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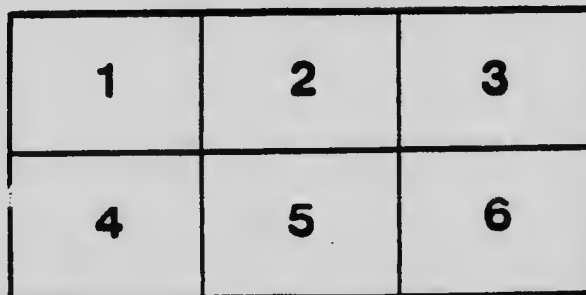
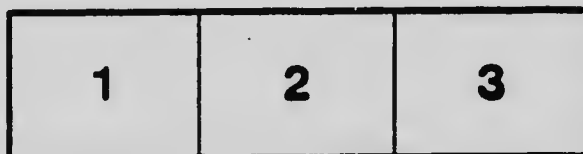
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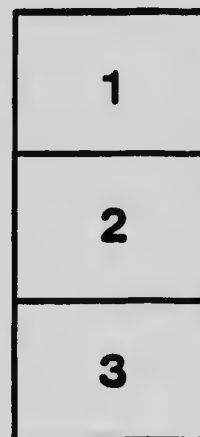
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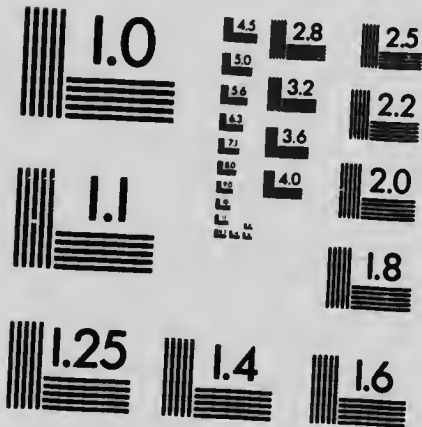
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**THE PRINCE'S STORY BOOK**



2





"THY BROTHER'S CORPSE IS BORNE YONDER."

*Frontispiece*

**THE  
PRINCE'S STORY BOOK**

**BEING HISTORICAL STORIES COLLECTED OUT OF ENG-  
LISH ROMANTIC LITERATURE IN ILLUSTRATION  
OF THE REIGNS OF ENGLISH MONARCHS  
FROM THE CONQUEST TO VICTORIA**

**AND EDITED  
WITH AN INTRODUCTION  
BY  
GEORGE LAURENCE GOMME**

**ILLUSTRATED BY  
H. S. BANKS**

**TORONTO  
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1902**

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## P R E F A C E

A THIRD collection of these stories is here presented to those readers, old and young, who delight in something picturesque for Christmas reading, which should be at the same time serviceable and sound literature. The previous volumes, the King's Story Book and the Queen's Story Book, were so successful that this new collection was attempted, and it appears to me that it compares in interest with its fellows. The quest for stories has been more keen, the difficulties of selection greater now that many favourites have already been printed in this manner, but the mine still yields rich ore.

I am told that these books have been appreciated in schools and among people who desire that the literature of the young should be useful and real, and it is with this conception of their office that I send yet another volume to the same, and I hope many more, readers.

L. G.



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## INTRODUCTION

THE romance of English history grows upon the student as he penetrates more into the subject. This is pleasing to those who have marvelled, not without regret, that the stirring events happening in early England have not centred together in the national character as the corresponding events in Scotland have centred. It may be because England has not produced a Scott. On the other hand it may be that a Scott cannot be produced because there is not the historical life in the background. Against this latter theory the collections I have now gathered out of English romance must be evidence. Every reign has been represented and all except one or two of the unimportant reigns have been represented in each of the three collections which, with this volume, have now been published.

The present volume opens with that stirring event, the battle of Stanfordbridge, in September, 1066. Two great war princes met to fight out their quarrel—Harold of Norway and Harold of England. Conqueror everywhere else Harold of Norway met his own conqueror on English soil. It was a great and eventful fight and shows forth the character and genius of the great English King in a remarkable manner. Tostig, Harold's brother, fought on the side of England's foe, fought of course well and bravely as all the house of Godwin knew how to fight, fought and died for his cause and his ally. Bad as Tostig comes out in English history, his conduct in this last day was worthy of himself and the great family from whom he sprang. The traditional account of Harold's interview with him is no

doubt founded on fact, and it tells well for this wayward tyrannical treebooting sort of chief, that he preferred fighting to the desertion of his ally, and death to the shamefulfulness of defeat and disgrace. The story as told by Lord Lytton in his great romance is true, in most of its details, to the early chronical narratives and we have in this opening example a very perfect specimen of the story-teller's art.

For the reign of William I the reader is introduced, not to the great King himself, but to his turbulent and tyrannic son whom, however, he named as his successor. The story is not of course a true one and must therefore only be considered as indicative of the truth. This may be safely done. William Rufus was all that this story relates of him—tyrant as prince and tyrant afterwards as King. The story chosen to represent his reign depicts a part of his character, perhaps, not altogether unamiable in its origin; and that the English people were not entirely unfriendly to him, is perhaps, owing to his characteristic love of enjoyment among the peasants' games and sports.

The famous account of the oath to Matilda fittingly represents the reign of Henry I, and is taken from the chronicle of William of Malmesbury.

Stephen is not represented. For Henry II a charming story by Thomas Love Peacock, referring to the famous Earl of Huntingdon, has been chosen, and though entirely fiction, it illustrates extremely well the political condition of Henry II's reign.

Richard I is not personally represented, but the action of his infamous brother, Prince John, during the King's absence in the Crusade is represented by a story taken out of the same romance by Thomas Love Peacock and which is of course fiction only. The reign of John is represented by a spirited attempt by Miss Stanhope to illustrate the influence of the Queen before she had left the home of

the King. The story serves its purpose here, perhaps, well enough, though the event is trifling and not historical.

Henry III is not represented. The great Edward I is represented by a fragment from Miss Porter's well-known romance. The King is not at his best where Wallace is concerned, and although the whole story is altogether mythical in character, it not unfitly helps us to realize somewhat of the period.

Edward II is not represented, while for his great son Edward III, the famous story of Queen Phillipa saving the men of Calais from the King's wrath is chosen. It is taken from that incomparable narrative, the translation of Froissart's Chronicle by Lord Berners.

The story of Hotspur and Douglas well known to English romance, introduces us to the reign of Richard II. The battle of Otterbourne took place on the 31st July, 1388, and this story relates the events in a sufficiently descriptive fashion. Passing over the reign of Henry IV, the battle of Agincourt, as described by G. P. R. James, tells us of that great hero of English romance, Henry V. With the reign of Henry VI we come again to a story taken from one of Lord Lytton's novels. It is very striking, and records an historical event from the imaginative standpoint in a manner in which Lytton was a master.

With Edward IV we come to a story taken from Sir Walter Scott. It portrays events which were going on among the English nobility on the continent after the victory of Edward IV at Barnet had secured him the throne, and we cannot but have sympathy with the fallen Queen. Edward the V, the boy-King, and Richard III, the last of the Plantagenet kings, are not represented.

When we come to the next story we have passed over the reign of Henry VII unrepresented and reached Henry VIII. Readers will note how the narratives now change, how the

events are more modern in tone, how much nearer the present age seems to be, how the Plantagenets have been left a long way behind as if belonging to another era. This characteristic of the stories here collected is true to history. The Tudors belong to quite a new order of historical life, and mediævalism with its glories and its blemishes was a thing of the past. The glories and blemishes of the new order are now to be told of, and they will be found none the less real if they are of a different character.

Henry VIII, that matchless tyrant and most able man, is represented by a story taken from Harrison Ainsworth, of the execution of Anne Boleyn. Whether Anne was guilty as here portrayed can probably never be known, but on the whole it is probable she was not. The matter is so doubtful, however, that the romancist is perfectly justified in taking the view he has.

The reign of Edward VI is represented by a story taken from a once well-known romance. It shows up the character of the young King and of the Princess Elizabeth very well, and is altogether a very good representation of this generally uneventful reign. The death of Lady Jane Grey under the reign of Mary is an event which is widely known to English romance, and Ainsworth's treatment of it in the story taken from one of his novels is not at all bad. The local colouring is very good, and Jane is not badly drawn.

Elizabeth's great reign is open to us in the pages of Sir Walter Scott, and the well-known tradition of the manner in which Raleigh used his cloak is chosen to represent this reign. The whole story is wonderfully told and wonderfully true of the times, while the character of Raleigh, if a little too butterfly-like to please those who admire his great genius, is perhaps not altogether out of keeping with his early character.

Of course we turn to Scott for a story of James I. What prince has ever had such a chronicle! For whatever there is to admire in the character of this somewhat dubious monarch comes to us from Scott's estimate. His learning, his weakness, his charm, are all here. We seem to see the whole thing entire before our eyes so real is the romancist's narrative, and this gem, known to everyone of course, is worth a separate setting.

Scott too does duty for Charles I, an episode in Montrose's picturesque and remarkable career being chosen. For the period of the Commonwealth we have another story from Scott and one which shows Prince Charles in a most favourable light, not too favourable I think, for it is pretty certain that as prince, like all the Stuarts, Charles II was princely in all things. "Pshaw! that cannot be now—Colonel Everard, I am Charles Stuart"—the words are very noble and very simple and Scott has only equalled himself in penning them. The episode which deals with Charles II as King is also told by Scott and is somewhat less known perhaps than other stories. How true it is of this period and of this King, and how Ormonde and Buckingham stand out in the narrative! The introduction of that great scoundrel, Colonel Blood, helps us to realize the period, but is not, it appears to me, quite happy.

For James II a slight story by Mrs. Hall is introduced. It relates to the throwing of the Great Seal into the Thames and the attack upon Jeffries—both of them historical events. William and Mary are represented in their domestic characters, and this story is also taken from Mrs. Hall's novel.

Thackeray is called upon for Queen Anne's reign, and we have a powerful indictment against that infamous but able general the Duke of Marlborough. The whole story is one of singular power and concentration, singularly true to history and yet beautifully told as a piece of



romance. It is taken from that masterpiece of English fiction, "Esmond."

George the First is not represented, but for George II Scott is once more appealed to, to give us a picture of "bonnie Prince Charlie"—Holyrood for the scene, the prince's court of rebels for the characters, and of course the story is a good one.

In the reign of George III we are taken to the end of the empire and to a writer not yet used for this purpose, Fenimore Cooper. His description of the fate of Fort Henry, of Montcalm's action in the matter, of the ferocious butchery by the Indians, introduces us to the first glimpse of the "white man's burden" as it appears in English history; and it must be admitted that the picture is complete.

Finally, leaving out George IV and William IV, I have turned to the pages of Lord Beaconsfield to illustrate the changed character of the times of our own great Queen. Nothing could be finer than this little glimpse into modern times in contrast to everything that has gone before—a contrast so powerful, so true, and so instructive that it easily tells its own results.

The history contained in, or represented by, these collections from English romance is therefore very full in its range and very expressive in its character. The stories are also representations of English literature, cameos from writers of acknowledged preëminence whom it is well to understand in the light thrown by these examples of their work. Chosen not for their literary merit, but for their historical suitability to the plan upon which the book is arranged, these stories are unprejudiced evidence of the literary style of each author. The authors include Sir Walter Scott, who is utilized so frequently, and W. M. Thackeray among the great masters; Lord Lytton, Thomas Love Peacock, Harrison Ainsworth, Fenimore Cooper, and Lord Beacons-

field among the masters not so great, together with G. P. R. James, Miss Porter, Mrs. Hall, J. F. Smith and Miss L. S. Stanhope who are called upon to help the cause. If the lesser authors do not shine very brightly by the side of Scott and Thackeray it does not, I think, detract from the book as a whole, while it affords an excellent opportunity of comparison.

Each story is unaltered just as it appears in the novel from which it is extracted, and care has been taken to preserve intact the original text. Occasionally at the beginning a sentence has had to be shortened or slightly varied, in order to make the story complete in itself and avoid reference to past events; in one or two cases a sentence is inserted to introduce a character, and dates have always been put in when the events related allow of it. The end of the story is sometimes shortened by omitting complete passages, and in such a case as "Nigel" the title of Lord Glenvarloch is substituted for the hero name of Nigel. With these exceptions, and they are extremely few, the stories are taken bodily from the volumes in which they appear, and they represent in every way their respective authors.

LAURENCE GOMME.

24, DORSET SQUARE, N.W.

*Sept., 1899.*



## HAROLD

### THE WAR PRINCES OF THE NORTH

WHILE war hungered for England at the mouth of the Somme, the last and most renowned of the sea-kings, Harold Hardrada, entered his galley, the tallest and strongest of a fleet of three hundred sail, that peopled the seas round Solundir. And a man named Gyrdir, on board the King's ship dreamed a dream. He saw a great witch-wife standing on an isle of the Sulen, with a fork in one hand and a trough in the other. He saw her pass over the whole fleet;—by each of the three hundred ships he saw her; and a fowl sat on the stern of each ship, and that fowl was a raven; and he heard the witch-wife sing this song:—

“From the East I allure him,  
At the West I secure him;  
In the feast I foresee  
Rare the relics for me;  
Red the drink, white the bones.

“The ravens sit greeding,  
And watching, and heeding;  
Thoro' wind, over water,  
Comes scent of the slaughter,  
And ravens sit greeding  
Their share of the bones.

“Thoro' wind, thoro' weather,  
We're sailing together;  
I sail with the ravens;  
I watch with the ravens;  
I snatch from the ravens,  
My share of the bones.”

But Harold Hardrada scorned witch-wife and dream; and his fleets sailed on. In September, 1066, Earl Tostig joined him off the Orkney Isles, and this great armament soon came in sight of the shores of England. They landed at Cleveland, and at the dread of the terrible Norsemen, the coastmen fled or submitted. With booty and plunder they sailed on to Scarborough, but there the townsfolk were brave, and the walls were strong. The Norsemen ascended a hill above the town, lit a huge pile of wood, and tossed the burning piles down on the roofs. House after house caught the flame, and through the glare and the crash rushed the men of Hardrada. Great was the slaughter, and ample the plunder; and the town, awed and depeopled, submitted to flame and to sword.

Then the fleet sailed up the Humber and Ouse, and landed at Richall, not far from York; but Morcar, the Earl of Northumbria, came out with all his forces—all the stout men and tall of the great race of the Anglo-Dane.

Then Hardrada advanced his flag, called Land-Eyda, the "Ravager of the World," and, chanting a war-stave—led his men to the onslaught.

The battle was fierce, but short. The English troops were defeated, they fled into York; and the Ravager of the World was borne in triumph to the gates of the town. An exiled chief, however tyrannous and hateful, hath ever some friends among the desperate and lawless; and success ever finds allies among the weak and the craven—so many Northumbrians now came to the side of Tostig. Dissension and mutiny broke out amidst the garrison within; Morcar, unable to control the townsfolk, was driven forth with those still true to their country and King, and York on Sunday, 24 September 1066, agreed to open its gates to the conquering invader.

At the news of this foe on the north side of the land, King Harold was compelled to withdraw all the forces at watch in the south against the tardy invasion of William.

York having thus capitulated, all the land round was humbled and awed; and Hardrada and Tostig were blithe and gay; and many days, thought they, must pass ere Harold the King can come from the south to the north.

The camp of the Norsemen was at Stanford Bridge, and on the Tuesday following it was settled that they should formally enter York. Their ships lay in the river beyond; a large portion of the armament was with the ships. The day was warm, and the men with Hardrada had laid aside their heavy mail and were 'making merry,' talking of the plunder of York, jeering at Saxon valour, and gloating over thoughts of the Saxon maids, whom Saxon men had failed to protect—when suddenly between them and the town rose and rolled a great cloud of dust. High it rose, and fast it rolled, and from the heart of the cloud shone the spear and the shield.

"What army comes yonder?" said Harold Hardrada.

"Surely," answered Tostig, "it comes from the town that we are to enter as conquerors, and can be but the friendly Northumbrians who have deserted Morcar for me."

Nearer and nearer came the force, and the shine of the arms was like the glancing of ice.

"Advance the World-Ravager!" cried Harold Hardrada, "draw up, and to arms!"

Then, picking out three of his briskest youths, he despatched them to the force on the river with orders to come up quick to the aid. For already, through the cloud and amidst the spears, was seen the flag of the English King. On the previous night King Harold had entered York, unknown to the invaders—appeased the mutiny—cheered the townfolks; and now came like a thunderbolt borne by the winds, to clear the air of England from the clouds of the North.

Both armaments drew up in haste, and Hardrada formed

his array in the form of a circle—the line long, but not deep, the wings curving round till they met, shield to shield. Those who stood in the first rank set their spear shafts on the ground, the points level with the breast of a horseman; those in the second, with spears yet lower, level with the breast of a horse; thus forming a double palisade against the charge of cavalry. In the centre of this circle was placed the Ravager of the World, and round it a rampart of shields. Behind that rampart was the accustomed post at the onset of battle for the King and his body-guard. But Tostig was in front, with his own Northumbrian lion banner, and his chosen men

While this army was thus being formed, the English King was marshalling his force in the far more formidable tactics, which his military science had perfected from the warfare of the Danes. That form of battalion, invincible hitherto under his leadership, was in the manner of a wedge or triangle, thus  $\triangle$ . So that, in attack, the men marched on the foe presenting the smallest possible surface to the missiles, and, in defence, all three lines faced the assailants. King Harold cast his eye over the closing lines, and then, turning to Gurth, who rode by his side, said—

“Take one man from yon hostile army, and with what joy should we charge on the Northmen!”

“I conceive thee,” answered Gurth, mournfully, “and the same thought of that one man makes my arm feel palsied.”

The King mused, and drew down the nasal bar of his helmet.

“Thegns,” said he suddenly, to the score of riders who grouped round him, “follow.” And shaking the rein of his horse, King Harold rode straight to that part of the hostile front from which rose, above the spears, the Northumbrian banner of Tostig. Wondering, but mute, the twenty thegns

followed him. Before the grim array, and hard by Tostig's banner, the King checked his steed and cried—

"Is Tostig, the son of Godwin and Githa, by the flag of the Northumbrian earldom?"

With his helmet raised, and his Norwegian mantle flowing over his mail, Earl Tostig rode forth at that voice, and came up to the speaker.

"What wouldst thou with me, daring foe?"

The Saxon horseman paused, and his deep voice trembled tenderly, as he answered slowly—

"Thy brother, King Harold, sends to salute thee. Let not the sons from the same womb wage unnatural war in the soil of their fathers."

"What will Harold the King give to his brother?" answered Tostig. "Northumbria already he hath bestowed on the son of his house's foe."

The Saxon hesitated, and a rider by his side took up the word.

"If the Northumbrians will receive thee again, Northumbria shalt thou have, and the King will bestow his late earldom of Wessex on Morcar; if the Northumbrians reject thee, thou shalt have all the lordships which King Harold hath promised to Gurth."

"This is well," answered Tostig; and he seemed to pause as in doubt; when, made aware of this parley, King Harold Hardrada, on his coal-black steed, with his helm all shining with gold, rode from the lines, and came into hearing.

"Ha!" said Tostig, then turning round, as the giant form of the Norse King threw its vast shadow over the ground.

"And if I take the offer, what will Harold son of Godwin give to my friend and ally, Hardrada of Norway?"

The Saxon rider reared his head at these words, and gazed on the large front of Hardrada, as he answered, loud and distinct—



"Seven feet of land for a grave, or, seeing that he is taller than other men, as much more as his corse may demand!"

"Then go back, and tell Harold my brother to get ready for battle; for never shall the Scalds and the warriors of Norway say that Tostig lured their king in his cause, to betray him to his foe. Here did he come, and here came I, to win as the brave win, or die as the brave die!"

A rider of younger and slighter form than the rest here whispered the Saxon King—

"Delay no more, or thy men's hearts will fear treason."

"The tie is rent from my heart, O Haco," answered the King, "and the heart flies back to our England."

He waved his hand, turned his steed, and rode off. The eye of Hardrada followed the horseman.

"And who," he asked calmly, "is that man who spoke so well?"

"King Harold!" answered Tostig, briefly.

"How!" cried the Norseman, reddening, "how was not that made known to me before? Never should he have gone back—never told hereafter the doom of this day!"

With all his ferocity, his envy, his grudge to Harold, and his treason to England, some rude notions of honour still lay confused in the breast of the Saxon; and he answered stoutly—

"Imprudent was Harold's coming, and great his danger; but he came to offer me peace and dominion. Had I betrayed him, I had not been his foe, but his murderer!"

The Norse King smiled approvingly, and, turning to his chiefs, said, drily—

"That man was shorter than some of us, but he rode firm in his stirrups."

Meanwhile the Saxon phalanx came on, slow and firm, and in a few minutes the battle began. It commenced first with the charge of the English cavalry (never numerous),

led by Leofwine and Haco, but the double palisade of the Norseman spears formed an impassable barrier; and the horsemen, recoiling from the frieze, rode round the iron circle without other damage than the spear and javelin could effect. Meanwhile, King Harold, who had dismounted, marched, as was his wont, with the body of footmen. He kept his post in the hollow of the triangular wedge, whence he could best issue his orders. Avoiding the side over which Tostig presided, he halted his array in full centre of the enemy, where the Ravager of the World, streaming high above the inner rampart of shields, showed the presence of the giant Hardrada.

The air was now literally darkened with the flights of arrows and spears; and in a war of missives, the Saxons were less skilled than the Norsemen. Still King Harold restrained the ardour of his men, who, sore harassed by the darts, yearned to close on the foe. He himself, standing on a little eminence, more exposed than his meanest soldier, deliberately eyed the sallies of the horse, and watched the moment he foresaw, when, encouraged by his own suspense, and the feeble attacks of the cavalry, the Norsemen would lift their spears from the ground, and advance themselves to the assault. That moment came; unable to withhold their own fiery zeal, stimulated by the tromp and the clash, and the war-hymns of their King, and his choral Scalds, the Norsemen broke ground and came on.

"To your axes, and charge!" cried Harold; and passing at once from the centre to the front, he led on the array.

The impetus of that artful phalanx was tremendous; it pierced through the ring of the Norwegians: it clove into the rampart of shields; and King Harold's battle-axe was the first that shivered that wall of steel: his step the first that strode into the innermost circle that guarded the Ravager of the World.

Then forth, from under the shade of that great flag, came, himself also on foot, Harold Hardrada shouting and chanting, he leapt with long strides into the thick of the onslaught. He had flung away his shield, and swaying with both hands his enormous sword, he hewed down man after man till space grew clear before him; and the English recoiling in awe before an image of height and strength that seemed superhuman, left but one form standing firm, and in front, to oppose his way.

At that moment the whole strife seemed not to belong to an age comparatively modern, it took a character of remotest eld; and Thor and Odin seemed to have returned to the earth. Behind this towering and Titan warrior, their wild hair streaming long under their helms, came his Scalds, all singing their hymns, drunk with the madness of battle. And the Ravager of the World tossed and flapped as it followed, so that the vast raven depicted on its folds seemed horrid with life. And calm and alone, his eye watchful, his axe lifted, his foot ready for rush or for spring—but firm as an oak against flight—stood the Last of the Saxon Kings.

Down bounded Hardrada, and down shore his sword; King Harold's shield was cloven in two, and the force of the blow brought himself to his knee. But, as swift as the flash of that sword, he sprang to his feet; and while Hardrada still bowed his head, not recovered from the force of his blow, the axe of the Saxon came so full on his helmet, that the giant reeled, dropped his sword, and staggered back; his Scalds and his Chiefs rushed around him. That gallant stand of King Harold saved his English from flight; and now, as they saw him almost lost in the throng, yet still cleaving his way—on, on—to the raven standard, they rallied with one heart, and shouting forth, "Out, out! Holy crosse!" forced their way to his side, and the fight

now waged hot and equal, hand to hand. Meanwhile Hardrada, borne a little apart, and relieved from his dinted helmet, recovered the shock of the weightiest blow that had ever dimmed his eye and numbed his hand. Tossing the helmet on the ground, his bright locks glittering like sunbeams, he rushed back to the *mille*. Again helm and mail went down before him; again through the crowd he saw the arm that had smitten him; again he sprang forwards to finish the war with a blow—when a shaft from some distant bow pierced the throat which the casque now left bare; a sound like the wail of a death-song murmured brokenly from his lips, which then gushed out with blood, and tossing up his arms wildly, he fell to the ground, a corpse. At that sight, a yell of such terror and woe, and wrath all commingled, broke from the Norsemen, that it hushed the very war for the moment!

"On!" cried the Saxon King; "let our earth take its spoiler! On to the standard, and the day is our own!"

"On to the standard!" cried Haco, who, his horse slain under him, all bloody with wounds not his own, now came to the King's side. Grim and tall rose the standard, and the streamer shrieked and flapped in the wind as if the raven had voice, when, right before Harold, right between him and the banner, stood Tostig his brother, known by the splendour of his mail, the gold-work on his mantle—known by the fierce laugh, and the defying voice.

"What matters!" cried Haco; "strike, O King, for thy crown!"

Harold's hand griped Haco's arm convulsively, he lowered his axe, turned round, and passed shudderingly away.

Both armies now paused from the attack; for both were thrown into great disorder, and each gladly gave respite to the other, to re-form its own shattered array.

The Norsemen were not the soldiers to yield because their

leader was slain—rather the more resolute to fight, since revenge was now added to valour; yet, but for the daring and promptness with which Tostig had cut his way to the standard, the day had been already decided.

During the pause, Harold summoning Gurth, said to him in great emotion, "For the sake of Nature, for the love of God, go, O Gurth—go to Tostig; urge him, now Hardrada is dead, urge him to peace. All that we can proffer with honour, proffer—quarter and free retreat to every Norseman. Oh, save me, save us, from a brother's blood!"

Gurth lifted his helmet, and kissed the mailed hand that grasped his own.

"I go," said he. And so, bareheaded, and with a single trumpeter, he went to the hostile lines.

Harold awaited him in great agitation, nor could any man have guessed what bitter and awful thoughts lay in that heart, from which, in the way of power, tie after tie had been wrenched away. He did not wait long; and even before Gurth rejoined him, he knew by an unanimous shout of fury, to which the clash of countless shields chimed in, that the mission had been in vain.

Tostig had refused to hear Gurth, save in presence of the Norwegian chiefs; and when the message had been delivered, they all cried, "We would rather fall one across the corpse of the other, than leave a field in which our King was slain."

"Ye hear them," said Tostig; "as they speak, speak I."

"Not mine this guilt, too, O God!" said Harold, solemnly lifting his hand on high. "Now, then, to duty."

By this time the Norwegian reinforcements had arrived from the ships, and this for a short time rendered the conflict, that immediately ensued, uncertain and critical. But Harold's generalship was now as consummate as his valour had been daring. He kept his men true to their irrefragable

line. Even if fragments splintered off, each fragment threw itself into the form of the resistless wedge. One Norwegian, standing on the bridge of Stanford, long guarded that pass; and no less than forty Saxons are said to have perished by his arm. To him the English King sent a generous pledge, not only of safety for the life, but honour for the valour. The viking refused to surrender, and fell at last by a javelin from the hand of Haco. As if in him had been embodied the unyielding war-god of the Norseman, in that death died the last hope of the vikings. They fell literally where they stood; many, from sheer exhaustion and the weight of their mail, died without a blow. And in the shades of nightfall, Harold stood amidst the shattered rampart of shields, his foot on the corpse of the standard-bearer, his hand on the Ravager of the World.

"Thy brother's corpse is borne yonder," said Haco in the ear of the King, as, wiping the blood from his sword, he plunged it back into the sheath.

LORD LYTTON, *Harold*.

## WILLIAM I

### THE RED PRINCE AS TYRANT

THE banquet after the fashion of the times, waxed rough and boisterous in the hall of the old castle at Norwich. Never had the fickle Prince William seemed in a more gracious mood; twice had he pledged the company, calling on Saxon and Norman hearts to join him in the toast. All were fascinated with his open manner and seeming sincerity; and all, save one, deceived by them. Herbert de Lozinga had watched his impassioned glances when he beheld the Lady Matilda in the hall—the look which followed her retiring footsteps; and, although he anticipated no attempt at outrage, he determined to have an eye upon the prince.

As the banquet proceeded, his suspicions were still further strengthened by the looks of triumph which flashed from his fierce eye whenever the maiden's name became the theme of conversation.

Amongst the minstrels who occupied the gallery opposite the dais was Hella, the Saxon—admitted by all who loved the joyous science to be the chief of the all but extinct Bardic tribe. Many doubted, indeed, if he were even Christian, so devoted did he appear to the old superstitions and traditions of his race. It was not till after he had been repeatedly called for that he descended into the hall with his magic harp to sing before the assembly. So great was his renown, so intense the expectation of the Normans, few of whom had ever heard his song, that even the voices of the noisiest were hushed ere the gifted strain broke forth:

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"But when drawn for broken laws,  
In nature's right he sternly draws,  
When liberty expiring cries,  
And wrongs from hill and valley rise,  
The blood by tyrants rudely shed,  
A nation's tears for freedom fled,  
These, these the holy spell afford  
To consecrate the warrior's sword."

The few Saxons who were present hung their heads in shame; to them it was like the song of their captivity. The Normans heard the strain in gloomy silence; it sounded like a reproach upon their tyranny and misrule.

"Thou hast chosen a strange theme for our banquet, friend," exclaimed the prince; "but though our ears are nice, thy skill must not go unrewarded."

He took from his neck a chain of gold, of no great value, and sent it by his page to the aged bard, who received it with a courtly reverence, although he answered with a mocking tongue:

"The praise of princes is our noblest guerdon. Gentle page, it must not be said that Hella was ungrateful to the bearer of so precious a gift; wear this," he added, taking from his own neck a chain whose value more than doubled the Norman's, and which he hung carelessly round the neck of the youth; "and sometimes think upon the poor bard's gift." So saying, he directed his harp-bearer to take up the instrument, and with a stately step left the hall.

At a signal from the bishop, the Norman minstrels sang the praise of Rollo, and the glories of his race; the nobles listened to the exciting strain, and, in their enthusiasm, forgot the aged Saxon and his song.

For the third time, with a flushed brow, William arose from his elevated seat to give forth the hollow pledge of amity and peace; when an alarm was heard without and



the seneschal, bleeding and unhelmed, rushed into the midst of the assembly. All started at the sight, and the hand of many a knight was laid upon his sword.

"Speak," demanded the bishop; "what hath befallen?"

"To arms, nobles and knights," exclaimed the faithful officer. "Returning from the cathedral, the noble ladies Isabel and Matilda have been carried off, their escort was too feeble to protect them."

The prelate's searching glance was fixed upon the prince, who quailed beneath it. "Doubtless by Saxons," he stammered.

"By Normans, noble prince—by Normans! I knew too well the taste of Norman steel to be deceived, despite their Saxon dress. I'll swear their brands were Norman."

William scowled upon the officer with a look of hate. The sturdy soldier, conscious of his integrity, met his gaze unmoved. While the nobles were busy in consultation, the Bishop drew the commander of his troops, George of Erpingham, aside, and whispered something in his ear. Whatever was the nature of the communication, it evidently surprised the stalwart knight, for he hesitated to obey. The rapid conversation which followed removed, however, his objections; for, touching his sword in sign of fidelity, he withdrew. The bishop, instead of following his example, concealed himself behind the floating arras with which the walls of the banquet-hall were hung. At the same moment Hella, the bard, entered the assembly, and approaching Ulrick, the Saxon, with a stately step, exclaimed:

"Thy sword! thy sword! the wolf is in thy fold! the vulture bears the trembling dove to its dark nest! Last of a race I love! why standst thou idle here?—to horse! let manly deeds answer unmanly outrage! strike for thy country's wrongs, thy outraged love, or see thy bride become the Norman's scorn!"

All the nobles present, Saxons as well as Normans, deeply

felt the outrage, and rushed from the chamber, calling to arms as they did so; the alarm-bell sent forth its deep loud note, and added to the horror of the scene. The treacherous prince, the contriver of the cruel scheme, paced the rush-strewn floor, triumphant in his villainy until his meditations were interrupted by a knight, Robert of Artois.

"Thou art a bold falconer," whispered the prince, "thou hast struck the quarry fairly. Hadst thou silenced yon prating seneschal, all had been unsuspected. Despite your followers' disguise, he swears that they are Normans."

"Let him swear; oaths cannot harm us, prince. I must away to join the pursuit, lest I should be suspected. In the morning take your departure as if for London. Once beyond the city, dismiss your train, and turn your horse's head to Filby, where thou wilt find the sweetest bird that ever pined within its iron cage. Thou knowest the way to tame her."

With these words the ready panderer bowed and withdrew. William was about to follow his example when the prelate, quitting his concealment, boldly confronted him. The tyrant saw in an instant that he was discovered. For a few moments they stood gazing on each other—the countenance of the prince pale with fear and confusion. That of the bishop full of contempt.

"So," exclaimed the latter, "this is the way the royal word is kept! Thou hast broken thine oath, outraged the roof which shelters thee, risked plunging the land in civil war, to gratify thy passions. What prevents that I proclaim thy treason, and yield thee to the Saxons!"

"Thine own ambition, priest," doggedly answered William.

"My ambition!"

"Once King, thou knowest this hand can raise thee to a height but second to my own—the primate's envied throne!"

"Vain man!" replied Herbert, "the hermit's cell would please me better than the mitred stall. Power is worthless

when the heart is ashes. I come not to implore, but to command thee. Resign thy victims, and I may consent once more to spare thee the brand of public scorn—to shield thee from the avenging swords of those whose honour thou wouldst stain. Decide!"

"Never!" exclaimed the prince, foaming with rage. "I love the fair Matilda, and rather would forego the crown itself than yield her beauties. Thou hast heard my answer."

"But mine is yet unspoken," as proudly replied the bishop. "For thy brave father's sake I would have spared thee, but now the will of heaven and justice must be done."

He advanced towards the door which opened from the banquet hall, as if to quit the apartment or to summon aid.

The baffled tyrant, perceiving his design, threw himself between, and drawing his sword, held it levelled at the prelate's breast, to impede his departure. For a moment they stood like the stag and hound at bay, gazing on each other in silence—the churchman calm and stern, the prince trembling with passion and excitement. "You pass not on your life," he cried.

"Advance one step," said Herbert, drawing up his person to its stately height, "lay but a finger on my sacred robe, and I will bind thee in a spell that shall paralyse thy soul! Not to thy honour or thy sense of justice do I now appeal. Though lost to every tie of honour and humanity, thy terrors are my safety. The brand of Europe, and the Church's curse, thou dardest not meet. Fool—coward—villain!" he added, as the sword of William gradually inclined towards the ground, "I scorn, deride thy vain attempt! Back, ruffian, back—I pass thee or perish!"

With his eye sternly fixed upon the prince, the prelate moved towards the door. Thrice the weapon was raised, but its point was as often turned aside when the glance of Herbert de Lozinga encountered that of the prince.

With frantic rage he dashed it to the ground, muttering as he did so:

"'Tis true: I dare not take thy life."

Advancing to the door, the bishop merely waved his hand, when George of Erpingham and a body of about sixty men, all completely armed, and wearing their visors down, entered the banquet hall. William trembled at the sight, and involuntarily looked around to find his sword.

"Wouldst murder me?" he cried, glaring on the prelate.

The bishop deigned not to reply, but addressing himself to George of Erpingham, who awaited his orders, said:

"Danger and treason are abroad. His Highness goes to my poor palace; escort him thither with all due honour; let none approach him, or exchange a single word. I rely on thy fidelity and knightly faith in this."

"Traitors!" exclaimed William, "know ye not who I am? Dearly shall ye rue this outrage on your prince! rather arrest yon plotting priest! Obey my orders. And I swear, e'en by my honour, that riches, favours beyond ambitious dreams, shall recompense the deed!"

"Honour!" interrupted the bishop, contemptuously; "does not the word blister thy tongue, palsy thy craven heart? The violator of innocence, the perjurer, and the robber dares talk of honour! Prince, spare thy eloquence; thou canst not corrupt thy guard; they speak no Norman tongue. Away with him!"

"Should he resist?" demanded Erpingham, through his visor.

"Force must be employed."

"Should he escape?"

The bishop fixed his glance upon the prisoner, and paused ere he replied, wishing the import of his speech to be truly understood.

"Level thine arquebus, and strike him dead."

With these last words he quitted the apartment; and William, seeing that resistance was in vain, resigned himself to his fate. His guards closed around him and conducted him to the bottom of the staircase, where a close litter was in waiting. For an instant he hesitated, and looked around, as if to summon assistance. None appeared; and the few torches held by the soldiers showed him the arquebus held in the hands of the knight. Inwardly cursing his fate, and the being who had crossed it, he entered the litter, and in less than an hour found himself a close prisoner in the loftiest tower of the bishop's palace.

J. F. SMITH, *Stansfield Hall.*

## WILLIAM II

### HOW THE KING PLAYED WITH THE PEASANT

WINCHESTER presented a hilarious and jocund aspect. There had been a considerable influx of all the higher elements of pageantry, civil, military and ecclesiastical, to say nothing of inferior ingredients—mimes, jestours, glee-men, outlaws, and so forth. The day, too, had been one of that lovely and unclouded order which tempts all ranks and ages "to glitter in the beam," and, in consequence, every street of the White City, but, more especially "the High," was thronged to excess. Two of the throng turned towards the south gate, and passing through it to the extremity of a long and populous suburb, paused upon an open space of grassy verdure, a little off the main road, and in the centre of which a considerable crowd had collected. They were King William Rufus and his minister Flambard, both in disguise. The natural esplanade of smooth turf which they occupied, was the scene of athletic and military sport—of wrestling, archery, quarterstaff, and running at the Quintain. These laborious games were relieved at intervals by convivial indulgence, for which the appliances were heaped upon a huge table, or substitute for that luxury; while forms, or settles, of equally primitive construction, flanked it on every side, like the bounding walls of a rude fortalice.

The carousers were men of all ages and professions, lay and cleric. There were soldiers, pilgrims, and pardoners—burgesses and franklins—rustics and mechanics. But all these distinctions, perhaps, merged in the paramount ones of Norman and Saxon; castes separated by such waters of

bitterness as effectually cut off all perfectly social communion. It was obvious that these great national opposites had their representatives in the present assemblage, and that, if the Norman portion comprised the more influential by rank and station, the Saxon had the advantage in point of numbers.

Presently a loud shout proclaimed the triumph of a Norman archer, who, for the third time, had sent a shaft from a considerable distance into the clout or exact centre of a target fixed at one extremity of the ground. This feat, which filled his party with clamorous exultation, seemed to close the trials of archer-craft for a while; the whole body moving towards the festive board, escorting the victor triumphally, and formally installing him in the seat of honour at the head of the banqueting table.

"Spanish yew and the Norman bow-hand for ever!" shouted a ruby-visaged lover of venery and woodcraft—"Saw ever mortal man fairer archery than that!"

"Fairer?" iterated another and more grim-looking encomiast—"He that boasts him to have seen fairer, if he be a Norman, let him thank God for a goodly sight—if a Saxon—by St. Anthony's sow, he is a bacon-fed braggart, and a lying churl; and we will scourge the vaunting humour out of him with a swine's tail!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the Norman party, in obstreperous triumph at this threatening witticism of their champion.

"Ha ha! ha!" laughed another voice, as if in bitter mockery, and only making itself audible when the mirth of others was silent.

The grim speaker thus defied—for a defiance the scornful laugh seemed intended to convey—turned fiercely in that direction, and glared with fiery eyes upon one whose countenance left no doubt that he was the author of the insult. This individual, whose dress was that of an ordinary



"SPANISH YEW AND THE NORMAN BOW-HAND FOR EVER!"

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churl, or *villain*, had yet nothing of the debased and down-looking aspect of the oppressed serfs of the period. He sat erect and fearless, confronting his challenger with a half-stern, half-contemptuous indifference, which, borne out as it was by a great appearance of muscular strength, a broad full chest, sinewy arms and hands, and other indications both of the power and the will to resist, bespoke him plainly "no babe to struggle with."

"Ho—ho—ho!" iterated the Norman, in ireful mimicry, "canst thou not laugh in fairer fashion than that, I ob-lie-by-the-fire?"

"Not when I laugh at thee," replied the Saxon.

"Sayest thou me so!" exclaimed the other, starting up; "by St. Winifred, but thou shalt though! Shew me thy ragged jaw-teeth again in such grinning wise, and I will dash them down thy villainous throat with my dagger-haft!"

"Work thy pleasure with the haft," replied the descendant of Hengist, with a calm bitterness, "and I will find thee a new sheath for the blade; thou shalt wear it nearer thy heart than thy girdle."

Treble enraged and no whit intimidated by this counter-threat, the Norman bounded across the festive board, flung himself upon the object of his passion, and would, no doubt, have "tickled him other gates," had not that individual, still keeping his sitting posture in the most provoking calmness, extricated himself with a giant's wrench, and hurled the aggressor from him as if never again to rise. The deadly emphasis of the fall, however, was broken by those around. After again regaining the firm foot, he stood for an instant as if bewildered with surprise and rage; then, drawing a two-edged knife of formidable length and keenness, sprang once more upon the Saxon with equal fierceness and agility. Far from limiting himself to the original terms of his threat, he now put the dagger-haft to its legitimate use, and would,

perhaps, have given the sharp blade a gory sheath, had not the blow been arrested by an onlooker dressed in the garb of a minstrel.

Abandoning his instrument to a dwarf attendant, the minstrel sprang betwixt the Norman and his victim, exclaiming as he withheld the struggling hand:

"Ho! gently, for our Lady's sake! have we murder here over the ale-cup?"

"What is that to thee, Sir Twang-the-gittern?" exclaimed the Hero of the Target, taking up the quarrel of his angry encomiast, as a matter rightly pertaining to himself, "hold off thy jack-an-ape fingers, or, by St. Hubert! we will drug thee with a like posset."

"Physic the sick!" exclaimed the pertinacious Minstrel; "I am hale of body, and will neither swallow such drugs myself, nor see them thrust, wold he, n'old he, down the maw of another, if I can help it."

"Help it, then, at thy peril, or if thou canst," replied the archer; and seizing the lover of sweet song by the arm (aided at the same time by the ready hands of others), he dragged him with equal suddenness and fury apart. This was scarcely accomplished before the liberated assailant again rushed upon the object of his resentment, and again, to the astonishment of the beholders, was thrown, or rather, hurled off by the stern, vigorous, unwounded Saxon—much as a boy of ten might be repelled by the manly arm of thirty. He now sprang, in turn, upon his reeling aggressor, wrenched the dagger from his hand, and would certainly have cured him for ever of brawling and stabbing, had not the minstrel, however ill-relished by those around, arrested his uplifted arm.

This was followed by a simultaneous rushing together of the two parties, Norman and Saxon, which speedily converted the individual scuffle into a general *mêlée*. The

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minstrel, on the one side, and, on the other, he who had been the first to meddle with cold iron, were instantly rescued by their respective partisans. Weapons of various kinds were drawn and flourished, and blows and thrusts exchanged with great heartiness. Fortunately, however, all this was without any serious bone-disturbing, and before matters had time to assume a worse aspect, the disguised King and his Justiciary thought proper to interfere. They came to this resolution hastily, but not cordially. Flam-bard, the advocate of placability when nothing was to be gained by quarrelling, urged immediate prevention; but the amused King, wishing to enjoy all the immunities of his incognito, breathed the less Christian spirit of "Fight dog—fight bear," and laughed hoarsely and heartily at the vulgar tournament.

"Nay, but this cutting and thrusting passes a jest," said the Minister.

"Tush," replied Rufus, "let the pudding-headed villains brawl themselves sober. By the beard of Benedict, I would jeopard a moiety of Jodesac's shekels (Heaven make them ours!) to see yonder prating minstrel put to his fence against De Mowbray's varlet."

"A minstrel's fence!" said Ranulph, "as well talk of a monk's modesty! Who ever heard, saving amongst the wild Welsh, of a minstrel fighting? at least since the days of Taillefer, at Hastings' field; and he was rapped on the head incontinently for his pains. Why—look ye! 'tis even so—the ballad-monger will none on't—he holds off hand from sharpened iron—he will break no hedges, lest a serpent bite him."

"Oh Ranulph! Ranulph!" cried the Monarch, "art thou too amongst the buzzards? Yonder ballad-monger, as thou hast termed him—but let thine own eyes do their own work—and, if it must be so, play we the peace-makers—ho! peace, ye knaves!"

And he thrust himself between the belligerents as if with ribs of iron, shouting "Peace ho!" in a voice that rang like the peal of a trumpet, and induced a dead suspension of hostilities.

"My masters!" exclaimed Flambard, the instant fair hearing could be obtained, "are ye mad? or drunk with double ale of the devil's brewing? Why, what black *sanctus* is this for Christian men with souls to be saved, if they have grace or luck? Heard ye never that a live dog is better than a dead lion? Clap me every man his Tranchero into the scabbard, and that goodly part of his body which I name not, for reverence, once more upon his seat; and we that be men of peace and substance will thereupon play the *magnificos*, and be at cost to brim your flagons again with the mightiest ale that Winchester hath in butt. Shall it be even so, brother mine?"

"Aye, but methinks," said Rufus, "they thirst for a purple rather than a brown beverage, as if there were no holiday-keeping without throat-cutting. What knowest thou of archery, that art so fain to thrust and stab for the glory thereof? thou with the iron pot upon thy brainless sconce?"

He of the iron pot however,—the angry assailant of the Saxon, had, by this time, caught a glance which at once drew the angel of consideration to whip the offending Adam out of him. He fell back amongst the crowd with very much the air of one who had no desire to be further commented upon.

Meanwhile the work of recognition was going on with a like stultifying effect upon others, for not only did the gentle minstrel, after a steady gaze at the disguised king, evince a desire to depart suddenly, but the mysterious Saxon also put himself modestly upon the retrograde, "staying no further question."

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William the Red, however, was not disposed to part company thus.—

“Tarry!” he exclaimed to both, with the accents of command few could listen to rebelliously. “A word of each in turn, I pray you; be it but in honour of our proffered cheer.”

“Command thy mules, Sir Merchant, and feast thy slaves!” said the Saxon—“I tarry not, although the flagons were brimmed with costly wine rather than sorry ale.”

“Wine, saidst thou?” exclaimed Rufus, “Forsooth, a dainty churl! but, it may be, this villainous garb belies thy fairer condition. Methinks, Gaffer, I have had traffic with thee ere now; and this is not the first matter of archery in which I have seen thee an angry man, ha?”

“Ye talk of archery, Sir Merchant!” said a stout fellow in gambeson and steel cap, little wotting whom he thus boldly interrupted, “I will tell ye a fair feat therein that mine own eyes beheld upon the Welsh Marches. Wet, and weary, and famished, we were stumbling, like over-driven oxen, through a villainous mountain pass; and the Welsh wolves had beset the inner end thereof, and the hollows and the clefts and the crag-tops; whereby, my masters, or whereupon, (whichsoever be most clerkly,) before we could couch a lance, or wield a mallet, there came a whistling hurricane of cloth-yard shafts, (ye know the length of a cloth-yard, Sir Merchants, I warrant ye) and they tickled our foremost gallants through mail and plastron, to the very heart and midriff! I promise ye it was bow-craft to make a man grin on the wrong side of his mazzard. But of all rarities with bended yew, by Butts and Rovers! these eyes of mine—(a fiend pick them out if I lie!) these eyes, I say, beheld a Norman knight, hot Ralph de Limesi, pinned to his red-roan with a shaft from thigh to thigh! through man’s flesh and horse-flesh—I say, through left

thigh and right thigh, and the steed's belly to boot! Aha! Sir Merchants, and good fellows all, that was proper archery, and a fair sight to look and laugh at, had there been time therefor!"

While the military ear of Rufus was thus occupied, the more politic Justiciary listened to the stern Saxon, as the latter replied to his admonitory hints of departure.

"Wert thou in cowl and cassock, good friend," said Ranulph, "I would say, '*keep not thy place when the spirit of the Ruler is against thee,*' hast thou clerkly knowledge of such a rede, ha?"

"Aye," replied the Saxon, "the rede of him who said also, '*I have seen Princes walking like servants upon the earth.*'"

"Go to, then," answered Flambard, convinced by this that their incognito had been penetrated; "thou knowest whose favour is as the morning dew, and whose wrath as the roaring of the lion."

The Saxon glanced around him, and gave a mute signal to one who stood near, holding by the rein a coal-black courser.

"Dog of a Saxon!" cried the King at last, and with little heed to the character he assumed, "Thou wilt not tarry the grace-cup, ha? get thee to kennel, then! but I swear to thee, before long thou shalt pledge me in other wise; I will have thee a dweller in strange chambers!"

"A dweller in the free forest, with mine own free thoughts!" said the threatened one, his eye kindling, and his cheek taking a more pallid hue.

"Aye, and a shooter of free shafts at other men's deer, I warrant thee!" rejoined the Monarch.

"Nay, but, brother mine," interrupted Flambard, "'*non est inquirendum*' thou knowest, '*unde venit venison.*'"

"At least," said the insulted Saxon, confronting the Sove-

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reign with unabashed brow, "I have seen deadly shooting upon thy warrenry, Sir Merchant; and all for the love of woodcraft, not venery. Let others of the proud herd that even now are tossing their frontlets to the scorned heavens, and rioting in the pastures of the robbed Saxon—let them, I say, beware of a like deadly shaft! from a thousand and a thousand quivers the hand of vengeance shall speed it forth."

The first impulse of the monarch, perhaps, was to rush upon the insolent Saxon, but that personage did not stand either to be slain or threatened: as the last words foamed upon his lip, he bounded to the side of his ready courser, sprang with fierce haste into the saddle, and almost before a replying tone could reach him, was in headlong gallop from the spot. In vain did Rufus shout "To horse and chase!"

"Tut," said Flambard, "let him pass—the poor groom is lunatic. Which of ye know aught concerning him? thou, belike," turning to the minstrel, "that wert so fain to champion him; madman and minstrel are of likely kin."

"My kin, Sir Merchant," replied the child of song, "are of other strain and in other lands. I knew him not; neither did I care to see human flesh and blood thrust through like carrion, because, forsooth, he laughed not to other men's liking."

"Carrion!" exclaimed the Monarch, "I would thou hadst been cut into gobbets for the kennel thyself, before thy busy hand thrust betwixt him and fate! I tell thee, thou jingling gull! thy beastly pitifulness hath robbed this youth, and others, of the just payment of a debt of blood. Thou hast made thyself surety for him—how answerest, ha? Canst brandish weapon thyself?"

"I brandish weapon!" responded the Minstrel in alarm, real or feigned, "a man of peaceful song! Let me hence, I pray you—sharp steel ices my blood."



"Pah!" exclaimed the disgusted Rufus, "get thee from under my nostrils. The rank stench of such another coward would breed the falling-sickness amongst us. Hast thou the limbs and thews of a man, and scarcely the heart of a pigeon?"

"God hath made me of tender clay," answered the Minstrel, whose noble form and admirable features presented the strongest possible contrast to his pusillanimous words—"Let me hence," he added, "a stranger I, and a peaceful—'tis time, by'r Lady—

The owl from his tod—  
And the bat from his shed—  
The lark to her sod—  
And the Minstrel to bed!"

Even the provoked King lent his hoarse burden to the general chorus; and Flambard, well pleased to see the current of the royal temper take a gentle turn, exclaimed aloud—

"By the charmed blade of King Pellenore! Sit to thy harp, good fellow, and let us hear thee blazon the deeds of some doughty warrior, until they that bring the mighty ale arrive with their blessed burden."

The minstrel obeyed, and as the deep and mellow tones of the singer died away, a profound stillness sank upon the mixed auditory, and held place alike of song and speech—of laugh and threat. Such, in fact, was the impression conveyed by the rude ballad, that the performer departed, with his attendant, even without the farewell greeting of a jest, and the monarch and his favourite effected their retreat under cover of the beverage for which they had pledged themselves to the wassailers.

ANONYMOUS, *Rufus*.

## HENRY I

### THE OATH TO MATILDA

IN the twenty-seventh year of his reign, in the month of September, King Henry came to England, bringing his daughter with him. But, at the ensuing Christmas, convening a great number of the clergy and nobility at London, he gave the county of Salop to his wife, the daughter of the Earl of Louvain, whom he had married after the death of Matilda. Distressed that this lady had no issue, and fearing lest she should be perpetually childless, with well-founded anxiety, he turned his thoughts on a successor to the kingdom. On which subject, having held much previous and long-continued deliberation, he now at this council compelled all the nobility of England, as well as the bishops and abbats, to make oath, that, if he should die without male issue, they would, without delay or hesitation, accept his daughter Matilda, the late empress, as their sovereign: observing, how prejudicially to the country fate had snatched away his son William, to whom the kingdom by right had pertained: and, that his daughter still survived, to whom alone the legitimate succession belonged, from her grandfather, uncle, and father, who were kings; as well as from her maternal descent for many ages back: inasmuch as from Egbert, king of the West Saxons, who first subdued or expelled the other kings of the island, in the year of the incarnation 800, through a line of fourteen kings, down to A.D. 1043, in which King Edward, who lies at Westminster, was elevated to the throne, the line of royal blood did never fail, nor falter in the succession. Moreover, Edward, the last, and at the same time the most

noble, of that stock, had united Margaret, his grand-niece by his brother Edmund Ironside, to Malcolm, king of Scotland, whose daughter Matilda, as was well known, was the empress's mother. All therefore, in this council, who were considered as persons of any note, took the oath: and first of all William, archbishop of Canterbury; next the other bishops, and the abbats in like manner. The first of the laity, who swore, was David, king of Scotland, uncle of the empress; then Stephen, earl of Moreton and Boulogne, nephew of King Henry by his sister Adala; then Robert, the king's son, who was born to him before he came to the throne, and whom he had created earl of Gloucester, bestowing on him in marriage Mabil, a noble and excellent woman; a lady devoted to her husband, and blessed in a numerous and beautiful offspring. There was a singular dispute, as they relate; between Robert and Stephen, contending with rival virtue, which of them should take the oath first; one alleging the privilege of a son, the other the dignity of a nephew. Thus all being bound by fealty and by oath, they, at that time, departed to their homes; but after Pentecost, the king sent his daughter into Normandy, ordering her to be betrothed, by the archbishop of Rouen, to the son of Fulco, a youth of high nobility and noted courage. Nor did he himself delay setting sail for Normandy, for the purpose of uniting them in wedlock. Which being completed, all declared prophetically, as it were, that, after his death, they would break their plighted oath. I have frequently heard Roger, bishop of Salisbury, say, that he was freed from the oath he had taken to the empress: for that he had sworn conditionally, that the king should not marry his daughter to any one out of the kingdom without his consent, or that of the rest of the nobility: that none of them advised the match, or indeed knew of it, except Robert, earl of Gloucester, and Brian Fitzcount,

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and the bishop of Louviers. Nor do I relate this merely because I believe the assertion of a man who knew how to accommodate himself to every varying time, as fortune ordered it; but, as an historian of veracity, I write the general belief of the people.

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY.

## HENRY II

BY ORDER OF THE KING

KING Henry, was very wroth and swore by St. Thomas-à-Becket (whom he had himself translated into a saint by having him knocked on the head), that he would give the castle and lands of Locksley to the man who should bring in the Earl of Huntingdon. Hereupon ensued a process of thought in the mind of a certain knight, Sir Ralph Montfaucon. The eyes of the fair huntress of Arlingford had left a wound in his heart which only she who gave could heal. He had seen that the baron Fitzwater, her father, was no longer very partial to the outlawed earl, but that he still retained his old affection for the lands and castle of Locksley. Now, the lands and castles were very fair things in themselves, and would be pretty appurtenances to an adventurous knight; but they would be doubly valuable as certain passports to the father's favour, which was one step towards that of the daughter, or at least towards obtaining possession of her either quietly or perforce; for the knight was not so nice in his love as to consider the lady's free grace a *sine qua non*; and to think of being, by any means whatever, the lord of Locksley and Arlingford, and the husband' of the bewitching Matilda, was to cut in the shades of futurity a vista very tempting to a soldier of fortune. He set out in high spirits with a chosen band of followers, and beat up all the country far and wide around both the Ouse and the Trent; but fortune did not seem disposed to second his diligence, for no vestige whatever could he trace of the earl. His followers,

who were only paid with the wages of hope, began to murmur and fall off; for, as those unenlightened days were ignorant of the happy invention of paper machinery, by which one promise to pay is satisfactorily paid with another promise to pay, and that again with another in infinite series, they would not, as their wiser posterity has done, take those tenders for true pay which were not sterling; so that, one fine morning, the knight found himself sitting on a pleasant bank of the Trent, with only a solitary squire, who still clung to the shadow of preferment, because he did not see at the moment any better chance of substance.

The knight did not despair because of the desertion of his followers: he was well aware that he could easily raise recruits if he could once find trace of his game; he, therefore, rode about indefatigably over hill and dale, to the great sharpening of his own appetite and that of his squire, living gallantly from inn to inn when his purse was full, and quartering himself in the king's name on the nearest ghostly brotherhood when it happened to be empty. An autumn and a winter had passed away, when the course of his perustrations brought him one evening into a beautiful sylvan valley, where he found a number of young women weaving garlands of flowers, and singing over their pleasant occupation. He approached them, and courteously inquired the way to the nearest town.

"There is no town within several miles," was the answer.

"A village, then, if it be but large enough to furnish an inn?"

"There is Gamwell just by, but there is no inn nearer than the nearest town."

"An abbey, than?"

"There is no abbey nearer than the nearest inn?"

"A house then, or a cottage, where I may obtain hospitality for the night?"

"Hospitality!" said one of the young women; "you have not far to seek for that. Do you not know that you are in the neighbourhood of Gamwell-Hall?"

"So far from it," said the knight, "that I never heard the name of Gamwell-Hall before."

"Never heard of Gamwell-Hall!" exclaimed all the young women together, who could as soon have dreamed of his never having heard of the sky.

"Indeed, no," said Sir Ralph; "but I shall be very happy to get rid of my ignorance."

"And so shall I," said his squire; "for it seems that in this case knowledge will for once be a cure for hunger, wherewith I am grievously afflicted."

"And why are you so busy, my pretty damsels, weaving these garlands?" said the knight.

"Why, do you not know, sir," said one of the young women, "that to-morrow is Gamwell feast?"

The knight was again obliged, with all humility, to confess his ignorance.

"Oh, sir," said his informant, "then you will have something to see, that I can tell you: for we shall choose a Queen of the May, and we shall crown her with flowers, and place her in a chariot of flowers, and draw it with lines of flowers, and we shall hang all the trees with flowers, and we shall strew all the ground with flowers, and we shall dance with flowers, and in flowers, and on flowers, and we shall be all flowers."

"That you will," said the knight; "and the sweetest and brightest of all the flowers of the May, my pretty damsels." On which all the pretty damsels smiled at him and each other.

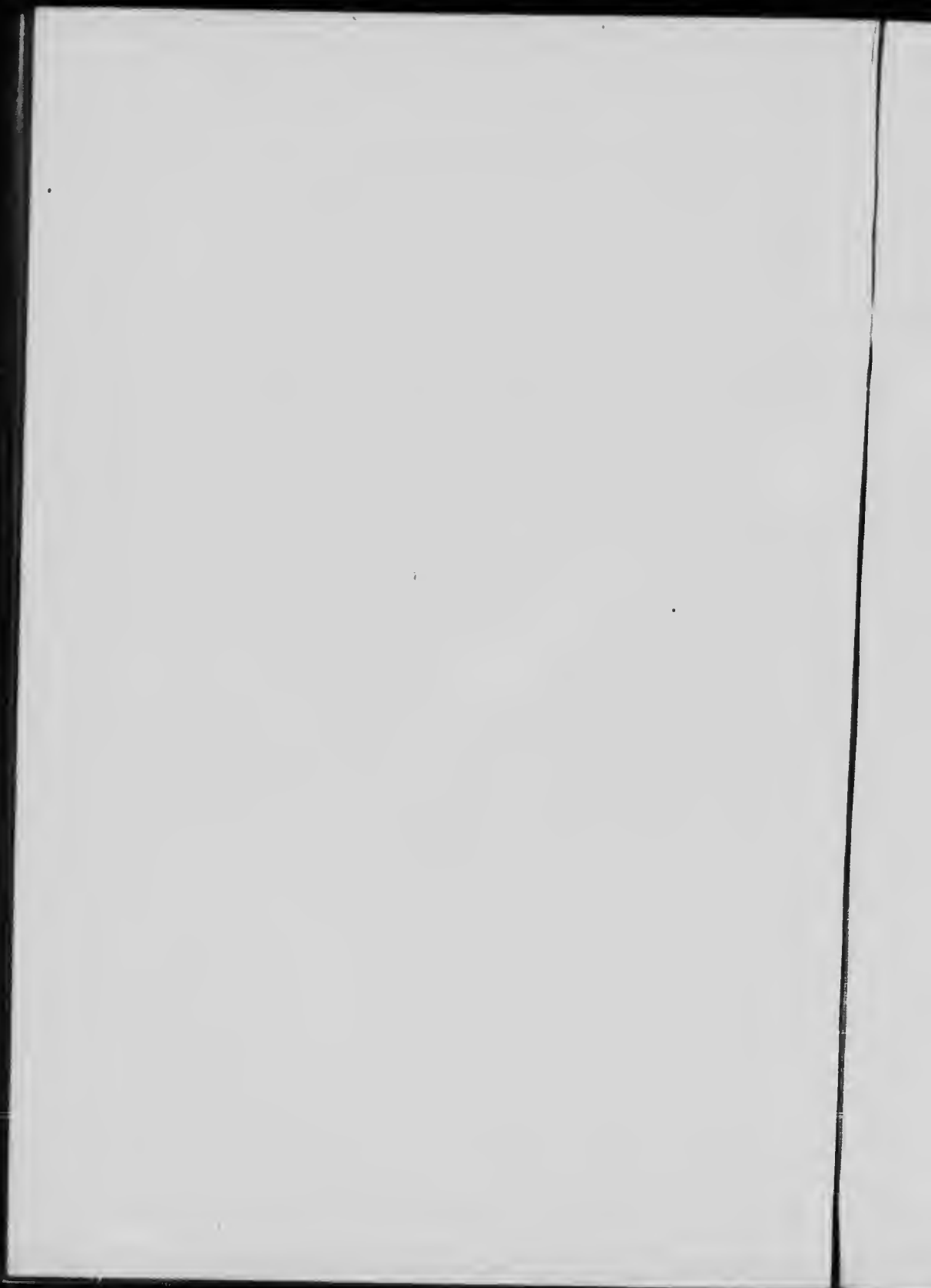
"And there will be all sorts of May-games, and there will be prizes for archery, and there will be the knight's ale, and the foresters' venison. and there will be Kit Scrape-



“WHY, DO YOU NOT KNOW, SIR, THAT TO-MORROW IS GAMWELL  
FEAST?”

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squeak with his fiddle, and little Tom Whistlerap with his fife and tabor, and Sam Trumtwang, with his harp, and Peter Muggledrone with his bagpipe, and how I shall dance with Will Whitethorn!" added the girl, clapping her hands as she spoke, and bounding from the ground with the pleasure of the anticipation.

A tall athletic young man approached, to whom the rustic maiden courtesied with great respect; and one of them informed Sir Ralph that it was young Master William Gamwell. The young gentleman invited and conducted the knight to the hall, where he introduced him to the old lady his mother, and to the young lady his sister, and to a number of bold yeomen, who were laying siege to beef, brawn, and plum pie, around a ponderous table, and taking copious draughts of old October. A motto was inscribed over the interior door,—

EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY:

an injunction which Sir Ralph and his squire showed remarkable alacrity in obeying. Old Sir Guy of Gamwell gave Sir Ralph a very cordial welcome, and entertained him during supper with several of his best stories, enforced with an occasional slap on the back, and pointed with a peg in the ribs; a species of vivacious eloquence in which the old gentleman excelled, and which is supposed by many of that pleasant variety of the human species, known by the name of choice fellows and comical dogs, to be the genuine tangible shape of the cream of a good joke.

Old Sir Guy of Gamwell, and young William Gamwell, and fair Alice Gamwell, and Sir Ralph Montfaucon and his squire, rode together the next morning to the scene of the feast. They arrived on a village-green, surrounded with cottages peeping from among the trees by which the green was completely encircled. The whole circle was hung round

with one continuous garland of flowers, depending in irregular festoons from the branches. In the centre of the green was a May-pole hidden in boughs and garlands; and a multitude of round-faced bumpkins and cherry-cheeked lasses were dancing around it, to the quadruple melody of Scrapesqueak, Whistlerap, Trumtwang, and Muggledrone; harmony we must not call it; for, though they had agreed to a partnership in point of tune, each, like a true painstaking man, seemed determined to have his time to himself; Muggledrone played *allegretto*, Trumtwang *allegro*, Whistlerap *presto*, and Scrapesqueak *prestissimo*. There was a kind of mathematical proportion in their discrepancy; while Muggledrone played the tune four times, Trumtwang played it five, Whistlerap six, and Scrapesqueak eight; for the latter completely distanced all his competitors, and indeed worked his elbow so nimbly that its outline was scarcely distinguishable through the mistiness of its rapid vibration.

While the knight was delighting his eyes and ears with these pleasant sights and sounds, all eyes were turned in one direction; and Sir Ralph, looking round, saw a fair lady in green and gold come riding through the trees accompanied by a portly friar in grey, and several fair damsels and gallant grooms. On their nearer approach, he recognised the Lady Matilda and her ghostly adviser, brother Michael. A party of foresters arrived from another direction, and then ensued cordial interchanges of greeting, and collisions of hands and lips, among the Gamwells and the newcomers,—“How does my fair coz, Mawd?” and “How does my sweet coz, Mawd?” and “How does my wild coz, Mawd?” And “Eh! jolly friar, your hand, old boy;” and “Here, honest friar;” and “To me, merry friar,” and “By your favour, mistress Alice;” and “Hey! cousin Robin;” and “Hey! cousin Will;” and “Od’s life! merry

Sir Guy, you grow younger every year,"—as the old knight shook them all in turn with one hand, and slapped them on the back with the other, in token of his affection. A number of young men and women advanced, some drawing, and others dancing round, a floral car; and having placed a crown of flowers on Matilda's head, they saluted her Queen of the May, and drew her to the place appointed for the rural sports.

A hogshead of ale was abroach under an oak, and a fire was blazing in an open space before the trees to roast the fat deer which the foresters brought. The sports commenced; and, after an agreeable series of bowling, coiting, pitching, hurling, racing, leaping, grinning, wrestling or friendly dislocation of joints, and cudgel-playing or amicable cracking of skulls, the trial of archery ensued. The conqueror was to be rewarded with a golden arrow from the hand of the Queen of the May, who was to be his partner in the dance till the close of the feast. This stimulated the knight's emulation: young Gamwell supplied him with a bow and arrow, and he took his station among the foresters, but had the mortification to be outshot by them all, and to see one of them lodge the point of his arrow in the golden ring of the centre, and receive the prize from the hand of the beautiful Matilda, who smiled on him with particular grace. The jealous knight scrutinised the successful champion with great attention, and surely thought he had seen that face before. In the meantime the forester led the lady to the station. The luckless Sir Ralph drank deep draughts of love from the matchless grace of her attitudes, as, taking the bow in her left hand, and adjusting the arrow with her right, advancing her left foot, and gently curving her beautiful figure with a slight motion of her head, that waved her black feathers and her ringleted hair, she drew the arrow to its head, and loosed

it from her open fingers. The arrow struck within the ring of gold, so close to that of the victorious forester that the points were in contact, and the feathers were intermingled. Great acclamations succeeded, and the forester led Matilda to the dance. Sir Ralph gazed on her fascinating motions till the torments of baffled love and jealous rage became unendurable; and, approaching young Gamwell, he asked him if he knew the name of that forester who was leading the dance with the Queen of the May.

"Robin, I believe," said young Gamwell, carelessly; "I think they call him Robin."

"Is that all you know of him?" said Sir Ralph.

"What more should I know of him?" said young Gamwell.

"Then I can tell you," said Sir Ralph; "he is the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon, on whose head is set so large a price."

"Ay, is he?" said young Gamwell, in the same careless manner.

"He were a prize worth the taking," said Sir Ralph.

"No doubt," said young Gamwell.

"How think you?" said Sir Ralph; "are the foresters his adherents?"

"I cannot say," said young Gamwell.

"Is your peasantry loyal and well-disposed?" said Sir Ralph.

"Passing loyal," said young Gamwell.

"If I should call on them in the king's name," said Sir Ralph, "think you they would aid and assist?"

"Most likely they would," said young Gamwell; "one side or the other."

"Ay, but which side?" said the knight.

"That remains to be tried," said young Gamwell.

"I have King Henry's commission," said the knight, "to apprehend this earl that was. How would you advise me to act, being, as you see, without attendant force?"

"I would advise you," said young Gamwell, "to take yourself off without delay, unless you would relish the taste of a volley of arrows, a shower of stones, and a hailstorm of cudgel-blows, which would not be turned aside by a God save King Henry."

Sir Ralph's squire no sooner heard this, and saw by the looks of the speaker that he was not likely to prove a false prophet, than he clapped spurs to his horse and galloped off with might and main. This gave the knight a good excuse to pursue him, which he did with great celerity, calling, "Stop, you rascal." When the squire fancied himself safe out of the reach of pursuit, he checked his speed, and allowed the knight to come up with him. They rode on several miles in silence, till they discovered the towers and spires of Nottingham, where the knight introduced himself to the sheriff, and demanded an armed force to assist in the apprehension of the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon. The sheriff, who was willing to have his share of the prize, determined to accompany the knight in person, and regaled him and his man with good store of the best; after which, they, with a stout retinue of fifty men took the way to Gamwell feast.

"God's my life," said the sheriff, as they rode along, "I had as lief you would tell me of a service of plate. I much doubt if this outlawed earl, this forester Robin, be not the man they call Robin Hood, who has quartered himself in Sherwood Forest, and whom in endeavouring to apprehend I have fallen divers times into disasters. He has gotten together a band of disinherited prodigals, outlawed debtors, excommunicated heretics, elder sons that have spent all they had, and younger sons that never had anything to spend; and with these he kills the king's deer, and plunders wealthy travellers of five-sixths of their money; but if they be abbots or bishops, them he despoils utterly."

The sheriff then proceeded to relate to his companion the adventure of the Abbot of Doubleflask (which some grave historians have related of the Abbot of Saint Mary's, and others of the Bishop of Hereford): how the abbot, returning to his abbey in company with his high selerer, who carried in his portmanteau the rents of the abbey-lands, and with a numerous train of attendants, came upon four seeming peasants, who were roasting the king's venison by the king's highway: how, in just indignation at this flagrant infringement of the forest laws, he asked them what they meant, and they answered that they meant to dine: how he ordered them to be seized and bound, and led captive to Nottingham, that they might know wild flesh to have been destined by Providence for licensed and privileged appetites, and not for the base hunger of unqualified knaves: how they prayed for mercy, and how the abbot swore by Saint Charity that he would show them none: how one of them thereupon drew a bugle-horn from under his smock-frock and blew three blasts, on which the abbot and his train were instantly surrounded by sixty bowmen in green: how they tied him to a tree, and made him say mass for their sins: how they unbound him, and sate him down with them to dinner, and gave him venison and wild-fowl and wine, and made him pay for his fare all the money in his high selerer's portmanteau, and enforced him to sleep all night under a tree in his cloak, and to leave the cloak behind him in the morning: how the abbot, light in pocket and heavy in heart, raised the country upon Robin Hood, for so he had heard the chief forester called by his men, and hunted him into an old woman's cottage: how Robin changed dresses with the old woman, and how the abbot rode in great triumph into Nottingham, having in custody an old woman in a green doublet and breeches: how the old woman discovered herself: how the merry men of Notting-

ham laughed at the abbot: how the abbot railed at the old woman, and how the old woman out-railed the abbot, telling him that Robin had given her food and fire through the winter, which no abbot would ever do, but would rather take it from her for what he called the good of the Church, by which he meant his own laziness and gluttony; and that she knew a true man from a false thief, and a free forester from a greedy abbot.

"Thus, you see," added the sheriff, "how this villain perverts the deluded people by making them believe that those who tithe and toll upon them for their spiritual and temporal benefit are not their best friends and fatherly guardians; for he holds that in giving to boors and old women what he takes from priests and peers, he does but restore to the former what the latter had taken from them; and this the impudent varlet calls distributive justice. Judge now if any loyal subject can be safe in such neighbourhood."

While the sheriff was thus enlightening his companion concerning the offenders, and whetting his own indignation against them, the sun was fast sinking to the west. They rode on till they came in view of a bridge, which they saw a party approaching from the opposite side, and the knight presently discovered that the party consisted of the Lady Matilda and Friar Michael, young Gamwell, cousin Robin, and half-a-dozen foresters. The knight pointed out the earl to the sheriff, who exclaimed, "Here, then, we have him an easy prey;" and they rode on manfully towards the bridge, on which the other party made halt.

"Who be these," said the friar, "that come riding so fast this way? Now, as God shall judge me, it is that false knight Sir Ralph Montfaucon, and the sheriff of Nottingham, with a posse of men. We must make good our post, and let them dislodge us if they may."



