICTORIA.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, WESLEY BUILDINGS.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.

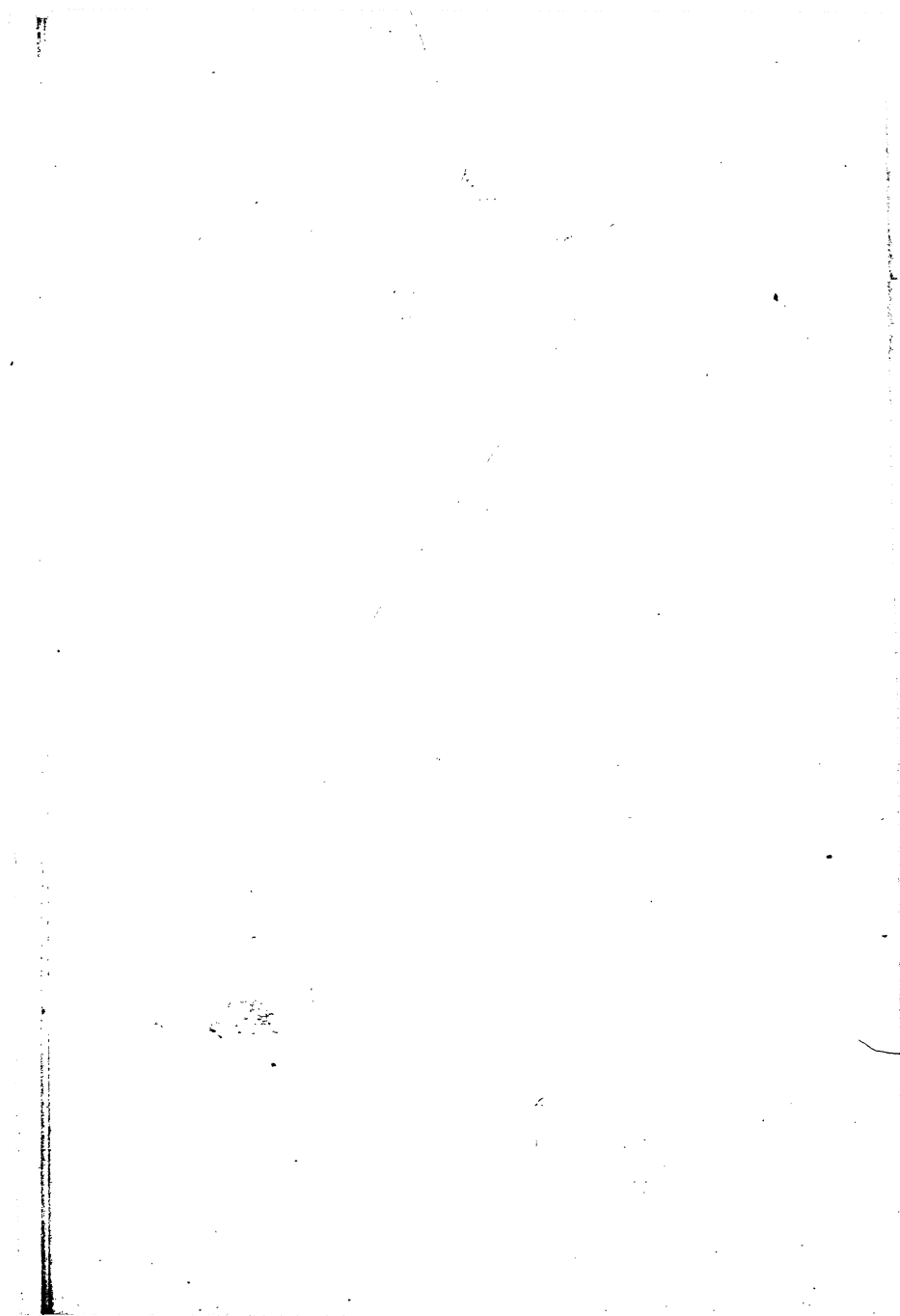
1896.

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A WORD FOR THE GROWN-UP PEOPLE.

My idea is to create an interest in English History in the minds of young people, and induce them to search for themselves in other and better works on this subject; at the same time giving them a thought of the *character* and *personality* of each ruler, and thus making them *real* people, and not mere meaningless *names*, to the children. I have suppressed much which is unwholesome food for the young, and tried to mark any step towards civilization, or retrogressive step, in each reign; and as anything in rhyme always remained fixed in my memory when a child, while prose melted away and was forgotten, I have written it in rhyme. I know that I am not a poet, but would remind the critical, in the words of Lord Macaulay, that "eloquence existed before syntax, and song before prosody," and that "rude societies have versification, often of great power and sweetness," before they have "metrical canons." I have done my best, and would be pleased to be excelled by nobler song on the same subject. I regret that I am unable, because of the cheapness of the work, to give more pictures.

MARY LESLIE.



PREFACE FOR THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

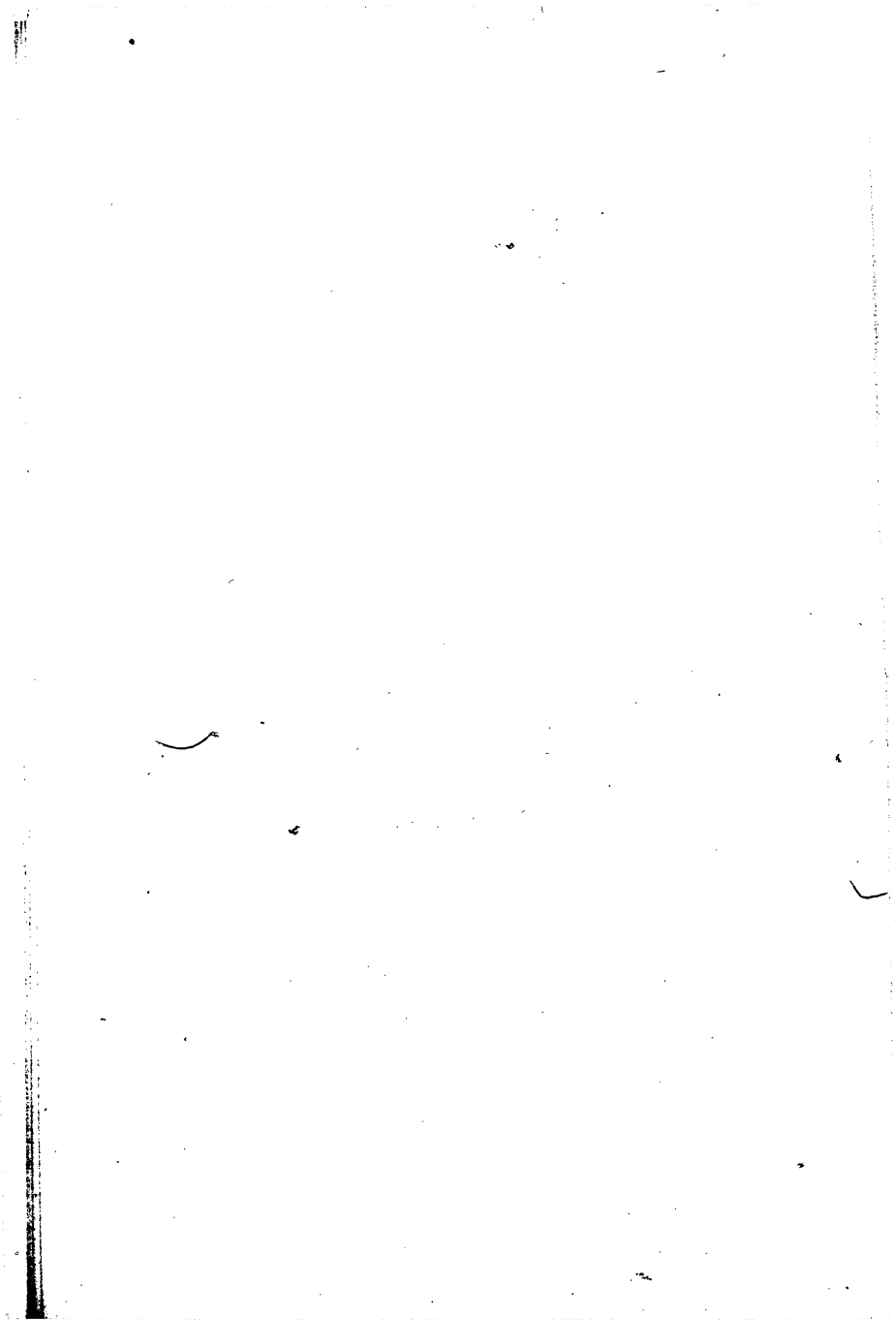
TOWERS, turrets and churches are rich in old stories,
Every inch of the land it is classical ground,
Thirty-six sovereigns, their sins and their glories,
Their sorrows, their triumphs, are here to be found.

Their goodness, their badness, their loves and their blunders
Have passed, but in passing have left a deep mark,
In structures and pictures and battles and wonders,
Tales for the daylight, and songs for the dark.

And now, my dear children, I'll tell you a little,
And only a little, of each king and queen ;
And of all that I tell you, now don't lose one tittle,
But give your attention and grasp what I mean.

If you want to know more of it, why, ask your mother ;
If you don't understand a word, get it explained ;
Keep on at your father and sister and brother
'Till you know all the kings and the queens that have
reigned

As well as you know your own bright eyes and faces,
For these are *real* people who have fought, worked and
played ;
Think about them, compare their ill deeds and their graces,
For this is the way that great scholars are made.



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ALFRED THE GREAT.

RHYMES

OF THE

KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

BORN at Wantage, Berks, 849.

TOOK London from the Danes and drove them to their ships, after a ten years' war. He divided England into counties, built the University of Oxford, surveyed England, and formed a code of laws, the basis of the present English common law. He was thrice married, and translated part of the Scriptures into the Saxon tongue.

OH! mist of centuries, move gently back
From the England of early ages long ago.
Pass, as the ocean rolls from the soft sea-wrack ;
Make revelations, like the melting snow.
Rise, show the Saxon sage
So far before his age,
Alfred, whose candles set the world aglow,

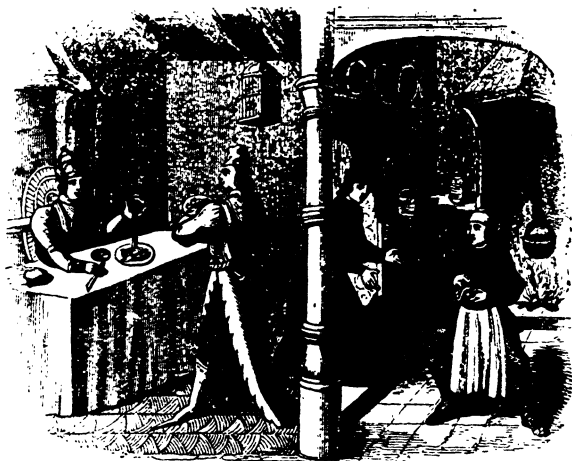
His little world. How fair he stands and tall,
 Blue-eyed, and honest to the very core ;
 Old England's worthiest king, nobler than all,
 All who succeeded him, or went before.

The scholar, soldier, king,
 Who made his rude harp ring
 To liberty and sweet love in days of yore.



ANGLO-SAXON DRESSES.

Gentle he was, and just. He made wise laws
 Ere the dawn of liberty, in twilight dim ;
 The cause of down-trodden man was his own cause,
 And trial by jury this century owes to him.
 Oxford rose at the word
 Of her liege king and lord,
 A sign of peace in a gory land and grim.



ANGLO-SAXON KITCHEN AND FIRE-PLACE.

He failed as a cook, and burnt the cakes,
But drove his foes to their ships. He beat the Dane
In nine fierce battles, 'mid swamps, bogs, marshes, brakes.
Oh! mighty heart, and great and regal brain!
He fought against the wrong,
He lives in tale and song,
Like a white page in a book defaced with blot and stain.

“An Englishman should be free, ever free
As his own thoughts,” said Alfred, called the Great.
His thought in this was a noble prophecy,
For freedom comes, although she cometh late,
And the royal lover of law
In his stormy day foresaw
That liberty is the strength of any state.

He died October 20th, 901, aged 51 years. Place of burial uncertain.

WILLIAM "THE CONQUEROR."

FIRST OF THE NORMAN LINE.

BORN 1025.

MARRIED to Matilda of Flanders, a descendant of Alfred the Great, 1052.

CROWNED December 25th, 1066. Instituted the Curfew bell, and made severe game laws. It was death to kill a stag in the royal forests.

FIERCE William, who came in blood, storm and rough weather,

And loved the tall red deer better than men,
Was the first king who ruled all England together,
And made his power felt in hamlet and glen.

"Conqueror" we call him; he ruled in a passion,
Planting great forests and burning down towns;
When the king's curfew rang out in rude fashion,
The clergy and people shook under their gowns.

