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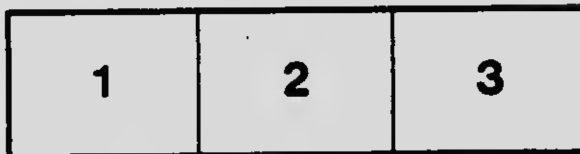

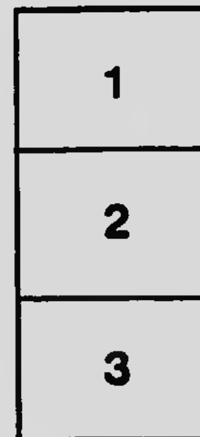

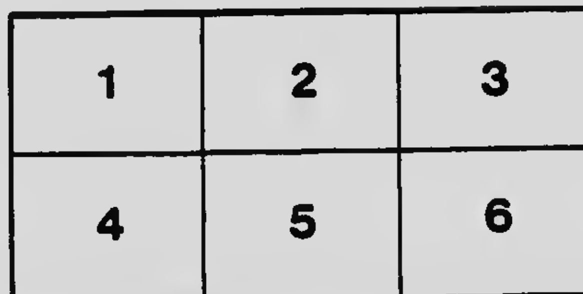

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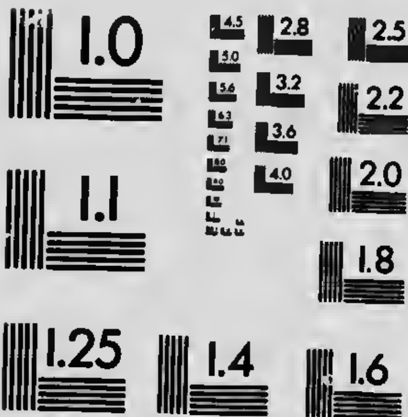

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THE KING'S STORY BOOK

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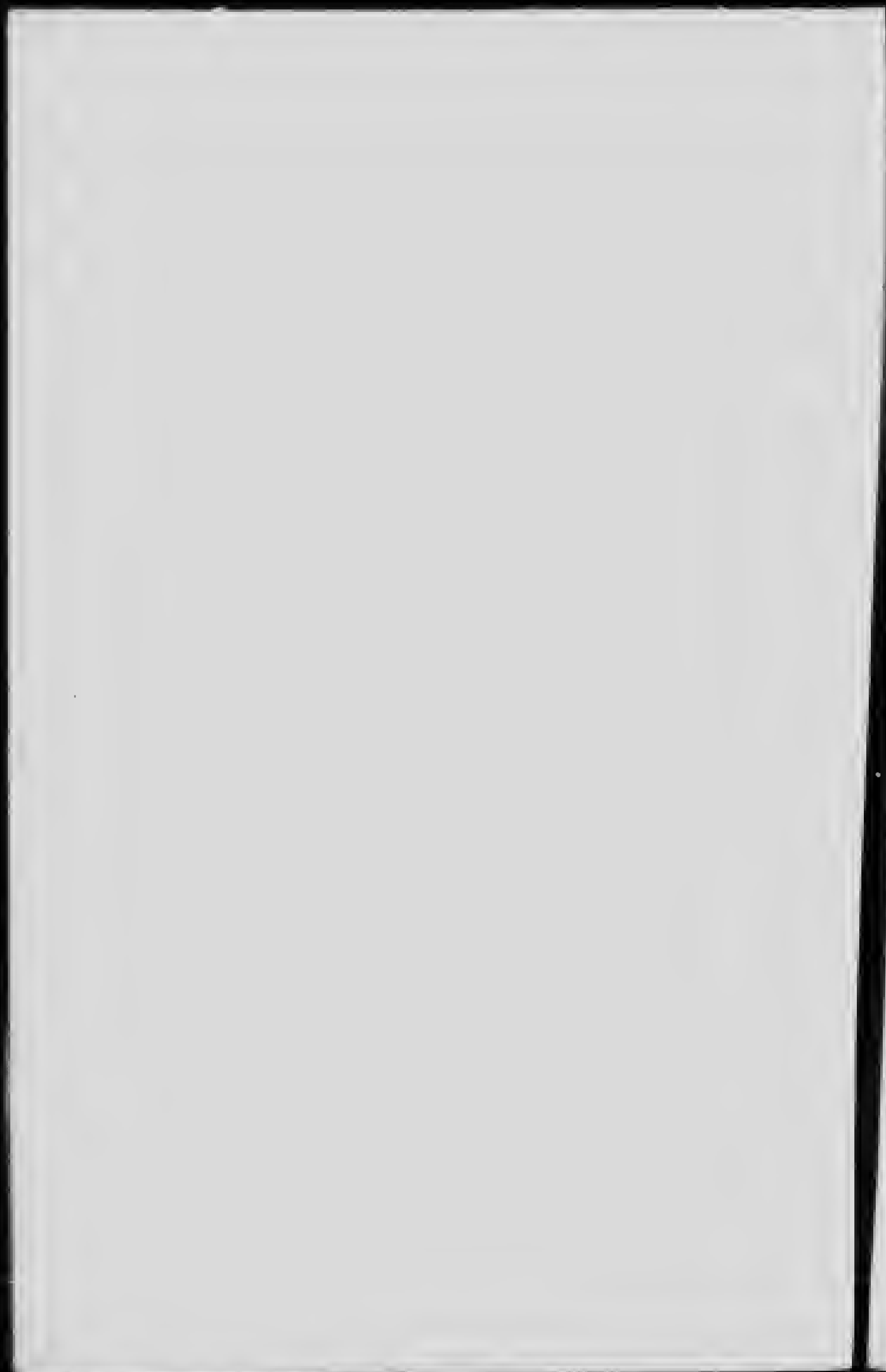
from Father
Xmas 1909

THE KING'S STORY BOOK



THE TAPESTRY HANGINGS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

Frontispiece

THE KING'S STORY BOOK

BEING HISTORICAL STORIES COLLECTED OUT OF ENGLISH ROMANTIC LITERATURE IN ILLUSTRATION OF THE REIGNS OF ENGLISH MONARCHS FROM THE CONQUEST TO WILLIAM IV

AND EDITED
WITH AN INTRODUCTION
BY
GEORGE LAURENCE GOMME

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRISON MILLER

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INTRODUCTION

THE object of this book is to present to the young reader a series of stories illustrative of events in English history. Too little attention is given to English subjects in books of this kind. Fairy tales, as Christmas books, have been nearly exhausted by Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Joseph Jacobs, and attention has been turned to other sources of amusement by reading. But hitherto English history and English romantic literature have not been appealed to.

I am willing to admit that in a few cases in the present volume the appeal has not resulted so well as could have been desired. Robert Louis Stevenson's story of the Black Arrow, Dr. Conan Doyle's story of Sedgmoor, Sir Walter Besant's account of the Derwentwater rebellion, and others, at once occur to the mind as gems one would have liked to see placed in the same setting with Scott, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, and the rest. But even with these omissions, due to the inexorable law of copyright, not to editorial choice, the present collection of historical stories will, I think, be found of value as well as of interest.

The value of such a collection is that it supplies material for a comparative study of English romantic literature. It will, no doubt, be suggested that the chief result is to demonstrate, what is already so well known, that the genius of Scott makes his stories stand out conspicuously above all the rest. But still Scott, contrasted at close

quarters with his contemporary countryman, John Galt, with Thackeray and with Charlotte Brontë, supplies a contribution to comparative literary study which must, I think, be of considerable service. On the lower rungs of the ladder stand out clearly Lytton's grand description of Hastings, his suggestive picture of Henry VI., and his stirring Battle of Barnet; Charles Macfarlane's story of Hereward and of the fight for King Stephen; and Charles Kingsley's picturesque and powerful story of the Armada. A unique position is reserved for Miss Manning, whose gentle touch is very well shown in the story of Sir Thomas More's execution, and to a lesser degree in the story of Ket's rebellion. Mary Woollstoncraft Shelley's interesting view of Henry VII.'s attitude to the reputed Duke of York, and Leigh Hunt's account of the later Duke of York's questionable conduct at Lowestoft take their place here. Dickens is only represented by the story of Lord George Gordon. Far lower down the ladder is the yet popular writer, William Harrison Ainsworth, from whom I have chosen the stories of Lady Jane Grey's attempt to win the crown and the battle of Preston against the Jacobites. Other writers, not well known, are represented in the collection, though their place in literature is perhaps not very important. For a story of Henry I.'s reign I have had to use William of Malmesbury's chronicle; and this, together with the scenes from Shakespeare's historical plays, will, I am sure, not be objected to.

The methods employed by the different authors are of two distinct classes—those who use historical characters and events as the chief elements of the story into which they weave the characters of imagination and fancy only for the purpose of supplying the necessary machinery to carry on the history; and those who boldly introduce their imaginative characters as the centre-point of interest, and

utilize history only as the setting. Of the former class Lord Lytton and Charles Kingsley are the best exponents, and there are a host of lesser lights; to the latter class belong not only Scott, but Thackeray. It seems almost as if this choice of method by the two greatest masters were enough to determine which of the two methods is the better for literature; but in the romance of history there lies the germ of the epic, and I would not willingly give up the hope that there is much good work yet to be produced from this rich source.

I am not, however, anxious to attempt here a literary study, even if I were competent to perform such a task. I only wish to indicate that a collection such as this, of genuine extracts from nearly the whole range of English romantic literature, has possibilities of use over and beyond the immediate purpose of amusement for which it is designed.

The chief interest of such a collection is, of course, the picture of history which it represents. It is English history, and there is ample room for any attempt which shall bring to the younger generations love for the past, which is the forerunner of a desire for knowledge of the past. In selecting the stories two rules have been observed: first, that as far as possible the events described shall be real events, or else faithful representations of events which, if not real, illustrate each reign. No event treated of in historical romance is nearer to truth than Lytton's account of the Battle of Hastings. Mr. Freeman, the historian of the period and the event, bears ample testimony to this, and my recent edition of Lord Lytton's novel explains the point at length. The great fight by Hereward at Ely is another instance of close following of history, so far as history in this case speaks at all; and in these two great fights is contained so much of the heroic that they may fairly be considered as the fitting

opening to the English epic. The contrast to these stirring notes of history revealed in the story of William Rufus is true to history, and the events are taken from the chronicles Henry I. is represented by a chronicle narrative of an episode which turned the course of English history. The reign of Stephen is once more a period of fighting and the finish to the Norman rule. Henry II. comes out well in Scott's story of the Flemings; and Richard Cœur de Lion is perforce represented by the supposed interview between that wild monarch and Robin Hood which is taken from Scott. John is represented by the historical drama of Shakespeare, and brings us to the shameful surrender of the kingdom to the Pope. The story from Mrs. Radcliffe fairly illustrates Henry III.'s position, and it introduces Prince Edward in his true light. The border warfare with Scotland in Edward the First's reign is again represented by Scott. An anonymous author of not much brilliancy gives us the fateful battle of Bannockburn, which proclaimed that the second Edward did not partake of his great sire's wondrous ability. For Edward III. we have for the first time a contribution from the pen of John Galt, and the episode which led up to the inauguration of the Order of the Garter is chosen as the representative story. The well-known story of Richard II. and Wat Tyler is told by Pierce Egan. Henry IV. is illustrated from Shakespeare, and for Henry V. the wondrous epic outburst of the great poet on Agincourt is utilized. Henry VI. is depicted as he resumed the throne after Edward was dethroned by Warwick; but while the king's character is perhaps a true one, it is doubtful whether Lytton has not drawn too favourably the position of the crafty Warwick. Lytton's fine but overwrought description of Edward IV. and Gloucester, and Warwick and Montagu at Barnet, is the next great event, an event which practically terminated the feudal life of England. The pathetic

story of the young princes, Edward V. and his brother, is taken from Shakespeare. The death of the last of the Plantagenets, Richard III., is told by Mary Woollstoncraft Shelley in her little known and rather prosaic story of Perkin Warbeck, from which is also taken a scene which depicts the cruel though politic attitude of Henry VII. towards Perkin Warheck, whom Mrs. Shelley treats as the real Richard Duke of York. The judicial murder of Sir Thomas More by Henry VIII. is brought very vividly before the mind in Miss Manning's remarkable story, told as if by Sir Thomas More's favourite daughter. The reign of Edward VI. also is illustrated from a story of Miss Manning's relating to Ket's rebellion, where we are treated to a realistic picture of the peasants' revolt. Mary brings us again to war, and the pitiful fight for Lady Jane Grey is told from Ainsworth's story of the attack on the Tower of London. Elizabeth's glorious epoch is represented by the battle against the Spanish Armada, a bigger fight even than Hastings for English freedom, the account of which is told by the brilliant pen of Charles Kingsley. The exquisite story of James I. from Sir Walter Scott, not founded on history, so characteristically depicts that monarch from the humorous side, that it is difficult not to believe that the story represents an actual occurrence. Scott also supplies the romance for Charles I., the gallant fight by Montrose being the event which illumines this dark and stormy period. And Scott, too, tells us a story of Cromwell, a half legendary story, which, with all the master's cunning hand, comes out real enough as a character sketch of the great Protector. The shameful reign of Charles II. is represented by the shameful act of the King's admiral of the fleet and royal brother, who declined to follow up the victory won for him by English sailors, and is related with singular incisiveness by Leigh Hunt. James II. is shown

hy the battle of Sedgmoor. The event of William and Mary's reign, which stands out conspicuously, is the battle of Killiecrankie and the death of Claverhouse of Dundee, which is told by John Galt in feverish covenanting spirit. We reach Queen Anne through the great master of English historical fiction, and, perhaps, the little picture which Thackeray gives of Marlborough's officer's coquetting with the Pretender is strong enough to tell how nearly England got back again to the rule of the Stuarts. The period of the Guelphs is reached by the story of Preston fight by Ainsworth, and continued by Scott's masterly description of a landing by the young Pretender (in the reign of George II., after the battle of Culloden) and the quiet dispersal of the Jacobites by diplomacy rather than arms—an episode which perhaps has no warrant in history, but which truly represents the position of the Hanoverian line of kings in relation to the Stuarts in their last days. For George III. there was much to choose from, but the great name of Charles Dickens determined the choice to be the religious cry raised by Lord George Gordon. The battle of Waterloo, while George IV. was regent, told by Thackeray, is perhaps one of the most masterly sketches of a great event in a short space that could possibly be conceived. And finally, the poor reign of William IV. is represented from its social side and by the peasant war against machinery in the grand and passionate style of Charlotte Bronté.

Thus we have run through the centuries of English history since England was finally fashioned at the Conquest. The events are great enough and small enough for all purposes of illustrative observation, and perhaps the different stories will be read by those who do not know the originals from which they are taken, but who are by means of this book introduced to a few of the glories of English romance as it appears glamoured over by the

march of time. As we go down the centuries, battle and strife by means of arms give way to other forms of struggle, and monarchs who led their own armies give way to generals who lead the armies of the nation. The change of events is well brought out by the stories, as any one can judge by contrasting the two accounts of the battle of Hastings and of Waterloo. Other historical phases are also depicted. Manners, dress, speech, have their changes duly represented, and not inadequately.

The plan has been to lift each story from its place in the novel from which it is taken, and let it stand alone as a cameo of English historical fiction. Only to give a date, to add a name, or to slightly vary a descriptive opening sentence has the original been touched, except where it has been necessary to shorten the extract by omitting passages of unimportant relevancy to the purpose of a short story. In all other respects each author speaks for himself. This plan has been adopted as much for the purpose of securing literary accuracy as for the benefit of the narrative. It may be thought to occasion here and there a lack of introductory description of certain fictional characters, but this is not so great a drawback as would at first sight appear, if the stories are properly read. One need not want to know exactly who is Joseph Sedly at Brussels, except that he represents hundreds of such men. And so of other characters of fiction. They are representatives of their class.

Taken as a whole, I think it will be admitted that English romantic literature must be allotted a higher place than has generally been considered its due; and it need hardly be said, that if this book should lead a few readers to the great works from which it is derived, to the study of literary history for which it is in some sort an aid, to the study of political and social history for

which it forms in more senses than one a very strong plea—if it makes any young mind think well of the history which he inherits, if he does not know, then, I shall rest satisfied that it has filled a place on our bookshelves which was waiting to be filled.

The Frontispiece is reproduced from one of "The Tapestry Hangings of the House of Lords," engravings of which were published by John Pine in 1739. These tapestries are historical.

In the old House of Lords, destroyed by fire on October 24th, 1834, there existed a suite of tapestry representing the engagements between the English and Spanish Fleets, and of this Pennant, in *Some Account of London*, says: "The House of Lords is a room, ornamented with the tapestry which records our victory over the Spanish Armada. It was bespoke by the Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, and Commander-in-Chief. The Earl sold it to James I. The design was drawn by Cornelius Vroan, and the tapestry executed by Francis Spiering. Vroan had a hundred pieces of gold for his labour. The arras itself cost £1,628. It was not put up till the year 1650, two years after the extinction of the monarchy, when the House of Lords was used as a Committee Room for the House of Commons."

LAURENCE GOMME.

24, DORSET SQUARE,
LONDON, N.W.,

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K.S.

B

I

How a Hero-King Fought and Died for England

ON the fourteenth of October, 1066, the day of St. Calixtus, the Norman force was drawn out in battle array. Mass had been said; Odo and the Bishop of Coutance had blessed the troops, and received their vow never more to eat flesh on the anniversary of that day. And Odo had mounted his snow-white charger, and already drawn up the cavalry against the coming of his brother the Duke. The army was marshalled in three great divisions.

Roger de Montgommeri and William Fitzosborne led the first; and with them were the forces from Picardy and the countship of Boulogne, and the fiery Franks; Geoffric Martel and the German Hugues (a prince of fame); Aimeri, Lord of Thouars, and the sons of Alain Fergant, Duke of Bretagne, led the second, which comprised the main bulk of the allies from Bretagne, and Maine, and Poitou. But both these divisions were intermixed with Normans, under their own special Norman chiefs.

The third section embraced the flower of martial Europe, the most renowned of the Norman race; whether those knights bore the French titles into which their ancestral Scandinavian names had been transformed—Sires of Beaufou and Harcourt, Abbeville, and de Molun, Montfichet, Grantmesnil, Lacie, D'Aincourt and D'Asnieres; or whether, still preserving, amidst their daintier titles, the old names that had scattered dismay through the seas of the Baltic—Osborne and Tonstain, Mallet and Bulver, Brand and

Bruse. And over this division presided Duke William. Here was the main body of the matchless cavalry, to which, however, orders were given to support either of the other sections, as need might demand. And with this body were also the reserve. For it is curious to notice that William's strategy resembled in much that of the last great Invader of Nations—relying first upon the effect of the charge; secondly, upon a vast reserve brought to bear at the exact moment on the weakest point of the foe.

All the horsemen were in complete link or net mail, armed with spears and strong swords, and long, pear-shaped shields, with the device either of a cross or a dragon. The archers, on whom William greatly relied, were numerous in all three of the corps, were armed more lightly—helms on their heads, but with leather or quilted breastplates, and "panels," or gaiters, for the lower limbs.

But before the chiefs and captains rode to their several posts, they assembled round William, whom Fitzosborne had called betimes, and who had not yet endued his heavy mail, that all men might see suspended from his throat certain relics chosen out of those on which Harold had pledged his fatal oath. Standing on an eminence in front of all his lines, the consecrated banner behind him, and Bayard, his Spanish destrier, held by his squires at his side, the Duke conversed cheerily with his barons, often pointing to the relics. Then, in sight of all, he put on his mail, and, by the haste of his squires, the back-piece was presented to him first. The superstitious Normans recoiled as at an evil omen.

"Tut!" said the ready chief; "not in omens and divinations, but in God, trust I! Yet, good omen indeed is this, and one that may give heart to the most doubtful, for it betokens that the last shall be first—the dukedom a kingdom, the count a king! Ho there, Rou de Terni! as Hereditary Standard-bearer take thy right, and hold fast to yon holy gonfanon."

"*Grant merci*," said De Terni, "not to-day shall a standard be borne by me, for I shall have need of my right arm for my sword, and my left for my charger's rein and my trusty shield."

"Thou sayst right, and we can ill spare such a warrior. Gautier Giffart, Sire de Longueville, to thee is the gonfanon."

"*Beau Sire*," answered Gautier; "*par Dex, Merci.* But my head is grey and my arm weak; and the little strength left me I would spend in smiting the English at the head of my men."

"*Per la resplendar Dé*," cried William, frowning; "do ye think, my proud vavasours, to fail me in this great need?"

"Nay," said Gautier; "but I have a great host of chevaliers and paid soldiers, and without the old man at their head will they fight as well?"

"Then, approach thou, Tonstain le Blanc, son of Rou," said William; "and be thine the charge of a standard that shall wave ere nightfall over the brows of thy—*King!*" A young knight, tall and strong as his Danish ancestor, stept forth, and laid gripe on the banner.

Then William, now completely armed, save his helmet, sprang at one bound on his steed. A shout of admiration rang from the Quens and knights.

"Saw ye ever such *beau rei?*" said the Vicomte de Thouars.

The shout was caught by the lines, and echoed far, wide, and deep through the armament, as in all his singular majesty of brow and mien, William rode forth: lifting his hand, the shout hushed, and thus he spoke "loud as a trumpet with a silver sound."

"Normans and soldiers, long renowned in the lips of men, and now hallowed by the blessing of the Church!—I have not brought you over the wide seas for my cause alone; what I gain, ye gain. If I take the land, you will share it. Fight your best, and spare not; no retreat, and no quarter! I am not come here for my cause alone, but

to avenge our whole nation for the felonies of yonder English. They butchered our kinsmen the Danes, on the night of St. Brice; they murdered Alfred, the brother of their last King, and decimated the Normans who were with him. Yonder they stand—malefactors that await their doom! and ye the doomsmen! Never, even in a good cause, were yon English illustrious for warlike temper and martial glory. Remember how easily the Danes subdued them! Are ye less than Danes, or I than Canute? By victory ye obtain vengeance, glory, honours, lands, spoil—aye, spoil beyond your wildest dreams. By defeat—yea, even but by loss of ground, ye are given up to the sword! Escape there is not, for the ships are useless. Before you the foe, behind you the ocean! Normans, remember the feats of your countrymen in Sicily! Behold a Sicily more rich! Lordships and lands to the living—glory and salvation to those who die under the gonfanon of the Church! On, to the cry of the Norman warrior; the cry before which have fled so often the prowest Paladins of Burgundy and France—'*Notre Dame et Dex aide!*'"

Meanwhile, no less vigilant, and in his own strategy no less skilful, Harold had marshalled his men. He formed two divisions: those in front of the entrenchments; those within it. At the first the men of Kent, as from time immemorial, claimed the honour of the van, under "the Pale Charger"—famous banner of Hengist. This force was drawn up in the form of the Anglo-Danish wedge; the foremost lines in the triangle all in heavy mail, armed with their great axes, and covered by their immense shields. Behind these lines, in the interior of the wedge, were the archers, protected by the front rows of the heavy armed; while the few horsemen—few indeed compared with the Norman cavalry—were artfully disposed where they could best harass and distract the formidable chivalry with which they were instructed to skirmish, and not peril actual encounter. Other bodies of the light armed—slingers, javelin

throwers, and archers—were planted in spots carefully selected, according as they were protected by trees, brush-wood, and dykes. The Northumbrians (that is, all the warlike population north the Humber, including Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, etc.) were, for their present shame and future ruin, absent from that field, save, indeed, a few who had joined Harold in his march to London. But there were the mixed races of Hertfordshire and Essex, with the pure Saxons of Sussex and Surrey, and a large body of the sturdy Anglo-Danes from Lincolnshire, Ely and Norfolk. Men, too, there were, half of old British blood, from Dorset, Somerset, and Gloucester.

And all were marshalled according to those touching and pathetic tactics which speak of a nation more accustomed to defend than to aggrieve. To that field the head of each family led his sons and kinsfolk; every ten families (or tything) were united under their own chosen captain. Every ten of these tythings had, again, some loftier chief, dear to the populace in peace; and so on the holy circle spread from household, hamlet, town—till, all combined, as one country under one Earl, the warriors fought under the eyes of their own kinsfolk, friends, neighbours, chosen chiefs! What wonder that they were brave?

The second division comprised Harold's house-carles, or body-guard—the veterans especially attached to his family—the companions of his successful wars—a select band of the martial East-Anglians—the soldiers supplied by London and Middlesex, and who, both in arms, discipline, martial temper and athletic habits, ranked high among the most stalwart of the troops, mixed, as their descent was, from the warlike Dane and the sturdy Saxon. In this division, too, was comprised the reserve. And it was all encompassed by the palisades and breastworks, to which were but three sorties, whence the defenders might sally, or through which at need the vang[illegible] might se[illegible]ure a retreat. All the heavy armed had mail [illegible] [illegible]elds similar to the Normans, though

somewhat less heavy; the light armed had, some tunics of quilted linen, some of hide; helmets of the last material, spears, javelins, swords, and clubs. But the main arm of the host was in the great shield, and the great axe wielded by men larger in stature and stronger of muscle than the majority of the Normans, whose physical race had deteriorated partly by intermarriage with the more delicate Frank, partly by the haughty disdain of foot exercise.

Mounting a swift and light steed, intended not for encounter (for it was the custom of English kings to fight on foot, in token that where they fought there was no retreat), but to bear the rider rapidly from line to line, King Harold rode to the front of the vanguard—his brothers by his side. His head, like his great foe's, was bare, nor could there be a more striking contrast than that of the broad unwrinkled brow of the Saxon, with his fair locks, the sign of royalty and freedom, parted and falling over the collar of mail, the clear and steadfast eye of blue, the cheek somewhat hollowed by kingly cares, but flushed now with manly pride—the form stalwart and erect, but spare in its graceful symmetry, and void of all that theatric pomp of bearing which was assumed by William—no greater contrast could there be than that which the simple earnest Hero-king presented, to the brow furrowed with harsh ire and politic wile, the shaven hair of monastic affectation, the dark, sparkling tiger eye, and the vast proportions that awed the gaze in the port and form of the imperious Norman. Deep and loud and hearty as the shout with which his armaments had welcomed William, was that which now greeted the King of the English host: and clear and full, and practised in the storm of popular assemblies, went his voice down the listening lines.

"This day, O friends and Englishmen, sons of our common land—this day ye fight for liberty. The Count of the Normans hath, I know, a mighty army; I disguise not its strength. That army he hath collected together, by

promising to each man a share in the spoils of England. Already, in his court and his camp, he hath parcelled out the lands of this kingdom; and fierce are the robbers who fight for the hope of plunder! But he cannot offer to his greatest chief boons nobler than those I offer to my meanest freeman—liberty, and right, and law, in the soil of his fathers! Ye have heard of the miseries endured in the old time under the Dane, but they were slight indeed to those which ye may expect from the Norman. The Dane was kindred to us in language and in law, and who now can tell Saxon from Dane? But yon men would rule ye in a language ye know not, by a law that claims the crown as a right of the sword, and divides the land among the hirelings of an army. We baptized the Dane, and the Church tamed his fierce soul into peace; but yon men make the Church itself their ally, and march to carnage under the banner profaned to the foulest of human wrongs! Outscourings of all nations, they come against you: Ye fight as brothers under the eyes of your fathers and chosen chiefs; ye fight for the women ye would save from the ravisher; ye fight for the children ye would guard from eternal bondage; ye fight for the altars which yon banner now darkens! Foreign priest is a tyrant as ruthless and stern as ye shall find foreign baron and king! Let no man dream of retreat; every inch of ground that ye yield is the soil of your native land. For me, on this field I peril all. Think that mine eye is upon you wherever ye are. If a line waver or shrink, ye shall hear in the midst the voice of your King. Hold fast to your ranks, remember, such amongst you as fought with me against Hardrada—remember that it was not till the Norsemen lost, by rash sallies, their serried array, that our arms prevailed against them. Be warned by their fatal error, break not the form of the battle; and I tell you on the faith of a soldier who never yet hath left field without victory—that ye cannot be beaten. While I speak, the winds swell the sails of the

Norse ships, bearing home the corpse of Hardrada. Accomplish this day the last triumph of England; add to these hills a new mount of the conquered dead! And when, in far times and strange lands, scald and scop shall praise the brave man for some valiant deed wrought in some holy cause, they shall say, 'He was brave as those who fought by the side of Harold, and swept from the sward of England the hosts of the haughty Norman.'"

Scarcely had the rapturous hurrahs of the Saxons closed on this speech, when full in sight, to the north-west of Hastings, came the first division of the Invader.

Harold remained gazing at them, and, not seeing the other sections in movement, said to Gurth, "If these are all that they venture out, the day is ours."

"Look yonder!" said the sombre Haco, and he pointed to the long array that now gleamed from the wood through which the Saxon kinsmen had passed the night before; and scarcely were these cohorts in view, than lo! from a third quarter advanced the glittering knighthood under the Duke. All three divisions came on in simultaneous assault, two on either wing of the Saxon vanguard, the third (the Norman) towards the entrenchments.