The two parties were now near enough to parley; and the sheriff and the knight, advancing in the front of the cavalcade, called on the lady, the friar, young Gamwell, and the foresters, to deliver up that false traitor, Robert, formerly Earl of Huntingdon. Robert himself made answer by letting fly an arrow that struck the ground between the forefeet of the sheriff's horse. The horse reared up from the whizzing, and lodged the sheriff in the dust; and, at the same time, the fair Matilda favoured the knight with an arrow in his right arm, that compelled him to withdraw from the affray. His men lifted the sheriff carefully up, and replaced him on his horse, whom he immediately with great rage and zeal urged on to the assault with his fifty men at his heels, some of whom were intercepted in their advance by the arrows of the foresters and Matilda; while the friar, with an eight-foot staff, dislodged the sheriff a second time, and laid on him with all the vigour of the church militant on earth, in spite of his ejaculations of "Hey, friar Michael! What means this, honest friar? Hold, ghostly friar! Hold, holy friar!"—till Matilda interposed, and delivered the battered sheriff to the care of the foresters. The friar continued flourishing his staff among the sheriff's men, knocking down one, breaking the ribs of another, dislocating the shoulder of a third, flattening the nose of a fourth, cracking the skull of a fifth, and pitching a sixth into the river, till the few who were lucky enough to escape with whole bones, clapped spurs to their horses and fled for their lives under a farewell volley of arrows.

Sir Ralph's squire, meanwhile, was glad of the excuse of attending his master's wound to absent himself from the battle; and put the poor knight to a great deal of unnecessary pain by making as long a business as possible of extracting the arrow, which he had not accomplished when

Matilda, approaching, extracted it with great facility, and bound up the wound with her scarf, saying, "I reclaim my arrow, Sir Knight, which struck where I aimed it, to admonish you to desist from your enterprise. I could as easily have lodged it in your heart."

"It did not need," said the knight, with rueful gallantry; "you have lodged one there already."

"If you mean to say that you love me," said Matilda, "it is more than I ever sha'l you; but if you will show your love by no further interfering with mine, you will at least merit my gratitude."

The knight made a wry face under the double pain of heart and body caused at the same moment by the material or martial, and the metaphorical or erotic arrow, of which the latter was thus barbed by a declaration more candid than flattering; but he did not choose to put in any such claim to the lady's gratitude as would bar all hopes of her love: he therefore remained silent; and the lady and her escort, leaving him and the sheriff to the care of the squire, rode on till they came in sight of Arlingford Castle, where they parted in several directions.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, *Maid Marian.*

## RICHARD I

### HOW PRINCE JOHN WOODED AND LOST

RICHARD Cœur de Lion made all England resound with preparations for the Crusade, to the great delight of many zealous adventurers, who eagerly flocked under his banner, in the hope of enriching themselves with Saracen spoil, which they called fighting the battles of God. Richard, who was not remarkably scrupulous in his financial operations, was not likely to overlook the lands and castle of Locksley, which he appropriated immediately to his own purposes, and sold to the highest bidder. Now, as the repeal of the outlawry would involve the restitution of the estates to the rightful owner, it was obvious that it could never be expected from that most legitimate and most Christian king, Richard the First of England, the arch-crusader and anti-jacobin by excellence—the very type, flower, cream, pink, symbol, and mirror of all the Holy Alliances that have ever existed on earth, excepting that he seasoned his superstition and love of conquest with a certain condiment of romantic generosity and chivalrous self-devotion, with which his imitators in all other points have found it convenient to dispense. To give freely to one man what he had taken forcibly from another was generosity of which he was very capable; but to restore what he had taken to the man from whom we had taken it, was something that wore too much of the cool physiognomy of justice to be easily reconcileable to his kingly feelings. He had, besides, not only sent all King Henry's saints about their business, or rather about their no-business—

their *faincantise*—but he had laid them under rigorous contribution for the purposes of his holy war; and having made them refund to the piety of the successor what they had extracted from the piety of the precursor, he compelled them, in addition, to give him their blessing for nothing.

The departure of King Richard from England was succeeded by the episcopal regency of the bishops of Ely and Durham. Longchamp, bishop of Ely, proceeded to show his sense of Christian fellowship by arresting his brother bishop, and despoiling him of his share in the government; and to set forth his humility and loving-kindness in a retinue of nobles and knights who consumed in one night's entertainment some five years' revenue of their entertainer, and in a guard of fifteen hundred foreign soldiers, whom he considered indispensable to the exercise of a vigour beyond the law in maintaining wholesome discipline over the refractory English. The ignorant impatience of the swinish multitude with these fruits of good living, brought forth by one of the meek who had inherited the earth, displayed itself in a general ferment, of which Prince John took advantage to make the experiment of getting possession of his brother's crown in his absence. He began by calling at Reading a council of barons, whose aspect induced the holy bishop to disguise himself (some say as an old woman, which, in the twelfth century, perhaps might have been a disguise for a bishop), and make his escape beyond sea. Prince John followed up his advantage by obtaining possession of several strong posts, and, among others, of the castle of Nottingham.

While John was conducting his operations at Nottingham, he rode at times past the castle of Arlingford. He stopped on one occasion to claim Lord Fitzwater's hospitality, and made most princely havoc among his venison and brawn. Now, it is a matter of record among divers great historians

and learned clerks that he was then and there grievously smitten by the charms of the lovely Lady Matilda, and that a few days after he despatched his travelling minstrel, or laureate, Harpiton (whom he retained at moderate wages, to keep a journal of his proceedings, and prove them all just and legitimate), to the castle of Arlingford, to make proposals to the lady. This Harpiton was a very useful person. He was always ready, not only to maintain the cause of his master with his pen, and to sing his eulogies to his harp, but to undertake at a moment's notice any kind of courtly employment, called dirty work by the profane, which the blessings of civil government, namely, his master's pleasure, and the interests of social order, namely, his own emolument, might require.

Prince John was of opinion that the love of a prince actual and king expectant, was in itself a sufficient honour to the daughter of a simple baron, and that the right divine of royalty would make it sufficiently holy without the rite divine of the Church. He was, therefore, graciously pleased to fall into an exceeding passion, when his confidential messenger returned from his embassy in piteous plight, having been, by the baron's order, first tossed in a blanket and set in the stocks to cool, and afterwards ducked in the moat and set again in the stocks to dry. John swore to revenge horribly this flagrant outrage on royal prerogative, and to obtain possession of the lady by force of arms; and accordingly collected a body of troops, and marched upon Arlingford Castle. A letter, conveyed on the point of a blunt arrow, announced his approach to Matilda: and Lord Fitzwater had just time to assemble his retainers, collect a hasty supply of provision, raise the drawbridge, and drop the portcullis, when the castle was surrounded by the enemy.

Prince John sat down impatiently before Arlingford Castle

in the hope of starving out the besieged; but finding the duration of their supplies extend itself in an equal ratio with the prolongation of his hope, he made vigorous preparations for carrying the place by storm. He constructed an immense machine on wheels, which, being advanced to the edge of the moat, would lower a temporary bridge, of which one end would rest on the bank and the other on the battlements, and which, being well furnished with stepping boards, would enable his men to ascend the inclined plane with speed and facility. Matilda received intimation of this design by the usual friendly channel of a blunt arrow, which must either have been sent from some secret friend in the prince's camp, or from some vigorous archer beyond it; the latter will not appear improbable, when we consider that Robin Hood and Little John could shoot two English miles and an inch point-blank.

The machine was completed, and the ensuing morning fixed for the assault. Six men, relieved at intervals, kept watch over it during the night. Prince John retired to sleep, congratulating himself in the expectation that another day would place the fair culprit at his princely mercy. His anticipations mingled with the visions of his slumber, and he dreamed of wounds and drums, and sacking and firing the castle, and bearing off in his arms the beautiful prize through the midst of fire and smoke. In the height of this imaginary turmoil, he awoke, and conceived for a few moments that certain sounds which rang in his ears, were the continuation of those of his dream, in that sort of half-consciousness between sleeping and waking, when reality and phantasy meet and mingle in dim and confused resemblance. He was, however, very soon fully awake to the fact of his guards calling on him to arm, which he did in haste, and beheld the machine in flames, and a furious conflict raging around it. He hurried to the spot, and found

that his camp had been suddenly assailed from one side by a party of foresters, and that the baron's people had made a sortie on the other, and that they had killed the guards, and set fire to the machine, before the rest of the camp could come to the assistance of their fellows.

The night was in itself intensely dark, and the fire-light shed around it a vivid and unnatural radiance. On one side, the crimson light quivered by its own agitation on the waveless moat, and on the bastions and buttresses of the castle, and their shadows lay in massy blackness on the illuminated walls: on the other, it shone upon the woods, streaming far within among the open trunks, or resting on the closer foliage. The circumference of darkness bounded the scene on all sides; and in the centre raged the war; shields, helmets, and bucklers gleaming and glittering as they rang and clashed against each other; plumes confusedly tossing in the crimson light, and the massy light and shade that fell on the faces of the combatants, giving additional energy to their ferocious expression.

John, drawing nearer to the scene of action, observed two young warriors fighting side by side, one of whom wore the habit of a forester, the other that of a retainer of Arlingford. He looked intently on them both; their position towards the fire favoured the scrutiny; and the hawk's eye of love very speedily discovered that the latter was the fair Matilda. The forester he did not know; but he had sufficient tact to discern that his success would be very much facilitated by separating her from this companion, above all others. He therefore formed a party of men into a wedge, only taking especial care not to be the point of it himself, and drove it between them with so much precision, that they were in a moment far asunder.

"Lady Matilda," said John, "yield yourself my prisoner."

"If you would wear me, Prince," said Matilda, "you must

win me:" and without giving him time to deliberate on the courtesy of fighting with the lady of his love, she raised her sword in the air, and lowered it on his head with an impetus that would have gone nigh to fathom even that extraordinary depth of brain which always by divine grace furnishes the interior of a head-royal, if he had not very dexterously parried the blow. Prince John wished to disarm and take captive, not in any way to wound or injure, least of all to kill, his fair opponent. Matilda was only intent to get rid of her antagonist at any rate: the edge of her weapon painted his complexion with streaks of very unloverlike crimson, and she would probably have marred John's hand for ever signing Magna Charta, but that he was backed by the advantage of numbers, and that her sword broke short on the boss of his buckler. John was following up his advantage to make a captive of the lady, when he was suddenly felled to the earth by an unseen antagonist. Some of his men picked him carefully up, and conveyed him to his tent, stunned and stupefied.

When he recovered, he found Harpiton diligently assisting in his recovery, more in the fear of losing his place than in that of losing his master; the prince's first inquiry was for the prisoner he had been on the point of taking at the moment when his *habeas corpus* was so unseasonable suspended. He was told that his people had been on the point of securing the said prisoner, when the devil suddenly appeared among them in the likeness of a tall friar, having his grey frock cinctured with a sword-belt, and his crown, which whether it were shaven or no they could not see, surmounted with a helmet, and flourishing an eight-foot staff, with which he laid about him to the right and to the left, knocking down the prince and his men as if they had been so many nine-pins: in fine, he had rescued the prisoner and made a clear passage through friend and foe,



and in conjunction with a chosen party of archers, had covered the retreat of the baron's men and the foresters, who had all gone off in a body towards Sherwood forest.

Harpiton suggested that it would be desirable to sack the castle, and volunteered to lead the van on the occasion, as the defenders were withdrawn, and the exploit seemed to promise much profit and little danger: John considered that the castle would in itself be a great acquisition to him as a stronghold in furtherance of his design on his brother's throne; and was determining to take possession with the first light of morning, when he had the mortification to see the castle burst into flames in several places at once.

An arrow, with a letter attached to it, was shot into the camp, and carried to the prince. The contents were these:—

“PRINCE JOHN,—I do not consider myself to have resisted lawful authority in defending my castle against you, seeing that you are at present in a state of active rebellion against your liege sovereign Richard: and if my provisions had not failed me, I would have maintained it till doomsday. As it is, I have so well disposed my combustibles that it shall not serve you as a stronghold in your rebellion. If you hunt in the chases of Nottinghamshire, you may catch other game than my daughter. Both she and I are content to be houseless for a time, in the reflection that we have deserved your enmity, and the friendship of Cœur-de-Lion.—Fitzwater.”

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, *Maid Marian*.

## JOHN

### HOW KING JOHN WAS WOODED AND WON

QUEEN ISABEL sat in her chamber at the palace of Westminster, listening to a suppliant for her help. On a sudden the door flew open, and unannounced, the King strode into the apartment. His step was perturbed, his visage inflamed, and there was thunder on his brow. The queen uttered a terrified cry. "Alas! what ails my lord?"

"Treason—treachery in the state!" exclaimed the enraged John. "Le Brun, my hated, my detested foe, has escaped my vengeance: e'en when the block was chiselled, and the axe sharpened, he is gone—he is fled!"

"Fled!" echoed the queen, and her look betokened aught save sorrow.

"Fled from Corfe Castle," pursued the King—"fled from that hold of strength—fled away from my power! But woe betide the governor! woe betide the garrison!" and his look was fiendlike.

"What means my lord and husband?" asked the queen, quailing in very terror.

"Mean," thundered the King—"by heaven—by hell, I mean to raise such a pile to vengeance, as shall make Corfe Castle dreadful to look upon! I mean to impale the governor, to impale the whole garrison—to immolate a thousand lives in the stead of Hugh le Brun."

"Mighty God!" ejaculated the Queen, and her lips trembled, and her cheeks faded to marble.

"I mean," continued the incensed John, heedless of her agony, "to hold up a terror to the world—to shew, that it

were safer to bay the galled lion, than to trifle with the King."

The Queen sprang forward—she cast herself at his feet—she wildly clasped his knees.—"Forbear—forebear, my honoured lord," she implored. "Let mercy savour justice. Build up a monument, to honour, not to execrate."

"Isabel!" exclaimed the King, "why do I see you thus? Rise; I command you, rise."

"Not until thou art quite thyself again," quickly rejoined the Queen, striving to lure him into gentleness. "Good, my liege, but thou hast well-nigh scared me out of dear life."

"Rise, my Isabel." And in spite of every discordant feeling, he stooped to caress her.

"No—no; not until thou grantest grace to the poor worms thou threatenest to annihilate; not until thou hast beamed forth the sunshine of thy favour upon the governor and the garrison of Corfe Castle. Promise me, my most dear lord; promise—"

"Never!" interrupting, and scowling on her a glance of suspicion and alarm. "On thy soul, be wary, if thou wishest well to thyself. Stir not the hell within me," and he gnawed his lip, and stood sullenly silent.

"How, my lord, wouldst thou shed a sea of blood for the trespass of a single one? The innocent for the guilty—the unoffending for the daring?" and she looked imploringly in his face.

"Ay, by God's head!" (the king's usual oath) "a charnel-house would I make of all England."

"What if thou couldst pounce upon the aggressor," eagerly questioned the shuddering Isabel, "wouldst thou redeem a host?"

"Body-o'-me, but thou art strangely urgent!" said the King, steadfastly regarding her; then, with a sarcastic sneer.—  
"Bear to me the rebel, and the thousand lives be thine."

"Swear it to me," exclaimed the queen; and enthusiasm kindled such a fire in her eyes, and shed such a vivid bloom o'er her features, that she looked more spiritual than earthly.

"I swear it by thy own heavenly beauty—by the love I bear thee!" pronounced the royal John, charmed even in a moment like the present, and forcibly lifting her to his bosom.

"Nay, dear, my lord, this posture best becomes me," and struggling for freedom, the Queen slid back upon her knees, and again cast around him her white and polished arms. "Promise me—swear to me, that all, that every one shall escape; and I—even I, will yield up the culprit."

The King looked incredulous. "Pshaw, Isabel! thou knowest thy power, or thou wouldst not thus trifle with my patience. I'the name of thrift be brief, for I like not such mummery!"

"On my hopes of heaven," said the Queen, solemnly, "I guarantee nought save what I can fulfil."

The King started back.—"Speak—I command you, speak."

"First the pledge—the royal gage of indemnity to the governor and the garrison of Corfe Castle," urged the Queen.

"Then—then, my lord," and she bowed her beautiful head, "may God help the aggressor!"

"Name him—yield him to my vengeance," vociferated the enraged John, "that I may mount him high as was the gallows of Haman! Ay, though he be my own blood;" and his thoughts glanced on his half-brother, William, Earl of Salisbury.

"First, the indemnity," demanded the Queen. "Swear pardon, full and entire pardon, to the governor and to the garrison of Corfe Castle; swear too, my most dread lord, never, in aftertime, to visit them with your wrath."

"I do—I do," impatiently pronounced King John. "By

our halidom—by the blood of all the martyrs, I swear to spare all other—to glut all my vengeance upon the one daring rebel! Name him—name him!”

The Queen spoke not, but from her knees she cast herself prostrate at his feet; her lovely face was deluged in tears; and she lay, low, and still, and humble.

“Name him! name him!” urged the King, regardless of her emotion, and thirsting for revenge.

“The rebel lies before ye,” faltered out Isabel; then, half raising her face, and glancing through her dark locks.—“’Twas I who filed the chains—’twas I who opened the prison doors—’twas I who gave life and freedom to Hugh le Brun.”

Deep as is the still calm which succeeds the roar of the tempest, was the pause which ensued; yet it was the pause of a moment.—“Traitor, thou liest!” thundered the King.—“How, here at Westminster, could thy power reach Corfe Castle? Think not to stay my fury: tenfold shall it fall, e’en to the annihilation of a kingdom.”

Roused by an accusation so opprobrious, the Queen looked boldly up, her beauty heightening in the fire which sparkled in her eyes.—“Beware, my lord,” she adjured, “how you punish faithful subjects, for an act I alone have committed. Behold in me the rebel to your will. Enabled by the royal signet, ’twas I who gave liberty to Hugh le Brun;—for even in your grace’s arms the blood of Hugh le Brun had been as an accusing phantom, rising to the judgment-seat. I laboured for his rescue—I removed him from the vengeance—not in defiance to your high authority, but to spare myself the hereafter pang of conscience.”

“False! false as hell!” muttered the King. “Conscience be the ready cloak to muffle love;” and his cheek grew ghastly pale, and his limbs shook with rage and inward jealousy.



"THE REBEL LIES BEFORE YE."

Face p. 54



"Oh, say not so! say not so, good, my lord!" implored the politic Isabel, striving to regain that ascendancy her matchless beauty had acquired. "What can the chosen husband fear in the rejected lover! Think of my father's court—think of the past—think of the bright days which gave me to your notice! No—no! had I loved this Hugh le Brun, never had I been the happy mother of our darling Harry!—had I loved this Hugh le Brun," and she raised her melting eyes in soft appeal, "who had snapped the rivet forged in infancy? God-wot! I love the father of my boy! woe is me! I love one who loved me once; now—now—" She bent her face upon her bosom, and tears chased slowly down her glowing cheeks.

The King gazed upon her until every discordant feeling softened within him, until his heart yearned to give her solace, to kiss away those tears, to lure her to its shelter: for cold as he was, and dead as he was to generous feeling, he loved her with a fervour worthy a nobler mind; loved her as needful to his own happiness, prized her as a dearer part of himself. Scarce conscious of the action, he stretched forth his arms—"Woman—woman!" he murmured, "thou most seductive poison; sweet and baleful from the first!"

The Queen felt her power; now was the moment to essay all her witchery, for she read almost idolatry in the glance of her yielding lord.—"And wilt thou quite forgive me, love? and wilt thou never more scare me with such horrible words?" And she looked, and she spoke, with almost infantine simplicity.

"Forgive thee! enchantress! angel!" and again he snatched her to his breast.

"But the treason," urged the beautiful Isabel, returning his caresses, and fondling him into smiles—"wilt thou forgive the treason?—and wilt thou, my most dear lord, grant grace to the poor traitor?"



"Ay, to the one half of my kingdom," answered the king.

"No, no, nought of the kingdom," quickly rejoined Isabel: "my guerdon be thy whole and undivided heart."

"'Tis thy lawful heritage," replied the king; then stroking back her dark ringlets, and fondly perusing her wary brow, "God's truth! thou wert a bold traitor, dear one! In any other form the trespass had been death."

"Marry!" said the Queen, gaily, "I did but rend away the only ill which could reach me in thy arms. I scorned, forsooth, that the prattling world should bandy thy great name; that it should dare say in cold blood thou didst murder: and so—and so—" and steadfastly she watched him as she spoke—"I grew bold in thy love, and I stole away thy royal signet, and peradventure, now does the prisoner believe he owes life to thy generous forbearance."

"And thy emissary?" questioned John, willing to sift all of the adventure.

The queen raised her dewy eyes to his face.—"Sure thou wilt not play me false," she said.

"No, on my soul!" exclaimed the king. "Come, unravel the mystery to the end."

Isabel mused for a moment, then, with trusting confidence:—"Call to mind, my liege," she resumed, "the pretty boy who used to bear love-tokens from thy dear hand; he, who speeding on Cupid's errantry, beguiled absence with rare and cunning devices; he, who—"

"What, Julian? thy pretty page Julian, my own Isabel?"

"The same, good my lord! the little Julian, who bore us fellowship to England."

"And didst thou corrupt his fealty? and didst thou teach him to play with fire, heedless of the tax?" and the King tried to look reproach—"didst thou—"

Isabel placed her soft white hand upon his lips.—"Tarry," she implored, "and thou shalt hear how I cheated him

too into service. On my life, Julian believed himself thy messenger!"

"How! hast thou made me the hero of all thy strange wild plots?"

"The hero to the furtherance of thy own renown and honour!" replied the Queen. "Presuming on thy especial love and favour," and sweetly she smiled as she spoke, "on the wing of the wind, I despatched Julian into Dorsetshire. Once within the walls of Corfe Castle, thy purloined signet hushed to sleep the suspicion of the governor—it opened the door of the keep; and when yesternight, with spirit-like swiftness, Julian again appeared before me, I felt grateful and thankful; for in the known safety of the Earl de la Marche, no hereafter remorse could cloud my happy prosperous destiny."

"Remorse!" echoed the King: "how, in the fall of a rebellious foe, could remorse attain thy innocence?"

"I feared it—I felt it," sighed Isabel. "Belike I am very weak, but well I knew myself the cause of mutual enmity. Alack! his death, at thy hands, my most dear lord, had been my scourge for life: nought had chased the appalling fear of his accusing spirit; no, no, not even thy caresses had stayed the canker within. I had drooped away—I had died away: like the rose in autumn, I had withered even in thy dear arms."

The King shuddered. "Now," continued the Queen, deciphering all which passed within, and rallying the light smile of playful mirth;—now, come what may, I care not. In God's good time—on land—or sea—let him die! My conscience is light, and my heart happy!"

L. S. STANHOPE, *Runnemedes*.

## EDWARD I

### HOW WALLACE MET KING EDWARD

WALLACE determined to set off for Durham, where, he was informed, King Edward was, and, joined by his young queen, meant to sojourn till his wounds were healed. Believing that his presence in Scotland could be no longer serviceable, and would engender continual intestine divisions, Wallace did not hesitate in fixing his course.

As the chief meant to assume a border minstrel's garb, that he might travel the country unrecognised as its once adored Regent, he took his way towards a large hollow oak in Tor Wood, where he had deposited his means of disguise. When arrived there, he disarmed himself of all but his sword, dirk, and breastplate; he covered his tartan gambeson with a minstrel's cassock; and staining his bright complexion with the juice of a nut, concealed his brighter locks beneath a close bonnet. Being thus equipped, and throwing his harp over his shoulder, he went forth, and pursued his way along the broom-clad hills of Muiravenside.

In this manner, sitting at the board of the lowly, and sleeping beneath the thatched roof, did Wallace pursue his way through Tweeddale and Ettrick Forest till he reached the Cheviots.

Having descended into Northumberland, his well-replenished scrip was his provider; and when it was exhausted he purchased food from the peasantry; he would not accept the hospitality of a country he had so lately trodden as an enemy. Here he heard his name mentioned with terror as well as admiration. While many related circumstances of

misery to which the ravaging of their lands had reduced them, all concurred in praising the moderation with which the Scottish leader treated his conquests.

Late in the evening, he arrived on the banks of the river that surrounds the episcopal city of Durham. His minstrel garb prevented his being stopped by the guard at the gate; but as he entered its porch, a horse that was going through started at his abrupt appearance. Its rider suddenly exclaimed, "Fool, thou dost not see Sir William Wallace!" Then, turning to the disguised knight, "Harper," cried he, "you frighten my steed; draw back till I pass."

Wallace stood out of the way, and saw the speaker to be a young Southron knight, who with difficulty kept his seat on the restive horse. Rearing and plunging, it would have thrown its rider, had not Wallace put forth his hand and seized the bridle. By his assistance the animal was soothed; and the young lord, thanking him for his service, told him that, as a reward, he would introduce him to play before the queen, who that day held a feast at the bishop's palace. Wallace thought it probable he might find access to Bruce, and he gladly accepted the offer. The knight, who was Sir Piers Gaveston, ordered him to follow, turned his horse towards the city, and conducted Wallace through the gates of the citadel to the palace within its walls.

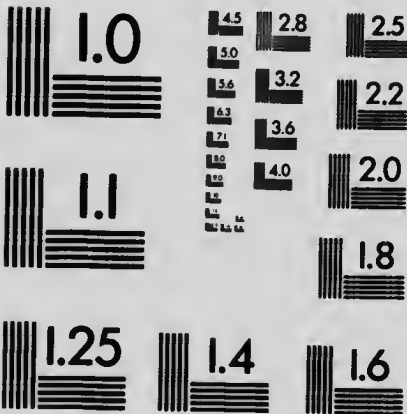
On entering the banqueting-hall, he was placed by the knight in the musicians' gallery, there to await the summons to her majesty. The entertainment being spread, and the room full of guests, the queen was led in by the haughty bishop of the see, the king being too ill of his wounds to allow his joining so large a company. The beauty of the lovely sister of Philip le Bel seemed to fill the gaze and hearts of all the bystanders, and none appeared to remember that Edward was absent.

Immediately on the royal band ceasing to play, Gaveston



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pressed towards the queen, and told her he had presumed to introduce a travelling minstrel into the gallery; hoping that she would order him to perform for her amusement, as he could sing legends, from the descent of the Romans to the victories of her royal Edward. With all her age's eagerness in quest of novelties, she commanded him to be brought to her.

Gaveston having presented him, Wallace bowed with the respect due to her sex and dignity, and to the esteem in which he held the character of her royal brother. Margaret desired him to place his harp before her, and begin to sing. As he knelt on one knee, and struck its sounding chords, she stopped him by the inquiry of whence he came.

"From the north country," was his reply.

"Were you ever in Scotland?" asked she.

"Many times."

"Then tell me," cried she, "for you wandering minstrels see all great people, good or bad, else how could you make songs about them?—did you ever see Sir William Wallace in your travels?"

"Often, madam."

"Pray tell me what he is like! you probably will be unprejudiced, and that is what I can hardly expect in this case from any of these brave lords."

Wishing to avoid further questioning on this subject. Wallace replied, "I have never seen him so distinctly as to be enabled to prove any right to your highness's opinion of my judgment."

"Minstrel," she said, "we French ladies are very fond of a good mien; and I shall be a little reconciled to your northern realms if you tell me this Sir William Wallace is anything like as handsome as some of the gay knights by whom you see me surrounded."

Wallace smiled, and replied, "The comeliness of Sir

William Wallace lies in a strong arm and a feeling heart; and if these be charms in the eyes of female goodness, he may hope to be not quite an object of abhorrence to the sister of Philip le Bel!"

The minstrel bowed as he spoke, and the young queen, laughing again, said, "I wish not to come within the influence of either. But sing me some Scottish legend and I will promise wherever I see the knight to treat him with all the courtesy due to valour."

Wallace again struck the chords of his harp; and with a voice whose full and melodious tones rolled round the vast dome of the hall, he sang the triumphs of Reuther. The queen fixed her eyes upon him; and when he ended, she turned and whispered Gaveston—"If the voice of this man had been Wallace's trumpet, I should not now wonder at the discomfiture of England. He almost tempted me from my allegiance, as the warlike animation of his notes seemed to charge the flying Southrons." Speaking, she rose; and, presenting a jewelled ring to the minstrel, left the apartment.

The lords crowded out after her, and the musicians, coming down from the gallery, seated themselves with much rude jollity to regale on the remnants of the feast. Wallace, who had discovered the senachie of Bruce by the escutcheon of Annandale suspended at his neck, gladly saw him approach. He came to invite the stranger minstrel to partake of their fare. Wallace did not appear to decline it; and as the court bard seemed rather devoted to the pleasures of wine, he found it not difficult to draw from him what he wanted to know. He learnt that young Bruce was still in the castle under arrest; "and," added the senachie, "I shall feel no little mortification in being obliged, in the course of half-an-hour, to relinquish these festivities for the gloomy duties of his apartment."



This was precisely the point to which Wallace had wished to lead him; and pleading disrelish of wine, he offered to supply his place in the earl's chamber. The half-intoxicated bard accepted the proposition with eagerness, and as the shades of night had long closed in, he conducted his illustrious substitute to the large round tower of the castle, informing him as they went along, that he must continue playing in a recess adjoining to Bruce's room, till the last vesper-bell from the abbey in the neighbourhood should give the signal for his laying aside the harp. By that time the earl would be fallen asleep, and he might then lie down on a pallet he would find in the recess.

At this Wallace promised punctually to obey; and being conducted by the senachie up a spiral staircase, was left in the little anteroom. The chief drew the cowl of his minstrel cloak over his face and set his harp before him in order to play. He could see through its strings that a group of knights were in earnest conversation at the further end of the apartment; but they spoke so low he could not distinguish what was said. One of the party turned round, and the light of a suspended lamp discovered him to be the brave Earl of Gloucester, whom Wallace had taken and released at Berwick. The same ray showed another to be Percy, Earl of Northumberland. Their figures concealed that of Bruce, but at last, when all rose together, he heard Gloucester say, in rather an elevated voice, "Keep up your spirits. This envy of your base countrymen must recoil upon themselves. It cannot be long before King Edward discovers the motives of their accusations, and his noble nature will acquit you accordingly."

"My acquittal," replied Bruce, in a firm tone, "cannot restore what Edward's injustice has rifled from me. I abide by the test of my own actions, and by it will open the door of my freedom. Your king may depend on it," added he,

with a sarcastic smile, "that I am not a man to be influenced against the right. Where I owe duty I will pay it to the uttermost farthing."

Not apprehending the true meaning of this speech, Percy immediately answered, "I be' ve you, and so must all the world; for did you not give brave proofs of it that fearful night on the Carron, in bearing arms against the triumphant Wallace?"

"I did indeed give proofs of it," returned Bruce, "which I hope the world will one day know, by bearing arms against the usurper of my country's rights; and in defiance of injustice and of treason, before men and angels I swear," cried he, "to perform my duty to the end—to retrieve to honour the insulted, the degraded name of Bruce!"

Gloucester, as little as Northumberland comprehending Bruce's ambiguous declaration, replied, "Let not your heart, my brave friend, burn too hotly against the king for this arrest. He will be the more urgent to obliterate by kindness this injustice, when he understands the aims of the Cummins. I have myself felt his misplaced wrath; and who now is more favoured by Edward than Ralph de Monthermer? My case will be yours. Good-night, Bruce. May propitious dreams repeat the augury of your true friends!"

Percy shook hands with the young earl, and the two English lords left the room.

Wallace could now take a more leisurely survey of Bruce. He wore a tunic of black velvet, and all the rest of his garments accorded with the same mourning hue. Soon after the lords had quitted him, the buoyant elasticity of his figure gave way to melancholy retrospections, and he threw himself into a chair with his hands clasped upon his knee and his eyes fixed in musing gaze upon the floor. It was now that Wallace touched the strings of his harp. "The

Death of Cathullin" wailed from the sounding notes, but Bruce heard as though he heard them not; they soothed his mood without his perceivin'; what it was that calmed, yet deepened the saddening thoughts which possessed him. His posture remained the same; and sigh after sigh gave the only response to the strains of the bard.

Wallace grew impatient for the chimes of that vesper-bell which, by assuring Bruce's attendants that he was gone to rest, would secure from interruption the conference he meditated. Two servants entered. Bruce, scarcely looking up, bade them withdraw, he should not need their attendance. He did not know when he should go to bed; and he desired to be no further disturbed. The men obeyed; and Wallace, changing the melancholy strain of his harp, struck the chords to the proud triumph he had played in the hall. Not one note of either ballad had he yet sung to Bruce; but when he came to the passage in the latter appropriated to these lines—

"Arise, glory of Albin, from thy cloud  
And shine upon thy own!"

he could not forbear giving the words voice. Bruce started from his seat.

He looked towards the minstrel—he walked the room in great disorder. The pealing sounds of the harp and his own mental confusion prevented his distinguishing that it was not the voice of his senachie. The words alone he heard, and they seemed a call which his heart panted to obey. The end of Wallace paused upon the instrument. He looked round to see that observation was indeed at a distance; and then, as the young earl sat in a paroxysm of racking reflections (for they brought self-blame, or rather a blame on his father, which pierced him to the heart), he



"ARISE, GLORY OF ALBIN, FROM THY CLOUD AND SHINE UPON  
THY OWN."

*Face p. 04*



slowly advanced from the recess. The agitated Bruce, accidentally raising his head, beheld a man in a minstrel's garb, much too tall to be his senachie, approaching him with a caution which he thought portended treachery. He sprang on his feet and caught his sword from the table; but in that moment Wallace threw off his cowl. Bruce stood gazing on him, stiffened with astonishment. Wallace, in a low voice, exclaimed, "My prince, do you not know me?"

Bruce, without speaking, threw his arms about his neck. He was silent as he hung on him, but his tears flowed; he had much to say, but excess of emotion rendered it unutterable. As Wallace returned the fond embrace of friendship, he gently said, "How is it that I not only see you a close prisoner, but in these weeds?"

Bruce at last forced himself to articulate, "I have known misery in all its forms since we parted; but I have not power to name even my grief of griefs while trembling at the peril to which you have exposed yourself by seeking me! The vanquisher of Edward, the man who snatched Scotland from his grasp, were he known to be within these walls, would be a prize for which the boiling revenge of the tyrant would give half his kingdom! Think, then, my friend, how I shudder at this daring. I am surrounded by spies, and should you be discovered, Robert Bruce will then have the curse of his country added to the judgments which already have fallen on his head."

Bruce then added, that in his more rational meditations, he had resolved to attempt an escape in the course of a few days. He understood that a deputation of English barons, seeking a ratification of their charter, were soon to arrive in Durham; the bustle attendant on their business would, he hoped, draw attention from him, and afford him the opportunity he sought. "In that case," continued he, "I should have made directly to Stirling, and had not

Providence conducted you to me, I might have unconsciously thrown myself into the midst of enemies. James Cummin is too ambitious to have allowed my life to pass unattempted."

Whilst he was yet speaking, the door of the chamber burst open, and Bruce's two attendants rushed into the room with looks aghast. Bruce and Wallace started on their feet and laid their hands on their swords. But instead of anything hostile appearing behind the servants, the inebriated figure of the senachie staggered forward. The men, hardly awake, stood staring and trembling, and looking from the senachie to Wallace; at last one, extricating his terror-struck tongue, and falling on his knees, exclaimed,

"Blessed St. Andrew! here is the senachie and his wraith."

Bruce perceived the mistake of his servants, and explaining to them that a travelling minstrel had obliged the senachie by performing his duty, he bade them retire to rest, and think no more of their alarm.

The intoxicated bard threw himself without ceremony on his pallet in the recess, and the servants, though convinced, still shaking with superstitious fright, entreated permission to bring their heather beds into their lord's chamber. To deny them was impossible, and all further converse with Wallace that night being put an end to, a couch was laid for him in an interior apartment, and with a grateful pressure of the hands, in which their hearts silently embraced, the chiefs separated to repose.

The second matin-bell sounded from the abbey before the eyes of Wallace opened from the deep sleep which had sealed them. A bath refreshed him from every toil, then renewing the stain on his face and hands with the juice of a nut which he carried about him, and once more covering his martial figure and golden hair with the minstrel's cassock and cowl, he rejoined his friend.

Bruce had previously affected to consider the senachie

as still disordered by his last night's excess, and ordering him from his presence for at least a day, commanded that the travelling minstrel should be summoned to supply his place.

The table was spread when Wallace entered, and several servants were in attendance. To prevent suspicion in the attendants, during the repast he discoursed with Wallace on subjects relative to northern literature, repeating indeed many passages opposite to his own heroic sentiments from Ossian and other Scottish bards.

The meal finished, and Wallace, to maintain his assumed character while the servants were removing the table, was tuning his harp when the Earl of Gloucester entered the room. The earl told Bruce the king had required the attendance of the border minstrel, and that after searching over the castle, the royal seneschal had at last discovered he was in the keep with him. On this being intimated to Gloucester, he chose rather to come himself to demand the harper from his friend, than to subject him to the insolence of the royal servants. The king desired to hear "The Triumph," with which the minstrel had so much pleased the queen. Bruce turned pale at this message, and was opening his mouth to utter a denial, when Wallace, who read in his countenance what he was going to say, and aware of the consequences, immediately spoke: "If my Lord Bruce will grant permission, I should wish to comply with the King of England's request."

"Minstrel!" replied Bruce, casting on him a powerful expression of what was passing in his mind, "you know not, perhaps, that the King of England is at enmity with me, and cannot mean well to any one who has been my guest or servant! The Earl of Gloucester will excuse your attendance in the presence."

"Not for my life or the minstrel's!" replied the earl



"the king would suspect some mystery, and this innocent man might fall into peril. But as it is, his majesty merely wishes to hear him play and sing, and I pledge myself he shall return in safety."

Further opposition would only have courted danger, and with as good a grace as he could assume, Bruce gave his consent, and Wallace accompanied Gloucester out of the room.

The earl moved swiftly forward, and leading him through a double line of guards, the folding-doors of the royal apartment were thrown open by two knights in waiting, and Wallace found himself in the presence. Disabled with the wounds which the chief's own hand had given him, the king lay upon a couch overhung with a crimson-velvet canopy, and his queen, the blooming Margaret of France, sat full of smiles at his feet. The young Countess of Gloucester occupied a seat by her side.

The countess observed the manner of his obeisance to the king and queen and herself, and the queen, whispering her with a smile, said, while he was taking his station at the harp, "Have your British troubadours usually such an air as that? Am I right or am I wrong?"

"Quite right," replied the countess in as low a voice. "I suppose he has sung of kings and heroes till he cannot help assuming their step and demeanour."

"But how did he come by those eyes?" answered the queen. "If singing of Reuther's 'beaming gaze' have so richly endowed his own, by getting him to teach me his art, I may warble myself into a complexion as fair as any northern beauty!"

"But then his must not be the subject of your song," whispered the countess, with a laugh, "for methinks it is rather of the Ethiop hue!"

During this short dialogue, which was heard by none

but the two ladies, Edward was speaking with Gloucester, and Wallace leaned upon his harp.

"That is enough," said the king to his son-in-law; "now let me hear him play."

The earl gave the word, and Wallace, striking the chords with the master hand of genius, called forth such strains and uttered such tones from his full and richly modulated voice, that the king listened with wonder, and the queen and countess scarcely allowed themselves to breathe. When he was done, the queen, approaching him, laid her hand upon the harp, and touching the strings with a light finger, with a sweet smile, "You must remain with the king's musicians, and teach me how to charm as you do!"

Wallace replied to this innocent speech with a smile sweet as her own, and bowed.

Edward desired Gloucester to bring the minstrel closer to him. Wallace approached the royal couch. Edward looked at him from head to foot before he spoke.

"Who are you?" at length demanded Edward, who, surprised at the noble mien and unabashed carriage of the minstrel, conceived some suspicions of his quality.

Wallace saw what was passing in the king's mind, and determining by a frank reply to uproot his doubts, mildly but fearlessly answered, "A Scot."

"Indeed!" said the king, satisfied that no incendiary would dare thus to proclaim himself. "And how durst you, being of that outlawed nation, venture into my court? Feared you not to fall a sacrifice to my indignation against the mad leader of your rebellious countrymen?"

"I fear nothing on earth," replied Wallace. "This garb is privileged; none who respect that sacred law dare commit violence on a minstrel, and against them who regard no law but that of their own wills, I have this weapon to

defend me." As Wallace spoke, he pointed to a dirk which stuck in his girdle.

"You are a bold man and an honest man, I believe," replied the king; "and as my queen desires it, I order your enrolment in my travelling train of musicians. You may leave the presence."

"Then follow me to my apartment," cried the queen; "Countess, you will accompany me to see me take my first lesson."

A page took up the harp, and Wallace, bowing his head to the king, was conducted by Gloucester to the ante-room of the queen's apartments.

MISS PORTER, *Scottish Chiefs*.

## EDWARD III

### QUEEN PHILLIPPA AND THE MEN OF CALAIS

AFTER that the French king was departed from Sangatte, they within Calais saw well how their succour failed them, for the which they were in great sorrow. Then they desired so much their captain, Sir John of Vienne, that he went to the walls of the town, and made a sign to speak with some person of the host. When the king heard thereof, he sent thither Sir Walter of Manny and Sir Basset: then Sir John of Vienne said to them, "Sirs, ye be right valiant knights in deeds of arms, and ye know well how the king my master hath sent me and others to this town, and commanded us to keep it to his behoof, in such wise that we take no blame, nor to him no damage; and we have done all that lieth in our power. Now our succours hath failed us, and we be so sore strained that we have not to live withal, but that we must all die, or else enrage for famine, without the noble and gentle king of yours will take mercy on us: the which to do we require you to desire him to have pity on us, and to let us go and depart as we be, and let him take the town and castle and all the goods that be therein, the which is great abundance."

Then Sir Walter of Manny said, "Sir, we know somewhat of the intention of the king our master, for he hath shewed it unto us; surely know for truth it is not his mind that ye nor they within the town should depart so, for it is his will that ye all should put yourselves into his pure will to ransom all such as pleaseth him, and to put to death such as he list: for they of Calais hath done him such con-

traries and despites, and hath caused him to dispend so much good, and lost many of his men, that he is sore grieved against them."

Then the captain said, "Sir, this is too hard a matter to us; we are here within, a small sort of knights and squires, who hath truly served the king our master, as well as ye serve yours. In like case and we have endured much pain and unease; but we shall yet endure as much pain as ever knights did rather than to consent that the worst lad in the town should have any more evil than the greatest of us all: therefore, sir, we pray you that of your humility, yet that ye will go and speak to the king of England, and desire him to have pity of us, for we trust in him so much gentleness, that by the grace of God his purpose shall change."

Sir Walter of Manny and Sir Basset returned to the king, and declared to him all that had been said. The king said he would none otherwise, but that they should yield them up simply to his pleasure. Then Sir Walter said, "Sir, saving your displeasure in this, ye may be in the wrong, for ye shall give by this an evil ensample: if ye send any of us your servants into any fortress, we will not be very glad to go if ye put any of them in the town to death after they be yielded, for in likewise they will deal with us if the case fell like:" the which words divers other lords that were there present sustained and maintained.

Then the king said, "Sirs, I will not be alone against you all; therefore Sir Walter of Manny ye shall go and say to the captain, that all the grace that he shall find now in me is, that they let six of the chief burgesses of the town come out bare-headed, bare-footed, and bare-legged, and in their shirts, with halters about their necks, with the keys of the town and castle in their hands, and let them six yield themselves purely to my will, and the residue I will take to mercy."

Then Sir Walter returned, and found Sir John of Vienne still on the wall, abiding for an answer: then Sir Walter shewed him all the grace that he could get of the king.

"Well," quoth Sir John, "Sir, I require you tarry here a certain space till I go into the town and shew this to the commons of the town, who sent me hither."

Then Sir John went into the market-place, and sounded the common bell; then incontinent men and women assembled there; then the captain made report of all that he had done, and said, "Sirs, it will be none otherwise; therefore now take advice and make a short answer." Then all the people began to weep and to make such sorrow, that there was not so hard a heart if they had seen them but that would have had great pity of them; the captain himself wept piteously.

At last the most rich burgess of all the town, called Eustace de St. Pierre, rose up and said openly, "Sirs, great and small, great mischief it should be to suffer to die such people as be in this town, other by famine or otherwise, when there is a mean to save them: I think he or they should have great merit of our Lord God that might keep them from such mischief: as for my part, I have so good trust in our Lord God, that if I die in the quarrel to save the residue, that God would pardon me; wherefore, to save them, I will be the first to put my life in jeopardy." When he had thus said, every man worshipped him, and divers kneeled down at his feet with sore weeping and sore sight.

Then another honest burgess rose and said, "I will keep company with my gossip Eustace;" he was called John Dayre. Then up rose Jacques of Wyssant, who was rich in goods and heritage; he said also that he would hold company with his two cousins in likewise: so did Peter of Wyssant, his brother: and then rose two other they said

they would do the same. Then they went and apparelled them as the king desired.

Then the captain went with them to the gate: there was great lamentation made of men, women, and children at their departing: then the gate was opened, and he issued out with the six burgesses and closed the gate again, so that they were between the gate and the barriers. Then he said to Sir Walter of Manny, "Sir, I deliver here to you as captain of Calais, by the whole consent of all the people of the town, these six burgesses; and I swear to you truly, that they be and were to-day most honourable, rich, and most notable burgesses of all the town of Calais; wherefore, gentle knight, I require you, pray the king to have mercy on them, that they die not." Quoth Sir Walter, "I cannot say what the king will do, but I shall do for them best I can." Then the barriers were opened, the six burgesses went towards the king, and the captain entered again into the town.

When Sir Walter presented these burgesses to the king, they kneeled down, and held up their hands and said, "Gentle king, behold here we six, who were burgesses of Calais and great merchants: we have brought to you the keys of the town and of the castle, and we submit ourselves clearly into your will and pleasure, to save the residue of the people of Calais, who have suffered great pain. Sir, we beseech your grace to have mercy and pity on us through your high noblesse." Then all the earls and barons, and other that were there, wept for pity. The king looked felly on them, for greatly he hated the people of Calais, for the great damages and displeasures they had done him on the sea before. Then he commanded their heads to be stricken off: then every man required the king for mercy, but he would hear no men in that behalf: then Sir Walter of Manny said, "Ah, noble king! for God's sake,







"I HUMBLY REQUIRE YOU THAT YE WILL TAKE MERCY ON THESE  
SIX BURGASSES."

*Face p. 75*

refrain your courage; ye have the name of sovereign noblesse, therefore now do not a thing that should blemish your renown, nor to give cause to some to speak of you villainy; every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons, who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their company."

Then the king urged away from him, and commanded to send for the hangman, and said, "They of Calais have caused many of my men to be slain, wherefore these shall die in likewise." Then the queen kneeled down, and sore weeping, said, "Ah, gentle sir, since I passed the sea in great peril, I have desired nothing of you; therefore now I humbly require you, in the honour of the Son of the Virgin Mary, and for the love of me, that ye will take mercy of these six burgesses." The king beheld the queen, and stood still in a study a space, and then said, "Ah, dame! I would ye had been as now in some other place, ye make such request to me that I cannot deny you; wherefore I give them to you, to do your pleasure with them." Then the queen caused them to be brought into her chamber, and made the halters to be taken from their necks, and caused them to be new clothed, and gave them their dinner and their leisure; and then she gave each of them six nobles, and made them to be brought out of the host in safeguard, and set at their liberty.

LORD BERNERS, *Froissart's Chronicle*.

## RICHARD II

### HOTSPUR AND DOUGLAS

A DUSKY twilight, as yet indifferently assisted by the beams of the just rising moon, wrapped the brown moors of Redesdale in partial obscurity, when, on the 31st July, 1388, the English, from a patch of elevated ground, became able to discern the encampment of the Douglas's army. They perceived at once, what was the fact, namely, that the Scots had sat down before a little fortalice, called the castle of Otterbourne, standing near the Rede; to which mountain stream the Otter is an insignificant tributary; but whether it had surrendered to them, or still held out, could not be ascertained. At any rate there was the enemy, and the ardent desire for combat was no longer likely to be balked.

Redoubling the celerity of their advance, the English, filing along the margin of the Rede, arrived so near the Scottish tents as almost to give them a hope of making infall before their occupants were in fit state to receive them; an event scarcely conceivable, as they could not be supposed ignorant of the dangerous proximity of the English forces.

"Does the Douglas mean to brave us by this shew of seeming carelessness?" observed Hotspur to some around him; "or is it that the drowsy herd he rules having been overdriven, lies snoring on the turf, watchers and all?"

"By my fay! I can hardly guess, Percy," replied De Grey; "but this I trow, 'twere no more than policy to give our own wearied followers leave to stretch themselves in

correspondent sort; otherwise, tardy as these sleepers may be in stirring, they'll spring at last too lusty for us."

"Pcoh! the sounds they presently shall wink and start at, will stupify their waking senses."

"They wake already," remarked the young Fitzhugh, as a peal of shouts rose upon the night breeze, which had hitherto only been broken by the flapping of pennons. "Hear how they bay and howl. I marvel wherefore!"

"Mayhap to see the symbol of our house, scaling the sky," said Sir Ralph Percy, pointing to the crescent moon, which had just then mastered a pile of clouds. "'Tis the common nature of envious curs and wolfish prowlers to offer such salute to brightness."

"The Douglas would better prove his title to command, did he extend his battle in front of an open camp, than keep his lances pent amongst its lumber," criticised the Heron.

"That be his dole Sir William," rejoined Hotspur; "let us bring it swith upon him."

Sir Henry Heron then issued orders along the column of his troops, to close up, and prepare at the first signal to pour the onslaught. Meanwhile the Scots continued unaccountably hidden behind the tents, rude bough-huts, wains, and other baggage which formed the body of their irregular camp, giving no indications of hostile alertness beyond what might be presumed from the hum of general motion which could be heard, and the somewhat exaggerated shouting wherewith a few who made themselves visible hailed the approach of their assailants.

Eagerly did Hotspur examine the grove of objects, mostly inanimate, lying before him; with a will to choose the point upon which he should direct his own course, but without detecting the post of those ensigns that would have determined his. De Neville, and the esquire

Farneley with equal interest made the scrutiny, and with the same fortune.

"Pennons advance!" at length cried Hotspur. "Marchmen! to the onset!" Breaking away, like a torrent suddenly undammed, the Northumbrian army rushed forward, and beating down in an instant the feeble opposition offered, penetrated the Scottish camp in every direction. Then, and not till then, the policy of the invaders became developed.

At the first advertisement of assault in prospect, the Scots, abandoning their camp to grooms and horseboys, had taken an undetected circuit, with a view to falling upon the English flank. This they achieved so far that, when the assailants were fairly entangled amidst the baggage and encumbrances, they appeared ready to seize the expected advantage.

Raimond Farneley was one of the earliest to catch sight of the impending storm. It came on in imposing character. Displayed by a flood of moonlight, the Caledonian power in full battalia presented itself, advancing with rapid force to the attack. Bold as he was, the spectacle of such a formidable and compact body, pressing forward with all the confidence of anticipated victory—making the very ground shake beneath its heavy passage, and the quiet night air ring with wild cries, he felt momentarily dismayed. But he fought under a leader as quick to discover the perilous visitation as himself, and to whom dismay, for any cause, was a feeling unknown.

"Ho, mates, ho!" he shouted, making his deep but sonorous voice audible above the general din. "The foe's main battle's on our right! Knights! look to your pennons!—serry spears, serry! change front. The knaves think they've limed us; we must speak them a rough nay-say. What pricklers are those that loiter 'mong the spoil?—dalesmen, I warrant—up, up, and take your ground, ye land-raking rogues! is this a time for pilfering?"

By prodigious efforts, in which he was well seconded by other leaders, he succeeded in bringing his force into hasty alignment against the nearing charge. This done, or rather the moment it appeared in a fair way to be done, he spurred out beyond the foremost ranks.

"We will not let our horses cool, my hearts!" he exclaimed. "Forward to the meeting!—upon 'em!—St George for England! and Esperance for Percy!"

He appealed to boiling blood. At the words, the English chivalry dashed on amain, and ere a fresh charge could be drawn the rival hosts closed with a crash awfully tremendous. In a few moments more every man of horse and foot, on either side, was engaged in the struggle.

A fight, inveterate, sanguinary and prolonged ensued. Order or arrangement of action, there was none. Sometimes, the murderous iron wave surged furiously one way, then rolled heavily back the other, marking at each flow rather the indomitable spirit of the struggle, than any change in its fortune. The war-cries, at the beginning frequent and piercing, gradually became less often uttered, and then, in tones hoarse and indistinct. But the rain of blows—the clash and clang of steel, increased rather than diminished, and yells, not of defiance but of suffering, began more to afflict the ear. The bright moon, now high in the heavens, rendered the horrible flashings of the sword, brand, and battle-axe, but too distinct, as they swung and circled above the eddying throng.

The slogan of the Douglas, a sound which usually repelled and diverted elsewhere the tide of ordinary adversaries, was the breath of attraction to at least three desperate warriors on this eventful evening. Need we say that the foremost of these, and he who hacked and clove a path for his fellow-braves, was the invincible Hotspur. He saw his captured banner in the hands of the enemy and resolved to win it back.

The effort was made and was successful. The hapless esquire, Glendonwin, to whom the unlucky honour of bearing the trophy had been committed, gave up life and trust together.

"Ha-hah! a rescue! a rescue!" shouted Hotspur exultingly, waving his recovered banner in the air. "The Percy, for himself! What Scot dares the Percy?"

"I—the Douglas!" rose in answer from a little distance, and with the defiance, the furious utterer could be seen working through the press to back it.

The parties here being in the very centre of the *mêlée*, a dire confusion reigned around, and blows were dealing so fast and indiscriminately that each man's constant care was necessarily that of his own head. Farneley desperately tasked at the moment by a huge Lothian man-at-arms, found exclusive employment most unpropitiously for the juncture.

"Farneley, my bold esquire," cried Hotspur, snatching a hurried look about, before springing to meet the Douglas. "Where art thou?" There was no response. "Ha! De Neville! (recognizing the young knight) thou art well at call. There is the toy you covet; keep it as thy love dictates—I care not for it now, and must have free hands. Douglas, have at thee!"

Thus speaking, he threw to De Neville the banner he had just regained, and urged on to a collision with his raging foe.

Farneley dismissed to earth his personal opponent barely in time to note, with a bitter pang of disappointment, the above transfer. But he spurred vengefully after his lord, to the place where Douglas, Swinton, Lundie, and other famous Scottish lances created a whirlpool amidst the billows of the conflict.

"Esperance! esperance!" repeated Hotspur, riding at the



“ESPERANCE ! ESPERANCE !”

*Face p. 80*





Liddesdale thane with a force that overthrew an esquire, man and horse, who chanced to impede his career. "This hour's worth a life-time!"

"It shall end that of one of us," cried the Douglas.

"Thine—and this for it," retorted Percy, driving the point of his lance with such amazing force as to pierce through Douglas's shield and even penetrate his hauberk.

The Scot bent backward to his crupper with the might of the thrust, but ere Hotspur, quitting his entangled lance, could pursue advantage with his mace, Lundie and Swinton fell upon him. From their assault Farneley and stout Roger Widdington only freed him in time to encounter a maddened plunge from the wounded Douglas, again righted in his stirrups.

The battle here thickened, and the flight of blows accumulated to such a degree as to defy any attempt at detail. Horses reeled, riders sunk, helmets crashed. Gory clods torn from the heel-ploughed ground, bounded aloft, and an almost spray of sprinkling blood flew about the faces of the combatants. Several times Percy and the Douglas, sundered by the rolling tide, were compelled to waste their unrivalled prowess upon meaner heads. Here we might tell of approved men of both countries slain, but must be content exclusively to name poor Delaval, who, emulous in the same race with Neville and Farneley, faced the hazards of this sport, and fell.

Space and verge enlarging, the opposed chiefs—the two great spirits of the hour—renewed with direful promise of decision, the wager of their mortal bodies.

"I'll live to slay thee, yet, boy Warden!" cried Douglas, desperately disguising the effects of a second wound. "Esperance shall sicken on this heath."

"It tells me not," replied the other briefly; his menacer's assault requiring other than wordy answer.

Each then fought with his long two-handed sword; for Percy's mace had been severed in his grasp. At last Douglas causing his destrier to make a demi-volte, wherefrom that of Percy unavoidably swerved, discharged with all his strength a blow which sheared the pauldron from the other's shoulder. In the act he overstrained his reach, and purchased a return that proved a parting one. Percy saw his valiant antagonist bowed to his horse's neck under the stroke, and saw no more of its effects, or of him on whom they told; for a fresh sway of the battling ranks and his own ardour carried him immediately after into a further mass of the enemy.

But the 'doughty' Douglas had received his death. Sinking from his steed, he rolled to the earth, and was only saved from trampling hoofs by the devoted exertions of his faithful chaplain Lundie and one or two others. They raised him; but it was only to receive his dying exhortation.

"I die like my forefathers," gasped out the expiring hero, "on a field of battle, not on a bed of sickness. Conceal my death, defend my standard, and avenge my fall. It is an old proverb that a dead man shall win a field. I hope it will be accomplished this night."

The wish of Douglas to have his fate concealed from his followers was as far as possible observed. No lull of the war-tempest succeeded; save that which arose from the diminished numbers and exhausted bodies of the living elements. Victory seemed equidistant from the clutch of both nations. Indeed, the men of each were so intermingled, and so obstinate in fight, that it appeared the triumph of the one side, could only be achieved by the utter extermination of the other. Gradually, however, signs of subsiding battle began to manifest themselves. The troops pursuing various bursts of ardour had scattered widely. Some had drawn off in bodies, not shrinking from the strife, but convinced of the inutility of maintaining it. Upon the English the unprecedented

toils of the day had borne peculiarly hard. Numbers of them dropped from sheer fatigue amongst the heather, and others strove vainly to drag their worn-out frames beyond the range of injury. From the same cause many knights and esquires of name, mounted on steeds which could no longer bear their weight, were compelled individually to yield themselves prisoners to less tired Scots. Notwithstanding all this, it was long ere the battle entirely ceased. Here and there, in different parts of the plain, the fresher or stouter warriors singled out opponents, or shocked in mobbing groups; and still some border slogan, or such cries as "Stand to it, Liddesdale!"—"fight for Tynedale!" marked the stubborn spirit that prevailed.

To pronounce distinctly on the final issue of this severe battle, is rendered wellnigh impossible by the diverse statements history has handed to us. The English historians claim the victory for their countrymen, and attribute the circumstance of the Scots having kept their ground to reinforcements received at the close of the struggle. Those of the latter nation seizing exclusively the testimony of Froissart, assert the contrary. On one point of record, however, they all agree, and that is, the obstinate unflinching manhood which characterized its duration.

ANONYMOUS, *Otterbourne.*

## HENRY V

### AGINCOURT

SPREAD out in a long line over the face of the country, the English army occupied a number of villages, keeping a good watch lest the enemy, large bodies of whom had been apparent during the morning, should take them by surprise and overwhelm them by numbers. Small parties of the freshest men were lodged in tents between the different villages, so that a constant communication might be kept up, and support be ready for any point attacked; and, throughout the whole host, reigned that stern and resolute spirit, the peculiar characteristic of the English soldiery, and which has assured them the victory in so many fields against more impetuous, but less determined, adversaries. Yet none, however resolute and brave in Henry's army, could help feeling that a great and perilous day was before them, when it was known that at least a hundred and twenty-five thousand men, comprising the most renowned chivalry of Europe, were collected to oppose a force of less than twenty-five thousand, worn with a long and difficult march, and weakened by sickness and want of provisions.

Nevertheless, during the whole night of Thursday, the 24th of October, 1415, from hamlet and village, from priory and castle, from tent and field, wherever the English were quartered, rose up wild bursts of music floating on the air to the French camp, as, round the innumerable watch-fires which lighted the whole sky with their lurid glare, sat the enemy in their wide extended position at Roussauville and Agincourt.

In one of the small villages near the head-quarters of the king, was stationed Sir John Grey. The knight had hurried after the messenger, to the quarters of the king, which lay at about half-a-mile's distance from his own.

The moon was shining bright and unclouded; not a vapour was in the sky; and, as he approached the guards, which were stationed round Henry's temporary residence, he could hear the sound of voices, and see distinctly a small party walking slowly up the road. One was half a step in advance of the rest; and there was something in the air and tread which told the knight at once that there was the king. Hurrying after, he soon overtook the group, and joined in their conversation in a low voice. Their speech was of the morrow's battle, their minds fixed upon that which was to decide the destiny of thrones and empires—which was to deal life and death to thousands.

The king, too, walked on before in silence, with his eyes bent upon the ground, and his look grave and thoughtful; and it was not till, passing out of the village, he came upon the brow of a small acclivity, from which the whole of the enemy's line of watch-fires could be descried, that he paused or spoke. The moment that he stopped, the distinguished soldiers who followed him gathered round; and, turning towards them with a countenance now all smiles, the monarch said, "Somewhere near this spot must be the place—I marked it this afternoon. Ha! Sir John Grey, I hardly thought you would have time to come."

"A little more in advance, sire," replied Sir Thomas of Erpingham, answering the former part of the king's speech. "If you take your stand here, the Frenchmen will have space to spread out their men beyond the edge of the two woods; but, if you plant your van within a half-bowshot of the edge of those trees, they must coop themselves up in the narrow space, where their numbers will be little good."

"You are right, renowned knight," said the king, laying his hand familiarly upon Erpingham's shoulder. "I did not mean just here. The standard shall be pitched where yon low tree rises; the vanward a hundred paces farther down, the rearward where we now stand."

"Does your Grace mark that meadow there upon the right," asked Sir John Grey, "close upon the edge of the wood?"

"I do, good friend," answered Henry; "and will use it as I know you would have. But go down first, and see how it is defended; for we must not expose our footmen to the French horse."

Sir John Grey and the Earl of Suffolk hurried on, while Henry examined the rest of the field; but they soon returned with information, that the meadow was defended by a deep and broad ditch, impassable for heavy horses; and Henry replied, "Well, then, we will secure it for ourselves by our good bowmen. Though we be so few, we can spare two hundred archers to gall the Frenchmen's flank as they come up."

"Ay! would to Heaven," cried one of the gentlemen present, "that all the brave men who are now idle in England could know that such a field as this lies before their king, and they had time to join us."

"Ha! what is that?" cried Henry. "No, by my life! I would not have one man more. If we lose the day, which God forbid we should, we are too many already; and if we win this battle, as I trust in Heaven we shall, I would not share the glory of the field with any more than needful. Come, my good lords and noble knights, let us go on and view the ground farther, and when all is decided we will place guards and light fires to insure that the enemy be not beforehand with us." Thus saying he walked on, conversing principally with Sir Thomas of Erpingham upon

the array of his men; while the other gentlemen followed, talking together, or listening to the consultation between the king and his old and experienced knight. As they went on, various broken sentences were thus overheard—as, “Ay, that copse of brushwood will guard our left right well—and the hedges and ditches on the right will secure us from the charge of men-at-arms. Their bowmen we need not fear, my liege.”

“I have bethought me, my old friend, of a defence, too, for our archers in the front. We have all heard how at Banrockburn, in the time of good King Edward, pitfalls were dug to break the charging horse. We have no time for that; but I think, if we could plant before our archers long stakes pointed with iron, a little leaning forward towards the foe, the British bows would be secure against the chivalry of France; or, if they were assailed and the enemy did break through, ’twould be in wild disorder and rash disarray, as was the case at Cressy.”

“A marvellous good thought, my liege; but every battle has a change. Those who were once attacked, become the attackers, and should such be our case, how will you clear the way for our own men from the stakes that were planted against the enemy?”

“That must be provided against, Sir Thomas. Each man must pull up the stake near him.”

“Nay, my liege,” said Sir John Grey joining in, “let a hundred billmen be ranged with the second line of archers; and at a word given, pass through and root up the stakes.”

“Right, right, Sir John,” answered the king. “Then the fury of our charge, when charge we may, will not be checked by our own defences. Our van must be all archers, with the exception of the brown bills—and I think to give the command—”

“I do beseech you, my lord the king,” said the Duke of



York advancing from behind, "to let me have that post, and lead the van of your battle. Words have been spoken and rumours have been spread which make me eager for a place of danger. You must not refuse me, royal prince."

"Nor will I, cousin," answered Henry. "On your honour and good faith, I have as much reliance as on your skill and courage, which no man dares to doubt. Are you not a Plantagenet?"

The duke caught his hand and kissed it; and if he had taken any share, as some suspected, in the conspiracy of Southampton, he expiated his fault on the succeeding day by glorious actions and a hero's death.

"Now," said the king, after some further examination of the field, "you understand our disposition, noble knights; and to you I entrust it to secure the ground during the night, and to make the arrangements for to-morrow. Cousin of York, you lead the van. I myself, with my young brother, Humphrey of Gloucester, will command the main battle. Oxford and Suffolk, you and the lord marshal shall give us counsel. My uncle of Exeter shall lead our rearward line, this good knight of Erpingham shall be our marshal of the field. Let all men in the centre fight on foot; and let the cavalry be ranged on either wing to improve the victory I hope to win. When all is ready, back to your beds and sleep, first praying God for good success to-morrow. Then, in the morning early, feed your men. Let them consume whatever meat is left: for if we gain the day, they shall find plenty on before; and if we lose it, few, methinks, will want provisions."

Thus saying, the king turned and walked back towards the village.

The morning of the twenty-fifth of October, St. Crispin's day, dawned bright, but not altogether clear. There was a slight hazy mist in the air, sufficient to soften the distant

objects, but neither to prevent the eye from ranging to a great distance, nor the sun, which was shining warm above, from pouring his beams through the air, and tinging the whole vapour with a golden hue. Early in the morning both armies were on foot; but more bustle and eagerness was observable in the French camp than amongst the English, who showed a calmer and less excited spirit, weighing well the hazards of the day, and though little doubting of victory, still feeling that no light and joyful task lay before them.

The French, however, were all bustle and activity. Men-at-arms were seen hurrying from place to place, gathering around their innumerable banners, ranging themselves under their various leaders, or kneeling and taking vows to do this or that, of which inexorable fate forbade in most cases the accomplishment. Nothing was heard on any side but accents of triumph and satisfaction, prognostications of a speedy and almost bloodless victory over the enemy, to whom they were superior by at least six times the number of the whole English host, and bloody resolutions of avenging the invasion of France, and the capture of Harfleur, by putting to death all prisoners except the king and other princes, from whom large ransoms might be expected; for a vain people is almost always a sanguinary one. A proud nation can better afford to forgive. Nothing was heard, I have said, but such foolish boastings and idle resolutions; but I ought to have excepted some less jocund observations, which were made here and there in a low tone, amongst the older but not wiser of the French nobility, prompted by the superstitious spirit of the times, which was apt to draw auguries from very trifling indications.

"Heard you how the music of these islanders made the whole air ring throughout the night?" said one.

"And ours was quite silent," said another.

"We have no instruments," rejoined a third. "This king of theirs is fond of such toys, and plays himself like a minstrel I am told; but I remarked a thing which is more serious; their horses neighed all night, as if eager for a course, and ours uttered not a sound."

"That looks bad, indeed," observed one of the others.

"Perhaps their horses, as well as their men, are frightened," answered another.

"I have seen no sign of fear," replied one of the first speakers, with a shake of the head.

"Why, the rumour goes," said the first, "that Henry of England sent on Wednesday to announce that he would give up Harfleur, and pay for all the damage he has done, if we would but grant him a free passage to his town of Calais."

"It is false," replied the first speaker. "I asked the Constable last night myself, and he said that there is not a word of truth in the whole tale, and that Henry will fight like a boar at bay; so every Frenchman must do his devoir; for if, with six times his numbers, we let the Englishmen win the day, it must be by our folly or our own fault."

As he spoke, the Constable D'Albret, followed by a gallant train of knights and noblemen, rode past on a splendid charger, horse and man completely armed; and, turning his head as he passed each group, he shouted, "To the standard, gentlemen! Under your banners, men of France! You will want shade for the sun shines, and we have a hot day before us."

Thus saying he rode on, and the French lines were speedily formed in three divisions like the English. The first, or vanguard, comprised eight thousand men-at-arms, all knights or squires, four thousand archers, and fifteen hundred cross-bow men, and was led by the Constable, the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, with some twenty other

high lords of France, while upon either wing appeared a large body of chosen cavalry. The whole line was glittering with gilded armour, and gay with a thousand banners of embroidered arms; and, as the sun shone upon it, no courtly pageant was ever more bright and beautiful to see.

The main body consisted of a still larger force, under the Dukes of Bar and Alençon, with six counts, each a great vassal of the crown of France. The rear-guard was more numerous still; but in it were comprised the light armed and irregular troops, and a mixed multitude upon whom little dependence could be placed.

When all were arranged in order on the side of the hill, the Constable addressed the troops in words of high and manly courage, tinged perhaps with a little bombast; and when he had done, the whole of that vast force remained gazing towards the opposite slope, and expecting every moment to see the English army appear, and endeavour to force its way onward towards Calais. As yet, but a few scattered bodies of the invaders were apparent upon the ground, and some time passed ere the heads of the different corps were descried issuing forth in perfect order to the sound of martial music, and taking up their position on the field marked out by Henry during the night before. Their appearance, as compared with that of the French host, was poor and insignificant in the extreme. Traces of travel and strife were evident in their arms and in their banners; and their numbers seemed but as a handful opposed to the long line which covered the hill before them. Yet there was something in the firm array, the calm and measured step, the triumphant sound of their trumpets and their clarions, the regular lines of their archers and of their cavalry, the want of all haste, confusion or agitation apparent through the whole of that small host, which was not without its effect upon their enemies, who began to feel

that there would be indeed a battle, fierce, bloody, and determined, before the day so fondly counted theirs was really won.

Prompt and well-disciplined, with their bows on their shoulders, their quivers and their swords at their sides, and their heavy axes in their hands, the English archers at once took up the position assigned to them, with as much precision as if at some pageant or muster. Each instantly planted in the earth a heavy iron-shod stake, which he carried in his left hand, and drove it in with blows from the back of his axe; and then each strung his bow and drew an arrow from the quiver. Behind, at a short distance, came the battle of the king, consisting of heavy armed infantry, principally billmen, with a strong force of cavalry on either hand. The rearward, under the Duke of Exeter, appeared shortly after on the hill above; and each of the two last divisions occupied its appointed ground with the same regularity and tranquil order which had been displayed by the van.

The preparations which they perceived, the pitching of the stakes, the marshalling of the English forces, and the position which they had taken up, showed the French commanders that the King of England was determined his battle should be a defensive one; and the appearance of some bodies of the enemy in the neighbourhood of the village of Agincourt, with the burning of a mill and house upon the same side, led them to believe that some stratagem was meditated, which must be met by prompt action with the principal corps of Henry's army.

That there were difficulties in attacking a veteran force in such a position the Constable D'Albret clearly saw, but he was naturally of a bold and rash disposition; his enemies of the Burgundian party had more than once accused him of his irresolution and incapacity; and he resolved that no

obstacle should daunt or induce him to avoid a battle with such an overpowering force at his command. He gave the order then to move forward at a slow pace, and probably did not perceive the full perils of his undertaking, till his troops had advanced too far, between the two woods, to retreat with either honour or safety. When he discovered this, it would seem an order was given to halt, and for some minutes the two armies paused, observing each other, the English determined not to quit their ground, the French hesitating to attack.

A solemn silence pervaded the whole field; but then Henry himself appeared, armed from head to foot in gilded armour, a royal crown encircling his helmet covered with precious stones, and his beaver up, displaying his countenance to his own troops. Mounted on a magnificent white horse, he rode along the line of archers in the van, within half a bow-shot of the enemy, exhorting the brave yeomen in loud tones, and with a cheerful face, to do their duty to their country and their king. Every motive was held out that could induce his soldiery to do gallant deeds; and he ended by exclaiming, "For my part, I swear that England shall never pay ransom for my person, nor France triumph over me in life; for this day shall either be famous for my death, or in it I will win honour and obtain renown."

Along the second and third line he likewise rode, followed close by Sir Thomas of Erpingham with his bald head bare, and the white hair upon his temples streaming in the wind; and to each division the king addressed nearly the same words. The only answer that was made by the soldiers was, "On, on! let us forward!" and the only communication which took place between the king and his marshal of the host occurred when at length Henry resumed his position in the centre of the main battle.

"They are near enough, my liege," said the old knight. "Is your grace ready?"

"Quite," replied Henry. "Have you left a guard over the baggage?"

"As many as could be spared, sire," replied the marshal. "Shall we begin?"

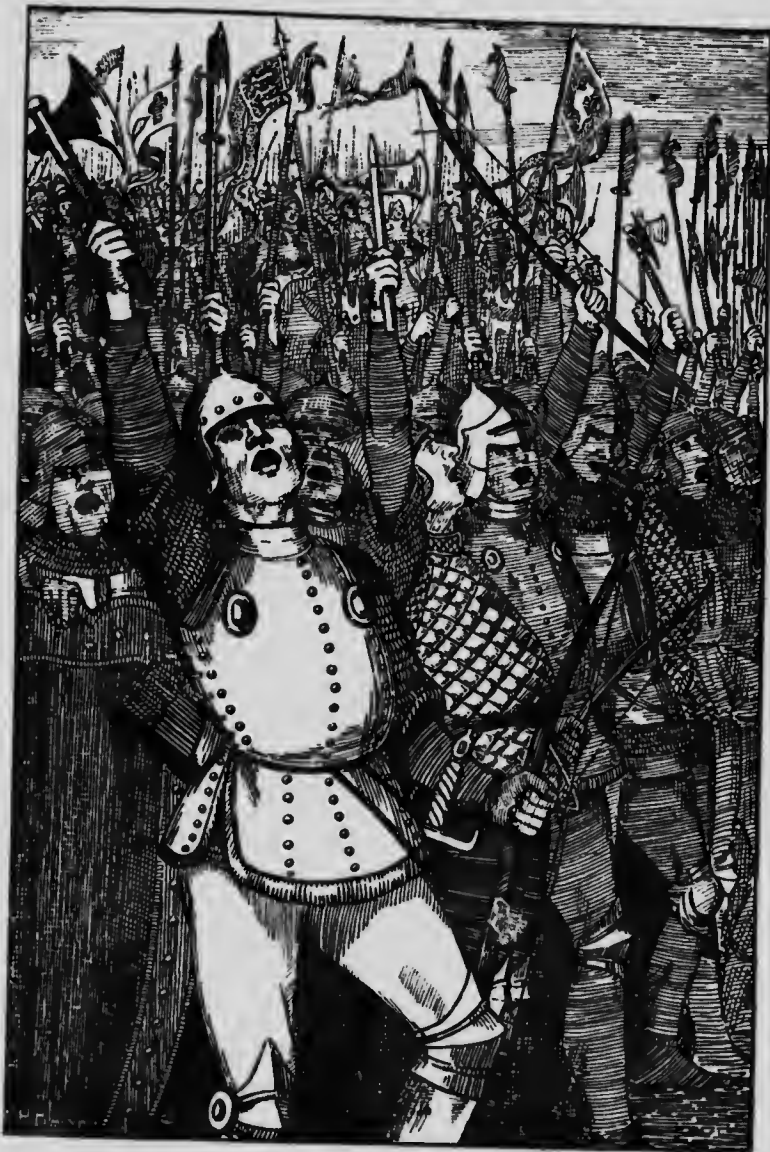
Henry bowed his head; and the old knight setting spurs to his horse, galloped along the face of the three lines, waving his truncheon in his hand, and exclaiming, "Ready, ready! Now, men of England, now!"