Pop out the candle, and cover the ember,
For Old England quaked at her liege and lord;
And gentle and simple had wrongs to remember,
And grudges against him for fire and for sword.



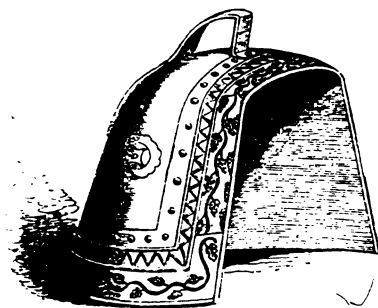
WILLIAM "THE CONQUEROR."

He built Battle Abbey, and churches and crosses,
And ordered that masses be sung for his soul ;
Expressed no regret for his land and its losses,
Yet was thought to have made a good end on the
whole.

DIED at Rouen, September 9th, 1088, aged 63.

BURIED at Caen, France.

See Dickens' account of the battle of Hastings.



CURFEW, COUVRE-FEU, OR FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

WILLIAM THE SECOND.

—
CALLED "RUFUS."

BORN 1060.

CROWNED September 27th, 1088.

Never married.
—

KING RUFUS came next, and was shot by an arrow,
A-hunting in the forest with his merry men ;
He fell where his father caused curses and sorrow,
And died like a stag in a wild lonely glen.

England's bachelor king, whom the clergy detested,
A rough and bold man, without scruple or fear,
Who, when others trembled, laughed loudly, and jested.
His wild spirits rising when danger was near.

DIED August 1st, 1100, aged 40.

BURIED in Winchester Cathedral.

For further study see Dickens' "Child's History."



ANGLO-NORMAN CAPS AND SHOES.



ANGLO-NORMAN DRESSES.

HENRY THE FIRST.

CALLED "BEAUCLERC."

BORN 1067.

CROWNED August 5th, 1100.

MARRIED—First, to Matilda, daughter of Malcolm, the third king of Scotland, November 11th, 1100. Second, to Alecia, a princess of France, January 24th, 1121.

LAST son of the Conqueror, who changed his room nightly,
And feared his own people through all his hard life ;
They rejoiced in his sorrow, and took his grief lightly,
When his *one* son went down amid old ocean's strife.

"Prince William will never drive us at the plough,"
Cried the serf, who now felt a link less in his chain ;
But the White ship will touch a sad chord even now,
And as for the king, he smiled never again.

His good Queen Matilda was a sweet and kind woman,
But *he* grasped and cheated to the end of his reign ;
A learned man, heartless and cruel—inhuman—
Whose history is darkened with many a stain.

DIED December 1st, 1135, aged 68.

BURIED at Reading, Berkshire.

For further study see Dickens' account of the loss of the White Ship, and Mrs. Heman's poem, "He never smiled again."



DRESSES IN REIGN OF HENRY THE FIRST.

STEPHEN, THE USURPER.

HOUSE OF BLOIS.

Son of Adela, daughter of William the Conqueror.

BORN 1105.

MARRIED to Matilda of Bologne, 1114.

USURPED THE CROWN December 11th, 1135, the true heiress
being Matilda, or Maud, only daughter of Henry the
First.

KING HENRY died, Stephen usurped the throne,
And spite of battles, curses, frowns and tears,
Sturdily held that which was not his own,
And ruled Old England nearly twenty years.

Wearing the crown with gallantry and grace,
Lawless, but courteous, in his strength and might,
And seeming most in place when out of place,
In keeping poor Matilda from her right.

Sole king of all his race, he stands alone ;
And when his stormy life was almost done,
Consented at the last to leave the throne,
Not to King Henry's daughter, but her son.

He planted a royal oak—King *Stephen's tree*—

A forest veteran still green at the crown ;

And as for the Empress Maud, his rival, she

Built the first stone bridge ever seen in an English
town.

DIED October 25th, 1154, aged 49.

BURIED—Supposed to be buried in Feversham, Kent.

For further study see Dickens' "History" and Miss Young's
"History for Children."



HENRY THE SECOND.

HENRY THE SECOND.

FIRST OF THE HOUSE OF PLANTAGENET.

Grandson of Henry the First.

BORN 1133.

MARRIED to Eleanor of France, May Day, 1152.

CROWNED December 10th, 1154, in London.

UNHAPPY in his priest, his sons, his bride,
Henry the first Plantagenet appears ;
A noble nature, free from greed and pride,
A sad life, closed in gloom and wrongs and tears.

He loved a lady more than all his power,
Called by the English "Rosamond the Fair,"
And builded for her pleasure Woodstock Tower,
With covered passages and winding stair.

To hide this "Rose of all the world" 'twas built,
And of his love for her a gift and token ;
But the tale closed in murder and in guilt,
And ere King Henry died his heart was broken.

His wife detested him, his sons rebelled,
His priest opposed and scorned him to his face ;
Discord and woe were with him where he dwelled ;
Sadly he passed, the *first* of his great race.

DIED July 6th, 1189, aged 56.

BURIED at Fonterand Abbey, France.

For further study of this reign see Dickens' "Child's History" and Miss Young's, also ancient ballad called "Rosamond the Fair."

RICHARD THE FIRST.

CALLED "CEUR-DE-LION."

BORN at Oxford September 10th, 1157.

CROWNED September 3rd, 1189.

MARRIED to Berengaria of Navarre, in the Island of Cyprus,
May 12th, 1191.

IMPRISONED by the Duke of Austria for two years. The
English paid three hundred thousand pounds for his
ransom.

THE wheel of fortune now once more goes round
And Richard of the Lion heart advances,
Encased in iron, mounted, armed and crowned,
The princely head of many thousand lances.

Bound for the Holy Land in proud array,
To wrest our Saviour's tomb from heathen hand ;
Not any other sovereign of his day
Appears so martial, splendid, brave and grand.

He drained the wealth of the land for foreign war,
Which brought Old England neither gain nor glory,
And died in a petty fight while still afar—
A sudden end to his most brilliant story.



RICHARD THE FIRST.

Yet 'tis not ended—thou shalt live forever,

“Oh! Richard, oh! my King,” in Blondel's song;

Thy great, rash, mighty heart shall perish never

•While the world loves the generous and the strong.

Thy ponderous battle-axe rings through the ages,

With the name of Solden, thy most noble foe;

Sweet Berengaria still our love engages,

With golden tresses and with robe of snow.

With all thy faults great was thy people's sorrow;

Noble and serf alike thy memory cherished;

Powerless to slay thee quite, that poisoned arrow,

All that was fine in thee has never perished.

KILLED by a poisoned arrow at the Castle of Chaluz, near Limoges, France, April 6th, 1199, aged 42.

BURIED at Fonterand Abbey.

Scott's novels of “Ivanhoe” and “The Talisman” would be pleasant and instructive reading for the pupil, as showing the mode of living at that period.



JOHN.

JOHN.

CALLED "LACKLAND."

BORN 1166.

SUCCEEDED his brother Richard, and was crowned April 9th, 1199.

SIGNED *Magna Charta* at Runnymede, June 15th, 1215.

MARRIED—First, to Avisia of Gloucester, daughter of the Earl of Montague, September 3rd, 1189. Second, to Isabella of Angoulême, August, 1200.

Who can sing of a king who is false to the core,
Disgracing the robe and the crown which he wears ;
A coward who murdered and lied more and more,
And who closed a base life with a surfeit of pears ?

Who could sing of King John when he crouched to the
Pope,
Or lied to poor Constance and murdered her son,
Or played false to the barons and quenched their strong
hope,
Or tortured the Jews for amusement and fun ?

Of the brave noble barons of England I sing,
Who wrenched *Magna Charta* from the hand of this
devil ;

Who forced our first freedom from this wicked king,
And transmuted a great lasting good from his evil.

DIED October 18th, 1216, aged 51.

For further study see Shakespeare's play of "King John."
Scenes to be chosen and read to the pupil.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

HENRY THE THIRD.

BORN October 1st, 1207.

CROWNED October 28th, 1216, at Gloucester.

MARRIED to Eleanor of Provence, January 4th, 1236.

BUT seven years of age when he came to the throne ;
The *first child* acknowledged by England as King ;
Who had, as a nation, preferred a man grown,
Now consented to take this weak, pale-faced young thing.

The son of King John, who reigned fifty-four years,
And married a French girl both bright and gay hearted ;
A dull, muddled man, who excited some fears,
But did *two* things for England before he departed.

He strengthened the freedom his father had given,
And his wife taught politeness, Sweet rose of Provence,
And proved a most human and civilized leaven,
Touching all minor morals before she went hence.

She introduced handkerchiefs for the court noses,
Loved romances and music through all her long day ;
Brought peacocks to England, and carpets, and roses,
And was brilliant and merry and bonnie and gay.

Remember *this* Henry built Westminster Abbey ;
You may roam through the old pile and joy in it yet.
Historians snub him in a way that is shabby ;
He did *two* things for England we should not forget.

DIED at St. Edmundsbury, November 16th, 1272, aged 65.

For further study of this reign see Miss Young's "History of England for Children."



COSTUMES, REIGN OF HENRY THE THIRD.

EDWARD THE FIRST.

CALLED "LONGSHANKS."

BORN June 16th, 1239.

MARRIED—First, to Eleanor, Princess of Castile, 1255.

Second, to Margaret of France, September 8th, 1299.

CROWNED at Westminster, August 19th, 1274.

No "live and let live" came within his thought ;
He ruled and would not suffer any other ;
Glorying in all the mischief that he wrought,
With a show of courtesy taught him by his mother.

He harassed and oppressed the Scottish land ;
Trode down the Welsh, and silenced harp and tabor ;
Trampling, encroaching, tragic, proud and grand,
Swift as a shooting star ; a shocking neighbor.

He hated freedom, but loved his Spanish wife,
Who gladly sucked the poison from his wound,
Saying that "life without him is not life,"
As she kneeled beside him on the rugged ground.

And when death took her, her loved king erected
A cross where'er she rested on her way
To burial ; those crosses were respected,
And three at least afe with us even to-day.

He never turned his face towards the light,
But died with a selfish grasp on all he had won ;
And left a crop of wrongs, revenge and spite
To be reaped by the second Edward, his young son.

DIED in Cumberland, July 7th, 1307, aged 68.

BURIED in Westminster Abbey, London.

For further study of this reign see Miss Porter's novel, "The Scottish Chiefs," also a portion of Grey's Pandaric ode, "The Welsh Band."



ROGER BACON.

EDWARD THE SECOND.

SURNAMED "CAERNARVON."

First Prince of Wales.

BORN in Wales, April 25th, 1284.

CROWNED King of England and Scotland, 1307.

MARRIED to Isabella, daughter of the King of France, January
25th, 1308.

HE married a cruel, immoral young beauty,
A princess of France who was called the "she bear,"
Who had no sense of kindness or honor or duty
Where *he* was concerned, but was cruel as fair.

And ere long the Scotch rose in arms to a man,
And regained their lost land in a terrible fight,
Revening "Longshanks," and frustrating his plan,
And putting some thousands of English to flight.

Then the queen and the nobles by mutual consent
Took the reins from the hand which could not hold
its own,
And to prison at Berkeley this silly king sent,
Taking from him forever, crown, sceptre and throne.

There were not many months betwixt prison and death,
And the poor king was cruelly ill-used and shamed ;
Suffering horrors untold ere he yielded his breath,
And murdered with torture too vile to be named.

MURDERED at Berkeley Castle, September 21st, 1327, aged 50.

BURIED at Gloucester.

For further study see Miss Young's "History of England."



COSTUMES, REIGN OF EDWARD THE SECOND.

EDWARD THE THIRD.

BORN 1312.

CROWNED while yet a minor, January 13th, 1327.

MARRIED to Philippa of Hainault, 1326.

A SPIRITED, manly, intelligent creature,
With a helmet and tall crest of feathers, turns out
Most stately in form, nearly perfect in feature,
The finest Plantagenet without a doubt.

Rich brown eyes, silver tongue, with a face of command,
A power which all those who look on him must feel ;
A king every inch, proud, impressive and grand,
From the feather in helmet to spur at the heel.

King Edward the Third had a bright, stirring life.
Oh, the feasts that he gave and the fights that he won !
And Philippa made him a fine queenly wife,
And God above gave him a brave, noble son.

The "Black Prince" who won Crecy when merely a boy,
Mingling mercy and kindness with all his good luck,
A new thing in those days. His old father's joy,
A compound of gallantry, tenderness, pluck.



EDWARD THE THIRD.

Fine fellow, 'twas sad he ne'er came to the throne ;
His sun set in its zenith, to England's regret.
He died ere his father's long reign had quite done,
And left that "good name" which we never forget,

"Which is better than riches." To return to the other,
When Edward the Third first came to his power
He imprisoned that savage old "she bear," his mother,
And kept her confined to her very last hour.