In the midst of the Duke's cohort was the sacred gonfanon, and in front of it and of the whole line, rode a strange warrior of gigantic height. And as he rode, the warrior sang—

> "Chaunting loud the lusty strain
> Of Roland and of Charlemain,
> And the dead, who, deathless all,
> Fell at famous Roncesval."

And the knights, no longer singing hymn and litany, swelled, hoarse through their helmets, the martial chorus. This warrior, in front of the Duke and the horsemen, seemed beside himself with the joy of battle. As he rode, and as he chaunted, he threw up his sword in the air like a gleeman, catching it nimbly as it fell, and flourishing it wildly, till, as if unable to restrain his fierce exhilaration,

he fairly put spurs to his horse, and, dashing forward to the very front of a detachment of Saxon riders, shouted—

"A Taillefer! a Taillefer!" and by voice and gesture challenged forth some one to single combat.

A fiery young thegn who knew the Romance tongue started forth and crossed swords with the poet; but by what seemed rather a juggler's sleight of hand than a knight's fair fence, Taillefer, again throwing up and catching his sword with incredible rapidity, shore the unhappy Saxon from the helm to the chine, and riding over his corpse, shouting and laughing, he again renewed his challenge. A second rode forth and shared the same fate. The rest of the English horsemen stared at each other aghast; the shouting, singing, juggling giant seemed to them not knight but demon; and that single incident, preliminary to all other battle, in sight of the whole field, might have sufficed to damp the ardour of the English, had not Leofwine, who had been despatched by the King with a message to the entrenchments, come in front of the detachment; and his gay spirit, roused and stung by the insolence of the Norman, and the evident dismay of the Saxon riders, without thought of his graver duties, he spurred his light half-mailed steed to the Norman giant; and, not even drawing his sword, but with his spear raised over his head, and his form covered by his shield, he cried in Romance tongue, "Go and chant to the foul fiend, O croaking minstrel!" Taillefer rushed forward, his sword shivered on the Saxon shield, and in the same moment he fell a corpse under the hoofs of his steed, transfixed by the Saxon spear.

A cry of woe, in which even William (who, proud of his poet's achievements, had pressed to the foremost line to see this new encounter) joined his deep voice, wailed through the Norman ranks; while Leofwine rode deliberately towards them, halted a moment, and then flung his spear in the midst with so deadly an aim, that a young knight, within two of William, reeled on his saddle, groaned, and fell.

"How like ye, O Normans, the Saxon gleemen?" said Leofwine, as he turned slowly, regained the detachment, and bade them heed carefully the orders they had received, viz., to avoid the direct charge of the Norman horse, but to take every occasion to harass and divert the stragglers; and then blithely singing a Saxon stave, as if inspired by Norman minstrelsy, he rode into the entrenchments.

The war now raged.

The two divisions of the invading army that included the auxiliaries, had sought in vain to surround the English vanguard, and take it in the rear: that noble phalanx had no rear. Deepest and strongest at the base of the triangle, everywhere a front opposed the foe; shields formed a rampart against the dart—spears a palisade against the horse. While that vanguard maintained its ground, William could not pierce to the entrenchments, the strength of which, however, he was enabled to perceive. He now changed his tactics, joined his knighthood to the other sections, threw his hosts rapidly into many wings, and leaving broad spaces between his archers—who continued their fiery hail—ordered his heavy-armed foot to advance on all sides upon the wedge, and break its ranks for the awaiting charge of his horse.

Harold, still in the centre of the vanguard, amidst the men of Kent, continued to animate them all with voice and hand; and, as the Normans now closed in, he flung himself from his steed, and strode on foot, with his mighty battle-axe, to the spot where the rush was dreadest.

Now came the shock—the fight hand to hand: spear and lance were thrown aside, axe and sword rose and shore. But before the close-serried lines of the English, with their physical strength, and veteran practice in their own special arm, the Norman foot were mowed as by the scythe. In vain, in the intervals, thundered the repeated charges of the fiery knights; in vain—throughout all, came the shaft and the bolt.

Animated by the presence of their King fighting amongst them as a simple soldier, but with his eye ever quick to foresee, his voice ever prompt to warn, the men of Kent swerved not a foot from their indomitable ranks. The Norman infantry wavered and gave way; on, step by step, still unbroken in array, pressed the English. And their cry, "Out! out! Holy Crosse!" rose high above the flagging sound of "Ha Rou! Ha Rou! Notre Dame!"

"*Per la resplendar Dé,*" cried William. "Our soldiers are but women in the garb of Normans. Ho, spears to the rescue! With me to the charge, Sires D'Aumale and De Littain—with me, gallant Bruse, and De Mortain—with me, De Graville and Grantmesnil—Dex aide! Notre Dame." And heading his prowest knights, William came, as a thunderbolt, on the bills and shields. Harold, who scarce a minute before had been in a remoter rank, was already at the brunt of that charge. At his word down knelt the foremost line, leaving nought but their shields and their spear-points against the horse. While behind them, the axe in both hands, bent forward the soldiery in the second rank, to smite and to crush. And, from the core of the wedge, poured the shafts of the archers. Down rolled in the dust half the charge of those knights. Bruse reeled on his saddle; the dread right hand of D'Aumale fell lopped by the axe, De Graville, hurled from his horse, rolled at the feet of Harold; and William, borne by his great steed and his colossal strength into the third rank—there dealt, right and left, the fierce strokes of his iron club, till he felt his horse sinking under him—and had scarcely time to back from the foe—scarcely time to get beyond reach of their weapons, ere the Spanish destrier, frightfully gashed through its strong mail, fell dead on the plain. His knights swept round him. Twenty barons leapt from selle to yield him their chargers. He chose the one nearest to hand, sprang to foot and to stirrup, and rode back to his lines.

The Norman infantry, who had been before recoiling, no sooner saw their Duke (whom they recognised by his steed and equipment) fall on the ground, than, setting up a shout, "The Duke is dead!" they fairly turned round, and fled fast in disorder.

The fortune of the day was now well-nigh turned in favour of the Saxons; and the confusion of the Normans, as the cry of "The Duke is dead!" reached, and circled round, the host, would have been irrecoverable, had Harold possessed a cavalry fit to press the advantage gained, or had not William himself rushed into the midst of the fugitives, throwing his helmet back on his neck, showing his face, all animated with fierce valour and disdainful wrath, while he cried aloud—

"I live, ye varlets! Behold the face of a chief who never yet forgave coward! Ay, tremble more at me than at yon English, doomed and accursed as they be! Ye Normans, ye! I blush for you!" and striking the foremost in the retreat with the flat of his sword, chiding, stimulating, threatening, promising in a breath, he succeeded in staying the flight, reforming the lines, and dispelling the general panic. Then, as he joined his own chosen knights, and surveyed the field, he beheld an opening which the advanced position of the Saxon vanguard had left, and by which his knights might gain the entrenchments. He mused a moment, his face still bare, and brightening, as he mused. Looking round him, he saw Mallet de Graville, who had remounted, and said shortly—

"*Pardex*, dear knight, we thought you already with St. Michael!—joy, that you live yet to be an English earl. Look you, ride to Fitzosbórne with the signal-word, '*La Hardiz passent avant!*' Off, and quick."

De Graville bowed, and darted across the plain.

"Now, my Quens and chevaliers," said William gaily, as he closed his helmet, and took from his squire another spear; "now, I shall give ye the day's great pastime. Pass

the word, Sire de Tancarville, to every horseman—'Charge!—to the Standard!'"

The word passed, the steeds bounded, and the whole force of William's knighthood, scouring the plain to the rear of the Saxon vanguard, made for the entrenchments.

At that sight, Harold, divining the object, and seeing this new and more urgent demand on his presence, halted the battalions over which he had presided, and, yielding the command to Leofwine, once more briefly, but strenuously, enjoined the troops to heed well their leaders, and on no account to break the wedge, in the form of which lay their whole strength, both against the cavalry and the greater number of the foe. Then mounting his horse, and attended only by Haco, he spurred across the plain, in the opposite direction to that taken by the Normans.

As Harold and Haco sprang to the ground within the entrenchments, the shout of "The King—the King!—Holy Crosse!" came in time to rally the force at the farther end, now undergoing the full storm of the Norman chivalry.

The willow ramparts were already rent and hewed beneath the hoofs of horses and the clash of swords; and the sharp points on the frontals of the Norman destriers were already gleaming within the entrenchments, when Harold arrived at the brunt of action. The tide was then turned; not one of those rash riders left the entrenchments they had gained; steel and horse alike went down beneath the ponderous battle-axes; and William, again foiled and baffled, drew off his cavalry with the reluctant conviction that those breast-works, so manned, were not to be won by horse. Slowly the knights retreated down the slope of the hillock, and the English, animated by that sight, would have left their stronghold to pursue but for the warning cry of Harold. The interval in the strife thus gained was promptly and vigorously employed in repairing the palisades. And this done, Harold, turning to Haco, and the thegns round him, said joyously—

"By Heaven's help we shall yet win this day. And know you not that it is my fortunate day—the day on which, hitherto, all hath prospered with me, in peace and in war—the day of my birth?"

Suddenly the King was recalled to the sense of the present hour, by shouts and cries, in which the yell of Norman triumph predominated, at the further end of the field. The signal words to Fitzosborne had conveyed to that chief the order for the mock charge on the Saxon vanguard, to be followed by the feigned flight; and so artfully had this stratagem been practised, that despite all the solemn orders of Harold, despite even the warning cry of Leofwine, who, rash and gay hearted though he was, had yet a captain's skill—the bold English, their blood heated by long contest and seeming victory, could not resist pursuit. They rushed forward impetuously, breaking the order of their hitherto indomitable phalanx, and the more eagerly because the Normans had unwittingly taken their way towards a part of the ground concealing dykes and ditches, into which the English trusted to precipitate the foe. It was as William's knights retreated from the breast-works that this fatal error was committed; and pointing towards the disordered Saxons with a wild laugh of revengeful joy, William set spurs to his horse, and, followed by all his chivalry, joined the cavalry of Poitou and Boulogne in their swoop upon the scattered array. Already the Norman infantry had turned round—already the horses that lay in ambush amongst the brushwood near the dykes, had thundered forth. The whole of the late impregnable vanguard was broken up—divided corps from corps—hemmed in; horse after horse charging to the rear, to the front, to the flank, to the right, to the left.

Gurth, with the men of Surrey and Sussex had alone kept their ground, but they were now compelled to advance to the aid of their scattered comrades; and coming up in close order, they not only a while stayed the slaughter, but again

half turned the day. Knowing the country thoroughly, Gurth lured the foe into the ditches concealed within a hundred yards of their own ambush, and there the havoc of the foreigners was so great, that the hollows are said to have been literally made level with the plain by their corpses. Yet this combat, however fierce, and however skill might seek to repair the former error, could not be long maintained against such disparity of numbers. And meanwhile, the whole of the division under Geoffroi Martel, and his co-captains, had by a fresh order of William's occupied the space between the entrenchments and the more distant engagement; thus when Harold looked up, he saw the foot of the hillocks so lined with steel, as to render it hopeless that he himself could win to the aid of his vanguard. He set his teeth firmly, looked on, and only by gesture and smothered exclamations showed his emotions of hope and fear. At length he cried—

"Gallant Gurth! brave Leofwine, look to their pennons; right, right; well fought, sturdy Vebba! Ha! they are moving this way. The wedge cleaves on—it cuts its path through the heart of the foe." And indeed, the chiefs now drawing off the shattered remains of their country-men, still disunited, but still each section shaping itself wedge-like—on came the English, with their shields over their head, through the tempest of missiles, against the rush of the steeds, here and there, through the plains, up the slopes, towards the entrenchment, in the teeth of the formidable array of Martel, and harassed behind by hosts that seemed numberless. The King could restrain himself no longer. He selected five hundred of his bravest and most practised veterans, yet comparatively fresh, and commanding the rest to stay firm, descended the hills, and charged unexpectedly into the rear of the mingled Normans and Bretons.

This sortie, well-timed though desperate, served to cover and favour the retreat of the straggling Saxons. Many, indeed, were cut off, but Gurth, Leofwine, and Vebba hewed

the way for their followers to the side of Harold, and entered the entrenchments, close followed by the nearer foe, who were again repulsed amidst the shouts of the English.

But, alas! small indeed the band thus saved, and hopeless the thought that the small detachments of English still surviving and scattered over the plain, would ever win to their aid.

Yet in those scattered remnants were, perhaps, almost the only men who, availing themselves of their acquaintance with the country, and despairing of victory, escaped by flight from the Field of SANGUELAC. Nevertheless, within the entrenchments not a man had lost heart; the day was already far advanced, no impression had been yet made on the outworks, the position seemed as impregnable as a fortress of stone; and, truth to say, even the bravest Normans were disheartened, when they looked to that eminence which had foiled the charge of William himself. The Duke, in the recent *mêlée*, had received more than one wound, his third horse that day had been slain under him. The slaughter among the knights and the nobles had been immense, for they had exposed their persons with the most desperate valour. And William, after surveying the rout of nearly one half of the English army, heard everywhere, to his wrath and his shame, murmurs of discontent and dismay at the prospect of scaling the heights, in which the gallant remnant had found their refuge. At this critical juncture, Odo of Bayeux, who had hitherto remained in the rear, with the crowds of monks that accompanied the armament, rode into the full field, where all the hosts were re-forming their lines. He was in complete mail, but a white surplice was drawn over the steel, his head was bare, and in his right hand he bore the crozier. A formidable club swung by a leather noose from his wrist, to be used only for self-defence: the canons forbade the priest to strike merely in assault.

Behind the milk-white steed of Odo came the whole body of reserve, fresh and unbreathed, free from the terrors of their comrades, and stung into proud wrath at the delay of the Norman Conquest.

"How now—how now!" cried the prelate; "do ye falter when the sheaves are down, and ye have but to gather up the harvest? How now, sons of the Church! warriors of the Cross! avengers of the Saints! Desert your Count, if ye please; but shrink not back from a Lord mightier than man. Lo, I come forth, to ride side by side with my brother, bare-headed, the crozier in my hand. He who fails his liege is but a coward—he who fails the Church is apostate!"

The fierce shout of the reserve closed this harangue, and the words of the prelate, as well as the physical aid he brought to back them, renerved the army. And now the whole of William's mighty host, covering the field till its lines seemed to bend with the grey horizon, came on serried, steadied, orderly—to all sides of the entrenchment. Aware of the inutility of his horse, till the breastworks were cleared, William placed in the van all his heavy armed foot, spearmen, and archers, to open the way through the palisades, the sorties from which had now been carefully closed.

As they came up the hills, Harold turned to Haco and said, "Where is thy battle-axe?"

"Harold," answered Haco, with more than his usual tone of sombre sadness, "I desire now to be thy shield-bearer, for thou must use thine axe with both hands while the day lasts, and thy shield is useless. Wherefore thou strike, and I will shield thee."

"Thou lovest me, then, son of Sweyn? I have sometimes doubted it."

"I love thee as the best part of my life, and with thy life ceases mine: it is my heart that my shield guards when it covers the breast of Harold."

"I would bid thee live, poor youth," whispered Harold;

"but what were life if this day were lost? Happy, then, will he those who die!"

Scarce had the words left his lips ere he sprang to the breastworks, and with a sudden sweep of his axe, down dropped a helm that peered above them. But helm after helm succeeds. Now they come on, swarm upon swarm, as wolves on a traveller, as bears round a bark. Countless, amidst their carnage, on they come! The arrows of the Norman blacken the air: with deadly precision, to each arm, each limb, each front exposed above the bulwarks—whirrs the shaft. They clamber the palisades, the foremost fall dead under the Saxon axe; new thousands rush on: vain is the might of Harold, vain had been a Harold's might in every Saxon there! The first row of breastworks is forced—it is trampled, hewed, crushed down, cumbered with the dead. "Ha Rou! Ha Rou! Notre Dame! Notre Dame!" sounds joyous and shrill, the chargers snort and leap, and charge into the circle. High wheels in air the great mace of William; bright by the slaughterers flashes the crozier of the Church.

"On, Normans!—Earldom and land!" cries the Duke.

"On, Sons of the Church! Salvation and heaven!" shouts the voice of Odo.

The first breastwork down—the Saxons yielding inch by inch, foot by foot, are pressed, crushed back, into the second enclosure. The same rush, and swarm, and fight, and cry, and roar:—the second enclosure gives way. And now in the centre of the third—lo, before the eyes of the Normans, towers proudly aloft, and shines in the rays of the westering sun, broidered with gold, and blazing with mystic gems, the standard of England's King! And there, are gathered the reserve of the English host; there, the heroes who had never yet known defeat—unwearied they by the battle—vigorous, high-hearted still; and round them the breastworks were thicker, and stronger, and higher, and fastened by chains to pillars of wood and

staves of iron, with the waggons and carts of the baggage, and piled logs of timber—barricades at which even William paused aghast, and Odo stifled an exclamation that became not a priestly lip.

Before that standard, in the front of the men, stood Gurth, and Leofwine, and Haco, and Harold, the last leaning for rest upon his axe, for he was sorely wounded in many places, and the blood oozed through the links of his mail.

Live, Harold; live yet, and Saxon England shall not die!

The English archers had at no time been numerous; most of them had served with the vanguard, and the shafts of those within the ramparts were spent; so that the foe had time to pause and to breathe. The Norman arrows meanwhile flew fast and thick, but William noted to his grief that they struck against the tall breastworks and barricades, and so failed in the slaughter they should inflict.

He mused a moment, and sent one of his knights to call to him three of the chiefs of the archers. They were soon at the side of his destrier.

"See ye not, *maladroits*," said the Duke, "that your shafts and holts fall harmless on those osier walls? Shoot in the air; let the arrow fall perpendicular on those within—fall as the vengeance of the saints falls—direct from heaven! Give me thy bow, Archer—thus." He drew the bow as he sate on his steed, the arrow flashed up, and descended in the heart of the reserve, within a few feet of the standard.

"So; that standard be your mark," said the Duke, giving back the bow.

The archers withdrew. The order circulated through their bands, and in a few moments more down came the iron rain. It took the English host as by surprise, piercing hide cap, and even iron helm; and in the very surprise that made them instinctively look up—death came.

A dull groan as from many hearts boomed from the entrenchments on the Norman ear.

"Now," said William, "they must either use their shields to guard their heads—and their axes are useless—or while they smite with the axe they fall by the shaft. On now to the ramparts. I see my crown already resting on yonder standard!"

Yet despite all, the English bear up; the thickness of the palisades, the comparative smallness of the last enclosure, more easily therefore manned and maintained by the small force of the survivors, defy other weapons than those of the bow. Every Norman who attempts to scale the breastwork is slain on the instant, and his body cast forth under the hoofs of the baffled steeds. The sun sinks near and nearer towards the red horizon.

"Courage!" cries the voice of Harold, "hold but till night-fall, and ye are saved. Courage and freedom!"

"Harold and Holy Crosse!" is the answer.

Still foiled, William again resolves to hazard this fatal stratagem. He marked that quarter of the enclosure which was most remote from the chief point of attack—most remote from the provident watch of Harold, whose cheering voice, ever and anon, he recognised amidst the hurtling clamour. In this quarter the palisades were the weakest, and the ground the least elevated; but it was guarded by men on whose skill with axe and shield Harold placed the firmest reliance—the Anglo-Danes of his old East-Anglian earldom. Thither, then, the Duke advanced a chosen column of his heavy-armed foot, tutored especially by himself in the rehearsals of his favourite *ruse*, and accompanied by a band of archers; while, at the same time, he himself, with his brother Odo, headed a considerable company of knights under the son of the great Roger de Beaumont, to gain the contiguous level heights on which now stretches the little town of "Battle"; there to watch and to aid the manœuvre. The foot column advanced to the appointed

spot, and after a short, close, and terrible conflict, succeeded in making a wide breach in the breastwork. But that temporary success only animates yet more the exertions of the beleaguered defenders, and swarming round the breach, and pouring through it, line after line of the foe drop beneath their axes. The column of the heavy armed Normans fall back down the slopes—they give way—they turn in disorder—they retreat—they fly; but the archers stand firm, midway on the descent—those archers seem an easy prey to the English—the temptation is irresistible. Long galled, and harassed, and maddened by the shafts, the Anglo-Danes rush forth at the heels of the Normen swordsmen, and sweeping down to exterminate the archers, the breach that they leave gapes wide.

"Forward," cries William, and he gallops towards the breach.

"Forward," cries Odo, "I see the hands of the holy saints in the air! Forward! it is the Dead that wheel our warsteeds round the living!"

On rush the Norman knights. But Harold is already in the breach, rallying around him hearts eager to replace the shattered breastworks.

"Close shields! Hold fast!" shouts his kingly voice.

Before him were the steeds of Bruse and Grantmesnil. At his breast their spears;—Haco holds over the breast the shield. Swinging aloft with both hands his axe, the spear of Grantmesnil is shivered in twain by the King's stroke. Cloven to the skull rolls the steed of Bruse. Knight and steed roll on the bloody sward.

But a blow from the sword of De Lacy has broken down the guardian shield of Haco. The son of Sweyn is stricken to his knee. With lifted blades and whirling maces the Norman knights charge through the breach.

"Look up, look up, and guard thy head," cries the fatal voice of Haco to the King.

At that cry the King raises his flashing eyes. Why halts

his stride? Why drops the axe from his hand? As he raised his head, down came the hissing death-shaft. It smote the lifted face; it crushed into the dauntless eyeball. He reeled, he staggered, he fell back several yards, at the foot of his gorgeous standard. With desperate hand he broke the head of the shaft, and left the barb, quivering in the anguish.

Gurth knelt over him.

"Fight on," gasped the King; "conceal my death! Holy Crosse! England to the rescue! woe—woe!"

Rallying himself a moment, he sprang to his feet, clenched his right hand, and fell once more—a corpse.

At the same moment a simultaneous rush of horsemen towards the standard bore back a line of Saxons, and covered the body of the King with heaps of the slain.

His helmet cloven in two, his face all streaming with blood, but still calm in its ghastly hues, amidst the foremost of those slain, fell the fated Haco. He fell with his head on the breast of Harold, kissed the bloody cheek with bloody lips, groaned and died.

Inspired by despair with superhuman strength, Gurth, striding over the corpses of his kinsmen, opposed himself singly to the knights; and the entire strength of the English remnant, coming round him at the menaced danger to the standard, once more drove off the assailants.

But now all the enclosure was filled with the foe, the whole space seemed gay, in the darkening air, with handerols and banners. High through all, rose the club of the Conqueror; high, through all, shone the crozier of the Churchman. Not one Englishman fled; all now centering round the standard, they fell, slaughtering if slaughtered. Man by man, under the charmed banner, fell the lithsmen of Harold.

Even still in that age, when the Teuton had yet in his veins the blood of Odin, the demi-god—even still one man could delay the might of numbers. Through the crowd,

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

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the Normans beheld with admiring awe—here, in the front of their horse, a single warrior, before whose axe spear shivered, helm drooped:—there, close by the standard, standing breast-high among the slain, one still more formidable, and even amidst ruin unvanquished. The first fell at length under the mace of Roger de Montgommeri. So, unknown to the Norman poet (who hath preserved in his verse the deeds but not the name), fell, laughing in death, young Leofwine! Still by the enchanted standard towers the other; still the enchanted standard waves aloft, with its brave ensign of the solitary "Fighting Man" girded by the gems that had flashed in the crown of Odin.

"Thine be the honour of lowering that haughty flag," cried William, turning to one of his favourite and most famous knights, Robert de Tessin.

Overjoyed, the knight rushed forth, to fall by the axe of that stubborn defender.

"Sorcery," cried Fitzosborne, "sorcery. This is no man, but fiend."

"Spare him, spare the brave," cried in a breath, Bruce, D'Aincourt, and De Graville.

William turned round in wrath at the cry of mercy, and spurring over all the corpses, with the sacred banner borne by Tonstain close behind him, so that it shadowed his helmet—he came to the foot of the standard, and for one moment there was single battle between the Knight-Duke and the Saxon hero. Nor, even then, conquered by the Norman sword, but exhausted by a hundred wounds, that brave chief fell, and the falchion vainly pierced him, falling. So, last man at the standard, died Gurth.

The sun had set, the first star was in heaven, the "Fighting Man" was laid low, and on that spot where now, all forlorn and shattered, amidst stagnant water, stands the altar-stone of Battle Abbey, rose the glittering dragon that surmounted the consecrated banner of the Norman victor.

—Lord Lytton, *Harold.*

II

How Treachery Won the Fight for King William

THE Camp of Refuge, wherein the Saxons had so long withstood the violent threats of the Normans, was not in itself a very noticeable place. But for the army and the last hopes of England collected therein, the wayfarer might have passed it without any especial observation, there being several such places in the Fen country, partly surrounded by embankments of earth, and wholly girded in, and doubly or trebly girded by rivers, ditches, pools, and meres.

There was no moon, and the night was of the darkest, when Elfric, Hereward's sword-bearer, approached the Camp, flying along the ground like a lapwing. As watches were set, and as the men were vigilant as became the soldiers of the Lord of Brunn, he was challenged sundry times before he reached his lord's tent. Hereward was asleep, but at the voice and tidings of his sword-bearer he was presently up and armed, and ready to go the round of the Camp.

"Elfric," said Hereward, "if the traitorous monks of Ely shall have called in their own people, who formed our outer guard, and have given the Normans the clue to the watery labyrinth which has been our strength and safety so long, we may still hold out against more than one assault behind the embankments of this Camp, provided only our people do not get panic-stricken by the suddenness of the attack, and in the darkness of this night. Would that it were morning! But come what may, there is one comfort:

we shall have our harness on our backs before the fight begins!"

And having so said, the Lord of Brunn, followed by his sword-bearer, went from post to post to bid the men be on the alert, and from tent to tent, or from hut to hut, to rouse the sleeping chiefs to tell them that the monks of Ely were traitors to the good cause, and that the Normans were coming; and when this was done, Hereward, with an unperturbed spirit, and with all that knowledge of war which he had acquired beyond sea, and from all that quickness which nature had given him, laid down his plan for defending the interior of the Camp, and appointed every chief to the post he should hold, speaking cheerfully to them all, and telling them that five years had passed since the battle of Hastings, and that England was not conquered yet; and that if the Normans should be foiled in this attack, their loss would be terrible, their retreat across the fens almost impracticable.

By the time all this was said and done it was more than two hours after the midnight hour, and it had scarcely been done ere the war-cry of the Normans was heard close under the south western face of the Camp. By using the name of the Abbat Thurstan, the false prior had made the people of the abbey abandon the fords in that direction; and by the same false prior's procurement, a traitorous fenner had guided the Normans through the labyrinth. But there was more fatal mischief yet to proceed from the same dark cauldron and source of evil. Some other traitor, serving among the retainers of the abbey that had been left quartered in the Camp, because they could not be withdrawn without Lord Hereward's order, set up the cry that the Saxons were all betrayed, and that the Normans had gotten into the Camp; and thereupon the poor bewildered wights, who knew but too well that the Norman war-cry could be heard where it was heard only through treachery, fell into disorder and dismay, and abandoning the post which they

had been appointed to hold, and disregarding the voice of their commander, they fled across the Camp, shouting "Treason! treason! Fly, Saxons, fly!"

The Normans began to enter the Camp in overpowering numbers; and although the first glimmerings of day began to be seen from the east, it was still so dark that it was hard to distinguish between friend and foe. But Hereward soon found himself at the spot where the danger was greatest; and the foe, who had not yet recovered from the dread of his name, halted at the shouts of "Hereward for England!" and were soon driven out of the Camp, with a great slaughter. Whilst this was doing on the south-western side, another host of Normans, under the same traitorous guidance, got round towards the north face of the Camp, and after some hard fighting, got over the embankment, and into the Camp. Leaving a brave old Saxon earl and his people to keep the ground he had recovered, Hereward rushed with Elfric and his own choice band to the northern side; and although the distance was considerable, his battle-axe was ringing among the Normans there before they had found time to form themselves in good fighting order. But Odo, the fighting bishop, was among these Normans; and thus knights and men-at-arms fought most valiantly, and held the ground they had gained for a long time. Nevertheless, just as the rising sun was shining on the tower of Ely Abbey, Odo and his host, or such of his host as survived, retreated the way they had come; but while they were in the act of retreating, Duke William led in person an assault on another part of the Camp; and on the south-west side, the brave old Saxon earl being slain, his men gave way, and the Normans again rushed in on that side. Also, and at nearly the same instant of time, Norman spears were discerned coming round upon the Camp from other quarters. As he paused to deliberate whither he should first direct his steps, and as he shook the blood from the blade and shaft of his battle-axe—a ponderous

weapon which no other man then in England could wield—the Lord of Brunn, still looking serenely, bespoke his sword-bearer, "May God defend the house of Ely and the Lord Abbat; but the knavish monks have done the work of treachery very completely! They must have made known unto the Normans all the perilous passages of the fens. We are beset all about! But we must even drive the Normans back again. Numerous are they, yet their knights love not to fight on foot, and they can have brought few horses or none across the swamps. But Elfric, my man, thou art bleeding! Art much hurt?"