Then in the very centre of the van, he stopped by the side of the Duke of York, dismounted from his horse, put on his casque, which a page held ready; and then, hurling his leading staff high into the air, as he glanced over the archers with a look of fire, he cried aloud, "Now strike!"

Each English yeoman suddenly bent down upon his knee and kissed the ground. Then starting up, they gave one loud, universal cheer, at which, to use the terms of the French historian, "The Frenchmen were greatly astounded." Each archer took a step forward, drew his bow-string to his ear, and, as the van of the enemy began to move on, a cloud of arrows fell amongst them, not only from the front, but from the meadow on their flank, piercing through armour, driving the horses mad with pain, and spreading confusion and disarray amidst the immense multitude which, crowded into that narrow field, could only advance in lines thirty deep.

"Forward, forward!" shouted the French knights.

"On for your country and your king!" cried the Constable D'Albret; but his archers and cross-bowmen would not move; and, plunging their horses through them, the French men-at-arms spurred on in terrible disarray, while still amongst them fell that terrible shower of arrows, seeming to seek out with unerring aim every weak point



“THEY GAVE ONE LOUD, UNIVERSAL CHEER.”

*Face p. 94*





of their armour, piercing their visors, entering between the gorget and the breast-plate, transfixing the hand to the lance. Of eight hundred chosen men-at-arms, if we may believe the accounts of the French themselves, not more than a hundred and forty could reach the stakes by which the archers stood. This new impediment produced still more confusion; many of the heavy-armed horses of the French goring themselves upon the iron pikes, and one of the leaders who cast himself gallantly forward before the rest, being instantly pulled from his horse, and slain by the axes of the English infantry; whilst still against those that were following, were aimed the deadly shafts, till seized with terror, they drew the bridle and fled, tearing their way through the mingled mass behind them, and increasing the consternation and confusion which already reigned.

At the same moment, the arrows of the English archers being expended, the stakes were drawn up; and encouraged by the evident discomfiture of the French van, the first line of the English host rushed upon the struggling crowd before them sword in hand, rendering the disarray and panic irremediable, slaughtering immense numbers with their swords and axes, and changing terror into precipitate flight.

Up to this period, Henry, surrounded by some of his principal knights, stood immovable upon the slope of the hill, but seeing his archers engaged hand to hand with the enemy, he pointed out with his truncheon a knight in black armour with lines of gold, about a hundred yards distant upon the left, saying, "Tell Sir Henry Dacre to move down with his company to support the van. The enemy may rally yet." A squire galloped off to bear the order; and instantly the band to which he addressed himself swept down in firm array, while the king, with the whole of the main body, moved slowly on to insure the victory.

No further resistance, indeed, was made by the advanced

guard of the French. Happy was the man who could save himself by flight; the archers and the cross-bowmen separating from each other, plunged into the wood; many of the men-at-arms dismounting from their horses, and casting off their heavy armour, followed their example; and others, flying in small parties, rallied upon the immense body led by the Dukes of Bar and Alençon which was now advancing in the hope of retrieving the day. It was known that the Duke of Alençon had sworn to take the King of England alive or dead, and the contest now became more fierce and more regular. Pouring on in thunder upon the English line, the French men-at-arms seemed to bear all before them; but though shaken by the charge, the English cavalry gallantly maintained their ground; and, as calm as if sitting at the council-table, the English King from the midst of the battle, even where it was fiercest around him, issued his commands, rallied his men, and marked with an approving eye, and often with words of high commendation, the conduct of the foremost in the fight.

"Wheel your men, Sir John Grey," he cried, "and take that party in the green upon the flank. Bravely done, upon my life; Sir Harry Dacre seems resolved to outdo us all. Give him support, my Lord of Hungerford. See you not that he is surrounded by a score of lances! By the holy rood he has cleared the way—Aid him, aid him, and they are routed there!"

"That is not Sir Harry Dacre, my lord the king," said a gentleman near. "He is in plain steel armour. I spoke with him but a minute ago."

"On, on," cried Henry, little heeding him. "Restore the array on the right, Sir Hugh Basset. They have bent back a little. On your guard, on your guard, knights and gentlemen! Down with your lances. Here they come!" and, at the same moment, a large body of French, at the

full gallop, dashed towards the spot where the king stood. In an instant, the Duke of Gloucester, but a few yards from the monarch, was encountered by a knight of great height and strength, and cast headlong to the ground. Henry spurred up to his brother's defence, and covering him with his shield, rained a thousand blows, with his large heavy sword, upon the armour of his adversary, while two of the duke's squires drew the young prince from beneath his horse.

"Beware, beware, my lord the king!" cried a voice upon his left; and turning round, Henry beheld the knight in the black armour pointing with his mace to the right, where the Duke of Alençon, some fifty yards before a large party of the French chivalry, was galloping forward with his battle-axe in his hand, direct towards the king. Henry turned to meet him; but that movement had nearly proved fatal to the English monarch; for as he wheeled his horse, he saw the black knight cover him with his shield, receive upon it a tremendous blow from the gigantic adversary who had overthrown the Duke of Gloucester, and, swinging high his mace, strike the other on the crest a stroke that brought his head to his horse's neck. A second dashed him to the ground; but Henry had time to remark no more, for Alençon was already upon him, and he had now to fight hand to hand for life. Few men, however, could stand before the English monarch's arm; and in an instant the duke was rolling in the dust. A dozen of the foot soldiers were upon him at once.

"Spare him, spare him!" cried the king; but ere his voice could be heard, a dagger was in the unhappy prince's throat.

"My lord the king, my lord the king," cried the voice of a man galloping up in haste, "the rear-guard of the enemy have rallied, and are already in your camp, pillaging and slaying wherever they come."

“Ha, then, we will fight them too,” cried the monarch. “Keep the field, my lord duke; and prevent those fugitives from collecting together;” and gathering a small force of cavalry, Henry himself rode back at speed towards the village of Maisoncelles. But when he reached the part of the camp where his baggage had been left, the king found that the report of the French rear-guard having rallied was false. Tents had been overthrown, it is true, houses had been burnt, waggons had been pillaged; and the work of plunder was still going on. But the only force in presence consisted of some six or seven hundred armed peasantry, headed by about six score men-at-arms, with three or four gentlemen apparently of knightly rank. The cavaliers, who had dismounted, instantly sprang on their horses and fled when the English horse appeared; and Henry, fearing to endanger his victory, shouted loudly not to pursue.

When Henry looked round, the main body of the French were flying in confusion, the rear-guard had already fled; and all that remained upon the field of Agincourt of the magnificent host of France, were the prisoners, the dying or the dead, except where here and there, scattered over the ground, were seen small parties of twenty or thirty, separated from the rest, and fighting with the courage of despair.

“Let all men be taken to mercy,” cried the king “who are willing to surrender. Quick, send messengers, uncle of Exeter, to command them to give quarter.”

G. P. R. JAMES, *Agincourt*.

## HENRY VI

### HOW PRINCE EDWARD HELPED HIS CAUSE

IN one of the apartments appropriated to the Earl of Warwick in the royal palace at Amboise, within the embrasure of a vast Gothic casement, sat Anne of Warwick; the small wicket in the window was open, and gave a view of a wide and fair garden, interspersed with thick bosquets, and regular alleys, over which the rich skies of the summer evening, a little before sunset, cast alternate light and shadow. Towards this prospect the sweet face of the Lady Anne was turned musingly. The riveted eye—the bended neck—the arms reclining on the knee—the slender fingers interlaced—gave to her whole person the character of reverie and repose.

In the same chamber were two other ladies; the one was pacing the floor with slow but uneven steps, with lips moving from time to time, as if in self-commune, with the brow contracted slightly: her form and face took also the character of reverie, but not of repose.

The third female (the gentle and lovely mother of the other two) was seated, towards the centre of the room, before a small table, on which rested one of those religious manuscripts, full of the moralities and the marvels of cloister sanctity, which made so large a portion of the literature of the monkish ages. But her eye rested not on the Gothic letter, and the rich blazon of the holy book. With all a mother's fear, and all a mother's fondness, it glanced from Isabel to Anne—from Anne to Isabel, till at length in one

of those soft voices, so rarely heard, which makes even a stranger love the speaker, the fair countess said—

“Come hither, my child, Isabel, give me thy hand, and whisper me what hath chafed thee.”

“My mother,” replied the duchess, “it would become me ill to have a secret not known to thee, and yet, methinks, it would become me less to say aught to provoke thine anger!”

“Anger, Isabel! who ever knew anger for those they love!”

“Pardon me, my sweet mother,” said Isabel, relaxing her haughty brow, and she approached and kissed her mother’s cheek.

The countess drew her gently to a seat by her side—

“And now tell me all—unless, indeed, thy Clarence hath, in some lover’s hasty mood, vexed thy affection; for of the household secrets, even a mother should not question the true wife.”

Isabel paused, and glanced significantly at Anne.

“Nay—see!” said the countess, smiling, though sadly—  
“She, too, hath thoughts that she will not tell to me; but they seem not such as should alarm my fears as thine do. For the moment ere I spoke to thee, thy brow frowned, and her lip smiled. She hears us not—speak on.”

“Is it then true, my mother, that Margaret of Anjou is hastening hither; and can it be possible that King Louis can persuade my lord and father to meet, save in the field of battle, the arch-enemy of our house?”

“Ask the earl thysself, Isabel; Lord Warwick hath no concealment from his children. Whatever he doth is ever wisest, best and knightliest—so, at least, may his children always deem!”

Isabel’s colour changed, and her eye flashed. But ere she could answer, the arras was raised, and Lord Warwick entered.

Gloomy and absorbed, his very dress—which, at that day, the Anglo-Norman deemed it a sin against self-dignity to neglect—braying, by its disorder, that thorough change of the whole mind; that terrible internal revolution, which is made but, in strong natures, by the tyranny of a great care, or a great passion, the earl scarcely seemed to heed his countess, who rose hastily, but stopped in the timid fear and reverence of love at the sight of his stern aspect,—he threw himself abruptly on a seat, passed his hand over his face, and sighed heavily.

That sigh dispelled the fear of the wife, and made her alive only to her privilege of the soother. She drew near, and placing herself on the green rushes at his feet, took his hand and kissed it, but did not speak.

The earl's eyes fell on the lovely face looking up to him through tears, his brow softened, he drew his hand gently from hers, placed it on her head, and said, in a low voice—  
“God and our Lady bless thee, sweet wife!”

Then, looking round, he saw Isabel watching him intently, and, rising at once, he threw his arm round her waist, pressed her to his bosom, and said, “My daughter, for thee and thine, day and night have I striven and planned in vain. I cannot reward thy husband as I would—I cannot give thee, as I had hoped, a throne!”

“What title so dear to Isabel,” said the countess, “as that of Lord Warwick's daughter?”

Isabel remained cold and silent, and returned not the earl's embrace.

Warwick was, happily, too absorbed in his own feelings to notice those of his child. Moving away, he continued, as he paced the room (his habit in emotion, which Isabel, who had many minute external traits, in common with her father, had unconsciously caught from him)—

“Till this morning, I hoped still that my name and ser-



vices, that Clarence's popular bearing, and his birth of Plantagenet, would suffice to summon the English people round our standard—that the false Edward would be driven, on our landing, to fly the realm; and that, without change to the dynasty of York, Clarence, as next male heir, would ascend the throne. True, I saw all the obstacles—all the difficulties,—I was warned of them before I left England; but still I hoped. Lord Oxford has arrived—he has just left me. We have gone over the chart of the way before us, weighed the worth of every name, for and against; and, alas! I cannot but allow that all attempt to place the younger brother on the throne of the elder would but lead to bootless slaughter, and irretrievable defeat.”

“Wherefore think you so, my lord?” asked Isabel, in evident excitement. “Your own retainers are sixty thousand; an army larger than Edward and all his lords of yesterday can bring into the field.”

“My child,” answered the earl, with that profound knowledge of his countrymen which he had rather acquired his English heart than from any subtlety of intellect—“armies may gain a victory, but they do not achieve a throne—unless, at least, they enforce a slavery; and it is not for me and for Clarence to be the violent conquerors of our countrymen, but the regenerators of a free realm, corrupted by a false man's rule.”

“And what then?” exclaimed Isabel,—“what do you propose, my father? Can it be possible that you can unite yourself with the abhorred Lancastrians—with the savage Anjouite, who beheaded my grandsire, Salisbury? Well do I remember your own words—‘May God and St. George forget me, when I forget those grey and gory hairs!’”

Here Isabel was interrupted by a faint cry from Anne, who, unobserved by the rest, and hitherto concealed from her father's eye by the deep embrasure of the window,

had risen some moments before, and listened, with breathless attention, to the conversation between Warwick and the duchess.

"It is not true—it is not true!" exclaimed Anne, passionately. "Margaret disowns the inhuman deed."

"Thou art right, Anne," said Warwick; "though I guess not how thou didst learn the error of a report so popularly believed, that till of late, I never questioned its truth. King Louis assures me solemnly, that that foul act was done by the butcher Clifford, against Margaret's knowledge, and, when known, to her grief and anger."

"And you, who call Edward false, can believe Louis true!"

"Cease, Isabel—cease!" said the countess. "Is it thus my child can address my lord and husband? Forgive her, beloved Richard."

"Such heat in Clarence's wife misbeseems her not," answered Warwick. "And I can comprehend and pardon in my haughty Isabel a resentment which her reason must, at last, subdue; for think not, Isabel, that it is without dread struggle and fierce agony that I can contemplate peace and league with mine ancient foe; but here two duties speak to me in voices not to be denied: my honour and my hearth, as noble and as man, demand redress—and the weal and glory of my country demand a ruler who does not degrade a warrior, nor assail a virgin, nor corrupt a people by lewd pleasures, nor exhaust a land by grinding imposts; and that honour shall be vindicated, and that country shall be righted, no matter at what sacrifice of private grief and pride."

The words and the tone of the earl for a moment awed even Isabel, but after a pause, she said, sullenly, "And for this, then, Clarence hath joined your quarrel, and shared your exile!—for this,—that he may place the eternal barrier of the Lancastrian line between himself and the English throne!"

"I would fain hope," answered the earl, calmly, "that Clarence will view our hard position more charitably than thou. If he gain not all that I could desire, should success crown our arms, he will, at least, gain much; for often and ever did thy husband, Isabel, urge me to stern measures against Edward, when I soothed him and restrained. *Mort Dieu!* how often did he complain of slight and insult from Elizabeth and her minions, of open affront from Edward, of parsimony to his wants as prince—of a life, in short, humbled and made bitter by all the indignity and the gall which scornful power can inflict on dependent pride. If he gain not the throne, he will gain, at least, the succession, in thy right, to the baronies of Beauchamp, the mighty duchy and the vast heritage of York, the vice-royalty of Ireland. Never prince of the blood had wealth and honours equal to those that shall await thy lord. For the rest, I drew him not into my quarrel—long before, would he have drawn me into his; nor doth it become thee, Isabel, as child and as sister, to repent, if the husband of my daughter felt as brave men feel, without calculation of gain and profit, the insult offered to his lady's house. But, if here I overgauge his chivalry and love to me and mine, or discontent his ambition and his hopes, *Mort Dieu!* we hold him not a captive. Edward will hail his overtures of peace; let him make terms with his brother, and return."

"I will report to him what you say, my Lord," said Isabel, with cold brevity; and, bending her haughty head in formal reverence, she advanced to the door. Anne sprang forward and caught her hand.

"Oh, Isabel!" she whispered; "in our father's sad and gloomy hour can you leave him thus?"—and the sweet lady burst into tears.

"Anne," retorted Isabel, bitterly, "thy heart is Lancas-





“WHAT, PERADVENTURE, GRIEVES MY FATHER, HATH BUT JOY  
FOR THEE.”

*Face p. 103*

trian; and what, peradventure, grieves my father, hath but joy for thee."

Anne drew back, pale and trembling, and her sister swept from the room.

The earl, though he had not overheard the whispered sentences which passed between his daughters, had watched them closely, and his lip quivered with emotion, as Isabel closed the door.

"Come hither, my Anne," he said, tenderly; "thou who hast thy mother's face, never hast a harsh thought for thy father."

As Anne threw herself on Warwick's breast, he continued—"And how camest thou to learn that Margaret disowns a deed that, if done by her command, would render my union with her cause a sacrilegious impiety to the dead?"

Anne coloured, and nestled her head still closer to her father's bosom. Her mother regarded her confusion and her silence with an anxious eye.

The wing of the palace in which the earl's apartments were situated was appropriated to himself and household, flanked to the left by an abutting pile containing state chambers, never used by the austere and thrifty Louis, save on great occasions of pomp or revel; and, as we have before observed, looking on a garden,—which was generally solitary and deserted. From this garden, while Anne yet strove for words to answer her father, and the countess yet watched her embarrassment, suddenly came the soft strain of a Provençal lute: while a low voice, rich, and modulated at once by a deep feeling and an exquisite art that would have given effect to even simpler words, breathed the lay of the heir of Lancaster. When the song ceased, there was silence within the chamber, broken but by Anne's low, yet passionate weeping. The earl gently strove to

disengage her arms from his neck, but she, mistaking his intention, sank on her knees, and covering her face with her hands, exclaimed—

“Pardon!—pardon!—pardon him, if not me!”

“What have I to pardon? What has thou concealed from me? Can I think that thou hast met, in secret, one who—”

“In secret! Never—never, father! This is the third time only that I have heard his voice since we have been at Amboise, save when—save when—”

“Go on.”

“Save when King Louis presented him to me in the revel, under the name of the Count de F—, and he asked me if I could forgive his mother for Lord Clifford’s crime.”

“It is, then, as the rhyme proclaimed; and it is Edward of Lancaster who loves and woos the daughter of Lord Warwick!”

Something in her father’s voice made Anne remove her hands from her face, and look up to him with a thrill of timid joy. Upon his brow, indeed, frowned no anger—upon his lip smiled no scorn. At that moment all his haughty grief at the curse of circumstance, which drove him to his hereditary foe, had vanished. Though Montagu had obtained from Oxford some glimpse of the desire which the more sagacious and temperate Lancastrians already entertained for that alliance, and though Louis had already hinted its expediency to the earl, yet, till now, Warwick himself had naturally conceived that the prince shared the enmity of his mother, and that such an union, however politic, was impossible; but now, indeed, there burst upon him the full triumph of revenge and pride. Edward of York dared to woo Anne to dishonour—Edward of Lancaster dared not even woo her as his wife till his crown was won! To place upon the throne the very daughter

the ungrateful monarch had insulted—to make her he would have humbled, not only the instrument of his fall, but the successor of his purple—to unite in one glorious strife, the wrongs of the man and the pride of the father,—these were the thoughts that sparkled in the eye of the king-maker, and flushed with a fierce rapture the dark cheek, already hollowed by passion and care. He raised his daughter from the floor, and placed her in her mother's arms, but still spoke not.

"This, then was thy secret, Anne," whispered the countess; "and I half foreguessed it, when, last night, I knelt beside thy couch to pray, and overheard thee murmur in thy dreams."

"Sweet mother, thou forgivest me; but my father—ah, he speaks not!—One word! Father, father, not even his love could console me if I angered thee!"

The earl, who had remained rooted to the spot, his eyes shining thoughtfully under his dark brows, and his hand slightly raised, as if piercing into the future, and mapping out its airy realm, turned quickly—

"I go to the heir of Lancaster; if this boy be bold and true—worthy of England and of thee—we will change the sad ditty of that scannel lute into such a storm of trumpets as beseems the triumph of a conqueror, and the marriage of a prince!"

In truth, the young prince, in obedience to a secret message from the artful Louis, had repaired to the court of Amboise under the name of the Count de F—. The French king had long before made himself acquainted with Prince Edward's romantic attachment to the earl's daughter, through the agent employed by Edward to transmit his portrait to Anne at Rouen; and from him, probably, came to Oxford the suggestion which that nobleman had hazarded to Montagu; and now that it became his policy



seriously and earnestly to espouse the cause of his kinswoman Margaret, he saw all the advantage to his cold statecraft which could be drawn from a boyish love. Louis had a well-founded fear of the warlike spirit and military talents of Edward IV; and this fear had induced him hitherto to refrain from openly espousing the cause of the Lancastrians, though it did not prevent his abetting such seditions and intrigues as could confine the attention of the martial Plantagenet to the perils of his own realm. But now that the breach between Warwick and the king had taken place—now that the earl could no longer curb the desire of the Yorkist monarch to advance his hereditary claims to the fairest provinces of France—nay, peradventure, to France itself,—while the defection of Lord Warwick gave to the Lancastrians the first fair hope of success in urging their own pretensions to the English throne—he bent all the powers of his intellect and his will towards the restoration of a natural ally, and the downfall of a dangerous foe. But he knew that Margaret and her Lancastrian favourers could not of themselves suffice to achieve a revolution—that they could only succeed under cover of the popularity and the power of Warwick, while he perceived all the art it would require to make Margaret forego her vindictive nature and long resentment, and to supple the pride of the great earl into recognising, as a sovereign, the woman who had branded him as a traitor.

Long before Lord Oxford's arrival, Louis, with all that address which belonged to him, had gradually prepared the earl to familiarize himself to the only alternative before him, save that, indeed, of powerless sense of wrong, and obscure and lasting exile. The French king looked with more uneasiness to the scruples of Margaret; and to remove these, he trusted less to his own skill than to her love for her only son.

His youth passed principally in Anjou—that court of minstrels—young Edward's gallant and ardent temper had become deeply imbued with the southern poetry and romance. Perhaps, the very feud between his house and Lord Warwick's, though both claimed their common descent from John of Gaunt, had tended, by the contradictions in the human heart, to endear to him the recollection of the gentle Anne. He obeyed with joy the summons of Louis, repaired to the court, was presented to Anne as the Count de F——, found himself recognised at the first glance (for his portrait still lay upon her heart, as his remembrance in its core), and had ventured, agreeably to the sweet customs of Anjou, to address the lady of his love, under the shade of the starlit and summer copses. But, on this last occasion, he had departed from his former discretion; hitherto he had selected an hour of deeper night, and ventured but beneath the lattice of the maiden's chamber when the rest of the palace was hushed in sleep. And the fearless declaration of his rank and love now hazarded, was prompted by one who contrived to turn to grave uses the wildest whim of the minstrel, the most romantic enthusiasm of youth.

Louis had just learned from Oxford the result of his interview with Warwick. And about the same time the French king had received a letter from Margaret, announcing her departure from the castle of Verdun for Tours, where she prayed him to meet her forthwith, and stating that she had received from England tidings that might change all her schemes, and more than ever forbid the possibility of a reconciliation with the Earl of Warwick.

The king perceived the necessity of calling into immediate effect the aid on which he had relied, in the presence and passion of the young prince. He sought him at once—he found him in a remote part of the gardens, and overheard him breathing to himself the lay he had just composed.

"*Pasque Dieu!*" said the king, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder—"if thou wilt but repeat that song where and when I bid thee, I promise that before the month ends Lord Warwick shall pledge thee his daughter's hand; and before the year is closed thou shalt sit beside Lord Warwick's daughter in the hall of Westminster."

And the royal troubador took the counsel of the king.

The song had ceased; the minstrel emerged from the bosquets, and stood upon the sward, as, from the postern of the palace, walked with a slow step, a form from which it became him not, as prince or as lover, in peace or in war, to shrink. The first stars had now risen; the light, though serene, was pale and dim. The two men—the one advancing, the other motionless—gazed on each other in grave silence. As Count de F—, amidst the young nobles in the king's train, the earl had scarcely noticed the heir of England. He viewed him now with a different eye:—in secret complacency, for, with a soldier's weakness, the soldier-baron valued men too much for their outward seeming,—he surveyed a figure already masculine and stalwart, though still in the graceful symmetry of fair eighteen.

"A youth of a goodly presence," muttered the earl, "with the dignity that commands in peace, and the sinews that can strive against hardship and death in war."

He approached, and said, calmly—"Sir minstrel, he who woos either fame or beauty may love the lute, but should wield the sword. At least, so methinks, had the Fifth Henry said to him who boasts for his heritage the sword of Agincourt."

"O noble earl!" exclaimed the prince, touched by words far gentler than he had dared to hope, despite his bold and steadfast mien, and giving way to frank and graceful emotion—"O noble earl! since thou knowest me—since

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my secret is told—since, in that secret, I have proclaimed a hope as dear to me as crown, and dearer far than life, can I hope that thy rebuke but veils thy favour, and that, under Lord Warwick's eye, the grandson of Henry V shall approve himself worthy of the blood that kindles in his veins?"

"Fair sir and prince," returned the earl, whose hardy and generous nature the emotion and fire of Edward warmed and charmed, "there are, alas! deep memories of blood and wrong—the sad deeds and wrathful words of party feud and civil war, between thy royal mother and myself; and though we may unite now against a common foe, much I fear that the Lady Margaret would brook ill a closer friendship, a nearer tie, than the exigency of the hour, between Richard Neville and her son."

"No, sir earl; let me hope you mistake her. Hot and impetuous, but not mean and treacherous, the moment that she accepts the service of thine arm she must forget that thou hast been her foe; and if I, as my father's heir, return to England, it is in the trust that a new era will commence. Free from the passionate enmities of either faction, Yorkist and Lancastrian are but Englishmen to me. Justice to all who serve us—pardon for all who have opposed."

The prince paused, and, even in the dim light, his kingly aspect gave effect to his kingly words. "And if this resolve be such as you approve—if you, great earl, be that which even your foes proclaim, a man whose power depends less on lands and vassals—broad though the one, and numerous though the other—than on well-known love for England, her glory, and her peace, it rests with you to bury for ever in one grave the feuds of Lancaster and York! What Yorkist, who hath fought at Towton or St. Albans, under Lord Warwick's standard, will lift sword against the husband of Lord Warwick's daughter? what Lancastrian will not forgive

a Yorkist, when Lord Warwick, the kinsman of Duke Richard, becomes father to the Lancastrian heir, and bulwark to the Lancastrian throne? Oh, Warwick, if not for my sake, nor for the sake of full redress against the ingrate whom thou repentest to have placed on my father's throne, at least for the sake of England—for the healing of her bleeding wounds—for the union of her divided people, hear the grandson of Henry V, who sues to thee for thy daughter's hand!"

The royal wooer bent his knee as he spoke—the mighty subject saw and prevented the impulse of the prince who had forgotten himself in the lover; the hand which he caught he lifted to his lips, and the next moment, in manly and soldier-like embrace, the prince's young arm was thrown over the broad shoulder of the king-maker.

Louis hastened to meet Margaret at Tours; thither came also her father René, her brother John of Calabria, Yolante her sister, and the Count of Vaudemonte. The meeting between the queen and René was so touching as to have drawn tears to the hard eyes of Louis XI; but, that emotion over, Margaret evinced how little affliction had humbled her high spirit, or softened her angry passions: she interrupted Louis in every argument for reconciliation with Warwick. "Not with honour to myself, and to my son," she exclaimed, "can I pardon that cruel earl—the main cause of King Henry's downfall! in vain patch up a hollow peace between us—a peace of form and parchment! My spirit never can be contented with him, *ne* pardon!"

For several days she maintained a language which betrayed the chief cause of her own impolitic passions, that had lost her crown. Showing to Louis the letter despatched to her, proffering the hand of the Lady Elizabeth to her son, she asked "if that were not a more profitable party," and, "if it were necessary that she should forgive—whether

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it were not more queenly to treat with Edward than with a twofold rebel?"

In fact, the queen would, perhaps, have fallen into Gloucester's artful snare, despite all the arguments and even the half menaces of the more penetrating Louis, but for a counteracting influence which Richard had not reckoned upon. Prince Edward, who had lingered behind Louis, arrived from Amboise, and his persuasions did more than all the representations of the crafty king. The queen loved her son with that intensesness which characterizes the one soft affection of violent natures. Never had she yet opposed his most childish whim, and now he spoke with the eloquence of one, who put his heart and his life's life into his words. At last, reluctantly, she consented to an interview with Warwick. The earl, accompanied by Oxford, arrived at Tours, and the two nobles were led into the presence of Margaret by King Louis.

The reader will picture to himself a room darkened by thick curtains drawn across the casement, for the proud woman wished not the earl to detect on her face either the ravages of years or the emotions of offended pride. In a throne chair, placed on the dais, sate the motionless queen, her hands clasping, convulsively, the arms of the fauteuil, her features pale and rigid;—and behind the chair leant the graceful figure of her son. The person of the Lancastrian prince was little less remarkable than that of his hostile namesake, but its character was distinctly different. Spare, like Henry V., almost to the manly defect of leanness, his proportions were slight to those which gave such portly majesty to the vast-chested Edward, but they evinced the promise of almost equal strength; the muscles hardened to iron by early exercise in arms, the sap of youth never wasted by riot and debauch: his short purple manteline, trimmed with ermine, was embroidered with his grand-

father's favourite device, "the silver swan"—he wore on his breast the badge of St. George, and the single ostrich plume, which made his cognisance as Prince of Wales, waved over a fair and ample forehead, on which were, even then, traced the lines of musing thought and high design; his chestnut hair curled close to his noble head, his eye shone dark and brilliant beneath the deep-set brow, which gives to the human countenance such expression of energy and intellect—all about him, in aspect and mien, seemed to betoken a mind riper than his years, a masculine simplicity of taste and bearing, the earnest and grave temperament, mostly allied, in youth, to pure and elevated desires, to an honourable and chivalric soul.

Below the dais stood some of the tried and gallant gentlemen who had braved exile, and tasted penury in their devotion to the House of Lancaster, and who had now flocked once more round their queen, in the hope of better days. There were the Dukes of Exeter and Somerset—their very garments soiled and threadbare—many a day had those great lords hungered for the beggar's crust! There stood Sir John Fortescue, the patriarch authority of our laws, who had composed his famous treatise for the benefit of the young prince, over-fond of exercise with lance and brand, and the recreation of knightly song. There were Jasper of Pembroke, and Sir Henry Rous, and the Earl of Devon, and the Knight of Lytton, whose house had followed, from sire to son, the fortunes of the Lancastrian Rose; and, contrasting the sober garments of the exiles, shone the jewels and cloth of gold that decked the persons of the more prosperous foreigners, Ferri, Count of Vaudemonte, Margaret's brother, the Duke of Calabria, and the powerful form of Sir Pierre de Brezé, who had accompanied Margaret in her last disastrous campaigns, with all the devotion of a chevalier for the lofty lady adored in secret.

When the door opened, and gave to the eyes of those proud exiles the form of their puissant enemy, they with difficulty suppressed the murmur of their resentment, and their looks turned with sympathy and grief to the hueless face of their queen.

The earl himself was troubled—his step was less firm, his crest less haughty, his eye less serenely steadfast.

But beside him, in a dress more homely than that of the poorest exile there, and in garb and in aspect, as he lives for ever in the portraiture of Victor Hugo and our own yet greater Scott, moved Louis, popularly called "The Fell."

"Madame and cousin," said the king, "we present to you the man for whose haute courage and dread fame we have such love and respect, that we value him as much as any king, and would do as much for him as for man living, and with my lord of Warwick, see also this noble Earl of Oxford, who, though he may have sided awhile with the enemies of your highness, comes now to pray your pardon, and to lay at your feet his sword."

Lord Oxford (who had ever unwillingly acquiesced in the Yorkist dynasty)—more prompt than Warwick, here threw himself on his knees before Margaret, and his tears fell on her hand, as he murmured "Pardon."

"Rise, Sir John de Vere," said the queen, glancing, with a flashing eye, from Oxford to Lord Warwick. "Your pardon is right easy to purchase, for well I know that you yielded but to the time—you did not turn the time against us—you and yours have suffered much for King Henry's cause. Rise, Sir Earl."

"And," said a voice, so deep and so solemn, that it hushed the very breath of those who heard it,—“and has Margaret a pardon also for the man who did more than all others to dethrone King Henry, and can do more than all to restore his crown?"



"Ha!" cried Margaret, rising in her passion, and casting from her the hand her son had placed upon her shoulder—"Ha! Ownest thou thy wrongs, proud lord? Comest thou at last to kneel at Queen Margaret's feet? Look round and behold her court—some half-score brave and unhappy gentlemen, driven from their hearths and homes—their heritage the prey of knaves and varlets—their sovereign in a prison—their sovereign's wife, their sovereign's son, persecuted and hunted from the soil! And comest thou now to the forlorn majesty of sorrow to boast—'Such deeds were mine'?"

"Mother and lady," began the prince—

"Madden me not, my son. Forgiveness is for the prosperous, not for adversity and woe."

"Hear me," said the earl,—who, having once bowed his pride to the interview, had steeled himself against the passion which, in his heart, he somewhat despised as a mere woman's burst of inconsiderate fury—"for I have this right to be heard—that not one of these knights, your lealest and noblest friends, can say of me, that I ever stooped to gloss mine acts, or palliate bold deeds with wily words. Dear to me as comrade in arms—sacred to me as a father's head, was Richard of York, mine uncle by marriage with Lord Salisbury's sister. I speak not now of his claims by descent (for those even King Henry could not deny), but I maintain them, even in your grace's presence, to be such as vindicate, from disloyalty and treason, me and the many true and gallant men who upheld them through danger, by field and scaffold. Error, it might be—but the error of men who believed themselves the defenders of a just cause. Nor did I, Queen Margaret, lend myself wholly to my kinsman's quarrel, nor share one scheme that went to the dethronement of King Henry, until—pardon, if I speak bluntly; it is my wont, and would be more so now, but for thy fair face and woman's form which awe

me more than if confronting the frown of Cœur de Lion, or the first Great Edward—pardon me, I say, if I speak bluntly, and aver, that I was not King Henry's foe until false counsellors had planned my destruction, in body and goods, land and life. In the midst of peace, at Coventry, my father and myself scarcely escaped the knife of the murderer. In the streets of London, the very menials and hangmen employed in the service of your highness beset me unarmed, a little time after, and my name was attainted by an illegal Parliament. And not till after these things did Richard Duke of York ride to the Hall of Westminster, and lay his hand upon the throne; nor till after these things did I and my father Salisbury say to each other, 'The time has come when neither peace nor honour can be found for us under King Henry's reign.' Blame me if you will, Queen Margaret; reject me, if you need not my sword; but that which I did in the gone days was such as no nobleman so outraged and despaired, would have forborne to do;—remembering that England is not the heritage of the king alone, but that safety and honour, and freedom and justice, are the rights of his Norman gentlemen and his Saxon people. And rights are a mockery and a laughter if they do not justify resistance, whensoever, and by whomsoever, they are invaded and assailed."

It had been with a violent effort that Margaret had refrained from interrupting this address, which had, however, produced no inconsiderable effect upon the knightly listeners around the dais. And now, as the earl ceased, her indignation was arrested by dismay on seeing the young prince suddenly leave his post and advance to the side of Warwick.

"Right well hast thou spoken, noble earl and cousin—right well, though right plainly. And I," added the prince, "saving the presence of my queen and mother—I, the representative of my sovereign father, in his name will pledge

thee a king's oblivion and pardon for the past, if thou, on thy side acquit my princely mother of all privity to the snares against thy life and honour of which thou hast spoken, and give thy knightly word to be henceforth leal to Lancaster. Perish all memories of the past that can make walls between the souls of brave men."

Till this moment, his arms folded in his gown, his thin, fox-like face bent to the ground, Louis had listened, silent and undisturbed. He now deemed it the moment to second the appeal of the prince. Passing his hand hypocritically over his tearless eyes, the king turned to Margaret and said—

"Joyful hour!—happy union!—May Madame La Vierge and Monseigneur St. Martin sanctify and hallow the bond by which alone my beloved kinswoman can regain her rights and roiaulme. Amen."

Unheeding this pious ejaculation, her bosom heaving, her eyes wandering from the earl to Edward, Margaret at last gave vent to her passion.

"And is it come to this, Prince Edward of Wales, that thy mother's wrongs are not thine? Standest thou side by side with my mortal foe, who instead of repenting treason, dares but to complain of injury? Am I fallen so low that my voice to pardon or disdain is counted but as a sough of idle air! God of my fathers, hear me! Willingly from my heart I tear the last thought and care for the pomps of earth. Hateful to me a crown for which the wearer must cringe to enemy and rebel! Away, Earl Warwick! Monstrous and unnatural seems it to the wife of captive Henry to see thee by the side of Henry's son!"

Every eye turned in fear to the aspect of the earl, every ear listened for the answer which might be expected from his well-known heat and pride—an answer to destroy for ever the last hope of the Lancastrian line. But whether it was the very consciousness of his power to raise or to

crush that fiery speaker, or those feelings natural to brave men, half of chivalry, half contempt, which kept down the natural anger by thoughts of the sex and sorrows of the Anjouite, or that the wonted irascibility of his temper had melted into one steady and profound passion of revenge against Edward of York, which absorbed all lesser and more trivial causes of resentment,—the earl's face, though pale as the dead, was unmoved and calm, and, with a grave and melancholy smile, he answered—

“More do I respect thee, O queen, for the hot words which show a truth rarely heard from royal lips, than hadst thou deigned to dissimulate the forgiveness and kindly charity which sharp remembrance permits thee not to feel! No, princely Margaret, not yet can there be frank amity between thee and me! Nor do I boast the affection you gallant gentlemen have displayed. Frankly, as thou hast spoken, do I say, that the wrongs I have suffered from another alone move me to allegiance to thyself! Let others serve thee for love of Henry—reject not my service, given but for revenge on Edward—as much, henceforth, am I his foe as formerly his friend and maker! And if, hereafter, on the throne, thou shouldst remember and resent the former wars, at least thou hast owed me no gratitude, and thou canst not grieve my heart, and seethe my brain, as the man whom I once loved better than a son! Thus, from thy presence I depart, chafing not at thy scornful wrath—mindful, young prince, but of thy just and gentle heart, and sure, in the calm of my own soul (on which this much, at least, of our destiny is reflected as on a glass), that when, high lady, thy colder sense returns to thee, thou wilt see that the league between us must be made!—that thine ire, as woman, must fade before thy duties as a mother, thy affection as a wife, and thy paramount and solemn obligations to the people thou hast ruled as queen! In the dead

of night thou shalt hear the voice of Henry, in his prison, asking Margaret to set him free. The vision of thy son shall rise before thee in his bloom and promise, to demand, 'Why his mother deprives him of a crown?' and crowds of pale peasants, grinded beneath tyrannous exaction, and despairing fathers mourning for dishonoured children, shall ask the Christian queen, 'If God will sanction the unreasoning wrath which rejects the only instrument that can redress her people?'"

This said, the earl bowed his head and turned; but, at the first sign of his departure, there was a general movement among the noble bystanders: impressed by the dignity of his bearing, by the greatness of his power, and by the unquestionable truth that in rejecting him Margaret cast away the heritage of her son,—the exiles, with a common impulse, threw themselves at their queen's feet, and exclaimed almost in the same words,—

"Grace! noble queen!—Grace for the great Lord Warwick!"

"My sister," whispered John of Calabria, "thou art thy son's ruin if the earl depart!"

"*Pasque Dieu!* Vex not my kinswoman—if she prefer a convent to a throne, cross not the holy choice!" said the wily Louis, with a mocking irony on his pinched lips.

The prince alone spoke not, but stood proudly on the same spot, gazing on the earl, as he slowly moved to the door.

"Oh, Edward—Edward, my son!" exclaimed the unhappy Margaret, "if for thy sake—for thine—I must make the past a blank—speak thou for me!"

"I have spoken," said the prince, gently, "and thou didst chide me, noble mother; yet I spoke, methinks, as Henry V, had done if of a mighty enemy he had had the power to make a noble friend."

## HOW PRINCE EDWARD HELPED HIS CAUSE 121

A short convulsive sob was heard from the throne chair; and as suddenly as it burst, it ceased. Queen Margaret rose—not a trace of that stormy emotion upon the grand and marble beauty of her face. Her voice, unnaturally calm, arrested the steps of the departing earl.

“Lord Warwick, defend this boy—restore his rights—release his sainted father—and for years of anguish and of exile Margaret of Anjou forgives the champion of her son!”

In an instant Prince Edward was again by the earl's side—a moment more, and the earl's proud knee bent in homage to the queen—joyful tears were in the eyes of her friends and kindred—a triumphant smile on the lips of Louis,—and Margaret's face, terrible in its stony and locked repose, was raised above, as if asking the All-Merciful, pardon—for the pardon which the human sinner had bestowed!

The events that followed this tempestuous interview were such as the position of the parties necessarily compelled. The craft of Louis—the energy and love of Prince Edward—the representations of all her kindred and friends, conquered, though not without repeated struggles, Margaret's repugnance to a nearer union between Warwick and her son. The earl did not deign to appear personally in this matter. He left it, as became him, to Louis and the Prince, and finally received from them the proposals, which ratified the league, and consummated the schemes of his revenge.

Upon the Cross in St. Mary's church of Angers, Lord Warwick swore without change to hold the party of King Henry. Before the same sacred symbol, King Louis and his brother, Duke of Guienne, robed in canvas, swore to sustain to their utmost the Earl of Warwick in behalf of King Henry; and Margaret recorded her oath “to treat the earl as true and faithful, and never for deeds past to make him any reproach.”

Then were signed the articles of marriage between Prince Edward and the Lady Anne—the latter to remain with Margaret, but the marriage not to be consummated “till Lord Warwick had entered England and regained the realm, or most part, for King Henry”—a condition which pleased the earl, who designed to award his beloved daughter no less a dowry than a crown.

An article far more important than all to the safety of the earl, and to the permanent success of the enterprise, was one that virtually took from the fierce and unpopular Margaret the reins of government, by constituting Prince Edward (whose qualities endeared him more and more to Warwick, and were such as promised to command the respect and love of the people) sole regent of all the realm, upon attaining his majority. For the Duke of Clarence were reserved all the lands and dignities of the duchy of York, the right to the succession of the throne to him and his posterity—failing male heirs to the Prince of Wales—with a private pledge of the vice-royalty of Ireland.

And Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, “prepared such a greate navie as lightly hath not been seene before gathered in manner of all nations, which armie laie at the mouth of the Seyne ready to fight with the Earl of Warwick, when he should set out of his harborowe.”

But the winds fought for the Avenger. In the night came “a terrible tempest,” which scattered the duke’s ships “one from another, so that two of them were not in companie together in one place;” and when the tempest had done its work, it passed away, and the gales were fair, and the heaven was clear. When, the next day, the earl “halsed up the sayles,” and came in sight of Dartmouth.

It was not with an army of foreign hirelings that Lord Warwick set forth on his mighty enterprise. Scanty indeed were the troops he brought from France—for he had learned

from England that "men, so much daily and hourly desired and wished so sore his arrival and return, that almost all men were in harness, looking for his landing." As his ships neared the coast, and the banner of the Ragged Staff, worked in gold, shone in the sun, the shores swarmed with armed crowds, not to resist, but to welcome. From cliff to cliff, wide and far, blazed rejoicing bonfires; and from cliff to cliff, wide and far, burst the shout, when, first of all his men, bareheaded, but, save the burgenot, in complete mail, the popular hero leapt ashore.

"When the earle had taken land, he made a proclamation, in the name of King Henry VI, upon high paynes, commanding and charging all men apt or able to bear armour, to prepare themselves to fight against Edward, Duke of York, who had untruly usurped the crowne and dignity of this realm."

And where was Edward?--afar, following the forces of Fitzhugh and Robin of Redesdale, who, by artful retreat, drew him farther and farther northward, and left all the other quarters of the kingdom free, to send their thousands to the banners of Lancaster and Warwick. And even as the news of the earl's landing reached the king, it spread also through all the towns of the north—and all the towns in the north were in "a great rore, and made fires, and sang songs, crying—"King Henry—"King Henry! a Warwicke—a Warwicke!" But his warlike and presumptuous spirit forsook not the chief of that bloody and fatal race—the line of the English Pelops—"bespattered with kindred blood." A messenger from Burgundy was in his tent when the news reached him. "Back to the duke!" cried Edward; "tell him to re-collect his navy, guard the sea, scour the streams, that the earl shall not escape, nor return to France—for the doings in England, let me alone! I have ability and puissance to overcome all enemies and rebels in mine own realm."



And therewith he raised his camp, abandoned the pursuit of Fitzhugh, summoned Montagu to join him (it being now safer to hold the marquis near him, and near the axe, if his loyalty became suspected), and marched on to meet the earl. Nor did the earl tarry from the encounter. His army, swelling as he passed—and as men read his proclamations to reform all grievances and right all wrongs—he pressed on to meet the king, while fast and fast upon Edward's rear came the troops of Fitzhugh and Hilyard; no longer flying, but pursuing. The king was the more anxious to come up to Warwick, inasmuch as he relied greatly upon the treachery of Clarence, either secretly to betray or openly to desert the earl. And he knew that if he did the latter on the eve of a battle, it could not fail morally to weaken Warwick, and dishearten his army by fear that desertion should prove, as it ever does, the most contagious disease that can afflict a camp. It is probable, however, that the enthusiasm which had surrounded the earl with volunteers so numerous, had far exceeded the anticipations of the inexperienced Clarence, and would have forbid him that opportunity of betraying the earl. However this be, the rival armies drew near and nearer. The king halted in his rapid march at a small village, and took up his quarters in a fortified house, to which there was no access but by a single bridge. Edward himself retired for a short time to his couch, for he had need of all his strength in the battle he foresaw. But scarce had he closed his eyes, when Alexander Carlile, the serjeant of the royal minstrels, followed by Hastings and Rivers, (their jealousy laid at rest for a time in the sense of their king's danger,) rushed into his room.

“Arm, sire, arm!—Lord Montagu has thrown off the mask, and rides through thy troops, shouting ‘Long live King Henry!’”

"Ah, traitor!" cried the king, leaping from his bed. "From Warwick, hate was my due—but not from Montagu! Rivers, help buckle on my mail. Hastings, post my body-guard at the bridge. We will sell our lives dear."

Hastings vanished. Edward had scarcely hurried on his helm, cuirass, and greaves, when Gloucester entered, calm in the midst of peril.

"Your enemies are marching to seize you, brother. Hark! behind you rings the cry, 'A Fitzhugh—a Robin—death to the tyrant!' Hark! in front, 'A Montagu—a Warwick—Long live King Henry!' I come to redeem my word—to share your exile or your death. Choose either while there is yet time. Thy choice is mine!"

And while he spoke, behind, before, came the various cries near and nearer. The lion of March was in the toils.

"Now, my two-handed sword!" said Edward. "Gloucester, in this weapon learn my choice!"

But now all the principal barons and captains, still true to the king, whose crown was already lost, flocked in a body to the chamber. They fell on their knees, and with tears implored him to save himself for a happier day.

"There is yet time to escape," said D'Eyncourt—"to pass the bridge—to gain the sea-port! Think not that a soldier's death will be left thee. Numbers will suffice to encumber thine arm—to seize thy person. Live not to be Warwick's prisoner—shown as a wild beast in its cage to the hooting crowd!"

"If not on thyself," exclaimed Rivers, "have pity on these loyal gentlemen, and for the sake of their lives preserve thine own. What is 'ight! Warwick fled!"

"True—and returned!" added Gloucester. "You are right, my lords. Come, sire, we must fly. Our rights fly not with us, but shall fight for us in absence!"

The calm will of this strange and terrible boy had its

effect upon Edward. He suffered his brother to lead him from the chamber, grinding his teeth in impotent rage. He mounted his horse, while Rivers held the stirrup, and, with some six or seven knights and earls, rode to the bridge, already occupied by Hastings and a small but determined guard.

"Come, Hastings," said the king, with a ghastly smile—"They tell us we must fly!"

"True, sire, haste—haste! I stay but to deceive the enemy by feigning to defend the pass, and to counsel, as I best may, the faithful soldiers we leave behind."

"Brave Hastings!" said Gloucester, pressing his hand, "you do well, and I envy you the glory of this post. Come, sire."

"Ay,—ay," said the king, with a sudden and fierce cry, "we go—but at least slaughtering as we go. See! yon rascal troop!—ride we through the midst! Havock and revenge!"

He set spurs to his steed, galloped over the bridge, and, before his companions could join him, dashed alone into the very centre of the advanced guard sent to invest the fortress; and while they were yet shouting—"Where is the tyrant?—where is Edward?"

"Here!" answered a voice of thunder—"here, rebels and faytors, in your ranks!"

This sudden and appalling reply, even more than the sweep of the gigantic sword, before which were riven sallet and mail, as the woodman's axe rives the faggot, created amongst the enemy that singular panic, which in those ages often scattered numbers before the arm and the name of one. They recoiled in confusion and dismay. Many actually threw down their arms and fled. Through a path broad and clear, amidst the forest of pikes, Gloucester and the captains followed the flashing track of the king, over the corpses, headless or limbless, that he felled as he rode.

Meanwhile, with a truer chivalry, Hastings, taking advantage of the sortie which confused and delayed the enemy, summoned such of the loyal as were left in the fortress, advised them, as the only chance of life, to affect submission to Warwick; but when the time came, to remember their old allegiance, and promising that he would not desert them, save with life, till their safety was pledged by the foe, reclosed his visor, and rode back to the front of the bridge.

And now the king and his comrades had cut their way through all barriers, but the enemy still wavered and lagged, till suddenly the cry of "Robin of Redesdale!" was heard, and, sword in hand, Hilyard, followed by a troop of horse dashed to the head of the besiegers, and, learning the king's escape, rode off in pursuit. His brief presence and sharp rebuke reanimated the falterers, and in a few minutes they gained the bridge.

"Halt, sirs," cried Hastings; "I would offer capitulation to your leader! Who is he?"

A knight on horseback advanced from the rest.

Hastings lowered the point of his sword.

"Sir, we yield this fortress to your hands upon one condition—our men yonder are willing to submit, and shout with you for Henry VI. Pledge me your word that you and your soldiers spare their lives and do them no wrong, and we depart."

"And if I pledge it not?" said the knight.

"Then for every warrior who guards this bridge count ten dead men amongst your ranks."

"Do your worst—our bloods are up! We want life for life!—revenge for the subjects butchered by your tyrant chief! Charge! to the attack—charge! pike and bill!" The knight spurred on, the Lancastrians followed, and the knight reeled from his horse into the moat below, felled by the sword of Hastings.

For several minutes the pass was so gallantly defended that the strife seemed uncertain, though fearfully unequal, when Lord Montagu himself, hearing what had befallen, galloped to the spot, threw down his truncheon, cried "Hold!" and the slaughter ceased. To this nobleman, Hastings repeated the terms he had proposed.

"And," said Montagu, turning with anger to the Lancastrians, who formed a detachment of Fitzhugh's force—"can Englishmen insist upon butchering Englishmen? Rather thank we Lord Hastings, that he would spare good King Henry so many subjects' lives! The terms are granted, my lord; and your own life also, and those of your friends around you, vainly brave in a wrong cause. Depart!"

"Ah, Montagu," said Hastings, touched, and in a whisper, "what pity that so gallant a gentleman should leave a rebel's blot upon his scutcheon."

"When chiefs and suzerains are false and perjured, Lord Hastings," answered Montagu, "to obey them is not loyalty, but serfdom; and revolt is not disloyalty, but a freeman's duty. One day thou mayst know that truth, but too late!"

Hastings made no reply—waved his hand to his fellow-defenders of the bridge, and, followed by them, went slowly and deliberately on, till clear of the murmuring and sullen foe; then putting spurs to their steeds, these faithful warriors rode fast to rejoin their king. They at last reached the king, and gaining, with him and his party, the town of Lynn, happily found one English and two Dutch vessels on the point of sailing; without other raiment than the mail they wore—without money, the men, a few hours before hailed as sovereign or as peers, fled from their native land as outcasts and paupers.

LORD LYTTON, *Last of the Barons.*

## EDWARD IV

### THE LAST HOPE OF THE RED ROSE

THE hostelry of the Flying Stag, in Strassburg, was, like every inn in the Empire at this period, conducted with much discourteous inattention to the wants and accommodation of the guests. But the youth and good looks of an Englishman, circumstances which seldom or never fail to produce some effect where the fair are concerned, prevailed upon a short, plump, dimpled, blue-eyed, fair-skinned yungfrau, the daughter of the landlord of the Flying Stag (himself a fat old man, pinned to the oaken chair in the *stube*), to carry herself to a traveller newly arrived with a degree of condescension which, in the privileged race to which she belonged, was little short of degradation. She not only put her light buskins and her pretty ankles in danger of being soiled by tripping across the yard to point out an unoccupied stable, but, on an inquiry by the young Englishman after his father, condescended to recollect that such a guest as he described had lodged in the house last night, and had said he expected to meet there a young person, his fellow-traveller.

"I will send him out to you, fair sir," said the little yungfrau, with a smile, which, if things of the kind are to be valued by their rare occurrence, must have been reckoned inestimable.

She was as good as her word. In a few instants the elder man entered the stable, and folded his son in his arms.

"My son—my dear son!" said the Englishman, his usual stoicism broken down and melted by natural feeling and

parental tenderness.—“Welcome to me at all times—welcome, in a period of doubt and danger—and most welcome of all, in a moment which forms the very crisis of our fate. In a few hours I shall know what we may expect from the Duke of Burgundy.—Hast thou the token?”

He presented to his father a packet.

“It hath run its own risk since you saw it,” he observed to his father, “and so have I mine, I received hospitality at a castle last night, and behold a body of lanzknechts in the neighbourhood began in the morning to mutiny for their pay. The inhabitants fled from the castle to escape their violence, and, as we passed their leaguer in the grey of the morning, a drunken Baaren-hauter shot my poor horse, and I was forced, in the way of exchange, to take up with his heavy Flemish animal, with its steel saddle and its clumsy chaffron.”

“Our road is beset with perils,” said his father. “I too have had my share, having been in great danger” (he told not its precise nature) “at an inn where I rested last night. But I left it in the morning, and proceeded hither in safety. I have at length, however, obtained a safe escort to conduct me to the Duke’s camp near Dijon; and I trust to have an audience of him this evening. Then, if our last hope should fail, we will seek the sea-port of Marseilles, hoist sail for Candia or for Rhodes, and spend our lives in defence of Christendom, since we may no longer fight for England.”

The son heard these ominous words without reply; but they did not the less sink upon his heart, deadly as the doom of the judge which secludes the criminal from society and all its joys, and condemns him to an eternal prison-house. The bells from the cathedral began to toll at this instant, and reminded the elder Englishman of the duty of hearing mass, which was said at all hours in some one or

other of the separate chapels which are contained in that magnificent pile. His son followed, on an intimation of his pleasure.

In approaching the access to this superb cathedral, the travellers found it obstructed, as is usual in Catholic countries, by the number of mendicants of both sexes, who crowded round the entrance to give the worshippers an opportunity of discharging the duty of alms-giving, so positively enjoined as a chief observance of their Church. The Englishmen extricated themselves from their importunity by bestowing, as is usual on such occasions, a donative of small coin upon those who appeared most needy, or most deserving of their charity. One tall woman stood on the steps close to the door, and extended her hand to the elder Englishman, who, struck with her appearance, exchanged for a piece of silver the copper coins which he had been distributing amongst others.

"A marvel!" she said, in the English language, but in a tone calculated only to be heard by him alone, although his son also caught the sound and sense of what she said,—  
"Ay, a miracle!—An Englishman still possesses a silver piece, and can afford to bestow it on the poor!"

The son was sensible that his father started somewhat at the woman's words, which bore, even in his ear, something of deeper import than the observation of an ordinary mendicant. But, after a glance at the female who thus addressed him, his father passed onwards into the body of the church, and was soon engaged in attending to the solemn ceremony of the mass, as it was performed by a priest at the altar of a chapel, divided from the main body of the splendid edifice, and dedicated, as it appeared from the image over the altar, to Saint George; that military saint, whose real history is so obscure, though his popular legend rendered him an object of popular veneration during



the feudal ages. The ceremony was begun and finished with all customary forms. The officiating priest, with his attendants, withdrew, and though some of the few worshippers who had assisted at the solemnity remained telling their beads, and occupied with the performance of their private devotions, far the greater part left the chapel to visit other shrines, or to return to the prosecution of their secular affairs.

But the son remarked that, whilst they dropped off one after another, the tall woman who had received his father's alms continued to kneel near the altar; and he was yet more surprised to see that his father himself, who, he had many reasons to know, was desirous to spend in the church no more time than the duties of devotion absolutely claimed, remained also on his knees, with his eyes resting on the form of the veiled devotee (such she seemed from her dress), as if his own motions were to be guided by hers. By no idea which occurred to him was he able to form the least conjecture as to his father's motives—he only knew that he was engaged in a critical and dangerous negotiation, liable to influence or interruption from various quarters; and that political suspicion was so generally awake both in France, Italy, and Flanders, that the most important agents were often obliged to assume the most impenetrable disguises, in order to insinuate themselves without suspicion into the countries where their services were required. Louis XI. in particular, whose singular policy seemed in some degree to give a character to the age in which he lived, was well known to have disguised his principal emissaries and envoys in the fictitious garbs of mendicant monks, minstrels, gipsies, and other privileged wanderers of the meanest description.

He concluded, therefore, that it was not improbable that this female might, like themselves, be something more than

her dress imported; and he resolved to observe his father's deportment towards her, and regulate his own actions accordingly. A bell at last announced that mass, upon a more splendid scale, was about to be celebrated before the high altar of the cathedral itself, and its sound withdrew from the sequestered chapel of Saint George the few who had remained at the shrine of the military saint, excepting the father and son, and the female penitent who kneeled opposite to them. When the last of the worshippers had retired, the female arose and advanced towards the elder man, who, folding his arms on his bosom, and stooping his head in an attitude of obeisance which his son had never before seen him assume, appeared rather to wait what she had to say, than to propose addressing her.

There was a pause. Four lamps, lighted before the shrine of the saint, cast a dim radiance on his armour and steed, represented as he was in the act of transfixing with his lance the prostrate dragon, whose outstretched wings and writhing neck were in part touched by their beams. The rest of the chapel was dimly illuminated by the autumnal sun, which could scarce find its way through the stained panes of the small lanceolated window, which was its only aperture to the open air. The light fell doubtful and gloomy, tinged with the various hues through which it passed, upon the stately, yet somewhat broken and dejected form of the female, and on those of the melancholy and anxious father, and his son, who, with all the eager interest of youth, suspected and anticipated extraordinary consequences from so singular an interview.

At length the female approached to the same side of the shrine with the two Englishmen, as if to be more distinctly heard, without being obliged to raise the slow, solemn voice in which she had spoken.

"Do you here worship," she said, "the Saint George of

Burgundy, or the Saint George of merry England, the flower of chivalry?"

"I serve," said the Englishman, folding his hands humbly on his bosom, "the saint to whom this chapel is dedicated, and the Deity with whom I hope for his holy intercession, whether here or in my native country."

"Ay—you," said the female, "even you can forget—you, even you, who have been numbered among the mirror of knighthood—can forget that you have worshipped in the royal fane of Windsor—that you have there bent a gartered knee, where kings and princes kneeled around you—you can forget this, and make your orisons at a foreign shrine, with a heart undisturbed with the thoughts of what you have been,—praying, like some poor peasant, for bread and life during the day that passes over you."

"Lady," replied he, "in my proudest hours, I was, before the Being to whom I preferred my prayers, but as a worm in the dust—In his eyes I am now neither less nor more, degraded as I may be in the opinion of my fellow-reptiles."

"How canst thou think thus?" said the devotee; "and yet it is well with thee that thou canst. But what have thy losses been, compared to mine!"

She put her hand to her brow, and seemed for a moment overpowered by agonizing recollections.

The son pressed to his father's side, and inquired, in a tone of interest which could not be repressed, "Father, who is this lady?—Is she my mother?"

"No, my son," answered the father;—"peace for the sake of all you hold dear or holy!"

The singular female, however, heard both the question and answer, though expressed in a whisper.

"Yes," she said, "young man—I am—I should say I was—your mother; the mother, the protectress, of all that was noble in England—I am Margaret of Anjou."

The young man sank on his knees before the dauntless widow of Henry the Sixth, who so long, and in such desperate circumstances, upheld by unyielding courage and deep policy the sinking cause of her feeble husband; and who, if she occasionally abused victory by cruelty and revenge, had made some atonement by the indomitable resolution with which she had supported the fiercest storms of adversity. With an enthusiasm belonging to his age and education, he, in the same instant, flung his bonnet on the pavement, and knelt at the feet of his ill-fated sovereign.

Margaret threw back the veil which concealed those noble and majestic features, which even yet—though rivers of tears had furrowed her cheeks—though care, disappointment, domestic grief, and humbled pride, had quenched the fire of her eye, and wasted the smooth dignity of her forehead—even yet showed the remains of that beauty which once was held unequalled in Europe. The apathy with which a succession of misfortunes and disappointed hopes had chilled the feelings of the unfortunate princess, was for a moment melted by the sight of the fair youth's enthusiasm. She abandoned one hand to him, which he covered with tears and kisses, and with the other stroked with maternal tenderness his curled locks, as she endeavoured to raise him from the posture he had assumed. His father, in the meanwhile, shut the door of the chapel, and placed his back against it, withdrawing himself thus from the group, as if for the purpose of preventing any stranger from entering during a scene so extraordinary.

"And thou, then," said Margaret, in a voice where female tenderness combated strangely with her natural pride of rank, and with the calm, stoical indifference induced by the intensity of her personal misfortunes; "thou, fair youth, art the last scion of the noble stem, so many fair boughs of which have fallen in our hapless cause. Alas, alas! what

can I do for thee? Margaret has not even a blessing to bestow! So wayward is her fate, that her benedictions are curses, and she has but to look on you, and wish you well, to insure your speedy and utter ruin. I—I have been the fatal poison-tree, whose influence has blighted and destroyed all the fair plants that arose beside and around me, and brought death upon every one, yet am myself unable to find it!"

"Noble and royal mistress," said the elder Englishman, "let not your princely courage, which has borne such extremities, be dismayed, now that they are passed over, and that a chance at least of happier times is approaching to you and to England."

"To England, to me, noble Oxford!" said the forlorn and widowed queen.—"If, to-morrow's sun could place me once more on the throne of England, could it give back to me what I have lost? I speak not of wealth or power—they are as nothing in the balance—I speak not of the hosts of noble friends who have fallen in defence of me and mine—Somersets, Percys, Staffords, Cliffords—they have found their place in fame, in the annals of their country—I speak not of my husband, he has exchanged the state of a suffering saint upon earth, for that of a glorified saint in heaven—But O, Oxford! my son—my Edward!—Is it possible for me to look on this youth, and not remember that thy Countess and I on the same night gave birth to two fair boys? How oft we endeavoured to prophesy their future fortunes, and to persuade ourselves that the same constellation which shone on their birth, would influence their succeeding life, and hold a friendly and equal bias till they reached some destined goal of happiness and honour! Thy Arthur lives; but, alas! my Edward, born under the same auspices, fills a bloody grave!"

She wrapped her head in her mantle, as if to stifle the

complaints and groans which maternal affection poured forth at these cruel recollections. The exiled Earl of Oxford, as we may now term him, distinguished in those changeful times by the steadiness with which he had always maintained his loyalty to the line of Lancaster, saw the imprudence of indulging his sovereign in her weakness.

"Royal mistress," he said, "life's journey is that of a brief winter's day, and its course will run on, whether we avail ourselves of its progress or no. My sovereign is, I trust, too much mistress of herself to suffer lamentation for what is past to deprive her of the power of using the present time. I am here in obedience to your command; I am to see Burgundy forthwith, and if I find him pliant to the purpose to which we would turn him, events may follow which will change into gladness our present mourning. But we must use our opportunity with speed as well as zeal. Let me know, then, madam, for what reason your highness hath come hither, disguised and in danger? Surely it was not merely to weep over this young man that the high-minded Queen Margaret left her father's court, disguised herself in mean attire, and came from a place of safety to one of doubt at least, if not of danger?"

"You mock me", Oxford," said the unfortunate queen, "or you deceive yourself, if you think you still serve that Margaret whose word was never spoken without a reason, and whose slightest action was influenced by a motive. Alas! I am no longer the same firm and rational being. The feverish character of grief, while it makes one place hateful to me, drives me to another in very impotence and impatience of spirit. My father's residence, thou say'st, is safe; but is it tolerable for such a soul as mine? Can one who has been deprived of the noblest and richest kingdom of Europe—one who has lost hosts of noble friends—one who is a widowed consort, a childless mother—one upon whose

head Heaven hath poured forth its last vial of unmitigated wrath—can she stoop to be the companion of a weak old man, who, in sonnets and in music, in mummery and folly, in harping and rhyming, finds a comfort for all that poverty has that is distressing; and, what is still worse, even a solace in all that is ridiculous and contemptible?”

“Nay, with your leave, madam,” said her counsellor, “blame not the good King René, because, persecuted by fortune, he has been able to find out for himself humbler sources of solace which your prouder spirit is disposed to disdain. A contention among his minstrels has for him the animation of a knightly combat; and a crown of flowers, twined by his troubadours, and graced by their sonnets, he accounts a valuable compensation for the diadems of Jerusalem, of Naples, and of both Sicilies, of which he only possesses the empty titles.”

“Speak not to me of the pitiable old man,” said Margaret; “sunk below even the hatred of his worst enemies, and never thought worthy of anything more than contempt. I tell thee, noble Oxford, I have been driven nearly mad with my forced residence at Aix, in the paltry circle which he calls his court. My ears, tuned as they now are only to sounds of affliction, are not so weary of the eternal tinkling of harps, and squeaking of rebecks, and snapping of castanets—my eyes are not so tired of the beggarly affectation of court ceremonial, which is only respectable when it implies wealth and expresses power—as my very soul is sick of the paltry ambition which can find pleasure in spangles, tassels, and trumpery, when the reality of all that is great and noble hath passed away. No, Oxford, if I am doomed to lose the last cast which fickle fortune seems to offer me, I will retreat into the meanest convent in the Pyrenean hills, and at least escape the insult of the idiot gaiety of my father.—Let him pass from our memory as from the

page of history, in which his name will never be recorded. I have much of more importance both to hear and to tell.— And now, my Oxford, what news from Italy? Will the Duke of Milan afford us assistance with his counsels or with his treasures?"

"With his counsels willingly, madam; but how you will relish them I know not, since he recommends to us submission to our hapless fate, and resignation to the will of Providence."

"The wily Italian! Will not, then, Galeasso advance any part of his hoards, or assist a friend, to whom he hath in his time full often sworn faith?"

"Not even the diamonds which I offered to deposit in his hands," answered the earl, "could make him unlock his treasury to supply us with ducats for our enterprise. Yet he said, if Charles of Burgundy should think seriously of an exertion in our favour, such was his regard for that great prince, and his deep sense of your Highness's misfortunes, that he would consider what the state of his exchequer, though much exhausted, and the condition of his subjects, though impoverished by taxes and talliages, would permit him to advance in your behalf."

"The double-faced hypocrite!" said Margaret. "If the assistance of the princely Burgundy lends us a chance of regaining what is our own, then he will give us some paltry parcel of crowns, that our restored prosperity may forget his indifference to our adversity!—But what of Burgundy? I have ventured hither to tell you what I have learned, and to hear report of your proceedings—a trusty watch provides for the secrecy of our interview. My impatience to see you brought me hither in this mean disguise. I have a small retinue at a convent a mile beyond the town—I have had your arrival watched by the faithful Lambert—and now I come to know your hopes or your fears, and to tell you my own."



"Royal lady," said the earl, "I have not seen the Duke. You know his temper to be wilful, sudden, haughty, and unpersuadable. If he can adopt the calm and sustained policy which the times require, I little doubt his obtaining full amends of Louis, his sworn enemy, and even of Edward, his ambitious brother-in-law. But if he continues to yield to extravagant fits of passion, with or without provocation, he may hurry into a quarrel with the poor but hardy Helvetians, and is likely to engage in a perilous contest, in which he cannot be expected to gain anything, while he undergoes a chance of the most serious losses."

"Surely," replied the queen, "he will not trust the usurper Edward, even in the very moment when he is giving the greatest proof of treachery to his alliance?"

"In what respect, madam?" replied Oxford. "The news you allude to has not reached me."

"How, my lord? Am I then the first to tell you that Edward of York has crossed the sea with such an army as scarce even the renowned Henry V., my father-in-law, ever transported from France to Italy?"

"So much I have indeed heard was expected," said Oxford; "and I anticipated the effect as fatal to our cause."

"Edward is arrived," said Margaret, "and the traitor and usurper hath sent defiance to Louis of France, and demanded of him the crown of that kingdom as his own right—that crown which was placed on the head of my unhappy husband when he was yet a child in the cradle."

"It is then decided—the English are in France?" answered Oxford, in a tone expressive of the deepest anxiety.—"And whom brings Edward with him on this expedition?"

"All—all the bitterest enemies of our house and cause—The false, the traitorous, the dishonoured George, whom he calls Duke of Clarence—the blood-drinker, Richard—the licentious Hastings—Howard—Stanley—in a word, the

leaders of all those traitors whom I would not name, unless by doing so my curses could sweep them from the face of the earth."

"And—I tremble to ask," said the earl—"does Burgundy prepare to join them as a brother of the war, and make common cause with this Yorkish host against King Louis of France?"

"By my advices," replied the queen, "and they are both private and sure, besides that they are confirmed by the bruit of common fame—No, my good Oxford, no!"

"For that may the saints be praised!" answered Oxford. "Edward of York—I will not malign even an enemy—is a bold and fearless leader, but he is neither Edward the Third, nor the heroic Black Prince—nor is he that fifth Henry of Lancaster, under whom I won my spurs, and to whose lineage the thoughts of his glorious memory would have made me faithful, had my plighted vows of allegiance ever permitted me to entertain a thought of varying, or of defection. Let Edward engage in war with Louis without the aid of Burgundy, on which he has reckoned. Louis is indeed no hero, but he is a cautious and skilful general, more to be dreaded, perhaps, in these politic days, than if Charlemagne could again raise the Oriflamme, surrounded by Roland and all his paladins. Louis will not hazard such fields as those of Cressy, of Poitiers, or of Agincourt. With a thousand lances from Hainault, and twenty thousand crowns from Burgundy, Edward shall risk the loss of England, while he is engaged in a protracted struggle for the recovery of Normandy and Guienne. But what are the movements of burgundy?"

"He has menaced Germany," said Margaret, "and his troops are now employed in overrunning Lorraine, of which he has seized the principal towns and castles."

"Where is Ferrand de Vaudemont—a youth, it is said,

of courage and enterprise, and claiming Lorraine in right of his mother, Yolande of Anjou, the sister of your Grace?"

"Fled," replied the queen, "into Germany or Helvetia."

"Let Burgundy beware of him," said the experienced earl; "for should the disinherited youth obtain confederates in Germany, and allies among the hardy Swiss, Charles of Burgundy may find him a far more formidable enemy than he expects. We are strong for the present, only in the Duke's strength, and if it is wasted in idle and desultory efforts, our hopes, alas! vanish with his power, even if he should be found to have the decided will to assist us. My friends in England are resolute not to stir without men and money from Burgundy."

"It is a fear," said Margaret, "but not our worst fear. I dread more the policy of Louis, who, unless my espials have grossly deceived me, has even already proposed a secret peace to Edward, offering with large sums of money to purchase England to the Yorkists, and a truce of seven years."

"It cannot be," said Oxford. "No Englishman commanding such an army as Edward must now lead, dares for very shame to retire from France without a manly attempt to recover his lost provinces."

"Such would have been the thoughts of a rightful prince," said Margaret, "who left behind him an obedient and faithful kingdom. Such may not be the thoughts of this Edward, misnamed Plantagenet, base perhaps in mind as in blood, since they say his real father was one Blackburn, an archer of Middleham—usurper, at least, if not bastard—such will not be his thoughts. Every breeze that blows from England will bring with it apprehensions of defection amongst those over whom he has usurped authority! He will not sleep in peace till he returns to England with those cut-throats whom he relies upon for the defence of his

stolen crown. He will engage in no war with Louis, for Louis will not hesitate to soothe his pride by humiliation--to gorge his avarice and pamper his voluptuous prodigality by sums of gold--and I fear much we shall soon hear of the English army retiring from France, with the idle boast that they have displayed their banners once more, for a week or two, in the provinces which were formerly their own."

"It the more becomes us to be speedy in moving Burgundy to decision," replied Oxford; "and for that purpose I post to Dijon. Such an army as Edward's cannot be transported over the narrow seas in several weeks. The probability is, that they must winter in France, even if they should have truce with King Louis. With a thousand Hainault lances from the eastern part of Flanders, I can be soon in the north, where we have many friends, besides the assurance of help from Scotland. The faithful west will rise at a signal--a Clifford can be found, though the mountain mists have hid him from Edward's researches--the Welsh will assemble at the rallying word of Tudor--the Red Rose raises its head once more--and so, God save King Henry!"

"Alas!" said the queen--"But no husband--no friend of mine--the son but of my mother-in-law by a Welsh chieftain--cold, they say, and crafty--But be it so--let me only see Lancaster triumph, and obtain revenge upon York, and I will die contented!"