Not in a coarse prison, but in comfort and splendor,
With courtesy, luxury, and every respect,
And tried from her own evil heart to defend her
By ceaseless attention and never neglect.

He paid her state visits till the end of her days,
But no little child's foot ever crossed that dark life.
His children, he said, should know naught of *her* ways,
And the same said his gracious and sensible wife,

Who ne'er saw her face, by his solemn request.
Oh ! if you could see *his* at this moment, my dears ;
The handsomest king England ever possessed,
Who reigned in his splendor for fifty long years.

For *him* fine old Wykeham began Windsor Castle,
Saying "Wykeham made this," having built one great
tower.

"No, this tower made Wykeham," said the king to his
vassal ;

But it bears Wykeham's name, not the king's, to this
hour.



WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

Gunpowder, though made in an earlier reign,
Was *first used* by Edward ; and his fair and wise bride
Set the cloth weavers going—a much greater gain
To my mind. I leave it for the wise to decide.

It was he who in stately rebuke and half jest
Made an untidy garter an order of merit
With a very fine moral; and when at his best
In a great flush of triumph, in much the same spirit

He quartered the full arms of France with his own,
Saying "God and my right," instead of my might;
A very fine soldier when he seized on that throne,
But a bit of a tyrant, whose strength was his right.

Dark clouds gathered o'er him as evening drew near,
And after Queen Philippa's death and his son's,
But finger on lip—we're all mortal, forbear—
Be silent, for "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

DIED at Richmond Palace, June 21st, 1377, aged 62.

BURIED in Westminster Abbey.

For further study see Dean Stanley's account of the battle of Crecy, Miss Young's "History," and Agnes Strickland's "Life of Queen Philippa."



RICHARD THE SECOND.

Son of the Black Prince.

BORN at Bordeaux, France, January 6th, 1367.

CROWNED July 16th, 1377.

MARRIED—First, to Anne of Bohemia, January 14th, 1389.

Second, to Isabella, daughter of the King of France—a
child seven years old—1396.

SEE a mild childish face under England's great crown,
So pretty 'twould be very hard to forget.
Going smiling about through the country and town,
And not thirty-three when he died at Pomfret.

Wat Tyler's rebellion broke out in his reign,
And his uncles ruled England while he was a child.
When Richard grew up he was foppish and vain,
Very prompt in his actions, but kindly and mild,

Liking shows, feasts and dances, not battles and blows.
And his uncles all wished to go on ruling still,
Found fault with the king, and his tastes and his clothes,
Abused king and kingdom with a hearty good will.



REIGN OF RICHARD THE SECOND.



COSTUMES, REIGN OF RICHARD THE SECOND,

Then his cousin of Lancaster (Henry by name)
 Was feared by the king. Henry envied his state,
 And ne'er lost a chance to disparage and blame :
 Beginning in envy he ended in hate ;

And measuring his strength with the poor timid man,
 Succeeded in hurling him down from his throne
 And seized on the crown—from the first, 'twas his plan.
 Richard perished in prison at night and alone :

Was murdered (a mystery hangs o'er his end)
 By assassins, who, when the ill deed was once done,
 Were all promptly hanged by his "cousin and friend,"
 So King Henry expressed it, who now filled the throne. >

MURDERED in his thirty-third year at Pontefract Castle, some-
 time in January, 1400.

BURIED at Langley ; afterwards removed to Westminster
 Abbey.

See Miss Young's "History for Children," Miss Strickland's
 "Life of Anne of Bohemia," and read to pupil, correcting the *his-
 torical errors* therein, Shakespeare's play of "Richard the Second."

HENRY THE FOURTH.

FIRST OF THE HOUSE OF LANCASTER.

Grandson of Edward the Third.

BORN 1367.

MARRIED—First, to Mary Le Bohm, daughter of the Earl of Hereford, 1386. Second, to Joanna of Navarre, Dowager Duchess of Brittany, February 7th, 1403.

CROWNED October 12th, 1390.

ALL through Henry's life there was much bloody work,
But he ruled on in spite of disturbance and strife ;
For *one* thing he killed Scrope, Archbishop of York,
For another he pensioned old Chaucer for life.

The burning of *heretics* was his hard law,
And he shut up the young King of Scotland in prison ;
But a merrier captive the world never saw,
Who sang in his cage like a lark that has risen.

Having murdered the king, he packed off his wife
Without her large dowry, her jewels and her pearls.
She lost her nice things, but escaped with her life,
And *thus* Henry dealt with perverse little girls.

She mourned for King Richard, and called herself queen,
And refused to be married to Lancaster's heir—
As brave a wee lady as ever was seen,
But King Henry made very short work with this pair.



JOHN WYCLIF.

The *first* step towards a most terrible war
Was sending this little shorn lamb to her home—
A thrust at his neighbor which left a deep scar,
Filling French hearts with hatred for a long time to come.

His son led his soldiers right bravely and well
At the battle of Shrewsbury and conquered his foes.
"The crown came by the sword; as all men can tell;
I'll keep it by the sword," cried this jolly red rose.



CHAUCER.

The sword never left them, it swept through the land,
Bringing heartache and misery, poverty, tears;
A long civil war, hard and cruel, not grand—
The Wars of the Roses lasted *one hundred years.*

King Henry was wretched till the end of his reign ;

He conquered and ruled, but never by right ;

Beset with remorse, care, uneasiness, pain,

And having no option at last but to fight.

DIED of leprosy in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Palace, 1413, aged 46.

BURIED in Canterbury Cathedral.

See Miss Young's "History of England for Children," also, let scenes from Shakespeare's play of "Henry the Fourth" be read to the pupil.



REIGN OF HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY THE FIFTH.

CALLED "MONMOUTH."

BORN in Monmouth Castle, August 9th, 1387.

CROWNED April 9th, 1413.

MARRIED to Catherine, Princess of France, Trinity Sunday,
June 3rd, 1420.

"To keep King of England you must make war with
France,"

Last advice of the father to Henry the son,
Who saw popular wisdom in this at a glance,
And as soon as his father was buried 'twas done.

He pawned the Crown jewels, and also the crown,
And marched into France with an army of men,
Determined to conquer and win great renown,
And he beat the poor Frenchmen again and again.

He married the Princess Catherine of France,
And managed to rule France and England together.
From honor to honor he still did advance,
Holding bravely the helm through the roughest of
weather.

A great marriage feast was made for him in Lent,
Consisting of every fine fish in the main.
He was greeted with reverence wherever he went.
A sect called the Lollards was put down in this reign.



HENRY THE FIFTH.

Great wretchedness came from perpetual war,
And terrible woe to the people of France ;
And England, too, suffered with her ruler afar,
And Lancaster's enemies waited their chance.

It came. At the height of his power and his pride,
And after a great Whitsun feast with his queen
King Henry took sick of an ulcer and died—
As fine a young soldier as ever was seen.



COSTUMES, REIGN OF HENRY THE FIFTH.

He died very bravely. He did not fear death.

His sound fell to silence like a trumpet's strong blast.

Desiring the priest, with his very last breath,

To read from the fifty-first Psalm as he passed.



SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON.

From an engraving by Reginald Elstrack, circa A. D. 1590

“ Turn again, Whittington,
Thrice Lord Mayor of London.”

In this reign *Dick Whittington lived with his cat,*
A silk mercer of London, and a very fine man,
Who wore gold chains and velvet—but never mind that,
He left homes for the poor on the noblest plan.

Richard Whittington's Alms Houses stand to this day,
And many a one beaten in the battle of life
Has gone there for shelter and comfort and stay,
While no good remains from King Henry's life strife.

But a rich stately burial was made for the king—
An astonishing, royal, funereal display;
And they crowned his wee baby, the poor little thing,
King of England and France when his sire passed away.

DIED at Rouen, France, August 31st, 1422, aged 34.

BURIED in Westminster Abbey.

HENRY THE SIXTH.

SURNAMED "WINDSOR."

BORN at Windsor, December 6th, 1421.

SUCCEEDED to the throne of England and France, August, 1422,
the crown being held above his head as the Lords took the
oath of allegiance.

CROWNED at Westminster, 1429, and in Paris, 1431.

MARRIED to Margaret of Anjou, November, 1444.

THERE were hot times for England right through this king's
reign,

For the war never ceased all his fifty-one years ;
All were fighting and killing with might and with main—
French and English, poor and rich, peasants and peers ;

All but the king, a meek, good little child,
Who grew up to pray and not do mighty deeds—
A lamb among wolves, so calm, gentle and mild,
Always reading his psalter and counting his beads

And praying for peace. He founded a school
 Called Eton, near Windsor, which stands to this day—
 A remarkable thing for a man styled a fool,
 While the deeds of his wise ones have all passed away.



COSTUMES, REIGN OF HENRY THE SIXTH.

But peace never came, and he married a wife,
 Fair Margaret of Anjou, a handsome, brave dame,
 Who, as he loved peace, just as dearly loved strife,
 And was bold and aggressive from the day that she came

Till the day of her death. But she loved the meek king,
 And when he went mad ruled the realm in his stead,
 And sheltered his weakness beneath her strong wing,
 And fought with his foes till they feared her and fled.

But they rose up in strength and the Red Rose went down,
 And Edward of York killed both husband and son,
 And banished poor Margaret and seized on the crown,
 And Edward was king in the realm he had won.



COSTUMES, REIGN OF HENRY THE SIXTH.

Poor, troubled Old England! For the English lost France
 Through a brave peasant woman who drove them all out,
 And fought for *her* king, seizing well time and chance,
 She conquered the English and put them to rout

In the days of King Henry; was killed for her pains,
 The man she had crowned leaving her in the lurch,
 Seeing Joan of Arc burnt for a witch while he reigns;
 But "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

Great deeds never die, do not think it, no never ;
In story and song, in tale and romance,
Good, brave Joan of Arc will live on forever
In the love and the pride of the people of France.

HENRY was murdered while a prisoner in the Tower of London,
May, 1471, aged 51.

BURIED at Windsor.

For further study see Agnes Strickland's "Life of Margaret of
Anjou," and Scott's novel, "Anne of Guerstein."



LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES.



EDWARD THE FOURTH'S QUEEN, WITH DRESSES
WORN AT HER COURT.



REIGN OF EDWARD THE FOURTH.

EDWARD THE FOURTH.

FIRST OF THE HOUSE OF YORK.

Descended from the second son of Edward the Third.

BORN September, 1442.

CROWNED June 29th, 1461.

MARRIED to Elizabeth Woodville (Lady Grey), 1464.

“EDWARD, too sensual for a kindly thought,”

Says one recorder, and when we look over
The murders and the mischief this man wrought,
We do not envy poor Jane Shore her lover

Or the fair queen her husband. False and cruel,
Wicked and without conscience, this white rose ;
Poor crazy Henry's beads, and prayers and school
Shine clear and pure by contrast with his foes.



WILLIAM CAXTON.

Post obitum Caxton voluit te vivere & tua
Willelm Chaucer clare poeta tui
Nam tua non solum compressit opuscula t
Has quoq; h laudes. nullit hic esse tuas

SPECIMEN OF CAXTON'S TYPE.

EDWARD THE FOURTH.

65

Edward ruled England nearly twenty years,
Old London's chosen king, and man of men ;
Cannons were made to quiet Edward's fears,
And books were printed first by Caxton then.

And Edward passed, first king of an evil race,
Showing at the very last some signs of grace.

DIED at Westminster, April 9th, 1483, aged 41.

BURIED in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

EDWARD THE FIFTH.

BORN November 1st, 1470.

SUCCEEDED his father April 9th, 1483.

NEVER crowned.

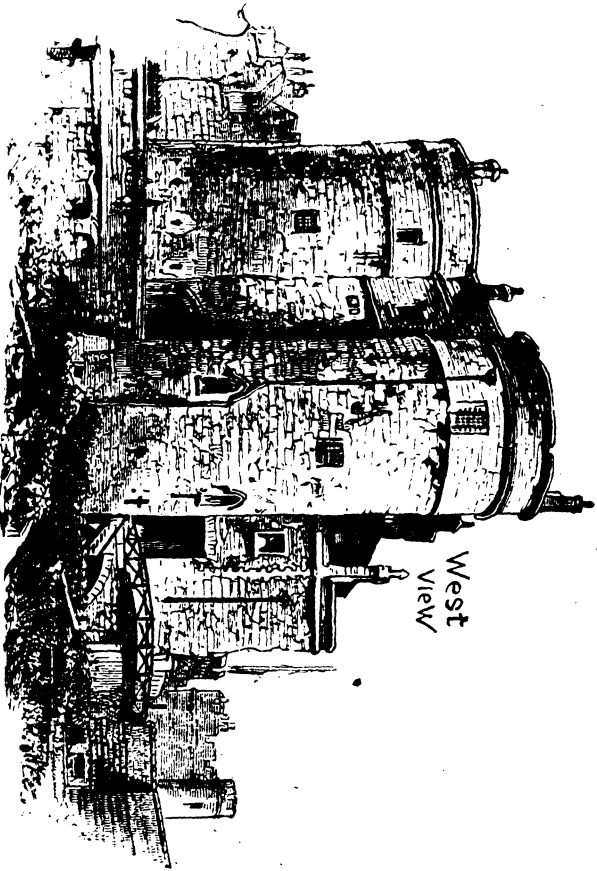
Two pretty and fresh little folks you now see,
Who played, laughed and sang, and did no evil work ;
Two withered white rose-buds that dropped from the tree,
The sweetest of all the White Roses of York.