Now, although Elfric had got an ugly cut upon his brow, he smiled, and said, "'Tis nothing, good my Lord: 'tis only a scratch from the sharp end of Bishop Odo's pastoral crook. If he had not been so timeously succoured, I would have cleft his shaven crown in spite of his steel cap, or have made him a prisoner!"

When this was said, and when the keen eye of Hereward had made survey of the whole field, he and his sword-bearer, and all his matchless band, who had been trained to war in a hundred fights and surprises, rushed towards the spot where floated the proud banner of Duke William. They were soon upon that prime of the Norman army; and then was seen how the Lord of Brunn and his Saxons true bore them in the brunt of war. Thunder the battle-axes; gride the heavy swords! Broad shields are shivered, and the Norman left arms that bore them are lopped off like hazel twigs; helms are broken, and corslets reft in twain; and still this true Saxon band shouted, "Holy rood! holy rood! Out! out! Get ye out, Normans! Hereward for England! Saxons, remember Hastings!" Stout young Raoul of Caen, the page that carried the arms and the shield (*arma ac scuta*) of the Duke, was slain by Hereward's sword-bearer; and where Raoul met his untimely death, other Normans perished or bled. Duke William shouted, "Notre Dame! Notre Dame! Dieu

aide! Dieu aide!" but was forced to give ground, and the Duke retreated beyond the earth-raised mound or great embankment which girded the Camp on that side.

"The patrimony of Saint Etheldreda is not easy to conquer! We have beaten off the two brothers!" Thus spoke Elfric.

"So far is well," quoth Hereward; "but what is this I see and hear? What are those cravens doing in the centre of the Camp? By the Lord of Hosts, some of them be throwing down their weapons, and crying for quarter! Wipe the blood from out thine eyes, Elfric; keep close to my side, and come on, brave men all!"

And away from the earth-raised mound, over which he had driven the Norman Duke, went the Lord of Brunn with his warrior band; and then was the fight renewed in the midst of the Camp, where some of the disheartened Saxons were using all the French they knew in crying, "Misericorde! misericorde! Grace! grace!"

"Fools!" shouted the Lord of Brunn, "these Normans will show ye no mercy! There is no grace for ye but in your own swords!" And then the Saxons took heart again, and rallying round Hereward, they soon charged the foe, and fought them hand to hand. In their turn the Normans began to yield, and to cry for quarter; but this band in the centre was supported by another and another; and soon Duke William, and that ungodly bishop, his brother, came back into the interior of the Camp, with many knights and men-at-arms that had not yet tasted the sharpness of the Saxon steel, and that were all fresh for the combat. Louder and louder waxed the war-cry on either side, and terrible and strange became the scene within the wide Camp; for the cattle, scared by the loud noise, and by the clash and the glittering of arms, were running wildly about the Camp in the midst of the combatants; and the fierce bulls of the fens, lashing themselves into furor, and turning up the soil with their horns, came careering down,

and breaking through the serried lines of the invaders; and many a Norman was made to feel that his mail jacket was but a poor defence against the sharp horns of the bull that pastured on the patrimony of Saint Etheldreda. Also rose there to heaven a dreadful rugitus, or roaring, mixed with the loud bewailing and the shrieks of timid herdsmen, and of women and children; and the wives and children of the Saxons ran about the Camp, seeking for a place of safety, and finding none. The Saxon warriors were now falling fast, but the Normans fell also; and victory was still doubtful, when loud shouts were heard, and another forest of lances was seen coming down on the Camp from the south; and upon this, one entire body of the Saxon host threw down their arms, and surrendered themselves as prisoners.

Hereward, who was leaning upon his battle-axe, and wiping the sweat from his brow, said to his sword-bearer, "This is a sad sight!"

"A sad sight and a shameful," quoth Elfric; "but there are Saxons still that are not craven. Here our lines be all unbroken."

"And so will we yet fight on," quoth Hereward.

But the Lord of Brunn had scarcely said the words when a number of Saxon lords, old dwellers in the Camp of Refuge, and men that had fought at Hastings, and in many a battle since, gathered round Lord Hereward, and threw their swords and battle-axes and dinted shields upon the ground, and told him that the fight was lost, and that with the common advice and consent of the magnates, they had all determined to surrender upon quarter, and take the King's peace.

Quoth the Lord of Brunn, "Ye will not do the thing ye name! or, an ye do it, bitterly will ye rue it! Your names be all down in a book of doom: the Normans will mutilate and butcher ye all! Better that ye die fighting! The battle is not lost, if ye will but think it is not. I was with King Harold at the battle by Stamford Bridge, and in a

worse plight than now; and yet on that day we conquered. So, up hearts, my Saxon lords and thanes! Let us make one charge more for King Harold and the liberties of England! Nay, we will make a score good charges ere we die!"

But the magnates would not be heartened, nor take up the shields and the arms they had thrown down; and when the reinforced battalia of the Norman centre formed once more into line, and levelled their spears, and when the rest of that countless Norman host began to close round the Saxon army in the midst of the Camp, all the fighting men that obeyed these Saxon lords threw down their arms, and cried for quarter—for forgiveness and mercy!

Sad and sick was the heart of the Lord of Brunn; but this lasted but for a moment, and his eye was bright and his face joyous as he shouted to Elfric and the rest of his own devoted band, "Let the fools that court dishonour and mutilation, and an opprobrious grave, stay here and yield; but let those who would live in freedom or die with honour, follow me! We will cut our way out of this foully betrayed Camp, and find another Camp of Refuge where there be no monks of Ely for neighbours!"

And at these good words three hundred stout Saxons and more formed themselves into a compact column, and the Lord of Brunn, with Elfric by his side, put himself in the head of the column, and the band shouted again, "Hereward for England! Saxons, remember Hastings!" Then were heard the voices of command all along the different Norman lines, and from the right and from the left, from behind and from before, those lines began to move and to close, and to form living barriers and hedgerows of lances on every side: and next, near voices were heard offering fifty marks of gold to the man that should slay or seize the traitor Hereward. But the Norman was not yet born that could withstand the battle-axe of the Lord of Brunn: and so the Norman lines yielded to his charge, and so he led

his three hundred Saxons and more triumphantly out of the Camp and across the fens—yea, over rivers and streams and many waters, where Normans could not follow—until they came into a thick wood of willows, wherc they found the six good cloister-monks and the ten good lay-brothers who had fled with Elfric from Ely Abbey, and the party of true men from Turbutsey, who had carried with them the corn, meal, and winc. Loudly was the Lord of Brunn greeted by every man that was in the wood.

—MACFARLANE, *Camp of Refuge.*

III

In the Palace of a Conqueror's Son

TWO persons of no ordinary demeanour awaited in profound silence the termination of a king's repose. One of these attendants, a light, graceful, page-like stripling, stood within the deep embrasure of a latticed window, and silently amused himself by patting the long nose of a greyhound, whose extraordinary beauty suggested the only cause or apology for his admission to such precincts.

The other, a person of graver and maturer aspect, occupied a chair fashioned and carved in such wise as were few seats of that comparatively inartificial day. He arose, however, and drew near, as, after a sound of deep and prolonged respiration, the curtains of the bed were thrown apart by a red and muscular hand, and a powerful voice exclaimed—

"What ho! Fitz-Hammon! Chamberlain, I say!"

"At hand, my liege," replied the officer—for the voice was that of 'The Red King.'

"How goes the day? Is the sun forth?"

"Scarce yet, my liege, it is but early dawn."

"The better," answered the monarch. "I will strike me a deer ere he hath been an hour in heaven—give me mine hose."

The required appendages were given by the page to the chamberlain—by the chamberlain to the king.

"Why," said the latter, "what call ye these, Fitz-Hammon?"

"These?" repeated the gentleman of the chamber "marry, hose, as I think."

"Hose, as ye think?" echoed the King, turning the nether appendages round and round—"what cost they, I pray you?"

"Cost!" said the puzzled Chamberlain, scarcely conscious perhaps of his iteration—the page, however, relieved him of further effort by saying in a low voice, "Three shillings, so please my Liege."

The monarch slid one broad muscular foot to the floor, and surveyed the garments in question by the clearer day-beam,—then ejaculated,—

"Now, by St. Luke's face! hose of three shillings for the King of England! Cut them to ribbands!" he added, flinging them in the face of the page; "and twist a halter of the base shreds for the loon that knows not better how to charge a king!—Give me others, I say."

Fitz-Hammon, a very brave and powerful knight, related in some degree to the Monarch, and who had subjugated a considerable part of Wales, smiled at the petty whim of his master, but discharged the functions of his office promptly by going himself to a huge heavily-carved wardrobe, whose unwieldy doors were extended by the page, and drawing from its heaped contents the very worst hose which offered; worse, materially and obviously, than the rejected ones. He then presented them with all reverence and gravity to the half-naked Sovereign, saying,—

"These, as I think, my gracious Liege, were charged at a full merk."

"Aye, by St. Luke's face!" added Rufus, "and they be fit for a king's wear—hose of three shillings! faugh!"

He then planted both feet upon the scarlet floor-cloth, and hurried on the remaining articles of his dress without a single glance of enquiry or observation.

The hasty duties of the toilette discharged, King William stooped, with the fondness of a sportsman, to caress the

noble hound, which had been impatiently watching the moment of permission, and now fawned and crouched and whined, half pleased, and half afraid, under the patting hand of royalty. The creature was a very recent present, together with a pair of magnificent Norway hawks, from Montgomery the Marshal; and to this the King referred as he said aloud,—

"Gentle, my lady the brach! Methinks thou hast speedily forgotten thy old master, to whine thus lovingly upon the new. Mass, by thy love of change alone I should know thee for a cur of Welsh breed—ha, Fitz-Hammon?"

"Then, look, my liege," replied the Baron, whose late repulse from his conquests beyond the Wye rendered him sore upon that point—"look that ye pat him with a steel gauntlet rather than a bare hand, lest a riven finger or two vouch yet further for his Welsh strain."

"Tush, man!" said the Monarch, "we will tear out both fang and claw, when we are next amidst those mountain-dogs. But this is a goodly brute, although he hath forgotten his late lord."

"He may prick up the ears of his memory," said the Chamberlain, "in quick time, for the Marshal hath prayed an audience of my Liege already this morning, and awaits but your Grace's leisure to pass within."

"Alone?" said Rufus.

"No; the smooth-cheeked Ilbert de Tunbridge—he of the ever-newest garb, who follows Montgomery as though he were his shadow—he hath also thrust me his delicate body forth of the bed sheets ere second cockcrow."

"Summon both," added the King—"we will discuss with them even here—and make us quit of thee, too, white-face!" (to the page, who vanished). The next moment Rufus was alone, but the door speedily reopened, not for the admission of Montgomery and his friend, but of the tall, thin, sinister-looking man who was the King's companion and minister; in plain words, Ralph or Ranulph Flambard, Procurator

Fiscal, Lord Justiciary, and Prime Minister of the realm of England.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Monarch, as this accomplished statesman entered, and glanced his keen eye around the apartment to ascertain its inmates, "in good time, Ranulph—comest thou with shekels under thy cloak, that thy head and pillow are divorced thus early?"

"No, by the mass," answered Flambard, "that treasure is yet to be dug for. I am more like to take away than to bring—having won a fair wager upon my royal Liege. The youth ye wot of is even as I guessed."

"Thou dost not say it!"——

"I will say it, and swear it!"

"I doubt ye not," answered the King,—"I doubt ye not; but word nor oath win wager upon me without fair proof—take that with thee, Sir Justiciary!"

"Shalt have it, Sir King," answered the minister; and he proceeded to satisfy the King upon the point in question.

"What, hath our cousin of Chester, sleek Hugo-le-Loup, brought hither his plump body yet?" asked the King.

"Hugo-le-Loup," returned Flambard, "made entry yester even with a fair band, upon the very heels of the grim Marshal, albeit they hate each other like wolf and cur. I do remember me somewhat of a whispered friendship betwixt the Marchman and Earl Robert—what if this beardless imp of the northern devil hath charge to burnish it afresh? belike my royal Liege, by questioning of Hugo Lupus, hath a shrewd fear of some such issue!"

"Fear?" exclaimed the Red King, kindling at the mere word; "No, by St. Luke's face! not though a thousand De Mowbrays, with thy politic pate to the boot of all, were plotting treason from Dover to the Cheviots! But I have work to do, here and abroad, and must needs play the heedful craftsman, using my tools before I break them; and these, to give the devil his due, are right tough ones. Look, Scotland is at my feet; thanks to Black Robert, be

he false or faithful, that hath he done at least, and shall do more. I will have help from him against these barbarous Welsh; aye, and see his banner dance upon Norman breezes, ere the world be a summer older! Meanwhile, by the splendour of heaven! he shall do homage full and speedy, under this castle-roof, or see his earldom smoke for it! fire and sword shall be mine apparitors—that and his fair daughter to hostage—ha! good Ranulph?"

"Tush," said the Justiciary, "the last weapon shall fight better a thousand-fold than the first. Blood-letting is oftentimes poor leechcraft for a growing treason; and mark, King William! the blood of Constance de Mowbray, threatened but not shed, shall do more with its pure healthful current to crook the stubborn knee of her sire, than torrents of meaner gore sluiced from base burgesses, greasy mechanics, and poor peasant churls. Why, good my Liege, the heavens are bountiful to us in these painted morsels of soft creation! I have mine eye upon yet another mammet—another flutterer of the like gilded wing, that, if we have but wit or grace to use the occasion, shall also prove fetterlock upon a kinsman's wavering faith."

"Aye, marry," said Rufus, "and who I pray you——?"

He was interrupted by a low tapping at the chamber door.

"Softly, here are other matters toward; one cometh that hateth thee, good Ranulph, worse than a legion of fiends."

"One?" repeated the Procurator Fiscal, with a sardonic smile, "which of a thousand? for by our Lady, I have ever mine hands so blackened with your Grace's work, that never one of your liege barons shuts palm upon them, in the way of greeting, that would not rejoice to make blood and marrow spurt from under the nails."

"Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the King, with the loud and discordant merriment belonging to him. "Truth is a fair gem, were it stuck in the turban of Mahound, but if thou displayest it, Ranulph Flambard, I will hold the jewel in

the head of the toad no fable. Thou art indeed in little danger of a curse from all men speaking well of thee—but away!" he added, as the knocking was repeated a little more audibly, "take thy beloved body down the turret stair."

—ANON., *Rufus.*

IV

How a King's Son was Drowned

KING HENRY had a son named William, educated and destined to the succession, with the fondest hope and surpassing care. For to him, when scarcely twelve years of age, all the free men of England and Normandy, of every rank and condition, and under fealty to whatever lord, were obliged to submit themselves by homage and by oath. When a boy, too, he was betrothed to and received in wedlock the daughter of Fulco, Earl of Anjou, who was herself scarcely marriageable; his father-in-law bestowing on him the county of Maine as her dower. Moreover, Fulco, proceeding to Jerusalem, committed his earldom to the King, to be restored, should he return, but otherwise, to go to his son-in-law. Many provinces, then, looked forward to the government of this boy: for it was supposed that the prediction of King Edward would be verified in him; and it was said, that now might it be expected, that the hopes of England, like the tree cut down, would, through this youth, again blossom and bring forth fruit, and thus put an end to her sufferings: but God saw otherwise; for this illusion vanished into air, as an early day was hastening him to his fate. Indeed, by the exertions of his father-in-law, and of Theobald the son of Stephen, and of his aunt Adala, Lewis, King of France, conceded the legal possession of Normandy to the lad, on his doing him homage. The prudence of his truly careful father so arranged and contrived, that the homage, which

he, from the extent of his empire, disdained to perform, should not be refused by his son, a youth of delicate habit, and not very likely to live. In discussing and peaceably settling these matters, the King spent the space of four years; continuing the whole of that time in Normandy. Nevertheless, the calm of this brilliant and carefully concerted peace, this anxious, universal hope, was destroyed in an instant by the vicissitudes of human estate. For, giving orders for returning to England, the King set sail from Barfleur just before twilight on the seventh before the kalends of December; and the breeze which filled his sails conducted him safely to his kingdom and extensive fortunes. But the young man, who was now somewhat more than seventeen years of age, and, by his father's indulgence, possessed everything but the name of king, commanded another vessel to be prepared for himself; almost all the young nobility flocking around him, from similarity of youthful pursuits. The sailors, too, immoderately filled with wine, with that seaman's hilarity which their cups excited, exclaimed, that those who were now a-head must soon be left astern; for the ship was of the best construction, and recently fitted with new materials. When, therefore, it was now dark night, these imprudent youths, overwhelmed with liquor, launched the vessel from the shore. She flies swifter than the winged arrow, sweeping the rippling surface of the deep: but the carelessness of the intoxicated crew drove her on a rock, which rose above the waves not far from shore. In the greatest consternation, they immediately ran on deck, and with loud outcry got ready their boat-hooks, endeavouring, for a considerable time, to force the vessel off: but fortune resisted and frustrated every exertion. The oars, too, dashing, horribly crushed against the rock, and her battered prow hung immovably fixed. Now, too, the water washed some of the crew overboard, and, entering the chinks, drowned others; when the boat having been launched, the

young prince was received into it, and might certainly have been saved by reaching the shore, had not his illegitimate sister, the Countess of Perche, now struggling with death in the larger vessel, implored her brother's assistance; shrieking out that he should not abandon her so barbarously. Touched with pity, he ordered the boat to return to the ship, that he might rescue his sister; and thus the unhappy youth met his death through excess of affection: for the skiff, overcharged by the multitudes who leaped into her, sank, and buried all indiscriminately in the deep. One rustic alone escaped; who, floating all night upon the mast, related, in the morning, the dismal catastrophe of this tragedy. Here also perished with William, Richard, another of the King's sons, whom a woman of no rank had borne him, before his accession; a youth of intrepidity, and dear to his father from his obedience: Richard, Earl of Chester, and his brother Otuell, the tutor and preceptor of the King's son: the Countess of Perche, the King's daughter, and his niece, the Countess of Chester, sister to Theobald; and indeed almost every person of consequence about court, whether knight, or chaplain, or young nobleman, training up to arms. For, as I have said, they eagerly hastened from all quarters, expecting no small addition to their reputation, if they could either amuse, or show their devotion to the young prince. The calamity was augmented by the difficulty of finding the bodies, which could not be discovered by the various persons who sought them along the shore.

—WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY.

V

A Fight for King Stephen

THE lord abbat of Reading communed upon the measures which ought to be adopted for the defence of the country, and gave commandment that the drawbridge, which had not been raised for many a day, should be hauled up, and that the serfs of our abbey lands should be set to work to deepen the ditch, and to dig a new trench right down to the Kennet. Albeit no enemy was visible, the townfolk of Reading and all the simple hinds that had assembled were seized with a mighty consternation when we began to take measures for heaving up the bridge and closing our strong, iron-bound gate. By order of the prior many of the better sort were admitted into our outer court, with their wives and children, as well as their property. Those who remained without wrung their hands, but departed not, for they felt that the very shadow of our holy walls would be a better protection unto them than any other they could find; and certes we would have brought them within those walls in case of extremity; for was not our house the asylum of the unhappy as well as the *refugium peccatorum?*

Then our lord abbat ordered his quiet gray palfrey to be brought from the stable, telling the brethren that he was minded to ride over to Caversham with Sir Ingelric to deliberate with his well-beloved nephew, who was too good a man of war to have omitted making some preparations against the threatening storm. "You will put up a prayer or twain for my safety," said the abbat to the prior, "and cause a *Miserere Domine* to be sung in the church. And

thou wilt hold thyself ready, oh prior, to hurl an anathema at the head of the rebels, if they should come near unto this godly house; and moreover, thou wilt see to such war-harness and weapons as we do possess, and station the strongest-armed of our monks and lay-brothers, and the stoutest-hearted of our serfs, with our men-at-arms, in the tower and turrets, with bows and cross-bows; for it may chance that those who respect not the Lord's anointed will have no respect for holy church that hath anointed him; and when the children of Ishmael fall on, the children of Jacob may defend themselves with the arms of the flesh."

Now our prior was a man of a very martial and fearless temperament, and one that well remembered how, in the times that were passed, bishops and abbats had put chain armour over their rockets and albs, and had ridden forth with lay-lords and men of war, and had ofttimes done battle for the cause which they held to be the just one, or the cause of the church. It is not for a humble servant of mother church like me to decide whether such actions be altogether conformable to the councils of the church and the canons therein propounded; but this I do know, that the sword and battle-axe have wrought their effects upon stubborn and impenitent minds when our spiritual arms had failed, ay, when the wicked had laughed to scorn our interdicts and our very excommunications. But not to press further this *casus conscientiæ*, I will only record that our prior responded with a firm voice and willing heart to the warlike portions of our lord abbat's instructions, and that he, with marvellous alacrity, did arm the house and prepare to do battle.

As the gate was unbarred and the draw-bridge again lowered to allow the abbat to go forth for Caversham, those of our knights and men-at-arms who had ridden at an earlier hour to make reconnaissance, came back with loose bridle to report that a great battalia of the rebels was advancing upon the town of Reading by the western road.

"Then," quoth our abbat, "is there no time to lose"; and putting his foot into the bright silver stirrup, he got into his saddle without the least assistance, albeit he was a corpulent man, and had had podagra. Two of our knights and half of our men-at-arms rode after the lord abbat and Sir Ingelric of Huntercombe, but the rest tarried with us.

"Remember," said the abbat, turning the head of his palfrey, and addressing the town-folk and the serfs, "remember well that ye be all true men unto King Stephen!"

The poor people made a very feeble essay to shout, "Long live King Stephen!" and then prayed that we would admit them in at the postern-gate if the rebels came nearer; which thing we did now promise them to do.

The lord abbat and his party, riding away at a hand gallop, were soon seen crossing at Caversham bridge; and very soon after they had crossed, a goodly band of armed men was seen to take post on the opposite bank of the river, a little below the bridge. Except these armed men, not a man, woman, or child, could be discovered anywhere; for the shepherds and cowherds had driven their flocks and herds to the other side of the Thamesis, and all the serfs and labouring people had fled either to our abbey walls or unto Caversham Castle. Only yesterday morning our green meadows and fruitful corn-fields had been full of life and joy and thoughtless song, but now they were solitary, and as sad and still as the grave. The wind which blew freshly from the westward, still brought with it hideous drifts of smoke, which dirtied the bright blue sky, and a coarse pungent smell, which overcame the sweet odours that were emitted by our flowering hedge-rows and by the myriads of flowers which grew in the bright green meads and along the moist banks by the river side. It was all a Tartarus now; but on that sunny, happy May morning of yesterday, it was like being in paradise to stand on our outer turret and scent the breeze, and feast the eye on plain and hill, meadow, river, and woodland, and to hear the lark singing

in the clear sky over our head, and the blackbird whistling in the brake at our feet. Not a bird of all that choir was left now: the foul smoke and the pungent smell had scared them all away, as Ætna and Vesuve are said to do when they vomit their sulphureous fires.

I was roused from some meditations of this sort by the scream of a trumpet, and by a chorus of rude voices that shouted, "The Empress for England! Down with the usurper Stephen! Long life to the Queen, and death to all who gainsay it!"

And presently, after hearing these sounds, I saw the head of a great column wind round the castle-mound (whereon there was not now any castle deserving of the name), and take the high road which runs from Reading town to Caversham bridge. Saint John the Evangelist to my aid, but it seemed a formidable host! And there were many men-at-arms in the midst, and a company of well-mounted and fully appointed knights rode at the head of it. But our prior, after waxing very red and wrathful at the first sight, did say, upon better observance, that the mass of that host were but rascaille people, serfs that had slipped their collars, knaves that had no arms but staves and bludgeons, and that would not stand for a moment against a charge of horse, nay, nor even against a good flight of quarrels or long-bow arrows.

"They will not win across the bridge," said the prior, "for the chains be up, and pass the river they cannot, for the skiffs be all on the other side, and there is no ford hereabout. But see, they halt! And now they wheel round for the King's Mead! Will the caitiffs hitherward? Let them come—our walls be of flint. By the founder of our house, it is this way they come!"

And in little more time than it takes to say the credo and pater-noster, the rebels crossed a brook which runs into Thamesis, and came midway into the King's Mead, with the head of their column pointing straight for our main

gate. But who be those that follow them on the grey palfrey and dapple jennet? By Saint John and Saint James, the patrons of our house, it is our good lord abbat, and it is that right-hearted man the mass-priest of Caversham; and the latter hath a white flag fastened to his saddle, and he upholds a golden banner whereon is depicted the effigies of Him who died for our sins, and taught that there was to be peace upon earth and good will among all men! And see, the rebels halt, and our abbat and the mass-priest fearlessly ride up to their leaders, and discourse with them. Word can we hear not at this distance, but plainly do we discern, by the abbat's gestures, and by the frequent uplifting of the holy standard, that the head of our house is earnestly recommending peace and repentance, the truce of God for the present, and agreement and reconciliation hereafter. Gentle are our lord abbat's actions, and no doubt his speech, albeit the rebels have set their impious feet upon the lands of our abbey; but rude and outrageous are the gestures of those mailed knights that do confer with him. . . . And can their ungodly rage amount to this? . . . Yea, verily, so it is! One of them rides his big war-horse against the grey palfrey, and the lord abbat of Reading is jostled out of his seat, and lies prostrate on the grass—may it be soft beneath him!

Judge ye of the choler of our prior, and of the grief and anger of all of us that saw this shameful and sacrilegious sight. We shouted from our tower and turrets, "*O turpissime!*" and the prior, standing upon the loftiest battlement, stretched out his hands towards the traitors in the King's Mead, even as Pope Leo did from the walls of Rome when Attila and his pagans came on for the assault of the holy city. But the prior's first anathema was not said before our good abbat, assisted by the mass-priest of Caversham, was on his feet, and to all seeming not much the worse for his fall. He now spoke so loudly to the knights that we could hear the sound of his voice and distinguish some

of his words, *specialiter* when he conjured them to depart quietly thence, and avoid the shedding of blood. It was plain that the savage crew would not listen to him; and we saw him remount his palfrey, and turn his head back towards the bridge. We much feared that the rebels would lay violent hands upon him, and keep him as their prisoner; but, *nemo repente*, this was but the beginning of the great wickedness; and albeit impious factions did afterwards load the servants of the church with chains, and throw even bishops into noisome dungeons, and keep them there for ransom among toads and snakes, Jews and thieves, and other unclean men, this present band did offer no let or hindrance to our lord abbat or to the mass-priest, who went back at a good pace to Caversham bridge.

"And now," quoth our prior, with a brightening eye, "we shall surely see some feat of war if Sir Alain be alive! The foul rebels have refused to parley, and have atrociously wronged the would-be peace-maker. Ay, by the bones of King Henry, 'tis as I thought! The trumpets sound! Sir Alain's lances are on the bridge! May the saints give them the victory!"

I, Felix the novice, being at the topmost part of all the abbey with Philip, the lay-brother, who had been teaching me how to use the long-bow, did now see a battalia rushing across the bridge, a mixed force of horse and foot, and did further perceive a good company of cross-bowmen descend the left bank of Thamesis as if their intent was to march below our abbey to Sunning. The battalia which crossed the bridge divided itself into two parts, of the which one marched hastily along the road that leads right to the Castle-hill and town of Reading, while the other and major part struck across the meadows for the King's Mead, never halting or pausing until it was right in front of the rebels. With the party in the mead were seen the pennon and cognizances of Sir Alain de Bohun; it seemed but a small force compared with that which was opposed to it, but of

horse Sir Alain seemed to have rather more than the adverse party. There was a short parley, the words of which we could not hear, but it was very short, and then we heard right well, from the one side the shout of "God for King Stephen!" and from the other "God for the Empress-queen!" and when they had thus shouted for a space, they joined battle. At first their superiority in number seemed to give the rebels the advantage; and our prior was so transported at this, that he clapped a coat of mail over his black gown, took a lance in his hand, and called for his horse, and would fain have gone forth with our knights and men-at-arms to charge the enemy in the rear. But, lo! the cross-bows, of whom we had lost sight, appeared on the river in skiffs, and in less than an Ave they landed on the right bank; and then they formed in good order, and came on with quick steps to the right wing of the foe, and shooting close and all together, smote it sorely with their quarrels. And hereupon the rascaille people fell off from their leaders, and ran in much disorder across the meadows. Now that part of Sir Alain's battalion which had marched towards the Castle-hill set up a triumphant shout, and drove the fugards back again, and moved upon the other flank of the disordered rebel host. The serfs of the abbey-lands and the town-folk and others who had been cowering under our walls and even in our ditches, became full of heart at sight of the great success of Sir Alain's cross-bows and the easy victory the good knight of Caversham was now completing; and this encouraged the prior to distribute bows and bills among them, and to throw open the abbey-gate and form a third line or battalia round the discomfited foe. Divers of our brotherhood did go forth with the prior, and even take a post in advance upon the Falbury-hill; but I, Felix, having no commandment to the contrary, stayed where I was, in a very safe place, whence I could see all that chanced below. After making several desperate attempts to stop the flight of their

pedones and bring them to a head again, the Empress's knights, not without holes in their chain jerkins, began to fly themselves and to knock down and ride pitilessly over their own people. They could go no other gait than close by our abbey and across the Falbury; and when they came near unto our force on the hillock, a stiffish flight of arrows and quarrels made them swerve and draw rein. At this juncture, Sir Ingelric of Huntercombe, whose lance was red with blood, and whose casque had been knocked from his head by some terrible blow, and whose face was covered with blood in a manner fearful to look upon, came thundering among the rebel knights, calling upon his mortal foe, that caitiff knight Sir Jocelyn de Brienne, to tarry and receive his inevitable doom as a felon traitor, coward, and foul murtherer. At these hard words Sir Jocelyn, who was aforetime a man of a very evil reputation, wheeled round his horse, and with his lance in rest charged Sir Ingelric, who was charging him. Sir Jocelyn, the prime leader of the first rebellion, and main actor in the horrible deeds of the past, was wounded and unhorsed, and lay on the hard ground of the Falbury (not on a soft mead like that on which he made fall our lord abbat), crying, "Rescue! rescue! Help me or I perish!"