"It is then your pleasure that I should make the proffers expressed by your Grace's former mandates, to induce Burgundy to stir himself in our cause? If he learns the proposal of a truce betwixt France and England, it will sting sharper than aught I can say."

"Promise all, however," said the queen. "I know his inmost soul--it is set upon extending the dominions of his



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House in every direction. For this he has seized Gueldres—for this he now overruns and occupies Lorraine—for this he covets such poor remnants of Provence as my father still calls his own. With such augmented territories, he proposes to exchange his ducal diadem for an arched crown of independent sovereignty. Tell the Duke, Margaret can assist his views—tell him that my father René shall disown the opposition made to the Duke's seizure of Lorraine—He shall do more—he shall declare Charles his heir in Provence, with my ample consent—tell him, the old man shall cede his dominions to him upon the instant that his Hainaulters embark for England, some small pension deducted to maintain a concert of fiddlers and a troop of morrice-dancers. These are René's only earthly wants. Mine are still fewer—revenge upon York, and a speedy grave!—For the paltry gold which we may need, thou hast jewels to pledge—For the other conditions, security if required."

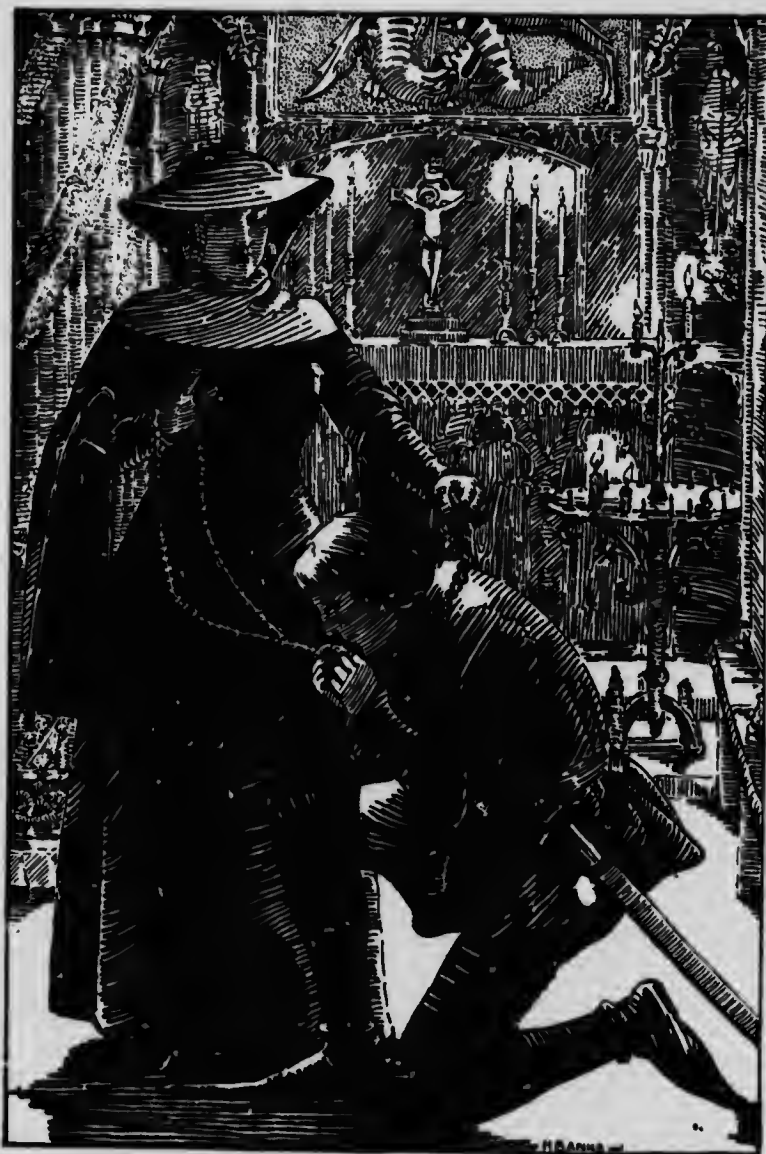
"For these, madam, I can pledge my knightly word, in addition to your royal faith; and if more is required, my son shall be a hostage with Burgundy."

"O no—no!" exclaimed the dethroned queen, touched by perhaps the only tender feeling which repeated and extraordinary misfortunes had not chilled into insensibility,— "Hazard not the life of the noble youth—he that is the last of the loyal and faithful House of Vere—he that should have been the brother-in-arms of my beloved Edward—he that had so nearly been his companion in a bloody and untimely grave! Do not involve this poor child in these fatal intrigues, which have been so baneful to his family. Let him go with me. Him at least I will shelter from danger whilst I live, and provide for when I am no more."

"Forgive me, madam," said Oxford, with the firmness which distinguished him. "My son, as you deign to recollect, is a De Vere, destined, perhaps, to be the last of his







“LET ME TIE THIS RELIC ABOUT THY NECK, GOOD YOUTH.”

*Face p. 145*

name. Fall he may, but it must not be without honour. To whatever dangers his duty and allegiance call him, be it from sword or lance, axe or gibbet, to these he must expose himself frankly, when his doing so can mark his allegiance. His ancestors have shown him how to brave them all."

"True, true," exclaimed the unfortunate queen, raising her arms wildly,—“All must perish—all that have honoured Lancaster—all that have loved Margaret, or whom she has loved! The destruction must be universal—the young must fall with the old—not a lamb of the scattered flock shall escape!”

“For God’s sake, gracious madam,” said Oxford, “compose yourself!—I hear them knock on the chapel door.”

“It is the signal of parting,” said the exiled queen, collecting herself. “Do not fear, noble Oxford, I am not often thus; but how seldom do I see those friends, whose faces and voices can disturb the composure of my despair! Let me tie this relic about thy neck, good youth, and fear not its evil influence, though you receive it from an ill-omened hand. It was my husband’s, blessed by many a prayer, and sanctified by many a holy tear; even my unhappy hands cannot pollute it. I should have bound it on my Edward’s bosom on the dreadful morning of Tewkesbury fight; but he armed early—went to the field without seeing me, and all my purpose was vain.”

She passed a golden chain round Arthur’s neck as she spoke, which contained a small gold crucifix of rich but barbarous manufacture. It had belonged, said tradition, to Edward the Confessor. The knock at the door of the chapel was repeated.

“We must not tarry,” said Margaret; “let us part here—you for Dijon—I to Aix, my abode of unrest in Provence. Farewell—we may meet in a better hour—yet how can I hope it? Thus I said on the morning before the fight of

Saint Albans—thus on the dark dawning of Towton—thus on the yet more bloody field of Tewkesbury—and what was the event? Yet hope is a plant which cannot be rooted out of a noble breast, till the last heart-string crack as it is pulled away."

So saying, she passed through the chapel door, and mingled in the miscellaneous assemblage of personages who worshipped or indulged their curiosity, or consumed their idle hours amongst the aisles of the cathedral.

Oxford and his son, both deeply impressed with the singular interview which had just taken place, returned to their inn, where they found a pursuivant, with the Duke of Burgundy's badge and livery, who informed them that if they were the two Englishmen who were going to the court of the Duke, he had orders to afford them the countenance of his escort and inviolable character. Under his protection they set out from Strassburg; but such was the uncertainty of the Duke of Burgundy's motions, and such the numerous obstacles which occurred to interrupt their journey, in a country disturbed by the constant passage of troops and preparation for war, that it was evening on the second day ere they reached the plain near Dijon, on which the whole, or great part of his power, lay encamped.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, *Anne of Gierstein*

## HENRY VIII

### THE DEATH OF ANNE BOLEYN

KING Henry's attentions to the Lady Jane Seymour were so marked, that the whole court was made aware of his passion. But it was not anticipated that any serious and extraordinary consequences would result from the intoxication—far less that the queen herself would be removed to make way for her successful rival. It was afterwards, however, remembered that at this time Henry held frequent, long, and grave conferences with the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, and appeared to be engrossed in the meditation of some project.

One morning, when Anne was alone within her chamber, her father, who was now Earl of Wiltshire, obtained admittance to her.

"You have a troubled look, my dear lord," she said, as she motioned him to a seat.

"And well I may have," he replied. "Oh, Anne! words cannot express my anxiety at the present state of things."

"It will speedily pass by, my lord," she replied; "the king will soon be tired of his new idol."

"Not before he has overthrown the old one, I fear," rejoined the earl. "Jane Seymour's charms have usurped entire sovereignty over him. And with all her air of ingenuousness and simplicity, the minion is artful and dangerous. She has a high mark, I am persuaded—no less than the throne."

"But Henry cannot wed her—he cannot divorce me," said Anne.

"So thought Catherine of Arragon," replied her father: "and yet she was divorced. Anne, I am convinced that a plot is hatching against you."

"You do not fear for my life, father?" she cried, trembling.

"I trust there are no grounds for charges against you by which it might be brought in jeopardy," replied the earl gravely.

"None, father—none!" she exclaimed.

"I am glad to hear it," rejoined the earl; "for I have heard that the king said to one who suggested another divorce to him, 'No, if the queen comes within the scope of the divorce, she also comes within the pale of the scaffold.'"

"A pledge was extorted from him to that effect," said Anne, in a hollow voice.

"That an attempt will be made against you, I firmly believe," said the earl; "but if you are wholly innocent you have nothing to fear."

"Oh, father! I know not that," cried Anne. "Innocence avails little with the stony-hearted Henry."

"It will prove your best safeguard," said the earl. "And now farewell, daughter! Heaven guard you! Keep the strictest watch upon yourself."

So saying, he quitted the apartment, and as soon as she was left alone, the unhappy Anne burst into an agony of tears.

From this state of affliction she was roused by hearing her own name pronounced in low accents, and looking up, she beheld Sir Henry Norris.

"Oh, Norris!" she said, in a tone of reproach, "you have come hither to destroy me."

"No one knows of my coming," he said; "at least, no one who will betray me. I was brought hither by one who will take care we are not observed."

"I fear the rash act will bring destruction upon us both," she cried.

"It is too late to retract now," he replied; "besides, there was no help for it. I sacrificed myself to preserve you."

"But will the sacrifice preserve me?" she cried. "I fear not. I have just been told that the king is preparing a terrible scheme against me—that he meditates removing me, to make way for Jane Seymour."

"You have heard the truth, madam," replied Norris; "he will try to bring you to the block."

"And with him, to try is to achieve," said Anne. "Oh, Norris! it is a fearful thing to contemplate such a death!"

"But why contemplate it, madam?" said Norris; "why, if you are satisfied that the king has such designs against you—why, if you feel that he will succeed, tarry for the fatal blow? Fly with me—fly with one who loves you, and will devote his whole life to you—who regards you, not as the queen, but as Anne Boleyn. Relinquish this false and hollow grandeur, and fly with me to happiness and peace."

"And relinquish my throne to Jane Seymour?" rejoined Anne. "Never! I feel that all you assert is true—that my present position is hazardous—that Jane Seymour is in the ascendant, while I am on the decline, if not wholly sunk—that you love me entirely, and would devote your life to me—still, with all these motives for dread, I cannot prevail upon myself voluntarily to give up my title, and to abandon my post to a rival."

"You do not love me, then, as I love you, Anne," said Norris. "If I were a king, I would abandon my throne for you."

"You think so now, Norris, because you are not king," she replied. "But I am queen, and will remain so, till I am forced to abandon my dignity."

"I understand, madam," rejoined Norris gloomily. "But, oh! bethink you to what risks you expose yourself. You

know the king's terrible determination—his vindictiveness, his ferocity.”

“Full well,” she replied—“full well; but I will rather die a queen than live disgraced and ruined. In wedding Henry the Eighth, I laid my account to certain risks, and those I must brave.”

Before Norris could urge anything further, the door was suddenly opened, and a tall dark figure entered the chamber, and said astily:

“The king is at hand.”

“One word more, and it is my last,” said Norris to Anne. “Will you fly with me to-night?—all shall be ready.”

“I cannot,” replied Anne.

Scarcely had Norris disappeared behind the tapestry when Henry entered the chamber. He was in a gayer mood than had been usual with him of late.

“I am come to tell you, madam,” he said, “that I am about to hold jousts in the castle on the first day of May, at which your good brother and mine, the Lord Rochford, will be the challenger, while I myself shall be the defendant. You will adjudge the prize.”

“Why not make Jane Seymour queen of the jousts?” said Anne, unable to resist the remark.

“She will be present at them,” said Henry; “but I have my own reasons,” he added significantly, “for not wishing her to appear as queen on this occasion.”

“Whatever may be your reasons, the wish is sufficient for me,” said Anne. “Nay, will you not tarry a moment with me? It is long since we have had any converse in private together.”

“I am busy at this moment,” replied Henry bluffly; “but what is it you would say to me?”

“I would only reproach you for some lack of tenderness, and much neglect,” said Anne. “Oh, Henry! do you remem-

“What you swore by your life—your crown—your faith—what you held sacred or dear—that you would love me ever?”

“And so I would, if I could,” replied the king; “but unfortunately the heart is not entirely under control. Have you yourself, for instance, experienced no change in your affection?”

“No,” replied Anne. “I have certainly suffered severely from your too evident regard for Jane Seymour; but, though deeply mortified and distressed, I have never for a moment been shaken in my love for your majesty.”

“A loyal and loving reply,” said Henry. “I thought I had perceived some slight diminution in your regard.”

“You did yourself grievous injustice by the supposition,” replied Anne.

“I would fain believe so,” said the king; “but there are some persons who would persuade me that you have not only lost your affection for me, but have even cast eyes of regard on another.”

“Those who told you so lied!” cried Anne passionately. “Never woman was freer from such imputation than myself.”

“Never woman was more consummate hypocrite,” muttered Henry.

“You do not credit me, I see,” cried Anne.

“If I did not, I should know how to act,” replied the king. “You remember my pledge?”

“Full well,” replied Anne; “and if love and duty would not restrain me, fear would.”

“So I felt,” rejoined the king; “but there are some of your sex upon whom nothing will operate as a warning—so faithless and inconstant are they by nature. It has been hinted to me that you are one of these; but I cannot think it. I can never believe that a woman for whom I have placed my very throne in jeopardy—for whom I have divorced



my queen—whose family I have elevated and ennobled-- and whom I have placed upon the throne—would play me false. It is monstrous!—incredible!”

“It is—it is!” replied Anne.

“And now farewell,” said Henry. “I have stayed longer than I intended, and I should not have mentioned these accusations, which I regard as wholly groundless, unless you had reproached me.”

And he quitted the chamber, leaving Anne in a strange state of perplexity and terror.

The first of May arrived; and though destined to set in darkness and despair, it arose in sunshine and smiles.

All were astir at an early hour within the castle, and preparations were made for the approaching show. Lists were erected in the upper quadrangle, and the whole of the vast area was strewn with sand. In front of the royal lodgings was raised a gallery, the centre of which, being set apart for the queen and her dames, was covered with cloth of gold and crimson velvet, on which the royal arms were gorgeously emblazoned. The two wings were likewise richly decorated, and adorned with scutcheons and pennons, while from the battlements of the eastern side of the court were hung a couple of long flags.

As soon as these preparations were completed, a throng of pages, esquires, armourers, archers, and henchmen entered it from the Norman gateway, and took up positions within the barriers, the space without the pales being kept by a double line of halberdiers. Next came the trumpeters, mounted on richly-caparisoned horses, and having their clarions decorated with silken bandrols, fringed with gold. Stationing themselves at the principal entrance of the lists, they were speedily joined by the heralds, persuivants, and other officers of the tilt-yard.

Presently afterwards, the Duke of Suffolk, who was appointed

judge of the lists, appeared, and rode round the arena to see that all was in order. Apparently well satisfied with the survey, he dismounted, and proceeded to the gallery.

Meanwhile, the crowd within the court was increased by a great influx of the different members of the household, amongst whom were Shoreditch, Paddington, and Hector Cutbeard.

"Well, this promises to be a splendid sight!" said the clerk of the kitchen; "the king will, no doubt, do his devoir gallantly for the sake of the bright eyes that will look upon him."

"You mean the queen's, of course?" said Shoreditch.

"I mean her who may be queen," replied Cutbeard; "Mistress Jane Seymour."

"May be queen!" exclaimed Shoreditch. "You surely do not think the king will divorce his present consort?"

"Stranger things have happened," replied Cutbeard significantly. "If I am not greatly out of my reckoning," he added, "this is the last spectacle Queen Anne will behold."

"The saints forefend!" cried Shoreditch; "what reason have you for thinking so?"

"That I may not declare," replied Cutbeard; "but before the jousts are over you will see whether I have been rightly informed or not."

"Hush!" exclaimed Shoreditch. "There is a tall monk eyeing us strangely; and I am not certain that he has not overheard what you have said."

"He is welcome to the intelligence," replied Cutbeard; "the end will prove its truth."

Though this was uttered in a confident tone, he nevertheless glanced with some misgiving at the monk, who stood behind Paddington. The object of the investigation was a very tall man, with a cowl drawn over his brow. He had a ragged black beard, fierce dark eyes, and a complexion

like bronze. Seeing Cutbeard's glance anxiously fixed upon him, he advanced towards him, and said in a low tone:

"You have nothing to fear from me; but talk not so loud if you value your head."

So saying, he proceeded to another part of the lists.

"Who is that tall monk?" asked Paddington.

"Devil knows!" answered Cutbeard; "I never saw him before. "But he has a villainous and cut-throat look."

Soon afterwards a flourish of trumpets was heard, and mid their joyous bruit the queen, sumptuously arrayed in cloth of gold and ermine, and having a small crown upon her brow, entered the gallery, and took her seat within it. Never had she looked more beautiful than on this fatal morning, and in the eyes of all the beholders she completely eclipsed her rival, Jane Seymour. The latter, who stood on her right hand, and was exquisitely attired, had a thoughtful and anxious air, as if some grave matter weighed upon her mind.

While the queen's attendants were taking their places, Lord Rochford, accompanied by Sir Henry Norris and the Earls of Surrey and Essex, entered the lists. The four knights were completely armed, and mounted on powerful steeds barded with rich cloth of gold, embroidered with silver letters. Each had a great crimson plume in his helmet. They rode singly round the arena, and bowed as they passed the royal gallery, Norris bending almost to his saddle-bow while performing his salutation to the queen.

The field being thus taken by the challengers, who retired to the upper end of the court, a trumpet was thrice sounded by a herald, and an answer was immediately made by another herald stationed opposite Henry the Seventh's buildings. When the clamour ceased, the king, fully armed, and followed by the Marquis of Dorset, Sir Thomas Wyatt, and the Lord Clifford, rode into the lists.

Henry was equipped in a superb suit of armour, inlaid with gold, and having a breastplate of the globose form, then in vogue; his helmet was decorated with a large snow-white plume. The trappings of his steed were of crimson velvet, embroidered with the royal arms, and edged with great letters of massive gold bullion, full of pearls and precious stones. He was attended by a hundred gentlemen, armourers, and other officers, arrayed in white velvet.

Having ridden round the court like the others, and addressed his salutation exclusively to Jane Seymour, Henry took his station with his companions near the base of the Round Tower, the summit of which was covered with spectators, as were the towers and battlements around.

A trumpet was now sounded, and the king and the Lord Rochford having each taken a lance from his esquire, awaited the signal to start from the Duke of Suffolk, who was seated in the left wing of the royal gallery. It was not long delayed. As the clarion sounded clearly and loudly for the third time, he called out that the champions might go.

No sooner were the words uttered, than the thundering tramp of the steeds resounded, and the opponents met midway. Both their lances were shattered; but as the king did not, in the slightest degree, change his position, he was held to have the best of it. Courses were then run by the others, with varied success, the Marquis of Dorset being unhorsed by Sir Henry Norris, whose prowess was rewarded by the plaudits of the assemblage, and what was infinitely more dear to him, by the smiles of the queen.

"You have ridden well, Norris," cried Henry, advancing towards him. "Place yourself opposite me, and let us splinter a lance together."

As Norris reined back his steed, in compliance with the injunction, the tall monk stepped from out the line, and drawing near him, said, "If you wish to prove victorious,

aim at the upper part of the king's helmet." And with these words he withdrew.

By the time Norris had placed his lance in the rest, the trumpet sounded. The next moment the word was given, and the champions started. Henry rode with great impetuosity, and struck Norris in the gorget with such good will that both he and his steed were shaken.

But Norris was more fortunate. Following the advice of the monk, he made the upper part of the king's helmet his mark, and the blow was so well dealt that, though he did not dislodge the royal horseman, it drove back his steed on its haunches.

The success was so unequivocal, that Norris was at once declared the victor by the judge. No applause, however, followed the decision, from fear of giving offence to the king.

Norris dismounted, and committing his steed to the care of an esquire, and his lance to a page, took off his helmet and advanced towards the royal gallery, near which the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyat were standing talking with the other dames. As Norris drew her, Anne leaned over the edge of the gallery, smiled at him tenderly, and, whether by design or accident, let fall her embroidered handkerchief.

Norris stooped to pick it up, regarding her, as he did so, with a glance of the most passionate devotion. A terrible gaze, however, was fixed on the unfortunate pair at that moment. It was that of the king.

Henry raised his beaver, that he might see more distinctly, and beheld Norris take up the embroidered handkerchief, which he recognised as one that he had given, in the early days of his affection, to the queen.

The sight stung him almost to madness, and he had great difficulty in repressing his choler. But if this slight action,

heightened to importance, as it was, by the looks of the parties, roused his ire, it was nothing to what followed. Instead of restoring it to the queen, Norris, unconscious of the danger in which he stood, pressed the handkerchief fervently to his lips.

"I am hitherto the victor of the jousts," he said; "may I keep this as the prize?"

Anne smiled assent.

"It is the proudest I ever obtained," pursued Norris. And he placed it within his helmet.

"Death of my life!" exclaimed Henry, "it is the very handkerchief I gave her before our union! I can contain myself no longer, and must perforce precipitate matters. What ho!" he cried, riding up to that part of the gallery where the Duke of Suffolk was seated—"let the jousts be stopped!"

"Wherefore, my dear liege?" said Suffolk. "The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt are about to run a course."

"Let them be stopped, I say!" roared Henry, in a tone that admitted of no dispute. And wheeling round his charger, he dashed into the middle of the barriers, shouting in loud, authoritative accents. "The jousts are at an end! Disperse!"

The utmost consternation was occasioned by the announcement. The Duke of Suffolk instantly quitted his seat, and pressed through the crowd to the king, who whispered a few hasty words in his ear. Henry then called to the Earl of Surrey, the Marquis of Dorset, the Lord Clifford, Wyatt, and some others, and bidding them attend him, prepared to quit the court. As he passed the royal gallery, Anne called to him in an agonized voice:

"Oh, Henry! what is the matter?—what have I done?"

But without paying the slightest attention to her, he dashed through the Norman Gate, galloped down the lower quadrangle, and quitted the castle.

The confusion that now ensued may be imagined. All saw that something extraordinary and terrible had taken place, though few knew precisely what it was. Dismay sat in every countenance, and the general anxiety was heightened by the agitation of the queen, who, uttering a piercing scream, fell back, and was borne off in a state of insensibility by her attendants.

Unable to control himself at the sight, Norris burst through the guard, and rushing up the great staircase, soon gained the apartment to which the queen had been conveyed. Owing to the timely aid afforded her she was speedily restored, and the first person her eyes fell upon was her lover. At the sight of him a glance of affection illumined her features, but it was instantly changed into an expression of alarm.

At this juncture the Duke of Suffolk, who, with Bouchier and a party of halberdiers, had entered the room, stepped up to the queen, and said:

"Will it please you, madam, to retire to an inner apartment? I grieve to say you are under arrest."

"Arrest!" exclaimed Anne; "for what crime, your grace?"

"You are charged with incontinency towards the king's highness," replied Suffolk sternly.

"But I am innocent!" cried Anne—"as Heaven shall judge me, I am innocent!"

"I trust you will be able to prove yourself so, madam," said Suffolk. "Sir Henry Norris, your person is likewise attached."

"Then I am lost indeed!" exclaimed Anne distractedly.

"Do not let these false and malignant accusations alarm you, madam," said Norris. "You have nothing to fear. I will die protesting your innocence."

"Sir Henry Norris," said the duke coldly, "your own imprudence has brought about this result."

"I feel it," replied Norris; "and I deserve the worst punishment that can be inflicted upon me for it. But I declare to you—as I will declare upon the rack, if I am placed upon it—that the queen is wholly innocent. Let her not suffer for my fault."

"You hear what Sir Henry says," cried Anne; "and I call upon you to recollect the testimony he has borne."

"I shall not fail to do so, madam," replied Suffolk. "Your majesty will have strict justice."

"Justice!" echoed Anne, with a laugh of bitter incredulity. "Justice from Henry the Eighth?"

"Beseech you, madam, do not destroy yourself," said Norris, prostrating himself before her. "Recollect by whom you are surrounded. My folly and madness have brought you into this strait, and I sincerely implore your pardon for it."

"You are not to blame, Norris," said Anne; "it is fate, not you, that has destroyed me. The hand that has dealt this blow is that of a queen within the tomb."

"Captain Bouchier," said the Duke of Suffolk, addressing that officer, who stood near him, "you will convey Sir Henry Norris to the strong-room in the lower gateway, whence he will be removed to the Tower."

"Farewell for ever, Norris!" cried Anne. "We shall meet no more on earth. In what has fallen on me I recognise the hand of retribution. But the same measure which has been meted to me shall be dealt to others. I denounce Jane Seymour before Heaven! She shall not long retain the crown she is about to snatch from me!"

"That imprecation had better have been unuttered, madam," said the duke.

"Be advised, gracious madam," cried Norris, "and do not let your grief and distraction place you in the power of your enemies. All may yet go well."



"I denounce her!" persisted Anne, wholly disregarding the caution; "and I also denounce the king. No union of his shall be happy, and other blood than mine shall flow."

At a sign from the duke she was here borne, half suffocated with emotion, to an inner apartment, while Norris was conveyed by Bouchier and a company of halberdiers to the lower gateway, and placed within the prison chamber.

For some hours Anne Boleyn's attendants were alarmed for her reason, and there seemed good grounds for the apprehension, so wildly and incoherently did she talk, and so violently comport herself—she who was usually so gentle now weeping as if her soul would pass away in tears—now breaking into fearful hysterical laughter. It was a piteous sight, and deeply moved all who witnessed it. But towards evening she became calmer, and desired to be left by herself. Her wish being complied with, she fell upon her knees, and in prayers and lamentations she passed more than an hour, when her attendants entered to inform her that the Duke of Suffolk and the Lords Audley and Cromwell were without, and desired to see her. She immediately went forth to them.

"We are come to acquaint you, madam," said Suffolk, "that you will be removed at an early hour to-morrow morning, to the Tower, there to abide during the king's pleasure."

"If the king will have it so, my lords," she replied, "I must needs go; but I protest my innocence, and will protest it to the last. I have ever been a faithful and loyal consort to his highness, and though I may not have demeaned myself to him so humbly and gratefully as I ought to have done—seeing how much I owe him—yet I have lacked nothing in affection and duty. I have had jealous fancies and suspicions of him, especially of late, and have troubled him with them; but I pray his forgiveness for my folly,



"NO UNION OF HIS SHALL BE HAPPY, AND OTHER BLOOD THAN  
MINE SHALL FLOW."

*Face p. 160*



which proceeded from too much regard, and, if I am acquitted of my present charge, I will offend him no more."

"We will report what you say to the king," rejoined Suffolk gravely; "but we are bound to add that his highness does not act on mere suspicion, the proofs of your guilt being strong against you."

"There can be no such proofs," cried Anne quickly. "Who are my accusers? and what do they state?"

"You are charged with conspiring against the king's life, and dishonouring his bed," replied Suffolk sternly. "Your accusers will appear in due season."

"They are base creatures, suborned for the purpose!" cried Anne. "No loyal person would so forswear himself."

"Time will show you who they are, madam," said Suffolk. "But having now answered all your questions, I pray you permit us to retire."

"Shall I not see the king before I am taken to the Tower?" said Anne, upon whom the terror of her situation rushed with new force.

"His highness has quitted the castle," replied Suffolk, "and there is no likelihood of his return to-night."

"You tell me so to deceive me," cried Anne. "Let me see him—let me throw myself at his feet! I can convince him of my innocence—can move him to compassion! Let me see him, I implore of you—I charge you!"

"I swear to you, madam, that the king has departed for Hampton Court," replied Suffolk.

"Then take me to him there, under strong guard, or as secretly as you please," she cried passionately; "I will return with you instantly, if I am unsuccessful."

"Were I to comply with your request, it would be fruitless, madam," replied Suffolk; "the king would not see you."

"Oh, Suffolk!" cried Anne, prostrating herself before

him, "I have shown you many kindnesses in my season of power, and have always stood your friend with the king. Do me this favour now; I will never forget it. Introduce me to the king. I am sure I can move his heart, if I can only see him."

"It would cost me my head, madam," said the duke, in an inexorable tone. "Rise, I pray you."

"You are more cruel than the king," said Anne, obeying. "And now, my lords," she continued, with more composure and dignity, "since you refuse my last request, and plainly prove to me the sort of justice I may expect, I will not detain you longer. I shall be ready to attend you to the Tower to-morrow."

"The barge will be ready an hour before dawn," said Suffolk.

"Must I, then, go by water?" asked Anne.

"Such are the king's commands," replied Suffolk.

"It is no matter," she rejoined; "I shall be ready when you will, for I shall not retire to rest during the night."

Upon this, Suffolk and the others slowly withdrew, and Anne again retired to the oratory.

Anne Boleyn's arraignment took place in the great hall of the White Tower, on the 16th of May, 1536, before the Duke of Norfolk, who was created lord high steward for the occasion, and twenty-six peers. The duke had his seat under a canopy of state, and beneath him sat the Earl of Surrey, as deputy earl-marshal.

Notwithstanding an eloquent and impassioned defence, Anne was found guilty; and having been required to lay aside her crown and the other insignia of royalty, was condemned to be burned or beheaded at the king's pleasure.

On the following day, she was summoned to the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth, whither she was privately conveyed; and her marriage with the king was declared by Cranmer

to be null and void, and to have always been so. Death by the axe was the doom awarded to her by the king, and the day appointed for the execution was Friday, the 19th of May, at the hour of noon.

Leaving the conduct of the fatal ceremony to the Duke of Suffolk, who had orders to have a signal gun fired from the summit of the White Tower, which was to be answered from various points when all was over, Henry repaired to Windsor Castle on the evening of Thursday. Before this he had formally offered his hand to Jane Seymour; and while the unfortunate queen was languishing within the Tower, he was basking in the smiles of his new mistress, and counting the hours till he could make her his own. On the Tuesday before the execution, Jane Seymour retired to her father's mansion, Wolff Hall, in Wiltshire, where preparations were made for the marriage, which it was arranged should take place there in private on the Saturday.

On arriving at the castle, Henry gave out that he should hunt on the following morning in the Great Park, and retired to his closet. But he did not long remain there, and putting on the disguise of a yeoman of the guard, descended by the narrow flight of steps occupying the same situation as the existing Hundred Steps, to the town, and proceeded to the Garter, where he found several guests assembled, discussing the affairs of the day, and Bryan Bowntance's strong ale at the same time. Amongst the number were Shoreditch, Paddington, Hector Cutbeard, and Kit Coo. At the moment of the king's entrance, they were talking of the approaching execution.

"Oh, the vanity of worldly greatness!" exclaimed Bryan, lifting up his hands. "Only seven years ago, last Saint George's Day, this lovely queen first entered the castle with the king, amid pomp and splendour and power, and

with a long life—apparently—of happiness. And now she is condemned to die!”

“But if she has played the king false she deserves her doom,” replied Shoreditch. “I would behead my own wife if she served me the same trick—that is, if I could.”

“You do right to say ‘if you could’” rejoined Paddington. “The beheading a wife is a royal privilege, and cannot be enjoyed by a subject.”

“Well, I wonder how the king could prefer Mistress Jane Seymour for my part!” said Hector Cutbeard. “To my thinking she is not to be compared with Queen Anne.”

“She has a lovely blue eye, and a figure as straight as an arrow,” returned Shoreditch. “How say you, master?” he added, turning to the king; “what think you of Mistress Jane Seymour?”

“I think her passably fair, friend,” replied Henry.

“But how as compared with the late—that is, the present queen, for, poor soul! she has yet some hours to live,” rejoined Shoreditch. “How, as compared with her?”

“Why, I think Jane Seymour the more lovely, undoubtedly,” replied Henry. “But I may be prejudiced.”

“Not in the least, friend,” said Cutbeard. “You but partake of your royal master’s humour. Jane Seymour is beautiful, no doubt, and so was Anne Boleyn. Marry! we shall see many fair queens on the throne. The royal Henry has good taste and good management. He sets his subjects a rare example, and shows them how to get rid of troublesome wives. We shall all divorce or hang our spouses when we get tired of them. I almost wish I was married myself, that I might try the experiment—ha! ha!”

“Well, here’s the king’s health!” cried Shoreditch, “and wishing him as many wives as he may desire.—What say you, friend?” he added, turning to Henry. “Will you not drink that toast?”

"That will I," replied Henry; "but I fancy the king will be content for the present with Mistress Jane Seymour."

"For the present, no doubt," said Hector Cutbeard; "but the time will come—and ere long—when Jane will be as irksome to him as Anne is now."

"Ah, God's death, knave! darest thou say so?" cried Henry furiously.

"Why, I have said nothing treasonable, I hope?" rejoined Cutbeard, turning pale; "I only wish the king to be happy in his own way. And as he seems to delight in change of wives, I pray that he may have it to his heart's content."

"A fair explanation," replied Henry, laughing.

Both Cutbeard and Shoreditch were much alarmed lest the freedom of their expressions should be taken in umbrage by the king; but he calmed their fears by bestowing a good-humoured buffet on the cheek of the latter of them, and quitting the hostel, returned to the castle by the same way he had left it.

On the following morning, about ten o'clock, he rode into the Great Park, attended by a numerous train. His demeanour was moody and stern, and a general gloom pervaded the company. Keeping on the western side of the park, the party crossed Cranbourne Chase; but though they encountered several fine herds of deer, the king gave no orders to uncouple the hounds.

At last they arrived at that part of the park where Sandpit Gate is now situated, and pursuing a path bordered by noble trees, a fine buck was suddenly unharboured, upon which Henry gave orders to the huntsmen and others to follow him, adding that he himself should proceed to Snow Hill, where they would find him an hour hence.

All understood why the king wished to be alone, and for what purpose he was about to repair to the eminence



in question, and therefore, without a word, the whole company started off in the chase.

Meanwhile, the king rode slowly through the woods, often pausing to listen to the distant sounds of the hunters, and noticing the shadows on the greensward as they grew shorter, and proclaimed the approach of noon. At length he arrived at Snow Hill, and stationed himself beneath the trees on its summit.

From this spot a magnificent view of the castle, towering over its pomp of woods, now covered with foliage of the most vivid green, was commanded. The morning was bright and beautiful, the sky cloudless, and a gentle rain had fallen overnight, which had tempered the air and freshened the leaves and the greensward. The birds were singing blithely in the trees, and at the foot of the hill couched a herd of deer. All was genial and delightful, breathing of tenderness and peace, and calculated to soften the most obdurate heart.

The scene was not without its effect upon Henry; but a fierce tumult raged within his breast. He fixed his eyes on the Round Tower, which was distinctly visible, and from which he expected the signal, and then tried to peer into the far horizon. But he could discern nothing. A cloud passed over the sun, and cast a momentary gloom over the smiling landscape. At the same time Henry's fancy was so powerfully excited, that he fancied he could behold the terrible tragedy enacting at the Tower.

"She is now issuing forth into the green in front of Saint Peter's Chapel," said Henry to himself. "I can see her as distinctly as if I were there. Ah, how beautiful she looks! and how she moves all hearts to pity!—ha!"

The exclamation was occasioned by a flash of fire from the battlements of the Round Tower, followed by a volume of smoke, and in another second the deep boom of a gun was heard.

W. H. AINSWORTH, *Windsor Castle.*

## EDWARD VI

### HOW THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH WON HER FIRST CASE

THE extensive authority and imperious character of Henry had retained the partizans of both religions in subjection; but upon his demise the hopes of the Protestants, and the fears of the Catholics, began to revive, and the zeal of these parties produced everywhere disputes and animosities,—the usual prelude to more fatal divisions. The Protector, the Duke of Somerset, had long been regarded as a secret partizan of the reformers: and being now invested with the regal authority, he threw aside all restraint, and at once discovered his intention of correcting the abuses of the ancient religion, and of adopting still more Protestant innovations.

The Protector, in his schemes for advancing the Reformation, had always recourse to the counsels of Cranmer, who, being a man of moderation and prudence, was averse to all violent changes, and desired to bring over the people by insensible innovations to that system of doctrine and discipline which he deemed most perfect. He also, probably, foresaw that a reformation which carefully avoided extremes was likely to be most lasting; and that a devotion merely spiritual was fitted only to the fervour of a new sect. He seems, therefore, to have contemplated the establishment of a hierarchy which might stand as a perpetual barrier against Rome, and retain the reverence of the people, even after their enthusiastic zeal had diminished or entirely evaporated. The person who opposed with greatest authority any further advances towards the Reform-

ation was Gardner, Bishop of Winchester, who was secretly supported by the Earl of Warwick in the Council as a means of embarrassing the Protector, whose younger brother, Lord Seymour, had so wrought on the affections of the Queen Dowager, that she married him within a few months of Henry's death—a union which so increased his wealth and credit that he aimed at nothing less than the overthrow of the Regent, and seizing the reins of power himself. To increase his popularity, he affected the opinions of the most fanatical of the Reformers—spoke of reducing the number of bishops—lessening the power of the convocation of the clergy—and, indeed, gave it to be secretly understood that he was opposed to the establishment of any hierarchy, as savouring too much of the doctrines of Rome.

The great aim of Somerset's policy was to carry out the plan of the late King, and secure the union between England and Scotland, by the marriage of Edward with the infant Queen; but as the Catholic party in the latter country was still dominant, all overtures for the alliance were courteously refused, and a war was the consequence, in which the Scots, as usual, were worsted; but the advantages not being pushed to the last extremity, it only inspired that impetuous people with a still greater aversion to a union so violently courted.

The Queen Dowager of Scotland, finding that such was the general feeling of the nation, called a parliament at Haddington, and it was there proposed that the youthful Mary should, for still further security, be sent to France, and committed to the guardianship of that ancient ally, who, dreading the consequence of the English alliance, seconded the measure with all their influence.

It was while the Protector was engaged in the war to which these circumstances gave rise, that Lord Seymour

sought the occasion of his overthrow, and made an attempt which ultimately recoiled upon himself.

He represented to his friends that formerly, during a minority, the office of protector of a kingdom had ever been kept distinct from that of governor of the King's person, and that the union of these important offices in one person conferred an authority dangerous to the well-being of the kingdom. He even procured a letter from the young King, addressed to the parliament, in which Edward desired that Seymour might be appointed his governor. The design, however, was discovered, and a party of nobles sent to remonstrate with him. He received them haughtily, and threatened, if his just claims were rejected, to make the parliament the blackest which ever sat in England. Alarmed at his proceedings, the Council summoned him before them to answer for his conduct. He refused to attend; upon which they threatened to order him to the Tower; at the same time stating that, so far from the young King's letter being a protection, it would be considered as an aggravation of his offence. This firmness, added to the loss of influence which he experienced on the death of his wife, the Queen Dowager, induced him to submit to his brother, and a hollow reconciliation was patched up between them.

Once more a widower, Seymour now turned his ambitious views towards the throne itself. He saw that Edward's constitution was weak, that in all probability he would not live long; he therefore secretly made his addresses to the Princess Elizabeth, then in the sixteenth year of her age; and that lady, whom even the pursuit of ambition and the hurry of political intrigue could not, in her more advanced years, entirely disengage from the influence of the tender passion, seems to have listened to his overtures with considerable complacency. But as Henry, by his will, had ex-

cluded his daughter from all share in the succession, unless they married with the consent of his executors, and that consent it was certain Seymour never could obtain, it was concluded that he meant to effect his purpose by expedients even more rash and criminal. Secretly as these proceedings had been carried on, they reached the ears of the Council, and several secret meetings had been held to consider whether the moment had not arrived to arrest the daring conspirator. Warwick, to the astonishment of all, was against such a proceeding, his secret aim being to involve the Lady Elizabeth in Seymour's downfall, and so remove one barrier to him and the long-cherished object of his ambition.

On one occasion, while waiting in the ante-chamber, Patch, the court jester, heard voices in loud and stormy debate within. This was the more unusual, as King Edward himself presided at the council-board.

"One would imagine," said the jester, in his usual sarcastic tone, "that the King amused himself at shovel-board, instead of presiding at a council-board. Didst hear that voice?"

"'Twas Warwick's," observed his companion; "his fortune swells him."

"And will," added Patch, "until the bubble bursts. When the oak hath fallen, the reed imagines itself an oak. There are shades which haunt these walls must smile in bitter mockery at the fantastic tricks of their successors—pig-mies playing at the Titan's games."

"The dispute grows warmer."

"Wouldst like to see the interior of the ant-hill?" demanded Patch.

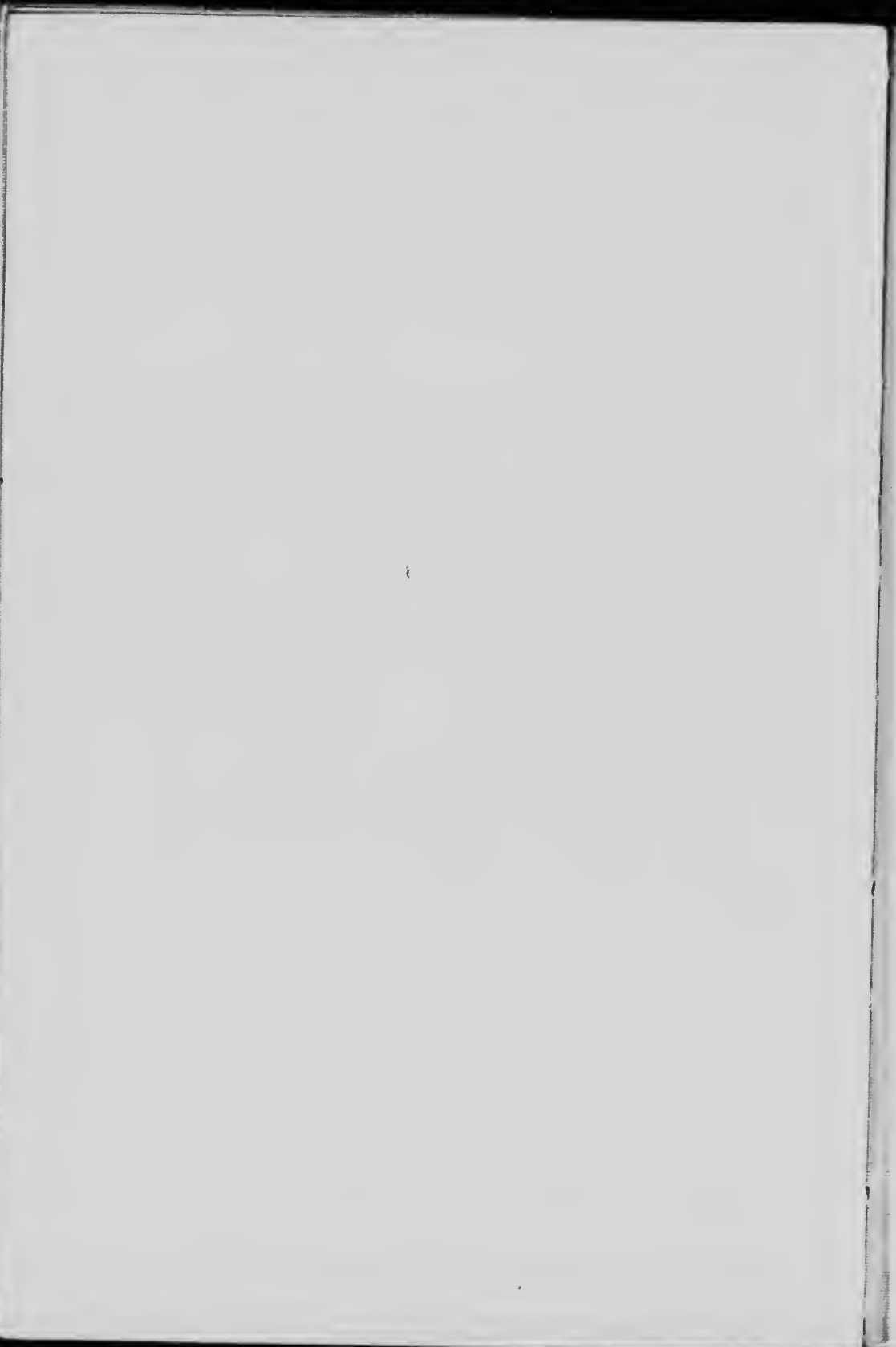
"What mean you?"

"Follow me," continued his friend: "the Syracusan tyrant was not the only one who framed an error to test his



"WOULDST LIKE TO SEE THE INTERIOR OF THE ANT-HILL?"  
DEMANDED PATCH.

*Face p. 70*



courtiers' truth. There are secrets in this palace would make Satan smile with admiration, were he planning one for his own home."

"Mean you—"

"Follow me, and see."

Hastily passing from the ante-chamber, they entered the armoury, where goodly suits were piled in niches, some inlaid with gold, others curiously damascened in Milan steel; and at the east end of the room, in a recess, was the magnificent one both for man and horse, worn by the late King, and presented to him by his sometime ally and friend, and sometime enemy, the Emperor Charles the Fifth. The species of arch under which it stood was panelled in oak, to correspond with the rest of the apartment. After carefully looking round to see that they were not observed, the jester pushed back an acorn in the centre of one of the mouldings, when a portion of the wainscot, large enough to admit of a stout person passing, rolled back, and discovered a passage dimly lit by loopholes, irregularly left in the deeply moulded cornice, which ran round the alcove. The jester acted as conductor, and, despite the obscurity, walked like one certain of his whereabouts, till they reached a small closet, in which were two chairs covered with rich brocade, but enveloped in dust from long disuse. They were both placed close to the wall, in which apertures were pierced, extending to the back of the throne, and through which the voices of the speakers at the council-board were conveyed as by so many speaking-trumpets to the inmates of the room.

"An ingenious contrivance," observed the jester's companion, as he gazed curiously around.

"What is more ingenious than tyranny?" demanded the jester.

"Was this the late King's contrivance?"



"No, his father's," replied the jester, "the man with a kingly crown and scrivener's heart; whose wisdom was to suspect all and trust to no man—who loved gold better than heaven, and who only left his hoards behind, because he could hit on no means of taking them with him—whose life was one incarnate lie—who murdered the heir he pretended to avenge, and blackened Richard's memory to justify his own."

At this moment they heard Warwick propose that a warrant should be made out for Seymour's committal to the Tower, to be used only in the event of his completing his projected marriage with the Princess Elizabeth, whose want of duty and respect to her brother and sovereign, Edward, in listening to such clandestine proposals, he painted in language but too well calculated to excite the young Prince's resentiment.

"Why not proceed at once?" demanded the Duke of Somerset, who was seated upon a stool placed on the throne itself, beside his nephew; "I cannot see the motive for this delay."

"Nor I," modestly added the youthful Prince.

"These are the things the world calls statesmen," muttered the jester. "The motive is as clear as any sunbeam; aught save a bat or born owl might see through it."

"Were it not wiser," continued Warwick, he prudently put the question interrogatively, in order to feel his ground as he went along, "to let the Princess still further commit herself, even to the consenting of a private marriage with this ambitious man, and by that act forfeit all chance of succession to the crown?"

"And then?" said Cranmer, fixing an inquiring glance upon the speaker.

"Arrest them both together: Seymour will be taken in the overt act of treason; Elizabeth in rebellion to her brother's will."

All the members of the Council present, except Cranmer, whose affection for his goddaughter induced him to oppose it, voted in favour of the proposition of the Earl, to whom the warrant, signed by the King and Somerset's own hands, was accordingly entrusted, to be put in force the moment he should find the act of treason accomplished; indeed, so excited were both the Protector and the youthful Edward that it required all the Primate's eloquence to prevent the name of the imprudent Princess from being included in the order of arrest; as it was, he only postponed it.

That very night two horsemen, dressed as Italian merchants, each carrying a small bale of merchandise upon his saddle-bow, set out for Hatfield, the residence of the Princess Elizabeth, who, although regarded with more favour by her Protestant brother than the Catholic Princess Mary, was still, from her proximity to the crown, an object of suspicion; and from the attachment which the great body of Reformers bore her person—almost of rivalry. Seymour was not far wrong in his calculation when he thought that the possession of her hand would prove a stepping-stone to the realisation of his dreams of ambition.

It is impossible to ascertain at this remote period how far the courtship was really carried between Seymour and the youthful Princess, but there is every reason to believe that she was fascinated with the elegant manners and eloquent tongue of her suitor, and but for the interference of the Council, would have married him, despite the clause in her father's will, which, as Edward was then in health, and many stood between her and the succession, affected her but little. It would have been a singular marriage, that of the brother of Jane Seymour and the daughter of Anne Boleyn.

Elizabeth was walking in the grounds of Hatfield, attended by the ladies of her little court, who, in point of fact,

were no other than spies upon her conduct, placed there by the jealous Somerset and intriguing Warwick to watch her conduct, when the two traders, having all the appearance of Italian merchants, were seen making their way towards the house.

The heart of the Princess was ill at ease. With her usual penetration—for she was remarkable for that quality even at that early age—she saw that she was surrounded by those who, under the mask of respect, were little better than enemies, ready to catch at each unguarded word. She had promised that very evening to meet her lover—to listen to his vows, if not to yield to his importunate entreaties for a secret marriage, which something whispered her would be the signal of his ruin, if not her own. Time hung, as it always does in moments of anxiety, with leaden pinions; and despite her habit of self-command, a close observer might have seen by her restless eye that her heart was ill at ease.

No sooner did the horsemen perceive the Princess than they dismounted from their steeds, which they consigned to two stout serving-men who followed them. They approached the group of ladies.

“Back, fellow!” said Lady Mortimer, who acted as mistress of the little household at Hatfield, where, at this period, Elizabeth was only a temporary visitor; “no strangers are permitted to approach her Grace.”

The intruders instantly paused, not to alarm the party, and respectfully uncovered to the future queen, who gently inclined her head, at the same time demanding of the speaker who the strangers were.

“Traders, I believe,” replied her ladyship.

“From Milan, your Grace,” added the elder of the strangers, who was, in fact, no other than Patch. “I have passementeries might serve an empress for her coronation robes,

and taffety fit to line them, jewel-work from Florence, a ring from Cellini's own hand, and a pearl which her Highness Louise of Savoy sent to the Constable Bourbon when she offered him her hand in marriage, as a means of settling their disputes; laces of Venice," he added, "and cunning work from Flanders—merchandise worthy of beauty's eyes to dwell upon."

One of the traders was occupied during this speech in unbuckling the straps of the packs, and displaying their contents to view. Elizabeth, not suspecting that the traders were other than what they seemed, was turning coldly away, when the entreaties of her attendants arrested her step, and she suffered herself to be persuaded to examine the strangers' merchandise, much of which was really curious and valuable.

During this operation one of the two traders was telling the fortunes of the ladies, and the Princess observed the process for some time with a cool, steady glance as if she were mentally reading the man.

"Thou art a clever knave," she at last exclaimed. "But come," she added, good humouredly, "let me try thy skill in fortune-telling. Tell me, what has Fate in reserve for me?"

"A crown," replied Patch, without a moment's hesitation.

"Speak lower," said the Princess, who began to feel alarmed at her imprudence, well knowing that such a prediction might materially injure her both with Edward and her sister Mary, should any of the spies around her overhear it. "When?" she added.

"After trials which will wear your patience, and dangers which it will require all your prudence to avoid," whispered the jester.

"Whence arises my chief danger?" anxiously inquired the Princess.

"Love."

The questioner started—it seemed as if a warning was thus singularly conveyed to her of the precipice upon the brink of which she so incautiously was treading.

“Keep not your rendez-vous to-night,” continued the speaker, “nor write the promise which ambition, and not love, demands. Evil eyes are upon you, lady—evil hands ready to work you ill. The warrant is already signed for Seymour's arrest.”

“His arrest?” faltered Elizabeth.

“You cannot save him, but may share his ruin. Farewell, lady,” added the speaker; “my task is ended. Be faithful to yourself, and let not a moment's weakness mar your fortunes.”

The rest of the ladies were so astonished at the effect produced upon the Princess, that they feared to make a trial of the merchant's skill, but suffered both him and his companion to depart without further question. As soon as they were gone, Elizabeth, under plea of indisposition, retired to Hatfield House, where she immediately secluded herself from the observation of her household to reflect upon the warning she had received.

In the delightful grounds which surrounded the mansion stood a species of labyrinth or grotto, adorned with shells and minerals wrought into quaint devices. At the further end a fountain gave an artificial coolness during the heat of summer to the recess, in which Seymour and the thoughtless object of his passion were accustomed to meet. In this grotto a pursuivant-of-arms and a dozen halberdiers had been for several hours concealed, when a horseman, gallantly mounted, drew rein near the mouth of their retreat. They had received their orders, and it seems their instructions were not to secure the intruder alone. Warwick's plan was to arrest the lovers at the very moment of their meeting. The night, fortunately for their intentions, was a dark one, and suited to their purpose.

## HOW PRINCESS ELIZABETH WON HER CASE 177

"Curse on this delay!" exclaimed the impatient Seymour, after he had paced for upwards of an hour the moss-covered floor of the palace of rendezvous. "What can have detained her? Were she once mine," he thought, "I would throw off the mask and face my serpent brother. Wedded to Elizabeth, the Reformers would unhesitatingly throw themselves into my hands; and so supported, what might I not achieve? The protectorship—the crown itself," he slowly added; "for there are those who think with me that Edward's life is worth but little purchase, and Mary's title bad by her mother's most unholy marriage. Would she were here!"

Scarcely had the aspiring lover—if lover he might be called, whose love was but a stepping-stone to his ambition—finished his reflections, than a figure, dressed in white and covered with a thickly embroidered veil, was seen cautiously to approach the grotto. Seymour no sooner beheld her than he exclaimed, "Elizabeth!" and instantly enfolded her in his embrace. Before one word of warning or reproof could be uttered, the concealed halberdiers, headed by the pursuivant, burst from their concealment, and the latter, laying his hand upon the shoulder of the noble, in the King's name arrested him. Knowing the fiery temper of the man they had to deal with, the captors prudently disarmed him before he recovered from his surprise; and throwing a cloak over his head, to drown his cries, should he attempt to call assistance, they hurried him to a litter which they had left concealed within the grove, and quietly left the domain of Hatfield for the high-road, where a troop of horse was waiting to escort them back to London.

"Princess," said the pursuivant, bending the knee before the veiled figure, "pardon me the office it is my duty to perform. You are a prisoner."

"I am no princess," replied the lady haughtily, attempting at the same time to pass him.

"My orders," resumed the officer, intercepting her passage, "are to arrest any lady whom I may find in company with the Lord Seymour. Will it please you follow me?"

"This is some error!" exclaimed the female in a supplicating voice; "indeed it is an error! let me return to the house and I will reward you amply. You will repent this," she added.

"Lady," said the officer, more than ever convinced of the high rank of the speaker, "I am faithful, the order for your arrest is sealed with the King's own seal, signed by his hand. Think you without due warrant I had ventured to this extremity? Force me not, I beseech your Grace, to use measures unworthy of your dignity."

On a signal given by the speaker, a second litter was brought from the wood, into which the reluctant lady was compelled to enter, and the whole party started on their return, the pursuivant fully satisfied that he had succeeded in the object of his mission and captured both the lovers, an achievement for which he well knew both the Protector and Warwick would liberally reward him.

The following day he arrived with his prisoners at the Tower. Seymour was instantly conveyed to the prison in the governor's keep, and the second litter, with a great mystery and respect, to the royal lodgings.

It was whispered, as it passed, that it contained the Princess Elizabeth.

"Poor thing!" exclaimed an old warder, when he heard it; "I can well remember the arrival of her mother."

About noon on the following day, Cheapside was thrown into confusion by the arrival of the King, who, attended by the Duke of Somerset, Warwick, Cranmer, and the rest of the lords of the Council, was on his way to the Tower.

Edward at this time was in his fifteenth year, tall, and remarkably graceful for his years, and highly popular with the citizens, both on account of his youth and the comparative mildness of his government, so different from the iron rule of his father. The young King bitterly regretted the step into which he had been betrayed in ordering the arrest of his sister, and he evinced a determination to investigate the charges against her himself—so unusual, that both Warwick and the Protector had cause for reflection. The lion's cub began to show that in time it would be a lion too.

The monarch bowed gracefully to the acclamations of his subjects as he passed along, and with a gallantry worthy of the descendant of Edward the Fourth, doffed his plumed cap to the fair ladies in the balconies, whence loving eyes darted their light upon him, and gentle lips spoke blessings as he went.

On his arrival at the Tower, Sir William Kingston presented the keys of the fortress on a golden salver; the Prince merrily touched them, in token of his sovereignty, then smilingly returned them, observing as he did so, that they could not be in more faithful hands.

The proud Duke of Somerset was so thrown into the shade by the royal bearing of his nephew, that he experienced a pang of jealousy at the change, and instead of yielding to the assumption of the monarch gracefully, he vented his spleen during the day by endeavouring at every step to thwart him; a proceeding as impolitic as it was useless.

"Our uncle seems in no very gracious humour," whispered the King to Cranmer, as, leaning on his arm, he entered the Council Chamber, where Seymour had been already brought.

Edward had come with the express intention of acting



favourably towards the unhappy man, whose violence, unfortunately for himself, and fortunately for his enemies, broke forth at the very first question put to him by the Primate. On this his nephew at once ordered him to be conveyed to his prison, and henceforth took little, if any, interest in his fate.

"We have another prisoner to question here," observed Warwick, as soon as Seymour had been removed; "The Princess Elizabeth."

"Say rather an explanation to hear," interrupted Edward, gravely; for Elizabeth had ever been the favourite of his sisters.

"Here is the warrant for her apprehension," said Somerset, pointing at the same time to the parchment bearing his own and nephew's signatures lying on the Council table. The monarch motioned to the Primate to pass it to him. He read it carefully as soon as he received it, and retained it in his hand.

"A chair of state," he exclaimed to the governor of the Tower, "for our sister."

The supposed princess was introduced, still wearing her veil. The Council rose upon her entrance, and the King himself motioned her to the seat which had been placed for her.

"This is not the Princess Elizabeth!" exclaimed the Earl of Warwick, who had been scanning her figure narrowly; "there is some mistake here."

"I told them so," said the lady; "but no one would believe me."

She threw aside her veil as she spoke, and discovered the features of Lady Mortimer.

"What means this mummer?" coarsely demanded Somerset. "Answer to me, or—"

"Answer to me," mildly interrupted Edward. "Rise,

Lady Mortimer. Our uncle is soldier, and his manners savour somewhat too rudely of the camp. Explain this mystery."

"I was sent with this letter by my royal mistress."

"Where?"

"To the grotto at Hatfield, sire."

"Whom to give it to?"

"To Lord Seymour."

"I see it all, sire," blandly exclaimed Warwick; "this lady has been mistaken for her Grace. There is still time to execute the warrant."

"Had we not better read the letter first?"

The letter which was in the hand-writing of Elizabeth, was handed by Edward to the Primate, who, hastily breaking the seal, read aloud to the astonished Council as follows:—

"My lord,—I thank you in all honesty for your good opinion of me, which is doubtless flattering to one of my inexperience and years. I neither accept nor decline it, referring myself in all things touching the disposition of my unworthy hand to the pleasure of my dear brother and sovereign lord your master, as well as mine. Unless you come armed with his authority, my lord, to Hatfield come no more.

"ELIZABETH."

"A prudent and a wise reply," added Cranmer, as he passed the letter to the members of the Council.

"A juggling one!" exclaimed Somerset, impatient that the Princess had eluded the snare; "but it is not too late. Let a troop of horsemen, with Sir William Kingston, start this very hour for Hatfield. We have other evidence, and—"

"Let them not stir," said Edward, rising and tearing

the warrant into several pieces; "our sister is absolved in our judgment."

"But not in mine," interrupted the imprudent duke.

Edward eyed him for a few moments with an air of cold surprise; and, for the first time perhaps, the idea struck him that he should like to throw off the tutelage of both his uncles. Warwick watched the glance, and was not slow to profit by it.

"We have heard the expression of his Highness's pleasure," he exclaimed; "my lords, the Council, I presume, is ended."

J. F. SMITH, *Stanford Hall.*

## MARY

### HOW THE LADY JANE GREY DIED

THE Martin Tower (or, as it is now termed, the Jewel Tower, from the purpose to which it is appropriated), where the Lady Jane Grey was confined by the Queen's commands, lies at the north-eastern extremity of the ballium wall, and corresponds in size and structure with the Devilin or Devereux Tower, at the opposite angle.

Jane's prison was sufficiently commodious and, by Mary's express injunctions, every attention consistent with her situation was shown her. Strange as it may seem, she felt easier, if not happier, than she had done during the latter part of the period of her liberation. Then, she was dissatisfied with herself, anxious for her husband, certain of the failure of his enterprise, and almost desiring its failure,—now, the worst was past. No longer agitated by the affairs of the world, she could suffer with patience, and devote herself wholly to God. Alone within her prison-chamber, she prayed with more fervour than she had been able to do for months; and the soothing effect it produced was such that she felt almost grateful for her chastening. "I am better able to bear misfortune than prosperity," she murmured, "and I cannot be too thankful to Heaven that I am placed in a situation to call forth my strength. Oh! that Dudley may be able to endure his trial with equal fortitude!—But I fear his proud heart will rebel. Sustain him, Lord! I beseech thee, and bring him to a true sense of his condition."

Convinced that her days were now numbered, having

no hope of pardon, scarcely desiring it, and determined to reject it if coupled with any conditions affecting her faith, Jane made every preparation for her end. No longer giving up a portion of her time to study, she entirely occupied herself with her devotions. Influenced by the controversial spirit of the times, she had before been as anxious to overcome her opponents in argument as they were to convince her of her errors. Now, though feeling equally strong in her cause, she was more lowly-minded. Reproaching herself bitterly with her departure from her duty, she sought by incessant prayer, by nightly vigil, by earnest and heartfelt supplication, to wipe out the offence. "I have not sinned in ignorance," she thought, "but with my eyes open, and therefore my fault is far greater than if no light had been vouchsafed me. By sincere contrition alone can I hope to work out my salvation; and if sorrow, remorse, and shame, combined with the most earnest desire of amendment, constitute repentance, I am truly contrite. But I feel my own unworthiness, and though I know the mercy of Heaven is infinite, yet I scarcely dare to hope for forgiveness for my trespasses. I have trusted too much to myself already—and find that I relied on a broken reed. I will now trust only to God."

And thus she passed her time, in the strictest self-examination, fixing her thoughts above, and withdrawing them as much as possible from earth. The effect was speedily manifest in her altered looks and demeanour. When first brought to the Martin Tower, she was downcast and despairing. Ere three days had passed, she became calm, and almost cheerful, and her features resumed their wonted serene and seraphic expression. She could not, it is true, deaden the pangs that ever and anon shook her when she thought of her husband and father. But she strove to console herself by the hope that they would be purified, like





“ SHE REMAINED, WHILE LIGHT LASTED, UPON HER KNEES.”

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herself, by the trial to which they were subjected, and that their time of separation would be brief. To the duke she addressed that touching letter preserved among the few fragments of her writings, which, after it had been submitted to Gardiner, was allowed to be delivered to him. It concluded with these words:—"And thus, good father, I have opened unto you the state wherein I presently stand,—my death at hand. Although to you it may seem woful, yet to me there is nothing that can be more welcome than to aspire from this Vale of Misery to that heavenly throne of all joy and pleasure, with Christ, my Saviour. In whose steadfast faith (if it may be lawful for the daughter so to write to the father), the Lord who hath hitherto strengthened you so continue to keep you, that at the last we may meet in heaven."

With her husband she was allowed no communication; and in reply to her request to see him once more, she was told that their sole meeting would be on the scaffold:—a wanton insult, for it was not intended to execute them together. The room, or rooms (for the large circular chamber was even then divided by a partition), occupied by Jane in the Martin Tower were those on the upper story, and her chief place of resort during the day-time was one of the deep embrasures looking towards the north. In this recess, wholly unobserved and undisturbed, she remained, while light lasted, upon her knees, with a book of prayers or the Bible before her, fearful of losing one of the precious moments which flew by so quickly,—and now so tranquilly. At night she withdrew, not to repose, but to a small table in the midst of the apartment, on which she placed the sacred volume and a lamp, and knelt down beside it. Had she not feared to disturb her calm condition, she would not have allowed herself more than an hour's repose, at the longest intervals nature could endure. But desirous of



maintaining her composure to the last, she yielded to the demand, and from midnight to the third hour stretched herself upon her couch. She then arose, and resumed her devotions. The same rules were observed in respect to the food she permitted herself to take. Restricting herself to bread and water, she ate and drank sufficient to support nature, and no more.

On the fourth day after her confinement, the jailer informed her there was a person without who had an order from the queen to see her. Though Jane would have gladly refused admittance to the applicant, she answered meekly, "Let him come in."

Immediately afterwards a grave-looking, middle-aged man, with a studious countenance overclouded with sorrow, appeared. He was attired in a black robe, and carried a flat velvet cap in his hand.

"What, Master Roger Ascham, my old instructor!" exclaimed Jane, rising as he approached, and extending her hand to him, "I am glad to see you."

Ascham was deeply affected. The tears rushed to his eyes, and it was some moments before he could speak.

"Do not lament for me, good friend," said Jane, in a cheerful tone, "but rejoice with me, that I have so profited by your instructions as to be able to bear my present lot with resignation."

"I do indeed heartily rejoice at it, honoured and dear madam," replied Ascham, subduing his emotion, "and I would gladly persuade myself that my instructions had contributed in however slight a degree to your present composure. But you derive your fortitude from a higher source than any on earth. It is your piety, not your wisdom that sustains you; and though I have pointed out the way to the living waters at which you have drunk, it is to that fountain alone that you owe the inestimable blessing of

your present frame of mind. I came not hither to depress, but to cheer you—not to instruct, but to be instructed. Your life, madam, will afford the world one of the noblest lessons it has ever received, and though your career may be closed at the point whence most others start, it will have been run long enough."

"Alas! good Master Ascham," rejoined Jane, "I once thought that my life and its close would be profitable to our Church—that my conduct might haply be a model to its disciples—and my name enrolled among its martyrs. Let him who standeth take heed lest he fall. I had too much confidence in myself. I yielded to impulses, which, though not culpable in the eyes of men, were so in those of God."

"Oh madam! you reproach yourself far too severely," cried Ascham. "Unhappy circumstances have made you amenable to the laws of your country, it is true, and you give up your life as a willing sacrifice to justice. But this is all that can, or will be required of you, by your earthly or supreme Judge. That your character might have been more utterly faultless in the highest sense I will not deny, had you sacrificed every earthly feeling to duty. But I for one should not have admired—should not have loved you as I now love you, had you acted otherwise. What you consider a fault has proved you a true woman in heart and affection; and your constancy as a believer in the Gospel, and upholder of its doctrines, has been equally strongly manifested. Your name in after ages will be a beacon and a guiding-star to the whole Protestant Church."

"Heaven grant it!" exclaimed Jane, fervently. "I once hoped—once thought so."

"Hope so—think so still," rejoined Ascham. "Ah, dear madam, when I last took my leave of you before my

departure for Germany, and found you in your chamber at Bradgate, buried in the Phædo of the divine philosopher, while your noble father and his friends were hunting, and disporting themselves in the park—when to my wondering question as to why you did not join in their pastime, you answered, ‘that all their sport in the park was but a shadow to the pleasure you found in Plato’—adding, ‘alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant’—at that time, I little thought for what a sad though proud destiny you were reserved.”

“Neither did I, good Master Ascham,” replied Jane; “but you now find me at a better study. I have exchanged him whom you term, and truly, in a certain sense, the ‘divine’ philosopher, for writings derived from the highest source of inspiration—direct from heaven—and I find in this study more pleasure and far more profit than the other. And now farewell, good friend. Do me one last favour. Be present at my ending. And see how she, whom you have taught to live, will die. Heaven bless you!”

“Heaven bless you, too, noble and dear lady,” replied Ascham, kneeling and pressing her hand to his lips. “I will obey your wishes.”

He then arose, and covering his face to hide his fast-falling tears, withdrew.

Jane, also, was much moved, for she was greatly attached to her old instructor; and to subdue her emotion, took a few turns within her chamber. In doing this, she noticed the various inscriptions and devices carved by former occupants; and taking a pin, traced with its point the following lines on the wall of the recess where she performed her devotions:—

Non aliena putes homini quæ obtingere possunt;  
Sors hodierna mihi, cras erit illa tibi,

Underneath, she added the following, and subscribed them with her name:—

Deo juvante, nil nocet livor malus;  
 Et non juvante, nil juvat labor gravis:  
 Post tenebras, spero lucem!

The lines have been effaced. But tradition has preserved them. How deeply affecting is the wish of the patient sufferer—*Post tenebras, spero lucem!*”

On the morning of Thursday, the 8th of February, the jailer appeared with a countenance of unusual gloom, and informed his captive that the lieutenant of the Tower and Father Feckenham were without, and desired to see her.

“Admit them,” replied Jane. “I know their errand. You are right welcome, sirs,” she added, with a cheerful look, as they entered. “You bring me good news.”

“Alas! madam,” replied Feckenham, sorrowfully, “we are the bearers of ill tidings. It is our melancholy office to acquaint you that your execution is appointed for to-morrow.”

“Why, that is good news,” returned Jane, with an unaltered countenance. “I have long and anxiously expected my release, and am glad to find it so near at hand.”

“I am further charged, by the queen’s highness, who desires me not to kill the soul as well as the body,” pursued Feckenham, “to entreat you to use the few hours remaining to you in making your peace with heaven.”

“I will strive to do so, sir,” replied Jane, meekly.

“Do not mistake me, madam,” rejoined Feckenham, earnestly. “Her majesty’s hope is that you will reconcile yourself with the holy Catholic Church, by which means you can alone ensure your salvation. For this end, she has desired me to continue near you to the last, and to use

my best efforts for your conversion—and by God's grace I will do so."

"You may spare yourself the labour, sir," replied Jane. "You will more easily overturn these solid walls by your arguments than my resolution."

"At least suffer me to make the attempt," replied Feckenham. "That I have hitherto failed in convincing you is true, and I may fail now; but my very zeal must satisfy you that I have your welfare at heart, and am eager to deliver you from the bondage of Satan."

"I have never doubted your zeal, sir," returned Jane; "nor—and I say it in all humility—do I doubt my own power to refute your arguments. But I must decline the contest now, because my time is short, and I would devote every moment to the service of God."

"That excuse shall not avail you, madam," rejoined Feckenham, significantly. "The queen and the chancellor are as anxious as I am for your conversion, and nothing shall be left undone to accomplish it."

"I must submit, then," replied Jane, with a look of resignation. "But I repeat, you will lose your labour."

"Time will show," returned Feckenham.

"I have not yet dared to ask a question which has risen to my lips, but found no utterance," said Jane, in an altered tone. "My husband!—what of him?"

"His execution will take place at the same time with your own," replied Feckenham.

"I shall see him to-morrow, then?" cried Jane.

"Perhaps before," returned Feckenham.

"It were better not," said Jane, trembling. "I know not whether I can support the interview."

"I was right," muttered Feckenham to himself. "The way to move her is through the affections." And he made a sign to the lieutenant, who quitted the chamber.

"Prepare yourself, madam," he added to Jane.

"For what?" she cried.

"For your husband's approach. He is here."

As he spoke the door was opened, and Dudley rushed forward, and caught her in his arms. Not a word was uttered for some moments by the afflicted pair. The lady attendant withdrew, weeping as if her heart would break, into one of the recesses, and Feckenham and the lieutenant into another. After the lapse of a short time, thinking it a favourable opportunity for his purpose, the confessor came forward. Jane and her husband were still locked in each other's embrace, and it seemed as if nothing but force could tear them asunder.

"I would not disturb you," said Feckenham, "but my orders are that this interview must be brief. I am empowered also to state, madam," he added to Jane, "that her majesty will even now pardon your husband, notwithstanding his heinous offences against her, provided you are publicly reconciled with the Church of Rome."

"I cannot do it," cried Jane, in a voice of agony—"I cannot—cannot."

"Neither do I desire it," he replied. "I would not purchase life on such terms. We will die together."

"Be it so," observed Feckenham, with a disconcerted look. "The offer will never be repeated."

"It would never have been made at all, if there had been a chance of its acceptance," returned Dudley, coldly. "Tell your royal mistress, that I love my wife too well to require such a sacrifice at her hands, and that she loves me too well to make it."

"Dudley!" exclaimed Jane, gazing at him with tearful eyes, "I can now die without a pang."

"Have you aught more to say to each other?" demanded Feckenham. "You will meet no more on earth!"

"Yes, on the scaffold," cried Jane.

"Not so," replied Feckenham, gloomily. "Lord Guilford Dudley will suffer on Tower Hill—you, madam, will meet your sentence on the green before the White Tower, where Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard perished."

"We shall meet in the grave, then," rejoined Dudley, bitterly, "where Mary's tyranny can neither reach us, nor the voice of juggling priest disturb us more."

"Your prisoner," cried Feckenham, turning angrily to the lieutenant.

"Farewell, dear Dudley," exclaimed Jane, straining him to her bosom—"be constant."