Two poor little princes shut up in the Tower,
And smothered in bed, as I'm sure you have heard,
By their wicked old uncle, who misused his power,
And was crowned shortly after as Richard the Third.

MURDERED with his brother Richard in the Tower of London,
sometime in June, 1483, aged 13.



COSTUMES, REIGN OF EDWARD THE FIFTH.



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

RICHARD THE THIRD.

Brother of Edward the Fourth.

BORN October 2nd, 1452.

MARRIED to Anne Neville, daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and widow of the Prince of Wales (only son of Henry the Sixth, whom Richard had murdered), 1473.

CROWNED July 6th, 1483.

A SATIRE called "The Children in the Wood"
Was written when the little princes died,
Published without a name, with pictures rude.
Thousands of people since have smiled and sighed

O'er this sad story. The author is unknown,
For anger at King Richard caused the rhyme,
And no man in his day would dare to own
A tale which holds its own in spite of time.

Trouble pursued him, no good came to him,
His wife died, and his little son was slain
By accident, and all men laid the blame to him,
And two strong plots were hatched in his short reign.

The last by a man who, stirred by her charms and woes,
Was brought to fight by the late King Edward's daughter.
She promised to wed him if he slew her foes,
And he did rout them in a mighty slaughter



RICHARD THE THIRD.

At Bosworth Heath, *last* battle of the Roses,
Fierce ending of a dreadful civil strife.
In Leicester Abbey Richard now reposes,
Not far from the field in which he lost his life.

Henry, a miser and churl, though he could fight
For the crown and the lady who gave all to him,
As the king lay dead at his feet in sorry plight,
Was picturesque for once in the twilight dim.



DRESSES OF THE PERIOD.

When gallant Stanley seized the happy chance
 (While Henry Tudor gazed upon the dead),
Lifted the crown of England with his lance,
 And placed the battered gold on Henry's head.

Wounded with many wounds, scorned, naked, torn,
The corpse of Richard lay till the next morn ;
And thus in gloom and darkness the sun set
On the warlike race of great Plantagenet ;
Reigning *three centuries* in strength and might,
Closed with disgrace and blood in Bosworth fight.

KILLED in the battle of Bosworth, August 22nd, 1485, aged 32.

See Shakespeare's play of "Richard the Third" and Miss Young's account of the "Lady Bessee," an old ballad.



HENRY THE SEVENTH.

HENRY THE SEVENTH.

FIRST OF THE HOUSE OF TUDOR.

Earl of Richmond, descended from Edward the Third through the Duke of Lancaster; also descended from Queen Catharine, widow of Henry the Fifth, and her second husband, Owen Tudor, a Welshman.

BORN June 25th, 1456.

CROWNED October 30th, 1485.

MARRIED January 18th, 1486, to Elizabeth of York, eldest daughter of Edward the Fourth.

HENRY TUDOR, of Richmond, first king of his name,
Shrewd lover of money and hoarder of pelf;
Thinking far less of glory than getting of gain,
And caring for nothing so much as himself.

He married Elizabeth, heiress of York;
Thus flourished together the red and white roses;
And building a chapel was his principal work,
In which now his old royal body reposes.



COSTUMES, REIGN OF HENRY THE SEVENTH.

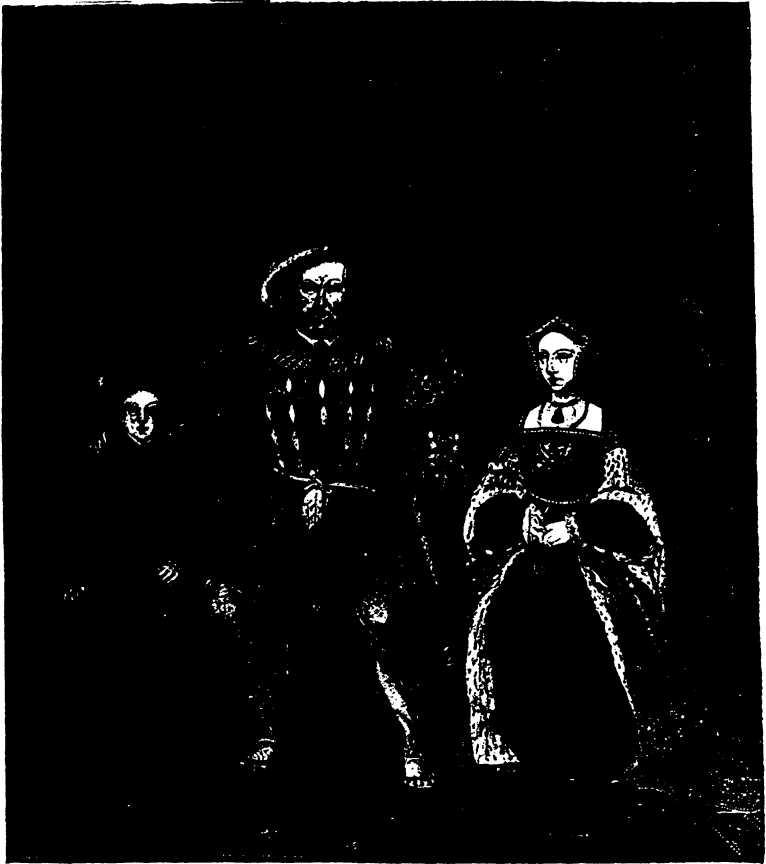
He re-built Richmond Palace and lived there in state,
And all England was glad of the respite and peace
Which came in with him and his kindly young mate,
And were thankful at last for the long war to cease.

Columbus asked ships for the New World to sail ;
Henry snubbed him and sent off the New World to
Spain,
Shrugged his shoulder, and turned a deaf ear to his tale,
And when a chance goes you ne'er get it again.

He was not a just man, but peace came in his hand,
And the people endured him as longing for rest,
And commerce and learning grew strong in the land.
He was better than war, if he was not the best.

DIED at Richmond Palace, April 22nd, 1509, aged 51.

For further study of this reign see Miss Young's "Child's History of England."



KING HENRY THE EIGHTH, JANE SEYMOUR,* AND PRINCE EDWARD.

From the painting by Holbein.

* One historian of Hampton Court says that the queen shown in this painting is Catherine Parr. But another authority states that the portrait is one of Jane Seymour, added to the picture after her death.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

BORN June 28th, 1491.

CROWNED June 24th, 1509.

MARRIED to Catherine of Aragon, his brother's widow, June 3rd, 1509. To Anne Boleyn, May 23rd, 1533. To Jane Seymour, May 20th, 1536. To Princess Anne of Cleves, December, 1539. To Catherine Howard, August 8th, 1540. To Catherine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer, July 12th, 1543.

AND now for a king who was both loved and feared ;
Who was treacherous and given to very harsh measures.
All self to the core was this British Bluebeard,
A man of some learning, but gross in his pleasures.

I don't want your hair to stand straight up on end,
I will tell you a little, and that is enough ;
Some day you will thank me for being your friend
When you see at full length old King Harry the Bluff.

Some time you will hear of the great *Reformation*,
More, Fisher, and other fine men of renown,
And the "Cloth of Gold" field, and the sports of the
nation,
And how the *Great Harry*, a big ship, went down ;



CATHERINE OF ARAGON.



HENRY THE EIGHTH.

And of Wolsey, who saw all the signs of the times,
A friend of the people, a man of great learning,
Who was ruined, and falsely accused of great crimes,
Meeting failure and heartache for all his discerning.



ANNE BOLEYN.

Queen Catherine of Aragon was Henry's first wife,
Most devoted and faithful for twenty long years.
He divorced her and made her unhappy for life,
Indifferent alike to entreaties and tears.

Then he married Anne Boleyn, a beauty and flirt,
And took her young life in its full flush and pride ;
Her grace and her loveliness turned to her hurt,
And he wedded again the day after she died.



SIR THOMAS MORE.

From portraits by Holbein.



CARDINAL WOLSEY.

The feast was preparing, the wedding gown made,
He heard the announcement without any shock ;
With foot in the stirrup this cruel king stayed,
Till he knew the fair neck had been laid on the block.

Then he galloped away to receive his new bride
Through all the bright verdure of England in May,
With his lords at his heels, for a fifty mile ride,
And he quite as heartless and jolly as they.

He had three other wives, the last one very fair,
Catherine Parr, number *six*, and I say she was brave,
With beautiful features and long golden hair ;
She flourished, and saw the old king in his grave.

He died in great pain, in sore trouble and strife,
Crying out "here be monks," again and again ;
And Lord Surrey, the poet, laid down his young life—
Fit end to this strange and tyrannical reign.

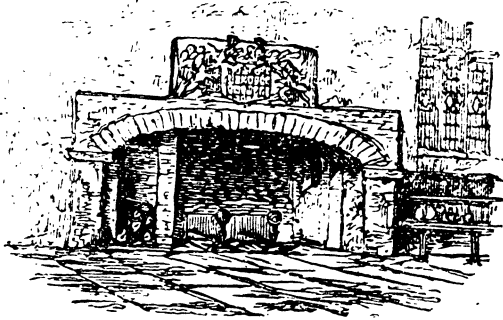
"Bluff Hal," as they called him, although greatly feared,
Was not *hated* in his day, as we might suppose ;
Whenever he went abroad he was cheered,
From the very beginning of his reign to its close.

He was thoroughly English, and loved English sports
And a broad jest, and well understood his own nation ;
Knew how far he dared go with men of all sorts,
And kept back his hard hand from excessive taxation.



THE EARL OF SURREY.

He robbed, and was free with the money he took,
And gave prudent gifts from the Church lands he stole ;
Knew exactly how much his people would brook,
And they understood, and approved on the whole.



FIRE-PLACE AND ANDIRONS AT STOKE.

We may study King Henry again and again,
And feel much disgust and distaste and more wonder ;
There are crimes upon crimes in his wicked reign,
But scarcely through all a political blunder.

DIED January 28th, 1547, aged 58.

BURIED in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

For further study see Shakespeare's play of "Henry the Eighth" and Miss Young's "Child's History of England."



EDWARD THE SIXTH.

From a painting in the Court Room of Christ's Hospital.

EDWARD THE SIXTH.

Son of Henry the Eighth and Jane Seymour.

BORN October 12th, 1537.

SUCCEEDED his father, January 28th, 1547.

NEVER married.

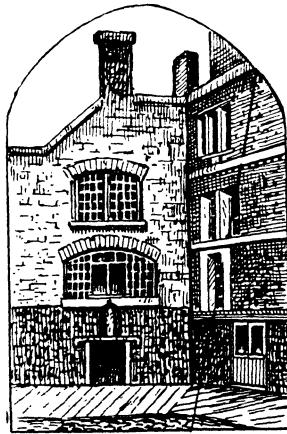
A QUIET sick boy with his old father's face
Managed ill by a council who ruled in his name ;
His religion was bigotry rather than grace ;
He committed few acts that were worthy of blame.

Determined to set all religious' wrongs right
In his own way ; and urged on by men who were bad,
He brought the land into a terrible plight
In his zeal for religion, this poor little lad.

He founded the Blue Coat School—it still bears his name—
And he made a strange will ere his life passed away,
Quite illegal—in which there were others to blame—
By leaving the crown to the Lady Jane Grey.

But the Bible was revered and prized by the king,
Eighteen schools for grammar were begun in his day,
Yet bitter intolerance had its full swing,
And this reign and the next were alike in *one* way—
For the people of England a very dark time,
When bigotry ruled without reason or rhyme.

DIED at Greenwich Palace, July 6th, 1553, aged 16.



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

MARY.

Daughter of Henry the Eighth and Catherine of Aragon.

BORN 1516.

SUCCEEDED her brother, July 19th, 1553.

MARRIED to her cousin, Philip of Spain, January 9th, 1554.

A TERRIBLY earnest, harsh, fierce, truthful woman,
Going straight to the point through blood and through
fire ;
With two priests for hard-heartedness out of the common,
Who used her to work out their evil desire.

Poor miserable queen and most unhappy wife,
When she died every heart in the kingdom felt glad ;
Though kind and well-meaning as a daughter and wife,
They hated her both for her good points and bad.

Unhappy in every relation of life ;
Port Calais, in France, was lost in her reign,
And gave the last pang to her sorrowful life,
And the countries were never united again.