Ay! there lay the proud, strong man, struck down in his pride and strength, looking towards our abbey-gate, and upon the hospital for lepers, called the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, which Aucherius, the second abbat of our house, did build near to the great gate, and I ween that Sir Jocelyn would have changed his present estate even for that of a leper! and still he cried, "Rescue! rescue! Will no true man stop and save me?" But the knights and men-at-arms that had ridden with him could not s[illegible] to lift him up or give him any aid, for that Sir Alain de Bohun and his horsemen were now again close upon them, and therefore did they spur their steeds and gallop madly past some of the town-folk our prior had armed. Rings still in

"DIE UNCONFESSED"—AN ENEMY OF KING STEPHEN.

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my ear the horrible voice with which the fallen and disabled Sir Jocelyn cried, "Quarter! quarter!" and called upon his foe to show mercy, and name what ransom he would; and still my blood runs cold as I recall the manner in which Sir Ingelric of Huntercombe, dismounting, lifted up his enemy's coat of mail and drove under it into Sir Jocelyn's heart his long thick dagger, screaming, "Where was thy mercy ever shown? Die unconfessed!"

And Sir Jocelyn perished, and another knight and ten men-at-arms perished unshrieved upon our abbey lands, yea, and close unto our church and sacristy. Many that escaped were sorely wounded, and well upon two score of the commoner sort were made prisoners, either in the King's Mead or in the Falbury. Sir Ingelric of Huntercombe, mad with revenge, would have butchered all these captives on the Falbury-hill as a sacrifice to the manes of his beloved wife, but Sir Alain de Bohun stood between the wretched serfs and this great fury, and when our good and merciful lord abbat rode up on his grey palfrey, Sir Ingelric was somewhat pacified at his discourse. By the foundation charter which the Beauclerc had given us, it appertained to the lord abbat, and to none but him, to judge of offences committed upon the lands of the abbey; yea, our lord abbat had the privileges of the hundred courts, and all manner of pleas, with soc and sac, infangtheof, and hamsocna; that is to say, he could try all causes, impose forfeitures, judge bondmen and villeins, with their children, goods and chattels, and try and punish any thief or housebreaker, or other evil-doer taken within our jurisdiction. All these rights and privileges were granted to the abbat of Reading Abbey in their fullest extent, with judicial power in all cases of assault, murder, breach of the peace, and the like; in short, in as full extent as belonged to the royal authority. Lord Edward might have hanged every one of those prisoners by the neck to the trees on the Falbury, and none could have said him

nay; or he could have chopped off their hands and feet. But being of a merciful nature, he only made cut off the ears and slit the noses of a few of the churls, and then dismissed them all, as to keep them in prison would be troublesome and costly. And when this last thing was done, all the victorious party came into our church, where we the monks and novices did chant the *Te Deum laudamus*, after which our abbat delivered a learned discourse upon the rights of King Stephen, and put up a prayer for his preservation on the throne.

Much bloodshedding and many horribly vindictive acts did the lord abbat prevent on this unhappy day; nevertheless much blood was shed, and a new score of vengeance was commenced. The kin and friends of Sir Joceyln could no more forgive and forget his death than Sir Ingelric of Huntercombe could forgive the burning of his house and the murther of his wife; every man that had fallen in the field left some behind him who were sure to call for vengeance.

—C. MACFARLANE, *A Legend of Reading Abbey.*

VI

How the Flemings settled in Wales

ALONG a wasted tract of country, more than twelve miles distant from the Garde Doloureuse, in the heat of a summer noon, which shed a burning lustre on the silent valley, and the blackened ruins of the cottages with which it had been once graced, two travellers walked slowly, whose palmer cloaks, pilgrims' staves, large slouched hats, with a scallop shell bound on the front of each, above all, the cross, cut in red cloth upon their shoulders, marked them as pilgrims who had accomplished their vow, and had returned from that fatal bourne, from which, in those days, returned so few of the thousands who visited it, whether in the love of enterprise, or in the ardour of devotion.

The pilgrims had passed, that morning, through a scene of devastation. They had seen hamlets which appeared to have suffered all the fury of military execution, the houses being burned to the ground; and in many cases the carcasses of the miserable inhabitants, or rather relics of such objects, were suspended on temporary gibbets, or on the trees, which had been allowed to remain standing, only, it would seem, to serve the convenience of the executioners. Living creatures they saw none, excepting those wild denizens of nature who seemed silently resuming the now wasted district, from which they might have been formerly expelled by the course of civilisation. Their ears were no less disagreeably occupied than their eyes. The pensive travellers

might indeed hear the screams of the raven, as if lamenting the decay of the carnage on which he had been gorged; and now and then the plaintive howl of some dog, deprived of his home and master; but no sounds which argued either labour or domestication of any kind.

The sable figures, who, with wearied steps, as it appeared, travelled through these scenes of desolation and ravage, seemed assimilated to them in appearance. They spoke not with each other—they looked not to each other—but one, the shorter of the pair, keeping about half a pace in front of his companion, they moved slowly, as priests returning from a sinner's death-bed, or rather as spectres flitting along the precincts of a church-yard.

At length they reached a grassy mound, on the top of which was placed one of those receptacles for the dead of the ancient British chiefs of distinction, called Kist-vaen, which are composed of upright fragments of granite, so placed as to form a stone coffin, or something bearing that resemblance. The sepulchre had been long violated by the victorious Saxons, either in scorn or in idle curiosity, or because treasures were supposed to be sometimes concealed in such spots. The huge flat stone which had once been the cover of the coffin, if so it might be termed, lay broken in two pieces at some distance from the sepulchre; and, overgrown as the fragments were with grass and lichens, showed plainly that the lid had been removed to its present situation many years before. A stunted and doddered oak still spread its branches over the open and rude mausoleum, as if the Druid's badge and emblem, shattered and storm-broken, was still bending to offer its protection to the last remnants of their worship.

"This, then, is the *Kist-vaen*," said the shorter pilgrim; "and here we must abide tidings of our scout. But what, Philip Guarine, have we to expect as an explanation of the devastation which we have traversed?"

"Some incursion of the Welsh wolves, my lord," replied

Guarine; "and, by Our Lady, here lies a poor Saxon sheep whom they have snapped up."

Hugh de Lacy, Constable of Chester (for he was the pilgrim who had walked foremost), turned as he heard his squire speak, and saw the corpse of a man amongst the long grass; by which, indeed, it was so hidden, that he himself had passed without notice, what the esquire, in less abstracted mood, had not failed to observe. The leathern doublet of the slain bespoke him an English peasant—the body lay on its face, and the arrow which had caused his death still stuck in his back.

Philip Guarine, with the cool indifference of one accustomed to such scenes, drew the shaft from the man's back, as composedly as he would have removed it from the body of a deer. With similar indifference the Constable signed to his esquire to give him the arrow—looked at it with indolent curiosity, and then said, "Thou has forgotten thy old craft, Guarine, when thou callest that a Welsh shaft. Trust me, it flew from a Norman bow; but why it should be found in the body of that English churl, I can ill guess."

"Some runaway serf, I would warrant—some mongrel cur, who had joined the Welsh pack of hounds," answered the esquire.

"It may be so," said the Constable; "but I rather augur some civil war among the Lords Marchers themselves. The Welsh, indeed, sweep the villages, and leave nothing behind them but blood and ashes, but here even castles seem to have been stormed and taken. May God send us good news of the Garde Doloureuse!"

"Amen!" replied his squire; "but if Renault Vidal brings it, 'twill be the first time he has proved a bird of good omen."

"Philip," said the Constable, "I have already told thee thou art a jealous-pated fool. How many times has Vidal shown his faith in doubt—his address in difficulty—his courage in battle—his patience under suffering?"

"It may be all very true, my lord," replied Guarine; "yet—but what avails to speak?—I own he has done you sometimes good service; but loath were I that your life or honour were at the mercy of Renault Vidal."

"In the name of all the saints, thou peevish and suspicious fool, what is it thou canst found upon to his prejudice."

"Nothing, my lord," replied Guarine, "but instinctive suspicion and aversion. The child that, for the first time, sees a snake, knows nothing of its evil properties, yet he will not chase it and take it up as he would a butterfly. Such is my dislike to Vidal—I cannot help it. I could pardon the man his malicious and gloomy sidelong looks, when he thinks no one observes him; but his sneering laugh I cannot forgive—it is like the beast we heard of in Judea, who laughs, they say, before he tears and destroys."

"Philip," said De Lacy, "I am sorry for thee—sorry, from my soul, to see such a predominating and causeless jealousy occupy the brain of a gallant old soldier. Here, in this last misfortune, to recall no more ancient proofs of his fidelity, could he mean otherwise than well with us, when, thrown by shipwreck upon the coast of Wales, we would have been doomed to instant death, had the Cymri recognised in me the Constable of Chester, and in thee his trusty esquire, the executioner of his commands against the Welsh in so many instances?"

"Well, my lord," said Guarine, "I may be silenced, but not satisfied. All the fair words he can speak—all the fine tunes he can play—Renault Vidal will be to my eyes ever a dark and suspicious man, with features always ready to mould themselves into the fittest form to attract confidence; with a tongue framed to utter the most flattering and agreeable words at one time, and at another to play shrewd plainness or blunt honesty; and an eye which, when he thinks himself unobserved, contradicts every assumed expression of features, every protestation of honesty, and

every word of courtesy or cordiality to which his tongue has given utterance. But I speak not more on the subject; only I am an old mastiff, of the true breed—I love my master, but cannot endure some of those whom he favours; and yonder, as I judge, comes Vidal, to give us such an account of our situation, as it shall please him."

A horseman was indeed seen advancing in the path towards the Kist-vaen, with a hasty pace; and his dress, in which something of the Eastern fashion was manifest, with the fantastic attire usually worn by men of his profession, made the Constable aware that the minstrel, of whom they were speaking, was rapidly approaching them.

Although Hugo de Lacy rendered this attendant no more than what in justice he supposed his services demanded, when he vindicated him from the suspicions thrown out by Guarine, yet at the bottom of his heart he had sometimes shared those suspicions, and was often angry at himself, as a just and honest man, for censuring, on the slight testimony of looks, and sometimes casual expressions, a fidelity which seemed to be proved by many acts of zeal and integrity.

When Vidal approached and dismounted to make his obeisance, his master hasted to speak to him in words of favour, as if conscious he had been partly sharing Guarine's unjust judgment upon him, by even listening to it. "Welcome, my trusty Vidal," he said; "thou hast been the raven that fed us on the mountains of Wales, be now the dove that brings us good tidings from the Marches. Thou art silent. What mean these downcast looks, that embarrassed carriage, that cap plucked down o'er thine eyes? In God's name, man, speak! Fear not for me—I can bear worse than tongue of man may tell. Thou hast seen me in the wars of Palestine, when my brave followers fell, man by man, around me, and when I was left well-nigh alone—and did I blench then? Thou hast seen me when the ship's keel lay grating on the rock, and the billows flew

in foam over her deck—did I blench then? No, nor will I now."

"Boast not," said the minstrel, looking fixedly upon the Constable, as the former assumed the port and countenance of one who sets Fortune and her utmost malice at defiance —"boast not, lest thy bands bc made strong."

There was a pause of a minute, during which the group formed at this instant a singular picture.

Afraid to ask, yet ashamed to *seem* to fear the ill tidings which impended, the Constable confronted his messenger with person erect, arms folded, and brow expanded with resolution; while the minstrel, carried beyond his usual and guarded apathy by the interest of the moment, bent on his master a keen, fixed glance, as if to observe whether his courage was real or assumed.

Philip Guarine, on the other hand, to whom Heaven, in assigning him a rough exterior, had denied neither sense nor observation, kept his eye in turn firmly fixed on Vidal, as if endeavouring to determine what was the character of that deep interest which gleamed in the minstrel's looks apparently, and was unable to ascertain whether it was that of a faithful domestic sympathetically agitated by the bad news with which he was about to afflict his master, or that of an executioner standing with his knife suspended over his victim, deferring his blow until he should discover where it would be most sensibly felt. In Guarine's mind, prejudiced, perhaps, by the previous opinion he had entertained, the latter sentiment so decidedly predominated, that he longed to raise his staff and strike down to the earth the servant who seemed thus to enjoy the protracted sufferings of their common master.

At length a convulsive movement crossed the brow of the Constable, and Guarine, when he beheld a sardonic smile begin to curl Vidal's lip, could keep silence no longer. "Vidal," he said, "thou art a —"

"A bearer of bad tidings," said Vidal, interrupting him,

"therefore subject to the misconstruction of every fool who cannot distinguish between the author of harm and him who unwillingly reports it."

"To what purpose this delay?" said the Constable. "Come, Sir Minstrel, I will spare you a pang—Eveline has forsaken and forgotten me?"

The minstrel assented by a low inclination.

Hugo de Lacy paced a short turn before the stone monument, endeavouring to conquer the deep emotion which he felt. "I forgive her," he said. "Forgive, did I say? Alas! I have nothing to forgive. She used but the right I left in her hand—yes—our date of engagement was out, she had heard of my losses, my defeats, the destruction of my hopes, the expenditure of my wealth, and has taken the first opportunity which strict law afforded to break off her engagement with one bankrupt in fortune and fame. Many a maiden would have done—perhaps in prudence should have done—this, but that woman's name should not have been Eveline Berenger."

He leaned on his esquire's arm, and for an instant laid his head on his shoulder with a depth of emotion which Guarine had never before seen him betray, and which, in awkward kindness, he could only attempt to console by bidding his master "be of good courage—he had lost but a woman."

"This is no selfish emotion, Philip," said the Constable, resuming self-command. "I grieve less that she has left me, than that she has misjudged me—that she has treated me as the pawnbroker does his wretched creditor, who arrests the pledge as the very moment elapses within which it might have been relieved. Did she then think that I in my turn would have been a creditor so rigid?—that I, who, since I knew her, scarce deemed myself worthy of her when I had wealth and fame, should insist on her sharing my diminished and degraded fortunes? How little she ever knew me, or how selfish must she have supposed my

misfortunes to have made me! But be it so—she is gone, and may she be happy. The thought that she disturbed me shall pass from my mind, and I will think she has done that which I myself, as her best friend, must in honour have advised."

So saying, his countenance, to the surprise of his attendants, resumed its usual firm composure.

"I give you joy," said the esquire, in a whisper to the minstrel; "your evil news have wounded less deeply than, doubtless, you believed was possible."

"Alas!" replied the minstrel, "I have others and worse behind."

This answer was made in an equivocal tone of voice, corresponding to the peculiarity of his manner, and like that seeming emotion of a deep but very doubtful character.

"Eveline Berenger is then married," said the Constable; "and, let me make a wild guess,—she has not abandoned the family, though she has forsaken the individual,—she is still a Lacy? ha? Dolt that thou art, wilt thou not understand me? She is married to Damian de Lacy—to my nephew?"

The effort with which the Constable gave breath to this supposition formed a strange contrast to the constrained smile to which he compelled his features while he uttered it. With such a smile a man about to drink poison might name a health, as he put the fatal beverage to his lips.

"No, my lord,—not *married*," answered the minstrel, with an emphasis on the word, which the Constable knew how to interpret.

"No, no," he replied quickly, "not married, perhaps, but engaged—troth-plighted. Wherefore not? The date of her old affiance was out, why not enter into a new engagement?"

"The Lady Eveline and Sir Damian de Lacy are not affianced that I know of," answered his attendant.

This reply drove De Lacy's patience to extremity.

"Dog! dost thou trifle with me!" he exclaimed; "vile wire-pincher, thou torturest me! Speak the worst at once, or I will presently make thee minstrel to the household of Satan."

Calm and collected did the minstrel reply.—"The Lady Eveline and Sir Damian are neither married nor affianced, my lord. They have loved and lived together—*par amours*."

"Dog, and son of a dog," said De Lacy, "thou liest!" And, seizing the minstrel by the breast, the exasperated baron shook him with his whole strength. But great as that strength was, it was unable to stagger Vidal, a practised wrestler, in the firm posture which he had assumed, any more than his master's wrath could disturb the composure of the minstrel's bearing.

"Confess thou hast lied," said the Constable, releasing him, after having effected by his violence no greater degree of agitation than the exertion of human force produces upon the Rocking Stones of the Druids, which may be shaken, indeed, but not displaced.

"Were a lie to buy my own life, yea, the lives of all my tribe," said the minstrel, "I would not tell one. But truth itself is ever termed falsehood when it counteracts the train of our passions."

"Hear him, Philip Guarine, hear him!" exclaimed the Constable, turning hastily to his squire; "he tells me of my disgrace, of the dishonour of my house, of the depravity of those whom I have loved the best in the world—he tells me of it with a calm look, an eye composed, an unfaltering tongue. Is this—can it be natural? Is De Lacy sunk so low, that his dishonour shall be told by a common strolling minstrel, as calmly as if it were a theme for a vain ballad? Perhaps thou wilt make it one, ha!" as he concluded, darting a furious glance at the minstrel.

"Perhaps I might, my lord," replied the minstrel, "were not that I must record therein the disgrace of Renault

Vidal, who served a lord without either patience to bear insults and wrongs, or spirit to revenge them on the authors of his shame."

"Thou art right, thou art right, good fellow," said the Constable hastily; "it is vengeance now alone which is left us—and yet upon whom!"

As he spoke, he walked shortly and hastily to and fro; and, becoming suddenly silent, stood still and wrung his hands with deep emotion.

Few minutes had elapsed before the Constable of Chester had regained the calm external semblance with which, until this last dreadful wound, he had borne all the inflictions of fortune. He turned towards his followers, and addressed the minstrel with his usual calmness, "Thou art right, good fellow," he said, "in what thou saidst to me but now, and I forgive thee the taunt which accompanied thy good counsel. Speak out, in God's name! and speak to one prepared to endure the evil which God hath sent him. Certes, a good knight is best known in battle, and a Christian in the time of trouble and adversity."

The tone in which the Constable spoke seemed to produce a corresponding effect upon the deportment of his followers. The minstrel dropped at once the cynical and audacious tone in which he had hitherto seemed to tamper with the passions of his master; and in language simple and respectful, and which even approached to sympathy, informed him of the evil news which he had collected during his absence. It was indeed disastrous.

The refusal of the Lady Eveline Berenger to admit Monthermer and his forces into her castle, had, it appeared, given circulation and credence to all the calumnies which had been circulated to her prejudice, and that of Damian de Lacy; and there were many who, for various causes, were interested in spreading and supporting these slanders. A large force had been sent into the country to subdue the insurgent peasants; and the knights and nobles dispatched

for that purpose, failed not to avenge to the uttermost, upon the wretched plebeians, the noble blood which they had spilled during their temporary triumph.

The followers of another leader, Wenlock, were infected with the same persuasion. Blamed by many for a hasty and cowardly surrender of a post which might have been defended, they endeavoured to vindicate themselves by alleging the hostile demonstrations of De Lacy's cavalry as the sole cause of their premature submission.

These rumours, supported by such interested testimony, spread wide and far through the land; and, joined to the undeniable fact that Damian had sought refuge in the strong castle of Garde Doloureuse, which was now defending itself against the royal arms, animated the numerous enemies of the house of De Lacy, and drove its vassals and friends almost to despair, as men reduced either to disown their feudal allegiance, or renounce that still more sacred fealty which they owed to their sovereign.

At this crisis they received intelligence that the wise and active monarch by whom the sceptre of England was then swayed was moving towards that part of England, at the head of a large body of soldiers, for the purpose at once of pressing the siege of the Garde Doloureuse, and completing the suppression of the insurrection of the peasantry, which Guy Monthermer had nearly accomplished.

In this emergency, and when the friends and dependents f the House of Lacy scarcely knew which hand to turn to, andal, the Constable's kinsman, and, after Damian, his eir, suddenly appeared amongst them, with a royal comission to raise and command such followers of the family might not desire to be involved in the supposed treason the Constable's delegate. In troublesome times, men's es are forgotten, provided they display activity, courage, d prudence, the virtues then most required; and the earance of Randal, who was by no means deficient in of these attributes, was received as a good omen by

the followers of his cousin. They quickly gathered around him, surrendered to the royal mandate such strongholds as they possessed, and, to vindicate themselves from any participation in the alleged crimes of Damian, they distinguished themselves, under Randal's command, against such scattered bodies of peasantry as still kept the field, or lurked in the mountains and passes; and conducted themselves with such severity after success, as made the troops even of Monthermer appear gentle and clement in comparison with those of De Lacy. Finally, with the banner of his ancient house displayed, and five hundred good men assembled under it, Randal appeared before the Garde Doloureuse, and joined Henry's camp there.

The castle was already hardly pressed, and the few defenders, disabled by wounds, watching, and privation, had now the additional discouragement to see displayed against their walls the only banner in England under which they had hoped forces might be mustered for their aid.

The high-spirited entreaties of Eveline, unbent by adversity and want, gradually lost effect on the defenders of the castle; and proposals for surrender were urged and discussed by a tumultuary council, into which not only the inferior officers, but many of the common men, had thrust themselves, as in a period of such general distress as unlooses all the bonds of discipline, and leaves each man at liberty to speak and act for himself. To their surprise, in the midst of their discussions, Damian de Lacy, arisen from the sick-bed to which he had been so long confined, appeared among them, pale and feeble, his cheek tinged with the ghastly look which is left by long illness—he leaned on his page Amelot. "Gentlemen," he said, "and soldiers—yet why should I call you either! Gentlemen are ever ready to die in behalf of a lady—soldiers hold life in scorn compared to their honour."

"Out upon him! out upon him!" exclaimed some of the soldiers, interrupting him; "he would have us, who are

innocent, die the death of traitors, and be hanged in our armour over the walls, rather than part with his leman."

"Peace, irreverent slave!" said Damian, in a voice like thunder, "or my last blow shall be a mean one, aimed against such a caitiff as thou art. And you," he continued, addressing the rest,—"you, who are shrinking from the toils of your profession, because if you persist in a course of honour, death may close them a few years sooner than it needs must—you, who are scared like children at the sight of a death's-head, do not suppose that Damian de Lacy would desire to shelter himself at the expense of those lives which you hold so dear. Make your bargain with King Henry. Deliver me up to his justice, or his severity; or, if you like it better, strike my head from my body, and hurl it, as a peace-offering, from the walls of the castle. To God, in His good time, will I trust for the clearance of mine honour. In a word, surrender me, dead or alive, or open the gates and permit me to surrender myself. Only as ye are men, since I may not say better of ye, care at least for the safety of your mistress, and make such terms as may secure HER safety, and save yourselves from the dishonour of being held cowardly and perjured caitiffs in your graves."

"Methinks the youth speaks well and reasonably," said Wilkin Flammock. "Let us e'en make a grace of surrendering his body up to the King, and assure thereby such terms as we can for ourselves and the lady, ere the last morsel of our provision is consumed."

"I would hardly have proposed this measure," said, or rather mumbled, Father Aldrovand, who had recently lost four of his front teeth by a stone from a sling—"yet, being so generously offered by the party principally concerned, I hold with the learned scholiast, *Volenti non fit injuria.*"

"Priest and Fleming," said the old banner-man, Ralph Genvil, "I see how the wind stirreth you; but you deceive yourselves if you think to make our young master, Sir

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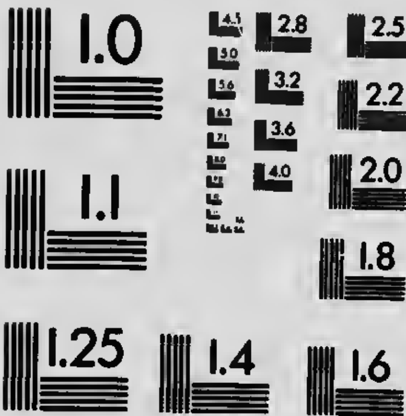

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Damian, a scape-goat for your light lady. Nay, never frown nor fume, Sir Damian; if you know not your safest course, we know it for you. Followers of De Lacy, throw yourselves on your horses, and two men on one, if it be necessary—we will take this stubborn boy in the midst of us, and the dainty squire Amelot shall be prisoner too, if he trouble us with his peevish opposition. Then let us make a fair sally upon the siegers. Those who can cut their way through will shift well enough; those who fall will be provided for."

A shout from the troopers of Lacy's band approved this proposal. Whilst the followers of Berenger expostulated in loud and angry tones, Eveline, summoned by the tumult, in vain endeavoured to appease it; and the anger and entreaties of Damian were equally lost on his followers. To each and either the answer was the same.

"Have you no care of it—Because you love *par amours*, is it reasonable you should throw away your life and ours?" So exclaimed Genvil to De Lacy; and in softer language, but with equal obstinacy, the followers of Raymond Berenger refused on the present occasion to listen to the commands or prayers of his daughter.

Wilkin Flammock had retreated from the tumult, when he saw the turn which matters had taken. He left the castle by a sally-port, of which he had been intrusted with the key, and proceeded without observation or opposition to the royal camp, where he requested access to the Sovereign. This was easily obtained, and Wilkin speedily found himself in the presence of King Henry. The monarch was in his royal pavilion, attended by two of his sons, Richard and John, who afterwards swayed the sceptre of England with very different auspices.

"How now?—What art thou?" was the royal question.

"An honest man, from the castle of the Garde Doloureuse."

"Thou may'st be honest," replied the Sovereign, "but thou comest from a nest of traitors."

"Such as they are, my lord, it is my purpose to put them at your royal disposal; for they have no longer the wisdom to guide themselves, and lack alike prudence to hold out, and grace to submit. But I would first know of your grace to what terms you will admit the defenders of yonder garrison?"

"To such as kings give to traitors," said Henry, sternly—"sharp knives and tough cords."

"Nay, my gracious lord, you must be kinder than that amounts to, if the castle is to be rendered by my means; else will your cords and knives have only my poor body to work upon, and you will be as far as ever from the inside of the Garde Doloureuse."

The King looked at him fixedly. "Thou knowest," he said, "the law of arms. Here, provost-marshal, stands a traitor, and yonder stands a tree."

"And here is a throat," said the stout-hearted Fleming, unbuttoning the collar of his doublet.

"By mine honour," said Prince Richard, "a sturdy and faithful yeoman! It were better send such fellows their dinner, and then buffet it out with them for the castle, than to starve them as the beggarly Frenchmen famish their hounds."

"Peace, Richard," said his father; "thy wit is over green, and thy blood over hot, to make thee my counsellor here. And you, knave, speak you some reasonable terms, and we will not be over strict with thee."

"First, then," said the Fleming, "I stipulate full and free pardon for life, limb, body, and goods, to me, William Flammock, and my daughter Rose."

"A true Fleming," said Prince John; "he takes care of himself in the first instance."

"His request," said the King, "is reasonable. What next?"

"Safety, in life, honour, and land, for the demoiselle Eveline Berenger."

"How, sir knave!" said the King, angrily, "is it for such as thou to dictate to our judgment or clemency in the case of a noble Norman lady? Confine thy mediation to such as thyself, or rather render us this castle without further delay; and be assured thy doing so will be of more service to the traitors within, than weeks more of resistance, which must and shall be bootless."

The Fleming stood silent, unwilling to surrender without some specific terms, yet half convinced, from the situation in which he had left the garrison of the Garde Doloureuse, that his admitting the King's forces would be, perhaps, the best he could do for Lady Eveline.

"I like thy fidelity, fellow," said the King, whose acute eye perceived the struggle in the Fleming's bosom; "but carry not thy stubbornness too far. Have we not said we will be gracious to yonder offenders, as far as our royal duty will permit."

"And, royal father," said Prince John, interposing, "I pray you let me have the grace to take first possession of the Garde Doloureuse, and the wardship or forfeiture of the offending lady."

"*I* pray you also, my royal father, to grant John's boon," said his brother Richard, in a tone of mockery. "Consider, royal father, it is the first desire he hath shown to approach the barriers of the castle, though we have attacked them forty times at least. Marry, crossbow and mangonel were busy on the former occasions, and it is like they will be silent now."

"Peace, Richard," said the King; "your words, aimed at thy brother's honour, pierce my heart.—John, thou hast thy boon as concerns the castle; for this unhappy young lady, we will take her in our own charge.—Fleming, how many men wilt thou undertake to admit?"