"As yourself," he replied, gently disengaging himself from her. "I am ready, sir," he added, to Brydges. And without hazarding another look at Jane, who fell back into the arms of her attendant, he quitted the chamber.

Half an hour after this, when Jane had in some degree recovered from the shock, Feckenham returned, and informed her that he had obtained from the Queen a reprieve for herself and her husband for three days. "You can now no longer allege the shortness of the time allowed you, as a reason for declining a conference with me," he said: "and I pray you address yourself earnestly to the subject, for I will not desist till I have convinced and converted you."

"Then I shall have little of the time allotted me to myself," replied Jane. "But I will not repine. My troubles may benefit others—if not myself."

Monday, the 12th of February, 1554, the fatal day destined to terminate Jane's earthly sufferings, at length arrived. Excepting a couple of hours which she allowed to rest, at the urgent entreaty of her companion, she had passed the whole of the night in prayer. The repose of an infant could not be more calm and holy. A smile irradiated her countenance; her lips moved as if in prayer; and if good angels

are ever permitted to visit the dreams of those they love on earth, they hovered that night over the couch of Jane. Thinking it cruelty to disturb her from such a blissful state, her attendant let an hour pass beyond the appointed time. But observing a change come over her countenance,—seeing her bosom heave, and tears gather beneath her eye-lashes, she touched her, and Jane instantly arose.

“Is it four o'clock?” she inquired.

“It has just struck five, madam,” replied the attendant. “I have disobeyed you for the first and last time. But you seemed so happy, that I could not find it in my heart to waken you.”

“I was happy,” replied Jane, “for I dreamed that all was over—without pain to me—and that my soul was borne to regions of celestial bliss by a troop of angels who had hovered about the scaffold.”

“It will be so, madam,” replied the lady, fervently. “You will quit this earth immediately for heaven, where you will rejoin your husband in everlasting happiness.”

“I trust so,” replied Jane, in an altered tone, “but in that blessed place I searched in vain for him. Angela, you let me sleep too long, or not long enough.”

“Your pardon, dearest madam,” cried the other, tearfully.

“Nay, you have given me no offence,” returned Jane, kindly. “What I meant was, that I had not time to find my husband.”

“Oh, you will find him, dearest madam,” returned the weeping attendant, “doubt it not. Your prayers would wash out his offences, even if his own could not.”

“I trust so,” replied Jane. “And I will now pray for him, and do you pray, too.”

Jane then retired to the recess, and in the gloom, for it was yet dark, continued her devotions until the clock struck seven. She then arose, and assisted by her lady, Angela, attired herself with great care.



"I pay more attention to the decoration of my body now I am about to part with it," she observed, "than I would do if it was to serve me longer. So joyful is the occasion to me, that were I to consult my own feelings, I would put on my richest apparel, to indicate my contentment of heart. I will not, however, so brave my fate, but array myself in these weeds." And she put on a gown of black velvet, without ornament of any kind; tying round her slender throat (so soon, alas! to be severed) a simple white falling collar. Her hair was left purposely unbraided, and was confined by a caul of black velvet. As Angela performed those sad services, she sobbed audibly.

"Nay, cheer thee, child," observed Jane. "When I was clothed in the robes of royalty, and had the crown placed upon my brow,—nay, when arrayed on my wedding-day,—I felt not half so joyful as now."

"Ah! madam!" exclaimed Angela, in a paroxysm of grief. "My condition is more pitiable than yours. You go to certain happiness. But I lose you."

"Only for a while, dear Angela," returned Jane. "Comfort yourself with that thought. Let my fate be a warning to you. Be not dazzled by ambition. Had I not once yielded, I had never thus perished. Discharge your duty strictly to your eternal and your temporal rulers, and rest assured we shall meet again,—never to part."

"Your counsel shall be graven on my heart, madam," returned Angela. "And oh! may my end be as happy as yours!"

"Heaven grant it!" ejaculated Jane, fervently. "And now," she added, as her toilette was ended, "I am ready to die."

"Will you not take some refreshment, madam?" asked Angela.

"No," replied Jane. "I have done with the body!"

The morning was damp and dark. A thaw came on a little before day-break, and a drizzling shower of rain fell. This was succeeded by a thick mist and the whole of the fortress was for a while enveloped in vapour. It brought to Jane's mind the day on which she was taken to trial. But a moral gloom likewise overspread the fortress. Every one within it, save her few enemies, (and they were few indeed,) lamented Jane's approaching fate. Her youth, her innocence, her piety, touched the sternest breast, and moved the pity even of her persecutors. All felt that morning as if some dire calamity was at hand, and instead of looking forward to the execution as an exciting spectacle (for so such revolting exhibitions were then considered,) they wished it over. Many a prayer was breathed for the speedy release of the sufferer—many a sigh heaved—many a groan uttered; and if ever soul was wafted to Heaven by the fervent wishes of those on earth, Jane's was so.

It was late before there were any signs of stir and bustle within the fortress. Even the soldiers gathered together reluctantly—and those who conversed, spoke in whispers. Dudley, who it has been stated was imprisoned in the Beauchamp Tower, had passed the greater part of the night in devotion. But towards morning, he became restless and uneasy, and unable to compose himself, resorted to the customary employment of captives in such cases, and with a nail which he had found, carved his wife's name in two places on the walls of the prison. These inscriptions still remain.

At nine o'clock the bell of the chapel began to toll, and an escort of halberdiers and arquebusiers drew up before the Beauchamp Tower, while Sir Thomas Brydges and Feckenham entered the chamber of the prisoner, who received them with an unmoved countenance.

"Before you set out upon a journey from which you will never return, my lord," said Feckenham, "I would ask you for the last time if any change has taken place in your religious sentiments—and whether you are yet alive to the welfare of your soul?"

"Why not promise me pardon if I will recant on the scaffold, and silence me as you silenced the duke my father, by the axe!" replied Dudley, sternly. "No, sir, I will have naught to do with your false and idolatrous creed. I shall die a firm believer in the gospel, and trust to be saved by it."

"Then perish, body and soul," replied Feckenham, harshly. "Sir Thomas Brydges, I commit him to your hands."

"Am I to be allowed no parting with my wife?" demanded Dudley, anxiously.

"You have parted with her for ever,—heretic and unbeliever!" rejoined Feckenham.

"That speech will haunt your death-bed, sir," retorted Dudley, sternly. And he turned to the lieutenant, and signified that he was ready.

The first object that met Dudley's gaze as he issued from his prison was the scaffold on the green. He looked at it for a moment, wistfully.

"It is for Lady Jane," observed the lieutenant.

"I know it," replied Dudley, in a voice of intense emotion.—"I thank you for letting me die first."

"You must thank the Queen, my lord," returned Brydges. "It was her order."

"Shall you see my wife, sir?" demanded Dudley, anxiously.

The lieutenant answered in the affirmative.

"Tell her I will be with her on the scaffold," said Dudley.

The escort then moved forward, and the lieutenant accompanied the prisoner to the gateway of the Middle Tower, where he delivered him to the sheriffs and their

officers, who were waiting there for him with a Franciscan friar, and then returned to fulfil his more painful duty. A vast crowd was collected on Tower Hill, and the strongest commiseration was expressed for Dudley as he was led to the scaffold, on which the executioner, Mauger, had already taken his station.

On quitting the Beauchamp Tower, Feckenham proceeded to Jane's prison. He found her on her knees, but she immediately arose.

"Is it time?" she asked.

"It is, madam, to repent," replied Feckenham, sternly. "A few minutes are all that now remains to you of life—nay, at this moment, perhaps, your husband is called before his Eternal Judge. There is yet time. Do not perish like him in your sins."

"Heaven have mercy on him!" cried Jane, falling on her knees.

And notwithstanding the importunities of the confessor, she continued in fervent prayer till the appearance of Sir Thomas Brydges. She instantly understood why he came, and rising, prepared for departure. Almost blinded by tears, Angela rendered her the last services she required. This done, the lieutenant, who was likewise greatly affected, begged some slight remembrance of her.

"I have nothing to give you but this book of prayers, sir," she answered—"but you shall have that when I have done with it, and may it profit you."

"You will receive it only to cast it into the flames, my son," remarked Feckenham.

"On the contrary, I shall treasure it like a priceless gem," replied Brydges.

"You will find a prayer written in it in my own hand," said Jane.—"And again I say, may it profit you."

Brydges then passed through the door, and Jane followed

him. A band of halberdiers was without. At the sight of her a deep and general sympathy was manifested; not an eye was dry, and tears trickled down cheeks unaccustomed to such moisture. The melancholy train proceeded at a slow pace. Jane fixed her eyes upon the prayer-book, which she read aloud to drown the importunities of the confessor, who walked on her right, while Angela kept near her on the other side. And so they reached the green.

By this time the fog had cleared off, and the rain had ceased; but the atmosphere was humid, and the day lowering and gloomy. Very few spectators were assembled,—for it required firm nerves to witness such a tragedy. A flock of carrion-crows and ravens, attracted by their fearful instinct, wheeled around overhead, or settled on the branches of the bare and leafless trees, and by their croaking added to the dismal character of the scene. The bell continued tolling all the time.

The sole person upon the scaffold was occupied in scattering straw near the block; and as Jane for a moment raised her eyes as she passed along, she perceived Roger Ascham. Her old preceptor had obeyed her, and she repaid him with a look of gratitude.

By the lieutenant's directions, she was conducted for a short time into the Beauchamp Tower, and here Feckenham continued his persecutions, until a deep groan arose among those without, and an officer abruptly entered the room.

"Madam," said Sir Thomas Brydges, after the new comer had delivered his message, "we must set forth."

Jane made a motion of assent, and the party issued from the Beauchamp Tower, in front of which a band of halberdiers was drawn up. A wide open space was kept clear around the scaffold. Jane seemed unconscious of all that was passing. Preceded by the lieutenant, who took his

way towards the north of the scaffold, and attended on either side by Feckenham and Angela as before, she kept her eyes steadily fixed on her prayer-book.

Arrived within a short distance of the fatal spot, she was startled by a scream from Angela, and looking up, beheld four soldiers, carrying a litter covered with a cloth, and advancing towards her. She knew it was the body of her husband, and unprepared for so terrible an encounter, uttered a cry of horror. The bearers of the litter passed on, and entered the porch of the chapel.

While this took place, Mauger, who had limped back as fast as he could after his bloody work on Tower Hill,—only tarrying a moment to exchange his axe,—ascended the steps of the scaffold. Sir Thomas Brydges, who was greatly shocked at what had just occurred, and would have prevented it if it had been possible, returned to Jane and offered her his assistance. But she did not require it. The force of the shock had passed away, and she firmly mounted the scaffold.

When she was seen there, a groan of compassion arose from the spectators, and prayers were audibly uttered. She then advanced to the rail, and in a clear distinct voice, spoke as follows:—

“I pray you all to bear me witness that I die a true Christian woman, and that I look to be saved by no other means except the mercy of God, and the merits of the blood of his only Son Jesus Christ. I confess when I knew the word of God I neglected it, and loved myself and the world, and therefore this punishment is a just return for my sins. But I thank God of his goodness that he has given me a time and respite to repent. And now, good people, while I am alive, I pray you assist me with your prayers.”

Many fervent responses followed, and several of the by-

standers imitated Jane's example, as, on the conclusion of her speech, she fell on her knees and recited the *Miserere*.

At its close, Feckenham said in a loud voice, "I ask you, madam, for the last time, will you repent?"

"I pray you, sir, to desist," replied Jane, meekly. "I am now at peace with all the world, and would die so."

She then arose, and giving the prayer-book to Angela, said—"When all is over, deliver this to the lieutenant. These," she added, taking off her gloves and collar, "I give to you."

"And to me," cried Mauger, advancing and prostrating himself before her, according to custom, "you give grace."

"And also my head," replied Jane. "I forgive thee heartily, fellow. Thou art my best friend."

"What ails you, madam?" remarked the lieutenant, observing Jane suddenly start and tremble.

"Not much," she replied, "but I thought I saw my husband pale and bleeding."

"Where?" demanded the lieutenant, recalling Dudley's speech.

"There, near the block," replied Jane. "I see the figure still. But it must be mere phantasy."

Whatever his thoughts were, the lieutenant made no reply; and Jane turned to Angela, who now began with trembling hands, to remove her attire, and was trying to take off her velvet robe, when Mauger offered to assist her, but was instantly repulsed.

He then withdrew, and stationing himself by the block, assumed his hideous black mask, and shouldered his axe.

Partially disrobed, Jane bowed her head, while Angela tied a kerchief over her eyes, and turned her long tresses over her head to be out of the way. Unable to control herself, she then turned aside, and wept aloud. Jane moved forward in search of the block, but fearful of making a false

step, felt for it with her hands, and cried—"What shall I do?—Where is it?—Where is it?"

Sir Thomas Brydges took her hand and guided her to it. At this awful moment, there was a slight movement in the crowd, some of whom pressed nearer the scaffold. Angela placed her hands before her eyes, and would have suspended her being, if she could; and even Feckenham veiled his countenance with his robe. Sir Thomas Brydges gazed firmly on.

By this time, Jane had placed her head on the block, and her last words were, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit!"

The axe then fell, and one of the fairest and wisest heads that ever sat on human shoulder, fell likewise.

W. H. AINSWORTH, *The Tower of London.*



## ELIZABETH

### HOW SIR WALTER RALEIGH USED HIS CREAK

THE habitation of Lord Sussex was an ancient house, called Say's Court, near Deptford, which had long pertained to a family of that name, but had for upwards of a century, been possessed by the ancient and honourable family of Evelyn. The present representative of that ancient house took a deep interest in the Earl of Sussex, and had willingly accommodated both him and his numerous retinue in his hospitable mansion. The Earl was taken ill there and Say's Court was watched like a beleaguered fort; indeed so high rose the suspicions of the time, that attendants were stopped and questioned repeatedly by sentinels, both on foot and horseback, as they approached the abode of the sick Earl. In truth, the high rank which Sussex held in Queen Elizabeth's favour, and his known and avowed rivalry of the Earl of Leicester, caused the utmost importance to be attached to his welfare; for, at the period we treat of, all men doubted whether he or the Earl of Leicester might ultimately have the higher rank in her regard.

The two nobles who at present stood as rivals in her favour, possessed very different pretensions to share it; yet it might be in general said, that the Earl of Sussex had been most serviceable to the Queen, while Leicester was most dear to the woman. Sussex was, according to the phrase of the times, a martialist; had done good service in Ireland, and in Scotland and especially in the great northern rebellion, in 1569 which was quelled, in a great measure, by his military talents. He was, therefore, naturally

surrounded and looked up to by those who wished to make arms their road to distinction. The Earl of Sussex, moreover, was of more ancient and honourable descent than his rival, uniting in his person the representation of the Fitz-Walters, as well as of the Ratcliffes; while the scutcheon of Leicester was stained by the degradation of his grandfather, the oppressive minister of Henry VII, and scarce improved by that of his father, the unhappy Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, executed on Tower-Hill, August 22, 1553. But in person, features, and address, weapons so formidable in the court of a female sovereign, Leicester had advantages more than sufficient to counterbalance the military services, high blood, and frank bearing of the Earl of Sussex; and he bore in the eye of the court and kingdom the higher share in Elizabeth's favour, though (for such was her uniform policy) by no means so decidedly expressed as to warrant him against the final preponderance of his rival's pretensions. The illness of Sussex therefore happened so opportunely for Leicester, as to give rise to strange surmises among the public; while the followers of the one Earl were filled with the deepest apprehensions, and those of the other with the highest hopes of its probable issue. Meanwhile,—for in that old time men never forgot the probability that the matter might be determined by length of sword,—the retainers of each noble flocked around their patron, appeared well armed in the vicinity of the court itself, and disturbed the ear of the sovereign by their frequent and alarming debates, held even within the precincts of her palace.

Say's Court, was filled with the retainers of the Earl of Sussex, and of the gentlemen who came to attend their patron in his illness. Arms were in every hand, and a deep gloom on every countenance, as if they had apprehended an immediate and violent assault from the opposite faction.

In the hall were two gentlemen in waiting. There was a remarkable contrast in their dress, appearance, and manners. The attire of the elder gentleman, a person as it seemed of quality and in the prime of life, was very plain and soldierlike, his stature low, his limbs stout, his bearing ungraceful, and his features of that kind which express sound common sense, without a grain of vivacity or imagination. The younger, who seemed about twenty, or upwards, was clad in the gayest habit used by persons of quality at the period, wearing a crimson velvet cloak richly ornamented with lace and embroidery, with a bonnet of the same, encircled with a gold chain turned three times round it, and secured by a medal. His hair was combed upwards, and made to stand as it were on end; and in his ears he wore a pair of silver earrings, having each a pearl of considerable size. The countenance of this youth, besides being regularly handsome and accompanied by a fine person, was animated and striking in a degree that seemed to speak at once the firmness of a decided and the fire of an enterprising character, the power of reflection, and the promptitude of determination.

Both these gentlemen reclined nearly in the same posture on benches near each other; but each seeming engaged in his own meditations, looked straight upon the wall which was opposite to them, without speaking to his companion. The looks of the elder were of that sort which convinced the beholder, that, in looking on the wall, he saw no more than the side of an old hall hung around with cloaks, antlers, bucklers, old pieces of armour, partisans, and the similar articles which were usually the furniture of such a place. The look of the younger gallant had in it something imaginative; he was sunk in reverie, and it seemed as if the empty space of air betwixt him and the wall were the stage of a theatre on which his fancy was mustering his own

*dramatis persone*, and treating him with sights far different from those which his awakened and earthly vision could have offered.

The Earl's attendants ushered in a gentleman and both started from their musing, and bade him welcome; the younger, in particular, with great appearance of animation and cordiality.

"Thou art welcome, Tressilian," said the youth; "thy philosophy stole thee from us when this household had objects of ambition to offer—it is an honest philosophy, since it returns thee to us when there are only dangers to be shared."

"Is my lord, then, so greatly indisposed?" said Tressilian.

"We fear the very worst," answered the elder gentleman, "and by the worst practice."

"Fie," replied Tressilian, "my Lord of Leicester is honourable."

"What doth he with such attendants, then, as he hath about him?" said the younger gallant. "The man who raises the devil may be honest, but he is answerable for the mischief which the fiend does, for all that."

"And is this all of you, my mates," enquired Tressilian, "that are about my lord in his utmost straits?"

"No, no," replied the elder gentleman, "there are Tracy, Markham, and several more; but we keep watch here by two at once, and some are weary and are sleeping in the gallery above."

"And some," said the young man, "are gone down to the dock yonder at Deptford, to look out such a hulk as they may purchase by clubbing their broken fortunes; and so soon as all is over, we will lay our noble lord in a noble green grave, have a blow at those who have hurried him thither, if opportunity suits, and then sail for the Indies with heavy hearts and light purses."

"It may be," said Tressilian, "that I will embrace the same purpose, so soon as I have settled some business at court."

"Thou business at court!" they both exclaimed at once; "and thou make the Indian voyage!"

"Why, Tressilian," said the younger man, "art thou not wedded, and beyond these flaws of fortune that drive folks out to sea when their bark bears fairest for the haven?—What has become of the lovely Indamira that was to match my Amoret for truth and beauty?"

"Speak not of her!" said Tressilian, averting his face.

"Ay, stands it so with you?" said the youth, taking his hand very affectionately; "then, fear not I will again touch the green wound—But it is strange as well as sad news. Are none of our fair and merry fellowship to escape shipwreck of fortune and happiness in this sudden tempest? I had hoped thou wert in harbour, at least, my dear Edmund.—But truly says another dear friend of thy name,

'What man that sees the ever whirling wheel  
Of Chance, the which all mortal things doth sway,  
But that thereby doth find and plainly feel,  
How Mutability in them doth play  
Her cruel sports to many men's decay.'

The elder gentleman had risen from his bench, and was pacing the hall with some impatience, while the youth, with much earnestness and feeling, recited the lines. When he had done, the other wrapped himself in his cloak, and again stretched himself down, saying, "I marvel, Tressilian, you will feed the lad in this silly humour. If there were aught to draw a judgment upon a virtuous and honourable household like my lord's, renounce me if I think not it were this piping, whining, childish trick of poetry, that

came among us with Master Walter Wittypate here and his comrades, twisting into all manner of uncouth and incomprehensible forms of speech, the honest plain English phrase which God gave us to express our meaning withal."

"Blount believes," said his comrade, laughing, "the devil woo'd Eve in rhyme, and that the mystic meaning of the Tree of Knowledge refers solely to the art of clashing rhymes and meting out hexameters."

At this moment the Earl's chamberlain entered, and informed Tressilian that his lord required to speak with him.

He found Lord Sussex dressed, but unbraced and lying on his couch, and was shocked at the alteration disease had made in his person. The Earl received him with the most friendly cordiality. Tressilian turning his discourse on the Earl's own health, discovered, to his surprise, that the symptoms of his disorder corresponded minutely with those which had been predicted concerning it. He hesitated not, therefore, to communicate to Sussex the pretensions a certain Wayland Smith set up to cure the disorder under which he laboured and whom he had brought with him. The Earl listened with incredulous attention until the name of Demetrius was mentioned, and then suddenly called to his secretary to bring him a certain casket which contained papers of importance. "Take out thence," he said, "the declaration of the rascal cook whom we had under examination, and look heedfully if the name of Demetrius be not there mentioned."

The secretary turned to the passage at once, and read, "And said declarant, being examined, saith, That he remembers having made the sauce to the said sturgeon-fish, after eating of which, the said noble Lord was taken ill; and he put the usual ingredients and condiments therein, namely —"

"Pass over his trash," said the Earl, "and see whether he

had not been supplied with his materials by a herbalist called Demetrius."

"It is even so," answered the secretary. "And he adds he has not since seen the said Demetrius."

"This accords with thy fellow's story, Tressilian," said the Earl; "call him hither."

On being summoned to the Earl's presence, Wayland Smith told his tale with firmness and consistency.

"It may be," said the Earl, "thou art sent by those who have begun this work, to end it for them; but bethink, if I miscarry under thy medicine, it may go hard with thee."

"That were severe measure," said Wayland, "since the issue of medicine, and the end of life, are in God's disposal. But I will stand the risk. I have not lived so long under ground, to be afraid of a grave."

"Nay, if thou be'st so confident," said the Earl of Sussex, "I will take the risk too, for the learned can do nothing for me. Tell me how this medicine is to be taken."

"That will I do presently," said Wayland; "but allow me to condition that, since I incur all the risk of this treatment, no other physician shall be permitted to interfere with it."

"That is but fair," replied the Earl; "and now prepare your drug."

While Wayland obeyed the Earl's commands, his servants, by the artist's direction, undressed their master, and placed him in bed.

"I warn you," he said, "that the first operation of this medicine will be to produce a heavy sleep, during which time the chamber must be kept undisturbed, as the consequences may otherwise be fatal. I myself will watch by the Earl, with any of the gentlemen of his chamber."

"Let all leave the room, save Stanley and this good fellow," said the Earl.

"And saving me also," said Tressilian. "I too am deeply interested in the effects of this potion."

"Be it so, good friend," said the Earl; "and now for our experiment; but first call my secretary and chamberlain."

"Bear witness," he continued, when these officers arrived, "bear witness for me, gentlemen, that our honourable friend Tressilian is in no way responsible for the effects which this medicine may produce upon me, the taking it being my own free action and choice, in regard I believe it to be a remedy which God has furnished me by unexpected means, to recover me of my present malady. Commend me to my noble and princely Mistress; and say that I live and die her true servant, and wish to all about her throne the same singleness of heart and will to serve her, with more ability to do so than hath been assigned to poor Thomas Ratcliffe."

He then folded his hands, and seemed for a second or two absorbed in mental devotion, then took the potion in his hand, and, pausing, regarded Wayland with a look that seemed designed to penetrate his very soul, but which caused no anxiety or hesitation in the countenance or manner of the artist.

"Here is nothing to be feared," said Sussex to Tressilian; and swallowed the medicine without farther hesitation.

"I am now to pray your lordship," said Wayland, "to dispose yourself to rest as commodiously as you can; and of you, gentlemen, to remain as still and mute as if you waited at your mother's death-bed."

The chamberlain and secretary then withdrew, giving orders that all doors should be bolted, and all noise in the house strictly prohibited. Several gentlemen were voluntary watchers in the hall, but none remained in the chamber of the sick Earl, save his groom of the chamber, the artist, and Tressilian. Wayland Smith's predictions



were speedily accomplished, and a sleep fell upon the Earl, so deep and sound, that they who watched his bedside began to fear that, in his weakened state, he might pass away without awakening from his lethargy. Wayland Smith himself appeared anxious, and felt the temples of the Earl slightly, from time to time, attending particularly to the state of his respiration, which was full and deep, but at the same time easy and uninterrupted.

There is no period at which men look worse in the eyes of each other, or feel more uncomfortable, than when the first dawn of daylight finds them watchers. Even a beauty of the first order, after the vigils of a ball are interrupted by the dawn, would do wisely to withdraw herself from the gaze of her fondest and most partial admirers. Such was the pale, inauspicious, and ungrateful light, which began to beam upon those who kept watch all night in the hall at Say's Court, and which mingled its cold, pale, blue diffusion with the red, yellow, and smoky beams of expiring lamps and torches. The young gallant, whom we just noticed, had left the room for a few minutes, to learn the cause of a knocking at the outward gate, and on his return, was so struck with the forlorn and ghastly aspects of his companions of the watch, that he exclaimed, "Pity of my heart, my masters, how like owls you look! methinks, when the sun rises, I shall see you flutter off with your eyes dazzled, to stick yourselves into the next ivy-tod or ruined steeple."

"Hold thy peace, thou gibing fool," said Blount; "hold thy peace. Is this a time for jeering, when the manhood of England is perchance dying within a wall's breadth of thee?"

"There thou liest," replied the gallant.

"How, lie!" exclaimed Blount, starting up, "lie: and to me?"

"Why, so thou didst, thou peevish fool," answered the

youth; "thou didst lie on that bench even now, didst thou not? But art thou not a hasty coxcomb, to pick up a wry word so wrathfully? Nevertheless, loving and honouring my lord as truly as thou, or any one, I do say, that should Heaven take him from us, all England's manhood dies not with him."

"Ay," replied Blount, "a good portion will survive with thee, doubtless."

"And a good portion with thyself, Blount, and with stout Markham here, and Tracy, and all of us. But I am he that will best employ the talent Heaven has given to us all."

"As how, I prithee?" said Blount; "tell us your mystery of multiplying."

"Why, sirs," answered the youth, "ye are like goodly land, which bears no crop because it is not quickened by manure; but I have that rising spirit in me, which will make my poor faculties labour to keep pace with it. My ambition will keep my brain at work, I warrant thee."

"I pray to God it does not drive thee mad," said Blount; "for my part, if we lose our noble lord, I bid adieu to the court and to the camp both. I have five hundred fowl acres in Norfolk, and thither will I, and change the court pantoufle for the country hobnail."

"O base transmutation!" exclaimed his antagonist; "thou hast already got the true rustic slouch—thy shoulders stoop, as if thine hands were at the stilts of the plough, and thou hast a kind of earthy smell about thee, instead of being perfumed with essence, as a gallant and courtier should. On my soul, thou hast stolen out to roll thyself on a hay mow! Thy only excuse will be to swear by thy hilts that the farmer had a fair daughter."

"I pray thee, Walter," said another of the company, "cease thy raillery, which suits neither time nor place, and tell us who was at the gate just now."

"Doctor Masters, physician to her Grace in ordinary, sent by her especial orders to enquire after the Earl's health," answered Walter.

"Ha! what!" exclaimed Tracy, "that was no slight mark of favour; if the Earl can but come through, he will match with Leicester yet. Is Masters with my lord at present?"

"Nay," replied Walter, "he is half way back to Greenwich by this time, and in high dudgeon."

"Thou didst not refuse him admittance?" exclaimed Tracy.

"Thou wert not, surely, so mad?" ejaculated Blount.

"I refused him admittance as flatly, Blount, as you would refuse a penny to a blind beggar; as obstinately, Tracy, as thou didst ever deny access to a dun."

"Why, in the fiend's name, didst thou trust him to go to the gate?" said Blount to Tracy.

"It suited his years better than mine," answered Tracy; "but he has undone us all now thoroughly. My lord may live or die, he will never have a look of favour from her Majesty again."

"Nor the means of making fortunes for his followers," said the young gallant, smiling contemptuously;—"There lies the sore point that will brook no handling. My good sirs, I sounded my lamentations over my lord somewhat less loudly than some of you; but when the point comes of doing him service, I will yield to none of you. Had this learned leech entered, thinkst thou not there had been such a coil betwixt him and Tressilian's mediciner, that not the sleeper only, but the very dead might have awakened. I know what larum belongs to the discord of doctors."

"And who is to take the blame of opposing the Queen's orders?" said Tracy: "for, undeniably, Doctor Masters came with her Grace's positive commands to cure the Earl."

"I, who have done the wrong, will bear the blame," said Walter.

"Thus, then, off fly the dreams of court favour thou hast nourished," said Blount; "and despite all thy boasted art and ambition, Devonshire will see thee shine a true younger brother, fit to sit low at the board, carve turn about with the chaplain, look that the hounds be fed, and see the squire's girths drawn when he goes a-hunting."

"Not so," said the young man, colouring, "not while Ireland and the Netherlands have wars, and not while the sea hath pathless waves. The rich West hath lands undreamed of, and Britain contains bold hearts to venture on the quest of them.—Adieu for a space, my masters. I go to walk in the court and look to the sentinels."

"The lad hath quicksilver in his brains, that is certain," said Blount, looking at Markham.

"He hath that both in brain and blood," said Markham, "which may either make or mar him. But, in closing the door against Masters, he hath done a daring and loving piece of service; for Tressilian's fellow hath ever averred, that to wake the Earl were death, and Masters would wake the Seven Sleepers themselves, if he thought they slept not by the regular ordinance of medicine."

Morning was well advanced when Tressilian, fatigued and over-watched, came down to the hall with the joyful intelligence that the Earl had awakened of himself, that he found his internal complaints much mitigated, and spoke with a cheerfulness, and looked round with a vivacity, which of themselves showed a material and favourable change had taken place. Tressilian at the same time commanded the attendance of one or two of his followers, to report what had passed during the night, and to relieve the watchers in the Earl's chamber.

When the message of the Queen was communicated to

the Earl of Sussex, he at first smiled at the repulse which the physician had received from his zealous young follower, but instantly recollecting himself, he commanded Blount, his master of the horse, instantly to take boat, and go down the river to the Palace of Greenwich, taking young Walter and Tracy with him, and make a suitable compliment, expressing his grateful thanks to his Sovereign, and mentioning the cause why he had not been enabled to profit by the assistance of the wise and learned Doctor Masters.

"A plague on it," said Blount, as he descended the stairs, "had he sent me with a cartel to Leicester, I think I should have done his errand indifferently well. But to go to our gracious Sovereign, before whom all words must be lackered over either with gilding or with sugar, is such a confectionery matter as clean baffles my poor old English brain.—Come with me, Tracy, and come you too, Master Walter Wittypate, that art the cause of our having all this ado. Let us see if thy neat brain, that frames so many flashy fireworks, can help out a plain fellow at need with some of thy shrewd devices."

"Never fear, never fear," exclaimed the youth, "it is I will help you through—let me but fetch my cloak."

"Why, thou hast it on thy shoulders," said Blount,—"the lad is mazed."

"No, no, this is Tracy's old mantle," answered Walter; "I go not with thee to court unless as a gentleman should."

"Why," said Blount, "thy braveries are like to dazzle the eyes of none but some poor groom or porter."

"I know that," said the youth; "but I am resolved I will have my own cloak, ay, and brush my doublet to boot, ere I stir forth with you."

"Well, well," said Blount, "here is a coil about a doublet and a cloak—get thyself ready, a God's name!"

They were soon launched on the princely bosom of the broad Thames, upon which the sun now shone forth in all its splendour.

"There are things scarce matched in the universe," said Walter to Blount, "the sun in heaven, and the Thames on the earth."

"The one will light us to Greenwich well enough," said Blount, "and the other would take us there a little faster if it were ebb-tide."

"And this is all thou think'st—all thou carest—all thou deem'st the use of the King of Elements, and the King of Rivers, to guide three such poor caitiffs, as thyself, and me, and Tracy, upon an idle journey of courtly ceremony!"

"It is no errand of my seeking, faith," replied Blount, "and I could excuse both the sun and the Thames the trouble of carrying me where I have no great mind to go; and where I expect but dog's wages for my trouble—and by my honour," he added, looking out from the head of the boat, "it seems to me as if our message were a sort of labour in vain; for see, the Queen's barge lies at the stairs, as if her Majesty were about to take water."

It was even so. The royal barge, manned with the Queen's watermen, richly attired in the regal liveries, and having the banner of England displayed, did indeed lie at the great stairs which ascended from the river, and along with it two or three other boats for transporting such part of her retinue as were not in immediate attendance on the royal person. The yeomen of the guard, the tallest and most handsome men whom England could produce, guarded with their halberds the passage from the palace-gate to the river side, and all seemed in readiness for the Queen's coming forth, although the day was yet so early.

"By my faith, this bodes us no good," said Blount; "it

must be some perilous cause puts her Grace in motion thus untimeously. By my counsel, we were best put back again and tell the Earl what we have seen."

"Tell the Earl what we have seen!" said Walter; "why, what have we seen but a boat, and men with scarlet jerkins, and halberds in their hands? Let us do his errand, again, and tell him what the Queen says in reply."

So saying, he caused the boat to be pulled towards a landing-place at some distance from the principal one, which it would not, at that moment, have been thought respectful to approach, and jumped on shore, followed, though with reluctance, by his cautious and timid companions. As they approached the gate of the palace, one of the serjeant-porters told them they could not at present enter, as her Majesty was in the act of coming forth. The gentlemen used the name of the Earl of Sussex; but it proved no charm to subdue the officer, who alleged in reply, that it was as much as his post was worth, to disobey in the least tittle the commands which he had received. "Nay, I told you as much before," said Blount; "do, I pray you, my dear Walter, let us take boat and return."

"Not till I see the Queen come forth," returned the youth, composedly.

"Thou art mad, stark mad, by the mass!" answered Blount.

"And thou," said Walter, "art turned coward of the sudden. I have seen thee face half a score of shag-headed Irish kernes to thy own share of them, and now thou wouldst blink and go back to shun the frown of a fair lady!"

At this moment the gates opened, and ushers began to issue forth in array, proceeded and flanked by the band of Gentlemen Pensioners. After this, amid a crowd of lords and ladies, yet so disposed around her that she could see and be seen on all sides, came Elizabeth her-

self, then in the prime of womanhood, and in the full glow of what in a sovereign was called beauty, and who would in the lowest rank of life have been truly judged a noble figure, joined to a striking and commanding physiognomy. She leant on the arm of Lord Hunsdon, whose relation to her by her mother's side often procured him such distinguished marks of Elizabeth's intimacy.

The young cavalier we have so often mentioned had probably never yet approached so near the person of his Sovereign, and he pressed forward as far as the line of warders permitted, in order to avail himself of the present opportunity. His companion, on the contrary, cursing his imprudence, kept pulling him backwards, till Walter shook him off impatiently, and letting his rich cloak drop carelessly from one shoulder; a natural action, which served, however, to display to the best advantage his well-proportioned person. Unbonneting at the same time, he fixed his eager gaze on the Queen's approach, with a mixture of respectful curiosity, and modest yet ardent admiration, which suited so well with his fine features, that the warders, struck with his rich attire and noble countenance, suffered him to approach the ground over which the Queen was to pass somewhat closer than was permitted to ordinary spectators. Thus the adventurous youth stood full in Elizabeth's eye,—an eye never indifferent to the admiration which she deservedly excited among her subjects, or to the fair proportions of external form which chanced to distinguish any of her courtiers. Accordingly, she fixed her keen glance on the youth, as she approached the place where he stood, with a look in which surprise at his boldness seemed to be unmingled with resentment, while a trifling accident happened which attracted her attention towards him yet more strongly. The night had been rainy, and just where the young gentleman stood, a small quantity of



mud interrupted the Queen's passage. As she hesitated to pass on, the gallant, throwing his cloak from his shoulders, laid it on the miry spot, so as to ensure her stepping over it dry-shod. Elizabeth looked at the young man, who accompanied this act of devoted courtesy with a profound reverence, and a blush that overspread his whole countenance. The Queen was confused, and blushed in her turn, nodded her head, hastily passed on, and embarked in her barge without saying a word.

"Come along, Sir Coxcomb," said Blount; "your gay cloak will need the brush to-day, I wot. Nay, if you had meant to make a foot-cloth of your mantle, better have kept Tracy's old drab-de-bure, which despises all colours."

"This cloak," said the youth, taking it up and folding it, "shall never be brushed while in my possession."

"And that will not be long, if you learn not a little more economy—we shall have you in *cuervo* soon, as the Spaniard says."

Their discourse was here interrupted by one of the Band of Pensioners.

"I was sent," said he, after looking at them attentively, "to a gentleman who hath no cloak, or a muddy one—You, sir, I think," addressing the younger cavalier, "are the man; you will please to follow me."

"He is in attendance on me," said Blount; "on me, the noble Earl of Sussex's master of horse."

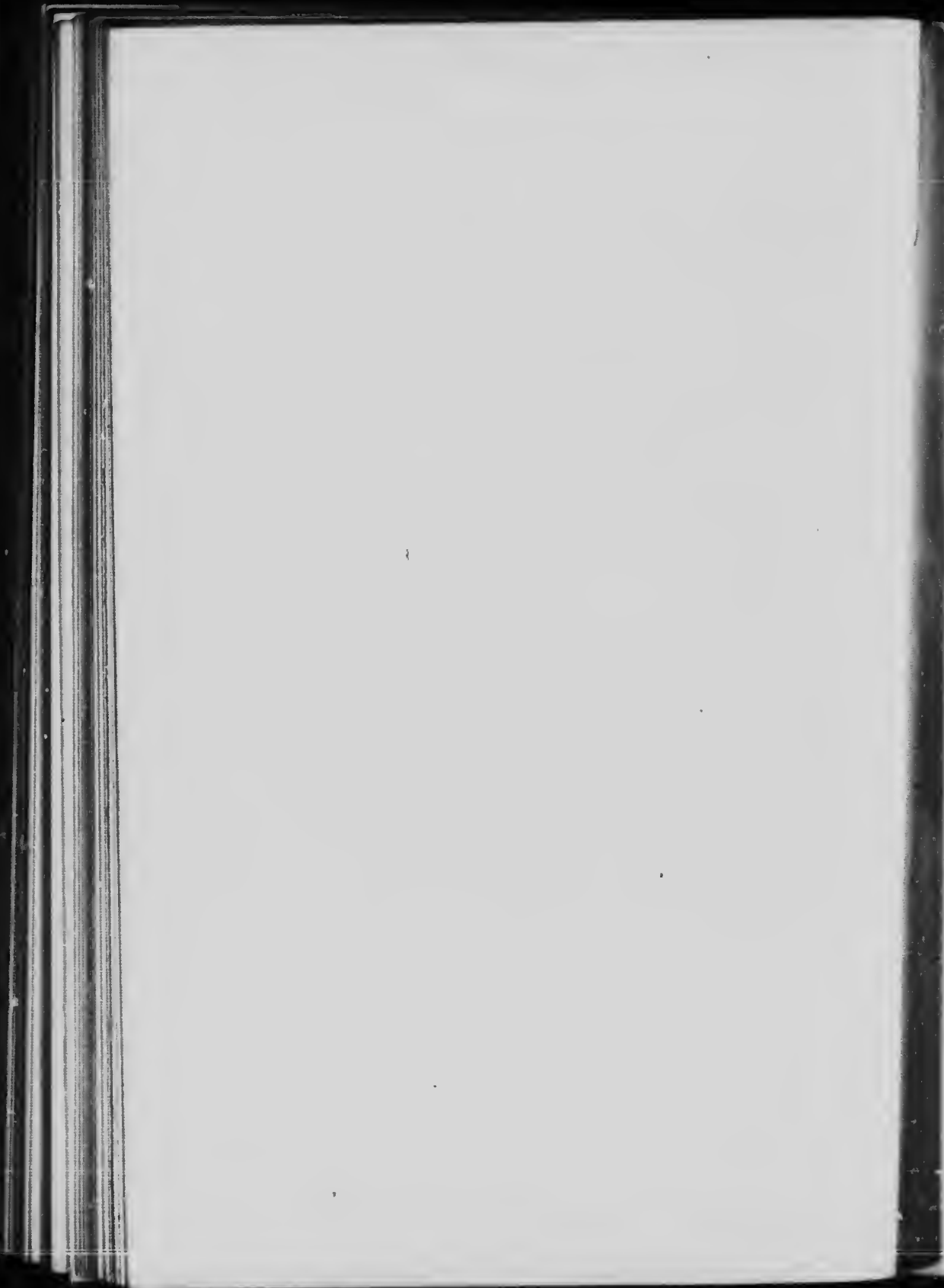
"I have nothing to say to that," answered the messenger; "my orders are directly from her Majesty, and concern this gentleman only."

So saying, he walked away, followed by Walter, leaving the others behind, Blount's eyes almost starting from his head with the excess of his astonishment. At length he gave vent to it in an exclamation—"Who the good jere would have thought this!" And shaking his head with a



"THE QUEEN—HASTILY PASSED ON."

*Face p. 218*



mysterious air, he walked to his own boat, embarked, and returned to Deptford.

The young cavalier was, in the meanwhile, guided to the water-side by the Pensioner, who showed him considerable respect; a circumstance which, to persons in his situation, may be considered as an augury of no small consequence. He ushered him into one of the wherries which lay ready to attend the Queen's barge, which was already proceeding up the river, with the advantage of that flood tide, of which, in the course of their descent, Blount had complained to his associates.

The two rowers used their oars with such expedition at the signal of the Gentleman Pensioner, that they very soon brought their little skiff under the stern of the Queen's boat, where she sat beneath an awning, attended by two or three ladies, and the nobles of her household. She looked more than once at the wherry in which the young adventurer was seated, spoke to those around her, and seemed to laugh. At length one of the attendants, by the Queen's order apparently, made a sign for the wherry to come alongside, and the young man was desired to step from his own skiff into the Queen's barge, which he performed with graceful agility at the fore part of the boat, and was brought aft to the Queen's presence, the wherry at the same time dropping into the rear. The youth underwent the gaze of Majesty, not the less gracefully that his self-possession was mingled with embarrassment. The mud-died cloak still hung upon his arm and formed the natural topic with which the Queen introduced the conversation.

"You have this day spoiled a gay mantle in our behalf, young man. We thank you for your service, though the manner of offering it was unusual, and something bold."

"In a sovereign's need," answered the youth, "it is each liege-man's duty to be bold."

"God's pity! that was well said, my lord," said the Queen, turning to a grave person who sat by her, and answered with a grave inclination of the head, and something of a mumbled assent. "Well, young man, your gallantry shall not go unrewarded. Go to the wardrobe keeper, and he shall have orders to supply the suit, which you have cast away in our service. Thou shalt have a suit, and that of the newest cut, I promise thee, on the word of a princess."

"May it please your Grace," said Walter, hesitating, "it is not for so humble a servant of your Majesty to measure out your bounties; but if it became me to choose —"

"Thou wouldst have gold, I warrant me," said the Queen, interrupting him; "fie, young man! I take shame to say that, in our capital, such and so various are the means of thriftless folly, that to give gold to youth is giving fuel to fire, and furnishing them with the means of self-destruction. If I live and reign, these means of unchristian excess shall be abridged. Yet thou mayst be poor," she added, "or thy parents may be—It shall be gold, if thou wilt, but thou shalt answer to me for the use on't."

Walter waited patiently until the Queen had done, and then modestly assured her that gold was still less in his wish than the raiment her majesty had before offered.

"How, boy!" said the Queen, "neither gold nor garment? What is it thou wouldst have of me, then?"

"Only permission, madam—if it is not asking too high an honour—permission to wear the cloak which did you this trifling service."

"Permission to wear thine own cloak, thou silly boy!" said the Queen.

"It is no longer mine," said Walter; "when your Majesty's foot touched it, it became a fit mantle for a prince, but far too rich a one for its former owner."

The Queen again blushed; and endeavoured to cover,

by laughing, a slight degree of not displeasing surprise and confusion.

"Heard you ever the like, my lords? The youth's head is turned with reading romances—I must know something of him, that I may send him safe to his friends.—What art thou?"

"A gentleman of the household of the Earl of Sussex, so please your Grace, sent hither with his master of horse upon a message to your Majesty."

In a moment the gracious expression which Elizabeth's face had hitherto maintained, gave way to an expression of haughtiness and severity.

"My Lord of Sussex," she said, "has taught us how to regard his messages, by the value he places upon ours. We sent but this morning the physician in ordinary of our chamber, and that at no usual time, understanding his lordship's illness to be more dangerous than we had before apprehended. There is at no court in Europe a man more skilled in this holy and most useful science than Doctor Masters, and he came from Us to our subject. Nevertheless he found the gate of Say's Court defended by men with culverins, as if it had been on the Borders of Scotland, not in the vicinity of our court; and when he demanded admittance in our name, it was stubbornly refused. For this slight of a kindness, which had but too much of condescension in it, we will receive, at present at least, no excuse; and some such we suppose to have been the purport of my Lord of Sussex's message."

This was uttered in a tone, and with a gesture, which made Lord Sussex's friends who were within hearing tremble. He to whom the speech was addressed, however, trembled not; but with great deference and humility, as soon as the Queen's passion gave him an opportunity, he replied:—"So please your most gracious Majesty, I was charged with no apology from the Earl of Sussex."

"With what were you then charged, sir?" said the Queen, with the impetuosity which, amid nobler qualities, strongly marked her character; "was it with a justification?—or, God's death! with a defiance?"

"Madam," said the young man, "my Lord of Sussex knew the offence approached towards treason, and could think of nothing save of securing the offender, and placing him in your Majesty's hands, at your mercy. The noble Earl was fast asleep when your most gracious message reached him, a potion having been administered to that purpose by his physician: and his Lordship knew not of the ungracious repulse your Majesty's royal and most comfortable message had received, until after he awoke this morning."

"And which of his domestics, then, in the name of Heaven, presumed to reject my message, without even admitting my own physician to the presence of him whom I sent him to attend?" said the Queen, much surprised.

"The offender, madam, is before you," replied Walter, bowing very low; "the full and sole blame is mine; and my lord has most justly sent me to abye the consequences of a fault, of which he is as innocent as a sleeping man's dreams can be of a waking man's actions."

"What! was it thou?—thou thyself, that repelled my messenger and my physician from Say's Court?" said the Queen. "What could occasion such boldness in one who seems devoted—that is, whose exterior bearing shows devotion—to his Sovereign?"

"Madam," said the youth,—who, notwithstanding an assumed appearance of severity, thought that he saw something in the Queen's face that resembled not implacability,—“we say in our country, that the physician is for the time the liege sovereign of his patient. Now, my noble master was then under dominion of a leech, by whose advice he hath greatly profited, who had issued his commands that his

patient should not that night be disturbed, on the very peril of his life."

"Thy master hath trusted some false varlet of an empiric," said the Queen.

"I know not, madam, but by the fact, that he is now—this very morning—awakened much refreshed and strengthened, from the only sleep he hath had for many hours."

The nobles looked at each other, but more with the purpose to see what each thought of this news, than to exchange any remarks on what had happened. The Queen answered hastily, and without affecting to disguise her satisfaction, "By my word, I am glad he is better. But thou wert over bold to deny the access of my Doctor Masters. Know'st thou not the Holy Writ saith, 'in the multitude of counsel there is safety'?"

"Ay, madam," said Walter, "but I have heard learned men say that the safety spoken of is for the physicians, not for the patient."

"By my faith, child, thou hast pushed me home," said the Queen, laughing; "for my Hebrew learning does not come quite at a call.—How say you, my Lord of Lincoln? Hath the lad given a just interpretation of the text?"

"The word *safety*, most gracious madam," said the Bishop of Lincoln, "for so hath been translated, it may be somewhat hastily, the Hebrew word being—"

"My lord," said the Queen, interrupting him, "we said we had forgotten our Hebrew.—But for thee, young man, what is thy name and birth?"

"Raleigh is my name, most gracious Queen, the youngest son of a large but honourable family of Devonshire."

"Raleigh?" said Elizabeth, after a moment's recollection; "have we not heard of your service in Ireland?"

"I have been so fortunate as to do some service there,



madam," replied Raleigh, "scarce, however, of consequence sufficient to reach your Grace's ears."

"They hear farther than you think of," said the Queen, graciously, "and have heard of a youth who defended a ford in Shannon against a whole band of wild Irish rebels, until the stream ran purple with their blood and his own."

"Some blood I may have lost," said the youth, looking down, "but it was where my best is due; and that is in your Majesty's service."

The Queen paused, and then said hastily, "You are very young to have fought so well, and to speak so well. But you must not escape your penance for turning back Masters—the poor man hath caught cold on the river; for our order reached him when he was just returning from certain visits in London, and he held it matter of loyalty and conscience instantly to set forth again. So hark ye, Master Raleigh, see thou fail not to wear thy muddy cloak, in token of penitence, till our pleasure be farther known. And here," she added, giving him a jewel of gold, in the form of a chess-man, "I give thee this to wear at the collar."

Raleigh, to whom nature had taught intuitively, as it were, those courtly arts which many scarce acquire from long experience, knelt, and, as he took from her hand the jewel, kissed the fingers which gave it. He knew, perhaps, better than almost any of the courtiers who surrounded her, how to mingle the devotion claimed by the Queen, with the gallantry due to her personal beauty—and in this, his first attempt to unite them, he succeeded so well as at once to gratify Elizabeth's personal vanity, and her love of power.

His master, the Earl of Sussex, had the full advantage of the satisfaction which Raleigh had afforded Elizabeth on their first interview.

"My lords and ladies," said the Queen, looking around to the retinue by whom she was attended, "methinks, since we are upon the river, it were well to renounce our present purpose of going to the city, and surprise this poor Earl of Sussex with a visit. He is ill, and suffering doubtless under the fear of our displeasure, from which he hath been honestly cleared by the frank avowal of this malapert boy. What think ye? were it not an act of charity to give him such consolation as the thanks of a Queen, much bound to him for his loyal service, may perchance best minister?"

It may be readily supposed that none to whom this speech was addressed ventured to oppose its purport. The barge had, therefore, orders to deposit its royal freight at Deptford, at the nearest and most convenient point of communication with Say's Court, in order that the Queen might satisfy her royal and maternal solicitude, by making personal enquiries after the health of the Earl of Sussex.

Raleigh, whose acute spirit foresaw and anticipated important consequences from the most trifling events, hastened to ask the Queen's permission to go in the skiff, and announce the royal visit to his master; ingeniously suggesting that the joyful surprise might prove prejudicial to his health, since the richest and most generous cordials may sometimes be fatal to those who have been long in a languishing state.

But whether the Queen deemed it too presumptuous in so young a courtier to interpose his opinion unasked, or whether she was moved by a recurrence of the feeling of jealousy, which had been instilled into her by reports that the Earl kept armed men about his person, she desired Raleigh, sharply, to reserve his counsel till it was required of him, and repeated her former orders, to be landed at Deptford, adding, "we will ourselves see what sort of household my Lord of Sussex keeps about him."

The royal barge soon stopped at Deptford, and, amid the loud shouts of the populace, which her presence never failed to excite, the Queen, with a canopy borne over her head, walked, accompanied by her retinue, towards Say's Court, where the distant acclamations of the people gave the first notice of her arrival. Sussex, who was in the act of advising with Tressilian how he should make up the supposed breach in the Queen's favour, was infinitely surprised at learning her immediate approach—not that the Queen's custom of visiting her more distinguished nobility, whether in health or sickness, could be unknown to him; but the suddenness of the communication left no time for those preparations with which he well knew Elizabeth loved to be greeted, and the rudeness and confusion of his military household, much increased by his late illness, rendered him altogether unprepared for her reception.

Cursing internally the chance which thus brought her gracious visitation on him unaware, he hastened down with Tressilian, while hastily casting around him a loose robe of sables, and adjusting his person in the best manner he could to meet the eye of his Sovereign.

The Earl's utmost despatch only enabled him to meet the Queen as she entered the great hall, and he at once perceived there was a cloud on her brow. Her jealous eye had noticed the martial array of armed gentlemen and retainers with which the mansion-house was filled, and her first words expressed her disapprobation—"Is this a royal garrison, my Lord of Sussex, that it holds so many pikes and calivers? or have we by accident overshot Say's Court, and landed at our Tower of London?"

Lord Sussex hastened to offer some apology.

"It need not," she said. "My Lord, we intend speedily to take up a certain quarrel between your lordship and another great lord of our household, and at the same time

to reprehend this uncivilized and dangerous practice of surrounding yourselves with armed, and even with ruffianly followers, as if, in the neighbourhood of our capital—nay, in the very verge of our royal residence, you were preparing to wage civil war with each other. We are glad to see you so well recovered, my lord, though without the assistance of the learned physician whom we sent to you.—Urge no excuse—we know how that matter fell out, and we have corrected for it the wild slip, young Raleigh.—By the way, my lord, we will speedily relieve your household of him, and take him into our own. Something there is about him which merits to be better nurtured than he is like to be amongst your very military followers.”

To this proposal Sussex, though scarce understanding how the Queen came to make it, could only bow and express his acquiescence. He then entreated her to remain till refreshment could be offered, but in this he could not prevail. And, after a few compliments of a much colder and more commonplace character than might have been expected from a step so decidedly favourable as a personal visit, the Queen took her leave of Say's Court, having brought confusion thither along with her, and leaving doubt and apprehension behind.

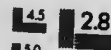
The rival statesmen were anxiously preparing for their approaching meeting in the Queen's presence, and even Elizabeth herself was not without apprehension of what might chance from the collision of two such fiery spirits, each backed by a strong and numerous body of followers, and dividing betwixt them, either openly or in secret, the hopes and wishes of most of her court. The band of Gentlemen Pensioners were all under arms, and a reinforcement of the yeomen of the guard was brought down the Thames from London. A royal proclamation was sent forth, strictly prohibiting nobles of whatever degree,

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to approach the Palace with retainers or followers, armed with shot, or with long weapons; and it was even whispered that the High Sheriff of Kent had secret instructions to have a part of the array of the county ready on the shortest notice.

The eventful hour, thus anxiously prepared for on all sides, at length approached, and, each followed by his long and glittering train of friends and followers, the rival Earls entered the Palace-yard of Greenwich at noon precisely.

As if by previous arrangement, or perhaps by intimation that such was the Queen's pleasure, Sussex and his retinue came to the Palace from Deptford by water, while Leicester arrived by land; and thus they entered the court-yard from opposite sides. This trifling circumstance gave Leicester a certain ascendancy in the opinion of the vulgar, the appearance of his cavalcade of mounted followers showing more numerous and more imposing than those of Sussex's party, who were necessarily upon foot. No show or sign of greeting passed between the Earls, though each looked full at the other, both expecting perhaps an exchange of courtesies, which neither was willing to commence. Almost in the minute of their arrival the castle-bell tolled, the gates of the Palace were opened, and the Earls entered, each numerously attended by such gentlemen of their train, whose rank gave them that privilege. The yeomen and inferior attendants remained in the court-yard, where the opposite parties eyed each other with looks of eager hatred and scorn, as if waiting with impatience for some cause of tumult, or some apology for mutual aggression. But they were restrained by the strict commands of their leaders, and overawed, perhaps, by the presence of an armed guard of unusual strength.

In the meanwhile, the more distinguished persons of each train followed their patrons into the lofty halls and ante-chambers of the royal Palace, flowing on in the same cur-

rent, like two streams which are compelled into the same channel, yet shun to mix their waters. The parties arranged themselves, as it were instinctively, on the different sides of the lofty apartments, and seemed eager to escape from the transient union which the narrowness of the crowded entrance had for an instant compelled them to submit to. The folding-doors at the upper end of the long gallery were immediately afterwards opened, and it was announced in a whisper that the Queen was in her presence-chamber, to which these gave access. Both Earls moved slowly and s'ately towards the entrance; Sussex followed by Tressilian, Blount, and Raleigh, and Leicester by Varney. The pride of Leicester was obliged to give way to court-forms, and with a grave and formal inclination of the head, he paused until his rival, a peer of older creation than his own, passed before him. Sussex returned the reverence with the same formal civility, and entered the presence-room. Tressilian and Blount offered to follow him, but were not permitted, the Usher of the Black Rod alleging in excuse, that he had precise orders to look to all admissions that day. To Raleigh, who stood back on the repulse of his companions, he said, "You, sir, may enter," and he entered accordingly. "Follow me close, Varney," said the Earl of Leicester, who had stood aloof for a moment to mark the reception of Sussex; and, advancing to the entrance, he was about to pass on, when Varney, who was close behind him, dressed out in the utmost bravery of the day, was stopped by the usher, as Tressilian and Blount had been before him. "How is this, Master Bowyer?" said the Earl of Leicester. "Know you who I am, and that this is my friend and follower?"

"Your lordship will pardon me," replied Bowyer, stoutly; "my orders are precise, and limit me to a strict discharge of my duty."



"Thou art a partial knave," said Leicester, the blood mounting to his face, "to do me this dishonour, when you but now admitted a follower of my Lord of Sussex."

"My lord," said Bowyer, "Master Raleigh is newly admitted a sworn servant of her Grace, and to him my orders did not apply."

"Thou art a knave—an ungrateful knave," said Leicester; "but he that hath done, can undo—thou shalt not prank thee in thy authority long!"

This threat he uttered aloud, with less than his usual policy and discretion, and having done so, he entered the presence-chamber, and made his reverence to the Queen, who, attired with even more than her usual splendour, and surrounded by those nobles and statesmen whose courage and wisdom have rendered her reign immortal, stood ready to receive the homage of her subjects. She graciously returned the obeisance of the favourite Earl, and looked alternately at him and at Sussex, as if about to speak, when Bowyer, a man whose spirit could not brook the insult he had so openly received from Leicester in the discharge of his office, advanced with his black rod in his hand, and knelt down before her.

"Why, how now, Bowyer?" said Elizabeth, "thy courtesy seems strangely timed!"

"My Liege Sovereign," he said, while every courtier around trembled at his audacity, "I come but to ask, whether, in the discharge of my office, I am to obey your Highness's commands, or those of the Earl of Leicester, who has publicly menaced me with his displeasure, and treated me with disparaging terms, because I denied entry to one of his followers in obedience to your Grace's precise orders?"

The spirit of Henry VIII, was instantly aroused in the bosom of his daughter, and she turned on Leicester with a severity which appalled him, as well as all his followers.

"God's death! my lord," such was her emphatic phrase, "what means this? We have thought well of you, and brought you near to our person; but it was not that you might hide the sun from our other faithful subjects. Who gave you licence to contradict our orders, or control our officers? I will have in this court, ay, and in this realm, but one mistress, and no master. Look to it that Master Bowyer sustains no harm for his duty to me faithfully discharged; for, as I am Christian woman and crowned Queen, I will hold you dearly answerable.—Go, Bowyer, you have done the part of an honest man and a true subject. We will brook no mayor of the palace here."

Bowyer kissed the hand which she extended towards him, and withdrew to his post, astonished at the success of his own audacity. A smile of triumph pervaded the faction of Sussex; that of Leicester seemed proportionally dismayed, and the favourite himself, assuming an aspect of the deepest humility, did not even attempt a word in his own exculpation.

He acted wisely; for it was the policy of Elizabeth to humble, not to disgrace him, and it was prudent to suffer her, without opposition or reply, to glory in the exertion of her authority. The dignity of the Queen was gratified, and the woman began soon to feel for the mortification which she had imposed on her favourite. Her keen eye also observed the secret looks of congratulation amongst those who favoured Sussex, and it was no part of her policy to give either party a decisive triumph.

"What I say to my Lord of Leicester," she said, after a moment's pause, "I say also to you, my Lord of Sussex. You also must needs ruffle in the court of England, at the head of a faction of your own?"

"My followers, gracious Princess," said Sussex, "indeed, have ruffled in your cause, in Ireland, in Scotland, and

against yonde rebellious Earls in the north. I am ignorant that—”

“Do you bandy looks and words with me, my lord?” said the Queen, interrupting him; “methinks you might learn of my Lord of Leicester the modesty to be silent, at least, under our censure. I say, my lord, that my grandfather and my father in their wisdom, debarred the nobles of this civilized land from travelling with such disorderly retinues; and think you, that because I wear a coif, their sceptre has in my hand been changed into a distaff? I tell you no king in Christendom will less brook his court to be cumbered, his people oppressed, and his kingdom’s peace disturbed, by the arrogance of overgrown power, than she who now speaks with you.—My Lord of Leicester, and you, my Lord of Sussex, I command you both to be friends with each other; or, by the crown I wear, you shall find an enemy who will be too strong for both of you!”

“Madam,” said the Earl of Leicester, “you who are yourself the fountain of honour, know best what is due to mine. I place it at your disposal, and only say, that the terms on which I have stood with my Lord of Sussex have not been of my seeking; nor had he cause to think me his enemy, until he had done me gross wrong.”

“For me, madam,” said the Earl of Sussex, “I cannot appeal from your sovereign pleasure; but I were well content my Lord of Leicester should say in what I have, as he terms it, wronged him, since my tongue never spoke the word that I would not willingly justify either on foot or horseback.”

“And for me,” said Leicester, “always under my gracious Sovereign’s pleasure, my hand shall be as ready to make good my words, as that of any man who ever wrote himself Ratcliffe.”

“My lords,” said the Queen, “these are no terms for this

presence; and if you cannot keep your temper, we will find means to keep both that and you close enough. Let me see you join hands, my lords, and forget your idle animosities."

The two rivals looked at each other with reluctant eyes, each unwilling to make the first advance to execute the Queen's will.

"Sussex," said Elizabeth, "I entreat—Leicester, I command you."

Yet, so were her words accented, the entreaty sounded like command, and the command like entreaty. They remained still and stubborn, until she raised her voice to a height which argued at once impatience and absolute command.

"Sir Henry Lee," she said, to an officer in attendance, "have a guard in present readiness, and man a barge instantly.—My Lords of Sussex and Leicester, I bid you once more to join hands—and, God's death! he that refuses shall taste of our Tower fare ere he see our face again. I will lower your proud hearts ere we part, and that I promise, on the word of a Queen!"

"The prison," said Leicester, "might be borne, but to lose your Grace's presence, were to lose light and life at once—Here, Sussex, is my hand."

"And here," said Sussex, "is mine in truth and honesty; but —"

"Nay, under favour, you shall add no more," said the Queen. "Why, this is as it should be," she added, looking on them more favourably, "and when you, the shepherds of the people, unite to protect them, it shall be well with the flock we rule over. For, my lords, I tell you plainly, your follies and your brawls lead to strange disorders among your servants.

"My Lord of Leicester, I trust you remember we mean to

taste the good cheer of your Castle of Kenilworth on this week ensuing—we will pray you to bid our good and valued friend the Earl of Sussex to hold company with us there.”

“If the noble Earl of Sussex,” said Leicester, bowing to his rival, with the easiest and with the most graceful courtesy, “will so far honour my poor house, I will hold it an additional proof of the amicable regard it is your Grace’s desire we should entertain towards each other.”

Sussex was more embarrassed—“I should,” said he, “madam, be but a clog on your gayer hours, since my late severe illness.”

“And have you been indeed so very ill?” said Elizabeth, looking on him with more attention than before; “you are in faith strangely altered, and deeply am I grieved to see it. But be of good cheer—we will ourselves look after the health of so valued a servant, and to whom we owe so much. Masters shall order your diet, and that we ourselves may see that he is obeyed, you must attend us in this progress to Kenilworth.”

This was said so peremptorily, and at the same time with so much kindness, that Sussex, however unwilling to become the guest of his rival, had no resource but to bow low to the Queen in obedience to her commands, and to express to Leicester, with blunt courtesy, though mingled with embarrassment, his acceptance of his invitation. As the Earls exchanged compliments on the occasion, the Queen said to her High Treasurer, “Methinks, my lord, the countenances of these our two noble peers resemble that of the two famed classic streams, the one so dark and sad, the other so fair and noble,—My old Master Ascham would have chid me for forgetting the author—It is Cæsar, as I think.—See what majestic calmness sits on the brow of the noble Leicester, while Sussex seems to greet him as if he did our will indeed, but not willingly.

"The doubt of your Majesty's favour," answered the Lord Treasurer, "may perchance occasion the difference, which does not—as what does?—escape your Grace's eye."

"Such doubt were injurious to us, my lord," replied the Queen. "We hold both to be near and dear to us, and will with impartiality employ both in honourable service for the weal of our kingdom. But we will break their farther conference at present.—My Lords of Sussex and Leicester, we require your presence at the privy-council to be presently held, where matters of importance are to be debated. We will then take the water for our divertisement, and you, my lords, will attend us.—And that reminds us of a circumstance—Do you, Sir Squire of the Soiled Cassocks" (distinguishing Raleigh by a smile), "fail not to observe that you are to attend us on our progress. You shall be supplied with suitable means to reform your wardrobe."

And so terminated this celebrated audience, in which, as throughout her life, Elizabeth united the occasional caprice of her sex, with that sense and sound policy, in which neither man nor woman ever excelled her.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Kenilworth*.

## JAMES I

### AT THE COURT OF THE KING

MASTER George Heriot, Goldsmith to His Majesty King James the First, had undertaken to escort his countryman, the young Lord of Glenvarloch, to the Court at Whitehall. It may be reasonably supposed that the young man, whose fortunes were like to depend on this cast, felt himself more than usually anxious. On the morning of the appointed day he rose early, made his toilette with uncommon care, and, being enabled, by the generosity of his more plebeian countryman, to set out a very handsome person to the best advantage, he obtained a momentary approbation from himself as he glanced at the mirror, and a loud and distinct plaudit from his landlady, who declared at once, that, in her judgment, he would take the wind out of the sail of every gallant in the presence—so much had she been able to enrich her discourse with the metaphors of those with whom her husband dealt.

At the appointed hour the barge of Master George Heriot arrived, handsomely manned and appointed, having a tilt, with his own cipher, and the arms of his company, painted thereupon.

The young Lord of Glenvarloch received the friend, who had evinced such disinterested attachment, with the kind courtesy which well became him.

Yet, as the young and high-born nobleman embarked to go to the presence of his Prince, under the patronage of one whose best, or most distinguished qualification, was his being an eminent member of the Goldsmiths' Incorporation,







"THEY LANDED AT WHITEHALL STAIRS."

*Face p. 237*

he felt a little surprised, if not abashed, at his own situation; and his servant Richie Moniplies, as he stepped over the gangway to take his place forward in the boat, could not help muttering,—“It was a changed day betwixt Master Heriot and his honest father in the Kræmes;—but, doubtless, there was a difference between clinking on gold and silver, and clattering upon pewter.”

On they glided, by the assistance of the oars of four stout watermen, along the Thames, which then served for the principal high-road betwixt London and Westminster; for few ventured on horseback through the narrow and crowded streets of the city, and coaches were then a luxury reserved only for the higher nobility, and to which no citizen, whatever was his wealth, presumed to aspire. The beauty of the banks, especially on the northern side, where the gardens of the nobility descended from their hotels, in many places, down to the water's edge, was pointed out to Nigel by his kind conductor, and was pointed out in vain. The mind of the young Lord of Glenvarloch was filled with anticipations, not the most pleasant, concerning the manner in which he was likely to be received by that monarch, whose behalf his family had been nearly reduced to ruin; and he was, with the usual mental anxiety of those in such a situation, framing imaginary questions from the King, and over-toiling his spirit in devising answers to them.

His conductor saw the labour of Glenvarloch's mind, and avoided increasing it by farther conversation; so that, when he had explained to him briefly the ceremonies observed at Court on such occasions of presentation, the rest of their voyage was performed in silence.

They landed at Whitehall Stairs, and entered the Palace after announcing their names,—the guards paying to Lord Glenvarloch the respect and honours due to his rank.

The young man's heart beat high and thick within him

as he came into the royal apartments. His education abroad, conducted, as it had been, on a narrow and limited scale, had given him but imperfect ideas of the grandeur of a Court; and the philosophical reflections which taught him to set ceremonial and exterior splendour at defiance, proved, like other maxims of mere philosophy, ineffectual at the moment they were weighed against the impression naturally made on the mind of an inexperienced youth, by the unusual magnificence of the scene. The splendid apartments through which they passed, the rich apparel of the grooms, guards, and domestics in waiting, and the ceremonial attending their passage through the long suite of apartments, had something in it, trifling and commonplace as it might appear to practised courtiers, embarrassing, and even alarming, to one who went through these forms for the first time, and who was doubtful what sort of reception was to accompany his first appearance before his Sovereign.

Heriot, in anxious attention to save his young friend from any momentary awkwardness, had taken care to give the necessary password to the warders, grooms of the chambers, ushers, or by whatever name they were designated; so they passed on without interruption.

In this manner they passed several ante-rooms, filled chiefly with guards, attendants of the Court, and their acquaintances, male and female, who, dressed in their best apparel, and with eyes rounded by eager curiosity to make the most of their opportunity, stood, with beseeching modesty, ranked against the wall, in a manner which indicated that they were spectators, not performers, in the courtly exhibition.

Through these exterior apartments Lord Glenvarloch and his city friend advanced into a large and splendid withdrawing-room, communicating with the presence-chamber, into which ante-room were admitted those only, who, from

birth, their posts in the state or household, or by the particular grant of the King, had right to attend the Court, as men entitled to pay their respects to their Sovereign.

Amid this favoured and selected company, Glenvarloch observed Sir Mungo Malagrowth, who, avoided and discountenanced by those who knew how low he stood in Court interest and favour, was but too happy in the opportunity of hooking himself upon a person of Lord Glenvarloch's rank, who was, as yet, so inexperienced, as to feel it difficult to shake off an intruder.

The trio occupied a nook of the ante-room next to the door of the presence-chamber, which was not yet thrown open, when Maxwell, with his rod of office, came bustling into the apartment, where most men, excepting those of high rank, made way for him. He stopped beside the party in which we are interested, looked for a moment at the young Scots nobleman, then made a slight obeisance to Heriot, and lastly, addressing Sir Mungo Malagrowth, began a hurried complaint to him of the misbehaviour of the gentlemen-pensioners and warders, who suffered all sort of citizens, suitors, and scriveners, to sneak into the outer apartments, without either respect or decency.—“The English,” he said, “were scandalized, for such a thing durst not be attempted in the Queen's days. In her time, there was then the court-yard for the mobility, and the apartments for the nobility; and it reflects on your place, Sir Mungo,” he added, “belonging to the household as you do, that such things should not be better ordered.”

Here Sir Mungo, afflicted, as was frequently the case on such occasions, with one of his usual fits of deafness, answered, “It was no wonder the mobility used freedom, when those whom they saw in office were so little better in blood and havings than themselves.”

“You are right, sir—quite right,” said Maxwell, putting

his hand on the tarnished embroidery on the old knight's sleeve,—“when such fellows see men in office dressed in cast-off suits, like paltry stage-players, it is no wonder the Court is thronged with intruders.”

“Were you lauding the taste of my embroidery, Maister Maxwell?” answered the knight, who apparently interpreted the deputy-chamberlain's meaning rather from his action than his words;—“it is of an ancient and liberal pattern, having been made by your mother's father, auld James Stitchell, a master-fashioner of honest repute, in Merlin's Wynd, whom I made a point to employ, as I am now happy to remember, seeing your father thought fit to intermarry with sic a person's daughter.”

Maxwell looked stern; but, conscious there was nothing to be got of Sir Mungo in the way of amends, and that prosecuting the quarrel with such an adversary would only render him ridiculous, and make public a mis-alliance of which he had no reason to be proud, he covered his resentment with a sneer; and, expressing his regret that Sir Mungo was become too deaf to understand or attend to what was said to him, walked on, and planted himself beside the folding-doors of the presence-chamber, at which he was to perform the duty of deputy-chamberlain, or usher, so soon as they should be opened.

“The door of the presence is about to open,” said the goldsmith, in a whisper, to his young friend; “my condition permits me to go no farther with you. Fail not to present yourself boldly, according to your birth, and offer your Supplication; which the King will not refuse to accept, and, as I hope, to consider favourably.”

As he spoke, the door of the presence-chamber opened accordingly, and, as is usual on such occasions, the courtiers began to advance towards it, and to enter in a slow, but continuous and uninterrupted stream

As Glenvarloch presented himself in his turn at the entrance, and mentioned his name and title, Maxwell seemed to hesitate. "You are not known to any one," he said. "It is my duty to suffer no one to pass to the presence, my lord, whose face is unknown to me, unless upon the word of a responsible person."

"I came with Master George Heriot," said Glenvarloch, in some embarrassment at this unexpected interruption.

"Master Heriot's name will pass current for much gold and silver, my lord," replied Maxwell, with a civil sneer, "but not for birth and rank. I am compelled by my office to be peremptory.—The entrance is impeded—I am much concerned to say it—your lordship must stand back."

"What is the matter?" said an old Scottish nobleman, who had been speaking with George Heriot, after he had separated from Glenvarloch, and who now came forward, observing the altercation betwixt the latter and Maxwell.

"It is only Master Deputy-Chamberlain Maxwell," said Sir Mungo Malagrowth, "expressing his joy to see Lord Glenvarloch at Court, whose father gave him his office—at least, I think he is speaking to that purport—for your lordship kens my imperfection." A subdued laugh, such as the situation permitted, passed round amongst those who heard this specimen of Sir Mungo's sarcastic temper. But the old nobleman stepped still more forward, saying,—*"What! —the son of my gallant old opponent, Ochtred Olifaunt?—I will introduce him to the presence myself."*

So saying, he took Glenvarloch by the arm, without farther ceremony, and was about to lead him forward, when Maxwell, still keeping his rod across the door, said, but with hesitation and embarrassment,—*"My lord, this gentleman is not known, and I have orders to be scrupulous."*

*"Tutti-taiti, man,"* said the old lord, *"I will be answerable he is his father's son, from the cut of his eyebrow—*

and thou, Maxwell, knew'st his father well enough to have spared thy scruples. Let us pass, man." So saying, he put aside the deputy-chamberlain's rod, and entered the presence-room, still holding the young nobleman by the arm.