QUEEN MARY.

A reign full of mismanagement, blunder, mistake,
Bringing many poor, harmless, good folks to the stake ;
But good *knitted stockings* were made in this reign,
And so royalty never wore cloth hose again.

DIED November 17th, 1558, aged 42.

BURIED in Westminster Abbey.

For further study, scenes from Tennyson's play of "Queen Mary" to be read aloud to the pupil.



LADY JANE GREY.



QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH.

Daughter of Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn.

BORN September 7th, 1533.

CROWNED at Westminster, January 15th, 1559.

NEVER married.

THE greatest of Englishmen lived in her day,
Covering all her defects and quite doubling her fame,
And made this queen's reign a most glorious sway,
And moulded for England a very great name.

She was not a nice woman, and given to swearing ;
She broke with the Spaniard and bullied the Pope.
But she was ambitious, courageous and daring,
And asserted herself as the Protestant hope.

She was loved by her people, and strong in the hand,
And gorgeous in dress, and a woman of learning ;
Nobly fitted by nature to rule and command,
Rough and ready in speech, but clearheaded, discerning.



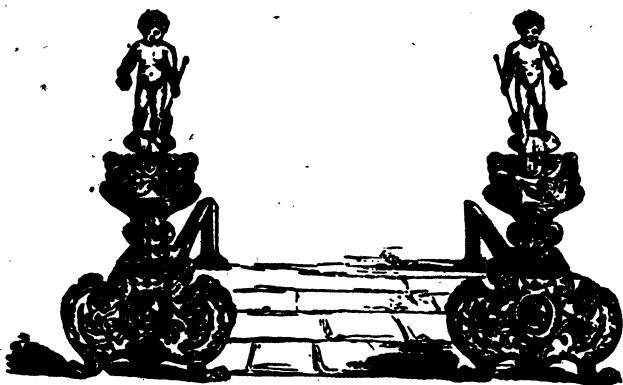
Lord Byron.

Shakespeare and Bacon and Raleigh and Drake
Gave a glory to England to gild her long day,
And many another stout heart in their wake
Lived on when the old lion queen passed away.

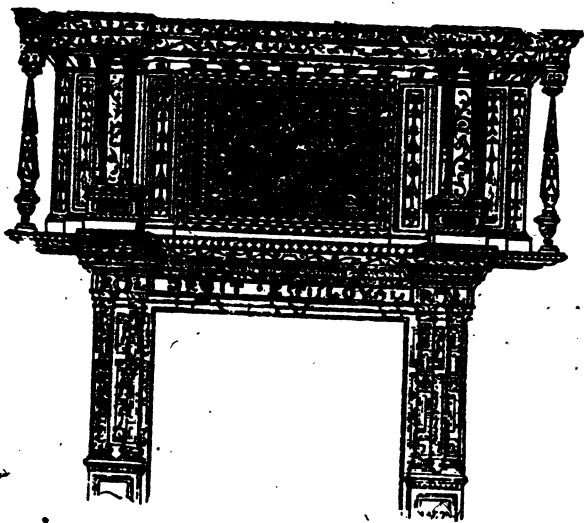


A COURTIER.

Brilliant things happened when she reigned in her strength,
And I couldn't give half in a bit of a rhyme ;
But some day I'll tell the old tale at more length
If you have the patience and I have the time.



FIRE-PLACE AND ANDIRONS AT KNOWLE.



SPECIMEN OF WOOD CARVING—CHIMNEY-PIECE AT KENILWORTH.

Her prosperous rule had one very dark blot,
A disgrace to the council, a shame to the queen,
In the death of Queen Mary, the beautiful Scot,
The romance of whose life seems a tragical dream.



QUEEN ELIZABETH AT THE AGE OF FORTY.

King Philip of Spain fitted out a great fleet
To punish Queen Bess for the deed she had done,
But all that he gained was disgrace and defeat—
He found that the queen and the people were one.

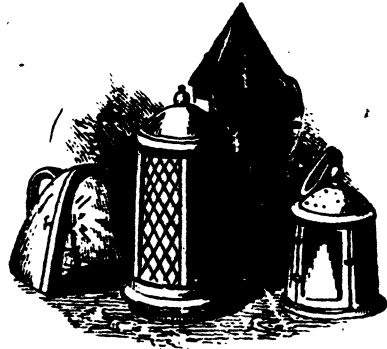
"Distrust every Papist," cried many in dread,
But Elizabeth's answer was noble and mild :
"I'll believe no more ill of my subjects," she said,
"Than a most loving mother would think of her child."



LORD RUSSELL.

When the Spanish Armada first came into view,
The fire signals leaped up on each peak and tower ;
O'er hill and o'er valley the little lights flew,
And all England was up and in arms in *one hour*.

A great storm came down, nature fought for the land,
It thundered and blay as the gale rose and spread ;
The queen gave God the glory in a speech terse and grand,
"He blew with his wind, they were scattered," she said.



LANTERNS—SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.



CHIMNEY CORNER IN SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE.

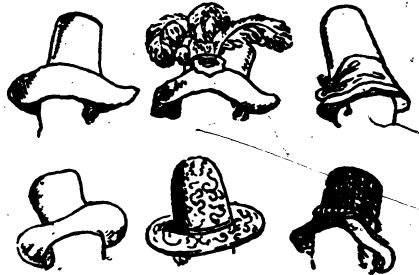
The Spaniards *were* scattered, were broken, were lost,
 But they fought with the elements rather than men,
 And Philip was beaten with terrible cost ;
 No such fleet ever came against England again.

In pain, loneliness, wretchedness came the last scene
 To Queen Bess with her farthingale, ruffs, pearls and
 lace ;
 And so passed this dominant, great English queen,
 The noblest of Tudors, the last of her race.

DIED at Richmond Palace, March 24th, 1603, aged 72, having
 reigned forty-five years.

BURIED in Westminster Abbey.

For further study see Macaulay's ballad of the Spanish Armada
 (read carefully with geography in hand) and Kingsley's "West-
 ward, Ho!" which breathes the spirit of the age. There are many
 lives of Queen Elizabeth, and over twenty histories of this reign,
 but I would advise at first the ballad and novel I have mentioned,
 and also Tennyson's "Revenge."



HATS—SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

JAMES THE FIRST OF ENGLAND AND SIXTH OF SCOTLAND.

Son of Mary Queen of Scots and Henry Stuart (Lord Darnley).

BORN in Edinburgh, June 19th, 1566.

MARRIED to the Princess Anne of Denmark, November 24th, 1589.

SUCCEEDED to the Crown of England, 1603, as King of Great Britain and Ireland. Had a register made in each parish church. Called in derision "the British Solomon."

A MAN of great learning, but no common sense,
Not at all picturesque for a painting or rhyme ;
A pedant, who gave many subjects offence,
And was nicknamed "the wisest old fool of his time."

A Scotchman who lectured both merchant and lord,
And meddled with nearly all things in the nation ;
Who scolded and potted and oft broke his word,
Hatching mischief untold for the next generation.

A conspiracy known as "the Gunpowder Plot"
Was found out in his reign and he punished severely,
For Papists were feared by this timid old Scot,
And all Presbyterians he hated sincerely.

An English translation of God's Holy Word
Was printed and duly approved by the king,
The noblest translation that e'er went abroad,
And we must not forget that we owe him this thing.



JAMES THE FIRST.

*In our own tongue, that Scripture which comforts the soul
And gives to the poorest true help and advice,
Went out to his people, complete, clear and whole ;
In this matter "the foolish confounded the wise."*



QUEEN ANNE AND HER MAID.



EARL AND COUNTESS OF SOMERSET.

In private he much enjoyed practical joking,
 Had favorites on whom he poured honors and gold,
 And he wrote an elaborate tract against smoking ;
 His statesman might blame but his flatterers consoled.



COSTUMES, REIGN OF JAMES THE FIRST.

Old England will never see *his* like again ;
 He was less like a king than an old clucking hen ;
 He beheaded brave Raleigh, and made peace with Spain,
 This pawkiest, silliest, queerest of men.

With some kindly thoughts, yet with more fiddle-faddle,
 A long-winded speaker when once he began ;
 Talking "statecraft" and "kingcraft," which now we dub
 "twaddle,"
 An unkingly king and a silly wise man.

The crown was revered in the last generation ;
In the minds of his subjects he created suspicion,
And loosened that bond 'twixt the throne and the nation,
Being looked on with secret contempt and derision.

Like a parent Elizabeth ruled her rough Commons ;
Her interest was theirs ; they had never distrust.
"She was more than a man," his sense less than a woman's,
Who raised in his subjects both fear and disgust.

DIED March 27th, 1625, aged 59.

BURIED in Westminster Abbey.

The student is advised to read Scott's "Fortunes of Nigel," as containing the best and least prejudiced account of James ; also, Miss Strickland's "Life of Anne of Denmark," and the elder Disraeli's view of his character in his "Curiosities of Literature."



STREET LANTERN, REIGN OF JAMES THE FIRST.



CHRISTIAN THE FIRST.

By J. G. G.

CHARLES THE FIRST.

BORN at Dumferline Castle, Scotland; November 19th, 1600.

MARRIED to Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, June 12th, 1625.

CROWNED February 2nd, 1626.

BEAUTY and grace and dignity of carriage
Distinguished Charles the First;
Beauty and grace came to him in his marriage,
Yet of all English rules his is the worst;

Counting his opportunities and chances,
His people's love, his talents and great state,
His manner and appearance, his brave lances,
All in his favor; and yet such a fate!

If he had promised less and kept his word
His ship would never have driven upon the rock.
Respect for the throne in Commons and in Lord
Would have kept that stately presence from the block.

But he played fast and loose year after year,
Saying and not doing, no matter what the cost.
No promise bound him, love gave place to fear,
And confidence in king and crown was lost.



CHARLES THE FIRST'S CHILDREN.

From the painting by Vandyke.

He ruled without a Parliament *twelve* long years,
And when he issued writs for it again
There came to front him, full of wrongs and fears,
A host of angry and most earnest men.

They quarreled with their king and he with them
For "right" and "*privilege*"; neither would give way.
From angry words they came to blows, and then
Each buckled on his armor for the fray.

Old London took up arms *against* the throne,
And *Oxford* championed the royal cause ;
The Cavaliers fought for the king alone,
The Roundheads for the people and the laws.

London and Oxford melted down their plate
And poured their treasures out on either side,
And other cities followed soon or late,
And each collected armies in their pride.

Castles were fortified and battles fought,
And many thought the war would never cease ;
Scotland joined in, and Ireland also thought
To gain, she scarce knew what, before the peace.

For four long years the civil war raged on,
With bitterness, persistence, and hard blows,
When Oliver Cromwell a great victory won,
And royalty went down before its foes.

Then Oliver tried his hand upon the king,
Who promised and consented as of yore,
But deceived in this as in many another thing :
He never made or broke a promise more.



EPISODE OF THE HAPPIER DAYS OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Toying with the lion, he found out too late,
When that mighty paw was turned against the crown,
That to trifle *here* meant death. Left to his fate
He was tried within his own *once* loyal town,

And met his death before his palace windows ; and the
throng,

With a generous pity, English to the core,
Forgave him all his sins, and their deep wrong
Expressed in cries and wails when all was o'er.

This king was energetic, bright and brave,
A man of much refinement and good taste,
But false to the people to his very grave,
Which made his noble talents all a waste.

He lives in Vandyke's paintings of his face,
Brilliant and life-like ; so does his bright queen
And little tots of children. All this grace
And beauty throws a glamour o'er the scene

Of England's wrongs and sorrows, England's woes,
England's distresses, England's struggling might
And cries for liberty. This burns and glows
On each fierce bloody siege and desperate fight.

Hundreds of verses, pictures, poems, songs,
Tell of this war of England with her king,
Most noble deeds to this old time belongs ;
Historians write of them, and poets sing.



CAVALIERS—LORD FALKLAND AND LORD GRANDISON.