Ere Flammock could answer, a squire approached Prince Richard, and whispered in his ear, yet so as to be heard by all present, "We have discovered that some internal

disturbance or other cause unknown, has withdrawn many of the warders from the castle walls, and that a sudden attack might——"

"Dost thou hear that, John?" exclaimed Richard. "Ladders, man—get ladders, and to the wall How I should delight to see thee on the highest round—thy knees shaking—thy hands grasping convulsively, like those of one in an ague fit—all air around thee, save a baton or two of wood—the moat below—half-a-dozen pikes at thy throat——"

"Peace, Richard. for shame, if not for charity!" said his father, in a tone of anger, mingled with grief. "And thou, John, get ready for the assault."

"As soon as I have put on my armour, father," answered the Prince; and withdrew slowly, with a visage so blank as to promise no speed in his preparations.

His brother laughed as he retired, and said to his squire, "It were no bad jest, Alberick, to carry the place ere John can change his silk doublet for a steel one."

So saying, he hastily withdrew, and his father exclaimed in paternal distress, "Out, alas! as much too hot as his brother is too cold; but it is the manlier fault.—Gloucester," said he to that celebrated earl, "take sufficient strength, and follow Prince Richard to guard and sustain him. If any one can rule him, it must be a knight of thy established fame. Alas, alas! for what sin have I deserved the affliction of these cruel family feuds!"

"Be comforted, my lord," said the chancellor, who was also in attendance.

"Speak not of comfort to a father, whose sons are at discord with each other, and agree only in their disobedience to him!"

Thus spoke Henry the Second, than whom no wiser, or, generally speaking, more fortunate monarch, ever sat upon the throne of England; yet whose life is a striking illustration, how family dissensions can tarnish the most

brilliant lot to which Heaven permits humanity to aspire; and how little gratified ambition, extended power, and the highest reputation in war and in peace, can do towards curing the wounds of domestic affliction.

The sudden and fiery attack of Richard, who hastened to the escalade at the head of a score of followers, collected at random, had the complete effect of surprise; and having surmounted the walls with their ladders, before the contending parties within were almost aware of the assault, the assailants burst open the gates, and admitted Gloucester, who had hastily followed with a strong body of men-at-arms. The garrison, in their state of surprise, confusion, and disunion, offered but little resistance, and would have been put to the sword, and the place plundered, had not Henry himself entered it, and by his personal exertions and authority, restrained the excesses of the dissolute soldiery.

The King conducted himself, considering the times and the provocation, with laudable moderation. He contented himself with disarming and dismissing the common soldiers, giving them some trifle to carry them out of the country, lest want should lead them to form themselves into bands of robbers. The officers were more severely treated, being for the greater part thrown into dungeons, to abide the course of the law. In particular, imprisonment was the lot of Damian de Lacy, against whom, believing the various charges with which he was loaded, Henry was so highly incensed, that he purposed to make him an example to all false knights and disloyal subjects. To the Lady Eveline Berenger he assigned her own apartment as a prison, in which she was honourably attended by Rose and Alice, but guarded with the utmost strictness. It was generally reported that her demesnes would be declared a forfeiture to the crown, and bestowed, at least in part, upon Randal de Lacy, who had done good service during the siege. Her person, it was thought, was destined to the seclusion

of some distant French nunnery, where she might at leisure repent her of her follies and her rashness.

Father Aldrovand was delivered up to the discipline of his convent, long experience having very effectually taught Henry the imprudence of infringing on the privileges of the Church; although, when the King first beheld him with a rusty corslet clasped over his frock, he with difficulty repressed the desire to cause him to be hanged over the battlements to preach to the ravens.

With Wilkin Flammock, Henry held much conference, particularly on the subject of manufactures and commerce; on which the sound-headed, though blunt-spoken Fleming was well qualified to instruct an intelligent monarch. "Thy intentions," he said, "shall not be forgotten, good fellow, though they have been anticipated by the headlong valour of my son Richard, which has cost some poor caitiffs their lives—Richard loves not to sheathe a bloodless weapon. But thou and thy countrymen shall return to thy mills yonder, with a full pardon for past offences, so that you meddle no more with such treasonable matters."

"And our privileges and duties, my liege?" said Flammock. "Your Majesty knows well we are vassals to the lord of this castle, and must follow him in battle."

"It shall no longer be so," said Henry; "I will form a community of Flemings here, and thou, Flammock, shalt be Mayor, that thou mayst not plead feudal obedience for a relapse into treason."

"Treason, my liege!" said Flammock, longing, yet scarce venturing, to interpose a word in behalf of Lady Eveline, for whom, despite the constitutional coolness of his temperament, he really felt much interest—"I would that your Grace but justly knew how many threads went to that woof."

"Peace, sirrah!—meddle with your loom," said Henry; "and if we deign to speak to thee concerning the mechanical

arts which thou dost profess, take it for no warrant to intrude farther on our privacy."

The Fleming retired, rebuked, and in silence; and the fate of the unhappy prisoners remained in the King's bosom. He himself took up his lodging in the castle of the Garde Doloureuse, as a convenient station for sending abroad parties to suppress and extinguish all the embers of rebellion; and so active was Randal de Lacy on these occasions, that he appeared daily to rise in the King's grace, and was gratified with considerable grants out of the domains of Berenger and Lacy, which the King seemed already to treat as forfeited property.

These were the events which met Hugh de Lacy on his home-coming. After hearing Vidal's story he had left the two servitors and had ridden on alone. Before reaching the end of his journey he met two of the old retainers of his house, from whom he learned how untrue were the dishonouring details of Vidal's narrative. In the meantime the two dependants marched on in sullen silence, like men who dislike and distrust each other, though bound to one common service, and partners, therefore, in the same hopes and fears. The dislike, indeed, was chiefly upon Guarine's side; for nothing could be more indifferent to Renault Vidal than was his companion, farther than as he was conscious that Philip loved him not, and was not unlikely, so far as lay in his power, to thwart some plans which he had nearly at heart. He took little notice of his companion, but hummed over to himself romances and songs.

They had proceeded together in this sullen manner for nearly two hours, when they were met by a groom on horseback, leading a saddled palfrey. "Pilgrims," said the man, after looking at them with some attention, "which of you is called Philip Guarine?"

"I, for fault of a better," said the esquire, "reply to that name."

"Thy lord, in that case, commends him to you," said the

groom; "and sends you this token, by which you shall know that I am his true messenger."

He showed the esquire a rosary, which Philip instantly recognised as that used by the Constable

"I acknowledge the token," he said; "speak my master's pleasure."

"He bids me say," replied the rider, "that his visit thrives as well as is possible, and that this very evening by time that the sun sets, he will be possessed of his own. He desires, therefore, you will mount this palfrey, and come with me to the Garde Doloureuse, as your presence will be wanted there."

"It is well, and I obey him," said the esquire, much pleased with the import of the message, and not dissatisfied at being separated from his travelling companion.

"And what charge for me?" said the minstrel, addressing the messenger.

"If you, as I guess, are the minstrel, Renault Vidal, you are to abide your master at the Battle-bridge, according to the charge formerly given."

"I will meet him, as in duty bound," was Vidal's answer; and scarce was it uttered, ere the two horsemen, turning their backs on him, rode briskly forward, and were speedily out of sight.

It was now four hours past noon, and the sun was declining, yet there was more than three hours' space to the time of rendezvous, and the distance from the place did not now exceed four miles. Vidal, therefore, either for the sake of rest or reflection, withdrew from the path into a thicket on the left hand, from which gushed the waters of a streamlet, fed by a small fountain that bubbled up amongst the trees. Here the traveller sat himself down, and with an air which seemed unconscious of what he was doing, bent his eye on the little sparkling font for more than half an hour, without change of posture; so that he might, in Pagan times, have represented the statue of a water-god

bending over his urn, and attentive only to the supplies which it was pouring forth. At length, however, he seemed to recall himself from this state of deep abstraction, drew himself up, and took some coarse food from his pilgrim's scrip, as if suddenly reminded that life is not supported without means. But he had probably something at his heart which affected his throat or appetite. After a vain attempt to swallow a morsel, he threw it from him in disgust, and applied him to a small flask in which he had some wine or other liquor. But seemingly this also turned distasteful, for he threw from him both scrip and bottle, and, bending down to the spring, drank deeply of the pure element, bathed in it his hands and face, and, arising from the fountain apparently refreshed, moved slowly on his way, singing as he went, but in a low and saddened tone, wild fragments of ancient poetry, in a tongue equally ancient.

Journeying on in this melancholy manner, he at length came in sight of the Battle-bridge; near to which arose, in proud and gloomy strength, the celebrated castle of the Garde Doloureuse. "Here, then," he said—"here, then, I am to await the proud De Lacy. Be it so, in God's name!—he shall know me better ere we part."

So saying, he strode, with long and resolved steps, across the bridge, and ascending a mound which arose on the opposite side at some distance, he gazed for a time upon the scene beneath—the beautiful river, rich with the reflected tints of the western sky—the trees, which were already brightened to the eye, and saddened to the fancy, with the hue of autumn—and the darksome walls and towers of the feudal castle, from which, at times, flashed a glimpse of splendour, as some sentinel's arms caught and gave back a transient ray of the setting sun.

The countenance of the minstrel, which had hitherto been dark and troubled, seemed softened by the quiet of the scene. He threw loose his pilgrim's dress, yet suffering part of its dark folds to hang around him mantle-wise;

under which appeared his minstrel's tabard. He took from his side a *rote*, and striking from time to time a Welsh descant, sang at others a lay.

As the minstrel sung, his eyes were fixed on the bridge and its vicinity; but when, near the close of his chant, he raised up his eyes towards the distant towers of the Garde Doloureuse, he saw that the gates were opened, and that there was a mustering of guards and attendants without the barriers, as if some expedition were about to set forth, or some person of importance to appear on the scene. At the same time, glancing his eyes around, he discovered that the landscape, so solitary when he first took his seat on the grey stone from which he overlooked it, was now becoming filled with figures.

During his reverie, several persons, solitary and in groups, men, women, and children, had begun to assemble themselves on both sides of the river, and were loitering there, as if expecting some spectacle. There was also much bustling at the Flemings' mills, which, though at some distance, were also completely under his eye. A procession seemed to be arranging itself there, which soon began to move forward, with pipe and tabor, and various other instruments of music, and soon approached, in regular order, the place where Vidal was seated.

It appeared the business in hand was of a pacific character, for the grey-bearded old men of the little settlement, in their decent russet gowns, came first after the rustic band of music, walking in ranks of three and three, supported by their staves, and regulating the motion of the whole procession by their sober and staid pace. After these fathers of the settlement came Wilkin Flammock, mounted on his mighty war-horse, and in complete armour save his head, like a vassal prepared to do military service for his lord. After him followed, and in battle rank, the flower of the little colony, consisting of thirty men, well armed and appointed, whose steady march, as well as their clean and

glittering armour, showed steadiness and discipline, although they lacked alike the fiery glance of the French soldiery, or the look of dogged defiance which characterised the English, or the wild ecstatic impetoosity of eye which then distingoished the Welsh. The mothers and the maidens of the colony came next; then followed the children, with faces as chubby, and features as serioos, and steps as grave as their parents; and last, as a rearguard, came the yooths from fourteen to twenty, armed with light lances, bows, and similar weapons becoming their age.

This procession wheeled aroond the base of the mound or embankment on which the minstrel was seated; crossed the bridge with the same slow and regular pace, and formed themselves into a dooble line, facing inwards, as if to receive some person of conseqoence, or witness some ceremonial. Flammock remained at the extremity of the avenue thos formed by his countrymen, and quietly, and earnestly, engaged in making arrangements and preparations.

In the meanwhile stragglers of different countries began to draw together, apparently broaght there by mere coriosity, and formed a motley assemblage at the farther end of the bridge, which was that nearest to the castle. Two English peasants passed very near the stone on which Vidal sat.—"Wilt thou sing us a song, minstrel," said one of them, "and here is a tester for thee?" throwing into his hat a small silver coin.

"I am onder a vow," answered the minstrel, "and may not practise the gay science at present."

"Or you are too proud to play to English churls," said the elder peasant, "for thy tongoe smacks of the Norman."

"Keep the coin, nevertheless," said the younger man. "Let the palmer have what the minstrel refoses to earn."

"I pray you reserve your boonty, kind friend," said Vidal, "I need it not;—and tell me of yoor kindness, instead, what matters are going forward here."

"Why, know you not that we have got our Constable De Lacy again, and that he is to grant solemn investiture to the Flemish weavers of all these fine things Harry of Anjou has given?—Had Edward the Confessor been alive, to give the Netherland knaves their guerdon, it would have been a cast of the gallows-tree. But come, neighbour, we shall lose the show."

So saying, they pressed down the hill.

Vidal fixed his eyes on the gates of the distant castle; and the waving of banners, and mustering of men on horseback, though imperfectly seen at such a distance, apprized him that one of note was about to set forth at the head of a considerable train of military attendants. Distant flourishes of trumpets, which came faintly yet distinctly on his ear, seemed to attest the same. Presently he perceived, by the dust which began to arise in columns betwixt the castle and the bridge, as well as by the nearer sound of the clarions, that the troop was advancing towards him in procession.

Vidal, on his own part, seemed as if irresolute whether to retain his present position, where he commanded a full but remote view of the whole scene, or to obtain a nearer but more partial one, by involving himself in the crowd which now closed around on either hand of the bridge, unless where the avenue was kept open by the armed and arrayed Flemings.

A monk next hurried past Vidal, and on his enquiring as formerly the cause of the assembly, answered, in a muttering tone, from beneath his hood, that it was the Constable De Lacy, who, as the first act of his authority, was then and there to deliver to the Flemings a royal charter of their immunities.

"He is in haste to exercise his authority, methinks," said the minstrel.

"He that has just gotten a sword is impatient to draw it," replied the monk, who added more which the minstrel

understood imperfectly; for Father Aldrovand had not recovered the injury which he had received during the siege.

Vidal, however, understood him to say, that he was to meet the Constable there, to beg his favourable intercession.

"I also will meet him," said Renault Vidal, rising suddenly from the stone which he occupied.

"Follow me, then," mumbled the priest; "the Flemings know me, and will let me forward."

But Father Aldrovand being in disgrace, his influence was not so potent as he had flattered himself; and both he and the minstrel were jostled to and fro in the crowd, and separated from each other.

Vidal, however, was recognised by the English peasants who had before spoke to him. "Canst thou do any jugglers' feats, minstrel?" said one. "Thou mayst earn a fair largess, for our Norman masters love *jouglerie*."

"I know but one," said Vidal, "and I will show it, if you will yield me some room."

They crowded a little way off from him, and gave him time to throw aside his bonnet, bare his legs and knees, by stripping off the leathern buskins which swathed them, and retaining only his sandals. He then tied a parti-coloured handkerchief around his swarthy and sunburnt hair, and casting off his upper doublet, showed his brawny and nervous arms, naked to the shoulder.

But while he amused those immediately about him with these preparations, a commotion and rush among the crowd, together with the close sound of trumpets, answered by all the Flemish instruments of music, as well as the shouts in Norman and English, of "Long live the gallant Constable!—Our Lady for the bold De Lacy!" announced that the Constable was close at hand.

Vidal made incredible exertions to approach the leader of the procession, whose morion, distinguished by its lofty

plumes, and right hand holding his truncheon or leading-staff, was all he could see, on account of the crowd of officers and armed men around him. At length his exertions prevailed, and he came within three yards of the Constable, who was then in a small circle which had been with difficulty kept clear for the purpose of the ceremonial of the day. His back was towards the minstrel, and he was in the act of bending from his horse to deliver the royal charter to Wilkin Flammock, who had knelt on one knee to receive it the more reverentially. His discharge of this duty occasioned the Constable to stoop so low that his plume seemed in the act of mixing with the flowing mane of his noble charger.

At this moment, Vidal threw himself with singular agility, over the heads of the Flemings who guarded the circle; and, ere an eye could twinkle, his right knee was on the croupe of the Constable's horse—the grasp of his left hand on the collar of De Lacy's buff-coat; then, clinging to his prey like a tiger after its leap, he drew, in the same instant of time, a short, sharp dagger—and buried it in the back of the neck, just where the spine, which was severed by the stroke, serves to convey to the trunk of the human body the mysterious influences of the brain. The blow was struck with the utmost accuracy of aim and strength of arm. The unhappy horseman dropped from his saddle without groan or struggle, like a bull in the amphitheatre under the steel of the tauridor; and in the same saddle sat his murderer, brandishing the bloody poniard, and urging the horse to speed

There was indeed a possibility of his having achieved his escape, so much were those around paralysed for the moment by the suddenness and audacity of the enterprise; but Flammock's presence of mind did not forsake him—he seized the horse by the bridle, and, aided by those who wanted but an example, made the rider prisoner, bound his arms, and called aloud that he must be carried before

King Henry. This proposal, uttered in Flammock's strong and decided tone of voice, silenced a thousand wild cries of murder and treason which had arisen while the different and hostile natives, of which the crowd was composed, threw upon each other reciprocally the charge of treachery.

All the streams, however, now assembled in one channel, and poured with unanimous assent towards the Garde Doloureuse, excepting a few of the murdered nobleman's train, who remained to transport their master's body, in decent solemnity of mourning, from the spot which he had sought with so much pomp and triumph.

When Flammock reached the Garde Doloureuse, he was readily admitted with his prisoner, and with such witnesses as he had selected to prove the execution of the crime. To his request of an audience, he was answered that the King had commanded that none should be admitted to him for some time; yet so singular were the tidings of the Constable's slaughter, that the captain of the guard ventured to interrupt Henry's privacy, in order to communicate that event; and returned with orders that Flammock and his prisoner should be instantly admitted to the royal apartment. Here they found Henry attended by several persons, who stood respectfully behind the royal seat, in a darkened part of the room.

When Flammock entered, his large bulk and massive limbs were strangely contrasted with cheeks pale with horror at what he had just witnessed, and with awe at finding himself in the royal presence-chamber. Beside him stood his prisoner, undaunted by the situation in which he was placed. The blood of his victim, which had spirted from the wound, was visible on his bare limbs and his scanty garments; but particularly upon his brow, and the handkerchief with which it was bound.

Henry gazed on him with a stern look, which the other not only endured without dismay, but seemed to return with a frown of defiance.

VIDAL CONFRONTED BY HUGH DE LACY BEFORE HENRY II.

"Does no one know this caitiff?" said Henry, looking around him.

There was no immediate answer, until Philip Guarine, stepping from the group which stood behind the royal chair, said, though with hesitation, "So please you, my liege, but for the strange guise in which he is now arrayed, I should say there was a household minstrel of my master, by name Renault Vidal."

"Thou art deceived, Norman," replied the minstrel; "my menial place and base lineage were but assumed—I am Cadwallon the Briton—Cadwallon of the Nine Lays—Cadwallon, the chief bard of Gwenwyn of Powys-land—and his avenger!"

As he uttered the last word, his looks encountered those of a palmer, who had gradually advanced from the recess in which the attendants were stationed, and now confronted him.

The Welshman's eyes looked so eagerly ghastly as if flying from their sockets, while he exclaimed, in a tone of surprise, mingled with horror, "Do the dead come before monarchs? Or, if thou art alive, *whom* have I slain? I dreamed not, surely, of that bound, and of that home blow?—yet my victim stands before me! Have I not slain the Constable of Chester?"

"Thou hast indeed slain the Constable," answered the King; "but know, Welshman, it was Randal de Lacy on whom that charge was this morning conferred, by our belief of our loyal and fa hful Hugh de Lacy's having heen lost upon his return from the Holy Land, as the vessel in which he had taken passage was reported to have suffered shipwreck. Thou hast cut short Randal's brief elevation but by a few hours; for to-morrow's sun would have again seen him without land or lordship."

The prisoner dropped his head on his bosom in evident despair. "I thought," he murmured, "that he had changed his slough, and come forth so glorious all too soon. May

the eyes drop out that were cheated with those baubles, a plumed cap and a lacquered baton!"

"I will take care, Welshman, thine eyes cheat thee not again," said the King sternly; "before the night is an hour older, they shall be closed on all that is earthly."

"May I request of your nobleness," said the Constable, "that you will permit me to ask the unhappy man a few questions?"

"When I have demanded of him myself," said the King, "why he has dipt his hands in the blood of a noble Norman."

"Because he at whom I aimed my blow," said the Briton, his eye glancing fiercely from the King to De Lacy and back, "had spilled the blood of the descendant of a thousand kings; to which his own gore, or thine, proud Count of Anjou, is but as the puddle of the highway to the silver fountain."

Henry's eye menaced the audacious speaker; but the King reined in his wrath when he beheld the imploring look of his servant—"What wouldst thou ask of him?" he said: "be brief, for his time is short."

"So please you, my liege, I would but demand wherefore he has for years forborne to take the life he aimed at, when it was in his power—nay, when it must have been lost but for his seemingly faithful service?"

"Norman," said Cadwallon, "I will answer thee. When I first took upon me thy service, it was well my purpose to have slain thee that night. There stands the man," pointing to Philip Guarine, "to whose vigilance thou owed'st thy safety."

"Indeed," said De Lacy, "I do remember some indications of such a purpose; but why didst thou forego it, when following opportunities put it in thy power?"

"When the slayer of my Sovereign became God's soldier," answered Cadwallon, "and served His cause in Palestine, he was safe from my earthly vengeance."

"A wonderful forbearance on the part of a Welsh assassin!" said the King scornfully.

"Ay," answered Cadwallon; "and which certain Christian princes have scarce attained to, who have never neglected the chance of pillage or conquest afforded by the absence of a rival in the Holy Crusade."

"Now, by the Holy Rood," said Henry, on the point of bursting out, for the insult affected him peculiarly; but, suddenly stopping, he said, with an air of contempt. "To the gallows with the knave!"

"My liege and prince," said De Lacy, bending his knee to Henry, "can you hear this, and refuse your ancient servant one request? Spare this man! Extinguish not such a light, because it is devious and wild."

"Rise, rise, De Lacy; and shame thee of thy petition," said the King. "Thy kinsman's blood—the blood of a noble Norman, is on the Welshman's hands and brow. As I am crowned King, he shall die ere it is wiped off. Here! have him to present execution!"

Cadwallon was instantly withdrawn under a guard. Hugo de Lacy arose from his knees, and endeavoured respectfully to combat the reasons of his sovereign.

Henry listened to De Lacy's arguments patiently, and combated them with temper, until the death-drum began to beat, and the castle bell to toll. He then led De Lacy to the window; on which, for it was now dark, a strong ruddy light began to gleam from without. A body of men-at-arms, each holding in his hand a blazing torch, were returning along the terrace from the execution of the wild but high soul'd Briton, with cries of "Long live King Henry! and so perish all enemies of the gentle Norman men!"

—Sir Walter Scott, *The Betrothed.*

VII

The Return of the Lion-Heart

A KNIGHT in black armour and his guide were pacing at their leisure through the recesses of the forest; the good Knight whiles humming to himself the lay of some enamoured troubadour, sometimes encouraging by questions the prating disposition of his attendant, so that their dialogue formed a whimsical mixture of song and jest, of which we would fain give our readers some idea. You are then to imagine this Knight strong of person, tall, broad-shouldered, and large of bone, mounted on his mighty black charger, which seemed made on purpose to bear his weight, so easily he paced forward under it, having the visor of his helmet raised, in order to admit freedom of breath, yet keeping the beaver, or under part, closed, so that his features could be but imperfectly distinguished. But his ruddy, embrowned cheek-bones could be plainly seen, and the large and bright blue eyes, that flashed from under the dark shade of the raised visor; and the whole gesture and look of the champion expressed careless gaiety and fearless confidence—a mind which was unapt to apprehend danger, and prompt to defy it when most imminent,—yet with whom danger was a familiar thought, as with one whose trade was war and adventure.

The Jester wore his usual fantastic habit, but late accidents had led him to adopt a good cutting falchion instead of his wooden sword, with a targe to match it; of

both which weapons he had, notwithstanding his profession, shown himself a skilful master. Indeed, the infirmity of Wamba's brain consisted chiefly in a kind of impatient irritability, which suffered him not long to remain quiet in any posture, or adhere to any certain train of ideas, although he was for a few minutes alert enough in performing any immediate task or in apprehending any immediate topic On horseback, therefore, he was perpetually swinging himself backwards and forwards, now on the horse's ears, then anon on the very rump of the animal,—now hanging both his legs on one side, and now sitting with his face to the tail, moping, mowing, and making a thousand apish gestures, until his palfrey took his freaks so much to heart, as fairly to lay him at his length on the green grass—an incident which greatly amused the Knight, but compelled his companion to ride more steadily thereafter.

At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this joyous pair were engaged in singing a virelai, as it was called, in which the clown bore a mellow burden, to the better instructed Knight of the Fetterlock. And thus ran the ditty :—

Anna-Marie, love, up is the sun,
Anna-Marie, love, morn is begun,
Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
Up in the morning, love, Anna-Marie.
Anna-Marie, love, up in the morn,
The hunter is winding blithe sounds on his horn,
The echo rings merry from rock and from tree,
'Tis time to arouse thee, love, Anna-Marie.

WAMBA.

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,
Around my soft pillow while softer dreams flit,
For what are the joys that in waking we prove,
Compared with these visions, O Tybalt, my love?
Let the birds to the rise of the mist carol shrill,
Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the hill,

> Softer sounds, softer pleasures, in slumber I prove,—
> But think not I dreamt of thee, Tybalt, my love.

"A dainty song," said Wamba, when they had finished their carol, "and I swear by my bauble, a pretty moral!—I used to sing it with Gurth, once my playfellow, and now, by the grace of God and his master, no less than a freeman; and we once came by the cudgel for being so entranced by the melody, that we lay in bed two hours after sunrise, singing the ditty betwixt sleeping and waking—my bones ache at thinking of the tune ever since. Nevertheless, I have played the part of Anna-Marie to please you, fair sir."

The Jester next struck into another carol, a sort of comic ditty, to which the Knight, catching up the tune, replied in the like manner.

KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

> There came three merry men from south, west, and north,
> Ever more sing the roundelay;
> To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,
> And where was the widow might say them nay?
>
> The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he came,
> Ever more sing the roundelay;
> And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame,
> And where was the widow might say him nay?
>
> Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
> He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
> She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,
> For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA.

> The next that came forth, swore by blood and by nails,
> Merrily sing the roundelay;
> Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage was of Wales,
> And where was the widow might say him nay?
>
> Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh
> Ap Tudor ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay;
> She said that one widow for so many was too few,
> And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

But then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
Jollily singing his roundelay;
He spoke to the widow of living and rent,
And where was the widow could say him nay?

BOTH.

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
There for to sing their roundelay;
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There never was a widow could say him nay.

"I would, Wamba," said the Knight, "that our host of the Trysting-tree, or the jolly Friar, his chaplain, heard this thy ditty in praise of our bluff yeoman."

"So would not I," said Wamba—"but for the horn that hangs at your baldric."

"Ay," said the Knight, "this is a pledge of Locksley's good-will, though I am not like to need it. Three mots on this bugle will, I am assured, bring round, at our need, a jolly band of yonder honest yeomen."

"I would say, Heaven forefend," said the Jester, "were it not that that fair gift is a pledge they would let us pass peaceably."

"Why, what meanest thou?" said the Knight; "thinkest thou that but for this pledge of fellowship they would assault us?"

"Nay, for me I say nothing," said Wamba; "for green trees have ears as well as stone walls. But canst thou construe me this, Sir Knight—When is thy wine-pitcher and thy purse better empty than full?"

"Why, never, I think," replied the Knight.

"Thou never deservest to have a full one in thy hand, for so simple an answer! Thou hadst best empty thy pitcher ere thou pass it to a Saxon, and leave thy money at home ere thou walk in the greenwood."

"You hold our friends for robbers, then?" said the Knight of the Fetterlock.

"You hear me not say so, fair sir," said Wamba; "it

may relieve a man's steed to take off his mail when he hath a long journey to make; and, certes, it may do good to the rider's soul to ease him of that which is the root of evil; therefore will I give no hard names to those who do such services. Only I would wish my mail at home, and my purse in my chamber, when I meet with these good fellows, because it might save them some trouble."

"*We* are bound to pray for them, my friend, notwithstanding the fair character thou dost afford them."

"Pray for them with all my heart," said Wamba; "but in the town, not in the greenwood, like the Abbot of Saint Bees, whom they caused to say mass with an old hollow oak-tree for his stall."

"Say as thou list, Wamba," replied the Knight, "these yeomen did thy master Cedric yeomanly service at Torquilstone."

"Ay, truly," answered Wamba; "but that was in the fashion of their trade with Heaven."

"Their trade, Wamba! how mean you by that?" replied his companion.

"Marry, thus," said the Jester. "They make up a balanced account with Heaven, as our old cellarer used to call his ciphering, as fair as Isaac the Jew keeps with his debtors, and, like him, give out a very little, and take large credit for doing so; reckoning, doubtless, on their own behalf the sevenfold usury which the blessed text hath promised to charitable loans."