"Why, I must know you, man," he said; "I must know you. I knew your father well, man, and I have broken a lance and crossed a blade with him; and it is to my credit that I am living to brag of it. He was king's-man, and I was queen's-man, during the Douglas war—young fellows both, that feared neither fire nor steel; and we had some old feudal quarrels besides, that had come down from father to son, with our seal-rings, two-handed broadswords, and plate-coats, and the crests on our burgonets."

"Too loud, my<sup>l</sup> Lord of Huntinglen," whispered a gentleman of the chamber,—*"The King!—the King!"*

The old Earl (for such he proved) took the hint, and was silent; and James, advancing from a side-door, received in succession the compliments of strangers, while a little group of favourite courtiers, or officers of the household, stood around him, to whom he addressed himself from time to time. Some more pains had been bestowed on his toilette than usual; but there was a natural awkwardness about his figure which prevented his clothes from sitting handsomely, and the prudence or timidity of his disposition had made him adopt the custom of wearing a dress so thickly quilted as might withstand the stroke of a dagger, which added an ungainly stiffness to his whole appearance, contrasting oddly with the frivolous, ungraceful, and fidgeting motions with which he accompanied his conversation. And yet, though the King's deportment was very undignified, he had a manner so kind, familiar, and good-humoured, was so little apt to veil over or conceal his own foibles, and had so much indulgence and sympathy for those of others, that his address, joined to his learning,

and a certain proportion of shrewd mother-wit, failed not to make a favourable impression on those who approached his person.

When the Earl of Huntinglen had presented Lord Glenvarloch to his Sovereign, a ceremony which the good peer took upon himself, the King received the young lord very graciously, and observed to his introducer, that he "was fain to see them twa stand side by side; for I trow, my Lord Huntinglen," continued he, "your ancestors, ay, and e'en your lordship's self and this lad's father, have stood front to front at the sword's point, and that is a worse posture."

"Until your Majesty," said Lord Huntinglen, "made Lord Ochtred and me cross palms, upon the memorable day when your Majesty feasted all the nobles that were at feud together, and made them join hands in your presence——"

"I mind it weel," said the King; "I mind it weel—it was a blessed day, being the nineteen of September, of all days in the year—and it was a blithe sport to see how some of the carles girmed as they clapped loofs together. By my saul, I thought some of them, mair special the Hieland chiels, wad have broken out in our own presence; but we caused them to march hand in hand to the Cross, ourselves leading the way, and there drink a blithe cup of kindness with ilk other, to the stanching of feud, and perpetuation of amity. Auld John Anderson was Provost that year—the carle grat for joy, and the Bailies and Councillors danced bare-headed in our presence like five-year-auld colts, for very triumph."

"It was indeed a happy day," said Lord Huntinglen, "and will not be forgotten in the history of your Majesty's reign."

"I would not that it were, my lord," replied the Monarch—"I would not that it were pretermitted in our annals. Ay, ay—*Beati pacifici*. My English lieges here may weel



make much of me, for I would have them to know, they have gotten the only peaceable man that ever came of my family. If James with the Fiery Face had come amongst you," he said, looking round him, "or my great grandsire, of Flodden memory!"

"We should have sent him back to the north again," whispered one English nobleman.

"At least," said another, in the same inaudible tone, "we should have had a *man* to our sovereign, though he were but a Scotsman."

"And now, my young springald," said the King to Lord Glenvarloch, "where have you been spending your calf-time?"

"At Leyden, of late, may it please your Majesty," answered Lord Glenvarloch.

"A ha! a scholar," said the King; "and, by my saul, a modest and ingenuous youth, that hath not forgotten how to blush, like most of our travelled Monsieus. We will treat him conformably."

Then drawing himself up, coughing slightly, and looking around him with the conscious importance of superior learning, while all the courtiers who understood, or understood not, Latin, pressed eagerly forward to listen, the sapient monarch prosecuted his enquiries as follows:—

"Hem! hem! *Salve bis, quaterque salve, Glenvarlochides noster! Nuperumne ab Lugduno Batavorum Britanniam rediisti?*"

The young nobleman replied, bowing low—

"*Imo, Rex augustissime—biennium fere apud Lugdunenses moratus sum.*"

James proceeded—

"*Biennium dicis? bene, bene, optime factum est—Non uno die, quod dicunt,—intelligisti, Domine Glenvarlochiensis? Aha!*"

Glenvarloch replied by a reverent bow, and the King turning to those behind him, said—

*"Adolescens quidem ingenui vultus ingenuique pudoris."* Then resumed his learned queries. *"Et quid hodie Lugdunenses loquuntur—Vossius vester nihilne novi scripsit?—nihil certe, quod doleo, typis recenter edidit."*

*"Valet quidem Vossius, Rex benevole,"* replied Nigel, *"ast senex veneratissimus annum agit, ni fallor, septuagesimum."*

*"Virum, mehercle, vix tam grandævum crediderim,"* replied the monarch. *"Et Vorstius iste?—Arminii improbi successor æque ac sectator—Herosne adhuc, ut cum Homero, loquar, Ζῶδς ἰστί καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ δερκων?"*

Glenvarloch, by good fortune, remembered that Vorstius, the divine last mentioned in his Majesty's queries about the state of Dutch literature, had been engaged in a personal controversy with James, in which the King had taken so deep an interest, as at length to hint in his public correspondence with the United States, that they would do well to apply the secular arm to stop the progress of heresy by violent measures against the Professor's person—a demand which their Mighty Mightinesses' principles of universal toleration induced them to elude, though with some difficulty. Knowing all this, Lord Glenvarloch, though a courtier of only five minutes' standing, had address enough to reply—

*"Vivum quidem, haud diu est, hominem videbam—vigere autem quis dicat qui sub fulminibus eloquentiæ tuæ, Rex magne, jamdudum pronus jacet, et prostratus?"*

This last tribute to his polemical powers completed James's happiness, which the triumph of exhibiting his erudition had already raised to a considerable height.

He rubbed his hands, snapped his fingers, fidgeted, chuckled, exclaimed—*"Euge! belle! optime!"* and turning to the Bishops of Exeter and Oxford, who stood behind him, he said,—*"Ye see, my lords, no bad specimen of our Scottish*

Latinity, with which language we would all our subjects of England were as well embued as this; and other youths of honourable birth, in our auld kingdom; also, we keep the genuine and Roman pronounciation, like other learned nations on the continent, sae that we hold communing with any scholar in the universe, who can but speak the Latin tongue; whereas ye, our learned subjects of England, have introduced into your universities, otherwise most learned, a fashion of pronouncing like unto the 'nippit foot and clippit foot' of the bride in the fairy tale, whilk manner of speech (take it not amiss that I be found wit' you) can be understood by no nation on earth saving yourselves; whereby Latin, *quoad Anglos*, ceaseth to be *communis lingua*, the general dragoman, or interpreter, between all the wise men of the earth."

The Bishop of Exeter bowed, as in acquiescence to the royal censure; but he of Oxford stood upright, as mindful over what subjects his see extended, and as being equally willing to become food for fagots in defence of the Latinity of the university, as for any article of his religious creed.

The King, without awaiting an answer from either prelate proceeded to question Lord Glenvarloch, but in the vernacular tongue,—“Weel, my likely Alumnus of the Muses, and what make you so far from the north?”

“To pay my homage to your Majesty,” said the young nobleman, kneeling on one knee, “and to lay before you,” he added, “this my humble and dutiful Supplication.”

The presenting of a pistol would certainly have startled King James more, but could (setting apart the fright) hardly have been more displeasing to his indolent disposition.

“And is it even so, man?” said he; “and can no single man, were it but for the rarity of the case, ever come up frae Scotland, excepting *ex proposito*—on set purpose. to see what he can make out of his loving sovereign? It is

but three days syne that we had wellnigh lost our life, and put three kingdoms into dule-weeds, from the over haste of a clumsy-handed peasant, to thrust a packet into our hand, and now we are beset by the like impediment in our very Court. To our Secretary with that gear, my lord—to our Secretary with that gear.”

“I have already offered my humble Supplication to your Majesty’s Secretary of State,” said Lord Glenvarloch—“but it seems—”

“That he would not receive it, I warrant?” said the King, interrupting him; “by my saul, our Secretary kens that point of king-craft, called refusing, better than we do, and will look at nothing but what he likes himself—I think I wad make a better Secretary to him than he to me.—Weel, my lord, you are welcome to London; and, as ye seem an acute and learned youth, I advise ye to turn your neb northward as soon as ye like, and settle yoursell for a while at Saint Andrews, and we will be right glad to hear that you prosper in your studies.—*Incumbite remis fortiter.*”

While the King spoke thus, he held the petition of the young lord carelessly, like one who only delayed till supplicant’s back was turned, to throw it away, or at least lay it aside to be no more looked at. The petitioner, who read this in his cold and indifferent looks, and in the manner in which he twisted and crumpled together the paper, arose with a bitter sense of anger and disappointment, made a profound obeisance, and was about to retire hastily. But Lord Huntinglen, who stood by him, checked his intention by an almost imperceptible touch upon the skirt of his cloak, and Glenvarloch, taking the hint, retreated only a few steps from the royal presence, and then meantime, Lord Huntinglen kneeled before James, in his turn, and said—“May it please your Majesty to remember, that

upon one certain occasion you did promise to grant me a boon every year of your sacred life?"

"I mind it weel, man," answered James, "I mind it weel, and good reason why—it was when you unclasped the fause traitor Ruthven's fangs from about our royal throat, and drove your di:k into him like a true subject. We did then, as you remind us, (whilk was unnecessary,) being partly beside ourselves with joy at our liberation, promise we would grant you a free boon every year; whilk promise, on our coming to menseful possession of our royal faculties, we did confirm, *restrictive* always and *conditionaliter*, that your lordship's demand should be such as we, in our royal discretion, should think reasonable."

"Even so, gracious Sovereign," said the old Earl, "and may I yet farther crave to know if I have ever exceeded the bounds of your royal benevolence?"

"By my word, man, no!" said the King; "I cannot remember you have asked much for yourself, if it be not a dog, or a hawk, or a buck out of our park at Theobald's or such like. But to what serves this preface?"

"To the boon which I am now to ask of your Grace," said Lord Huntinglen; "which is, that your Majesty would be pleased, on the instant, to look at the placet of Lord Glenvarloch, and do upon it what your own just and royal nature shall think meet and just, without reference to your Secretary or any other of your Council."

"By my saul, my lord, this is strange," said the King; "ye are pleading for the son of your enemy!"

"Of one who was my enemy till your Majesty made him my friend," answered Lord Huntinglen.

"Weel spoken, my lord!" said the King; "and with a true Christian spirit. And, respecting the Supplication of this young man, I partly guess where the matter lies; and in plain troth I had promised to George Heriot to be good

to the lad—But then, here the shoe pinches. Steenie and Baby Charles cannot abide him—neither can your own son, my lord: and so, methinks, he had better go down to Scotland before he comes to ill luck by them.”

“My son, an it please your Majesty, so far as he is concerned, shall not direct my doings,” said the Earl, “nor any wild-headed young man of them all.”

“Why, neither shall they mine,” replied the Monarch; “by my father’s saul, none of them all shall play Rex with me—I will do what I will, and what I aught, like a free King.”

“Your Majesty will then grant me my boon?” said the Lord Huntinglen.

“Ay, marry will I—marry will I,” said the King; “but follow me this way, man, where we may be more private.”

He led Lord Huntinglen with rather a hurried step through the courtiers, all of whom gazed earnestly on this unwonted scene, as is the fashion of all courts on similar occasions. The King passed into a little cabinet, and bade, in the first moment, Lord Huntinglen lock or bar the door; but countermanded his direction in the next, saying,—“No, no, no—bread o’ life, man, I am a free King—will do what I will and what I should—I am *justus et tenax propositi*, man—nevertheless, keep by the door, Lord Huntinglen, in case Steenie should come in with his mad humour.”

“O my poor master!” groaned the Earl of Huntinglen. “When you were in your own cold country, you had warmer blood in your veins.”

The King hastily looked over the petition or memorial, every now and then glancing his eye towards the door, and then sinking it hastily on the paper, ashamed that Lord Huntinglen, whom he respected, should suspect him of timidity.

"To grant the truth," he said, after he had finished his hasty perusal, "this is a hard case; and harder than it was represented to me, though I had some inkling of it before. And so the lad only wants payment of the siller due from us, in order to reclaim his paternal estate? But then, Huntinglen, the lad will have other debts—and why burden himself with sae mony acres of barren woodland? let the land gang, man, let the land gang; Steenie has the promise of it from our Scott'sh Chancellor—it is the best hunting-ground in Scotland—and Baby Charles and Steenie want to kill a buck there this next year—they maun hae the land—they maun hae the land; and our debt shall be paid to the young man plack and bawbee, and he may have the spending of it at our Court; or if he has such an eard hunger, wouns! man, we'll stuff his stomach with English land, which is worth twice as much, ay, ten times as much, as these accursed hills and heughs, and mosses and muirs, that he is sae keen after."

All this while the poor King ambled up and down the apartment in a piteous state of uncertainty, which was made more ridiculous by his shambling circular mode of managing his legs, and his ungainly fashion on such occasions of fiddling with the bunches of ribbons which fastened the lower part of his dress.

Lord Huntinglen listened with great composure, and answered, "An it please your Majesty, there was an answer yielded by Naboth when Ahab coveted his vineyard—'The Lord forbid that I should give the inheritance of my fathers unto thee.'"

"Ey, my lord—ey, my lord!" ejaculated James, while all the colour mounted both to his cheek and nose; "I hope ye mean not to teach me divinity? Ye need not fear, my lord, that I will shun to do justice to every man; and, since your lordship will give me no help to take up

this in a more peaceful manner—whilk, methinks, would be better for the young man, as I said before,—why—since it maun be so—'sdeath, I am a free King, man, and he shall have his money and redeem his land, and make a kirk and a miln of it, an he will." So saying, he hastily wrote an order on the Scottish Exchequer for the sum in question, and then added, "How they are to pay it, I see not; but I warrant he will find money on the order among the goldsmiths. who can find it for every one but me.— And now you see, my Lord of Huntinglen, that I am neither an untrude man, to deny you the boon whilk I became bound for, nor an Ahab, to covet Naboth's vineyard; nor a mere nose-of-wax, to be twisted this way and that by favourites and counsellors at their pleasure. I think you will grant now that I am none of those?"

"You are my own native and noble Prince," said Huntinglen, as he knelt to kiss the royal hand—"just and generous, whenever you listen to the workings of your own heart."

"Ay, ay," said the King, laughing good-naturedly, as he raised his faithful servant from the ground, "that is what ye all say when I do anything to please ye. There—there, take the sign-manual, and away with you and this young fellow. I wonder Steenie and Baby Charles have not broken in on us before now."

Lord Huntinglen hastened from the cabinet, foreseeing a scene at which he was unwilling to be present, but which sometimes occurred when James roused himself so far as to exert his own free-will, of which he boasted so much, in spite of that of his imperious favourite Steenie, as he called the Duke of Buckingham, from a supposed resemblance betwixt his very handsome countenance, and that with which the Italian artists represented the protomartyr Stephen. It fact, the haughty favourite, who had the un-



sual good fortune to stand as high in the opinion of the heir-apparent as of the existing monarch, had considerably diminished in his respect towards the latter; and it was apparent, to the more shrewd courtiers, that James endured his domination rather from habit, timidity, and a dread of encountering his stormy passions, than from any heartfelt continuation of regard towards him, whose greatness had been the work of his own hands. To save himself the pain of seeing what was likely to take place on the Duke's return, and to preserve the King from the additional humiliation which the presence of such a witness must have occasioned, the Earl left the cabinet as speedily as possible, having first carefully pocketed the important sign-manual.

No sooner had he entered the presence-room, than he hastily sought Lord Glenvarloch, who had withdrawn into the embrasure of one of the windows, from the general gaze of men who seemed disposed only to afford him the notice which arises from surprise and curiosity, and, taking him by the arm, without speaking, led him out of the presence-chamber into the first anteroom. Here they found the worthy goldsmith, who approached them with looks of curiosity, which were checked by the old lord, who said hastily, "All is well.—Is your barge in waiting?" Heriot answered in the affirmative. "Then," said Lord Huntinglen, "you shall give me a cast in it, as the watermen say, and I, in requital, will give you both your dinner; for we must have some conversation together."

They both followed the Earl without speaking, and were in the second anteroom when the important annunciation of the ushers, and the hasty murmur with which all made ample way as the company repeated to each other,—“The Duke—the Duke!” made them aware of the approach of the omnipotent favourite.

He entered, that unhappy minion of court favour, sump-

tuously dressed in the picturesque attire which will live for ever on the canvas of Vandyke, and which marks so well the proud age, when aristocracy, though undermined and nodding to its fall, still, by external show and profuse expense, endeavoured to assert its paramount superiority over the inferior orders. The handsome and commanding countenance, stately form, and graceful action and manners of the Duke of Buckingham, made him become that picturesque dress beyond any man of his time. At present, however, his countenance seemed discomposed, his dress a little more disordered than became the place, his step hasty, and his voice imperative.

All marked the angry spot upon his brow, and bore back so suddenly to make way for him, that the Earl of Huntinglen, who affected no extraordinary haste on the occasion, with his companions, who could not, if they would, have decently left him, remained as it were by themselves in the middle of the room, and in the very path of the angry favourite. He touched his cap sternly as he looked on Huntinglen, but unbonneted to Heriot, and sunk his beaver, with its shadowy plume, as low as the floor, with a profound air of mock respect. In returning his greeting, which he did simply and unaffectedly, the citizen only said,—“Too much courtesy, my lord Duke, is often the reverse of kindness.”

“I grieve you should think so, Master Heriot,” answered the Duke; “I only meant, by my homage, to claim your protection, sir—your patronage. You are become, I understand, a solicitor of suits—a promoter—an undertaker—a fautor of court suitors of merit and quality, who chance to be pennyless. I trust your bags will bear you out in your new boast.”

“They will bear me the farther, my lord duke,” answered the goldsmith, “that my boast is but small.”

"O, you do yourself less than justice, my good Master Heriot," continued the Duke, in the same tone of irony; "you have a marvellous court-faction, to be the son of an Edinburgh tinker. Have the goodness to prefer me to the knowledge of the high-born nobleman who is honoured and advantaged by your patronage."

"That shall be my task," said Lord Huntinglen, with emphasis. "My lord duke, I desire you to know Nigel Olifaunt, Lord Glenvarloch, representative of one of the most ancient and powerful baronial houses in Scotland.—Lord Glenvarloch, I present you to his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, representative of Sir George Villiers, Knight of Brookesby, in the county of Leicester."

The Duke coloured still more high as he bowed to Lord Glenvarloch scornfully, a courtesy which the other returned haughtily, and with restrained indignation. "We know each other, then," said the Duke, after a moment's pause, and as if he had seen something in the young nobleman which merited more serious notice than the bitter raillery with which he had commenced—"we know each other—and you know me, my lord, for your enemy."

"I thank you for your plainness, my lord duke," replied Nigel; "an open enemy is better than a hollow friend."

"For you, my Lord Huntinglen," said the Duke, "methinks you have but now overstepped the limits of the indulgence permitted to you, as the father of the Prince's friend, and my own."

"By my word, my lord duke," replied the Earl, "it is easy for any one to outstep boundaries, of the existence of which he was not aware. It is neither to secure my protection nor approbation that my son keeps such exalted company."

"O, my lord, we know you, and indulge you," said the Duke; "you are one of those who presume for a life-long upon the merit of one good action."

"In faith, my lord, and if it be so," said the old Earl, "I have at least the advantage of such as presume more than I do, without having done any action of merit whatever. But I mean not to quarrel with you, my lord—we can neither be friends nor enemies—you have your path, and I have mine."

Buckingham only replied by throwing on his bonnet, and shaking its lofty plume with a careless and scornful toss of the head. They parted thus; the Duke walking onwards through the apartments, and the others leaving the palace and repairing to Whitehall stairs, where they embarked on board the barge of the citizen.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Fortunes of Nigel*.

## CHARLES I

### A ROYAL WARRANT

THE royal warrant authorized the Earl of Montrose to assemble the subjects in arms, for the putting down the present rebellion, which divers traitors and seditious persons had levied against the King, to the manifest forfeiture, as it stated, of their allegiance, and to the breach of the pacification between the two kingdoms. It enjoined all subordinate authorities to be obedient and assisting to Montrose in his enterprise; gave him the power of making ordinances and proclamations, punishing misdemeanours, pardoning criminals, placing and displacing governors and commanders. In fine, it was as large and full a commission as any with which a prince could intrust a subject.

It was read to the Scottish Chiefs on 1 August 1644, and as soon as it was finished, a shout burst from the assembly, in testimony of their ready submission to the will of their sovereign. Not contented with generally thanking them for a reception so favourable, Montrose hastened to address himself to individuals. The most important Chiefs had already been long personally known to him, but even to those of inferior consequence he now introduced himself; and by the acquaintance he displayed with their peculiar designations, and the circumstances and history of their clans, he showed how long he must have studied the character of the mountaineers, and prepared himself for such a situation as he now held.

While he was engaged in these acts of courtesy, his graceful manner, expressive features, and dignity of deportment,

made a singular contrast with the coarseness and meanness of his disguised dress. Montrose possessed that sort of form and face, in which the beholder, at the first glance, sees nothing extraordinary, but of which the interest becomes more impressive the longer we gaze upon them. His stature was very little above the middle size, but in person he was uncommonly well-built, and capable both of exerting great force, and enduring much fatigue. In fact, he enjoyed a constitution of iron, without which he could not have sustained the trials of his extraordinary campaigns, through all of which he subjected himself to the hardships of the meanest soldier. He was perfect in all exercises, whether peaceful or martial, and possessed, of course, that graceful ease of deportment proper to those to whom habit has rendered all postures easy.

His long brown hair, according to the custom of men of quality among the Royalists, was parted on the top of his head, and trained to hang down on each side in curled locks, one of which, descending two or three inches lower than the others, intimated Montrose's compliance with that fashion against which it pleased Mr Prynne, the puritan, to write a treatise, entitled, "The Unloveliness of Lovelocks." The features which these tresses enclosed, were of that kind which derive their interest from the character of the man, rather than from the regularity of their form. But a high nose, a full, decided, well-opened, quick grey eye, and a sanguine complexion, made amends for some coarseness and irregularity in the subordinate parts of the face; so that, altogether, Montrose might be termed rather a handsome, than a hard-featured man. But those who saw him when his soul looked through those eyes with all the energy and fire of genius, those who heard him speak with the authority of talent and the eloquence of nature, were impressed with an opinion even of his external form, more

enthusiastically favourable than the portraits which still survive would entitle us to ascribe to it. Such, at least, was the impression he made upon the assembled Chiefs of the mountaineers, over whom, as upon all persons in their state of society, personal appearance has no small influence.

In the discussions which followed Montrose explained the various risks which he had run in his present undertaking. His first attempt had been to assemble a body of loyalists in the north of England, who, in obedience to the orders of the Marquis of Newcastle, he expected would have marched into Scotland; but the disinclination of the English to cross the Border, and the delay of the Earl of Antrim, who was to have landed in the Solway Frith with his Irish army, prevented his executing this design. Other plans having in like manner failed, he stated that he found himself under the necessity of assuming a disguise to render his passage secure through the Lowlands, in which he had been kindly assisted by his kinsman of Menteith.

"By the honour of a cavalier," said Captain Dalgetty, finding at length an opportunity to thrust in his word, "I am proud and happy in having an opportunity of drawing a sword under your lordship's command."

Captain Dalgetty's attention, was suddenly called by Montrose himself.

"Hear this news," he said, "Captain Dalgetty—I should say Major Dalgetty,—the Irish, who are to profit by your military experience, are now within a few leagues of us."

"Our deer-stalkers," said Angus M'Aulay, "who were abroad to bring in venison for this honourable party, have heard of a band of strangers, speaking neither Saxon nor pure Gaelic, and with difficulty making themselves understood by the people of the country, who are marching this way in arms, under the leading, it is said, of Aiaster M'Donald, who is commonly called Young Colkitto."

"These must be our men," said Montrose; "we must hasten to send messengers forward, both to act as guides and to relieve their wants."

"The last," said Angus M'Aulay, "will be no easy matter; for I am informed, that, excepting muskets and a very little ammunition, they want every thing that soldiers should have; and they are particularly deficient in money, in shoes, and in raiment."

"There is at least no use in saying so," said Montrose, "in so loud a tone. The puritan weavers of Glasgow shall provide them plenty of broad-cloth, when we make a descent from the Highlands; and if the ministers could formerly preach the old women of the Scottish boroughs out of their webs of napery, to make tents to the fellows on Dunse Law, I will try whether I have not a little interest both to make these godly dames renew their patriotic gift, and the pricked knaves, their husbands, open their purses."

"And respecting arms," said Captain Dalgetty, "if your lordship will permit an old cavalier to speak his mind, so that the one-third have muskets, my darling weapon would be the pike for the remainder, whether for resisting a charge of horse, or for breaking the infantry. A common smith will make a hundred pike-heads in a day; here is plenty of wood for shafts; and I will uphold, that, according to the best usages of war, a strong battalion of pikes, drawn up in the fashion of the Lion of the North, the immortal Gustavus, would beat the Macedonian phalanx, of which I used to read in the Mareschal-College, when I studied in the ancient town of Bon-accord; and further, I will venture to predicate—"

The Captain's lecture upon tactics was here suddenly interrupted by Allan M'Aulay, who said, hastily,—*"Room for an unexpected and unwelcome guest!"*

At the same moment, the door of the hall opened, and



a grey-haired man, of a very stately appearance, presented himself to the assembly. There was much dignity, and even authority, in his manner. His stature was above the common size, and his looks such as were used to command. He cast a severe, and almost stern glance upon the assembly of Chiefs. Those of the higher rank among them returned it with scornful indifference; but some of the western gentlemen of inferior power, looked as if they wished themselves elsewhere.

"To which of this assembly," said the stranger, "am I to address myself as leader? or have you not fixed upon the person who is to hold an office at least as perilous as it is honourable?"

"Address yourself to me, Sir Duncan Campbell," said Montrose, stepping forward.

"To you!" said Sir Duncan Campbell, with some scorn.

"Yes,—to me," repeated Montrose,—"to the Earl of Montrose, if you have forgot him."

"I should now, at least," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "have had some difficulty in recognising him in disguise. And yet I might have guessed that no evil influence inferior to your lordship's, distinguished as one who troubles Israel, could have collected together this rash assembly of misguided persons."

"I will answer unto you," said Montrose, "in the manner of your own Puritans. I have not troubled Israel, but thou and thy father's house. But let us leave an altercation, which is of little consequence but to ourselves, and hear the tidings you have brought from your Chief of Argyle; for I must conclude that it is in his name that you have come to this meeting."

"It is in the name of the Marquis of Argyle," said Sir Duncan Campbell,— "in the name of the Scottish Convention of Estates, that I demand to know the meaning of this



"I HAVE NOT TROUBLED ISRAEL, BUT THOU AND THY FATHER'S HOUSE."

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singular convocation. If it is designed to disturb the peace of the country, it were but acting like neighbours, and men of honour, to give us some intimation to stand upon our guard."

"It is a singular, and new state of affairs in Scotland," said Montrose, turning from Sir Duncan Campbell to the assembly, "when Scottish men of rank and family cannot meet in the house of a common friend without an inquisitorial visit and demand, on the part of our rulers, to know the subject of our conference. Methinks our ancestors were accustomed to hold Highland huntings, or other purposes of meeting, without asking the leave either of the great M'Callum More himself, or any of his emissaries or dependents."

"The times have been such in Scotland," answered one of the Western Chiefs, "and such they will again be, when the intruders on our ancient possessions are again reduced to be Lairds of Lochow, instead of overspreading us like a band of devouring locusts."

"Am I to understand, then," said Sir Duncan, "that it is against my name alone that these preparations are directed? or are the race of Diarmid only to be sufferers in common with the whole of the peaceful and orderly inhabitants of Scotland?"

"I would ask," said a wild-looking Chief, starting hastily up, "one question of the Knight of Ardenvohr, ere he proceeds farther in his daring catechism.—Has he brought more than one life to this castle, that he ventures to intrude among us for the purposes of insult?"

"Gentlemen," said Montrose, "let me implore your patience; a messenger who comes among us for the purpose of embassy, is entitled to freedom of speech and safe-conduct. And since Sir Duncan Campbell is so pressing, I care not if I inform him, for his guidance, that he is in an assembly

of the King's loyal subjects, convoked by me, in his Majesty's name and authority, and as empowered by his Majesty's royal commission."

"We are to have, then, I presume," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "a civil war in all its forms? I have been too long a soldier to view its approach with anxiety; but it would have been for my Lord of Montrose's honour, if, in this matter, he had consulted his own ambition less, and the peace of the country more."

"Those consulted their own ambition and self-interest, Sir Duncan," answered Montrose, "who brought the country to the pass in which it now stands, and rendered necessary the sharp remedies which we are now reluctantly about to use."

"And what rank among these self-seekers," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "we shall assign to a noble Earl, so violently attached to the Covenant, that he was the first, in 1639, to cross the Tyne, wading middle deep at the head of his regiment, to charge the royal forces? It was the same, I think, who imposed the Covenant upon the burgesses and colleges of Aberdeen, at the point of sword and pike."

"I understand your sneer, Sir Duncan," said Montrose, temperately; "and I can only add, that if sincere repentance can make amends for youthful error, and for yielding to the artful representation of ambitious hypocrites, I shall be pardoned for the crimes with which you taunt me. I will at least endeavour to deserve forgiveness, for I am here, with my sword in my hand, willing to spend the best blood of my body to make amends for my error; and mortal man can do no more."

"Well, my lord," said Sir Duncan, "I shall be sorry to carry back this language to the Marquis of Argyle. I had it in farther charge from the Marquis, that, to prevent the bloody feuds which must necessarily follow a Highland war,

his lordship will be contented if terms of truce could be arranged to the north of the Highland line, as there is ground enough in Scotland to fight, upon, without neighbours destroying each other's families and inheritances."

"It is a peaceful proposal," said Montrose, smiling, "such as it should be, coming from one whose personal actions have always been more peaceful than his measures. Yet, if the terms of such a truce could be equally fixed, and if we can obtain security,—for that, Sir Duncan, is indispensable,—that your Marquis will observe these terms with strict fidelity, I, for my part, should be content to leave peace behind us, since we must needs carry war before us. But, Sir Duncan, you are too old and experienced a soldier for us to permit you to remain in our leaguer, and witness our proceedings; we shall therefore, when you have refreshed yourself, recommend your speedy return to Inverary, and we shall send with you a gentleman on our part to adjust the terms of the Highland armistice, in case the Marquis shall be found serious in proposing such a measure." Sir Duncan Campbell assented by a bow.

"My Lord of Menteith," continued Montrose, "will you have the goodness to attend Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvohr, while we determine who shall return with him to his Chief? M'Aulay will permit us to request that he be entertained with suitable hospitality."

"I will give orders for that," said Allan M'Aulay, rising and coming forward. "I love Sir Duncan Campbell; we have been joint sufferers in former days, and I do not forget it now."

"My Lord of Menteith," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "I am grieved to see you, at your early age, engaged in such desperate and rebellious courses."

"I am young," answered Menteith, "yet old enough to distinguish between right and wrong, between loyalty and

rebellion; and the sooner a good course is begun, the longer and the better have I a chance of running it."

"And you too, my friend, Allan M'Aulay," said Sir Duncan, taking his hand, "must we also call each other enemies, that have been so often allied against a common foe?" Then turning round to the meeting, he said, "Farewell, gentlemen; there are so many of you to whom I wish well, that your rejection of all terms of mediation gives me deep affliction. May Heaven," he said, looking upwards, "judge between our motives, and those of the movers of this civil commotion!"

"Amen," said Montrose; "to that tribunal we all submit us."

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *A Legend of Montrose.*

## COMMONWEALTH

### WHEN THE PRINCE WAS PRINCE INDEED

AFTER the battle of Worcester Prince Charles was for a time in disguise at Woodstock. One day as he was about to leave his apartment, he was prevented by the appearance of a cavalier, who entered with an unusual degree of swagger in his gait, and of fantastic importance on his brow. "I crave your pardon, fair sir," he said; "but, as they say in my country, when doors are open dogs enter. I have knocked and called in the hall to no purpose; so, knowing the way to this parlour, sir,—for I am a light partisan, and the road I once travel I never forget, I ventured to present myself unannounced."

"Sir Henry Lee is abroad, sir, I believe, in the Chase," said Charles, coldly, for the appearance of this somewhat vulgar debauchee was not agreeable to him at the moment, "and Master Albert Lee has left the Lodge for two or three days."

"I am aware of it, sir," said the cavalier; "but I have no business at present with either."

"And with whom is your business?" said Charles; "that is, if I may be permitted to ask—since I think it cannot in possibility be with me."

"Pardon me in turn," answered the cavalier; "in no possibility can it be imparted to any other but yourself, if you be, as I think you are, though in something better habit, Master Louis Kerneguy, the Scottish gentleman who waits upon Master Albert Lee."

"I am all you are like to find for him," answered Charles.



"In truth," said the cavalier, "I do perceive a difference, but rest and better clothing will do much; and I am glad of it, since I would be sorry to have brought a message, such as I am charged with, to a tatterdemalion."

"Let us get to the business, sir, if you please," said the King—"you have a message for me, you say?"

"True, sir," replied the cavalier; "I am Captain Wildrake, the friend of Colonel Markham Everard, sir, a tall man, and a worthy person in the field, although I could wish him a better cause—A message I have to you, it is certain, in a slight note, which I take the liberty of presenting with the usual formalities." So saying, he drew his sword, put the billet he mentioned upon the point, and, making a profound bow, presented it to Charles.

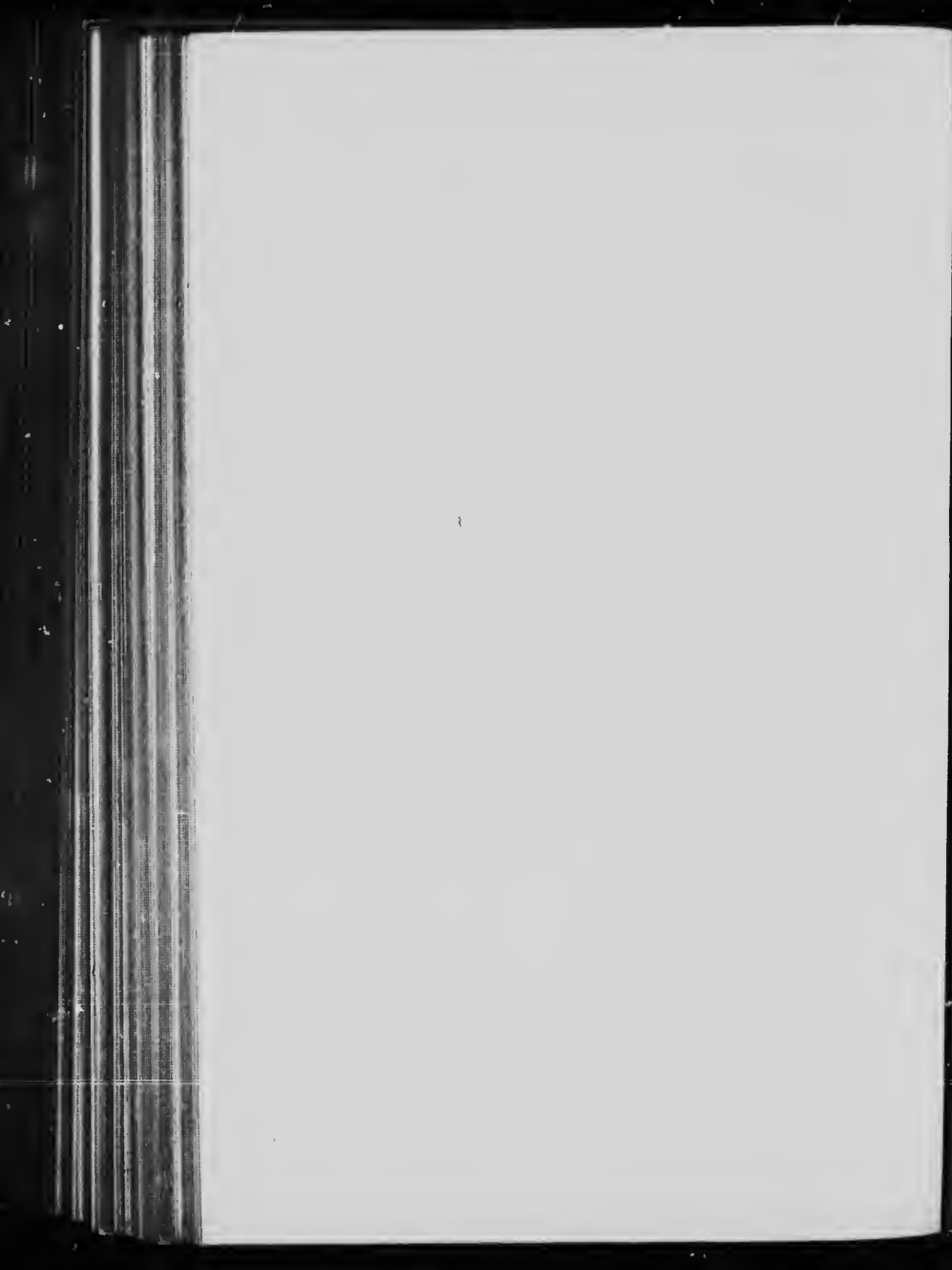
The disguised Monarch accepted of it, with a grave return of the salute, and said, as he was about to open the letter, "I am not, I presume, to expect friendly contents in an epistle presented in so hostile a manner?"

"A-hem, sir," replied the ambassador, clearing his voice, while he arranged a suitable answer, in which the mild strain of diplomacy might be properly maintained, "not utterly hostile, I suppose, sir, is the invitation, though it be such as must be construed in the commencement rather bellicose and pugnacious. I trust, sir, we shall find that a few thrusts will make a handsome conclusion of the business; and so, as my old master used to say, *Pax nascitur ex bello*. For my own poor share, I am truly glad to have been graced by my friend Markham Everard in this matter—the rather as I feared the puritan principles with which he is imbued, (I will confess the truth to you, worthy sir,) might have rendered him unwilling, from certain scruples, to have taken the gentlemanlike and honourable mode of righting himself in such a case as the present. And as I render a friend's duty to my friend, so I humbly hope, Master Louis



"A MESSAGE I HAVE TO YOU."

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Kerneguy, that I do no injustice to you, in preparing the way for the proposed meeting, where, give me leave to say, I trust, that if no fatal accident occur, we shall be all better friends when the skirmish is over than we were before it began."

"I should suppose so, sir, in any case," said Charles, looking at the letter; "worse than mortal enemies we can scarce be, and it is that footing upon which this billet places us."

"You say true, sir," said Wildrake; "it is, sir, a cartel, introducing to a single combat, for the pacific object of restoring a perfect good understanding betwixt the survivors—in case that fortunately that word can be used in the plural after the event of the meeting."

"In short, we only fight, I suppose," replied the King, "that we may come to a perfectly good and amicable understanding?"

"You are right again, sir; and I thank you for the clearness of your apprehension," said Wildrake.—"Ah, sir, it is easy to do with a person of honour and of intellect in such a case as this. And I beseech you, sir, as a personal kindness to myself, that, as the morning is like to be frosty, and myself am in some sort rheumatic—as war will leave its scars behind, sir,—I say, I will entreat of you to bring with you some gentleman of honour, who will not disdain to take part of what is going forward—a sort of pot-luck, sir,—with a poor old soldier like myself—that we may take no harm by standing unoccupied during such cold weather."

"I understand, sir," replied Charles; "if this matter goes forward, be assured I will endeavour to provide you with a suitable opponent."

"I shall remain greatly indebted to you, sir," said Wildrake; "and I am by no means curious about the quality of my antagonist.—It is true I write myself esquire and

gentleman, and should account myself especially honoured by crossing my sword with that of Sir Henry or Master Albert Lee; but, should that not be convenient, I will not refuse to present my poor person in opposition to any gentleman who has served the King, which I always hold as a sort of letters of nobility in itself, and, therefore, would on no account decline the duello with such a person."

"The King is much obliged to you, sir," said the disguised Prince, "for the honour you do his faithful subjects."

"O, sir, I am scrupulous on that point—very scrupulous.—When there is a Roundhead in question, I consult the Herald's books, to see that he is entitled to bear arms, as is Master Markham Everard, without which, I promise you, I had borne none of his cartel. But a cavalier is with me a gentleman, of course—Be his birth ever so low, his loyalty has ennobled his condition."

"It is well, sir," said the King. "This paper requests me to meet Master Everard at six to-morrow morning, at the tree called the King's Oak.—I object neither to place nor time. He proffers the sword, at which, he says, we possess some equality—I do not decline the weapon; for company, two gentlemen—I shall endeavour to procure myself an associate, and a suitable partner for you, sir, if you incline to join in the dance."

"I kiss your hand, sir, and rest yours, under a sense of obligation," answered the envoy.

"I thank you, sir," continued the King; "I will therefore be ready at place and time, and suitably furnished; and I will either give your friend such satisfaction with my sword as he requires, or will render him such cause for not doing so as he will be contented with."

"You will excuse me, sir," said Wildrake, "if my mind is too dull, under the circumstances, to conceive any alternative that can remain betwixt two men of honour in such

a case, excepting—sa—sa—!” He threw himself into a fencing position, and made a pass with his sheathed rapier, but not directed towards the person of the King, whom he addressed.

“Excuse me, sir,” said Charles, “if I do not trouble your intellects with the consideration of a case which may not occur.—But, for example, I may plead urgent employment on the part of the public.”—This he spoke in a low and mysterious tone of voice, which Wildrake appeared perfectly to comprehend; for he laid his forefinger on his nose with what he meant for a very intelligent and apprehensive nod.

“Sir,” said he, “if you be engaged in any affair for the King, my friend shall have every reasonable degree of patience—Nay, I will fight him myself in your stead, merely to stay his stomach, rather than you should be interrupted.—And, sir, if you can find room in your enterprise for a poor gentleman that has followed Lunsford and Goring, you have but to name day, time, and place of rendezvous; for truly, sir, I am tired of the scald hat, cropped hair, and undertaker’s cloak, with which my friend has bedizened me, and would willingly ruffle it out once more in the King’s cause, when whether I be banged or hanged, I care not.”

“I shall remember what you say, sir, should an opportunity occur,” said the King; “and I wish his Majesty had many such subjects. I presume our business is now settled?”

“When you shall have been pleased, sir, to give me a trifling scrap of writing, to serve for my credentials—for such, you know, is the custom—your written cartel hath its written answer.”

“That, sir, will I presently do,” said Charles, “and in good time—here are the materials.”

“And, sir,” continued the envoy—“Ahi!—ahem!—if you have interest in the household for a cup of sack—I am

a man of few words, and am somewhat hoarse with much speaking—moreover, a serious business of this kind always makes one thirsty.—Besides, sir, to part with dry lips argues malice, which God forbid should exist in such an honourable conjuncture.”

“I do not boast much influence in the house, sir,” said the King; “but if you would have the condescension to accept of this broad piece towards quenching your thirst at the George—”

“Sir,” said the cavalier, (for the times admitted of this strange species of courtesy, nor was Wildrake a man of such peculiar delicacy as keenly to dispute the matter,)—“I am once again beholden to you. But I see not how it consists with my honour to accept of such accommodation, unless you were to accompany and partake?”

“Pardon me, sir,” replied Charles, “my safety recommends that I remain rather private at present.”

“Enough said,” Wildrake observed; “poor cavaliers must not stand on ceremony. I see, sir, you understand cutter’s law—when one tall fellow has coin, another must not be thirsty. I wish you, sir, a continuance of health and happiness until to-morrow, at the King’s Oak, at six o’clock.”

“Farewell, sir,” said the King, and added, as Wildrake went down the stair whistling ‘Hey for Cavaliers!’ to which air his long rapier, jarring against the steps and banisters, bore no unsuitable burden—“Farewell, thou too just emblem of the state, to which war, and defeat, and despair, have reduced many a gallant gentleman.”

During the rest of the day, there occurred nothing peculiarly deserving of notice.

Prudence urged to the Prince the importance of his own life to the future prosecution of the great object in which he had for the present miscarried—the restoration of monarchy in England, the rebuilding of the throne, the regaining the

crown of his father, the avenging his death, and restoring to their fortunes and their country the numerous exiles, who were suffering poverty and banishment on account of their attachment to his cause. Pride too, or rather a just and natural sense of dignity, displayed the unworthiness of a Prince descending to actual personal conflict with a subject of any degree, and the ridicule which would be thrown on his memory, should he lose his life for an obscure intrigue by the hand of a private gentleman. What would his sage counsellors, Nicholas and Hyde—what would his kind and wise governor, the Marquis of Hertford, say to such an act of rashness and folly? Would it not be likely to shake the allegiance of the staid and prudent persons of the royalist party, since wherefore should they expose their lives and estates to raise to the government of a kingdom a young man who could not command his own temper? To this was to be added, the consideration that even his success would add double difficulties to his escape, which already seemed sufficiently precarious. If, stopping short of death, he merely had the better of his antagonist, how did he know that he might not seek revenge by delivering up to government the Malignant, Louis Kerneguy, whose real character could not in that case fail to be discovered?

These considerations strongly recommended to Charles that he should clear himself of the challenge without fighting: and the reservation under which he had accepted it, afforded him some opportunity of doing so.

But Passion also had her arguments, which she addressed to a temper rendered irritable by recent distress and mortification. In the first place, if he was a prince, he was also a gentleman, entitled to resent as such, and obliged to give or claim the satisfaction expected on occasion of differences among gentlemen. With Englishmen, she urged, he could never lose interest by showing himself ready,



instead of sheltering himself under his royal birth and pretensions, to come frankly forward, and maintain what he had done or said on his own responsibility. In a free nation, it seemed as if he would rather gain than lose in the public estimation by a conduct which could not but seem gallant and generous. Then a character for courage was far more necessary to support his pretensions, than any other kind of reputation; and the lying under a challenge, without replying to it, might bring his spirit into question. What would Villiers and Wilmot say of an intrigue, in which he had allowed himself to be shamefully baffled by a country girl, and had failed to revenge himself on his rival? The pasquinades which they would compose, the witty sarcasms which they would circulate on the occasion, would be harder to endure than the grave rebukes of Hertford, Hyde, and Nicholas. This reflection, added to the stings of youthful and awakened courage, at length fixed his resolution, and he returned to Woodstock determined to keep his appointment, come of it what might.

Perhaps there mingled with his resolution a secret belief that such a rencontre would not prove fatal. He was in the flower of his youth, active in all his exercises, and no way inferior to Colonel Everard in that of self-defence. At least such ideas might pass through his royal mind, as he hummed to himself a well-known ditty, which he had picked up during his residence in Scotland—

“A man may drink and not be drunk;  
A man may fight and not be slain;  
A man may kiss a bonnie lass;  
And yet be welcomed back again.”

The first person who appeared at the rendezvous was the gay cavalier Roger Wildrake. He was wrapped in his cloak, but had discarded his puritanic beaver, and wore in its stead a Spanish hat, with a feather and gilt

hatband, all of which had encountered bad weather and hard service; but to make amends for the appearance of poverty by the show of pretension, the castor was accurately adjusted after what was rather profanely called "the d-me cut," used among the more desperate cavaliers. He advanced hastily, and exclaimed aloud—"First in the field after all, by Jove, though I bilked Everard in order to have my morning draught.—It has done me much good," he added, smacking his lips.—"Well, I suppose I should search the ground ere my principal comes up, whose Presbyterian watch trudges as slow as his Presbyterian step."

He took his rapier from under his cloak, and seemed about to search the thickets around, when a cloaked figure stepped forward on the esplanade, and bowed to Wildrake.

"Master Louis Kerneguy," said Wildrake, pulling off his hat; but instantly discovering his error, he added, "But no—I beg your pardon, sir—Fatter, shorter, older.—Mr. Kerneguy's friend, I suppose, with whom I hope to have a turn by and by.—And why not now, sir, before our principals come up? just a snack to stay the orifice of the stomach, till the dinner is served, sir? What say you?"

"To open the orifice of the stomach more likely, or to give it a new one," said the unknown.

"True, sir," said Roger, who seemed now in his element; "you say well—that is as thereafter may be.—But come, sir, you wear your face muffled. I grant you, it is honest men's fashion at this unhappy time; the more is the pity. But we do all above board—we have no traitors here. I'll get into my gears first, to encourage you, and show you that you have to deal with a gentleman, who honours the King, and is a match fit to fight with any who follow him, as doubtless you do, sir, since you are the friend of Master Louis Kerneguy."

All this while, Wildrake was busied undoing the clasps of his square-caped cloak.

"Off—off, ye lendings," he said, "borrowings I should more properly call you—

'Via the curtain which shadow'd Borgia!'"

So saying, he threw the cloak from him and appeared in *cuervo*, in a most cavalier-like doublet, of greasy-crimson satin, pinked and slashed with what had been once white tiffany; breeches of the same; and nether-stocks, or, as we now call them, stockings, darned in many places, and which, like those of Pains, had been once peach-coloured. A pair of pumps, ill calculated for a walk through the dew, and a broad shoulderbelt of tarnished embroidery, completed his equipment.

"Come, sir!" he exclaimed; "make haste, off with your slough—Here I stand tight and true—as loyal a lad as ever stuck rapier through a Roundhead.—Come, sir, to your tools!" he continued; "we may have half-a-dozen thrusts before they come yet, and shame them for their tardiness.—Pshaw!" he exclaimed, in a most disappointed tone, when the unknown, unfolding his cloak, showed a clerical dress; "Tush! it's but the parson after all!"

Wildrake's respect for the Church, however, and his desire to remove one who might possibly interrupt a scene to which he looked forward with peculiar satisfaction, induced him presently to assume another tone.

"I beg pardon," he said, "my dear Doctor Rochecliffe—I kiss the hem of your cassock—I do, by the thundering Jove—I beg your pardon again.—But I am happy I have met with you—They are raving for your presence at the Lodge—to marry, or christen, or bury, or confess, or something very urgent.—For Heaven's sake, make haste!"

"At the Lodge?" said the Doctor; "why, I left the Lodge this instant—I was there later, I am sure, than you could be, who came the Woodstock road."

"Well," replied Wildrake, "it is at Woodstock they want

you.—Rat it, did I say the Lodge?—No, no—Woodstock—  
 Mine host cannot be hanged—his daughter married—his  
 bastard christened, or his wife buried—without the assist-  
 ance of a real clergyman—Your Holdenhoughs won't do for  
 them.—He's a true man, mine host; so, as you value your  
 function, make haste."

"You will pardon me, Master Wildrake," said the Doctor—  
 "I wait for Master Louis Kerneguy."

"The devil you do!" exclaimed Wildrake. "Why, I  
 always knew the Scots could do nothing without their  
 minister; but d—n it, I never thought they put them to this  
 use neither. But I have known jolly customers in orders,  
 who understood to handle the sword as well as their  
 prayerbook. You know the purpose of our meeting,  
 Doctor. Do you come only as a ghostly comforter—or  
 as a surgeon, perhaps—or do you ever take bilboa in  
 hand?—Sa, sa!"

Here he made a fencing demonstration with his sheathed  
 rapier.

"I have done so, sir, on necessary occasion," said Doctor  
 Rochecliffe.

"Good sir, let this stand for a necessary one," said Wild-  
 rake. "You know my devotion for the Church. If a divine  
 of your skill would do me the honour to exchange but three  
 passes with me, I should think myself happy for ever."

"Sir," said Rochecliffe smiling, "were there no other ob-  
 jection to what you propose, I have not the means—I have  
 no weapon."

"What? you want the *de quoi?* that is unlucky indeed.  
 But you have a stout cane in your hand—what hinders our  
 trying a pass (my rapier being sheathed of course) until our  
 principals come up? My pumps are full of this frost-dew;  
 and I shall be a toe or two out of pocket, if I am to stand  
 still all the time they are stretching themselves; for, I fancy,

Doctor, you are of my opinion, that the matter will not be a fight of cock-sparrows."

"My business here is to make it, if possible, be no fight at all," said the divine.

"Now, rat me, Doctor, but that is too spiteful," said Wildrake; "and were it not for my respect for the Church, I could turn Presbyterian, to be revenged."

"Stand back a little, if you please, sir," said the Doctor; "do not press forward in that direction."—As Wildrake, in the agitation of his movements, induced by his disappointment, approached the spot whence the doctor had emerged.

"And wherefore not, I pray you, Doctor?" said the cavalier.

But on advancing a step, he suddenly stopped short, and muttered to himself, with a round oath of astonishment, "A petticoat in the coppice, by all that is reverend, and at this hour in the morning—*Whew—ew—ew!*"—He gave vent to his surprise in a long low interjectional whistle; then turning to the Doctor, with his finger on the side of his nose, "You're sly, Doctor, d—d sly! But why not give me a hint of your—your commodity there—your contraband goods? Gad, sir, I am not a man to expose the eccentricities of the Church."

"Sir," said Doctor Rochecliffe, "you are impertinent; and if time served, and it were worth my while, I would chastise you."

And the Doctor, who had served long enough in the wars to have added some of the qualities of a captain of horse to those of a divine, actually raised his cane, to the infinite delight of the rake, whose respect for the Church was by no means able to subdue his love of mischief.

"Nay, Doctor," said he, "if you wield your weapon back-sword fashion, in that way, and raise it as high as your head,

I shall be through you in a twinkling." So saying he made a pass with his sheathed rapier, not precisely at the Doctor's person, but in that direction; when Rochecliffe, changing the direction of his cane from the broadsword guard to that of the rapier, made the cavalier's sword spring ten yards out of his hand, with all the dexterity of my friend Francalanza. At this moment both the principal parties appeared on the field.

Everard exclaimed angrily to Wildrake, "Is this your friendship? In Heaven's name, what make you in that fool's jacket, and playing the pranks of a jack-pudding?" while his worthy second, somewhat crestfallen, held down his head, like a boy caught in roguery, and went to pick up his weapon, stretching his head, as he passed, into the coppice, to obtain another glimpse, if possible, of the concealed object of his curiosity.

Charles, in the meantime, still more surprised at what he beheld, called out on his part—"What! Doctor Rochecliffe become literally one of the church militant, and tilting with my friend Cavalier Wildrake? May I use the freedom to ask him to withdraw, as Colonel Everard and I have some private business to settle?"

It was Doctor Rochecliffe's cue, on this important occasion, to have armed himself with the authority of his sacred office, and used a tone of interference which might have overawed even a monarch, and made him feel that his monitor spoke by a warrant higher than his own. But the indiscreet latitude he had just given to his own passion, and the levity in which he had been detected, were very unfavourable to his assuming that superiority, to which so uncontrollable a spirit as that of Charles, wilful as a prince, and capricious as a wit, was at all likely to submit. The Doctor did, however, endeavour to rally his dignity, and replied, with the gravest, and at the same time the most respectful, tone he could

assume, that he also had business of the most urgent nature, which prevented him from complying with Master Kerneguy's wishes, and leaving that spot.

"Excuse this untimely interruption," said Charles, taking off his hat, and bowing to Colonel Everard, "which I will immediately put an end to."

Everard gravely returned his salute, and was silent.

"Are you mad, Doctor Rochecliffe?" said Charles—"or are you deaf?—or have you forgotten your mother-tongue? I desired you to leave this place."

"I am not mad," said the divine, rousing up his resolution, and regaining the natural firmness of his voice—"I would prevent others from being so; I am not deaf—I would pray others to hear the voice of reason and religion; I have not forgotten my mother-tongue—but I have come hither to speak the language of the Master of kings and princes."

"To fence with broomsticks, I should rather suppose," said the King—"Come, Doctor Rochecliffe, this sudden fit of assumed importance befits you as little as your late frolic. You are not, I apprehend, either a Catholic priest or a Scotch Mass-John to claim devoted obedience from your hearers, but a Church of England man, subject to the rules of that Communion—and to its HEAD." In speaking the last words, the King sunk his voice to a low and impressive whisper. Everard observing this, drew back, the natural generosity of his temper directing him to avoid overhearing private discourse, in which the safety of the speakers might be deeply concerned. They continued, however, to observe great caution in their forms of expression.

"Master Kerneguy," said the clergyman, "it is not I who assume authority or control over your wishes—God forbid; I do but tell you what reason, Scripture, religion, and morality, alike prescribe for your rule of conduct."

"And I, Doctor," said the King, smiling, and pointing

to the unlucky cane, "will take your example rather than your precept. If a reverend clergyman will himself fight a bout at single-stick, what right can he have to interfere in gentlemen's quarrels?—Come, sir, remove yourself, and do not let your present obstinacy cancel former obligations."

"Bethink yourself," said the divine,—"I can say one word which will prevent all this."

"Do it," replied the King, "and in doing so belie the whole tenor and actions of an honourable life—abandon the principles of your Church, and become a perjured traitor and an apostate, to prevent another person from discharging his duty as a gentleman! This were indeed killing your friend, to prevent the risk of his running himself into danger. Let the Passive Obedience, which is so often in your mouth and no doubt in your head, put your feet for once into motion, and step aside for ten minutes. Within that space your assistance may be needed, either as body-curer or soul-curer."

"Nay then," said Doctor Rochecliffe, "I have but one argument left."

While this conversation was carried on apart, Everard had almost forcibly detained by his own side his follower, Wildrake, whose greater curiosity and lesser delicacy would otherwise have thrust him forward, to get, if possible, into the secret. But when he saw the Doctor turn into the cop-pice, he whispered eagerly to Everard—"A gold Carolus to a commonwealth farthing, the Doctor has not only come to preach a peace, but has brought the principal conditions along with him!"

Everard made no answer; he had already unsheathed his sword; and Charles hardly saw Rochecliffe's back fairly turned, than he lost no time in following his example. But ere they had done more than salute each other, with the usual courteous flourish of their weapons, Doctor Rochecliffe



again stood between them, leading in his hand Alice Lee, her garments dank with dew, and her long hair heavy with moisture, and totally uncurled. Her face was extremely pale, but it was the paleness of desperate resolution, not of fear. There was a dead pause of astonishment—the combatants rested on their swords—and even the forwardness of Wildrake only vented itself in half-suppressed ejaculations, as, “Well done, Doctor—this beats the ‘parson among the pease’—No less than your patron’s daughter—and Mistress Alice, whom I thought a very snowdrop, turned out a dog-violet after all—a Lindabrides, by heavens, and altogether one of ourselves!”

Excepting these unheeded mutterings, Alice was the first to speak.

“Master Everard,” she said—“Master Kerneguy, you are surprised to see me here—Yet, why should I not tell the reason at once? Convinced that I am, however guiltlessly, the unhappy cause of your misunderstanding, I am too much interested to prevent fatal consequences to pause upon any step which may end it.—Master Kerneguy, have my wishes, my entreaties, my prayers—have your noble thoughts—the recollections of your own high duties, no weight with you in this matter? Let me entreat you to consult reason, religion, and common sense, and return your weapon.”

“I am obedient as an Eastern slave, madam,” answered Charles, sheathing his sword; “but I assure you, the matter about which you distress yourself is a mere trifle, which will be much better settled betwixt Colonel Everard and myself in five minutes. than with the assistance of the whole Convocation of the Church, with a female parliament to assist their reverend deliberations.—Mr. Everard, will you oblige me by walking a little farther?—We must change ground, it seems.”

"I am ready to attend you, sir," said Everard, who had sheathed his sword as soon as his antagonist did so.

"I have then no interest with you, sir," said Alice, continuing to address the King—"Do you not fear I should use the secret in my power to prevent this affair going to extremity? Think you this gentleman, who raises his hand against you, if he knew"—

"If he knew that I were Lord Wilmot, madam, you would say?—Accident has given him proof to that effect, with which he is already satisfied, and I think you would find it difficult to induce him to embrace a different opinion."

Alice paused, and looked on the King with great indignation, the following words dropping from her mouth by intervals, as if they burst forth one by one in spite of feelings that would have restrained them—"Cold—selfish—ungrateful—unkind!—Woe to the land which"—Here she paused with marked emphasis, then added—"which shall number thee, or such as thee, among her nobles and rulers!"

"Nay, fair Alice," said Charles, whose good-nature could not but feel the severity of this reproach, though too slightly to make all the desired impression, "You are too unjust to me—too partial to a happier man. Do not call me unkind; I am but here to answer Mr. Everard's summons. I could neither decline attending, nor withdraw now I am here, without loss of honour; and my loss of honour would be a disgrace which must extend to many—I cannot fly from Mr. Everard—it would be too shameful. If he abides by his message, it must be decided as such affairs usually are. If he retreats or yields it up, I will, for your sake, wave punctilio. I will not even ask an apology for the trouble it has afforded me, but let all pass as if it were the consequence of some unhappy mistake, the grounds of which shall remain on my part unenquired into.—This I will do for your sake, and it is much for a man of honour

to condescend so far—You know that the condescension from me in particular is great indeed. Then do not call me ungenerous, or ungrateful, or unkind, since I am ready to do all, which, as a man, I can do, and more perhaps than as a man of honour I ought to do.”

“Do you hear this, Markham Everard?” exclaimed Alice—“do you hear this?—The dreadful option is left entirely at your disposal. You were wont to be temperate in passion, religious, forgiving—will you, for a mere punctilio, drive on this private and unchristian broil to a murderous extremity? Believe me, if you now, contrary to all the better principles of your life, give the reins to your passions, the consequences may be such as you will rue for your lifetime, and even, if Heaven have not mercy, rue after your life is finished.”

Markham Everard remained for a moment gloomily silent, with his eyes fixed on the ground. At length he looked up, and answered her—“Alice, you are a soldier’s daughter—a soldier’s sister. All your relations, even including one whom you then entertained some regard for, have been made soldiers by these unhappy discords. Yet you have seen them take the field—in some instances on contrary sides, to do their duty where their principles called them, without manifesting this extreme degree of interest. Answer me—and your answer shall decide my conduct—Is this youth, so short while known, already of more value to you than those dear connexions, father, brother, and kinsman, whose departure to battle you saw with comparative indifference?—Say this, and it shall be enough—I leave the ground, never to see you or this country again.”

“Stay, Markham, stay; and believe me when I say, that if I answer your question in affirmative, it is because Master Kerneguy’s safety comprehends more, much more, than that of any of those you have mentioned.”

"Indeed! I did not know a coronet had been so superior in value to the crest of a private gentleman," said Everard; "yet I have heard that many women think so."

"You apprehend me amiss," said Alice, perplexed between the difficulty of so expressing herself as to prevent immediate mischief, and at the same time anxious to combat the jealousy and disarm the resentment which she saw arising in the bosom of her lover. But she found no words fine enough to draw the distinction, without leading to a discovery of the King's actual character, and perhaps, in consequence, to his destruction. "Markham," she said "have compassion on me. Press me not at this moment—believe me, the honour and happiness of my father, of my brother, and of my whole family, are interested in Master Kerneguy's safety—are inextricably concerned in this matter resting where it now does."

"Oh, ay—I doubt not," said Everard; "the House of Lee ever looked up to nobility, and valued in their connexions the fantastic loyalty of a courtier beyond the sterling and honest patriotism of a plain country gentleman. For them, the thing is in course. But on your part, you, Alice—O! on your part, whom I have loved so dearly—who has suffered me to think that my affection was not unrepaid—Can the attractions of an empty title, the idle court compliments of a mere man of quality, during only a few hours, lead you to prefer a libertine lord to such a heart as mine?"

"No, no—believe me, no," said Alice, in the extremity of distress.

"Put your answer, which seems so painful, in one word, and say for whose safety it is you are thus deeply interested?"

"For both—for both," said Alice.

"That answer will not serve, Alice," answered Everard—"here is no room for equality. I must and will know to what I have to trust. I understand not the paltering, which

makes a maiden unwilling to decide betwixt two suitors; nor would I willingly impute to you the vanity that cannot remain contented with one lover at once."

The vehemence of Everard's displeasure, when he supposed his own long and sincere devotion lightly forgotten, amid the addresses of a profligate courtier, awakened the spirit of Alice Lee, who had a portion in her temper of the lion-humour that was characteristic of her family.

"If I am thus misinterpreted," she said—"if I am not judged worthy of the least confidence or candid construction, hear my declaration, and my assurance, that, strange as my words may seem, they are, when truly interpreted, such as do you no wrong.—I tell you—I tell all present—and I tell this gentleman himself, who well knows the sense in which I speak, that his life and safety are, or ought to be, of more value to me than those of any other man in the kingdom—nay, in the world, be that other who he will."

These words she spoke in a tone so firm and decided, as admitted no farther discussion. Charles bowed low and with gravity, but remained silent. Everard, his features agitated by the emotions which his pride barely enabled him to suppress, advanced to his antagonist, and said, in a tone which he vainly endeavoured to make a firm one, "Sir, you heard the lady's declaration, with such feelings, doubtless of gratitude, as the case eminently demands. As her poor kinsman, and an unworthy suitor, sir, I presume to yield my interest in her to you; and, as I will never be the means of giving her pain, I trust you will not think I act unworthily in retracting the letter which gave you the trouble of attending this place at this hour.—Alice," he said, turning his head towards her, "Farewell, Alice, at once, and for ever!"

The poor young lady, whose adventitious spirit had almost deserted her, attempted to repeat the word farewell, but,

failing in the attempt, only accomplished a broken and imperfect sound, and would have sunk to the earth, but for Doctor Rochecliffe, who caught her as she fell. Roger Wildrake, also, who had twice or thrice put to his eyes what remained of a kerchief, interested by the lady's evident distress, though unable to comprehend the mysterious cause, hastened to assist the divine in supporting so fair a burden.

Meanwhile, the disguised Prince had beheld the whole in silence, but with an agitation to which he was unwonted, and which his swarthy features, and still more his motions, began to betray. His posture was at first absolutely stationary, with his arms folded on his bosom, as one who waits to be guided by the current of events; presently after, he shifted his position, advanced and retired his foot, clenched and opened his hand, and otherwise showed symptoms that he was strongly agitated by contending feelings,—was on the point, too, of forming some sudden resolution, and yet still in uncertainty what course he should pursue.

But when he saw Markham Everard, after one look of unspeakable anguish towards Alice, turning his back to depart, he broke out into his familiar ejaculation, "Odds-fish! this must not be." In three strides he overtook the slowly retiring Everard, tapped him smartly on the shoulder, and, as he turned round, said, with an air of command, which he well knew how to adopt at pleasure, "One word with you, sir."

"At your pleasure, sir," replied Everard, and naturally conjecturing the purpose of his antagonist to be hostile, took hold of his rapier with the left hand, and laid the right on the hilt, not displeased at the supposed call; for anger is at least as much akin to disappointment as pity is said to be to love.

"Pshaw!" answered the King, "that cannot be now—Colonel Everard, I am CHARLES STEWART!"

Everard recoiled in the greatest surprise, and next exclaimed, "Impossible—it cannot be!—The King of Scots has escaped from Bristol.—My Lord Wilmot, your talents for intrigue are well known—but this will not pass upon me."

"The King of Scots, Master Everard," replied Charles—"since you are so pleased to limit his sovereignty—at any rate, the Eldest Son of the late Sovereign of Britain,—is now before you; therefore it is impossible he could have escaped from Bristol. Doctor Rochecliffe shall be my voucher, and will tell you, moreover, that Wilmot is of a fair complexion, and light hair—mine, you may see, is swart as a raven."

Rochecliffe, seeing what was passing, abandoned Alice to the care of Wil Drake, whose extreme delicacy in the attempts he made to bring her back to life, formed an amiable contrast to his usual wildness, and occupied him so much, that he remained for the moment ignorant of the disclosure in which he would have been so much interested. As for Doctor Rochecliffe, he came forward, wringing his hands in all the demonstration of extreme anxiety, and with the usual exclamations attending such a state.

"Peace, Doctor Rochecliffe!" said the King, with a complete self-possession as indeed became a prince—"We are in the hands, I am satisfied, of a man of honour. Master Everard must be pleased in finding only a fugitive prince in the person in whom he thought he had discovered a successful rival. He cannot but be aware of the feelings which prevented me from taking advantage of the cover which this young lady's devoted loyalty afforded me, at the risk of her own happiness. He is the party who is to profit by my candour; and certainly I have a right to expect that my condition, already indifferent enough, shall not be rendered worse by his becoming privy to it, under such

circumstances. At any rate, the avowal is made; and it is for Colonel Everard to consider how he is to conduct himself."

"Oh, your Majesty!—my Liege!—my King!—my royal Prince!" exclaimed Wildrake, who, at length discovering what was passing, had crawled on his knees, and seizing the King's hand, was kissing it, more like a child mumbling gingerbread, or like a lover devouring the yielded hand of his mistress, than in the manner in which such salutations pass at court—"If my dear friend Mark Everard should prove a dog on this occasion, rely on me I will cut his throat on the spot, were I to do the same for myself the moment afterwards!"

"Hush, hush, my good friend and loyal subject," said the King, "and compose yourself; for though I am obliged to put on the Prince for a moment, we have not privacy or safety to receive our subjects in King Cambyse's vein."

Everard, who had stood for a time utterly confounded, awoke at length like a man from a dream.

"Sire," he said, bowing low, and with profound deference, "if I do not offer you the homage of a subject with knee and sword, it is because God, by whom kings reign, has denied you for the present the power of ascending your throne without rekindling civil war. For your safety being endangered by me, let not such an imagination for an instant cross your mind. Had I not respected your person—were I not bound to you for the candour with which your noble avowal has prevented the misery of my future life, your misfortunes would have rendered your person as sacred, so far as I can protect it, as it could be esteemed by the most devoted Royalist in the kingdom. If your plans are soundly considered, and securely laid, think that all which is now passed is but a dream. If they are in such a state that I can aid them, saving my duty to the Com-



monwealth, which will permit me to be privy to no schemes of actual violence, your Majesty may command my services."

"It may be I may be troublesome to you, sir," said the King; "for my fortunes are not such as to permit me to reject even the most limited offers of assistance; but if I can, I will dispense with applying to you—I would not willingly put any man's compassion at war with his sense of duty on my account.—Doctor, I think there will be no farther tilting to-day, either with sword or cane; so we may as well return to the Lodge, and leave these"—looking at Alice and Everard—"who may have more to say in explanation."

"No—no!" exclaimed Alice, who was now perfectly come to herself, and partly by her own observation, and partly from the report of Dr. Rochecliffe, comprehended all that had taken place—"My cousin Everard and I have nothing to explain; he will forgive me for having riddled with him when I dared not speak plainly; and I forgive him for having read my riddle wrong. But my father has my promise—we must not correspond or converse for the present—I return instantly to the Lodge and he to Woodstock, unless you, sire," bowing to the King, "command his duty otherwise.—Instant to the town, cousin Markham; and if danger should approach, give us warning."

Everard would have delayed her departure, would have excused himself for his unjust suspicion, would have said a thousand things; but she would not listen to him, saying, for all other answer,—“Farewell, Markham, till God send better days!”

"She is an angel of truth and beauty," said Roger Wildrake; "and I, like a blasphemous heretic, called her a Lindabrides!—But has your Majesty—craving your pardon—no commands for poor Hodge Wildrake, who will blow out his own or any other man's brains in England, to do your Grace a pleasure?"

"We entreat our good friend Wildrake to do nothing hastily," said Charles, smiling; "such brains as his are rare, and should not be rashly dispersed, as the like may not be easily collected. We recommend him to be silent and prudent—to tilt no more with loyal clergymen of the Church of England, and to get himself a new jacket with all convenient speed, to which we beg to contribute our royal aid. When fit time comes, we hope to find other service for him."

As he spoke, he slid ten pieces into the hand of poor Wildrake, who, confounded with the excess of his loyal gratitude, blubbered like a child, and would have followed the King, had not Doctor Rochecliffe, in few words, but peremptory, insisted that he should return with his patron, promising him he should certainly be employed in assisting the King's escape, could an opportunity be found of using his services.

"Be so generous, reverend sir, and you bind me to you for ever," said the cavalier; "and I conjure you not to keep malice against me on account of the foolery you wot of."

"I have no occasion, Captain Wildrake," said the Doctor, "for I think I had the best of it."

"Well then, Doctor, I forgive you on my part; and I pray you, for Christian charity, let me have a finger in this good service; for as I live in hope of it, rely that I shall die of disappointment."

While the doctor and soldier thus spoke together, Charles took leave of Everard, (who remained uncovered while he spoke to him,) with his usual grace—"I need not bid you no longer be jealous of me," said the King; "for I presume you will scarce think of a match betwixt Alice and me, which would be too losing a one on her side. For other thoughts, the wildest libertine could not entertain them towards so high-minded a creature; and believe me, that

my sense of her merit did not need this last distinguished proof of her truth and loyalty. I saw enough of her from her answers to some idle sallies of gallantry, to know with what a lofty character she is endowed. Mr. Everard, her happiness I see depends on you, and I trust you will be the careful guardian of it. If we can take any obstacle out of the way of your joint happiness, be assured we will use our influence.—Farewell, sir; if we cannot be better friends, do not at least let us entertain harder or worse thoughts of each other than we have now.”