It was a time of bright romance and glory—
Men wrestled and grew strong the island through;
It bears a moral, too, this quaint old story,
For each and every one of us—*Be true.*

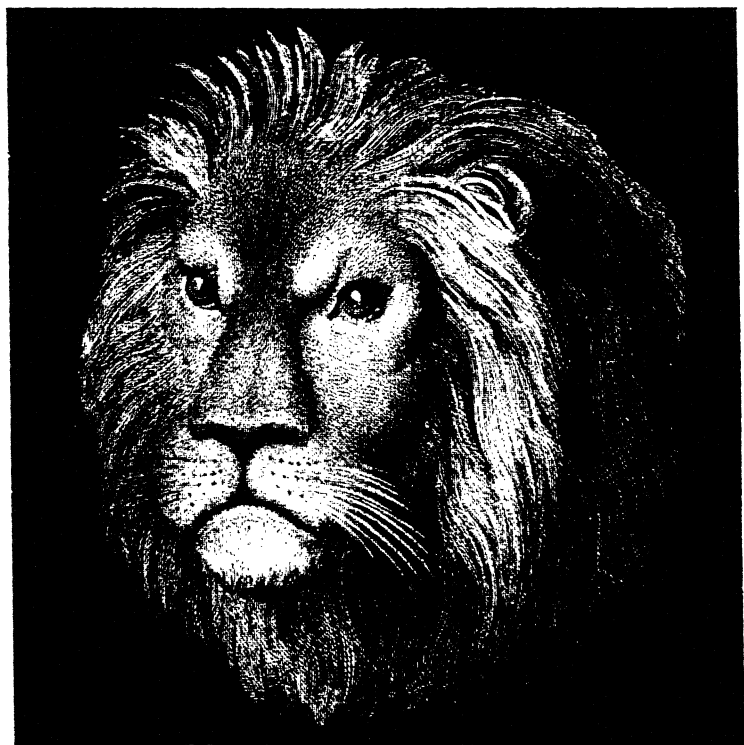
CHARLES was beheaded before Whitehall Palace, January 30th, 1649, aged 49.

BURIED in St. George's Chapel at Windsor.

The diaries of Lucy Hutchinson, the wife of a Roundhead Colonel, and of Lady Fanshawe, the wife of a Cavalier, would be interesting reading for the student; also, "The Davenants and Draytons," a novel by Mrs. Charles, and its sequel, "On Both Sides of the Sea," and Scott's "Legend of Montrose."



A KING'S BABY.



THE COMMONWEALTH.

OLIVER CROMWELL, PROTECTOR.

BORN at Huntingdon, April 25th, 1599.

Made General of the Army, June 21st, 1650, and Lord Protector
for Life, December 2nd, 1653.

AND now we come to an administration

At once impartial, splendid, brave and grand :
The Roundhead army really ruled the nation,
But Cromwell had the Ironsides well in hand.

England once more began to be respected

With this man at the helm, abroad, at home ;
She hated him, and would, had she *dared*, rejected
The mighty help of her great homespun son.

For *good* and *evil*, Cromwell kept his word ;

The ruler's hand was strong if not quite clean,
And all men watched the sceptre and the sword,
Not knowing quite what this new power might mean.



OLIVER CROMWELL.

From a rare old portrait.

Against King Charles he stormed old Worcester city,
Closing it in with men on every side.
The young king's plight moved loyal hearts to pity,
And many thousand gallant soldiers died.

A battle of stout spirits hand to hand,
Where each man showed a front as bold as Hector ;
A standing fight for every inch of land,
That "crowning mercy" of the old Protector.

After the battle lost, the king departed,
Doubling his fierce foes like a hunted hare,
When worn and broken, wounded and down-hearted,
His Cavaliers were scattered everywhere ;

Why then the worthy Penderells, to their glory,
Succored this hard-pressed, foot-sore, lurking king ;
Hid in an oak—a most romantic story,
Which at that period made the country ring.

Well, Cromwell beat his foes by sea and land.
It was some time before the warfare ended ;
But England reared her head majestic, grand,
Once more, and the poor Vaudois were defended.

He ruled the Irish with an iron rod ;
But with *them*, as with all others, kept good faith
When once he had promised ; and his given word
Meant something to all nations till his death.



CROMWELL HOUSE, HIGHGATE, AS IT IS TODAY.

Blake fought by sea and Cromwell fought by land ;
The Protestant was protected everywhere ;
But to the Roman Catholic demand
Cromwell was harsh, and not entirely fair.

He turned the house of Parliament out of doors—
“The Lord has done with you, and get you gone.”
At a sign the soldiers drove them forth by scores
Until of members there remained not one.

England, he said, must be ruled by “godly men.”
But the “godly” were cantankerous, one and all,
Unruly, quarrelsome, tiresome. Once again
Did Cromwell drive from his presence great and small ;

For his home rule was merely a suppression
Of angry hearts still hungering for redress,
But his great foreign policy a succession
Of triumphs, and most merited success.

The Isle of Jamaica was won in Cromwell's day,
Wrested with bloodshed from a hostile power—
A possession England owes to his great sway
Which brings her a revenue to this very hour.

When thirty waggons rolled along the Strand
Laden with Spanish silver for the nation,
For once the people called their ruler grand,
With cheers and something like appreciation.



CROMWELL AND HIS DAUGHTER, MRS. CLAYPOLE.

From a painting by Fiske.

He issued writs for Parliament again ;

The members would rule in *all* things, so would he :

They were dismissed with sorrow and disdain—

“Get hence ! God judge,” he said, “’twixt you and me.”

He died in the autumn when a storm was roaring

(The vanity of all things he had proved),

Muttering, as torrents from the sky were pouring

“I’m more than conqueror through Him that loved.”

Rising with the storm, the spirit within him cried

For pardon and for peace to God above

For himself and those who hated him. He died

Praying for the realm, the country of his love.

His foes said devils from their evil den

Shrieked for the soul leaving the worn-out clay.

Thus ’mid the curses and strange thoughts of men

That stormy spirit sped upon its way.

DIED at Whitehall Palace, September 3rd, 1658, aged 59.

BURIED in Westminster Abbey. Afterwards removed. Place of second burial unknown.

Scott’s novel of “Woodstock” gives a spirited but, unfair description of Cromwell, and an ideal and poetical portrait of Charles the Second, besides much *faithful* information relating to that period.



RICHARD CROMWELL.

From the painting by Sir Peter Lely.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

Eldest son of Oliver Cromwell.

PROCLAIMED Protector, September, 1658.

DEPOSED April 22nd, 1659.

AN honest gentleman, whom an evil fate
Placed over England in her angriest mood ;
She met his efforts with dispute and hate.
He was not a man to shed the nation's blood
Or battle against factions ; he required
Friends and fireside, and harmless mirth and jest.
Let others rule the nation ; he retired
Quietly and gladly to his hidden nest
Among green lanes and quiet country woods,
And grass and wild flowers with heaven's sweet
dew wet.
Dame Nature welcomed him in April mood—
He left the Stuarts their throne without regret.
And for all time a just and honest name,
Better than his great father's doubtful fame.

DIED July 13th, 1712, aged 85.

“Bramletye House,” by Horace Smith, would be pleasant and instructive reading for the pupil.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

CALLED THE "MERRY MONARCH."

BORN May 29th, 1630.

CROWNED at Scone as King of Scotland, January 1st, 1651.

After the battle of Worcester, September 3rd, 1651, death was denounced against any who concealed him, and one thousand pounds promised to any who betrayed him. It was forty days before he could escape from England, and as many as sixty people had assisted in his concealment and escape.

RESTORED by the voice of the people, May 29th, 1660.

CROWNED King of Great Britain and Ireland, St. George's Day, 1661, in Westminster Abbey.

MARRIED to Catherine of Braganza, Infanta of Portugal, May 27th, 1662.

ENGLAND was tired of war and the iron hand
Of military rule, and longed to be free,
And hoped for better things throughout the land
When her young king came home from o'er the sea.

Great peals of gladness rang from every steeple,
Showing unbounded faith and love and loyalty,
The ~~crazy~~ loyalty, of the English people
For this most worthless scion of old royalty.

He met the silent Ironsides on Blackheath ;
 He promised to pay them and redress all wrong,
 Grim men, who brought about his father's death—
 Old Cromwell's army, fifty thousand strong.



A BEAUTY OF THE PERIOD.

The men would not disband, as it appears,
 Till they were paid ; their vigilance never slept,
 So he kept this promise as to their arrears—
 About the only one he ever kept.

The army *was* disbanded, the Church restored ;
 The regicides were slain ; the king was married—
 A king that every kind of business bored,
 Who cared not how public affairs were carried

If he had ease, "A swarthy, scape-grace king,"
Said one who knew him. "His word no man relies on."
A king who "never said a foolish thing,
And never," in his whole life, "did a wise one."

King Charlie's wife brought as a marriage portion—
Bombay, in India our very *first* foothold ;
But the greedy people had not then a notion
Of what this meant, and longed instead for gold.



THE KING CHARLES SPANIEL.

The plague broke out, the gay court fled away ;
All who could leave the city went in haste ;
The grass grew in the streets. All was dismay
And gloom and sorrow—London was a waste.

Then the scene changed : a fire swept through the town ;
Half London lay in ashes ; street and lane,
Palace and church and prison all went down,
Only to rise in grander form again.

The king loved ease and gold, and he cajoled
His Parliaments, for he was not a fool,
And by tact and courtesy many things controlled.
He ruled, and yet he did not seem to rule.



THE PRISON ON BEDFORD BRIDGE.

He honored the loin of beef and made it knight,
With fire and pestilence at his very door ;
With Milton in age and grief shut out from the light,
And Bunyan in Bedford jail, despised and poor.

He feasted, and laughed, and sang, and told gay lies,
And hunted, and sported the finest wigs and clothes ;
He fed his ducks and chased his butterflies,
While the Dutch burned Chatham under his very nose.

The ladies of his court dressed in bad taste ;
The morals of his court were a disgrace ;
Men wore their hair in ringlets down to their waist,
And pantelettes to the knee, trimmed with rich lace.



A COURT DANDY, REIGN OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

Charles sold himself to France for a certain sum
Paid annually. He had no public spirit,
No love for England, no pride in hearth and home ;
His gracious manners were his only merit.

He was not found out in his day, and died politely.

He was not *quite* the *worst* man of his age,
But much in his life is hateful and unsightly,
And gross and nasty. Let us turn the page

On love-locks and religious persecution

And the English king who sang and laughed and lied,
Kept twenty little dogs and *one* resolution—
To turn his face to Rome before he died.

DIED in Whitehall Palace, February 6th, 1685, aged 55.

BURIED in Westminster Abbey.

"The Miraculous Escape of King Charles," by Mrs. Ann Windham, would be interesting reading for the pupil.

JAMES THE SECOND.

Second son of Charles the First.

BORN October 30th, 1633.

MARRIED—First, to Ann Hyde, the Lord Chancellor's daughter,
1660. Second, to the Princess Mary of Modena, November
21st, 1673.

CROWNED April 23rd, 1685.

SET ASIDE by the nation, 1688.

REMEMBER, children, wild and sad *Sedgemoor*
Was the *last* battle fought on English ground,
And honor the brave Somersetshire boor
(Honor to bravery wherever found);
Their leaders fled, the peasants never stirred,
Or blenched before the bayonet and the sword—
Yes, heroes all, lie under each green mound.

Also remember, children, that King James
Took the grey head from Lady Alice Lysle
For sheltering such rebels; and the flames
Consumed to ashes in a little while
*Another woman,** who
Had sheltered rebels too—
Last person burnt within our Mother Isle.

* Elizabeth Gaunt.



DRESSES, REIGN OF JAMES THE SECOND.

More foolish than any of his name or race,
More absolute than old Elizabeth,
Without a touch of gentleness or grace,
James cruelly dealt punishment and death.
False in affairs of State,
He hastened on his fate,
Blind to the consequence of broken faith.

The nation rose and set King James aside
Once and forever, and his religion too ;
The poor king's folly, bigotry and pride
Brought evils which the wise could not undo.
An *open* Catholic, not masked, like his brother,
He might have done more good than any other,
Bringing a tolerance glorious and new.

He fled to France, and the great king received him
With open arms. He dwelt there till his death,
And Louis coddled, pensioned and relieved him
With princely generosity and good faith.
Old England never swerved in her rejection,
King Louis never failed in his protection,
Until poor foolish James drew his last breath.

DIED at the Palace of St. German's, France, August 6th, 1701,
aged 68.

For further study, portions of Macaulay's History might be
read to the pupil, especially the account of the battle of Sedgemoor.

WILLIAM AND MARY.

WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE AND NASSAU.

BORN November 4th, 1650. (MARY was born April 30th, 1662.)

CREATED SLADHOLDER, or First Magistrate of Holland, July 3rd, 1672.

MARRIED to his cousin, Mary Stuart, daughter of James the Second and Ann Hyde, October 23rd, 1677.

PROCLAIMED King and Queen of England, February 13th, 1689.

The Bank of England was founded in this reign, and milled coin first used—Sir Isaac Newton being Master of the Mint.

THEY were not persecutors, and the king,
In taking the long coronation oath,
Distinctly spoke his mind ; and in this thing,
“ I will not persecute,” he spoke for both.

Being only mortal, while they ruled the nation
They made mistakes and blunders like the rest ;
But they wished at heart for broader toleration,
And with this aim they did their very best.

The queen built *Greenwich*, and the thought was kind,
For her good sailors wounded at La Hogue ;
A great act, children, when we bear in mind
That charity was not just then in vogue.



WILLIAM THE THIRD.