"Give me an example of your meaning, Wamba,—I know nothing of ciphers or rates of usage," answered the Knight.

"Why," said Wamba, "an your valour be so dull, you will please to learn that those honest fellows balance a good deed with one not quite so laudable; as a crown given to a begging friar with an hundred byzants taken from a fat abbot, or a wench kissed in the greenwood with the relief of a poor widow."

"Which of these was the good deed, which was the felony?" interrupted the Knight.

"A good gibe! a good gibe!" said Wamba; "keeping witty company sharpeneth the apprehension. You said nothing so well, Sir Knight, I will be sworn, when you held drunken vespers with the bluff Hermit.—But to go on. The merry-men of the forest set off the building of a cottage with the burning of a castle,—the thatching of a choir against the robbing of a church,—the setting free a poor prisoner against the murder of a proud sheriff; or, to come nearer to our point, the deliverance of a Saxon franklin against the burning alive of a Norman baron. Gentle thieves they are, in short, and courteous robbers; but it is ever the luckiest to meet with them when they are at the worst."

"How so, Wamba?" said the Knight.

"Why, then they have some compunction, and are for making up matters with Heaven. But when they have struck an eve[illegible]ance, Heaven help them with whom they next open [illegible] account! The travellers who first met them after their g[illegible]d service at Torquilstone would have a woful flaying.—An[illegible] yet," said Wamba, coming close up to the Knight's side, "there be companions who are far more dangerous for travellers to meet than yonder outlaws."

"And who may they be, for you have neither bears nor wolves, I trow," said the Knight.

"Marry, sir, but we have Malvoisin's men-at-arms," said Wamba; "and let me tell you, that, in time of civil war, a half-score of these is worth a band of wolves at any time. They are now expecting their harvest, and are reinforced with the soldiers that escaped from Torquilstone. So that, should we meet with a band of them, we are like to pay for our feats of arms.—Now, I pray you, Sir Knight, what would you do if we met two of them?"

"Pin the villains to the earth with my lance, Wamba, [illegible] they offered us any impediment."

"But what if there were four of them?"

"They should drink of the same cup," answered the Knight.

"What if six," continued Wamba, "and we, as we now are, barely two—would you not remember Locksley's horn?"

"What! sound for aid," exclaimed the Knight, "against a score of such *rascaille* as these, whom one good knight could drive before him, as the wind drives the withered leaves?"

"Nay, then," said Wamba, "I will pray you for a close sight of that same horn that hath so powerful a breath."

The Knight undid the clasp of the baldric, and indulged his fellow-traveller, who immediately hung the bugle round his own neck.

"Tra-lira-la," said he, whistling the notes; "nay, I know my gamut as well as another."

"How mean you, knave?" said the Knight; "restore me the bugle."

"Content you, Sir Knight, it is in safe keeping. When Valour and Folly travel, Folly should bear the horn, because she can blow the best."

"Nay but, rogue," said the Black Knight, "this exceedeth thy licence.—Beware ye tamper not with my patience."

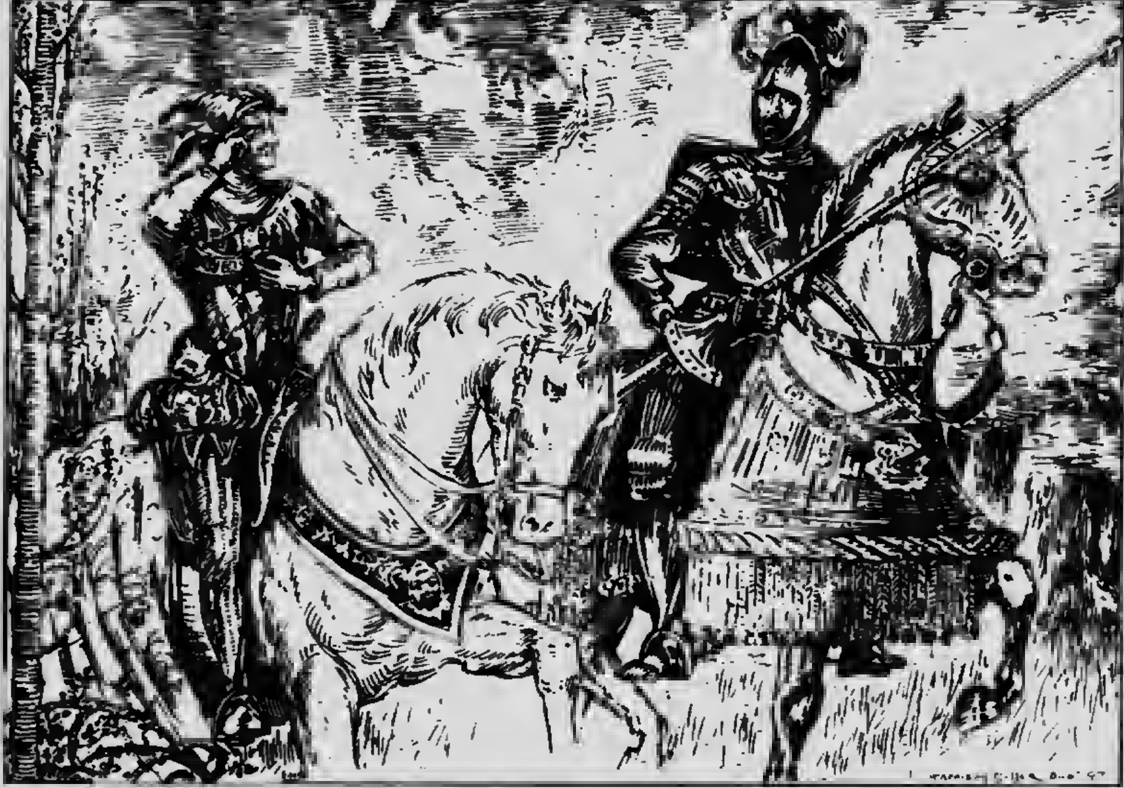
"Urge me not with violence, Sir Knight," said the Jester, keeping at a distance from the impatient champion, "or Folly will show a clean pair of heels, and leave Valour to find out his way through the wood as best he may."

"Nay, thou hast hit me there," said the Knight; "and, sooth to say, I have little time to jangle with thee. Keep the horn an thou wilt, but let us proceed on our journey."

"You will not harm me, then?" said Wamba.

"I tell thee no, thou knave!"

"Ay, but pledge me your knightly word for it," continued Wamba, as he approached with great caution.



KING RICHARD AND THE JESTER. [*p.* 88.

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"My knightly word I pledge; only come on with thy foolish self."

"Nay, then, Valour and Folly are once more boon companions," said the Jester, coming up frankly to the Knight's side; "but, in truth, I love not such buffets as that you bestowed on the burly Friar, when his holiness rolled on the green like a king of the nine-pins. And now that Folly wears the horn, let Valour rouse himself, and shake his mane; for, if I mistake not, there are company in yonder brake that are on the look-out for us."

"What makes thee judge so?" said the Knight.

"Because I have twice or thrice noticed the glance of a morrion from amongst the green leaves. Had they been honest men, they had kept the path. But yonder thicket is a choice chapel for the Clerks of Saint Nicholas."

"By my faith," said the Knight, closing his visor, "I think thou be'st in the right on't."

And in good time did he close it, for three arrows flew at the same instant from the suspected spot against his head and breast, one of which would have penetrated to the brain, had it not been turned aside by the steel visor. The other two were averted by the gorget, and by the shield which hung around his neck.

"Thanks, trusty armourer," said the Knight.—"Wamba, let us close with them,"—and he rode straight to the thicket. He was met by six or seven men-at-arms, who ran against him with their lances at full career. Three of the weapons struck against him, and splintered with as little effect as if they had been driven against a tower of steel. The Black Knight's eyes seemed to flash fire even through the aperture of his visor. He raised himself in his stirrups with an air of inexpressible dignity, and exclaimed, "What means this, my masters!"—The men made no other reply than by drawing their swords and attacking him on every side, crying, "Die, tyrant!"

"Ha! Saint Edward! Ha! Saint George!" said the

Black Knight, striking down a man at every invocation; "have we traitors here?"

His opponents, desperate as they were, bore back from an arm which carried death in every blow, and it seemed as if the terror of his single strength was about to gain the battle against such odds, when a knight, in blue armour, who had hitherto kept himself behind the other assailants, spurred forward with his lance, and taking aim, not at the rider but at the steed, wounded the noble animal mortally.

"That was a felon stroke!" exclaimed the Black Knight, as the steed fell to the earth, bearing his rider along with him.

And at this moment, Wamba winded the bugle, for the whole had passed so speedily, that he had not time to do so sooner. The sudden sound made the murderers bear back once more, and Wamba, though so imperfectly weaponed, did not hesitate to rush in and assist the Black Knight to rise.

"Shame on ye, false cowards!" exclaimed he in the blue harness, who seemed to lead the assailants, "do ye fly from the empty blast of a horn blown by a Jester?"

Animated by his words, they attacked the Black Knight anew, whose best refuge was now to place his back against an oak, and defend himself with his sword. The felon knight, who had taken another spear, watching the moment when his formidable antagonist was most closely pressed, galloped against him in hopes to nail him with his lance against the tree, when his purpose was again intercepted by Wamba. The Jester, making up by agility the want of strength, and little noticed by the men-at-arms, who were busied in their more important object, hovered on the skirts of the fight, and effectually checked the fatal career of the Blue Knight, by hamstringing his horse with a stroke of his sword. Horse and man went to the ground; yet the situation of the Knight of the Fetterlock continued very precarious, as he was pressed close by several men com-

pletely armed, and began to be fatigued by the violent exertions necessary to defend himself on so many points at nearly the same moment, when a grey-goose shaft suddenly stretched on the earth one of the most formidable of his assailants, and a band of yeomen broke forth from the glade, headed by Locksley and the jovial Friar, who, taking ready and effectual part in the fray, soon disposed of the ruffians, all of whom lay on the spot dead or mortally wounded. The Black Knight thanked his deliverers with a dignity they had not observed in his former bearing, which hitherto had seemed rather that of a blunt bold soldier, than of a person of exalted rank.

"It concerns me much," he said, "even before I express my full gratitude to my ready friends, to discover, if I may, who have been my unprovoked enemies.—Open the visor of that Blue Knight, Wamba, who seems the chief of these villains."

The Jester instantly made up to the leader of the assassins, who, bruised by his fall, and entangled under the wounded steed, lay incapable either of flight or resistance.

"Come, valiant sir," said Wamba, "I must be your armourer as well as your equerry—I have dismounted you, and now I will unhelm you."

So saying, with no very gentle hand he undid the helmet of the Blue Knight, which, rolling to a distance on the grass, displayed to the Knight of the Fetterlock grizzled locks, and a countenance he did not expect to have seen under such circumstances.

"Waldemar Fitzurse!" he said in astonishment; "what could urge one of thy rank and seeming worth to so foul an undertaking?"

"Richard," said the captive Knight, looking up to him, "thou knowest little of mankind, if thou knowest not to what ambition and revenge can lead every child of Adam."

"Revenge?" answered the Black Knight; "I never wronged thee—On me thou hast nought to revenge."

"My daughter, Richard, whose alliance thou didst scorn—was that no injury to a Norman, whose blood is noble as thine own?"

"Thy daughter?" replied the Black Knight; "a proper cause of enmity, and followed up to a bloody issue!—Stand back, my masters, I would speak to him alone.—And now, Waldemar Fitzurse, say me the truth—confess who set thee on this traitorous deed."

"Thy father's son," answered Waldemar, "who, in so doing, did but avenge on thee thy disobedience to thy father."

Richard's eyes sparkled with indignation, but his better nature overcame it. He pressed his hand against his brow, and remained an instant gazing on the face of the humbled baron, in whose features pride was contending with shame.

"Thou dost not ask thy life, Waldemar," said the King.

"He that is in the lion's clutch," answered Fitzurse, "knows it were needless."

"Take it, then, unasked," said Richard; "the lion preys not on prostrate carcasses.—Take thy life, but with this condition, that in three days thou shalt leave England, and go to hide thine infamy in thy Norman castle, and that thou wilt never mention the name of John of Anjou as connected with thy felony. If thou art found on English ground after the space I have allotted thee, thou diest—or if thou breathest aught that can attaint the honour of my house, by Saint George! not the altar itself shall be a sanctuary. I will hang thee out to feed the ravens, from the very pinnacle of thine own castle.—Let this knight have a steed, Locksley, for I see your yeomen have caught those which were running loose, and let him depart unharmed."

"But that I judge I listen to a voice whose behests must not be disputed," answered the yeoman, "I would send a shaft after the skulking villain that should spare him the labour of a long journey."

"Thou bearest an English heart, Locksley," said the Black Knight, "and well dost judge thou art the more bound to obey my behest—I am Richard of England!"

At these words, pronounced in a tone of majesty suited to the high rank, and no less distinguished character of Cœur-de-Lion, the yeomen at once kneeled down before him, and at the same time tendered their allegiance, and implored pardon for their offences.

"Rise, my friends," said Richard, in a gracious tone, looking on them with a countenance in which his habitual good-humour had already conquered the blaze of hasty resentment, and whose features retained no mark of the late desperate conflict, excepting the flush arising from exertion,—"Arise," he said, "my friends!—Your misdemeanours, whether in forest or field, have been atoned by the loyal services you rendered my distressed subjects before the walls of Torquilstone, and the rescue you have this day afforded to your sovereign. Arise, my liegemen, and be good subjects in future.—And thou, brave Locksley——"

"Call me no longer Locksley, my Liege, but know me under the name, which, I fear, fame hath blown too widely not to have reached even your royal ears—I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest."

"King of Outlaws, and Prince of good fellows!" said the King, "who hath not heard a name that has been borne as far as Palestine? But be assured, brave Outlaw, that no deed done in our absence, and in the turbulent times to which it hath given rise, shall be remembered to thy disadvantage."

"True says the proverb," said Wamba, interposing his word, but with some abatement of his usual petulance,—

"'When the cat is away,
The mice will play.'"

"What, Wamba, art thou there?" said Richard; "I

have been so long of hearing thy voice, I thought thou hadst taken flight."

"I take flight!" said Wamba; "when do you ever find Folly separated from Valour? There lies the trophy of my sword, that good grey gelding, whom I heartily wish upon his legs again, conditioning his master lay houghed in his place. It is true, I gave a little ground at first, for a motley jacket does not brook lance-heads, as a steel doublet will. But if I fought not at sword's point, you will grant me that I sounded the onset."

"And to good purpose, honest Wamba," replied the King. "Thy good service shall not be forgotten."

"*Confiteor! Confiteor!*" exclaimed, in a submissive tone, a voice near the King's side—"my Latin will carry me no farther,—but I confess my deadly treason, and pray leave to have absolution before I am led to execution!"

Richard looked around, and beheld th jovial Friar on his knees, telling his rosary, while his quarter-staff, which had not been idle during the skirmish, lay on the grass beside him. His countenance was gathered so as he thought might best express the most profound contrition, his eyes being turned up, and the corners of his mouth drawn down, as Wamba expressed it, like the tassels at the mouth of a purse. Yet this demure affectation of extreme penitence was whimsically belied by a ludicrous meaning which lurked in his huge features, and seemed to pronounce his fear and repentance alike hypocritical.

"For what art thou cast down, mad Priest?" said Richard; "art thou afraid thy diocesan should learn how truly thou dost serve Our Lady and St. Dunstan?—Tush, man! fear it not; Richard of England betrays no secrets that pass over the flagon."

"Nay, most gracious sovereign," answered the Hermit, (well known to the curious in penny histories of Robin Hood, by the name of Friar Tuck,) "it is not the crosier I

fear, but the sceptre.—Alas! that my sacrilegious fist should ever have been applied to the ear of the Lord's anointed!"

"Ha! ha!" said Richard, "sits the wind there?—In truth, I had forgotten the buffet, though mine ear sung after it for a whole day. But if the cuff was fairly given, I will be judged by the good men around, if it was not as well repaid—or, if thou thinkest I still owe thee aught, and will stand forth for another counterbuff——"

"By no means," replied Friar Tuck, "I had mine own returned, and with usury—may your Majesty ever pay your debts as fully!"

"If I could do so with cuffs," said the King, "my creditors should have little reason to complain of an empty exchequer."

"And yet," said the Friar, resuming his demure hypocritical countenance, "I know not what penance I ought to perform for that most sacrilegious blow!——"

"Speak no more of it, brother," said the King; "after having stood so many cuffs from Paynims and misbelievers, I were void of reason to quarrel with the buffet of a clerk so holy as he of Copmanhurst. Yet, mine honest Friar, I think it would be best both for the Church and thyself, that I should procure a license to unfrock thee, and retain thee as a yeoman of our guard, serving in care of our person, as formerly in attendance upon the altar of Saint Dunstan."

"My Liege," said the Friar, "I humbly crave your pardon; and you would readily grant my excuse, did you but know how the sin of laziness has beset me. Saint Dunstan—may he be gracious to us!—stands quiet in his niche, though I should forget my orisons in killing a fat buck—I stay out of my cell sometimes a night, doing I wot not what—Saint Dunstan never complains—a quiet master he is, and a peaceful, as ever was made of wood.—But to be a yeoman in attendance on my sovereign the King—the

honour is great, doubtless—yet, if I were but to step aside to comfort a widow in one corner, or to kill a deer in another, it would be, 'Where is the dog Priest?' says one. 'Who has seen the accursed Tuck?' says another. 'The unfrocked villain destroys more venison than half the country besides,' says one keeper; 'And is hunting after every shy doe in the country!' quoth a second.—In fine, good my Liege, I pray you to leave me as you found me; or, if in aught you desire to extend your benevolence to me, that I may be considered as the poor Clerk of Saint Dunstan's cell in Copmanhurst, to whom any small donation will be most thankfully acceptable."

"I understand thee," said the King, "and the Holy Clerk shall have a grant of vert and venison in my woods of Warncliffe. Mark, however, I will but assign thee three bucks every season; but if that do not prove an apology for thy slaying thirty, I am no Christian knight nor true king."

And stretching out his hand to the Hermit, the latter, somewhat abashed, bent his knee and saluted it. "Thou dost less honour to my extended palm than to my clenched fist," said the Monarch; "thou didst only kneel to the one, and to the other didst prostrate thyself."

—Sir W. Scott, *Ivanhoe.*

VIII

The Kingdom Surrendered

SCENE. *A Room of State in the Palace, Northampton.*

Enter King JOHN, *crowned;* PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, *and other Lords. The* KING *takes his State.*

K. JOHN. Here once again we sit, once again crowned,
And looked upon, I hope, with cheerful eyes.
Pem. This "once again," but that your highness pleased,
Was once superfluous: you were crowned before,
And that high royalty was ne'er plucked off,
The faiths of men ne'er stainèd with revolt;
Fresh expectation troubled not the land
With any longed-for change, or better state.
Sal. Therefore, to be possessed with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before,
To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.
Pem. But that your royal pleasure must be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new-told,
And in the last repeating troublesome,
Being urgèd at the time unseasonable.
Sal. In this, the antique and well-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,

Startles and frights consideration,
Makes sound opinion sick, and truth suspected,
For putting on so new a fashioned robe.

Pem. When workmen strive to do better than well,
They do confound their skill in covetousness;
And, oftentimes, excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse:
As patches set upon a little breech
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patched.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crowned,
We breathed our counsel: but it pleased your highness
To overbear it, and we are all well pleased;
Since all and every part of what we would
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possessed you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, when lesser is my fear,
I shall indue you with: meantime, but ask
What you would have reformed that is not well;
And well shall you perceive how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
The enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To break into this dangerous argument:
If what in rest you have in right you hold,
Why then your fears,—which, as they say, attend
The steps of wrong,—should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choke his days
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise?

That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occasions, let it be our suit
That you have bid us ask, his liberty;
Which for our goods we do no further ask
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal he have his liberty.

Enter HUBERT.

K. John. Let it be so: I do commit his youth
To your direction.—Hubert, what news with you?
[HUBERT *whispers the* KING.

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He showed his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his
Does show the mood of a much troubled breast;
And I do fearfully believe 't is done,
What we so feared he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set.
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is deceased to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we feared his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This must be answered, either here, or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 't is shame

That greatness should so grossly offer it.
So thrive it in your game! and so farewell.
Pem. Stay yet, Lord Salisbury; I'll go with thee,
And find the inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forcèd grave.
That blood which owed the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold. Bad world the while!
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt Lords.*
K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent.
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.

A fearful eye thou hast. Where is that blood
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?
Mess. From France to England. Never such a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learned by them;
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings comes that they are all arrived.
K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?
Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopped with dust: the first of April, died
Your noble mother: and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard: if true, or false, I know not.
K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
O, make a league with me, till I have pleased

My discontented peers.—What! mother dead!
How wildly then walks my estate in France!
Under whose conduct came those powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?
Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard, and PETER *of Pomfret.*

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.
Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.
K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amazed
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.
Bast. How I have sped among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express.
But as I travelled hither through the land
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possessed with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sang, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That, ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.
K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so.
K. John. Hubert, away with him: imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon, he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hanged.
Deliver him to safety, and return,
For I must use thee. [*Exit* HUBERT *with* PETER.]—

O my gentle cousin,
Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arrived?
Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full of it:
Besides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Salisbury
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is killed to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go,
And thrust thyself into their companies.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.
Bast. I will seek them out.
K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.
O, let me have no subject enemies,
When adverse foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of stout invasion.
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought from them to me again.
Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed [*Exit.*
K. John. Spoke like a spriteful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need
Some messenger betwixt me and the peers,
And be thou he.
Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [*Exit.*
K. John. My mother dead!

Re-enter HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night:
Four fixèd; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four, in wondrous motion.
K. John. Five moons?
Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;

And when they talk of him, they shake their heads
And whisper one another in the ear;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
Whilst he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news,
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of a many thousand warlike French,
That were embattelèd and ranked in Kent.
Another lean unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murdered him:
I had a mighty cause to wish him dead,
But thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. No had, my lord?—Why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humours for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And on the winking of authority
To understand a law, to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt Heaven and earth
Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation.
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind;
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villainy,
Apt, liable, to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
And thou, to be endearèd to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.
Hub. My lord,—
K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
When I spake darkly what I purposèd,
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words,
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,
And didst in signs again parley with sin;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And consequently thy rude hand to act,
The deed which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more!
My nobles leave me, and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.
Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet

The dreadful motion of a murderous thought;
And you have slandered nature in my form,
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensèd rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O answer not; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste.
I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King JOHN, PANDULPH *with the crown, and Attendants.*

K. John. Thus have I yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

Pand. [*Giving* JOHN *the crown.*] Take again
From this my hand as holding of the Pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the French:
And from His Holiness use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are inflamed.
Our discontented counties do revolt,
Our people quarrel with obedience,
Swearing allegiance and the love of soul
To stranger blood, to foreign royalty.
This inundation of mistempered humour
Rests by you only to be qualified.
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick
That present medicine must be ministered,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the Pope;
But since you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war
And make fair weather in your blustering land.
On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say, that before Ascension-day at noon
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, Heaven be thanked, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath received,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some damned hand was robbed and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.

Bast. So, on my soul, he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,

That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away! and glister like the god of war
When he intendeth to become the field:
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What, shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
O, let it not be said. Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors,
And grapple with him ere he comes so nigh.

K. John. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promised to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Bast. O inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cockered silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,
Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my liege, to arms:
Perchance, the Cardinal cannot make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Bast. Away, then, with good courage; yet, I know,
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *King John.*

IX

A Cry for Justice

IN the morn next after King Henry came to Kenilworth, there was tilting in the great yard of the castle, at which his Highness, with the Queen and her court, were present. This was the day of Turney; but, although this noble company made a goodly show, they were not apparelled with that splendour they showed on the chief day.

Among the ladies of the court, none surpassed for beauty the lady Barbara, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon and a favourite damsel of the Queen; her the King intended to bestow in marriage, during his sojourn in Ardenn. She was innocent and graceful, as the fawns that bound in our forest, and excelled in all the accomplishments of the court. She had fixed her heart on Sir Gaston de Blondeville, a young knight of the King's household, who had entreated her of her father in vain; for, though he was of a good family, it was a foreign one, being of the Queen's country, and he had little besides the favour of his master to depend on. The youth was of a comely person and gallant bearing; well practised in all martial exercises of war, of which he had given some proof in exploits, and had latterly so much displayed himself in a fierce adventure against some of King Henry's rebellious subjects, beyond sea, that his Highness had incontinently advanced him to be one of his own knights. Moreover, the King, on hearing of his ill-faring suit, had taken that matter into his special cognizance; and the King knew so well how to

AT THE COURT OF HENRY III.

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command the earl, that he consented to give his daughter to the knight, and his Highness determined the marriage should be solemnized forthwith.

But, on this very first day, after his arrival, his spirit was ruffled by a strange accident. As his Highness was returning from the Tilt-yard, accompanied by the Queen, and attended by the whole court, his harpers playing before him, a stranger came forth of the crowd, and falling at his feet, called out boldly for justice. The King, listening what he should say, the man, observing that, addressed his looks and his voice eagerly to him, and exclaimed, that he demanded justice upon robbers and murderers who infested the highways of his kingdom with more violence and frequency than was ever known before, so that none of his peaceable subjects were safe from them.

The King, seeing the wildness of his look and the strangeness of his gesture, guessed the man was not rightly himself; yet he commanded him forthwith into the castle, there to wait, till he should speak with him, or order some others to do so; and the procession passed on.

Meanwhile, the King determined not to leave this matter, till he should have seen something more about it, with his own discernment. He went speedily into the white hall, which was the court of justice, keeping only a few of his nobles and other attendants, where he summoned the stranger before him, and had question put to him, who he was and of what particular grievance he had to complain.

The man answered, that his name was Hugh Woodreeve, a merchant of Bristol: and then he told his story—that, three years before, travelling with a very large sum of money in his possession, and, being in company with three other travellers, two of them merchants of good repute, and the other a kinsman of his own, they were attacked in the forest of Ardenn, when about two miles from Kenilworth, and robbed of nearly all they carried. They did not part

with it quietly, it was so much. His kinsman, however, was the only one of the party that had good arms; he had served in the wars, and he now manfully resisted the ruffians, who directed most of their vengeance to him; he was murdered on the spot; for the rest of his company, they escaped with some hurts. No one of the robbers was killed, but two or three were wounded. He could truly swear to the murderer, and that he had seen him in the very court, nay, that he saw him at that very instant, standing even beside the King's chair.

King Henry, struck with astonishment, fixed his eyes sternly on the stranger, for a moment, and then looked at those around him. On his right hand was his son, Prince Edward, and, on his left, his young favourite, Gaston de Blondeville, upon whom all eyes were fastened; for to him the answer pertayned, and to him the accuser pointed, with a look of horror, which convinced every one present, except his Highness, he did indeed believe he saw before him the murderer of his friend, whether his fancy deceived him or not.

At the boldness of this accusation, Sir Gaston stood, at first, like one stricken with dismay; then, moving his hand towards his sword, he said, "But for the presence of the King, my master, I should soon avenge me for so foul a slander."

To which the merchant, now much more tranquil than he had been, said, "The same reason must restrain all; but I do no: need it: I would not set my life against that of an assassin! I ask for justice from his Highness."

At these words Sir Gaston was hardly withheld from his accuser. King Henry commanded silence: and, as soon as all noise had ceased, he turned with a severe countenance to the stranger, and said, "Know you not, that he whom you accuse is a knight of my household, advanced to honour for his valour?"

"Yea, noble King Henry," replied the merchant, "I

have heard so; but, I repeat, he is the man who killed my kinsman! I never can forget that face: if I had met him in a distant land, I should have seized him for the murderer!"

The King, more fully convinced of the unsoundness of his mind, said, "Your passion has deceived you; thus far I am willing to pardon you; if you go farther, you must be taught what it is to dishonour a gentleman and a knight."

Upon this, the merchaot fell at the King's feet; and, with uplifted hands, again cried ont for justice! Henry, hardly less astonished at the resolution of the man, than that one of his household should be thus accnsed—King Henry, though astonished, began to doubt. He fixed a look, in which there was somewhat of inquiry, upon Sir Gaston, whose visage was pale, though his eye was fierce; but who may say whether fear or anger maketh some men pale?

The King held it to be the last; a momentary doubt had entered his mind; but he promptly dismissed it. His Highness was commanding that the stranger should be removed, and for the present confined in the castle; when Prince Edward, who, young as he was, had closely observed all that had passed, craved humbly of the King, his father, to suffer the merchant to be further questioned; and the King consented thereto.

Then the man was asked whether he could tell the year and the month when the robbery he spoke of had been committed. He was ready enough with his answers, and said it was on the eighteenth of October, in the year twelve hundred and fifty-three, and on the chase; that he was sure of the time, because it was within three days of that when he should have paid to a goldsmith the most part of the money whereof he was robbed. Upon this, the King seemed to consider awhile, for he knew that, about that time, a camp lay in the neighbourhood of Warwick and on the edge of the forest, and that Sir Gaston was there, he beiog then serving as esquire to Sir Pierse Mallory.