There was something in the manner of Charles that was extremely affecting; something, too, in his condition as a fugitive in the kingdom which was his own by inheritance, that made a direct appeal to Everard’s bosom—though in contradiction to the dictates of that policy which he judged it his duty to pursue in the distracted circumstances of the country. He remained, as we have said, uncovered; and in his manner testified the highest expression of reverence, up to the point when such might seem a symbol of allegiance. He bowed so low as almost to approach his lips to the hand of Charles—but he did not kiss it.—“I would rescue your person, sir,” he said, “with the purchase of my own life. More”—He stopped short, and the King took up his sentence where it broke off—“More you cannot do,” said Charles, “to maintain an honourable consistency—but what you have said is enough. You cannot render homage to my proffered hand, as that of a sovereign, but you will not prevent my taking yours as a friend, if you allow me to call myself so—I am sure, as a well-wisher at least.”

The generous soul of Everard was touched—He took the King’s hand, and pressed it to his lips.

“Oh!” he said, “were better times to come—”

“Bind yourself to nothing, dear Everard,” said the good-natured Prince, partaking his emotion—“We reason ill while

our feelings are moved. I will recruit no man to his loss, nor will I have my fallen fortunes involve those of others, because they have humanity enough to pity my present condition. If better times come, why we will meet again, and I hope to our mutual satisfaction. If not, as your future father-in-law would say," (a benevolent smile came over his face, and accorded not unmeetly with his glistening eyes,)—"If not, this parting was well made."

Everard turned away with a deep bow, almost choking under contending feelings; the uppermost of which was a sense of the generosity with which Charles, at his own imminent risk, had cleared away the darkness that seemed about to overwhelm his prospects of happiness for life—mixed with a deep sense of the perils by which he was environed.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Woodstock*.

## CHARLES II

### WHEN THE PRINCE WAS KING

THE royal barge paused at the Tower; and, accompanied by a laughing train of ladies and of courtiers, the gay monarch made the echoes of the old prison-towers ring with the unwonted sounds of mirth and revelry. As they ascended from the river-side to the centre of the building, where the fine old keep of William the Conqueror, called the White Tower, predominates over the exterior defences, Heaven only knows how many gallant jests, good or bad, were run on the comparison of his Majesty's State prison to that of Cupid, and what killing similes were drawn between the ladies' eyes and the guns of the fortress, which, spoken with a fashionable *congé*, and listened to with a smile from a fair lady, formed the fine conversation of the day.

This gay swarm of flutterers did not, however, attend close on the King's person, though they had accompanied him upon his party on the river. Charles, who often formed manly and sensible resolutions, though he was too easily diverted from them by indolence or pleasure, had some desire to make himself personally acquainted with the state of the military stores, arms, etc., of which the Tower was then, as now, the magazine; and, although he had brought with him the usual number of his courtiers, only three or four attended him on the scrutiny which he intended. Whilst, therefore, the rest of the train amused themselves as they might in other parts of the Tower, the King, accompanied by the Dukes of Buckingham, Ormond, and one

or two others, walked through the well-known hall, in which is preserved the most splendid magazine of arms in the world, and which, though far from exhibiting its present extraordinary state of perfection, was even then an arsenal worthy of the great nation to which it belonged.

The Duke of Ormond, well known for his services during the great Civil War, was at present rather on cold terms with his sovereign, who nevertheless asked his advice on many occasions, and who required it on the present amongst others, when it was not a little feared that the Parliament, in their zeal for the Protestant religion, might desire to take the magazines of arms and ammunition under their own exclusive orders. While Charles sadly hinted at such a termination of the popular jealousies of the period, and discussed with Ormond the means of resisting, or evading it, Buckingham, falling a little behind, amused himself with ridiculing the antiquated appearance and embarrassed demeanour of the old warder who attended on the occasion. The duke prosecuted his raillery with the greater activity, that he found the old man, though restrained by the place and presence, was rather upon the whole testy, and disposed to afford what sportsmen call *play* to his persecutor. The various pieces of ancient armour with which the wall was covered, afforded the principal source of the duke's wit, as he insisted upon knowing from the old man, who, he said, could best remember matters from the days of King Arthur downwards at the least, the history of the different warlike weapons, and anecdotes of the battles in which they had been wielded. The old man obviously suffered, when he was obliged, by repeated questions, to tell the legends (often sufficiently absurd) which the tradition of the place had assigned to particular relics. Far from flourishing his partisan, and augmenting the emphasis of his voice, as was and is the prevailing fashion

of these warlike *ciceroni*, it was scarcely possible to extort from him a single word concerning those topics on which their information is usually overflowing.

"Do you know, my friend," said the duke to him at last, "I begin to change my mind respecting you. I supposed you must have served as a Yeoman of the Guard since bluff King Henry's time, and expected to hear something from you about the Field of the Cloth of Gold,—and I thought of asking you the colour of Anne Bullen's breast-knot, which cost the Pope three kingdoms; but I am afraid you are but a novice in such recollections of love and chivalry. Art sure thou didst not creep into thy warlike office from some dark shop in the Tower Hamlets, and that thou hast not converted an unlawful measuring-yard into that glorious halberd?—I warrant thou canst not even tell one whom this piece of antique panoply pertained to?"

The duke pointed at random to a cuirass which hung amongst others, but was rather remarkable from being better cleansed.

"I should know that piece of iron," said the warder bluntly, yet with some change in his voice; "for I have known a man within side of it who would not have endured half the impertinence I have heard spoken to-day."

The tone of the old man, as well as the words, attracted the attention of Charles and the Duke of Ormond, who were only two steps before the speaker. They both stopped, and turned round; the former saying at the same time,—  
"How now, sirrah!—what answers are these?—What man do you speak of?"

"Of one who is none now," said the warder, "whatever he may have been."

"The old man surely speaks of himself," said the Duke of Ormond, closely examining the countenance of the warder, which he in vain endeavoured to turn away. "I

am sure I remember these features—Are not you my old friend Major Coleby?"

"I wish your Grace's memory had been less accurate," said the old man, colouring deeply, and fixing his eyes on the ground.

The king was greatly shocked.—"Good God!" he said, "the gallant Major Coleby, who joined us with his four sons and a hundred and fifty men at Warrington!—And is this all we could do for an old Worcester friend?"

The tears rushed thick into the old man's eyes as he said, in broken accents, "Never mind me, sire; I am well enough here—a worn-out soldier rusting among old armour. Where one old Cavalier is better, there are twenty worse.—I am sorry your Majesty should know anything of it, since it grieves you."

With that kindness which was a redeeming point of his character, Charles, while the old man was speaking, took the partisan from him with his own hand, and put it into that of Buckingham, saying, "What Coleby's hand has borne, can disgrace neither yours nor mine,—and you owe him this atonement. Time has been with him, that, for less provocation, he would have laid it about your ears."

The duke bowed deeply, but coloured with resentment, and took an immediate opportunity to place the weapon carelessly against a pile of arms. The King did not observe a contemptuous motion, which, perhaps, would not have pleased him, being at the moment occupied with the veteran, whom he exhorted to lean upon him, as he conveyed him to a seat, permitting no other person to assist him. "Rest there," he said, "my brave old friend; and Charles Stuart must be poor indeed, if you wear that dress an hour longer.—You look very pale, my good Coleby, to have had so much colour a few minutes since. Be not vexed at what Buckingham says, no one minds his folly.—You look worse



and worse. Come, come, you are too much hurried by this meeting. Sit still—do not rise—do not attempt to kneel. I command you to repose yourself till I have made the round of these apartments.”

The old cavalier stooped his head in token of acquiescence in the command of his sovereign, but he raised it not again. The tumultuous agitation of the moment had been too much for spirits which had been long in a state of depression, and health which was much decayed. When the King and his attendants, after half-an-hour's absence, returned to the spot where they had left the veteran, they found him dead, and already cold, in the attitude of one who has fallen easily asleep. The King was dreadfully shocked; and it was with a low and faltering voice that he directed the body, in due time, to be honourably buried in the chapel of the Tower. He was then silent, until he attained the steps in front of the arsenal, where the party in attendance upon his person began to assemble at his approach, along with some other persons of respectable appearance, whom curiosity had attracted.

“This is dreadful,” said the King. “We must find some means of relieving the distresses and rewarding the fidelity of our suffering followers, or posterity will cry fie upon our memory.”

“Your Majesty has had often such plans agitated in your Council,” said Buckingham.

“True, George,” said the King. “I can safely say it is not my fault. I have thought of it for years.”

“It cannot be too well considered,” said Buckingham; “besides, every year makes the task of relief easier.”

“True,” said the Duke of Ormond, “by diminishing the number of sufferers. Here is poor old Coleby will no longer be a burden to the crown.”

“You are too severe, my Lord of Ormond,” said the



"THE OLD CAVALIER STOOPED HIS HEAD—BUT RAISED IT NOT AGAIN."



King, "and should respect the feelings you trespass on. You cannot suppose that we would have permitted this poor man to hold such a situation, had we known of the circumstance?"

"For God's sake, then, sire" said the Duke of Ormond, "turn your eyes, which have just rested on the corpse of one old friend, upon the distresses of others. Here is the valiant old Sir Geoffrey Peveril of the Peak, who fought through the whole war, wherever blows were going, and was the last man, I believe, in England, who laid down his arms—Here is his son, of whom I have the highest accounts, as a gallant of spirit, accomplishments, and courage—Here is the unfortunate House of Derby—For pity's sake, interfere in behalf of these victims, whom the folds of this hydra-plot have entangled, in order to crush them to death—rebuke the fiends that are seeking to devour their lives, and disappoint the harpies that are gaping for their property. This very day seven-night, the unfortunate family, father and son are to be brought upon trial for crimes of which they are as guiltless, I boldly pronounce, as any who stand in this presence. For God's sake, sire, let us hope that, should the prejudices of the people condemn them, as it has done others, you will at last step in between the blood-hunters and their prey."

The King looked, as he really was, exceedingly perplexed. —Buckingham, between whom and Ormond there existed a constant and almost mortal quarrel, interfered to effect a diversion in Charles's favour. "Your Majesty's royal benevolence," he said, "needs never want exercise, while the Duke of Ormond is near your person. He has his sleeve cut in the old and ample fashion, that he may always have store of ruined cavaliers stowed in it to produce at demand, rare old raw-boned boys, with Malmsey noses, bald heads, spindle shanks and merciless histories of Edgehill and Naseby."

"My sleeve is, I daresay, of an antique cut," said Ormond, looking full at the duke; "but I pin neither bravoës nor ruffians upon it, my Lord of Buckingham, as I see fastened to coats of the new mode."

"That is a little too sharp for our presence, my lord," said the King.

"Not if I make my words good," said Ormond.—"My Lord of Buckingham, will you name the man you spoke to as you left the boat?"

"I spoke to no one," said the duke hastily—"Nay, I mistake, I remember a fellow whispered in my ear, that one, who I thought had left London, was still lingering in town. A person whom I had business with."

"Was yon the messenger?" said Ormond, singling out from the crowd, who stood in the court-yard, a tall, dark-looking man, muffled in a large cloak, wearing a broad shadowy black beaver hat, with a long sword of the Spanish fashion.

When Buckingham's eyes had followed the direction of Ormond's finger, he could not help blushing so deeply as to attract the King's attention.

"What new frolic is this, George?" he said. "Gentlemen, bring that fellow forward. On my life, a truculent-looking caitiff.—Hark ye, friend, who are you? If an honest man, Nature has forgot to label it upon your countenance.—Does none here know him?"

'With every symptom of a knave complete,  
If he be honest, he's a devilish cheat.'

"He is well known to many, sire," replied Ormond; "and that he walks in this area with his neck safe, and his limbs unshackled, is an instance, amongst many, that we live under the sway of the most merciful prince of Europe."

"Oddsfish! who is the man, my lord Duke?" said the King. "Your Grace talks mysteries--Buckingham blushes--and the rogue himself is dumb."

"That honest gentleman, please your Majesty," replied the Duke of Ormond, "whose modesty makes him mute, though it cannot make him blush, is the notorious Colonel Blood, as he calls himself, whose attempt to possess himself of your Majesty's royal crown took place at no very distant date, in this very Tower of London."

"That exploit is not easily forgotten," said the King; "but that the fellow lives, shows your Grace's clemency as well as mine."

"I cannot deny that I was in his hands, sire," said Ormond, "and had certainly been murdered by him, had he chosen to take my life on the spot, instead of destining me—I thank him for the honour—to be hanged at Tyburn. I had certainly been sped, if he had thought me worth knife or pistol, or anything short of the cord.—Look at him, sire! If the rascal dared, he would say at this moment, like Caliban in the play, 'Ho, ho, I would I had done it!'"

"Why, oddsfish!" answered the King, "he hath a villainous sneer, my lord, which seems to say as much; but my lord Duke, we have pardoned him, and so has your Grace."

"It would ill have become me," said the Duke of Ormond, "to have been severe in prosecuting an attempt on my poor life, when your Majesty was pleased to remit his more outrageous and insolent attempt upon your royal crown. But I must conceive it as a piece of supreme insolence on the part of this bloodthirsty bully, by whomsoever he may be now backed, to appear in the Tower, which was the theatre of one of his villainies, or before me, who was well-nigh the victim of another."

"It shall be amended in future," said the King. "Hark ye. Sirrah Blood, if you again presume to thrust yourself

in the way you have done but now, I will have the hangman's knife and your knavish ears made acquainted."

Blood bowed, and, with a coolness of impudence which did his nerves great honour, he said he had only come to the Tower accidentally, to communicate with a particular friend on business of importance. "My lord Duke of Buckingham," he said, "knew he had no other intentions."

"Get you gone, you scoundrelly cut-throat," said the duke, as much impatient of Colonel Blood's claim of acquaintance, as a town-rake of the low and blackguard companions of his midnight rambles, when they accost him in daylight amidst better company; "if you dare to quote my name again, I will have you thrown into the Thames."

Blood, thus repulsed, turned round with the most insolent composure, and walked away down from the parade, all men looking at him, as at some strange and monstrous prodigy, so much was he renowned for daring and desperate villainy. Some even followed him, to have a better survey of the notorious Colonel Blood, like the smaller tribe of birds which keep fluttering round an owl when he appears in the light of the sun. But as, in the latter case, these thoughtless flutterers are careful to keep out of reach of the beak and claws of the bird of Minerva, so none of those who followed and gazed on Blood as something ominous, cared to bandy looks with him, or to endure and return the lowering and deadly glances which he shot from time to time on those who pressed nearest to him. He stalked on in this manner, like a daunted, yet sullen wolf, afraid to stop, yet unwilling to fly, until he reached the Traitor's Gate, and, getting on board a sculler which waited for him, he disappeared from their eyes.

Charles would fain have obliterated all recollection of his appearance, by the observation, "It were shame that such a reprobate scoundrel should be the subject of dis-

cord between two noblemen of distinction;" and he recommended to the Dukes of Buckingham and Ormond to join hands, and forget a misunderstanding which rose on so unworthy a subject.

Buckingham answered carelessly, "That the Duke of Ormond's honoured white hairs were a sufficient apology for his making the first overtures to a reconciliation;" and he held out his hand accordingly. But Ormond only bowed in return, and said, "The King had no cause to expect that the court would be disturbed by his personal resentments, since time would not yield him back twenty years, nor the grave restore his gallant son Ossory. As to the ruffian who had intruded himself there he was obliged to him, since, by showing that his Majesty's clemency extended even to the very worst of criminals, he strengthened his hopes of obtaining the King's favour for such of his innocent friends as were now in prison, and in danger, from the odious charges brought against them on the score of the Popish Plot."

The King made no other answer to this insinuation than by directing that the company should embark for their return to Whitehall; and thus took leave of the officers of the Tower who were in attendance, with one of those well-turned compliments to their discharge of duty, which no man knew better how to express; and issued at the same time strict and anxious orders for protection and defence of the important fortress confided to them, and all which it contained.

Before he parted with Ormond on their arrival at Whitehall, he turned round to him, as one who has made up his resolution, and said, "Be satisfied, my lord Duke—our friends' case shall be looked to."

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Peveril of the Peak.*



## JAMES II

### HOW THE KING LEFT HIS KINGDOM

THE 10th of December, 1688, was a damp and gloomy evening; a mist hung like a pall over the great and populous city, and the atmosphere seemed as if heavy with threatened trouble. Sounds of sorrow came with the wind that flapped to the shutters of many a neglected and deserted house; the lamps in the public ways were untrimmed; yet, though there was much commotion, there was no rioting. The streets were thick with mud, as they are after the rushing by of a great multitude; and the squares were silent and lonely in their grandeur. Around the barracks, and in front of the public offices, where sentries usually stood, there was an activity, a stir, an orderly and well-regulated excitement—the only excitement in which military men, while on duty, indulge. At times was heard a rolling out of field-pieces from the army stores, and the grating sound of burnishing up old weapons. In the various forges, horses were standing to be shod; and good sober citizens were grouped round the doors, waiting to have rusty rifles cleaned, and old swords made new: persons so employed showed most strangely in the garish and uncertain light of watch and forge fires; or in the gleam of torches that strove to dispel the darkness of the coming and murky night.

Basil Sydney, Captain in the King's Guards, repaired as usual to Whitehall, and—the prey of numberless contending feelings—heard and waited, waited and heard, expecting some movement would be made for restraining or meeting the army, which it was positively known was advancing by

forced marches towards London. Still nothing was done, nothing arranged by the incompetent King. A Privy Council had been held—ministers, priests, and ambassadors were continually driving backwards and forwards to and from Whitehall; but many of the guards, and nearly all the Protestant noblemen, had left the unpopular James to his fate.

"Sydney, why are you waiting here?" enquired an officer, as he passed. "The game's up; princes, and not Kings, must win the trick."

"That is precisely why I wait," replied Basil. "If James Stuart ceases to be a King, he does not cease to be a man: to-morrow, as to-day, will see Basil Sydney at his post."

"Addio, Cavaliero!" said the other; "but I thought you were pledged long ago."

"Whatever pledge I have given, I will redeem," replied Basil; and recommenced his solitary walk along the great vestibule.

"Captain Sydney, I believe?" observed a stranger, bowing to him as he passed along.

Basil also bowed.

"His Majesty will have no farther occasion for your services to-night; but your company must remain ready for immediate service. You do not know me, I believe?"

Basil replied in the negative.

"I am Sir Edward Hales."

Sydney bowed low to one of the few gentlemen who had the moral courage to befriend a deserted king.

Passing to his quarters, the night darkened, and at a corner of one of the narrow streets, a hand rested on, or rather grasped his arm—and he heard a stern voice say:

"Come with me."

"Whither?" enquired Basil.

"Even to the pass whence evil would fain issue from our country; but as Satan bore the light of the morning

upon his wings, when he escaped from Paradise, so shall the man of Belial take with him the knowledge of the truth, although he need it not."

"You speak in riddles," replied the young soldier, who perceiving that something was afoot followed the person who had thus accosted him.

The two soon reached the banks of the Thames, and the young officer noted that it was one of those unfrequented spots where straggling warehouses stretched their gigantic lengths along the river's brink, like long uncouth ledgers on a merchant's desk. There was no sound in the air—no stir on the lead-coloured waters—all was hushed and calm, but it seemed like the cold calmness of destroyed hopes, rather than the natural quiet of an English night. After remaining for some minutes under the shadow of a brick wall, a splash in the river drew Basil's eye towards a particular spot, when he saw what had hitherto escaped his observation—a boat was close in to the bank, but the man had lain down in it, to avoid being seen. As he was about to mention the circumstance, his companion prevented him by placing his mouth to his ear, and whispering "Silence!"—and there was a silence so dread, so long, that Basil sincerely wished it broken, or that he was in his own quarters. His companion stood like a thing of stone—his arms folded, his head thrown back, his feet as if rooted in the earth: suddenly a low soft whistle crept through the air, and one, still lower, replied from the boat; then three man, or rather, two and a youth, came stealthily forward—and Basil felt that the stranger trembled from head to foot, like one in a violent ague fit.

"The Lord hath delivered him into mine hand," he muttered between his teeth, "and shall I not do his bidding?"

Basil Sydney saw him fumbling in his bosom; and he feared lest some political opponent was now within his

reach, upon whom vengeance was about to fall. He seized his hand, enquiring "What would ye?" And as the stranger shook him off, he said,

"Peace, peace!—it is the King! I will not lift my hand against the Lord's anointed: but you, Basil Sydney, must hear, and bear testimony to the last lesson I will read to him who forgot the vows he vowed in God's holy presence." He rushed forward, and, as the unfortunate monarch was about to step into the boat, seized his mantle, while his trusty companion, Sir Edward Hales, shouted "Treachery!" and the King, with the courage of a true Stuart, drew his sword.

"Sir Edward Hales, peace! I seek to do your King no wrong; but," continued the enthusiast, "I mean that James Stuart shall listen to the truth from the lips of—" His voice sunk as he named his name, and the King returned his sword into the scabbard.

"It is not now the time. You would not have dared this in the open day," replied the monarch.

"No; because you have hunted me as a wild beast—set a price upon my head—dogged me—outlawed me—and why? Because I had been the bosom friend of Hampden, of Cromwell, of Sydney, of Russell—ay, you may well shudder at his name—the name of your murdered victim! To the end of your days you shall live a mark of scorn, for the finger of Europe to point at, because of your foolishness!—your children shall die childless; and the son you importuned God to give you shall be an outcast from, and yet a curse to, his native land. James—the wavering—the bigoted—the revengeful King—will be wafted by curses from the English shores."

"This is unmanly," interrupted Sir Edward Hales, who was paralysed at first by the suddenness and impetuosity of the fanatic. "Will your Majesty proceed, and suffer me

to deal with him?" He stood between them, more than half unsheathing his sword, and covering with his body his unhappy master, who, without reply, entered the frail boat that was to convey him to Gravesend.

The enthusiast thwarted in his intention of enumerating the misdeeds of the monarch, continued his invectives after the boat had reached the centre of the river, where James, standing on the prow, flung the great seal of England into the waters, and continued silently weeping tears of weak disappointment until he arrived at the ship that was to bear him from his crown and kingdom.

Basil Sydney remained a calm, but a most interested, spectator of this strange scene.

This last act of the besotted James was, in every view, so extraordinary and so unexpected, that Basil could not account for it. He walked away completely absorbed in his thoughts, when the blazing torches and the loud shouts of the mob, as they yelled forth "Jeffreys—Jeffreys!—bring forth the head of the bloody assizes! bring forth the unjust judge!" burst upon him, with the full conviction that Jeffreys, knowing of the king's intention, wisely thought that London would be, according to the phrase, "too hot to hold him," and was recognised, most probably, while leaving his own dwelling, with the intention of following the king's example.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Basil, "if Jeffreys is really in the house they have attacked, they will most surely murder him."

"It is not murder, by the laws either of God or man," replied the outlaw. "Did not the Lord permit the dogs to lick the blood of Jezebel? Jezebel might be esteemed a saint compared to him. I have seen him gloat over human suffering: I have heard his laugh, like that of the hyena, mingle with the groans of his tortured victims. Dared he to have drunk blood and feasted on human

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“’TIS HE ! ’TIS HE !”

flesh, it would have been the banquet his soul loved best. Now let retributive justice deal with him; let him drink of the cup he hath mixed; let despair upon earth be the prelude to the eternal fire that waits for him; the time of the miscreant is come; the measure of his iniquity is at length full."

Burning torches were applied against the stubborn doors and windows; the frightful yells redoubled as they gave way; and the miserable man was dragged forth to meet his doom. Had he been a thousand times the wretch he was, Basil could not have resisted the impulse he felt to save him from the clubs and knives of the infuriated populace, who, to render his identity indisputable, tossed high their torches into the air, until the atmosphere appeared on fire, shouting "'Tis he! 'tis he!"

Although his face was already disfigured by blood, there was a firmness and a bravery about the man that interested Basil still more for him; he scorned the creatures who had compassed his destruction: never was contempt more strongly marked on human countenance than upon his, as alone he bayed the throng that thirsted for his blood.

Basil rushed forward with the intention of rescuing him, if it were possible; but was effectually checked by the crowd. He looked again, Jeffreys was on his knees; they dragged him down, and—but Basil saw no more.

Mrs. HALL, *The Outlaw*.



## WILLIAM AND MARY

### SHOWING THAT MONARCHS ARE HUMAN

WILLIAM AND MARY took much interest in the red-brick house which the magnificent Cardinal Wolsey formed into a palace. The new King had little taste for the picturesque; his style of gardening was a map of his mind; everything was cut, and square, and mathematical: the very trees were shorn of their just proportions, and clipped into order; the gravel was all, to a pebble, of the same size; and the grass defied all the proverbs as to growing; at least, it never could be observed to grow. Workmen were employed in measuring, with extreme exactness, the distance between the trees they planted; for William loved to review his plantations as he did his soldiers,—in lines.

Dutch gardeners, too, were superintending English labourers in the improvements, and certainly their appearance would have been in better keeping with a Dutch than with an English landscape: they looked so broad in their full wide trousers and flat red caps, as if they were cut out of one of Teniers' pictures, and placed there,—on, not of, the scene. The English soldiers seemed discontented; and talked of the wars in Ireland, and Duke Schomberg, and the Scottish disturbances, as if they longed to participate in them, instead of wasting their time in needless idleness. They lounged about the entrance without mixing at all with the Dutch guards, who seemed both at home and comfortable in their new quarters, and discussed pipe after pipe with great perseverance and equanimity; while our troops, by whom smoking was held in abhorrence,

affected to turn up their noses with disgust at the smell of the tobacco, in which their visitors so evidently luxuriated.

There were no cardinals, no cowls, no Catholics crowding the entrance, and saying plainly by their looks, "We are lords of the ascendant here." Seated on one of the long window-seats, delighting all by his vivacious and flexible manners, the Lord Halifax was endeavouring to convince the plausible, enterprising, but most obstinate Danby of the fitness of some political measure, which the other contested with more strength than wit; while Halifax's arguments were like the sportive but destructive lightning playing round the battlements of a sturdy tower, possessing the power, but wanting the will, to destroy what deserved its veneration. Godolphin, looking modest, remaining silent, but with his own peculiar sagacity unravelling all state intrigues, and trying them by the test of his pure and inflexible uprightness; he leaned against the tapestry, amused by the contrasted characters of two such remarkable men. Mordaunt, soon afterwards created Earl of Monmouth, was standing upright, his arms folded on his well-formed chest; his open, generous countenance beaming good-humouredly upon all who came within his ken; while his frank, determined manner, and firmness of carriage, told truly that he was more of a republican than a lover of kings.

Bishop Burnet enjoyed, with oily dignity and good-humour, his return to his native country, and the anticipation of increased preferment, which he had doubtless a right to expect; indeed, such preferment seemed a settled matter, for very many clergymen, beneficed and unbeneficed, were bowing to the knee, and, while waiting for the king, paying wise court to the minister. Some, it is to be hoped, for their own sake, venerated Burnet on higher grounds; but there are few in this world sufficiently independent not to

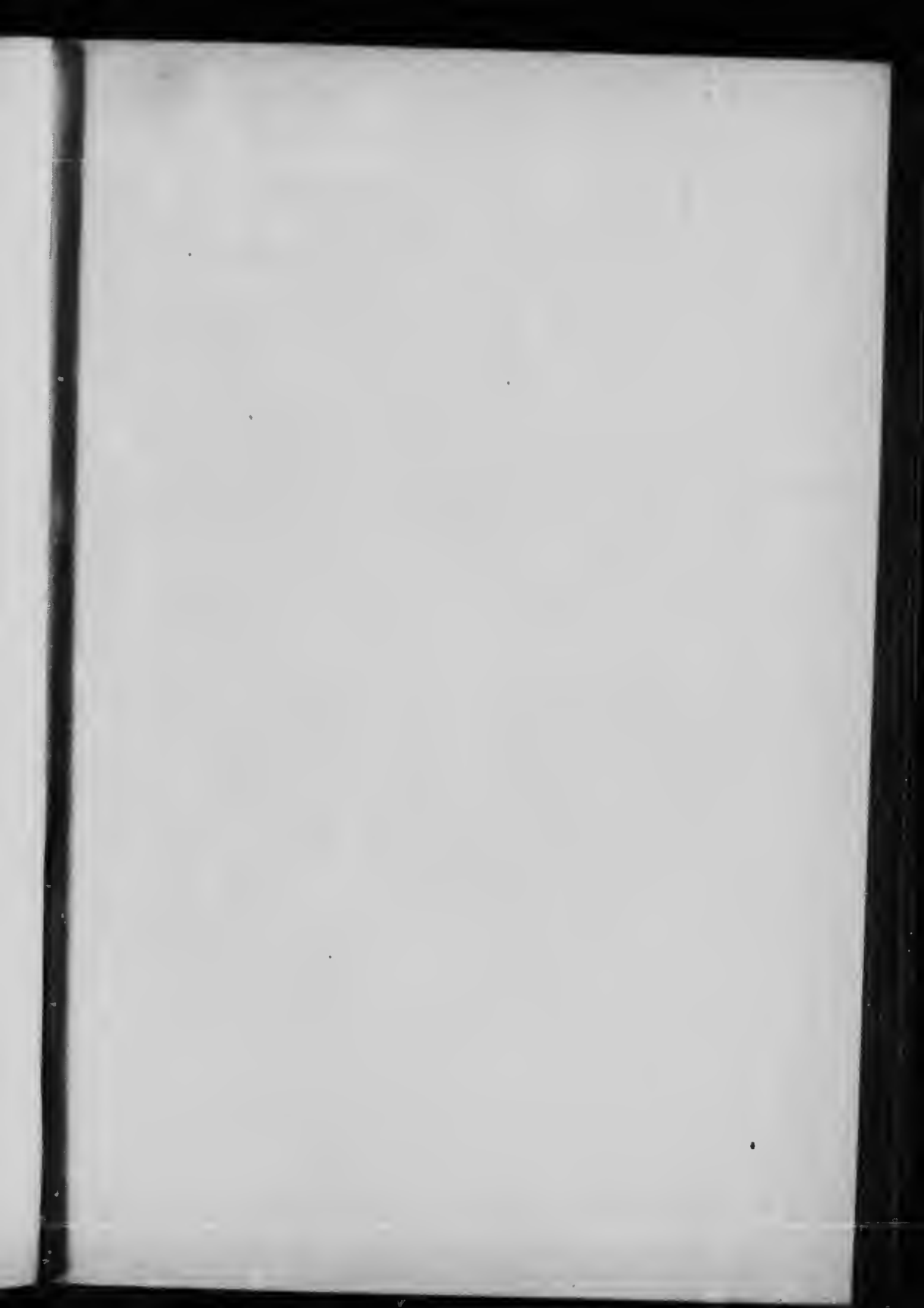
bow to a man in power, no matter what his principles may be. The Earl of Dorset was looking great in the matter of chains and new appointments, and appeared a very gracious Lord Chamberlain; while Leefdale, the King's favourite page, with the sly consciousness of secret knowledge, saluted each comer with the exact proportion of obeisance which his rank or prospects entitled him to expect.

But the court still wore an unsettled air; and, while much gaiety characterised the mere courtiers, it was evident, that the heads and hands of ministers were full of business.

"Oh," said one youth to Sir Charles Sedley, whose wit and readiness of repartee seemed to increase rather than diminish with his years—"oh, my lord! the late king, I hear, is more outrageous at your ingratitude, as he calls it, than at the disaffection of the whole country."

"Indeed!" replied the wit, pausing on his way, for he was withdrawing from a private audience;—"indeed!" And taking a huge pinch of snuff from his jewelled box, he held it for a moment between his finger and thumb, repeated the word "Indeed!" a third time, and then added: "James does me more honour than I anticipated; he gives me his fears where I expected his thanks. He made my daughter a countess, I made his daughter a queen."

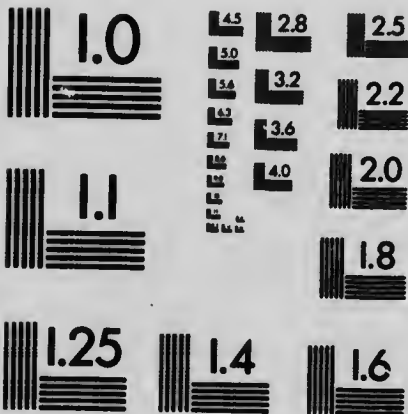
While this and other chatter employed and amused the courtiers, Mary of England was wandering from room to room, from chamber to chamber of the palace, which she had hardly learned to think her own. Many of the apartments recalled to her the scenes of her childhood; there was the closet where she had often played with Anne of Denmark, before politics or state intrigues had sown in their young minds the dissensions which even at that early period of her reign were ripening into the full bitterness of sisterly animosity.





# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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AND ON YONDER LAWN SHE PLAYED MANY AND MANY  
A TIME.

*Face p. 311*

Here, her mother had talked to, and fondled her; and on yonder lawn, that William's gardeners were cutting up into square patches, she had played, many and many a time, with her merry uncle Charles and his little dogs: the full tide of affectionate remembrances swelled in her large blue eyes. She was, indeed, a queen!—had given a crown and sceptre to her husband; she sat on the Stuarts' throne—she held the destinies of three kingdoms within her grasp; the crown of England pressed upon her brow before the time that nature had appointed it so to do—and she was not happy. She trod not with the free foot of a legal queen, but stealthily in her father's palace, for so she could not avoid thinking that it was! As this thought came upon her she shuddered; and knowing she was alone, she sank upon a sofa, and her eyes wandered to the portraits that hung upon the walls: there, the dark and melancholy Charles the First seemed to reproach her for sanctioning a revolution, without calling to mind that a revolution had cost him his head. There, too, shrouded almost by his black and clustering curls—his large hazel eyes looking kindly but sadly on her—was her uncle Charles. A little farther, another portrait—her father's. She remembered the very day that portrait had been hung. She remembered how her father raised her in his arms, that she might kiss it. She remembered nothing more: but bursting into an uncontrollable flood of tears, she sank upon her knees before it, and only uttered a sentence, between the sobbing of her bursting heart—"Father, father! forgive your child!" She covered her face with her hands; and though not one who revelled in the turbulent feelings of nature, they now completely overpowered her. She had been taught to control her emotions by him who was more her counsellor and her guide than her husband; and as his voice called "Mary!" and repeated the sweet name with an effort of tenderness



which it assumed but seldom, she felt ashamed of having indulged in perhaps the most creditable emotion she had felt since her childhood's days. When roused by his voice, she raised her eyes, she saw William had with his own hands removed the picture.

"Oh, do not! do not!" she exclaimed. "Indeed, indeed, I will not again yield to such feelings."

Her husband's cold but sparkling eyes gleamed upon her; and his large white forehead and high aquiline nose stood out in bold relief from the curtain, whose heavy crimson folds fell to the ground behind him.

"I will try you," he said, calmly replacing it, "for you seldom dispute either a will or an opinion with me; but your Majesty must be aware how very singular this would have appeared if any of your attendants had entered and noted those tears."

He gazed on his wife's lovely and regular features, disturbed and flushed by recent agitation; and the stateliness of the king, the gravity of the commander, were lost in the feelings of the man. He kissed her cheek, wiped away her tears with his own kerchief, and, passing his arm fondly round her slender waist, said—

"So, my Mary finds this state troublesome?"

She shook her head and smiled, "It gives you the rank and station you deserve, and I am satisfied."

"Satisfied!" repeated William, in anything but a satisfied voice; "only satisfied?"

"Happy, quite happy," she added.

"And yet," said he, "who knows but future historians may say that William of Nassau might have passed for one of the best princes of his age, if he had remained at the head of his little republic, instead of ascending the throne of Great Britain! But I must leave you. One of our warmest friends, yet most troublesome advisers, is now

waiting audience. Yet your presence will be useful; for he is a turbulent and discontented man, more fitted for the Americans, where savage power bears down a freedom which will hereafter triumph, than for the civilised but restricted politics of England."

"Think you not there are many such?" inquired the queen respectfully.

"Many; and I dread to leave you regent over such perturbed spirits. Yet, to Ireland I must go: nothing else will quell disturbance."

Mary's features assumed an expression of deep anxiety as she replied—

"Whatever you direct I will perform. And yet! my father, William! He is there. Think you the glittering crown can repay me for all the struggles I endure? He is still my father. The peril of both lives—"

"How difficult it is," interrupted the king, "to find a queen who forgets she is a woman! The people threw the sovereign power at my feet. I did not even stoop to pick it up. I—nay, Mary, you are grown weak—I hate those tears. Kings should have hearts of iron,—strong and cold. What you call kindness is a wonderful thawer of men's purposes. I shall expect you to behave during this unavoidable difficulty as befits—"

William paused, and looked upon her. She laid her hand upon his arm, and added—"Your wife."

The king appeared satisfied, but nothing more; and Mary continued—"Shall I go with you now?"

"Perhaps you had better retire, and when you are quite composed, join us in the purple closet."

"As you please," replied the ever obedient queen; "but I am now quite composed."

"It is best always to go into society perfectly free from

all sorts of a variation," said the king: "it is impossible to say how one's firmness may be tried."

The queen, knowing from experience that the two things her husband loved best in the world were silence and obedience, entered her dressing-room, where everything was rather good than gorgeous; while he proceeded to the purple closet.

Mrs. HALL, *The Outlaw*.

## ANNE

### HOW SOME OF THE BATTLES OF ENGLAND WERE FOUGHT

DURING the whole of the year which succeeded that in which the glorious battle of Ramillies had been fought, our army made no movement of importance, much to the disgust of very many of our officers remaining inactive in Flanders, who said that his Grace the Captain-General had had fighting enough, and was all for money now, and the enjoyment of his five thousand a year and his splendid palace at Woodstock, which was now being built. And his Grace had sufficient occupation fighting his enemies at home this year, where it began to be whispered that his favour was decreasing, and his Duchess losing her hold on the queen, who was transferring her royal affections to the famous Mrs. Masham, and Mrs. Masham's humble servant, Mr. Harley. Against their intrigues, our Duke passed a great part of his time intriguing. Mr. Harley was got out of office, and his Grace, in so far, had a victory. But Her Majesty, convinced against her will, was of that opinion still, of which the poet says people are when so convinced, and Mr. Harley before long had his revenge.

Meanwhile the business of fighting did not go on any way to the satisfaction of Marlborough's gallant lieutenants. During all 1707, with the French before us, we had never so much as a battle; our army in Spain was utterly routed at Almanza by the gallant Duke of Berwick; and we of Webb's, which regiment the young Duke had commanded before his father's abdication, were a little proud to think that it was our colonel who had achieved this victory. "I

think if I had had Galway's place, and my Fusileers," says our general, "we would not have laid down our arms, even to our old colonel, as Galway did;" and Webb's officers swore if we had had Webb, at least we would not have been taken prisoners. Our dear old general talked incautiously of himself and of others; a braver or a more brilliant soldier never lived than he; but he blew his honest trumpet rather more loudly than became a commander of his station, and, mighty man of valour as he was, shook his great spear and blustered before the army too fiercely.

The Chevalier (the king of England, as some of us held him) went from Dunkirk to the French army to make the campaign against us. The Duke of Burgundy had the command this year, having the Duke of Berry with him, and the famous Mareschal Vendosme and the Duke of Matignon to aid him in the campaign. Holtz, who knew everything that was passing in Flanders and France (and the Indies for what I know), insisted that there would be no more fighting in 1708 than there had been in the previous year, and that our commander had reasons for keeping him quiet. Indeed, the general, who was known as a grumbler, and to have a hearty mistrust of the great Duke, and hundreds more officers besides, did not scruple to say that these private reasons came to the Duke in the shape of crown-pieces from the French king, by whom the Generalissimo was bribed to avoid a battle. There were plenty of men in our lines, quidnuncs, to whom Mr. Webb listened only too willingly, who could specify the exact sums the Duke got, how much fell to Cadogan's share, and what was the precise fee given to Doctor Hare.

And the successes with which the French began the campaign of 1708 served to give strength to these reports of treason, which were in everybody's mouth. Our general allowed the enemy to get between us and Ghent, and

declined to attack him though for eight-and-forty hours the armies were in presence of each other. Ghent was taken, and on the same day Monsieur de la Mothe summoned Bruges; and these two great cities fell into the hands of the French without firing a shot. A few days afterwards La Mothe seized upon the fort of Plashendall: and it began to be supposed that all Spanish Flanders, as well as Brabant, would fall into the hands of the French troops; when the Prince Eugene arrived from the Mozelle, and then there was no more shilly-shallying.

The Prince of Savoy always signalled his arrival at the army by a great feast (my Lord Duke's entertainments were both seldom and shabby); and I remember our general returning from this dinner with the two commanders-in-chief; his honest head a little excited by wine, which was dealt out much more liberally by the Austrian than by the English commander:—"Now," says my general, slapping the table, with an oath, "he must fight; and when he is forced to it, d— it, no man in Europe can stand up against Jack Churchill." Within a week the battle of Oudenarde was fought, when, hate each other as they might, Esmond's general and the commander-in-chief were forced to admire each other, so splendid was the gallantry of each upon this day.

The brigade commanded by Major-General Webb gave and received about as hard knocks as any that were delivered in that action, in which Mr. Esmond had the fortune to serve at the head of his own company in his regiment, under the command of their own colonel as major-general; and it was his good luck to bring the regiment out of action as commander of it, the four senior officers above him being killed in the prodigious slaughter which happened on that day. I like to think that Jack Haythorn, who sneered at me for being a bastard and a parasite of Webb's,

as he chose to call me, and with whom I had had w  
shook hands with me the day before the battle be  
Three days before, poor Brace, our lieutenant-colonel, had  
heard of his elder brother's death, and was heir to a  
baronetcy in Norfolk, and four thousand a year. Fate,  
that had left him harmless through a dozen campaigns,  
seized on him just as the world was worth living for, and  
he went into action knowing, as he said, that the luck was  
going to turn against him. The major had just joined us—  
a creature of Lord Marlborough's, put in much to the dis-  
like of the other officers, and to be a spy upon us, as it  
was said. I know not whether the truth was so, nor who  
took the tattle of our mess to headquarters, but Webb's  
regiment, as its colonel, was known to be in the com-  
mander-in-chief's black books: "And if he did not dare to  
break it up at home," our gallant old chief used to say,  
"he was determined to destroy it before the enemy;" so  
that poor Major Proudfoot was put into a post of danger.

Esmond's dear young viscount, serving as aide-de-camp  
to my lord duke, received a wound, and won an honour-  
able name for himself in the *Gazette*; and Captain Esmond's  
name was sent in for promotion by his general, too, whose  
favourite he was. It made his heart beat to think that  
certain eyes at home, the brightest in the world, might read  
the page on which his humble services were recorded;  
but his mind was made up steadily to keep out of their  
dangerous influence, and to let time and absence conquer  
that passion he had still lurking about him.

We of the English party in the army, who were inclined  
to sneer at everything that came out of Hanover, and to  
treat as little better than boors and savages the Elector's  
Court and family, were yet forced to confess that, on the  
day of Oudenarde, the young Electoral Prince, then making  
his first campaign, conducted himself with the spirit and

courage of an approved soldier. On this occasion his Electoral Highness had better luck than the King of England, who was with his cousins in the enemy's camp, and had to run with them at the ignominious end of the day. With the most consummate generals in the world before them, and an admirable commander on their own side, they chose to neglect the counsels, and to rush into a combat with the former, which would have ended in the utter annihilation of their army but for the great skill and bravery of the Duke of Vendosme, who remedied, as far as courage and genius might, the disasters occasioned by the squabbles and follies of his kinsmen, the legitimate princes of the blood royal.

"If the Duke of Berwick had but been in the army, the fate of the day would have been very different," was all that poor Mr. von Holtz could say; "and you would have seen that the hero of Almanza was fit to measure swords with the conqueror of Blenheim."

The business relative to the exchange of prisoners was always going on, and was at least the ostensible one which kept Mr. Holtz perpetually on the move between the forces of the French and the Allies. I can answer for it, that he was once very near hanged as a spy by Major-General Wayne, when he was released and sent on to headquarters, by a special order of the Commander-in-Chief. He came and went, always favoured, wherever he was, by some high though occult protection. He carried messages between the Duke of Berwick and his uncle, our Duke. He seemed to know as well what was taking place in the Prince's quarters as in our own; he brought the compliments of the King of England to some of our officers, the gentlemen of Webb's among the rest, for their behaviour on that great day; and after Wynendael, when our general was chafing at the neglect of our Commander-in-Chief, he said he knew how that



action was regarded by the chiefs of the French army, and that the stand made before Wynendael Wood was the passage by which the Allies entered Lille.

"Ahl" says Holtz (and some folks were very willing to listen to him), "if the King came by his own, how changed the conduct of affairs would be! His Majesty's very exile has this advantage, that he is enabled to read England impartially, and to judge honestly of all the eminent men. His sister is always in the hand of one greedy favourite or another, through whose eyes she sees, and to whose flattery or dependants she gives away everything. Do you suppose that His Majesty, knowing England so well as he does, would neglect such a man as General Webb? He ought to be in the House of Peers, as Lord Lydiard. The enemy and all Europe know his merit; it is that very reputation which certain great people, who hate all equality and independence, can never pardon." It was intended that these conversations should be carried to Mr. Webb. They were welcome to him, for great as his services were, no man could value them more than John Richmond Webb did himself, and the differences between him and Marlborough being notorious, his Grace's enemies in the army and at home began to court Webb, and set him up against the all-grasping, domineering chief. And soon after the victory of Oudenarde, a glorious opportunity fell into General Webb's way, which that gallant warrior did not neglect, and which gave him the means of immensely increasing his reputation at home.

After Oudenarde, and against the counsels of Marlborough, it was said, the Prince of Savoy sat down before Lille, the capital of French Flanders, and commenced that siege, the most celebrated of our time, and almost as famous as the siege of Troy itself for the feats of valour performed in the assault and the defence. The enmity of the Prince

of Savoy against the French king was a furious personal hate, quite unlike the calm hostility of our great English general, who was no more moved by the game of war than that of billiards, and pushed forward his squadrons, and drove his red battalions hither and thither, as calmly as he would combine a stroke or make a cannon with the balls. The game over (and he played it so as to be pretty sure to win it), not the least animosity against the other party remained in the breast of this consummate tactician. Whereas between the Prince of Savoy and the French it was *guerre à mort*. Beaten off in one quarter, as he had been in Toulon in the last year, he was back again on another frontier of France, assailing it with his indefatigable fury. When the Prince came to the army, the smouldering fires of war were lighted up, and burst out into a flame. Our phlegmatic Dutch allies were made to advance at a quick march—our calm Duke forced into action. The Prince was an army in himself against the French; the energy of his hatred, prodigious, indefatigable—infectious over hundreds of thousands of men. The Emperor's General was repaying, and with a vengeance, the slight the French king had put upon the fiery little Abbé of Savoy. Brilliant and famous as a leader himself, and beyond all measure daring and intrepid, and enabled to cope with almost the best of those famous men of war who commanded the armies of the French king, Eugene had a weapon, the equal of which could not be found in France since the cannon-shot of Sasbach laid low the noble Turenne, and could hurl Marlborough at the heads of the French host, and crush them as with a rock, under which all the gathered strength of their strongest captains must go down. The English duke took little part in that vast siege of Lille, which the Imperial Generalissimo pursued with all his force and vigour, further than to cover the besieging

lines from the Duke of Burgundy's army, between which and the Imperialists our duke lay. Once, when Prince Eugene was wounded, our duke took his Highness's place in the trenches; but the siege was with the Imperialists, not with us. A division under Webb and Rantzau was detached into Artois and Picardy upon the most painful and odious service that Mr. Esmond ever saw in the course of his military life. The wretched towns of the defenceless provinces, whose young men had been drafted away into the French armies, which year after year the insatiable war devoured, were left at our mercy; and our orders were to show them none. We found places garrisoned by invalids, and children and women; poor as they were, and as the costs of this miserable war had made them, our commission was to rob these almost starving wretches—to tear the food out of their granaries, and strip them of their rags. 'Twas an expedition of rapine and murder we were sent on: our soldiers did deeds such as an honest man must blush to remember. We brought back money and provisions in quantity to the Duke's camp; there had been no one to resist us, and yet who dares to tell with what murder and violence, with what brutal cruelty, outrage, insult, that ignoble booty had been ravished from the innocent and miserable victims of the war?

Meanwhile, gallantly as the operations before Lille had been conducted, the Allies had made but little progress, and 'twas said when we returned to the Duke of Marlborough's camp, that the siege would never be brought to a satisfactory end, and that the Prince of Savoy would be forced to raise it. My Lord Marlborough gave this as his opinion openly; those who mistrusted him, and Mr. Esmond owns himself to be the number, hinted that the Duke had his reasons why Lille should not be taken, and that he was paid to that end by the French King. If this was so, and

I believe it, General Webb had now a remarkable opportunity of gratifying his hatred of the Commander-in-Chief, of balking that shameful avarice, which was one of the basest and most notorious qualities of the famous Duke, and of showing his own consummate skill as a commander. And when I consider all the circumstances preceding the event which will now be related, that my Lord Duke was actually offered certain millions of crowns provided that the siege of Lille should be raised; that the Imperial army before it was without provisions and ammunition, and must have decamped but for the supplies that they received; that the march of the convoy destined to relieve the siege was accurately known to the French; and that the force covering it was shamefully inadequate to that end, and by six times inferior to Count de la Mothe's army, which was sent to intercept the convoy; when 'tis certain that the Duke of Berwick, De la Mothe's chief, was in constant correspondence with his uncle, the English Generalissimo; I believe on my conscience that 'twas my Lord Marlborough's intention to prevent those supplies, of which the Prince of Savoy stood in absolute need, from ever reaching his Highness; that he meant to sacrifice the little army which covered this convoy, and to betray it as he had betrayed Tollemache at Brest; as he had betrayed every friend he had, to further his own schemes of avarice or ambition. But for the miraculous victory which Esmond's General won over an army six or seven times greater than his own, the siege of Lille must have been raised; and it must be remembered that our gallant little force was under the command of a general whom Marlborough hated, that he was furious with the conqueror, and tried by the most open and shameless injustice afterwards to rob him of the credit of his victory.

By the besiegers and besieged of Lille, some of the most

brilliant feats of valour were performed that ever illustrated any war. On the French side (whose gallantry was prodigious, the skill and bravery of Marshal Boufflers actually eclipsing those of his conqueror, the Prince of Savoy) may be mentioned that daring action of Messieurs de Luxembourg and Tournefort, who, with a body of horse and dragoons, carried powder into the town of which the besieged were in extreme want, each soldier bringing a bag with forty pounds of powder behind him; with which perilous provision they engaged our own horse, faced the fire of the foot brought out to meet them: and though half of the men were blown up in the dreadful errand they rode on, a part of them got into the town with the succours of which the garrison was so much in want. A French officer, Monsieur du Bois, performed an act equally daring, and perfectly successful. The Duke's great army lying at Helchin, and covering the siege, and it being necessary for M. de Vendosme to get news of the condition of the place, Captain du Bois performed his famous exploit; not only passing through the lines of the siege, but swimming afterwards no less than seven moats and ditches: and coming back the same way, swimming with his letters in his mouth.

By these letters Monsieur de Boufflers said that he could undertake to hold the place till October; and that if one of the convoys of the Allies could be intercepted, they must raise the siege altogether.

Such a convoy as had been said was now prepared at Ostend, and about to march for the siege; and on the 27th September we (and the French too) had news that it was on its way. It was composed of 700 waggons, containing ammunition of all sorts, and was escorted out of Ostend by 2000 infantry and 300 horse. At the same time M. de la Mothe quitted Bruges, having with him five-and-thirty

battalions, and upwards of sixty squadrons and forty guns, in pursuit of the convoy.

Major-General Webb had meanwhile made up a force of twenty battalions and three squadrons of dragoons at Turout, whence he moved to cover the convoy and pursue La Mothe: with whose advance guard ours came up upon the great plain of Turout, and before the little wood and castle of Wynendael; behind which the convoy was marching.

As soon as they came in sight of the enemy, our advanced troops were halted, with the wood behind them, and the rest of our force brought up as quickly as possible, our little body of horse being brought forward to the opening of the plain, as our general said, to amuse the enemy. When M. de la Mothe came up, he found us posted in two lines in front of the wood; and formed his own army in battle facing ours, in eight lines, four of infantry in front, and dragoons and cavalry behind.

The French began the action, as usual, with a cannonade which lasted three hours, when they made their attack, advancing in eight lines, four of foot and four of horse, upon the allied troops in the wood where we were posted. Their infantry behaved ill: they were ordered to charge with the bayonet, but, instead, began to fire, and almost at the very first discharge from our men, broke and fled. The cavalry behaved better; with these alone, who were three or four times as numerous as our whole force, Monsieur de la Mothe might have won victory: but only two of our battalions were shaken in the least; and these speedily rallied: nor could the repeated attacks of the French horse cause our troops to budge an inch from the position in the wood in which our general had placed them.

After attacking for two hours, the French retired at nightfall, entirely foiled. With all the loss we had inflicted upon him, the enemy was still three times stronger than

we: and it could not be supposed that our general could pursue M. de la Mothe, or do much more than hold our ground about the wood, from which the Frenchman had in vain attempted to dislodge us. La Mothe retired behind his forty guns, his cavalry protecting them better than it had been able to annoy us; and meanwhile the convoy, which was of more importance than all our little force, and the safe passage of which we would have dropped to the last man to accomplish, marched away in perfect safety during the action, and joyfully reached the besieging camp before Lille.

Major-General Cadogan, my Lord Duke's quartermaster-general (and between whom and Mr. Webb there was no love lost), accompanied the convoy, and joined Mr. Webb with a couple of hundred horse just as the battle was over, and the enemy in full retreat. He offered, readily enough, to charge with his horse upon the French as they fell back: but his force was too weak to inflict any damage upon them; and Mr. Webb, commanding as Cadogan's senior, thought enough was done in holding our ground before an enemy that might still have overwhelmed us had we engaged him in the open territory, and in securing the safe passage of the convoy. Accordingly, the horse brought up by Cadogan did not draw a sword; and only prevented, by the good countenance they showed, any disposition the French might have had to renew the attack on us. And no attack coming, at nightfall General Cadogan drew off with his squadron, being bound for headquarters, the two Generals at parting grimly saluting each other.

"He will be at Roncq time enough to lick my Lord Duke's trenchers at supper," says Mr. Webb.

Our own men lay out in the woods of Wynendael that night, and our General had his supper in the little castle there.

"If I was Cadogan, I would have a peerage for this day's work," General Webb said; "and, Harry, thou shouldst have a regiment. Thou hast been reported in the last two actions; thou wert near killed in the first. I shall mention thee in my despatch to his Grace the Commander-in-Chief, and recommend thee to poor Dick Harwood's vacant majority. Have you ever a hundred guineas to give Car-donnel? Slip them into his hand to-morrow, when you go to headquarters with my report."

In this report the Major-General was good enough to mention Captain Esmond's name with particular favour; and that gentleman carried the despatch to headquarters the next day, and was not a little pleased to bring back a letter by his Grace's secretary, addressed to Lieutenant-General Webb. The Dutch officer despatched by Count Nassau Woudenbourg, Vælt-Mareschal Auverquerque's son, brought back also a complimentary letter to his commander, who had seconded Mr. Webb in the action with great valour and skill.

Esmond, with a low bow and a smiling face, presented his despatch, and saluted Mr. Webb as Lieutenant-General, as he gave it in. The gentlemen round about him—he was riding with his suite on the road to Menin as Esmond came up with him—gave a cheer, and he thanked them, and opened the despatch with rather a flushed, eager face.

He slapped it down on his boot in a rage after he had read it. "'Tis not even writ with his own hand. Read it out, Esmond." And Esmond read it out:—

"Sir,—Mr. Cadogan is just now come in, and has acquainted me with the success of the action you had yesterday in the afternoon against the body of troops commanded by M. de la Mothe, at Wynendael, which must be attributed chiefly to your good conduct and resolution. You may be sure I shall do you justice at home, and be glad on all occasions to own the service you have done in securing this convoy.— Yours, etc.,

"M."

B B



"Two lines by that d—d Cardonnel, and no more, for the taking of Lille—for beating five times our number—for an action as brilliant as the best he ever fought," says poor Mr. Webb. "Lieutenant-General! That's not his doing. I was the oldest major-general. By —, I believe he had been better pleased if I had been beat."

The letter to the Dutch officer was in French, and longer and more complimentary than that to Mr. Webb.

"And this is the man," he broke out, "that's gorged with gold—that's covered with titles and honours that we won for him—and that grudges even a line of praise to a comrade in arms! Hasn't he enough! Don't we fight that he may roll in riches? Well, well, wait for the *Gazette*, gentlemen. The queen and the country will do us justice if his Grace denies it us." There were tears of rage in the brave warrior's eyes as he spoke; and he dashed them off his face on to his glove. He shook his fist in the air. "Oh, by the lord!" says he, "I know what I had rather have than a peerage!"

"And what is that, sir?" some of them asked.

"I had rather have a quarter of an hour with John Churchill, on a fair green field, and only a pair of rapiers between my shirt and his——"

"Sir!" interposes one.

"Tell him so! I know that's what you mean. I know every word goes to him that's dropped from every general officer's mouth. I don't say he's not brave. Curse him, he's brave enough; but we'll wait for the *Gazette*, gentlemen. God save Her Majesty! she'll do us justice."

The *Gazette* did not come to us till a month afterwards; when my general and his officers had the honour to dine with Prince Eugene in Lille; his Highness being good enough to say that we had brought the provisions, and ought to share in the banquet. "It was a great banquet.

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“TWO LINES—AND NO MORE, FOR THE TAKING OF LILLE.”

Face p. 328



His Grace of Marlborough was on his Highness's right, and on his left the Mareschal de Boufflers, who had so bravely defended the place. The chief officers of either army were present; and you may be sure Esmond's General was splendid this day: his tall noble person, and manly beauty of face, made him remarkable anywhere; he wore, for the first time, the star of the Order of Generosity, that His Prussian Majesty had sent to him for his victory. His Highness the Prince of Savoy called a toast to the conqueror of Wynendael. My Lord Duke drank it with rather a sickly smile. The aides-de-camp were present; and Harry Esmond and Lord Castlewood were together, as they always strove to be when duty would permit; they were over against the table where the generals were, and could see all that passed pretty well. Frank laughed at my Lord Duke's glum face; the affair of Wynendael, and the Captain General's conduct to Webb, had been the talk of the whole army. When his Highness spoke, and gave, "Le vainqueur de Wynendael; son armée et sa victoire," adding, "qui nous font diner à Lille aujourd'hui"—there was a great cheer through the hall; for Mr. Webb's bravery, generosity, and very weaknesses of character caused him to be beloved in the army.

"Like Hector handsome, and like Paris brave!" whispers Frank Castlewood. "A Venus, an elderly Venus, couldn't refuse him a pippin. Stand up, Harry! See, we are drinking the army of Wynendael. Ramillies is nothing to it. Huzzay! huzzay!"

At this very time, and just after our General had made his acknowledgment, some one brought in an English *Gazette*—and was passing it from hand to hand down the table. Officers were eager enough to read it; mothers and sisters at home must have sickened over it. There scarce came out a *Gazette* for six years that did not tell of some heroic death or some brilliant achievement

"Here it is—Action of Wynendael—here you are, General," says Frank, seizing hold of the little dingy paper that soldiers love to read so; and scrambling over from our bench, he went to where the General sat, who knew him, and had seen many a time at his table his laughing, handsome face, which everybody loved who saw. The generals in their great perukes made way for him. He handed the paper over General Dohna's buff-coat to our General on the opposite side.

He came hobbling back, and blushing at his feat: "I thought he'd like it, Harry," the young fellow whispered. "Didn't I like to read my name after Ramillies, in the *London Gazette*?—Viscount Castlewood serving as volunteer—I say, what's yonder?"

Mr. Webb, reading the *Gazette*, looked very strange—slapped it down on the table—then sprang up in his place, and began, "Will your Highness please to—"

His Grace the Duke of Marlborough here jumped up too—"There's some mistake, my dear General Webb."

"Your Grace had better rectify it," says Mr. Webb, holding out the letter; but he was five off his Grace the Prince Duke, who, besides, was higher than the General (being seated with the Prince of Savoy, the Electoral Prince of Hanover, and the envoys of Prussia and Denmark, under a baldaquin), and Webb could not reach him, tall as he was.

"Stay," says he, with a smile, as if catching at some idea, and then, with a perfect courtesy, drawing his sword, he ran the *Gazette* through with the point, and said, "Permit me to hand it to your Grace."

The Duke looked very black. "Take it," says he, to his Master of the Horse, who was waiting behind him.

The Lieutenant-General made a very low bow, and retired and finished his glass. The *Gazette* in which Mr. Cardonnell, the Duke's secretary, gave an account of the

victory of Wynendael, mentioned Mr. Webb's name, but gave the sole praise and conduct of the action to the Duke's favourite, Mr. Cadogan.

There was no little talk and excitement occasioned by this strange behaviour of General Webb, who had almost drawn a sword upon the Commander-in-Chief: but the General, after the first outbreak of his anger, mastered it outwardly altogether; and, by his subsequent behaviour, had the satisfaction of even more angering the Commander-in-Chief, than he could have done by any public exhibition of resentment.

On returning to his quarters, and consulting with his chief adviser, Mr. Esmond, who was now entirely in the General's confidence, and treated by him as a friend, and almost a son, Mr. Webb writ a letter to his Grace the Commander-in-Chief, in which he solicited:

"Permission to return to England immediately the military duties will permit, and take with him to England Captain Esmond, of his regiment, who acted as his aide-de-camp, and was present during the entire action, and noted by his watch the time when Mr. Cadogan arrived at its close."

The Commander-in-Chief could not but grant this permission. nor could he take notice of Webb's letter, though it was couched in terms the most insulting. Half the army believed that the cities of Ghent and Bruges were given up by a treason, which some in our army very well understood; that the commander-in-chief would not have relieved Lille, if he could have helped himself; that he would not have fought that year had not the Prince of Savoy forced him. When the battle once began, then, for his own renown, my Lord Marlborough would fight as no man in the world ever fought better; and no bribe on earth could keep him from beating the enemy.

But the matter was taken up by the subordinates; and

half the army might have been by the ears, if the quarrel had not been stopped. General Cadogan sent an intimation to General Webb to say that he was ready if Webb liked, and would meet him. This was a kind of invitation our stout old general was always so ready to accept, and 'twas with great difficulty we got the general to reply that he had no quarrel with Mr. Cadogan, who had behaved with perfect gallantry, but only with those at headquarters who had belied him. Mr. Cardonnel offered General Webb reparation; Mr. Webb said he had a cane at the service of Mr. Cardonnel, and the only satisfaction he wanted from him was one he was not likely to get, namely, the truth. The officers in our staff of Webb's, and those in the immediate suite of the general, were ready to come to blows; and hence arose the only affair in which Mr. Esmond ever engaged as principal, and that was from a revengeful wish to wipe off an old injury.

My Lord Mohun, who had a troop in Lord Macclesfield's regiment of the Horse Guards, rode this campaign with the Duke. He had sunk by this time to the very worst reputation; he had had another fatal duel in Spain; he had married, and forsaken his wife; he was a gambler, a profligate, and debauchee. He joined just before Oudenarde; and, as Esmond feared, as soon as Frank Castlewood heard of his arrival, Frank was for seeking him out, and killing him. The wound my lord got at Oudenarde prevented their meeting, but that was nearly healed, and Mr. Esmond trembled daily lest any chance should bring his boy and this known assassin together. They met at the mess-table of Handyside's regiment at Lille; the officer commanding not knowing of the feud between the two noblemen.

Esmond had not seen the hateful handsome face of Mohun for nine years, since they had met on that fatal night in Leicester Field. It was degraded with crime and

passion now; it wore the anxious look of a man who has three deaths, and who knows how many hidden shames, and lusts, and crimes on his conscience. He bowed with a sickly low bow, and slunk away when our host presented us round to one another. Frank Castlewood had not known him till then, so changed was he. He knew the boy well enough.

'Twas curious to look at the two—especially the young man, whose face flushed up when he heard the hated name of the other; and who said in his bad French and his brave boyish voice. "He had long been anxious to meet my Lord Mohun." The other only bowed, and moved away from him. To do him justice, he wished to have no quarrel with the lad.

Esmond put himself between them at table. "D— it," says Frank, "why do you put yourself in the place of a man who is above you in degree? My Lord Mohun should walk after me. I want to sit by my Lord Mohun."

Esmond whispered to Lord Mohun, that Frank was hurt in the leg at Oudenarde; and besought the other to be quiet. Quiet enough he was for some time; disregarding the many taunts which young Castlewood flung at him, until after several healths, when my Lord Mohun got to be rather in liquor.

"Will you go away, my lord?" Mr. Esmond said to him, imploring him to quit the table.

"No, by G—," says my Lord Mohun. "I'll not go away for any man;" he was quite flushed with wine by this time.

The talk got round to the affairs of yesterday. Webb had offered to challenge the Commander-in-Chief: Webb had been ill-used: Webb was the bravest, handsomest, vainest man in the army. Lord Mohun did not know that Esmond was Webb's aide-de-camp. He began to tell some



stories against the general; which, from t'other side of Esmond, young Castlewood contradicted.

"I can't bear any more of this," says my Lord Mohun. "Nor can I, my lord," says Mr. Esmond, starting up. "The story my Lord Mohun has told respecting General Webb is false, gentlemen—false, I repeat," and making a low bow to Lord Mohun, and without a single word more, Esmond got up and left the dining-room. These affairs were common enough among the military of those days. There was a garden behind the house, and all the party turned instantly into it; and the two gentlemen's coats were off and their points engaged within two minutes after Esmond's words had been spoken. If Captain Esmond had put Mohun out of the world, as he might, a villain would have been punished and spared further villainies—but who is one man to punish another? I declare upon my honour that my only thought was to prevent Lord Mohun from mischief with Frank, and the end of this meeting was, that after half-a-dozen passes my lord went home with a hurt which prevented him from lifting his right arm for three months.

"Oh, Harry! why didn't you kill the villain?" young Castlewood asked. "I can't walk without a crutch: but I could have met him on horseback with sword and pistol." But Harry Esmond said, "'Twas best to have no man's life on one's conscience, not even that villain's." And this affair, which did not occupy three minutes, being over, the gentlemen went back to their wine, and my Lord Mohun to his quarters, where he was laid up with a fever which had spared mischief had it proved fatal. And very soon after this affair Henry Esmond and his general left the camp for London; whither a certain reputation had preceded the captain, for my Lady Castlewood of Chelsey received him as if he had been a conquering hero. She gave a great dinner to Mr. Webb, where the general's

chair was crowned with laurels; and her ladyship called Esmond's health in a toast, to which my kind general was graciously pleased to bear the strongest testimony: and took down a mob of at least forty coaches to cheer our general as he came out of the House of Commons, the day when he received the thanks of Parliament for his action. The mob huzza'd and applauded him, as well as the fine company: it was splendid to see him waving his hat, and bowing, and laying his hand upon his Order of Generosity. He introduced Mr. Esmond to Mr. St. John and the Right Honourable Robert Harley, Esquire, as he came out of the House walking between them; and was pleased to make many flattering observations regarding Mr. Esmond's behaviour during the three last campaigns.

Mr. St. John (who had the most winning presence of any man I ever saw, excepting always my peerless young Frank Castlewood) said he had heard of Mr. Esmond before from Captain Steele, and how he had helped Mr. Addison to write his famous poem of the "Campaign."

"'Twas as great an achievement as the victory of Blenheim itself," Mr. Harley said, who was famous as a judge and patron of letters, and so, perhaps, it may be—though for my part I think there are twenty beautiful lines, but all the rest is common-place, and Mr. Addison's hymn worth a thousand such poems.

All the town was indignant at my Lord Duke's unjust treatment of General Webb, and applauded the vote of thanks which the House of Commons gave to the General for his victory at Wynendael. 'Tis certain that the capture of Lille was the consequence of that lucky achievement, and the humiliation of the old French king, who was said to suffer more at the loss of this great city, than from any of the former victories our troops had won over him. And, I think, no small part of Mr. Webb's exultation at his

victory arose from the idea that Marlborough had been disappointed of a great bribe the French king had promised him, should the siege be raised. The very sum of money offered to him was mentioned by the Duke's enemies; and honest Mr. Webb chuckled at the notion, not only of beating the French, but of beating Marlborough too, and intercepting a convoy of three millions of French crowns, that were on their way to the Generalissimo's insatiable pockets. When the General's lady went to the Queen's drawing-room, all the Tory women crowded round her with congratulations, and made her a train greater than the Duchess of Marlborough's own. Feasts were given to the General by all the chiefs of the Tory party, who vaunted him as the Duke's equal in military skill; and perhaps used the worthy soldier as their instrument, whilst he thought they were but acknowledging his merits as a commander. As the General's aide-de-camp and favourite officer, Mr. Esmond came in for a share of his chief's popularity, and was presented to Her Majesty and advanced to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, at the request of his grateful chief.

W. M. THACKERAY, *Esmond*

## GEORGE II

### BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

ABOUT a score of armed men on horseback, escorting a prisoner, were nearing the castle of Stirling. These had less the appearance of regular soldiers than of individuals who had suddenly assumed arms from some pressing motive of unexpected emergency. Their uniform, which was blue and red, an affected imitation of that of French chasseurs, was in many respects incomplete, and sate awkwardly upon those who wore it. Anyone accustomed to look at a well-disciplined regiment, could easily discover that the motions and habits of this escort were not those of trained soldiers, and that, although expert enough in the management of their horses, their skill was that of huntsmen or grooms, rather than of troopers. The horses were not trained to the regular pace so necessary to execute simultaneous and combined movements and formations; nor did they seem *bitted* (as it is technically expressed) for the use of the sword. The men, however, were stout, hardy-looking fellows, and might be individually formidable as irregular cavalry. The commander of this small party was mounted upon an excellent hunter, and dressed in uniform.

Over the battlements of the castle the union flag was brightened as it waved in the evening sun. To shorten his journey, or perhaps to display his importance and insult the English garrison, the commander, inclining to the right, took his route through the royal park, which reaches to and surrounds the rock upon which the fortress is situated.

The mixture of romance and beauty renders interesting the scene through which the band was now passing—the field which had been the scene of the tournaments of old—the rock from which the ladies beheld the contest, while each made vows for the success of some favourite knight—the towers of the Gothic church, where these vows might be paid—and, surmounting all, the fortress itself, at once a castle and palace, where valour received the prize from royalty, and knights and dames closed the evening amid the revelry of the dance, the song, and the feast. All these were objects fitted to arouse and interest a romantic imagination.

The commander in the pride of his heart, as he wheeled his little body of cavalry round the base of the castle, commanded his trumpet to sound a flourish, and his standard to be displayed. This insult produced apparently some sensation; for when the cavalcade was at such distance from the southern battery as to admit of a gun being depressed so as to bear upon them, a flash of fire issued from one of the embrasures upon the rock; and ere the report with which it was attended could be heard, the rushing sound of a cannon-ball passed over the commander's head, and the bullet, burying itself in the ground at a few yards' distance, covered him with the earth which it drove up. There was no need to bid the party trudge. In fact, every man acting upon the impulse of the moment, soon brought the steeds to show their mettle, and the cavaliers, retreating with more speed than regularity, never took to a trot, until an intervening eminence had secured them from any repetition of so undesirable a compliment on the part of Stirling Castle. I must do the commander, however, the justice to say, that he not only kept the rear of his troop, and laboured to maintain some order among them, but, in the height of his gallantry, answered the fire of the castle

by discharging one of his horse-pistols at the battlements; although, the distance being nearly half a mile, I could never learn that this measure of retaliation was attended with any particular effect.

The travellers now passed the memorable field of Bannockburn, and reached the Torwood, a place glorious or terrible to the recollections of the Scottish peasant, as the feats of Wallace, or the cruelties of Wude Willie Grime, predominate in his recollection. At Falkirk, a town formerly famous in Scottish history, and soon to be again distinguished as the scene of military events of importance, it was proposed to halt and repose for the evening. This was performed with very little regard to military discipline, the worthy quarter-master being chiefly solicitous to discover where the best brandy might be come at. Sentinels were deemed unnecessary, and the only vigils performed were those of such of the party as could procure liquor. A few resolute men might easily have cut off the detachment; but of the inhabitants some were favourable, many indifferent, and the rest overawed. So nothing memorable occurred in the course of the evening, except that the town's rest was sorely interrupted by the revellers hallooing forth their Jacobite songs, without remorse or mitigation of voice.

Early in the morning they were again mounted, and on the road to Edinburgh, though the pallid visages of some of the troop betrayed that they had spent a night of sleepless debauchery. They halted at Linlithgow, distinguished by its ancient palace, whose venerable ruins, very narrowly escaped the unworthy fate of being converted into a barrack for French prisoners. May repose and blessings attend the ashes of the patriotic statesman, who, amongst his last services to Scotland, interposed this profanation!

As they approached the metropolis of Scotland, through

a champaign and cultivated country, the sounds of war began to be heard. The distant, yet distinct report of heavy cannon, fired at intervals, apprized the party that the work of destruction was going forward. Even the commander of this troop seemed moved to take some precautions, by sending an advanced party in front of his troop, keeping the main body in tolerable order, and moving steadily forward.

Marching in this manner they speedily reached an eminence, from which they could view Edinburgh stretching along the ridgy hill which slopes eastward from the Castle. The latter, being in a state of siege, or rather of blockade, by the northern insurgents, who had already occupied the town for two or three days, fired at intervals upon such parties of Highlanders as exposed themselves, either on the main street, or elsewhere in the vicinity of the fortress. The morning, being calm and fair, the effect of this dropping fire was to invest the castle in wreaths of smoke, the edges of which dissipated slowly in the air, while the central veil was darkened ever and anon by fresh clouds poured forth from the battlements; the whole giving, by the partial concealment, an appearance of grandeur and gloom.

Ere they approached the city, the partial cannonade had wholly ceased. The commander, however, having in his recollection the unfriendly greeting which his troop had received from the battery at Stirling, had apparently no wish to tempt the forbearance of the artillery of the Castle. He therefore left the direct road, and sweeping considerably to the southward, so as to keep out of the range of the cannon, approached the ancient palace of Holyrood, without having entered the walls of the city. He then drew up his men in front of that venerable pile, and delivered his prisoner to the custody of a guard of Highlanders, whose officer conducted him into the interior of the building.