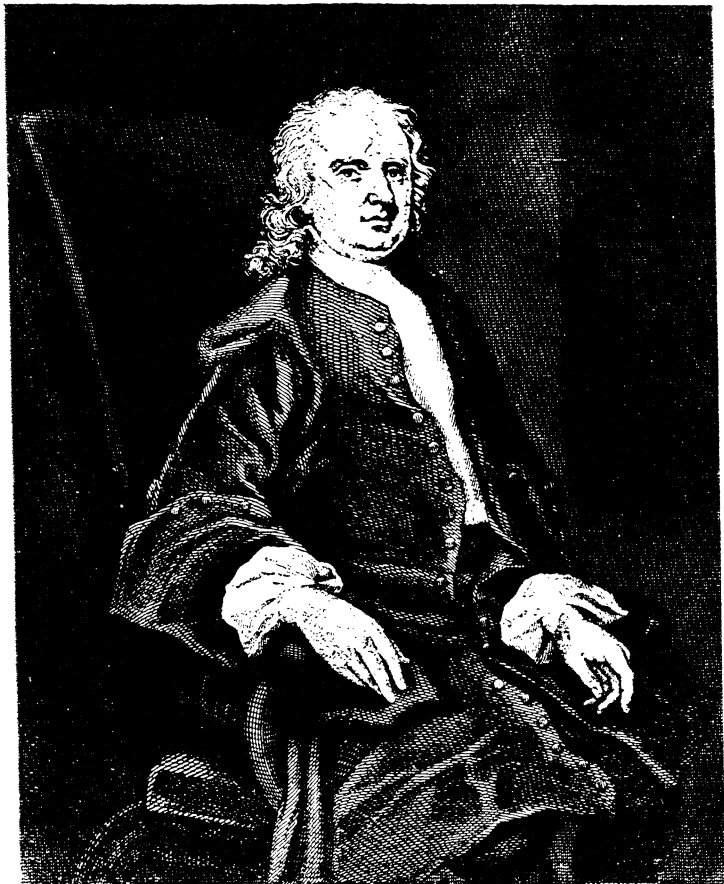
The king abolished the *thumb-screw* and the *rack*,
Which were used for torture in old London Tower,
And the *boot* in Scotland. These ills ne'er came back,
And we may thank him to this very hour.

Ireland declared for James, France lent a hand,
And a great fight took place on Boyne river,
And two long sieges followed in that land,
Raising a spite which seems to last forever.



HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

At last the war was o'er. The terms of peace
Were to my thought foolish, because so harsh.
It seems as if old memories never cease,
But hover over every bog and marsh



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

In angry recollection of that time :

Dark memories linger o'er another spot—
Glencoe, in Scotland—where an awful crime
Took place, and marks this reign with one foul blot.



WOLSTHORP, LINCOLNSHIRE, THE HOUSE IN WHICH
SIR ISAAC NEWTON WAS BORN.

Queen Mary died of smallpox in her prime,
And such a burial England has never seen,
For Lords and Commons, sitting at the time,
All followed to her grave this stately queen.

William now clung more fondly to the Dutch,
And mourned in secret for his faithful wife :
Distrusted the English—I don't blame him much,
For many plots were laid to take his life.

A man in manner taciturn and grim,
Before his age in many a plan and thought;
Respected abroad, the English hated him,
But we enjoy the freedom which he brought.

He wore his hat in church, he caned a lord,
His English was bad, he was rude to Princess Anne;
But never mind, the Dutchman *kept his word*;
This king was not a minion but a man.

MARY died December 28th, 1694, aged 32.

WILLIAM died March 8th, 1702, at Kensington Palace, aged 51.

They are buried together in Westminster Abbey.



WILLIAM THE THIRD.

ANNE.

Second Daughter of James the Second and Ann Hyde.

BORN February 6th, 1665.

MARRIED to Prince George of Denmark, July 28th, 1683.

CROWNED April 23rd, 1702.

A HANDSOME, kindly, sweet-voiced, stupid woman,
Ruled and made great by one great Englishman.
All that she did was commonplace and common ;
She lives in history as the "good Queen Anne."

Marlborough made war with France for his own glory
And profit. Step by step he did advance :
Triumph for him, but a sad and sorry story
For bleeding England and for suffering France.

Great men of letters brightened up this reign
With rays of thought which even yet we feel—
Dean Swift, a satirist of bitter vein,
And gentle Addison and jolly Steele.



QUEEN ANNE.

A glory not her own shone round Queen Anne,
 Who walked and talked and moved among her betters.
 She touched good Johnson when a little man,
 That wise and ponderous future king of letters.



TEMPLE BAR.

And she was praised through every town and county
 For providing a noble fund for the church she loved.
 'Twas Bishop Burætt's thought, this "Queen Anne's
 Bounty";
 That she *had* few thoughts is pretty clearly proved.

She moved in heavy drapery, Anne the Good,
 The nation's figurehead, with blessings on her,
 In head-dress high, and pearls and velvet hood;
 While others fought and thought, she had the honor.

Fond of good eating, a stolid British matron,
Borne reverently abroad in her sedan.
Of valor and of learning the great patron,
See meek and stupid, kindly, dull Queen Anne.

Quietly and suddenly she slipped from life,
Last of the Stuarts to fill an English throne ;
We think of Marlborough and his vixen wife,
And never of the "Good Queen Anne" alone.

DIED August 1st, 1714, aged 50.

BURIED in Westminster Abbey.

GEORGE THE FIRST.

OF THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK, FAMILY OF GUELPH,
ELECTOR OF HANOVER.

*Descended from Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia,
daughter of James the First.*

BORN 1660.

MARRIED to Sophia Dorothea, of Zell, November 28th, 1682.

SUCCEEDED to the throne of Great Britain, August 2nd, 1714.

A GERMAN who could not speak one English word,
And who had to converse with his lords in bad Latin,
A gross elderly man. It seems really absurd
To reject young St. George in his velvet and satin,

And take this coarse, commonplace, honest old man.

But 'twas better for England to rule her own self
And manage the government on her own plan,
With a king who cared only for pocket and pelf,

Than to have a young Stuart, with his lies and his graces,
His wigs and his wine, and his vices and jewels.
But there *were* those who still loved the Stuarts' fair
faces,
False words and good manners—the brave, honest
fools.



COSTUMES, REIGN OF GEORGE THE FIRST.

Such were Wintown and Kenmare, and Nithsdale, and
more,
Who raised a rebellion for James the Pretender ;
Who were thwarted and sorted and beaten right sore,
And were all taken prisoners, and had to surrender.

These brave, honest Jacobites were tried most unfairly,
And lodged in the Tower—many came to the block ;
But Nithsdale escaped, for his wife planned it rarely,
And gave king and country an electrical shock.



FIRE-PLACE OF OLD ENGLISH COTTAGE. ♪

He marched by his enemies calmly, serenely,
Through thick walls, oak doors, double guards, bolts
and bars,
Dressed up as a lady, tall, stately and queenly,
And a petticoat rescued this brave son of Mars.

King George died abroad, and his son George succeeded,
And nobody cared much that I ever heard,
Or drew a long visage, or mourned, grieved or heeded,
And of his private life I will not say *one word*.

DIED suddenly at Osnabrook, June 11th, 1727, aged 67.

BURIED in Hanover.

Scott's novel of "Red Gauntlet," and Thackeray's "Esmond" contain descriptions of James the old Pretender.



A COURT LADY, REIGN OF GEORGE THE FIRST.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

BORN October 13th, 1683.

CROWNED June 15th, 1727.

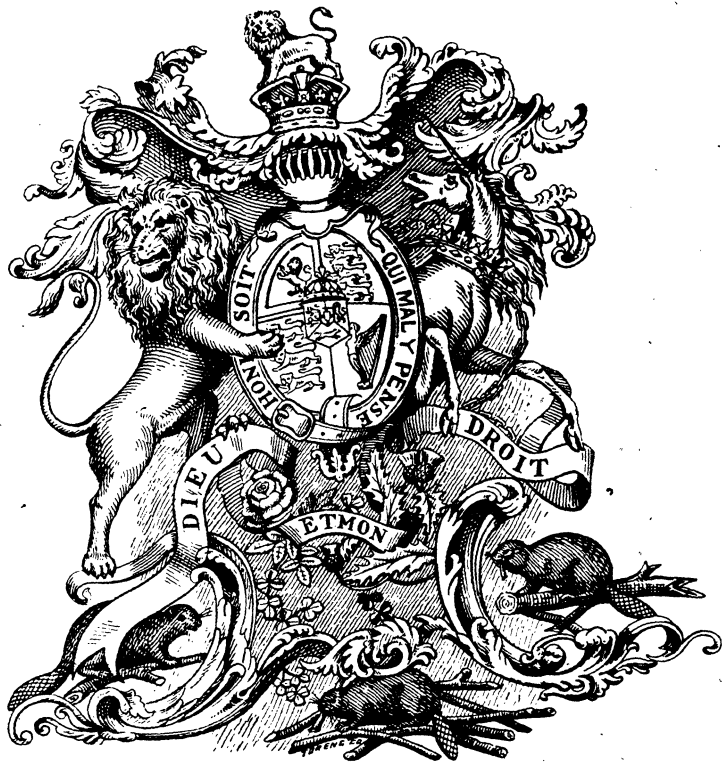
MARRIED to Caroline Wilimena of Anspach, August 22nd; 1704.

A KING with a clever, handsome lady mated,
A king who bravely fought at Dettingen,
A king who "boetry and bainting" hated,
Most practical and commonplace of men.

Little enough we care about the man,
But much of interest marks King George's reign—
Walpole's corruption, Chatham's nobler plan,
Lord Clive in India, and the war with Spain ;

The South Sea scheme, the British credit shaken,
The rising of the gallant young Pretender,
The death of Wolfe, when strong Quebec was taken,
The whole of Lower Canada's surrender ;

Flora Macdonald's bravery and devotion
(Dear Scottish lassie with a heart of gold),
Who crossed in an open boat the stormy ocean ;
Loyal through all adversity, and bold.



Sorrow for those who perished in this cause,
Who fought and fell on wild Culloden Moor,
Or died by axe and block through the harsh laws,
Or by the "Butcher"* when the fight was o'er.



Lord Chesterfield lived then and wrote his "letters,"
Whitfield and Wesley preached on the hillside,
Charles Wesley wrote his hymns and sang the fetters
From hard hearts bound in sin and locked in pride.

* The Duke of Cumberland's nickname.

Goldsmith composed what millions since have prized,
 Good Dr. Watts preached sermons and wrote hymns,
 And "little Mr. Pope," whom George despised,
 Lived then, and Sterne, a man of wit and whims.

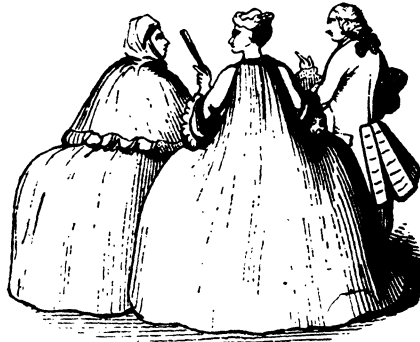


COSTUMES, REIGN OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

From Hogarth.

And Hannah More and her sisters in that day
 Wrestled with vice and ignorance near their home ;
 Garrick and Johnson, Arbuthnot and Gay,
 Acted and talked and wrote for years to come.

Ignorance was the inheritance of the poor,
 And only the gentry had a chance of learning,
 While in *New England* schools at every door
 Showed the far-sighted how the tide was turning.



DRESSES, REIGN OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

As for the English Church, may we never see
A Church so dead alive as this again.
There was no teaching, kindly, sound and free ;
The Church was ruled by evil, selfish men.

Pitt, Earl of Chatham, the "great Commoner,"
Was the grandest soul throughout King George's reign ;
The one who roused the sleeping lion ; the summoner
Of Englishmen to nobler deeds again.

King George, he died, for "all things have an end,"
And certainly a royal change was needed.
The nation hoped that things would now amend
When his young grandson to the throne succeeded.

DIED suddenly at Kensington Palace, October 25th, 1760,
aged 77.

BURIED in Westminster Abbey.

For further study of this and preceding reign see the charming old novels of "Evilena" and "Cecilia," by Miss Burney, a contemporary, showing the morals and manners of the gentry ; also, parts of Thackeray's "Virginians," and the "Life of Flora Macdonald" ; the novels of Jane Austin, "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility," and Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" and "Waverley," as all relate to this period.

GEORGE THE THIRD.

CALLED "FARMER GEORGE."

Son of Frederick Prince of Wales.

BORN June 4th, 1738.

MARRIED to Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, September 8th,
1761.

CROWNED with his Queen September 22nd, 1761.

AMERICA declared her independence, July 4th, 1776.

HE meant well always, and tried to be a king
According to his idea of the thing,
With all his heart, this honest, stubborn man,
A dull, good, moral English gentleman.