At the last words of the merchant, Sir Gaston moved towards the King, as though he would privily say something; but his Highness reproved him with a frown; and asked the merchant at what hour the robbery was committed, and what were the array and appearance of the robbers?

The knight interrupting the reply, then said aloud, "Sire! I entreat you, be mindful of the condition of disgrace, in which I must stand, if you seem to give countenance to this scandalous accusation. I know not, that I shall be able to breathe, if it be thought that your Highness could, for one minute, think it possible I could have committed so foul a deed."

King Henry, looking kindly upon him, said, "It is right you should be cleared with those who know you not so well as I do; and chiefly with those who love not men of your country; and, therefore, would I examine this witless charge to the uttermost." His Highness then made all his questions over again.

The merchant considered awhile, and somewhat of his boldness seemed to forsake him: he then answered, "The number of the robbers was three; they were most of them tall in stature; they wore cloaks about them, and had masks on their faces."

"Masks?" said the King.

And the merchant said, that in the struggle between his companions and the robbers, two of the vizors fell off, and so he saw plainly the faces of the robbers, and he perfectly remembered the face of the knight. His Highness, without telling his thoughts on this, which many there present scrupled not to hold an after-invention of the accuser, commanded him to begin his tale anew, and to tell, one by one, every particular he could bring to mind of the alleged adventure; but before he began, Sir Gaston, surveying him, asked whether, about four years back, he was not at Embrun, in the Dauphiné.

Denying that he had been at that place, the accuser then renewed his story, which purported, that he and his companions were travelling, about the close of day, through the forest, or chase, of Kenilworth, when they were attacked by robbers. He was bidden to repeat the number of them and of his company, which he did, without varying his tale. The King asked how long after sunset it was when the assault began? which he could not readily tell; but said it was so nearly dark, that hardly could he see the figures of the robbers under the shade of the woods from which they burst; the merchant paused a moment—

"Go on," said the King impatiently :—

"But I could, afterwards, see them plainly enough by a torch I took from my companions, who had lighted it at a smith's in a village by the way-side; an iron-smith's."

The King asked him if he knew the name of this village, but he knew it not; and whether he should know the smith again? and he answered, he thought he should. Then he was ordered to proceed with his story:

"My kinsman," said he, "was the only one of us who was well-armed; and a braver spirit never lived. He fought with his sword that man who now stands beside your Highness; it was a trusty weapon, and had done him good service in Syria, where he had it for booty, after a skirmish, as I heard. When my kinsman first made up to that man, I followed him with the torch, and to aid him, as I might, with an oaken staff I had in my hand; but I received a blow upon the arm that held the torch, which was knocked to the ground, and the vizor of the man fell also, that very man who now presses behind your Highness's chair. The torch was not extinguished, and, by its light, I plainly saw that same countenance that now glares upon me so vengefully. I saw it while he aimed the blow which penetrated the head of my unfortunate kinsman, Reginald de Folville."

The merchant paused, seemingly overcome by the re-

membrance of this event, while Sir Gaston exclaimed. "Was it Reginald de Folville? He was esquire to a knight of Saint John, and was then at Lydda: so much for the truth of your story in that main point."

At the first words of Sir Gaston, the King and the courtiers had turned their faces upon him; but though his words were so strong and sufficient, they beheld in his countenance paleness and consternation. But he soon recovered; and, asking pardon of his Highness for the emotion with which he had spoken, accounted for it by saying, that Reginald de Folville had been his earliest friend.

"Your father's friend, you must surely mean," said the merchant; "for he was at the wars at a time that would have made that possible. You must have been a child, when he went there."

"I *was* then a child," said Sir Gaston, averting his eyes from the stranger; "and I must ever remember the kindness he showed me after the death of my father; I owe him much. He went from Provence to Syria; I heard he fell in battle there. Sure I am he never returned: he died in battle there."

"He died in the forest of Ardenn," said the merchant with solemnity, "and lies buried in the priory of Saint Mary here. He died by your hand: that is his very sword by your side; I remember it now."

The audacity of this assertion struck all present, and none more than the King himself. His Highness desired to examine the sword, and asked the merchant why he had not sooner challenged it; to which he answered nothing. Sir Gaston, as he delivered it on his knee to the King, said, "If I know my accuser, which I think I do, he is no stranger to this weapon: he knows well that I usually wear it; but it never belonged to Reginald de Folville. My liege, it was my father's sword; he won it in the plains of Palestine."

The King examined it with attention. It was of eastern shape and finely wrought. In the hilt were a few jewels. Prince Edward, as he leaned over it, pointed out to his father a motto in an unknown tongue; and then, at some distance below it a date, with the Roman letters, H. A., remarking that probably these letters alluded to some exploit achieved in the year noted. The King addressed himself to Sir Gaston for the meaning of the motto and of these letters; but he knew not their meaning, and said they were as when his father won the sword from his enemy.

Then the King addressed the merchant with the same question, observing that, as the sword seemed to be familiar to him, he probably had been told the signification of the letters on it. With that, the merchant was hastily advancing to receive it of one to whom his Highness had delivered it; when he suddenly drew back, covered his eyes with his hand, and stood immovable. Those near almost expected to see him fall, as he had done before in the castle court on the night last past. Sir Gaston, at the same time, stepping forward, presumed to take it, and to deliver it again to the King, with these words: "Your Highness will not tempt the villainy of this man by putting him in possession of the sword he falsely claims."

The King, returning the sword to the young knight, bade him keep it forthcoming till he should demand it of him again, and then said to the stranger these or such-like words:—

"You, a man unknown to me and to mine, and without a name, except as far as you have declared one, have dared to come into my court, and to accuse to me one of my own servants, a gentleman and a knight, of a crime most foul and incredible. You have related your story, and I have waited patiently for some evidence, that the murderer of your kinsman, if, in truth, he were ever destroyed by violence, was Sir Gaston de Blondeville. I find none, except your story. And in this you have not scrupled to

affirm, that you would have seized him for the murderer, even in a distant land, though you also say, that your knowledge of his countenance was obtained only from the sudden (and, therefore, the uncertain) light of a torch lying on the ground, at a moment, when the danger you were yourself exposed to, might, it may be readily believed, have prevented you from closely observing any face whatsoever. You must be held unworthy of credit; and I commit you into safe custody, till it shall be discovered who you are, and who those are, who urged you to this base accusation. An adventure as remarkable as that you have related," pursued his Highness, "must have been known here at the time it happened, and must be remembered now. It is strange, if there be none who can recollect you also."

"My lord," observed Prince Edward, "he said his friend was buried here in the priory. If so, the Prior must know him and his strange history."

"Said he so?" quoth the King; and, turning to the stranger, he inquired how it happened, that he was not known to the Prior? and who it was that commanded the burial of his kinsman?

The merchant said he had himself ordered it, and had conversed with a monk and even with the Prior himself.

"Then you are known to the Prior, at least," said the King; "he will surely recollect your story: let him be sent for. It is strange you should have said you were unknown: you are either guilty of falsehood, or your senses are unsettled."

The stranger raised his hand to his head and sighed. "I recollect the Prior," said he, "but he may not remember me."

"We shall see!" said the King calmly, as he rose from his chair: "If you are innocent, fear not! if you are guilty, you will lose your life, in seeking that of an innocent man."

And the merchant obtained the justice he sought, for Sir Gaston was a caitiff knight.

—MRS. RADCLIFFE, *Gaston de Blondeville.*

X

A Castle held for the King

THE church of Douglas had originally been a stately Gothic building, whose towers, arising high above the walls of the town, bore witness to the grandeur of its original construction. It was now partly ruinous, and the small portion of open space which was retained for public worship was fitted up in the family aisle, where its deceased lords rested from worldly labours and the strife of war. From the open ground in the front of the building, their eye could pursue a considerable part of the course of the river Douglas, which approached the town from the south-west, bordered by a line of hills fantastically diversified in their appearance, and in many places covered with copse-wood, which descended towards the valley, and formed a part of the tangled and intricate woodland by which the town was surrounded. The river itself, sweeping round the west side of the town, and from thence northward, supplied a large inundation or artificial piece of water. Several of the Scottish people, bearing willow branches, or those of yew, to represent the palms which were the symbol of the day, seemed wandering in the churchyard as if to attend the approach of some person of peculiar sanctity, or procession of monks and friars, come to render the homage due to the solemnity. Soldiers of the English garrison were coming to the church for the service of the day. The gallant captain of the English, Sir John de Walton, was there. The Lady of

Berkely was in the act of following Sir John into the church, when she caught a glimpse of her faithful minstrel, and instantly determined to regain the company of that old servant of her house and confidant of her fortunes, and trust to the chance afterwards of being rejoined by Sir John de Walton, with a sufficient party to provide for her safety, which she in no respect doubted it would be his care to collect. She darted away accordingly from the path in which she was advancing, and reached the place where the minstrel Bertram, with his acquaintance Greenleaf, were making some enquiries of the soldiers of the English garrison.

Lady Augusta Berkely, in the meantime, had an opportunity to say privately to her faithful attendant and guide, "Take no notice of me, friend Bertram, but take heed, if possible, that we be not again separated from each other." Having given him this hint, she observed that it was adopted by the minstrel, and that he presently afterwards looked round and set his eye upon her, as, muffled in her pilgrim's cloak, she slowly withdrew to another part of the cemetery, and seemed to halt until, detaching himself from Greenleaf, he should find an opportunity of joining her.

"I would pray you, worthy minstrel," said Greenleaf, after looking carefully round, "is it not your opinion that the Scottish natives have fixed this very morning for some of those dangerous attempts which they have repeatedly made, and which are so carefully guarded against by the governors placed in this district of Douglas by our good King Edward, our rightful sovereign?"

"I cannot see," replied the minstrel, "on what grounds you found such an apprehension, or what you see here in the churchyard different from that you talked of as we approached it, when you held me rather in scorn for giving way to some suspicions of the same kind."

"Do you not see," added the archer, "the numbers of men, with strange faces, and in various disguisements, who

are thronging about these ancient ruins, which are usually so solitary? Yonder, for example, sits a boy, who seems to shun observation, and whose dress, I will be sworn, has never been shaped in Scotland."

"And if he is an English pilgrim," replied the minstrel, observing that the archer pointed towards the Lady of Berkely, "he surely affords less matter of suspicion."

"I know not that," said old Greenleaf, "but I think it will be my duty to inform Sir John de Walton, if I can reach him, that there are many persons here who, in outward appearance, neither belong to the garrison, nor to this part of the country."

"Consider," said Bertram, "before you harass with accusation a poor young man, and subject him to the consequences which must necessarily attend upon suspicions of this nature, how many circumstances call forth men peculiarly to devotion at this period. Not only is this the time of the triumphal entrance of the founder of the Christian religion into Jerusalem, but the day itself is called Dominica Confitentium, or the Sunday of Confessors, and the palm-tree, or the box and the yew, which are used as its substitute, and which are distributed to the priests, are burnt solemnly to ashes, and those ashes distributed among the pious, by the priests, upc.. the Ash-Wednesday of the succeeding year, all which rites and ceremonies in our country are observed, by order of the Christian church; nor ought you, gentle archer, nor can you without a crime, persecute those as guilty of designs upon your garrison, who can ascribe their presence here to their desire to discharge the duties of the day; and look ye at yon numerous procession approaching with banner and cross, and, as it appears, consisting of some churchman of rank, and his attendants; let us first enquire who he is, and it is probable we shall find in his name and rank sufficient security for the peaceable and orderly behaviour of those whom piety has this day assembled at the church of Douglas."

Greenleaf accordingly made the investigation recommended by his companion, and received information that the holy man who headed the procession was no other than the diocesan of the district, the Bishop of Glasgow, who had come to give his countenance to the rites with which the day was to be sanctified.

The prelate accordingly entered the walls of the dilapidated churchyard, preceded by his cross-bearers, and attended by numbers, with boughs of yew and other evergreens, used on the festivity instead of palms. Among them the holy father showered his blessing, accompanied by signs of the cross, which were met with devout exclamations by such of the worshippers as crowded around him:— "To thee, reverend father, we apply for pardon for our offences, which we humbly desire to confess to thee, in order that we may obtain pardon from heaven."

In this manner the congregation and the dignified clergyman met together, exchanging pious greeting, and seemingly intent upon nothing but the rites of the day. The acclamations of the congregation, mingled with the deep voice of the officiating priest dispensing the sacred ritual; the whole forming a scene which, conducted with the Catholic skill and ceremonial, was at once imposing and affecting.

The body of the church, broken as it was, and hung round with the armorial trophies of the last Lords of Douglas, furnished rather the appearance of a sacrilegiously desecrated ruin than the inside of a holy place; yet some care appeared to have been taken to prepare it for the service of the day. At the lower end hung the great escutcheon of William, Lord of Douglas, who had lately died a prisoner in England; around that escutcheon were placed the smaller shields of his sixteen ancestors, and a deep black shadow was diffused by the whole mass, unless where relieved by the glance of the coronets, or the glimmer of hearings particularly gay in emblazonry. At the eastern part of the church was fitted up a temporary altar, by the

side of which, arrayed in his robes, the Bishop of Glasgow had taken his place, with such priests and attendants as composed his episcopal retinue. His suite was neither numerous nor richly attired, nor did his own appearance present a splendid specimen of the wealth and dignity of the episcopal order. When he laid down, however, his golden cross, at the stern command of the King of England, that of simple wood, which he assumed instead thereof, did not possess less authority, nor command less awe among the clergy and people of the diocese.

The various persons, natives of Scotland, now gathered around, seemed to watch his motions as those of a descended saint, and the English waited in mute astonishment, apprehensive that at some unexpected signal an attack would be made upon them, either by the powers of earth or heaven, or perhaps by both in combination. The truth is, that so great was the devotion of the Scottish clergy of the higher ranks to the interests of the party of Bruce, that the English had become jealous of permitting them to interfere even with those ceremonies of the church which were placed under their proper management, and thence the presence of the Bishop of Glasgow, officiating at a high festival in the church of Douglas, was a circumstance of rare occurrence, and not unattended both with wonder and suspicion. A council of the church, however, had lately called the distinguished prelates of Scotland to the discharge of their duty on the festivity of Palm Sunday, and neither English nor Scottish saw the ceremony with indifference. An unwonted silence which prevailed in the church, filled, as it appeared, with persons of different views, hopes, wishes, and expectations, resembled one of those solemn pauses which often take place before a strife of the elements, and are well understood to be the forerunners of some dreadful concussion of nature. All animals, according to their various nature, express their sense of the approaching tempest; the cattle, the deer, and other inhabitants of the walks of the forest,

withdraw to the inmost recesses of their pastures; the sheep crowd into their fold; and the dull stupor of universal nature, whether animate or inanimate, presages its speedily awakening into general convulsion and disturbance, when the lurid lightning shall hiss at command of the diapason of the thunder.

It was thus that, in deep suspense, those who had come to the church in arms at the summons of Douglas awaited and expected every moment a signal to attack; while the soldiers of the English garrison, aware of the evil disposition of the natives towards them, were reckoning every moment when the well-known shout of "Bows and bills!" should give signal for a general conflict, and both parties, gazing fiercely upon each other, seemed to expect the fatal onset.

Notwithstanding the tempest, which appeared every moment ready to burst, the Bishop of Glasgow proceeded with the utmost solemnity to perform the ceremonies proper to the day; he paused from time to time to survey the throng, as if to calculate whether the turbulent passions of those around him would be so long kept under as to admit of his duties being brought to a close in a manner becoming the time and place.

The peaceful disposition which the prelate had inspired had in some degree diffused itself among those present, who heard with awe the spiritual admonition to suspend the natural antipathy, and remain in truce and amity with each other. Heaven had, however, decreed that the national quarrel, in which so much blood had been sacrificed, should that day again be the occasion of deadly strife.

A loud flourish of trumpets, seeming to proceed from beneath the earth, now rung through the church, and roused the attention of the soldiers and worshippers then assembled. Most of those who heard these warlike sounds betook themselves to their weapons, as if they considered it useless to wait any longer for the signal of conflict.

Hoarse voices, rude exclamations, the rattle of swords against their sheaths, or their clashing against other pieces of armour, gave an awful presage of an onset, which, however, was for a time averted by the exhortations of the bishop. A second flourish of trumpets having taken place, the voice of a herald made proclamation to the following purpose:—

"That whereas there were many noble pursuivants of chivalry presently assembled in the Kirk of Douglas, and whereas there existed among them the usual causes of quarrel and points of debate for their advancement in chivalry, therefore the Scottish knights were ready to fight any number of the English who might be agreed, either upon the superior beauty of their ladies, or upon the national quarrel in any of its branches, or upon whatsoever point might be at issue between them, which should be deemed satisfactory ground of quarrel by both; and the knights who should chance to be worsted in such dispute should renounce the prosecution thereof, or the bearing arms therein thereafter, with such other conditions to ensue upon their defeat as might be agreed upon by a council of the knights present at the Kirk of Douglas aforesaid. But foremost of all, any number of Scottish knights, from one to twenty, will defend the quarrel which has already drawn blood, touching the freedom of Lady Augusta de Berkely, and the rendition of Douglas Castle to the owner here present. Wherefore it is required that the English knights do intimate their consent that such trial of valour take place, which, according to the rules of chivalry, they cannot refuse, without losing utterly the reputation of valour, and incurring the diminution of such other degree of estimation as a courageous pursuivant of arms would willingly be held in, both by the good knights of his own country, and those of others."

This unexpected gage of battle realized the worst fears of those who had looked with suspicion on the extraordinary

assemblage this day of the dependants of the House of Douglas. After a short pause, the trumpets again flourished lustily, when the reply of the English knights was made in the following terms:—

"That God forbid the rights and privileges of England's knights, and the beauty of her damsels, should not be asserted by her children, or that such English knights as were here assembled, should show the least backwardness to accept the combat offered, whether grounded upon the superior beauty of their ladies, or whether upon the causes of dispute between the countries, for either or all of which the knights of England here present were willing to do battle in the terms of the indenture aforesaid, while sword and lance shall endure. Saving and excepting the surrender of the Castle of Douglas, which can be rendered to no one but England's king, or those acting under his orders."

This extraordinary crisis was the cause, as may be supposed, of the leaders on both sides now throwing aside all concealment, and displaying their utmost strength, by marshalling their respective adherents; the renowned Knight of Douglas, with Sir Malcolm Fleming and other distinguished cavaliers, were seen in close consultation.

Sir John de Walton, startled by the first flourish of trumpets, while anxiously endeavouring to secure a retreat for the Lady Augusta, was in a moment seen collecting his followers, in which he was assisted by the active friendship of the Knight of Valence.

The Lady of Berkely showed no craven spirit at these warlike preparations; she advanced, closely followed by the faithful Bertram, and a female in a riding-hood, whose face, though carefully concealed, was no other than that of Margaret de Hautlieu, whose love for Malcolm Fleming, against the wish of her father, had been the cause of dire misfortune to her.

A pause ensued, which for some time no one present thought himself of authority sufficient to break

At last the Knight of Douglas stepped forward and said loudly, "I wait to know whether Sir John de Walton requests leave of James of Douglas, to evacuate his castle without further wasting that daylight which might show us to judge a fair field, and whether he craves Douglas's protection in doing so?"

The Knight of Walton drew his sword. "I hold the Castle of Douglas," he said, "in spite of all deadly,—and never will I ask the protection from any one which my own sword is competent to afford me!"

"I stand by you, Sir John," said Aymer de Valence, "as your true comrade, against whatever odds may oppose themselves to us."

"Courage, noble English," said the voice of Greenleaf; "take your weapons, in God's name. Bows and bills! bows and bills!—A messenger brings us notice that Pembroke is in full march hither from the borders of Ayrshire, and will be with us in half an hour. Fight on, gallant English! Valence to the rescue! and long life to the gallant Earl of Pembroke!"

Those English within and around the church no longer delayed to take arms, and De Walton, crying out at the height of his voice, "I implore the Douglas to look nearly to the safety of the ladies," fought his way to the church door; the Scottish finding themselves unable to resist the impression of terror which affected them at the sight of this renowned knight, seconded by his brother-in-arms, both of whom had been so long the terror of the district. In the meantime, it is possible that De Walton might altogether have forced his way out of the church, had he not been met boldly by the young son of Thomas Dickson of Hazelside, while his father was receiving from Douglas the charge of preserving the stranger ladies from all harm from the fight, which, so long suspended, was now on the point of taking place.

De Walton cast his eye upon the Lady Augusta, with a

desire of rushing to the rescue; but was forced to conclude, that he provided best for her safety by leaving her under the protection of Douglas's honour.

Young Dickson, in the meantime, heaped blow on blow, seconding with all his juvenile courage every effort he could make, in order to attain the prize due to the conqueror of the renowned De Walton.

"Silly boy," at length said Sir John, who had for some time forborne the stripling, "take, then, thy death from a noble hand, since thou preferrest that to peace and length of days."

"I care not," said the Scottish youth, with his dying breath; "I have lived long enough, since I have kept you so long in the place where you now stand."

And the youth said truly, for as he fell never again to rise, the Douglas stood in his place, and, without a word spoken, engaged with De Walton in single combat, but with even additional fury.

Aymer de Valence drew up to his friend De Walton's left hand, and seemed but to desire the apology of one of Douglas's people attempting to second him, to join in the fray; but as he saw no person who seemed disposed to give him such opportunity, he repressed the inclination, and remained an unwilling spectator. At length it seemed as if Fleming, who stood foremost among the Scottish knights, was desirous to measure his sword with De Valence. Aymer himself, burning with the desire of combat, at last called out, "Faithless Knight of Boghall! step forth and defend yourself against the imputation of having deserted your lady love, and of being a mansworn disgrace to the rolls of chivalry!"

"My answer," said Fleming, "even to a less gross taunt, hangs by my side."

In an instant his sword was in his hand, and even the practised warriors who looked on felt difficulty in discovering the progress of the strife, which rather resembled

a thunder-storm in a mountainous country than the stroke and parry of two swords, offending on the one side, and keeping the defensive on the other.

Their blows were exchanged with surprising rapidity; and though the two combatants did not equal Douglas and De Walton in maintaining a certain degree of reserve, founded upon a respect which these knights mutually entertained for each other, yet the want of art was supplied by a degree of fury, which gave chance at least an equal share in the issue.

Seeing their superiors thus desperately engaged, the partisans, as they were accustomed, stood still on either side, and looked on with the reverence which they instinctively paid to their commanders and leaders in arms. One or two of the women were in the meanwhile attracted, according to the nature of the sex, by compassion for those who had already experienced the casualties of war. Young Dickson, breathing his last among the feet of the combatants, was in some sort rescued from the tumult by the Lady of Berkely, in whom the action seemed less strange, owing to the pilgrim's dress which she still retained, and who in vain endeavoured to solicit the attention of the boy's father to the task in which she was engaged.

"Cumber yourself not, lady, about that which is bootless," said old Dickson, "and distract not your own attention and mine from preserving you, whom it is the Douglas's wish to rescue, and whom, so please God and Saint Bride, I consider as placed by my chieftain under my charge. Believe me, this youth's death is in no way forgotten, though this be not the time to remember it. A time will come for recollection, and an hour for revenge."

So said the stern old man, reverting his eyes from the bloody corpse which lay at his feet, a model of beauty and strength. Having taken one more anxious look, he turned round, and placed himself where he could best protect

the Lady of Berkely, not again turning his eyes on his son's body.

In the interim the combat continued, without the least cessation on either side, and without a decided advantage. At length, however, fate seemed disposed to interfere; the Knight of Fleming pushing fiercely forward, and brought by chance almost close to the person of Lady Margaret de Hautlieu, missed his blow, and his foot sliding in the blood of the young victim, Dickson, he fell before his antagonist, and was in imminent danger of being at his mercy, when Margaret de Hautlieu, who inherited the soul of a warrior, and, besides, was a very strong, as well as an undaunted person, seeing a mace of no great weight lying on the floor, where it had been dropt by the fallen Dickson, it, at the same instant, caught her eye, armed her hand, and intercepted, or struck down the sword of Sir Aymer de Valence, who would otherwise have remained the master of the day at that interesting moment. Fleming had more to do to avail himself of an unexpected chance of recovery, than to make a commentary upon the manner in which it had been so singularly brought about; he instantly recovered the advantage he had lost, and was able in the ensuing close to trip up the feet of his antagonist, who fell on the pavement, while the voice of his conqueror, if he could properly be termed such, resounded through the church with the fatal words, "Yield thee, Aymer de Valence—rescue or no rescue—yield thee!—yield thee!" he added, as he placed his sword to the throat of the fallen knight, "not to me, but to this noble lady—rescue or no rescue."

With a heavy heart the English knight perceived that he had fairly lost so favourable an opportunity of acquiring fame, and was obliged to submit to his destiny, or be slain upon the spot. There was only one consolation, that no battle was ever more honourably sustained, being gained as much by accident as by valour.

The fate of the protracted and desperate combat between Douglas and De Walton did not much longer remain in suspense; indeed, the number of conquests in single combat achieved by the Douglas in these wars was so great as to make it doubtful whether he was not, in personal strength and skill, even a superior knight to Bruce himself, and he was at least acknowledged nearly his equal in the art of war.

So, however, it was, that when three quarters of an hour had passed in hard contest, Douglas and De Walton, whose nerves were not actually of iron, began to show some signs that their human bodies were feeling the effect of the dreadful exertion. Their blows began to be drawn more slowly, and were parried with less celerity. Douglas, seeing that the combat must soon come to an end, generously made a signal, intimating to his antagonist to hold his hand for an instant.

"Brave de Walton," he said, "there is no mortal quarrel between us, and you must be sensible that in this passage of arms, Douglas, though he is only worth his sword and his cloak, has abstained from taking a decisive advantage when the chance of arms has more than once offered it. My father's house, the broad domains around it, the dwelling, and the graves of my ancestors, form a reasonable reward for a knight to fight for, and call upon me in an imperative voice to prosecute the strife which has such an object, while you are as welcome to the noble lady, in all honour and safety, as if you had received her from the hands of King Edward himself; and I give you my word, that the utmost honours which can attend a prisoner, and a careful absence of everything like injury or insult, shall attend De Walton when he yields up the castle, as well as his sword, to James of Douglas."

"It is the fate to which I am perhaps doomed," replied Sir John de Walton; "but never will I voluntarily embrace it, and never shall it be said that my own tongue, saving in

the last extremity, pronounced upon me the fatal sentence to sink the point of my own sword. Pembroke is upon the march with his whole army, to rescue the garrison of Douglas. I hear the tramp of his horses' feet even now; and I will maintain my ground while I am within reach of support; nor do I fear that the breath which now begins to fail will not last long enough to uphold the struggle till the arrival of the expected succour. Come on, then, and treat me not as a child, but as one who, whether I stand or fall, fears not to encounter the utmost force of my knightly antagonist."

"So be it then," said Douglas, a darksome hue, like the lurid colour of the thunder-cloud, changing his brow as he spoke, intimating that he meditated a speedy end to the contest, when, just as the noise of horses' feet drew nigh, a Welsh knight, known as such by the diminutive size of his steed, his naked limbs, and his bloody spear, called out loudly to the combatants to hold their hands.

"Is Pembroke near?" said De Walton.

"No nearer than Loudon Hill," said the Prestantin; "but I bring his commands to John de Walton."

"I stand ready to obey them through every danger," answered the knight.

"Woe is me," said the Welshman, "that my mouth should bring to the ears of so brave a man tidings so unwelcome! The Earl of Pembroke yesterday received information that the Castle of Douglas was attacked by the son of the deceased Earl, and the whole inhabitants of the district. Pembroke, on hearing this, resolved to march to your support, noble knight, with all the forces he had at his disposal. He did so, and accordingly entertained every assurance of relieving the castle, when unexpectedly he met, on Loudon Hill, a body of men of no very inferior force to his own, and having at their head that famous Bruce whom the Scottish rebels acknowledge as their king. He marched instantly to the attack, swearing he would not

even draw a comb through his grey beard until he had rid England of this recurring plague. But the fate of war was against us."

He stopped here for lack of breath.

"I thought so!" exclaimed Douglas. "Robert Bruce will now sleep at night, since he has paid home Pembroke for the slaughter of his friends and the dispersion of his army at Methuen Wood. His men are, indeed, accustomed to meet with dangers, and to conquer them: those who follow him have been trained under Wallace, besides being partakers of the perils of Bruce himself. It was thought that the waves had swallowed them when they shipped themselves from the west; but know, that the Bruce was determined with the present reviving spring to awaken his pretensions, and that he retires not from Scotland again while he lives, and while a single lord remains to set his foot by his sovereign, in spite of all the power which has been so feloniously employed against him."

"It is even too true," said the Welshman Meredith, "although it is said by a proud Scotchman.—The Earl of Pembroke, completely defeated, is unable to stir from Ayr, towards which he has retreated with great loss; and he sends his instructions to Sir John de Walton, to make the best terms he can for the surrender of the Castle of Douglas, and trust nothing to his support."

The Scottish, who heard this unexpected news, joined in a shout so loud and energetic, that the ruins of the ancient church seemed actually to rock, and threaten to fall on the heads of those who were crowded within it.