A long, low, and ill-proportioned gallery, hung with pictures, affirmed to be the portraits of kings, who, if they ever flourished at all, lived several hundred years before the invention of painting in oil colours, served as a sort of guard chamber, or vestibule, to the apartments which the adventurous Charles Edward now occupied in the palace of his ancestors. Officers, both in the Highland and Lowland garb, passed and repassed in haste, or loitered in the hall, as if waiting for orders. Secretaries were engaged in making out passes, musters, and returns. All seemed busy, and earnestly intent upon something of importance; but the prisoner was suffered to remain seated in the recess of a window unnoticed by any one, in anxious reflection upon the crisis of his fate, which seemed now rapidly approaching.

While he was deep sunk in his reverie, the rustle of tartans was heard behind him, a friendly arm clasped his shoulders, and a friendly voice exclaimed:

"Said the Highland prophet sooth? Or must second-sight go for nothing?"

He turned, and was warmly embraced by Fergus Mac-Ivor. "A thousand welcomes, dear Waverley, to Holyrood, once more possessed by her legitimate sovereign! Did I not say we should prosper, and that you would fall into the hands of the Philistines if you parted from us?"

"Dear Fergus!" said Waverley, eagerly returning his greeting. "It is long since I have heard a friend's voice. Where is Flora?"

"Safe, and a triumphant spectator of our success."

"In this place?" said Waverley.

"Ay, in this city at least," answered his friend, "and you shall see her; but first you must meet a friend whom you little think of, who has been frequent in his inquiries after you."

Thus saying, he dragged Waverley by the arm out of the



guard chamber, and, ere he knew where he was conducted, he found himself in a presence room, fitted up with some attempt at royal state.

A young man, wearing his own fair hair, distinguished by the dignity of his mien and the noble expression of his well-formed and regular features, advanced out of a circle of military gentlemen and Highland chiefs, by whom he was surrounded. In his easy and graceful manners Waverley afterwards thought he could have discovered his high birth and rank, although the star on his breast, and the embroidered garter at his knee, had not appeared as its indications.

"Let me present to your Royal Highness," said Fergus, bowing profoundly—

"The descendant of one of the most ancient and loyal families in England," said the young Chevalier, interrupting him. "I beg your pardon for interrupting you, my dear Mac-Ivor; but no master of ceremonies is necessary to present a Waverley to a Stewart."

Thus saying, he extended his hand to Edward with the utmost courtesy, who could not, had he desired it, have avoided rendering him the homage which seemed due to his rank, and was certainly the right of his birth. "I am sorry to understand, Mr. Waverley, that, owing to circumstances which have been as yet but ill explained, you have suffered some restraint among my followers in Perthshire, and on your march here; but we are in such a situation that we hardly know our friends, and I am even at this moment uncertain whether I can have the pleasure of considering Mr. Waverley as among mine."

He then paused for an instant; but before Edward could adjust a suitable reply, or even arrange his ideas as to its purport, the Prince took out a paper and then proceeded:—"I should indeed have no doubts upon this subject, if I could trust to this proclamation, tes forth by the friends

of the Elector of Hanover, in which they rank Mr. Waverley among the nobility and gentry who are menaced with the pains of high-treason for loyalty to their legitimate sovereign. But I desire to gain no adherents save from affection and conviction; and if Mr. Waverley inclines to prosecute his journey to the south, or to join the forces of the Elector, he shall have my passport and free permission to do so; and I can only regret that my present power will not extend to protect him against the probable consequences of such a measure.—But," continued Charles Edward, after another short pause, "if Mr. Waverley should, like his ancestor, Sir Nigel, determine to embrace a cause which has little to recommend it but its justice, and follow a prince who throws himself upon the affections of his people to recover the throne of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt, I can only say that among these nobles and gentlemen he will find worthy associates in a gallant enterprise, and will follow a master who may be unfortunate, but, I trust, will never be ungrateful."

The politic Chieftain of the race of Ivor knew his advantage in introducing Waverley to this personal interview with the royal Adventurer. Unaccustomed to the address and manners of a polished court, in which Charles was eminently skilful, his words and his kindness penetrated the heart of Edward Waverley, and easily outweighed all prudential motives. To be thus personally solicited for assistance by a Prince, whose form and manners, as well as the spirit which he displayed in this singular enterprise, answered his ideas of a hero of romance; to be courted by him in the ancient halls of his paternal palace, recovered by the sword which he was already bending towards other conquests, gave Edward, in his own eyes, the dignity and importance which he had ceased to consider as his attributes. Rejected, slandered, and threatened upon the one side, he

was irresistibly attracted to the cause which the prejudices of education, and the political principles of his family, had already recommended as the most just. These thoughts rushed through his mind like a torrent, sweeping before them every consideration of an opposite tendency,—the time, besides, admitted of no deliberation.—and Waverley, kneeling to Charles Edward, devoted his heart and sword to the vindication of his rights!

The Prince (for, although unfortunate in the faults and follies of his forefathers, we shall here, and elsewhere, give him the title due to his birth) raised Waverley from the ground, and embraced him with an expression of thanks too warm not to be genuine. He also thanked Fergus Mac-Ivor repeatedly for having brought him such an adherent, and presented Waverley to the various noblemen, chieftains, and officers who were about his person, as a young gentleman of the highest hopes and prospects, in whose bold and enthusiastic avowal of his cause they might see an evidence of the sentiments of the English families of rank at this important crisis. Indeed, this was a point much doubted among the adherents of the house of Stewart; and as a well-founded disbelief in the co-operation of the English Jacobites kept many Scottish men of rank from his standard, and diminished the courage of those who had joined it, nothing could be more seasonable for the Chevalier than the open declaration in his favour of the representative of the house of Waverley-Honour, so long known as cavaliers and royalists. This Fergus had foreseen from the beginning. He really loved Waverley, because their feelings and projects never thwarted each other; he hoped to see him united with Flora, and he rejoiced that they were effectually engaged in the same cause. But, as we before hinted, he also exulted as a politician in beholding secured to his party a partisan of such

consequence; and he was far from being insensible to the personal importance which he himself gained with the Prince, from having so materially assisted in making the acquisition.

Charles Edward, on his part, seemed eager to show his attendants the value which he attached to his new adherent, by entering immediately, as in confidence, upon the circumstances of his situation. "You have been secluded so much from intelligence, Mr. Waverley, from causes of which I am but indistinctly informed, that I presume you are even yet unacquainted with the important particulars of my present situation. You have, however, heard of my landing in the remote district of Moidart, with only seven attendants, and of the numerous chiefs and clans whose loyal enthusiasm at once placed a solitary adventurer at the head of a gallant army. You must also, I think, have learned, that the commander-in-chief of the Hanoverian Elector, Sir John Cope, marched into the Highlands at the head of a numerous and well-appointed military force, with the intention of giving us battle, but that his courage failed him when we were within three hours' march of each other, so that he fairly gave us the slip, and marched northward to Aberdeen, leaving the Low Country open and undefended. Not to lose so favourable an opportunity, I marched on to this metropolis, driving before me two regiments of horse, Gardiner's and Hamilton's, who had threatened to cut to pieces every Highlander that should venture to pass Stirling; and while discussions were carrying forward among the magistracy and citizens of Edinburgh, whether they should defend themselves or surrender, my good friend Lochiel" (laying his hand on the shoulder of that gallant and accomplished chieftain) "saved them the trouble of farther deliberation, by entering the gates with five hundred Camerons. Thus far, therefore, we have done well; but,

in the meanwhile, this doughty general's nerves being braced by the keen air of Aberdeen, he has taken shipping for Dunbar, and I have just received certain information that he landed there yesterday. His purpose must unquestionably be, to march towards us to recover possession of the capital. Now there are two opinions in my council of war: one, that being inferior probably in numbers, and certainly in discipline and military appointments, not to mention our total want of artillery, and the weakness of our cavalry, it will be safest to fall back towards the mountains, and there protract the war until fresh succours arrive from France, and the whole body of the Highland clans shall have taken arms in our favour. The opposite opinion maintains that a retrograde movement, in our circumstances, is certain to throw utter discredit on our arms and undertaking; and, far from gaining us new partisans, will be the means of disheartening those who have joined our standard. The officers who use these last arguments, among whom is your friend Fergus Mac-Ivor, maintain that if the Highlanders are strangers to the usual military discipline of Europe, the soldiers whom they are to encounter are no less strangers to their peculiar and formidable mode of attack; that the attachment and courage of the chiefs and gentlemen are not to be doubted; and that as they will be in the midst of the enemy, their clansmen will as surely follow them; in fine, that having drawn the sword we should throw away the scabbard, and trust our cause to battle and to the God of Battles. Will Mr. Waverley favour us with his opinion in these arduous circumstances?"

Waverley coloured high betwixt pleasure and modesty at the distinction implied in this question, and answered, with equal spirit and readiness, that he could not venture to offer an opinion as derived from military skill, but that

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“AND TRUST OUR CAUSE TO BATTLE AND TO THE GOD OF  
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Face p. 316

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the counsel would be far the most acceptable to him which should first afford him an opportunity to evince his zeal in his Royal Highness's service.

"Spoken like a Waverley!" answered Charles Edward; "and that you may hold a rank in some degree corresponding to your name, allow me, instead of the captain's commission which you have lost, to offer you the brevet rank of major in my service, with the advantage of acting as one of my aides-de-camp until you can be attached to a regiment, of which I hope several will be speedily embodied."

"Your Royal Highness will forgive me," answered Waverley, "if I decline accepting any rank until the time and place where I may have interest enough to raise a sufficient body of men to make my command useful to your Royal Highness's service. In the meanwhile, I hope for your permission to serve as a volunteer under my friend Fergus Mac-Ivor."

"At least," said the Prince, who was obviously pleased with this proposal, "allow me the pleasure of arming you after the Highland fashion." With these words, he unbuckled the broadsword which he wore, the belt of which was plated with silver, and the steel-basket hilt richly and curiously inlaid. "The blade," said the Prince, "is a genuine Andrea Ferrara; it has been a sort of heirloom in our family; but I am convinced I put it into better hands than my own, and will add to it pistols of the same workmanship.—Colonel Mac-Ivor, you must have much to say to your friend; I will detain you no longer from your private conversation; but remember, we expect you both to attend us in the evening. It may be perhaps the last night we may enjoy in these halls, and as we go to the field with a clear conscience, we will spend the eve of battle merrily."

Thus licensed, the chief and Waverley left the presence-chamber.



"How do you like him?" was Fergus's first question, as they descended the large stone staircase.

"A prince to live and die under," was Waverley's enthusiastic answer.

"I knew you would think so when you saw him, and I intended you should have met earlier, but was prevented by your sprain. And yet he has his foibles, or rather he has difficult cards to play, and his Irish officers, who are much about him, are but sorry advisers,—they cannot discriminate among the numerous pretensions that are set up. Would you think it—I have been obliged for the present to suppress an earl's patent, granted for services rendered ten years ago, for fear of exciting the jealousy, forsooth, of C— and M—. But you were very right, Edward, to refuse the situation of aide-de-camp. There are two vacant, indeed, but Clanronald and Lochiel, and almost all of us, have requested one for young Aberchallader, and the Lowlanders and the Irish party are equally desirous to have the other for the Master of F—. Now, if either of these candidates were to be superseded in your favour, you would make enemies. And then I am surprised that the Prince should have offered you a majority, when he knows very well that nothing short of lieutenant-colonel will satisfy others, who cannot bring one hundred and fifty men to the field. 'But patience, cousin, and shuffle the cards!'"

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Waverley*.

## GEORGE III

### AT THE ENDS OF THE EMPIRE

IN August 1757 the siege, of Fort William Henry was vigorously pressed by a power, against whose approaches its defenders possessed no competent means of resistance. It appeared as if Webb, with his army, which lay slumbering on the banks of the Hudson, had utterly forgotten the strait to which his brethren were reduced. Montcalm had filled the woods of the portage with his savages, every yell and whoop from whom rang through the British encampment, chilling the hearts of men who were already but too much disposed to magnify the danger with additional terror. Not so, however, were the besieged. Animated by the words, and stimulated by the examples of their leaders, they had found their courage, and maintained their ancient reputation with a zeal that did justice to the stern character of their commander. As if satisfied with the toil of marching through the wilderness to encounter his enemy, the French general, though of approved skill, had neglected to seize the adjacent mountains, whence the besieged might have been exterminated with impunity, and which in the more modern warfare of the country, would not have been neglected for a single hour. This sort of contempt for eminences, or rather dread of the labour of ascending them, might have been termed the besetting weakness of the warfare of the period. It originated in the simplicity of the Indian contest, in which from the nature of the combats, and the density of the forests, fortresses were rare, and artillery next to useless.

The evils of this state of things pressed heavily on the fortunes of the resolute Scotsman who now defended William Henry. Though his adversary neglected the hills, he had planted his batteries with judgment on the plain, and caused them to be served with vigour and skill. Against this assault, the besieged could only oppose the imperfect and hasty preparations of a fortress in the wilderness, to whose mounds those extended sheets of water which stretched into the Canadas, bore no friendly aid, while they opened the way to their more fortunate enemies.

It was on the afternoon of the fifth day of the siege, and the fourth of his own service in it, Major Heyward profited by a parley that had just been beaten, by repairing to the ramparts of one of the water bastions, to breathe the cool air from the lake, and to take a survey of the progress of the siege. He was alone, if the solitary sentinel who paced the mound be excepted; for the artillerists had hastened also to profit by the temporary suspension of their arduous duties. The evening was delightfully calm, and the light air from the limpid water fresh and soothing. It seemed as if, with the termination to the roar of artillery and the plunging of shot, nature had also seized the moment to assume her mildest and most captivating form. The sun poured down his parting glory on the scene, without the oppression of those fierce rays that belong to the climate and the season. The mountains looked green, and fresh, and lovely; tempered with the milder light, or softened in shadow, as thin vapours floated between them and the sun. The numerous islands rested on the bosom of the Horican, some low and sunken, as if embedded in the water, and others appearing to hover above the element, in little hillocks of green velvet, among which the fishermen of the beleaguering army peacefully rowed their skiffs, or floated at rest on the glassy mirror, in quiet pursuit of their game.

Two little spotless flags were abroad, the one on a salient angle of the fort, and the other on the advanced battery of the besiegers; emblems of the truce which existed, not only to the acts, but it would seem, also, to the enmity of the combatants. Behind these, again, swung, heavily opening and closing in silken folds, the rival standards of England and France.

A hundred gay and thoughtless young Frenchmen were drawing a net to the pebbly beach, within dangerous proximity to the sullen but silent cannon of the fort, while the eastern mountain was sending back the loud shouts and gay merriment that attended their sport. Some were rushing eagerly to enjoy the aquatic games of the lake, and others were already toiling their way up the neighbouring hills, with the restless curiosity of their nation. To all these sports and pursuits, those of the enemy who watched the besieged, and the besieged themselves, were, however, merely the idle though sympathizing spectators. Here and there a picket had indeed raised a song, or mingled in a dance, which had drawn the dusky savages around them, from their lairs in the forest, in mute astonishment. In short, everything wore rather the appearance of a day of pleasure than of an hour stolen from the dangers and toil of a bloody and vindictive warfare.

Major Heyward had stood in a musing attitude, contemplating this scene a few minutes, when his eyes were directed to the glacis in front of the sally-port, by the sound of approaching footsteps. He walked to an angle of the bastion, and beheld the scout who had only just previously been sent from the fort, advancing, under the custody of a French officer, to the body of the fort. The countenance of the prisoner was haggard and care-worn and his air dejected, as though he felt the deepest degradation at having fallen into the power

of his enemies. He was without his weapon, and his arms were even bound behind him with thongs, made of the skin of a deer. The arrival of flags, to cover the messengers of summons, had occurred so often of late, that when Heyward first threw his careless glance on this group, he expected to see another of the officers of the enemy, charged with a similar office; but the instant he recognised the tall person and still sturdy, though downcast, features of his friend, the woodsman, he started with surprise, and turned to descend from the bastion into the bosom of the work.

The young man threw himself down the grassy steps of the bastion, and moving rapidly across the parade, he was quickly in the presence of the commander. Munro was pacing his narrow apartment, with disturbed air, and gigantic strides, as Heyward entered.

"You have anticipated my wishes, Major Heyward," he said; "I was about to request—this favour."

"I am sorry to see, sir, that the messenger I so warmly recommended, has returned in custody of the French! I hope there is no reason to distrust his fidelity?"

"The fidelity of the 'Long Rifle' is well known to me," returned Munro, "and is above suspicion; though his usual good fortune seems, at last, to have failed. Montcalm has got him, and with the accursed politeness of his nation, he has sent him in with a doleful tale of 'knowing how I valued the fellow, he could not think of retaining him.' A jesuitical way, that, Major Duncan Heyward, of telling a man of his misfortunes!"

"But the general and his succour!—"

"Did ye look to the south as ye entered, and could ye not see them?" said the old soldier, laughing bitterly. "Hoot! hoot! you're an impatient boy, sir, and cannot give the gentlemen leisure for their march!"

"They are coming, then? The scout has said as much?"

"When? and by what path? for the dunce has omitted to tell me this. There is a letter, it would seem, too: and that is the only agreeable part of the matter. For the customary attentions of your Marquis of Montcalm—I warrant me, Duncan, that he of Lothian would buy a dozen such marquessates—but, if the news of the letter were bad, the gentility of this French monsieur would certainly compel him to let us know it!"

"He keeps the letter, then, sir, while he releases the messenger?"

"Aye, that does he, and all for the sake of what you call your 'bonhomie.' I would venture, if the truth was known, the fellow's grandfather taught the noble science of dancing."

"But what says the scout? he has eyes and ears, and a tongue! what verbal report does he make?"

"Oh! sir, he is not wanting in natural organs, and he is free to tell all that he has seen and heard. The whole amount is this: there is a fort of his majesty's on the banks of the Hudson, called Edward, in honour of his gracious highness of York, you'll know, and it is well filled with armed men, as such a work should be!"

"But there was no movement, no signs of any intention to advance to our relief?"

"There were the morning and evening parades, and when one of the provincial loons—you'll know, Duncan, you're half a Scotsman yourself—when one of them dropped his powder over his porritch, if it touched the coals, it just burnt!" Then suddenly changing his bitter, ironical manner, to one more grave and thoughtful, he continued, "and yet there might and must be something in that letter, which it would be well to know!"

"Our decision should be speedy," said Heyward, gladly availing himself of this change of humour to press the more

important objects of their interview. "I cannot conceal from you, sir, that the camp will not be much longer tenable; and I am sorry to add, that things appear no better in the fort; more than half our guns are burst."

"And how should it be otherwise! some were fished from the bottom of the lake; some have been rusting in the woods since the discovery of the country; and some were never guns at all—mere privateers-men's playthings! Do you think, sir, you can have Woolwich Warren in the midst of a wilderness, three thousand miles from Great Britain?"

"Our walls are crumbling about our ears, and provisions begin to fail us," continued Heyward, without regarding this new burst of indignation; "even the men show signs of discontent and alarm."

"Major Heyward," said Munro, turning to his youthful associate with all the dignity of his years and superior rank, "I should have served his majesty for half a century, and earned these grey hairs, in vain, were I ignorant of all you say, and of all the pressing nature of our circumstances; still there is everything due to the honour of the king's arms, and something to ourselves. While there is hope of succour, this fortress will I defend, though it be to be done with pebbles gathered on the lake shore. It is a sight of the letter, therefore, that we want, that we may know the intentions of the man the Earl of Loudon has left among us as his substitute."

"And can I be of service in the matter?"

"Sir, you can: the Marquis of Montcalm has, in addition to his other civilities, invited me to a personal interview between these works and his own camp; in order, as he says, to impart some additional information. Now, I think it would not be wise to show any undue solicitude to meet him, and I would employ you, an officer of rank, as my

substitute: for it would but ill comport with the honour of Scotland, to let it be said one of her gentlemen was outdone in civility, by a native of any country on earth!"

Heyward cheerfully assented to supply the place of the veteran, in the approaching interview. A long and confidential communication now succeeded, during which the young man received some additional insight into his duty, from the experience and native acuteness of his commander, and then the former took his leave.

As Major Heyward could only act as the representative of the commandant of the fort, the ceremonies which should have accompanied a meeting between the heads of the adverse forces, were of course dispensed with. The truce still existed, and with a roll and beat of the drum, and covered by a little white flag, Heyward left the sally-port within ten minutes after his instructions were ended. He was received by the French officer in advance, with the usual formalities, and immediately accompanied to the distant marquee of the renowned soldier who led the forces of France.

The general of the enemy received the youthful messenger surrounded by his principal officers, and by a swarthy band of the native chiefs, who had followed him to the field, with the warriors of their several tribes.

The Marquis of Montcalm was at the period of which we write, in the flower of his age, and it may be added, in the zenith of his fortunes. But even in that enviable situation he was affable, and distinguished as much for his attention to the forms of courtesy, as for that chivalrous courage which, only two short years afterwards, induced him to throw away his life, on the plains of Abraham.

"Monsieur," said the French General, "j'ai beaucoup de plaisir à—bah!—où est cet interprète?"

"Je crois, Monsieur, qu'il ne sera pas nécessaire," Heyward modestly replied; "je parle un peu français."



"Ah! j'en suis bien aise," said Montcalm, taking Heyward familiarly by the arm, and leading him deep into the mar-quec, a little out of earshot: "je déteste ces fripons là, on ne sait jamais sur quel pied on est avec eux. Eh bien! Monsieur," he continued, still speaking in French; "though I should have been proud of receiving your commandant, I am very happy that he has seen proper to employ an officer so distinguished, and who, I am sure, is so amiable as yourself."

Heyward bowed low, pleased with the compliment, in spite of a most heroic determination to suffer no artifice to allure him into a forgetfulness of the interests of his prince; and Montcalm, after a pause of a moment, as if to collect his thoughts, proceeded—

"Your commandant is a brave man, and well qualified to repel my assaults. Mais, Monsieur, is it not time to begin to take more counsel of humanity, and less of your own courage? The one as strongly characterizes the hero as the other."

"We consider the qualities are inseparable," returned Heyward, smiling; "but while we find in the vigour of your excellency every motive to stimulate the one, we can, as yet, see no particular call for the exercise of the other."

Montcalm, in his turn, slightly bowed; but it was with the air of a man too practised to remember the language of flattery. After musing a moment, he added—

"It is possible my glasses have deceived me, and that your works resist our cannon better than I had supposed. You know our force?"

"Our accounts vary," said Duncan, carelessly; "the highest, however, has not exceeded twenty thousand men."

The Frenchman bit his lip, and fastened his eyes keenly on the other, as if to read his thoughts; then, with a readiness peculiar to himself, he continued, as if assenting to

the truth of an enumeration which he knew was not credited by his visitor—

"It is a poor compliment to the vigilance of us soldiers, Monsieur, that do what we will, we never can conceal our numbers. If it were to be done at all, one would believe it might succeed in these woods. Though you think it too soon to listen to the calls of humanity," he added, smiling archly, "I may be permitted to believe that gallantry is not forgotten by one so young as yourself. The daughters of the commandant, I learn, have passed into the fort since it was invested?"

"It is true, Monsieur; but so far from weakening our efforts, they set us an example of courage in their own fortitude. Were nothing but resolution necessary to repel so accomplished a soldier as M. de Montcalm, I would gladly trust the defence of William Henry to the elder of those ladies."

"We have a wise ordinance in our Salique laws, which the crown of France shall never descend the lance to the distaff," said Montcalm, drily, and with a little hauteur; but instantly adding with his former frank and easy air, "As all the nobler qualities are hereditary, I can easily credit you: though, as I said before, courage has its limits, and humanity must not be forgotten. I trust, Monsieur, you come authorized to treat for the surrender of the place?"

"Has your excellency found our defence so feeble as to believe the measure necessary?"

"I should be sorry to have the defence protracted in such a manner as to irritate my red friends there," continued Montcalm, glancing his eyes at the group of grave and attentive Indians, without attending to the other's question; "I find it difficult, even now, to limit them to the usages of war."

Heyward was silent, for a painful recollection of dangers he had recently escaped, came over his mind, and recalled the images of those defenceless beings who had shared in all his sufferings.

"Ces messieurs là," said Montcalm, following up the advantage which he conceived he had gained, "are most formidable when baffled; and it is unnecessary to tell you with what difficulty they are restrained in their anger. Eh bien, Monsieur! shall we speak of the terms of the surrender?"

"I fear, your excellency has been deceived as to the strength of William Henry, and the resources of its garrison!"

"I have not sat down before Quebec, but an earthen work, that is defended by twenty-three hundred gallant men," was the laconic, but polite reply.

"Our mounds are earthen certainly—nor are they seated on the rocks of Cape Diamond; but they stand on the shore which proved so destructive to Dieskau and his brave army. There is also a powerful force within a few hours' march of us, which we account as part of our means of defence."

"Some six or eight thousand men," returned Montcalm with much apparent indifference, "whom their leader wisely judges to be safer in their works than in the field."

It was now Heyward's turn to bite his lip with vexation as the other so coolly alluded to a force which the young man knew to be overrated. Both mused a little while in silence, when Montcalm renewed the conversation in a way that showed he believed the visit of his guest was, solely to propose terms of capitulation. On the other hand, Heyward began to throw sundry inducements in the way of the French general to betray the discoveries he had made through the intercepted letter. The artifice of neither, however, succeeded; and, after a protracted and fruitless interview, Heyward took his leave, favourably impressed

with an opinion of the courtesy and talents of the enemy's captain, but as ignorant of what he came to learn as when he arrived. Montcalm followed him as far as the entrance of the marquee, renewing his invitations to the commandant of the fort to give him an immediate meeting in the open ground between the two armies.

There they separated, and Heyward returned to the advanced post of the French, accompanied as before; whence he instantly proceeded to the fort, and to the quarters of his own commander.

Major Heyward found Munro attended only by his daughters. Alice sat upon his knee, parting the grey hairs on the forehead of the old man with her delicate fingers; and whenever he affected to frown on her trifling, appeasing his assumed anger by pressing her ruby lips fondly on his wrinkled brow. Cora was seated nigh them, a calm and amused looker-on; regarding the wayward movements of her more youthful sister with that species of maternal fondness which characterized her love for Alice. Not only the dangers through which they had passed, but those which still impended above them, appeared to be momentarily forgotten in the soothing indulgence of such a family meeting. It seemed as if they had profited by the short truce, to devote an instant to the purest and best affection: the daughters forgetting their fears, and the veteran his cares, in the stillness and security of the moment. Of this scene Heyward, who, in his eagerness to report his arrival, had entered unannounced, stood many moments an unobserved and delighted spectator. But the quick and dancing eyes of Alice soon caught a glimpse of his figure, reflected from a glass, and she sprang blushing from her father's knee, exclaiming aloud in her surprise—"Major Heyward!"

"What of the lad?" demanded her father; "I have sent him to crack a little with the Frenchman. Ha! sir, you

are young and you're nimble. Away with you, ye baggage; as if there were not troubles enough for a soldier, without having his camp filled with such prattling hussies as yourself!"

Alice laughingly followed her sister, who instantly led the way from an apartment where she perceived their presence was no longer desirable. Munro, instead of demanding the result of the young man's mission, paced the room for a few moments, with his hands behind his back, and his head inclined towards the floor, and then sat down like a man lost in deep thought.

Munro sat for a time utterly unconscious of the other's presence, his features exposed and working with the anguish of his regrets, while heavy tears fell from his eyes, and rolled unheeded from his cheeks to the floor. At length he moved, as if suddenly recovering; when he arose, and taking a single turn across the room, he approached his companion with an air of military grandeur, and demanded—

"Have you not, Major Heyward, some communication that I should hear from the Marquis de Montcalm?"

Heyward started, in his turn, and immediately commenced, in an embarrassed voice, the half-forgotten message. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the evasive, though polite manner, with which the French general had eluded every attempt of Heyward to worm from him the purport of the communication he had proposed making, or on the decided, though still polished message, by which he now gave his enemy to understand that unless he chose to receive it in person, he should not receive it at all. As Munro listened to the detail of Heyward, the excited feelings of the father gradually gave way before the obligations of his station, and when the other was done, he saw before him nothing but the veteran, swelling with the wounded feelings of a soldier.

"You have said enough, Major Heyward!" exclaimed the angry old man; "enough to make a volume of commentary on French civility. Here has this gentleman invited me to a conference, and when I send him a capable substitute, for ye're all that, Duncan, though your years are but few, he answers me with a riddle."

"He may have thought less favourably of the substitute, my dear sir; and you will remember that the invitation, which he now repeats, was to the commandant of the works, and not to his second."

"Well, sir, is not a substitute clothed with all the power and dignity of him who grants the commission? He wishes to confer with Munro! Faith, sir, I have much inclination to indulge the man, if it should only be to let him behold the firm countenance we maintain, in spite of his numbers and his summons. There might be no bad policy in such a stroke, young man."

Heyward, who believed it of the last importance that they should speedily come at the contents of the letter borne by the scout, gladly encouraged this idea.

"Without doubt, he could gather no confidence by witnessing our indifference," he said.

"You never said truer word. I could wish, sir, that he would visit the works in open day, and in the form of a storming party: that is the least failing method of proving the countenance of an enemy, and would be far preferable to the battering system he has chosen. The beauty and manliness of warfare has been much deformed, Major Heyward, by the arts of your Monsieur Vauban. Our ancestors were far above such scientific cowardice!"

"It may be very true, sir; but we are now obliged to repel art by art. What is your pleasure in the matter of the interview?"

"I will meet the Frenchman, and that without fear or

delay; promptly, sir, as becomes a servant of my royal master. Go, Major Heyward, and give them a flourish of the music; and send out a messenger to let them know who is coming. We will follow with a small guard, for such respect is due to one who holds the honour of his king in keeping; and hark'ee, Duncan," he added, in a half whisper, though they were alone, "it may be prudent to have some aid at hand, in case there should be treachery at the bottom of it all."

The young man availed himself of this order to quit the apartment; and, as the day was fast coming to a close, he hastened, without delay, to make the necessary arrangements. A very few minutes only were necessary to parade a few files, and to despatch an orderly with a flag to announce the approach of the commandant of the fort. When Heyward had done both these he led the guard to the sally-port, near which he found his superior ready, waiting his appearance. As soon as the usual ceremonials of a military departure were observed, the veteran and his more youthful companion left the fortress, attended by the escort.

They had proceeded only a hundred yards from the works, when the little array which attended the French general to the conference, was seen issuing from the hollow way, which formed the bed of a brook that ran between the batteries of the besiegers and the fort. From the moment that Munro left his own works to appear in front of his enemies, his air had been grand, and his step and countenance highly military. The instant he caught a glimpse of the white plume that waved in the hat of Montcalm, his eye lighted, and age no longer appeared to possess any influence over his vast and still muscular person.

"Speak to the boys to be watchful, sir," he said, in an under-tone, to Major Heyward; "and to look well to their

flints and steel, for one is never safe with a servant of these Louis; at the same time, we will show them the front of men in deep security. Ye'll understand me, Major Heyward!"

He was interrupted by the clamour of a drum from the approaching Frenchmen, which was immediately answered, when each party pushed an orderly in advance, bearing a white flag, and the wary Scotsman halted, with his guard close at his back. As soon as this slight salutation had passed, Montcalm moved towards them with a quick but graceful step, baring his head to the veteran, and dropping his spotless plume nearly to the earth in courtesy. If the air of Munro was more commanding and manly, it wanted both the ease and insinuating polish of that of the Frenchman. Neither spoke for a few moments, each regarding the other with curious and interested eyes. Then, as became his superior rank and the nature of the interview, Montcalm broke the silence. After uttering the usual words of greeting, he turned to Heyward, and continued, with a smile of recognition, speaking always in French—

"I am rejoiced, monsieur, that you have given us the pleasure of your company on this occasion. There will be no necessity to employ an ordinary interpreter; for, in your hands, I feel the same security as if I spoke your language myself."

Heyward acknowledged the compliment, when Montcalm, turning to his guard, which, in imitation of that of their enemies, pressed close upon him, continued—

"En arrière, mes enfants—il fait chaud; retirez-vous un peu."

Before Major Heyward would imitate this proof of confidence, he glanced his eyes around the plain, and beheld with uneasiness the numerous dusky groups of savages, who looked out from the margin of the surrounding woods, curious spectators of the interview.



"Monsieur de Montcalm will readily acknowledge the difference in our situation," he said, with some embarrassment, pointing at the same time towards those dangerous foes, who were to be seen in almost every direction. "Were we to dismiss our guard, we should stand here at the mercy of our enemies."

"Monsieur, you have the plighted faith of 'un gentil-homme Français,' for your safety," returned Montcalm, laying his hand impressively on his heart; "it should suffice."

"It shall. Fall back," Heyward added to the officer who led the escort; "fall back, sir, beyond hearing, and wait for orders."

Munro witnessed this movement with manifest uneasiness; nor did he fail to demand an instant explanation.

"Is it not our interest, sir, to betray no distrust?" retorted Heyward. "Monsieur de Montcalm pledges his word for our safety, and I have ordered the men to withdraw a little, in order to prove how much we depend on his assurance."

"It may be all right, sir, but I have no overweening reliance on the faith of these marquesses, or marquis, as they call themselves. Their patents of nobility are too common to be certain that they bear the seal of true honour."

"You forget, dear sir, that we confer with an officer, distinguished alike in Europe and America, for his deeds. From a soldier of his reputation we can have nothing to apprehend."

The old man made a gesture of resignation, though his rigid features still betrayed his obstinate adherence to a distrust, which he derived from a sort of hereditary contempt of his enemy, rather than from any present signs which might warrant so uncharitable a feeling. Montcalm waited patiently until this little dialogue in demi-voice was ended when he drew nigher, and opened the subject of their conference.

"I have solicited this interview from your superior, monsieur," he said, "because I believe he will allow himself to be persuaded that he has already done everything which is necessary for the honour of his prince, and will now listen to the admonitions of humanity. I will for ever bear testimony that his resistance has been gallant, and was continued as long as there was hope."

When this opening was translated to Munro, he answered with dignity, but with sufficient courtesy.

"However I may prize such testimony from Monsieur Montcalm, it will be more valuable when it shall be better merited."

The French general smiled, as Heyward gave him the purport of this reply, and observed—

"What is now so freely accorded to approved courage, may be refused to useless obstinacy. Monsieur would wish to see my camp, and witness, for himself, our numbers, and the impossibility of his resisting them, with success?"

"I know that the King of France is well served," returned the unmoved Scotsman, as soon as Heyward ended his translation; "but my own royal master has as many and as faithful troops."

"Though not at hand, fortunately for us," said Montcalm, without waiting, in his ardour, for the interpreter. "There is a destiny in war, to which a brave man knows how to submit, with the same courage that he faces his foes."

"Had I been conscious that Monsieur Montcalm was master of the English, I should have spared myself the trouble of so awkward a translation," said the vexed Heyward, drily; remembering instantly his recent by-play with Munro.

"Your pardon, monsieur," rejoined the Frenchman, suffering a slight colour to appear on his dark cheek. "There is a vast difference between understanding and speaking a

foreign tongue; you will, therefore, please to assist me still." Then after a short pause, he added, "These hills afford us every opportunity of reconnoitring your works, messieurs, and I am possibly as well acquainted with their weak condition as you can be yourselves."

"Ask the French general if his glasses can reach to the Hudson," said Munro, proudly; "and if he knows when and where to expect the army of Webb."

"Let General Webb be his own interpreter," returned the politic Montcalm, suddenly extending an open letter towards Munro, as he spoke; "You will there learn, monsieur, that his movements are not likely to prove embarrassing to my army."

The veteran seized the offered paper, without waiting for Heyward to translate the speech, and with an eagerness that betrayed how important he deemed its contents. As his eye passed hastily over the words, his countenance changed from its look of military pride to one of deep chagrin: his lip began to quiver; and, suffering the paper to fall from his hand, his head dropped upon his chest, like that of a man whose hopes were withered at a single blow. Heyward caught the letter from the ground, and without apology for the liberty he took, he read at a glance its cruel purport. Their common superior, so far from encouraging them to resist, advised a speedy surrender, urging in the plainest language as a reason, the utter impossibility of his sending a single man to their rescue.

"Here is no deception!" exclaimed Heyward, examining the billet both inside and out; "this is the signature of Webb, and must be the captured letter."

"The man has betrayed me!" Munro at length bitterly exclaimed: "he has brought dishonour to the door of one where disgrace was never before known to dwell, and shame has he heaped heavily on my grey hairs."

"Say not so," cried Heyward; "we are yet masters of the fort, and of our honour. Let us then sell our lives at such a rate as shall make our enemies believe the purchase too dear."

"Boy, I thank thee," exclaimed the old man, rousing himself from his stupor; "You have, for once, reminded Munro of his duty. We will go back, and dig our graves behind those ramparts."

"Messieurs," said Montcalm, advancing towards them a step, in generous interest, "you little know Louis de St. Véran, if you believe him capable of profiting by this letter to humble brave men, or to build up a dishonest reputation for himself. Listen to my terms before you leave me."

"What says the Frenchman?" demanded the veteran, sternly; "does he make a merit of having captured a scout, with a note from head-quarters? Sir, he had better raise this siege, to go and sit down before Edward if he wishes to frighten his enemy with words."

Heyward explained the other's meaning.

"Monsieur de Montcalm, we will hear you," the veteran added, more calmly, as Heyward ended.

"To retain the fort is now impossible," said his liberal enemy: "it is necessary to the interests of my master that it should be destroyed; but, as for yourselves, and your brave comrades, there is no privilege dear to a soldier that shall be denied."

"Our colours?" demanded Heyward.

"Carry them to England, and show them to your king."

"Our arms?"

"Keep them; none can use them better."

"Our march; the surrender of the place?"

"Shall all be done in a way most honourable to yourselves."

Heyward now turned to explain these proposals to his

commander, who heard him with amazement, and a sensibility that was deeply touched by so unusual and unexpected generosity.

"Go you, Duncan," he said; "go with this marquess, as indeed marquess he should be; go to his marquee, and arrange it all. I have lived to see two things in my old age, that never did I expect to behold. An Englishman afraid to support a friend, and a Frenchman too honest to profit by his advantage."

So saying, the veteran again dropped his head to his chest, and returned slowly towards the fort, exhibiting, by the dejection of his air, to the anxious garrison, a harbinger of evil tidings.

From the shock of this unexpected blow the haughty feelings of Munro never recovered; but from that moment there commenced a change in his determined character which accompanied him to a speedy grave. Heyward remained to settle the terms of the capitulation. He was seen to re-enter the works during the first watches of the night, and immediately after a private conference with the commandant, to leave them again. It was then openly announced, that hostilities must cease--Munro having signed a treaty, by which the place was to be yielded to the enemy, with the morning; the garrison to retain their arms, their colours, and their baggage, and consequently, according to military opinion, their honour.

The hostile armies, which lay in the wilds of the Horican, passed the night of the ninth of August, 1757, much in the manner they would had they encountered on the fairest field of Europe. While the conquered were still, sullen, and dejected, the victors triumphed. But there are limits, alike to grief and joy; and long before the watches of the morning came, the stillness of those boundless woods was only broken by a gay call from some exulting young

Frenchman of the advanced pickets, or a menacing challenge from the fort, which sternly forbade the approach of any hostile footsteps before the stipulated moment. Even these occasional threatening sounds ceased to be heard in that dull hour which precedes the day, at which period a listener might have sought in vain any evidence of the presence of those armed powers that then slumbered on the shores of the "holy lake."

It was during these moments of deep silence, that the canvas which concealed the entrance to a spacious *marquée* in the French encampment was shoved aside, and a man issued from beneath the drapery into the open air. He was enveloped in a cloak that might have been intended as a protection from the chilling damps of the woods, but which served equally well as a mantle, to conceal his person. He was permitted to pass the grenadier, who watched over the slumbers of the French commander, without interruption, the man making the usual salute which betokens military deference, as the other passed swiftly through the little city of tents, in the direction of William Henry. Whenever this unknown individual encountered one of the numberless sentinels who crossed his path, his answer was prompt, and as it appeared satisfactory; for he was uniformly allowed to proceed, without further interrogation.

With the exception of such repeated, but brief interruptions, he had moved, silently, from the camp, to its most advanced outposts, when he drew nigh the soldier who held his watch nearest to the works of the enemy. As he approached he was received with the usual challenge—

"Qui vive?"

"France," was the reply.

"Le mot d'ordre?"

"La victoire," said the other, drawing so nigh as to be heard in a loud whisper.

"C'est bien," returned the sentinel, throwing his musket from the charge to his shoulder; "vous vous promenez bien matin, monsieur!"

"Il est nécessaire d'être vigilant, mon enfant," the other observed, dropping a fold of his cloak, and looking the soldier close in the face, as he passed him, still continuing his way towards the British fortification. The man started; his arms rattled heavily, as he threw them forward, in the lowest and most respectful salute; and when he had again recovered his piece, he turned to walk his post, muttering between his teeth—

"Il faut être vigilant, en vérité! je crois que nous avons là, un caporal qui ne dort jamais!"

The officer proceeded, without affecting to hear the words which escaped the sentinel in his surprise; nor did he again pause until he had reached the low strand, and in a somewhat dangerous vicinity to the western water bastion of the fort. The light of an obscure moon was just sufficient to render objects, though dim, perceptible in their outlines. He, therefore, took the precaution to place himself against the trunk of a tree, where he leaned for many minutes, and seemed to contemplate the dark and silent mounds of the English works in profound attention. His gaze at the ramparts was not that of a curious or idle spectator; but his looks wandered from point to point, denoting his knowledge of military usages, and betraying that his search was not unaccompanied by distrust. At length he appeared satisfied; and having cast his eyes impatiently upward towards the summit of the eastern mountain, as if anticipating the approach of the morning, he was in the act of turning on his footsteps, when a light sound on the nearest angle of the bastion caught his ear, and induced him to remain.

Just then a figure was seen to approach the edge of the

rampart, where it stood, apparently contemplating in its turn the distant tents of the French encampment. Its head was then turned towards the east, as though equally anxious for the appearance of light, when the form leaned against the mound, and seemed to gaze upon the glassy expanse of the waters, which, like a submarine firmament, glittered with its thousand mimic stars. The melancholy air, the hour, together with the vast frame of the man who thus leaned, in musing, against the English ramparts, left no doubt as to his person, in the mind of the observant spectator. Delicacy, no less than prudence, now urged him to retire; and he had moved cautiously round the body of the tree for that purpose, when another sound drew his attention, and once more arrested his footsteps. It was a low, and almost inaudible movement of the water, and was succeeded by a grating of pebbles one against the other. In a moment he saw a dark form rise, as it were out of the lake, and steal without further noise to the land, within a few feet of the place where he himself stood. A rifle next slowly rose between his eyes and the watery mirror; but before it could be discharged his own hand was on the lock.

"H'igh!" exclaimed the savage, whose treacherous aim was so singularly and so unexpectedly interrupted.

Without making any reply, the French officer laid his hand on the shoulder of the Indian, and led him in profound silence to a distance from the spot, where their subsequent dialogue might have proved dangerous, and where it seemed that one of them, at least, sought a victim. Then, throwing open his cloak, so as to expose his uniform and the cross of St. Louis which was suspended at his breast, Montcalm sternly demanded—

"What means this? does not my son know that the hatchet is buried between the English and his Canadian Father?"



"What can the Hurons do?" returned the savage, speaking also, though imperfectly, in the French language. "Not a warrior has a scalp, and the pale faces make friends!"

"Ha! Le Renard Subtil! Methinks this is an excess of zeal for a friend who was so late an enemy! How many suns have set since Le Renard struck the war post of the English?"

"Where is that sun!" demanded the sullen savage. "Behind the hill; and it is dark and cold. But when he comes again, it will be bright and warm. Le Subtil is the sun of his tribe. There have been clouds, and many mountains between him and his nation; but now he shines, and it is a clear sky!"

"That Le Renard has power with his people, I well know," said Montcalm; "for yesterday he hunted for their scalps, and to-day they hear him at the council fire."

"Magua is a great chief."

"Let him prove it, by teaching his nation how to conduct towards our new friends."

"Why did the chief of the Canadas bring his young men into the woods, and fire his cannon at the earthen house?" demanded the subtle Indian.

"To subdue it. My master owns the land, and your father was ordered to drive off these English squatters. They have consented to go, and now he calls them enemies no longer."

"'Tis well. Magua took the hatchet to colour it with blood. It is now bright; when it is red, it shall be buried."

"But Magua is pledged not to sully the lilies of France. The enemies of the great king across the salt lake are his enemies; his friends, the friends of the Hurons."

"Friends!" repeated the Indian, in scorn. "Let his father give Magua a hand."

Montcalm, who felt that his influence over the warlike

tribes he had gathered was to be maintained by concession rather than by power, complied reluctantly with the other's request. The savage placed the finger of the French commander on a deep scar in his bosom, and then exultingly demanded—

"Does my father know that?"

"What warrior does not? 'tis where a leaden bullet has cut."

"And this?" continued the Indian, who had turned his naked back to the other, his body being without its usual calico mantle.

"This!—my son has been sadly injured, here; who has done this?"

"Magua slept hard in the English wigwams, and the sticks have left their mark," returned the savage, with a hollow laugh, which did not conceal the fierce temper that nearly choked him. Then recollecting himself, with sudden and native dignity, he added—"Go; teach your young men, it is peace. Le Renard Subtil knows how to speak to a Huron warrior."

Without deigning to bestow further words, or to wait for any answer, the savage cast his rifle in the hollow of his arm, and moved silently through the encampment towards the woods where his own tribe was known to lie. Every few yards as he proceeded he was challenged by the sentinels; but he stalked sullenly onward, utterly disregarding the summons of the soldiers, who only spared his life because they knew the air and tread no less than the obstinate daring of an Indian.

Montcalm lingered long and melancholy on the strand, where he had been left by his companion, brooding deeply on the temper which his ungovernable ally had just discovered. Already had his fair fame been tarnished by one horrid scene, and in circumstances fearfully resembling

those under which he now found himself. As he mused he became keenly sensible of the deep responsibility they assume, who disregard the means to attain their end, and of all the danger of setting in motion an engine which it exceeds human power to control. Then shaking off a train of reflections that he accounted a weakness in such a moment of triumph, he retraced his steps towards his tent, giving the order as he passed, to make the signal that should arouse the army from its slumbers.

The first tap of the French drums was echoed from the bosom of the fort, and presently the valley was filled with the strains<sup>d</sup> of martial music, rising long, thrilling, and lively above the rattling accompaniment. The horns of the victors sounded merry and cheerful flourishes, until the last laggard of the camp was at his post; but the instant the British fifes had blown their shrill signal, they became mute. In the meantime the day had dawned, and when the line of the French army was ready to receive its general the rays of a brilliant sun were glancing along the glittering array. Then that success, which was already so well known, was officially announced; the favoured band who were selected to guard the gates of the fort were detailed, and defiled before their chief; the signal of their approach was given, and all the usual preparations for a change of masters were ordered and executed directly under the guns of the contested works.

A very different scene presented itself within the lines of the Anglo-American army. As soon as the warning signal was given, it exhibited all the signs of a hurried and forced departure. The sullen soldiers shouldered their empty tubes and fell into their places, like men whose blood had been heated by the past contest, and who only desired the opportunity to revenge an indignity which was still wounding to their pride, concealed as it was under

all the observances of military etiquette. Women and children ran from place to place, some bearing the scanty remnants of their baggage, and others searching in the ranks for those countenances they looked up to for protection.

Munro appeared among his silent troops firm but dejected. It was evident that the unexpected blow had struck deep into his heart, though he struggled to sustain his misfortune with the port of a man.

Major Heyward was touched at the quiet and impressive exhibition of his grief. He had discharged his own duty, and he now pressed to the side of the old man, to know in what particular he might serve him.

"My daughters," was the brief but expressive reply.

"Good heavens! are not arrangements already made for their convenience?"

"To-day I am only a soldier, Major Heyward," said the veteran. "All that you see here, claim alike to be my children."

Heyward had heard enough. Without losing one of those moments which had now become so precious, he flew towards the quarters of Munro, in quest of the sisters. He found them on the threshold of the low edifice, already prepared to depart, and surrounded by a clamorous and weeping assemblage of their own sex, that had gathered about the place, with a sort of instinctive consciousness that it was the point most likely to be protected. Though the cheeks of Cora were pale, and her countenance anxious, she had lost none of her firmness; but the eyes of Alice were inflamed, and betrayed how long and bitterly she had wept. They both, however, received the young man with undisguised pleasure; the former, being the first to speak.

"The fort is lost," she said with a melancholy smile; "though our good name, I trust, remains."

"'Tis brighter than ever. But, dearest Miss Munro, it is time to think less of others, and to make some provision for yourself. Military usage—pride—that pride on which you so much value yourself, demands that your father and I should for a little while continue with the troops. Then where to seek a proper protector for you against the confusion and chances of such a scene?"

"None is necessary," returned Cora; "who will dare to injure or insult the daughter of such a father, at a time like this?"

"I would not leave you alone," continued the youth, looking about him in a hurried manner, "for the command of the best regiment in the pay of the king. Remember, our Alice is not gifted with all your firmness, and God only knows the terror she might endure."

"You may be right," Cora replied, smiling again, but far more sadly than before.

Heyward assured them he had done the best that circumstances permitted, and, as he believed, quite enough for the security of their feelings; of danger there was none. He then spoke gladly of his intention to rejoin them the moment he had led the advance a few miles towards the Hudson, and immediately took his leave.

By this time the signal of departure had been given, and the head of the English column was in motion. The sisters started at the sound, and glancing their eyes around, they saw the white uniforms of the French grenadiers, who had already taken possession of the gates of the fort. At that moment, an enormous cloud seemed to pass suddenly above their heads, and looking upward, they discovered that they stood beneath the wide folds of the standard of France.

"Let us go," said Cora; "this is no longer a fit place for the children of an English officer."

Alice clung to the arm of her sister, and together they

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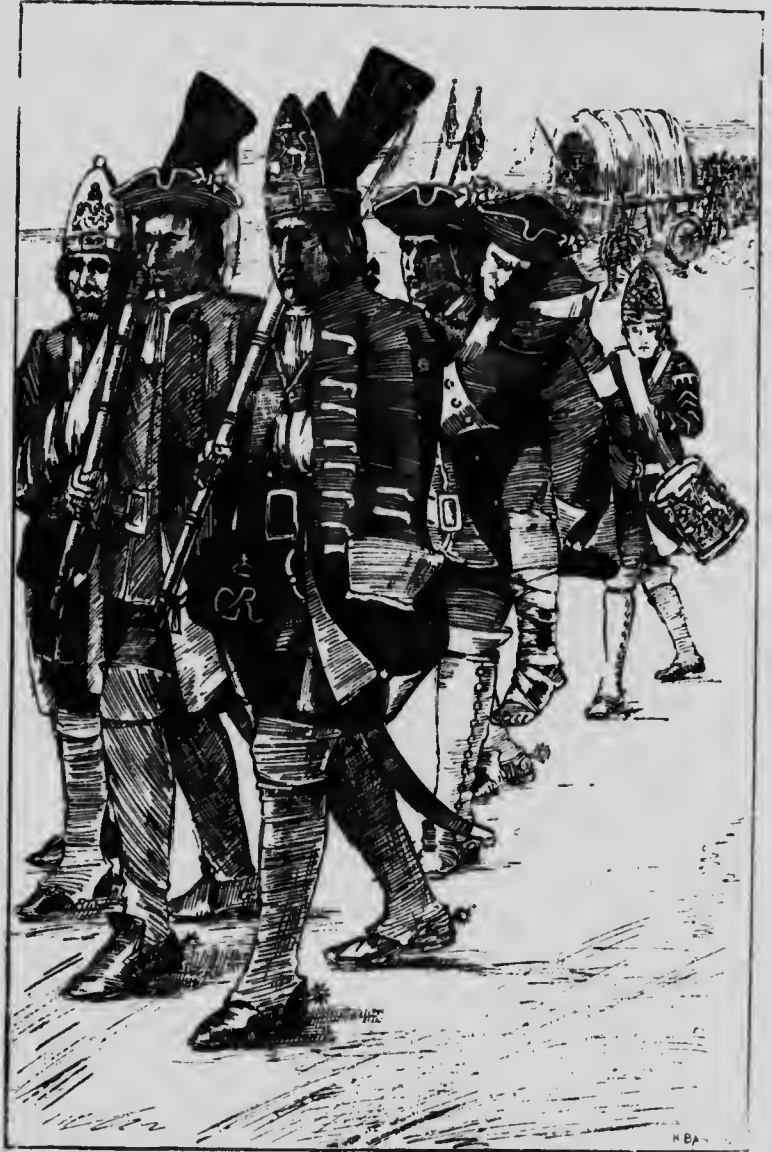
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MOVING SLOWLY ACROSS THE PLAIN.

left the parade, accompanied by the moving throng that surrounded them.

As they passed the gates, the French officers, who had learned their rank, bowed often and low, forbearing, however, to intrude those attentions, which they saw, with peculiar tact, might not be agreeable. As every vehicle and each beast of burden was occupied by the sick and wounded, Cora had decided to endure the fatigues of a foot march, rather than interfere with their comforts. Indeed, many a maimed and feeble soldier was compelled to drag his exhausted limbs in the rear of the columns, for the want of the necessary means of conveyance, in that wilderness. The whole, however, was in motion; the weak and wounded, groaning and in suffering; their comrades, silent and sullen; and the women and children in terror, they knew not of what.

As the confused and timid throng left the protecting mounds of the fort, and issued on the open plain, the whole scene was at once presented to their eyes. At a little distance on the right, and somewhat in the rear, the French army stood to their arms, Montcalm having collected his parties, as soon as his guards had possession of the works. They were attentive but silent observers of the proceedings of the vanquished, failing in none of the stipulated military honours, and offering no taunt or insult, in their success, to their less fortunate foes. Living masses of the English, to the amount in the whole of near three thousand, were moving slowly across the plain, towards the common centre, and gradually approached each other, as they converged to the point of their march, a vista cut through the lofty trees, where the road to the Hudson entered the forest. Along the sweeping borders of the woods, hung a dark cloud of savages, eyeing the passage of their enemies, and hovering, at a distance, like vultures,



who were only kept from stooping on their prey, by the presence and restraint of a superior army. A few had straggled among the conquered columns, where they stalked in sullen discontent; attentive, though, as yet, passive observers of the moving multitude.

The advance, with Major Heyward at its head, had already reached the defile, and was slowly disappearing, when the attention of Cora Munro was drawn to a collection of stragglers, by the sounds of contention. A truant provincial was paying the forfeit of his disobedience, by being plundered of those very effects which had caused him to desert his place in the ranks. The man was of powerful frame, and too avaricious to part with his goods without a struggle. Individuals from either party interfered; the one side to prevent, and the other to aid in the robbery. Voices grew loud and angry, and a hundred savages appeared, as it were by magic, where a dozen only had been seen a minute before. It was then that Cora saw the form of Magua gliding among his countrymen, and speaking with his fatal and artful eloquence. The mass of women and children stopped, and hovered together like alarmed and fluttering birds. But the cupidity of the Indian was soon gratified, and the different bodies again moved slowly onward.

The savages now fell back, and seemed content to let their enemies advance without further molestation. But as the female crowd approached them, the gaudy colours of a shawl attracted the eyes of a wild and untutored Huron. He advanced to seize it, without the least hesitation. The woman, more in terror than through love of the ornament, wrapped her child in the coveted article, and folded both more closely to her bosom. Cora was in the act of speaking, with an intent to advise the woman to abandon the trifle, when the savage relinquished his hold of the shawl, and tore the screaming infant from her arms. Abandoning

everything to the greedy grasp of those around her, the mother darted, with distraction in her mien, to reclaim her child. The Indian smiled grimly, and extended one hand, in sign of a willingness to exchange, while, with the other, he flourished the babe over his head, holding it by the feet as if to enhance the value of the ransom.

"Here—here—there—all—any—everything!" exclaimed the breathless woman; tearing the lighter articles of dress from her person, with ill-directed and trembling fingers:—"take all, but give me my babe!"

The savage spurned the worthless rags, and perceiving that the shawl had already become a prize to another, his bantering but sullen smile changing to a gleam of ferocity, he dashed the head of the infant against a rock, and cast its quivering remains to her very feet. For an instant, the mother stood, like a statue of despair, looking wildly down at the unseemly object, which had so lately nestled in her bosom and smiled in her face; and then she raised her eyes and countenance towards heaven, as if calling on God to curse the perpetrator of the foul deed. She was spared the sin of such a prayer; for, maddened at his disappointment, and excited at the sight of blood, the Huron mercifully drove his tomahawk into her own brain. The mother sank under the blow, and fell, grasping at her child, in death, with the same engrossing love that had caused her to cherish it when living.

At that dangerous moment Magua placed his hands to his mouth, and raised the fatal and appalling whoop. The scattered Indians started at the well-known cry, as coursers bound at the signal to quit the goal; and, directly, there arose such a yell along the plain, and through the arches of the wood as seldom burst from human lips before.

More than two thousand raving savages broke from the forest at the signal, and threw themselves across the fatal

plain with instinctive alacrity, We shall not dwell on the revolting horrors that succeeded. Death was everywhere, and in his most terrific and disgusting aspects. Resistance only served to inflame the murderers, who inflicted their furious blows long after their victims were beyond the power of their resentment. The flow of blood might be likened to the outbreaking of a torrent; and as the natives became heated and maddened by the sight, many among them even kneeled to the earth, and drank freely, exultingly, hellishly, of the crimson tide.

The trained bodies of the troops threw themselves quickly into solid masses, endeavouring to awe their assailants by the imposing appearance of a military front. The experiment in some measure succeeded, though far too many suffered their unloaded muskets to be torn from their hands, in the vain hope of appeasing the savages.

In such a scene none had leisure to note the fleeting moments. It might have been ten minutes (it seemed an age), that the sisters had stood riveted to one spot, horror-stricken, and nearly helpless. When the first blow was struck, their screaming companions had pressed upon them in a body, rendering flight impossible; and now that fear or death, had scattered most, if not all, from around them, they saw no avenue open, but such as conducted to the tomahawks of their foes. On every side arose shrieks, groans, exhortations, and curses. At this moment, Alice Munro caught a glimpse of the vast form of her father, moving rapidly across the plain, in the direction of the French army. He was, in truth, proceeding to Montcalm, fearless of every danger, to claim the tardy escort, for which he had before conditioned. Fifty glittering axes and barbed spears, were offered unheeded at his life, but the savages respected his rank and calmness, even in their fury. The dangerous weapons were brushed aside by the still nervous

arm of the veteran, or fell of themselves, after menacing an act that it would seem no one had courage to perform. Fortunately the vindictive Magua was searching for his victim in the very band the veteran had just quitted.

"Father—father—we are here!" shrieked Alice, as he passed, at no great distance, without appearing to heed them. "Come to us, father, or we die!"

The cry was repeated, and in terms and tones that might have melted a heart of stone, but it was unanswered. Once, indeed, the old man appeared to catch the sounds, for he paused and listened; but Alice had dropped senseless on the earth, and Cora had sunk at her side, hovering in untiring tenderness over her lifeless form. Munro shook his head in disappointment, and proceeded, bent on the high duty of his station.

"Lady," said her attendant, who, helpless and useless as he was, had not yet dreamed of deserting his trust, "it is the jubilee of the devils, and this is not a meet place for Christians to tarry in. Let us up and fly."

"Go," said Cora, still gazing at her unconscious sister; "save thyself. To me thou canst not be of further use."

The man comprehended the unyielding character of her resolution, by the simple but expressive gesture that accompanied her words. He gazed, for a moment, at the dusky forms that were acting their hellish rites on every side of him, and his tall person grew more erect, while his chest heaved, and every feature swelled, and seemed to speak with the power of the feelings by which he was governed.

"If the Jewish boy might tame the evil spirit of Saul by the sound of his harp, and the words of sacred song, it may not be amiss," he said, "to try the potency of music here."

Then raising his voice to its highest tones, he poured out a strain so powerful as to be heard even amid the din of that bloody field. More than one savage rushed towards them, thinking to rifle the unprotected sisters of their attire,

and bear away their scalps; but when they found this strange and unmoved figure riveted to his post, they paused to listen. Astonishment soon changed to admiration, and they passed on to other, and less courageous, victims, openly expressing their satisfaction at the firmness with which the white warrior sang his death-song.

The cruel work was still unchecked. On every side the captured were flying before their relentless persecutors, while the armed columns of the Christian king stood fast in an apathy which has never been explained, and which has left an immovable blot on the otherwise fair escutcheon of their leader. Nor was the sword of death stayed until cupidity got the mastery of revenge. Then, indeed, the shrieks of the wounded and the yells of their murderers grew less frequent, until, finally, the cries of horror were lost to their ear, or were drowned in the loud, long, and piercing whoops of the triumphant savages.

FENIMORE COOPER, *The Last of the Mohicans.*

## VICTORIA

### THE NEW LEADERS

"His lordship has not yet rung his bell, gentlemen."

It was the valet of Lord Milford that spoke, addressing from the door of a house in Belgrave Square, about noon, a deputation from the National Convention, consisting of two of its delegates, who waited on the young viscount in common with other members of the legislature, in order to call his particular attention to the National Petition which the Convention had prepared, and which in the course of the session was to be presented by one of the members for Birmingham.

"I fear we are too early for these fine birds," said one delegate to the other. "Who is next on our list?"

"No. 27, — Street, close by; Mr. Thorough Base: he ought to be with the people, for his father was only a fiddler; but I understand he is quite an aristocrat and has married a widow of quality."

"Well, knock."

Mr. Thorough Base was not at home; had received the card of the delegates apprising him of the honour of their intended visit, but had made up his mind on the subject.

No. 18 in the same street received them more courteously. Here resided Mr. Kremlin, who after listening with patience if not with interest, to their statement, apprised them that forms of government were of no consequence, and domestic policy of no interest; that there was only one subject which should engage the attention of public men, because everything depended on it,—that was our external system; and

that the only specific for a revival of trade and the contentment of the people, was a general settlement of the boundary questions. Finally, Mr. Kremlin urged upon the National Convention to recast their petition with this view, assuring them that on foreign policy they would have the public with them.

The deputation in reply might have referred as an evidence of the general interest excited by questions of foreign policy, to the impossibility even of a leader making a house on one; and to the fact that there are not three men in the House of Commons who even pretend to have any acquaintance with the external circumstances of the country; they might have added, that even in such an assembly Mr. Kremlin himself was distinguished for ignorance, for he had only one idea,—and that was wrong.

Their next visit was to Wriggle, a member for a metropolitan district, a disciple of Progress, who went with the times, but who took particular good care to ascertain their complexion; and whose movements if expedient could partake of a regressive character. As the Charter might some day turn up trumps as well as so many other unexpected cards and colours, Wriggle gave his adhesion to it, but of course only provisionally; provided that is to say, he might vote against it at present. But he saw no harm in it—not he, and should be prepared to support it when circumstances, that is to say the temper of the times, would permit him. More could hardly be expected from a gentlemen in the delicate position in which Wriggle found himself at this moment, for he had solicited a baronetcy of the whigs, and had secretly pledged himself to Taper to vote against them on the impending Jamaica division.

Bombastes Rip snubbed them, which was hard, for he had been one of themselves, had written confidential letters in 1831 to the secretary of the Treasury, and “provided

his expenses were paid," offered to come up from the manufacturing town he now presented, at the head of a hundred thousand men, and burn down Apsley House. But now Bombastes Rip talked of the great middle class; of public order and public credit. He would have said more to them, but had an appointment in the city, being a most active member of the committee for raising a statue to the Duke of Wellington.

Floatwell received them in the politest manner, though he did not agree with them. What he did agree with was difficult to say. Clever, brisk, and bustling, with an university reputation and without patrimony, Floatwell shrunk from the toils of a profession, and in the hurry-scurry of reform found himself to his astonishment a parliament man. There he had remained, but why, the Fates alone knew. The fun of such a thing must have evaporated with the novelty. Floatwell had entered public life in complete ignorance of every subject which could possibly engage the attention of a public man. He knew nothing of history, national or constitutional law, had indeed none but puerile acquirements, and had seen nothing of life. Assiduous at committees he gained those superficial habits of business which are competent to the conduct of ordinary affairs, and picked up in time some of the slang of economical questions. Floatwell began at once with a little success, and he kept his little success; nobody envied him it; he hoarded his sixpences without exciting any evil emulation. He was one of those characters who above all things shrink from isolation, and who imagine they are getting on if they are keeping company with some who stick like themselves. He was always an idolater of some great personage who was on the shelf, and who he was convinced, because the great personage assured him of it after dinner, would sooner or later turn



out *the* man. At present, Floatwell swore by Lord Dunderhead; and the game of this little coterie, who dined together and thought they were a party, was to be courteous to the Convention.

After the endurance of an almost interminable lecture on the currency from Mr. Kite, who would pledge himself to the charter if the charter would pledge itself to one-pound notes, the two delegates had arrived in Piccadilly, and the next member upon their list was Lord Valentine.

"It is two o'clock," said one of the delegates, "I think we may venture;" so they knocked at the portal of the court yard, and found they were awaited.

A private staircase lead to the suite of rooms of Lord Valentine, who lived in the family mansion. The delegates were ushered through an ante-chamber into a saloon which opened into a very fanciful conservatory, where, amid tall tropical plants, played a fountain. The saloon was hung with blue satin, and adorned with brilliant mirrors; its coved ceiling was richly painted, and its furniture became the rest of its decorations. On one sofa were a number of portfolios, some open, full of drawings of costumes; a table of pietra dura was covered with richly bound volumes that appeared to have been recently referred to; several ancient swords of extreme beauty were lying on a couch; in a corner of the room was a figure in complete armour, black and gold richly inlaid, and grasping in its gauntlet the ancient standard of England.

The two delegates of the National Convention stared at each other, as if to express their surprise that a dweller in such an abode should ever have permitted them to enter it; but ere either of them could venture to speak, Lord Valentine made his appearance.

He was a young man, above the middle height, slender, broad-shouldered, small-waisted, of a graceful presence; he

was very fair, with dark blue eyes, bright and intelligent, and features of classic precision; a small Greek cap crowned his long light-brown hair, and he was enveloped in a morning robe of Indian shawls.

"Well, gentlemen," said his lordship, as he invited them to be seated, in a clear and cheerful voice, and with an unaffected tone of frankness which put his guests at their ease; "I promised to see you; well, what have you got to say?"

The delegates made their accustomed statement; they wished to pledge no one; all that the people desired was a respectful discussion of their claims; the national petition, signed by nearly a million and a half of the flower of the working classes, was shortly to be presented to the House of Commons, praying the House to take into consideration the five points in which the working classes deemed their best interests involved; to wit, universal suffrage, vote by ballot, annual parliaments, salaried members, and the abolition of the property qualification.

"And supposing these five points conceded," said Lord Valentine, "what do you mean to do?"

"The people then being at length really represented," replied one of the delegates, "they would decide upon the measures which the interests of the great majority require."

"I am not so clear about that," said Lord Valentine; "that is the very point at issue. I do not think the great majority are the best judges of their own interests. At all events, gentlemen, the respective advantages of aristocracy and democracy are a moot point. Well then, finding the question practically settled in this country, you will excuse me for not wishing to agitate it. I give you complete credit for the sincerity of your convictions; extend the same confidence to me. You are democrats; I am an aristocrat. My family has been ennobled for nearly three

centuries; they bore a knightly name before their elevation. They have mainly and materially assisted in making England what it is. They have shed their blood in many battles; I have had two ancestors killed in the command of our fleets. You will not underrate such services, even if you do not appreciate their conduct as statesmen, though that has often been laborious, and sometimes distinguished. The finest trees in England were planted by my family; they raised several of your most beautiful churches; they have built bridges, made roads, dug mines, and constructed canals, and drained a marsh of a million of acres which bears our name to this day, and is now one of the most flourishing portions of the country. You talk of our taxation and our wars; and of your inventions and your industry. Our wars converted an island into an empire, and at any rate developed that industry and stimulated those inventions of which you boast. You tell me that you are the delegates of the unrepresented working classes of Mowbray. Why, what would Mowbray have been if it had not been for your aristocracy and their wars? Your town would not have existed; there would have been no working classes there to send up delegates. In fact you owe your very existence to us. I have told you what my ancestors have done; I am prepared, if the occasion requires it, not to disgrace them; I have inherited their great position, and I tell you fairly, gentlemen, I will not relinquish it without a struggle."

"Will you combat the people in that suit of armour, my lord!" said one of the delegates smiling, but in a tone of kindness and respect.

"That suit of armour has combated for the people before this," said Lord Valentine, "for it stood by Simon de Montfort on the field of Evesham."

"My lord," said the other delegate, "it is well known

that you come from a great and honoured race; and we have seen enough to-day to show that in intelligence and spirit you are not unworthy of your ancestry. But the great question, which your lordship has introduced, not us, is not to be decided by a happy instance. Your ancestors may have done great things. What wonder! They were members of a very limited class which had the monopoly of action. And the people, have not they shed their blood in battle, though they may have commanded fleets less often than your lordship's relatives? And these mines and canals that you have excavated and constructed, these woods you have planted, these waters you have drained—had the people no hand in these creations? What share in these great works had that faculty of Labour whose sacred claims we now urge, but which for centuries have been passed over in contemptuous silence? No, my lord, we call upon you to decide this question by the result. The Aristocracy of England have had for three centuries the exercise of power; for the last century and a half that exercise has been uncontrolled; they form at this moment the most prosperous class that the history of the world can furnish: as rich as the Roman senators, with sources of convenience and enjoyment which modern science could alone supply. All this is not denied. Your order stands before Europe the most gorgeous of existing spectacles; though you have of late years dexterously thrown some of the odium of your polity upon that middle class which you despise, and who are despicable only because they imitate you, your tenure of power is not in reality impaired. You govern us still with absolute authority,—and you govern the most miserable people on the face of the globe."

"And is this a fair description of the people of England?" said Lord Valentine. "A flash of rhetoric, I presume, that would place them lower than the Portu-

guese or the Poles, the serfs of Russia or the Lazzaroni of Naples."

"Infinitely lower," said the delegate, "for they are not only degraded, but conscious of their degradation. They no longer believe in any innate difference between the governing and the governed classes of this country. They are sufficiently enlightened to feel they are victims. Compared with the privileged classes of their own land, they are in a lower state than any other population compared with its privileged classes. All is relative, my lord, and believe me, the relations of the working classes of England to its privileged orders are relations of enmity, and therefore of peril."

"The people must have leaders," said Lord Valentine.

"And they have found them," said the delegate.

"When it comes to a push they will follow their nobility," said Lord Valentine.

"Will their nobility lead them?" said the other delegate. "For my part I do not pretend to be a philosopher, and if I saw Simon de Montfort again I should be content to fight under his banner."

"We have an aristocracy of wealth," said the delegate who had chiefly spoken. "In a progressive civilization wealth is the only means of class distinction: but a new disposition of wealth may remove even this."

"Ah! you want to get at our estates," said Lord Valentine smiling; "but the effort on your part may resolve society into its original elements, and the old sources of distinction may again develop themselves."

"Tall barons will not stand against Paixhans rockets," said the delegate. "Modern science has vindicated the natural equality of man."

"And I must say I am very sorry for it," said the other delegate; "for human strength always seems to me the natural process of settling affairs."



“AND THE PEOPLE, HAVE THEY NOT SHED THEIR BLOOD  
IN BATTLE?”

*Face p. 390*



"I am not surprised at your opinion," said Lord Valentine, turning to the delegate and smiling. "I should not be over-glad to meet you in a fray. You stand some inches above six feet, or I am mistaken."

"I was six feet two inches when I stopped growing," said the delegate; "and age has not stolen any of my height yet."

"That suit of armour would fit you," said Lord Valentine, as they all rose.

"And might I ask your lordship," said the tall delegate, "why it is here?"

"I am to represent Richard Cœur de Lion at the queen's ball," said Lord Valentine; "and before my sovereign I will not doff a Drury-Lane cuirass, so I got this up from my father's castle."

"Ah! I almost wish the good old times of Cœur de Lion were here again," said the tall delegate.

"And we should be serfs," said his companion.

"I am not sure of that," said the tall delegate. "At any rate there was the free forest."

"I like that young fellow," said the tall delegate to his companion, as they descended the staircase.

"He has awful prejudices," said his friend.

"Well, well; he has his opinions and we have ours. But he is a man; with clear, straightforward ideas, a frank, noble presence; and as good-looking a fellow as I ever set eyes on. Where are we now?"

"We have only one more name on our list to-day, and it is at hand. Letter K, No. 1, Albany. Another member of the aristocracy, the Honourable Charles Egremont."

"Well, I prefer them, as far as I can judge, to Wriggle, and Rip, and Thorough Base," said the tall delegate, laughing. "I dare say we should have found Lord Milford a very jolly fellow, if he had only been up."



"Here we are," said his companion, as he knocked. "Mr. Egremont, is he at home?"

"The gentlemen of the deputation? Yes, my master gave particular orders that he was at home to you. Will you walk in, gentlemen?"

"There you see," said the tall delegate. "This would be a lesson to Thorough Base."

They sat down in an antechamber; the servant opened a mahogany folding-door which he shut after him and announced to his master the arrival of the delegates. Egremont was seated in his library, at a round table covered with writing materials, books, and letters. On another table were arranged his parliamentary papers, and piles of blue books. The room was classically furnished. On the mantelpiece were some ancient vases, which he had brought with him from Italy, standing on each side of a picture of Allori.

The servant returned to the ante-room, and announcing to the delegates that his master was ready to receive them, ushered them into his presence.

Lord BEACONSFIELD, *Sybil*.

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