The poor king brought about the very acts
He most disliked. 'Twould take too long a time
To tell of all his blunders, battles, facts,
Follies and struggles in a jingling rhyme.

Wilkes stood for liberty whether he would or no,
Had "greatness thrust upon him" by the king,
Who hated and persecuted this man so
That he roused old London to resist the thing.



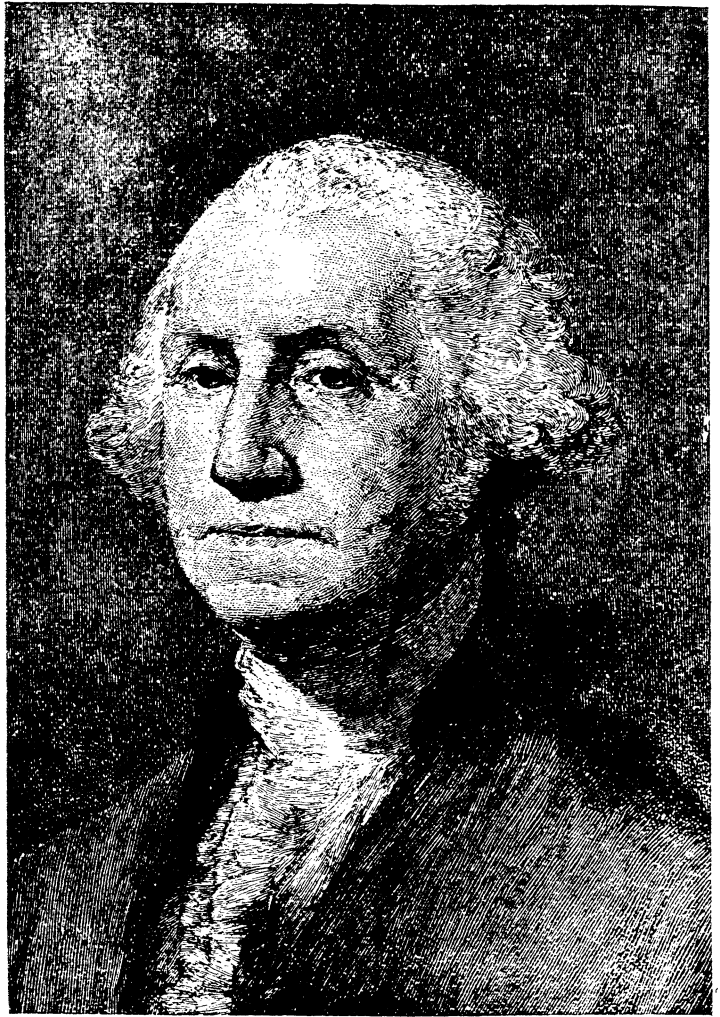
GEORGE THE THIRD AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE.

The king would have made the water run up hill
· Had it been possible. In the first twenty years
Of his poor policy and unbridled will
A wondrous change in everything appears.



LONDON STREET LIGHTS, 1760.

America is an independent nation
Guided by a moderate and mighty hand.
There is discontent in men of every station,
Uneasiness and war by sea and land.



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

We fought against the French, hated and blamed them,
And wrestled with them many long, long years ;
Beat them at Waterloo at last, and shamed them,
And carried back their king with guns and spears.



ROBERT BURNS.

A king they did not want, and sent their choice
To prison for life on a lonely island rock ;
King, Commons, Lords, all willed it with one voice,
The day being past for the Tower, axe and block.

At last King George the Third became insane,
 And his son was regent years before he died.
 So ill was he that he never ruled again ;
 The little old queen never left his side.



A COURT LADY, REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

America might rebel, his sons provoke,
 London resist, his enemies deride him,
 But the hard little queen, with her red cloak,
 Was soft to him, and true, and kept beside him.

Sad was his end, we cannot but deplore him,
 Sorrowful, lonely, aged, deaf and blind,
 With intervals of reason breaking o'er him,
 Rising of the clouds and clearing of the mind.

He prayed for England then, and for the wife
Who loved, and kept her weary watch beside him ;
And for his children. And so passed his life,
A splendid failure. But let none deride him.

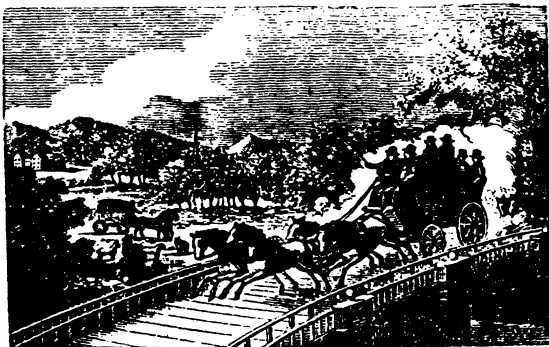
Who has not blundered ? Heaven help us all
When thrust by fortune into awkward places ;
Wiser than he may fail too, aye, and fall ;
Dwell rather on his kindly acts and graces.

DIED at Windsor Castle, January 27th, 1820, aged 82.

REIGNED 60 years.

BURIED in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

See Thackeray's "Four Georges" and Miss Burney's account of Queen Charlotte's court. Belsham's "Memoirs of the Reign of George the Third" gives a spirited and faithful account of the struggle against France.



SCENE IN ENGLAND.

GEORGE THE FOURTH.

CALLED IN THOSE DAYS "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN
IN EUROPE."

BORN August 12th, 1762.

MARRIED to Caroline of Brunswick, April 8th, 1795.

MADE REGENT November, 1810.

CROWNED. King July 19th, 1821.

AND now comes George the Fourth, the Brighton beau,
Who wore high stocks, strapped boots, and tightened
waist ;
Who set the fashion for many years, you know,
And was the oracle of British taste.

His reign is marked by a bright and shining host
Of writers of great merit, wit and worth ;
He put Leigh Hunt in jail, gave Southey the Laureate's post,
And knighted Scott, "the wizard of the north."

He made state tours, and all the land received him
 With much good humor and with loyal cheers.
 He lost his only daughter—it scarce grieved him—
 And reigned in England nearly twenty years,



GEORGE THE FOURTH.

Counting his regency. I'll say no more.
 I *could* if I would, for you know he ruled the nation
 Not so very long ago ; but his day is o'er.
 Why revive it ? My father saw his coronation,



SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

And heard the great bell of St. Paul's toll out at night,
And sadly echo back from many a steeple
The grief for Charlotte, young, strong, fair and bright,
Snatched in her early promise from her people.



HIS MAJESTY'S COTTAGE, WINDSOR.

He heard the king's voice and saw his injured wife,
And his coffin and his funeral ; let him be,
We are coming to a later and a lovelier life,
Why waste our precious time on such as he ?



THOMAS MOORE.

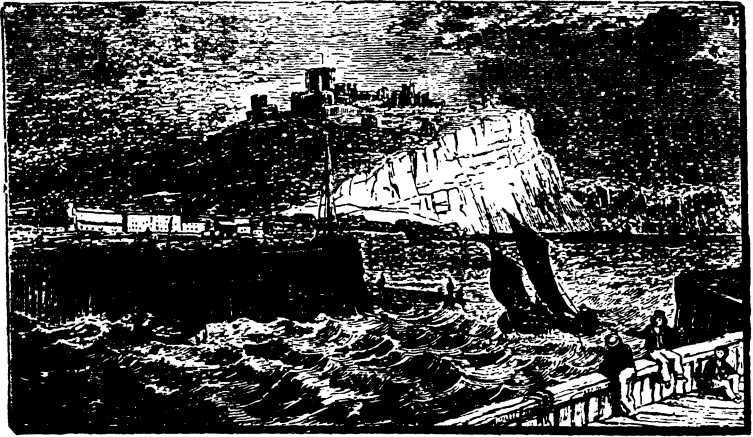


LORD BYRON.

Old England carried out her king's endeavor,
Followed his lead and nothing did by halves ;
Let truth sink into her well. He has gone forever,
With his well-cut features and his handsome calves.

DIED June 26th, 1830, aged 68.

BURIED in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.



DOVER CLIFFS.



BEAU BRUMMELL, KING GEORGE'S RIVAL.



WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

Third son of George the Third.

BORN August 21st, 1765.

MARRIED to the Princess Adelaide of Saxe-Meiningen, July 18th,
1818.

CROWNED 1830.

HE was "our sailor king," and in his day
The great "Reform Bill" passed and pleased the nation.
Being old when crowned his reign soon sped away
To flags half-mast, and a funeral oration.

Queen Adelaide was a gentle, worthy lady,
Generous and kind, and thoughtful of the poor ;
And if King William's life was somewhat shady,
She was a queen indeed, and something more—

A Christian soul, a liberal-minded woman,
Who in her will remembered those in need,
And thought upon the sad, the sick, the common—
A flower of womanhood and not a weed.



QUEEN ADELAIDE.

Borne to her grave by twelve stout British seamen,
In love for the king and the navy where he served,
A farewell compliment from this sweet woman,
A compliment, I think, he scarce deserved.

But it pleased the sailors, and perhaps she knew
It would glad and warm the heart of good Jack Tar—
Brave sea-dog, he has compliments so few,
Though he bravely bears the brunt in every war.

But *one* great glory and gain
Marks Sailor William's reign
Through the perseverance of a saint of God—
Good *Wilberforce*, who righted a great wrong
And freed the slaves, *eight hundred thousand strong*—
Our brethren, not in color but in blood.

THE King died June 20th, 1837, aged 72.



QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER CORONATION ROBES.

VICTORIA.

Daughter of the Duke of Kent, fourth son of George the Third.

BORN May 24th, 1819.

CROWNED June 20th, 1837.

MARRIED to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, February 10th,
1840.

AND now I'll tell you of a living queen,
Great Britain's figurehead, her nation's voice ;
I'll tell you what I've heard of her and seen,
And what she likes and what she does by choice.

Our Queen! I'm sure a person foreign born
Can hardly understand our heart's whole might
When we sing "God save the Queen" in early morn
Or in the still and solemn hour of night,

Or at any hour of the day when that anthem rolls
Through broad cathedral or through public square—
The lifting up of many million souls
To the Infinite, who hears and answers prayer.

She came to a weary and a waiting nation
 Like the dawn of a new day ; a widening scope
 For nobler thought and grander aspiration .
 Came then, and she has answered our great hope.



PRINCE ALBERT AND THE QUEEN.

[We know (for love has insight), royal woman,
 The loneliness and hardness of thy duty,
 And we rejoice that one so truly "human"
 (In Carlyle's words) gave counsel sweet, and beauty,
 And bright romance, and true and holy love,
 In the early years of thy long glorious reign.
 He shared thy cares ; his whole life went to prove
 That a royal home may be pure and without stain.]

Well, to begin, this good queen loves her horses,
And sees that they are cared for, well and hale ;
And I am told the royal heart rejoices
In everything with four legs and a tail.



OUR QUEEN'S FIRST CHILD—THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

From a painting by Winterhalter.

Her dogs are special pets. I know that Spot
(And Marco, too) is a highly-favored friend
(Perhaps she thinks of the fair, frail royal Scot,
And how her doggie loved her to the end).

She likes to see them comfortable and jolly ;
She knows their faithful hearts, their love, their loyalty ;
She calls them "friends," and does not think it folly
Or any derogation from her royalty.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

Then she loves little children and poor women,
Feels for their woes, their sorrows, wants and wrongs ;
She loves her colliers, fisher folk and seamen ;
She loves good music and old Scottish songs.

She loves her soldiers. It has been her fate
To receive all kinds of souls and prize them all
In their variance, from the statesman wise and great
Down to wee tots, who are very, very small.

She has kept her people's good in her heart forever,
Nor turned her back on despised and naked truth,
But welcomed each improvement and endeavor,
From honest Shaftesbury to General Booth.

Her heart warms to the workers of the earth,
For she is a worker. She makes lovely lace.
She can spin flax and knit. Her household worth
Makes her quick to feel each touch of homely grace.

And she keeps all appointments to the minute.
She never let her lowest subject wait
When she said she would see him. There's a great deal
in it ;
It is not a common virtue, let me state.

She loves a christening or a wedding feast,
And takes an interest in both maid and lover ;
Prizes old servants, down to the very least
(Would every mistress did the wide world over).

She gave a peerage to her greatest poet,
And pensions to worthy workers of all kinds ;
And she appreciates, we feel and know it,
The greatest thoughts of men of many minds.

Her life from youth is by far the noblest story
Of royal womanhood we have ever seen.
In her "the hoary head is a crown of glory"
Above the royal crown. "God save the Queen."



PRINCE ALBERT WHEN A CHILD.

THE END.

LITTLE pitchers with long ears
All brimful of kings and queens ;
Wise and learned little dears
Knowing well what history means ;

Lads and lassies, now good-bye, .
For the best of friends must part.
If you are weary, so am I ;
Fare-you-well, with all my heart.