The brow of De Walton was overclouded at the news of Pembroke's defeat, although in some respects it placed him at liberty to take measures for the safety of the Lady of Berkely. He could not, however, claim the same honourable terms which had been offered to him by Douglas before the news of the battle of Loudon Hill had arrived.

"Noble knight," he said, "it is entirely at your pleasure

to dictate the terms of surrender of your paternal castle; nor have I a right to claim from you those conditions which, a little while since, your generosity put in my offer. But I submit to my fate; and upon whatever terms you think fit to grant me, I must be content to offer to surrender to you the weapon, of which I now put the point in the earth, in evidence that I will nevermore direct it against you until a fair ransom shall place it once more at my own disposal."

"God forbid," answered the noble James of Douglas, "that I should take such advantage of the bravest knight out of not a few who have found me work in battle! I will take example from the Knight of Fleming, who has gallantly bestowed his captive in guerdon upon a noble damsel here present; and in like manner I transfer my claim upon the person of the redoubted Knight of Walton, to the high and noble Lady Augusta Berkely, who, I hope, will not scorn to accept from the Douglas a gift which the chance of war has thrown into his hands."

Sir John de Walton, on hearing this unexpected decision, looked up like the traveller who discovers the beams of the sun breaking through and dispersing the tempest which has accompanied him for a whole morning. The Lady of Berkely recollected what became her rank, and showed her sense of the Douglas's chivalry. Hastily wiping off the tears which had unwillingly flowed to her eyes, while her lover's safety and her own were resting on the precarious issue of a desperate combat, she assumed the look proper to a heroine of that age, who did not feel averse to accept the importance which was conceded to her by the general voice of the chivalry of the period. Stepping forward, bearing her person gracefully, yet modestly, in the attitude of a lady accustomed to be looked to in difficulties like the present, she addressed the audience in a tone which might not have misbecome the Goddess of Battle dispersing her influence at the close of a field covered with the dead and the dying.

K.S.

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THE LADY OF BERKELEY AND DOUGLAS.

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"The noble Douglas," she said, "shall not pass without a prize from the field which he has so nobly won. This rich string of brilliants, which my ancestor won from the Sultan of Trebisond, itself a prize of battle, will he honoured by sustaining under the Douglas's armour a lock of hair of the fortunate lady whom the victorious lord has adopted for his guide in chivalry; and if the Douglas, till he shall adorn it with that lock, will permit that honoured lock of hair which it now bears to retain its station, she on whose head it grew will hold it as a signal that poor Augusta de Berkely is pardoned for having gaged any mortal man in strife with the Knight of Douglas."

"Woman's love," replied the Douglas, "shall not divorce this locket from my bosom, which I will keep to the last day of my life, as emblematic of female worth and female virtue. And, not to encroach upon the valued and honoured province of Sir John de Walton, be it known to all men, that whoever shall say that the Lady Augusta of Berkely has, in this entangled matter, acted otherwise than becomes the noblest of her sex, he will do well to be ready to maintain such a proposition with his lance, against James of Douglas, in a fair field."

This speech was heard with approbation on all sides; and the news brought by Meredith of the defeat of the Earl of Pembroke, and his suhsequent retreat, reconciled the fiercest of the English soldiers to the surrender of Douglas Castle. The necessary conditions were speedily agreed on, which put the Scottish in possession of this stronghold, together with the stores, both of arms and ammunition, of every kind, which it contained. The garrison had it to boast, that they obtained a free passage, with their horses and arms, to return by the shortest and safest route to the marches of England, without either suffering or inflicting damage.

Margaret of Hautlieu was not behind in acting a generous part; the gallant Knight of Valence was allowed to accom-

pany his friend De Walton and the Lady Augusta to England, and without ransom.

The venerable prelate of Glasgow, seeing what appeared at one time likely to end in a general conflict, terminate so auspiciously for his country, contented himself with bestowing his blessing on the assembled multitude, and retiring with those who came to assist in the service of the day.

This surrender of Douglas Castle upon the Palm Sunday of 19th March, 1306-7, was the beginning of a career of conquest which was uninterrupted, in which the greater part of the strengths and fortresses of Scotland were yielded to those who asserted the liberty of their country, until the crowning mercy was gained in the celebrated field of Bannockburn, where the English sustained a defeat more disastrous than is mentioned upon any other occasion in their annals.

Little need be said of the fate of the persons of this story. King Edward was greatly enraged at Sir John de Walton for having surrendered the Castle of Douglas, securing at the same time his own object, the envied hand of the heiress of Berkely. The knights to whom he referred the matter as a subject of enquiry, gave it nevertheless as their opinion that De Walton was void of all censure, having discharged his duty in its fullest extent, till the commands of his superior officer obliged him to surrender the Dangerous Castle.

—Sir Walter Scott, *Castle Dangerous*.

XI

Scots and English

IT was on the 24th of June, 1314, that the immense and brilliant army of King Edward appeared in sight of Stirling Castle, and came in full view of the forces which the King of Scotland had drawn out to meet them, and dispute their further progress. Towards evening King Robert mounted his favourite little pony, and with his battle-axe in his hand, distinguished only by a light crown of gold upon his helmet, rode forward a little in advance of his army the better to reconnoitre the enemy's strength. The crown of gold rendered him very conspicuous to the English, and particularly to the nobility who surrounded their king, and who were a little in advance of the rest of the army. Amongst these noblemen were the Earl of Gloucester, Baron Umfraville, Sir Giles Argentine, and Sir Henry Bohun. The latter, who was greatly enamoured of a lady of the Court, the Lady Emmeline, had come forth determined to win a double share of glory in the present engagement. He did not lack bravery, but he had more presumption than prudence.

"See!" said the English monarch, "how fearlessly Robert the Bruce exposes himself to our notice; his courage, I fear, savours too much of his brother's rashness."

This remark was not lost upon Sir Henry Bohun. He spurred on his fine war-horse, and ere any were aware of his intention, dashed forward towards the Bruce. "This for the Lady Emmeline," he muttered.

The Scotch king perceived his intent, and quietly waited

till he was close upon him, when turning his horse a little, so as to suffer Bohun to pass, he rose in his stirrup, and at one blow split his adversary's helmet and skull open. A few of Bohun's followers had galloped after him; but, horror-struck at the catastrophe, they fled back in dismay; whilst King Robert, coolly wielding his axe, returned to his army.

This unexpected commencement of the battle was hailed by the Scotch as a favourable omen; and by the English, who were equally superstitious, it was of course considered as quite the reverse. And although some of the young nobles around the King wished instantly to revenge the death of their companion, the older and more experienced advised him by no means to engage with the enemy till the morrow, when the effect of this tragic event would be in a manner removed. In pursuance of this advice, the English were ordered to wait till morning dawned.

Never before did day dawn upon a more imposing and brilliant spectacle than now literally sparkled under its first beams. The immense and richly dressed army of Edward, with banners and flags gaily decorated—the shining armour, and the glittering weapons;—so that even the brave Scottish chief, James of Douglas, exclaimed, "The bravest and most powerful army in Christendom might be alarmed to see such a host moving against them." No wonder, then, that the English, who had heretofore, even with inferior numbers, been wont to conquer the Scots, should now feel presumptuous confidence of success. But they were not aware of all the precautions which the wise King of Scotland had taken to make up for the inferiority of his numbers.

He had chosen the best ground, a fine level plain, with a hill on the right hand, a morass on the left, with a small rivulet, or burn, in front. Not satisfied with these natural advantages, he made other artificial ones. He had deep pits dug along the banks of the rivulet, and sharp spikes

placed in them, which were carefully covered with turf. Early in the morning King Edward drew out his army in battle array. The archers commenced; and so close and deadly did their arrows fall, that, but for the uncommon foresight of King Robert, they would almost in the outset have decided the victory; but he had provided even for this. He had ready a body of men-at-arms, well mounted, whom he had ordered the moment the archers bent their bows, to gallop in amongst them and cut them down. This manœuvre threw the whole of the archers into total confusion. The brave cavalry, upon this, advanced in support of their discomfited archers; but these encountering the hidden pits, fell into them; many of the horses were spiked, and their riders left rolling, unable to rise, from their massive armour. This threw the English into general disorder; in vain their leaders tried to rally their men; there was nothing on all sides but dismay and confusion. To increase this disorder, a body of servants and couriers, who had been stationed by that prince of manœuvrers, the Bruce, on the brow of the hill, now rushed down upon them. At this moment the spirit of the brave father seemed to rest upon his son; for, with flashing eyes, Edward himself led his body of reserve forwards, and did all in his power to rally around him the straggling portions of his broken army. His brave nephew, the Earl of Gloucester, who commanded the left wing of the cavalry, which was entirely routed, was surrounded by a few friends fighting on foot in the morass. The right was also entirely discomfited; but stragglers from all parts, at the sight of their king bravely fighting, made desperate efforts to join him. Sir Edmund, a Welsh knight, who, as one of the right wing, had done his best to rally his men, now pushed forward with twelve of his own company, the only survivors, towards the King; who, from the moment he crossed the rivulet, had become the rallying point to both armies; and, as Edmund reached his side, stood greatly in need of succour,

being much pressed by Sir James Douglas, whose intention was evidently to capture the English king. But Sir Giles Argentine, observing it, pressed round the King with all the forces he could muster, and seizing his horse's bridle led him violently on. At this moment Edmund's eye wandered over the morass in search of his friend, the Earl of Gloucester. At one hurried glance his eye rested upon a solitary form fighting desperately amongst heaps of slain; it was his friend. His whole soul sickened—and he was springing down the hill, up which Argentine and a few others of the surviving barons had ordered him to fly with his few followers in support of the King, when the reins of his horse were caught by Umfraville.

"Your duty lies before you, Sir Knight; follow the King. There are plenty of us old ones left to revenge that noble Earl. This is your first battle, and from the way in which you have fought it, I augur you may become a stay to your country and a comfort to the King, who has this day shown, that though unfortunate, he is his father's son. Some of you brave youngsters must survive this ill-starred battle to tell the King how much valour became him."

Edmund had at first tried to extricate himself from the iron grasp of the old baron; one hasty glance he again turned towards the morass; that tall, noble figure was no longer standing. He rode forward with a choking sensation in his throat, and a mist over his eyes, which for a moment rendered all outward objects indistinct.

"Press on! ride on!" said the loud voice of Argentine; "make for yonder thicket; the Douglas is upon us." And pressing round the King, the broken remains of this late numberless army galloped on. Fortunately for the escape of the King these were all well mounted; and besides this circumstance, the different groups that the conquerors had to pursue, facilitated their flight. They rode on without speaking till they gained the thicket; when Argentine and Umfraville, exhorting Edmund not to disappoint the hopes

with which his conduct, during the day, had inspired them, but to stand by the King to the last, and make with all speed for Dunbar,—took a hasty leave of him and his Highness.

"It is necessary," said Umfraville, "to secure your Highness's flight, that we may return to obstruct those who are hotly pursuing you."

"Yes, yes!" shortly answered Argentine, "we can fight as well as most men, but we don't know how to fly; so—Argentine, Argentine," he screamed, and, putting spurs to his horse, galloped back with his few remaining followers and his friend, and fell, nobly fighting, in obstructing the pursuit of the King.

After Umfraville and Argentine had quitted the King, a dozen followers were all that were left him. In a short time, they were alarmed by the galloping of horses, which were certainly gaining upon them; the fugitives were now entering the wood. Edmund, having ordered six of his men to gallop forwards with the King, determined to stand with the rest, and dispute the pass with the pursuers. He had scarcely put himself and the men in an attitude of defence, ere the three horsemen rode up, and seeing they were mistaken for enemies, declared themselves faithful subjects of the English king; who, learning he had been left too thinly guarded, had made their way through the midst of the carnage to join him. Though they were all three personally unknown to him, Edmund soon perceived the truth of their story, from their armorial bearings, and the beaten and bruised state of their once shining armour; and he suffered them to pass; who pursuing their way at full gallop, soon overtook the King, whose delighted exclamation, as he turned and encountered the foremost horseman,—

"What! our kind brother, is it you?" announced him to Edmund as the brave Lord de Mouthermer, the King's brother-in-law. The distressed monarch stretched out his

hand towards the other two, one of whom said, hastily, "On! on! my liege; the Douglas is in hot pursuit. It was the hope that my knowledge of the country might render me of service as your guide that brought me here; so waste not a moment, but follow, one by one. To you, youngster," he continued to Edmund, "I appoint the post of danger;—follow last, and keep a sharp look-out."

"My Lord of Pembroke, we will be entirely guided in this strait by you," said the King, who, for a moment, appeared absorbed in a deep reverie.

"Then I and these five will issue out of the thicket ere it terminate," answered Pembroke; "and, by giving a false scent to the Douglas, will, I trust, enable your Highness to reach Dunbar in safety. Mouthermer and Hereford, do you two ride a little. I do not hesitate, from what I have this day marked of your great bravery, to believe you will sell your life dearly ere you suffer the King to be taken prisoner."

In a moment, the party thus disposed of were again pursuing their road at full gallop.

The diminished party continued their route undisturbed for some short distance, when they were again startled by the sound of horses approaching them. Through a break in the trees, they perceived some ten or a dozen horsemen take the route Lord Pembroke had pursued, evidently in search of the King; and believing Lord Pembroke to be the King, they were warmly pursuing him. This did of course greatly facilitate the escape of his Highness; but, even gratifying as this was to Edmund, he did not the less grieve, for the risk to which it exposed Lady Cecil's brother. But he had not long to be in suspense on this account: a clash of arms just in advance made him spring forward, and catch King Edward's bridle, just in time to prevent his leaving the cover of the wood. Mouthermer and Hereford were immediately surrounded and made prisoners.

"Where is the King?" asked a Scottish officer of Mouthermer.

"Oh, how that question delights me!" calmly answered Mouthermer, "for it removes all my fears on his account. He did not then fall into the hands of the party that were lately close upon him: and since you tell me such comfortable news, I forget I am myself a prisoner."

This conversation of Lord Mouthermer's completely misled the Scottish officer, convincing them that it was the King whom Sir James Douglas had, lately, closely pursued; and, satisfied with their two noble prisoners, they instantly conducted them back towards the main army.

Edmund had with difficulty resisted the natural inclination which he felt to spring forward, and, at all hazards, rescue the two noblemen; but the thought of the great trust placed in him, the safety of the King, enabled him to stand quietly, holding his Highness's bridle, till the retreating footsteps of the conquerors were no longer heard; then he let go the bridle, and they dashed on; and, with scarcely any other adventure worth mentioning, they reached the castle of Dunbăr, which belonged to the King's faithful friend, Patrick, Earl of March, who gladly gave him shelter.

—Anon., *Margam Abbey*.

XII

Two Kings and a Lady

IN the year 1346, Werk Castle was defended by the celebrated Countess of Salisbury, in the absence of the Earl, her Lord. This lady, sprung from the blood royal, and the fairest of the age, was not so much elevated above all woman-kind by her illustrious birth and unparalleled beauty, as by the natural dignity of her spirit and the greatness of her virtues.

Towards the close of an afternoon in the summer time, while tree and town were bright in the setting sun, and the rivers here and there still sparkled in his level beam, as the Countess was walking on the castle walls, attended by her maidens, she beheld the spears of an approaching army over a neighbouring wood, glittering and glancing to and fro, as they came forward, like streamers beyond the northern clouds.

Having no apprehension of the enemy being so near, though she had in the course of the day heard that the Scots were returning home, she was at first greatly alarmed at the appearance of such a formidable array; but soon collecting the strength of her lofty character, she ordered the servants and soldiers in the castle to arm themselves and man the walls, resolved not to surrender without proving the valour of her garrison.

Thus was the Scottish king frustrated of the expectation he had formed of taking the castle by a sudden assault; for, as he approached the walls, he saw every battlement and turret clustered with warriors: the lady herself, in a

white robe, was seen moving among them, and often with uplifted arm kindling their manly courage by the bravery of her feminine exhortations.

King David being determined to take the castle, ordered his men to invest it on all sides; and he summoned the Countess by sound of trumpet to surrender.

Her answer was a defiance, which she delivered herself from the wall to the Scottish king in person.

"This," said she, "is a lady's bower, which may not be uncourteously entered."

"I am loth," replied the young King, "to disturb the gentle pastimes of a lady's bower; but it is now eventide, and we have come far to-day; in sooth, fair lady, we would roost with you to-night, and it were to save ruder parley to give us let at once to partake of your good cheer."

"I doubt not," said the Countess, with a smile, "you have come far and fast too; for it is rumoured that King Edward is behind you."

The King turned round to certain of his lords who were standing by, and said—

"By our Lady, her fare lacks no sauce." He then spoke to her again.

"The night comes apace, madam; I beseech you to open the gates."

"I am grieved to seem so lacking in hospitality; but the gates of this castle cannot be opened from within. When my Lord left, he turned the keys on the outside; and unless your Highness can undo the locks, I fear the sky to-night must be your tester."

"Say you so in earnest, Lady?"

"In right good earnest, please your Highness."

"Shall we be baffled by this termagant?" cried the King, somewhat chafed to be so calmly defied; and he thereupon presently turned himself to order the soldiers to come up. In a moment, the Countess waved her hand towards a band of archers who were standing on a battle-

ment behind that portion of the curtain-wall where this parley was held, and they levelled their bows.

Some of the Scottish nobles who were near the King, seeing the jeopardy in which he was so suddenly placed, stepped in between him and the castle, and spread their shields over him just as the bowmen drew their strings.

The shafts rattled harmless on the shields, and some of them were shivered by the shock, but none did any detriment.

The Countess laughed, and called aloud to the King, for the encouragement of her own men, who were all fired with her bravery,—

"The grey goose wing is a sorry supper; but there is no better cheer for your Highness in Werk."

The Scottish archers, however, did not long leave her to triumph in that sort. Seeing the danger in which their King stood, they came briskly forward, and drawing their arrows to the head, daunted the lady's bowmen, for her sake, exposed as she was on the castle wall, from repeating the shower, till his Highness was removed beyond their reach. This was, however, but a brief pause; for the Lady again bade her men shoot, and fear not for her. Whereupon, what with the dust that rose from the dinting of the shafts on the walls and towers, together with the hail of arrows flying between the archers of the garrison and the assailants, the castle appeared as if it had been shrouded in mist. Little blood was pierced on either side by this waste of quivers; but in the meantime, some of the Scottish soldiers had hewn down several large trees, and were bringing their trunks up for battering-rams, which the Countess observing, ordered a great fire of all sorts of beams and brands to be kindled in the court of the castle, and when the Scots came with their engines under the defences of the gates, she caused the burning faggots and rafters to be so hurled upon them that many threw down the huge timbers to save themselves, and thereby

so crushed the feet and limbs of their fellows, that on all sides frightful yells, and the cries of burnt and wounded men, were heard amidst the shouts and confusion of fighting.

By this time, the darkness of the night added to the terrors of that storm of wrath and weapons. The flames of the great fire within the court of the castle, rising red and high, shed a wild and dismal splendour on the towers, while the walls without were all in the blackness of shadow. Then might you have seen the combatants: those of the castle were like dingy Moors, the light striking on their backs, their weapons flashing like torches round their heads as they ever and anon stooped forward to strike down the assailants; the Scots, with their upturned faces, brightened by the light, appeared like fiery demons climbing and scaling out of the abysses of darkness; and the Lady Salisbury was seen standing on the corner of a tower like a bright and blazing beacon, which from some tall and leeward cliff overlooks the rage and weltering of the breaking waves.

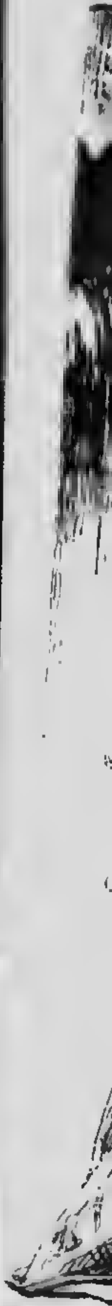
The Scottish king, seeing that the castle was not to be so easily won as he had expected, after several vain attempts to burn the gates, called off his men for the night, resolved to renew the assault in the morning, thinking by that time the Countess, having had leisure to reflect on the unequal odds with which she was contending, might be more disposed to treat with him. But what he regarded as the weakness of the fortress, a woman governor, proved its best strength; for her constancy of purpose and singular magnanimity did so animate and encourage the garrison, that the meanest servitor of the hall was as lordly in the bravery of his resolution as the proudest noble that sat at supper with the King. Before the morning, however, news arrived that the English army was fast approaching, and the Scottish nobles, still anxious to preserve the spoil of Durham, instead of consenting to renew the attack, spoke only

of returning home. In vain did the youthful son of the heroic Bruce remind them of the glories of their fathers' valour, their own hardiment, and the dishonour of making themselves, by avarice, so like fugitives before their ancient enemies; but all heroism was absorbed in their gain, in so much that, about noon, when King Edward arrived at Werk, he found no other traces of the Scottish army there, than the broken weapons of the overnight assault—the trunks of the trees which had been felled for engines—and here and there the bodies of the few who had been slain in the conflict.

The English king was mightily rejoiced when he heard of the heroic spirit of his fair cousin, and after halting his forces on the fields and rising grounds around Werk, went forward to the castle, attended by the Lord Mowbray and other barons, to visit the Lady Salishury, and to bestow his praise and gratulations for the brave defiance with which she had resisted a royal army.

His Highness had not seen her from the days of their childhood, and he was so much ravished by the sight of her beauty, that he stood as if he had been enchanted, marvelling and communing with himself whether so delightful a vision could have grown out of the little playful child with whom, in his tender years, he was wont to riot in many a prankful pastime. Anon, after gently expressing his delight at beholding her, forgetting altogether the purport of his visit, he took her by the hand and led her into the castle; for she had come forth to welcome him at the gates. The Lord Mowbray and those who were with him being left behind, looked at each other for some time, admiring by what sudden spell his Highness was so strangely overcome; and then they silently followed the Countess and him into the hall, where they found the tables spread with a hasty banquet.

The King, on the invitation of the Lady, sat down to partake of the cheer; but it was remarked of him, that he



KING EDWARD III. AND THE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

K.S.

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tasted little, choosing rather to feast his eyes with the contemplation of his fair kinswoman. The Lady herself was at first visibly disconcerted by the worship of his admiration, and answered his ardent looks and young remembrances of their old fellowship with some degree of panic and perplexity. It was soon, however, remarked by those who were around, that she regained possession of her tranquillity, and in some measure repressed, by the sustained calmness of her demeanour, the ardour with which her royal kinsman seemed inclined to regard her.

When his Highness spoke to her of their early pastimes on the sunny heights of Windsor, she told him of her children, and boasted of her eldest son as a bold boy, who promised to prove as brave a knight as his father, but whom in comeliness he would never parallel; and when the King expressed his delight at seeing her in such exceeding beauty, she inquired concerning the health of her gracious cousin, Queen Philippa, tenderly commending her manifold merits, and lamenting that the absence of Lord Salisbury obliged herself to reside so far from the Court, exposed to the contumelies of war and the rude chances which await his adventures. "For," said she, "though the defencelessness of a forlorn lady be dear to the honour of all true knights, many wear the part of knighthood who but little reverence such consecration."

In discreet discourse, after this manner, she continued from time to time to remind him of what was due to her and to himself, repressing the evident passion with which he was kindled by the modest delicacy of these rebukes, and the gentle dignity of her serene eyes, the pure glances of whose brightness was as the beaming of the heavenly stars.

When the King retired to the chamber in which his couch was prepared, he sat down, and, without speaking, signified to his attendants to retire. There he continued ruminating till the lights burned dimly, with his right elbow

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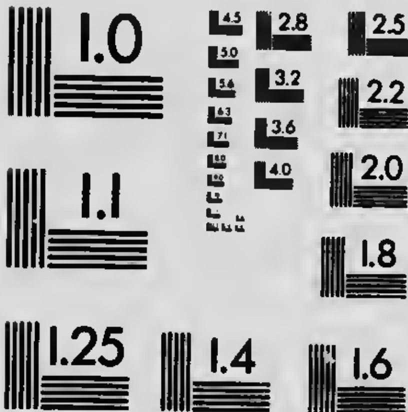

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leaning on the table, and his left hand resting on the hilt of his sword, which, in seating himself, he had unconsciously placed between his knees. The grace and loveliness of the lady had taken possession of his bosom, but the remembrance of her dignity checked the indulgence of his wishes.

"I am overawed in her presence," said he aloud to himself—"the chaste rebuke of her mild religious eye makes me to feel more as a worshipper than a lover—Lover! It is not a name that may be used towards her by any other than the happy Salisbury—happy indeed—blest in the taste of those lips."

He then started from his seat, threw his sword on the table, and with long strides, sometimes drooping his head till his chin almost touched his breastplate, and sometimes looking aloft, walked twice or thrice across the chamber in great visible perturbation.

After a season of inward controversy so spent, he returned to the table, and pushing aside his sword, drew one of the lights towards him, and sat down as with the intent to write. Presently, as if moved by a sudden fancy, he paused and smiled, and then called in from the antechamber a youth, one Chaucer, who was there with his other attendants, and probably the great poet of that name.

"Bring hither, Chaucer, pen, ink, and paper," said the King. "I would have thee to write a madrigal for me; that thou mightest make it worthy of the theme, I would invoke some gracious muse to gift thee with a pen of such enchantments, that where it set down sighs, the eloquence of sighs should be felt by the reader; and when it wrote of love it should be with tropes and terms of such fervency as would make the flinty heart even of a Saracen all humanity."

The youth was seemingly as pastoral in simplicity as a shepherd boy that hath not yet made a coronal of rushes for his Phillis, took his implements and, having seated himself at the table, looked at the King, and inquired whom his Highness was pleased he should address.

"One," replied the King, "write to one who is the abstract of every grace and virtue in the world. Begin. You cannot flatter; all epithets of admiration will not serve to express a tithe of such excellence. Write."

"To whom," said the youth, "to whom shall I write?"

"Did not I tell thee to speak of beauty, and to sing sweetheart? Go to, knave," said the King with a smile, but in right earnest sincerity.

"I should know of what estate and condition the lady is," answered the courtly simpleton.

"Of such estate," exclaimed King Edward, "that she is as on the throne, and I the footstool where she treads! Why dost thou not write? But thou canst not indeed say what I would put into the rhyme. Thine is finger poetry. Thy pen will but prate of nightingales and blushing roses—the moon and other ditty stuff. I will have no conceits about the baby Cupid; but only strong-knit passion, writhing in a robe of fire that may not be thrown off."

The poet looked up with the pen in his hand, wondering at the King's words, while his Highness continued to say aloud, as if unconscious of the presence of any witness,—

"The soldier alone may speak of war, the prisoner of the dungeon, and the sick man of the pangs of death. The hungry knows the sweetness of a feast, the frozen the benefit of fire, every grief its happy opposite, and who but the lover can write of the bliss or the anguish of his passion?" With these words he went to Chaucer, and snatching the pen from him said, "Go, leave me; I shall be my own rhymster." But, before the youth had well quitted the apartment, he threw the pen away, and, pausing sedately for a short time, said, "This folly would be weak to derision even in that stripling," and summoning his attendants to unlace his mail, he soon after lay down upon his couch; but the virtue of his endeavours to compose himself to sleep was rewarded with no slumber.

—John Galt, *Rothelan.*

XIII

King and Rebel

IN the year 1381, the commons of Kent and Essex, revolting against the poll-tax, marched to London. The men were drawn up in West Smithfield. It had been arranged that the best disposed should form the van, and those over whom the leaders possessed least control should be divided into the centre and the rear. A portion of the men of Kent, with a body of the men of Essex, were in front, while a large body, upon whom Wat Tyler and Jack Straw could place reliance, were mixed with those inclined to be refractory in the centre and rear; thus the men immediately in the van were not those who were most attached to Wat, but those who knew of him only by report, had accepted him as a leader, because his "name was great in mouths of wisest censure," and found, in this instance, common report not to be a common liar, for his conduct had been all they could have desired from one through whose guidance they hoped to gain their freedom. They consisted chiefly of men who were in possession of small farms, and had still, although their property through oppressions had been miserably curtailed, some property to lose, and were more cautious in their conduct than those serfs who had nothing to lose and everything to gain. They stood under arms, ready to perform all that Wat Tyler commanded them, for they had had evidence of his moderation sufficient to assure them he would not counsel any extreme conduct, unless their condition demanded it. As he was about to quit them, he gave orders that not one should stir from his place until he gave them a signal, and

then they were instantly to advance. Michael advanced to his side, and said he would accompany him to the presence of the King, but Wat declined, and signified his intention of going alone.

He shook hands with all heartily, and then giving his horse the rein, he galloped up to the King, and stayed not until his horse's head touched the flank of Richard's.

"You are his Majesty of England," exclaimed Wat, saluting him with a respectful obeisance.

"I am," replied the youthful King, with an affable smile; "and you are Wat Tyler, the renowned smith of Kent, the leader of my people against their lawful king. What is your purpose in this rebellion?"

Wat Tyler smiled almost in scorn, as he replied—

"If your Highness had been taught that you were placed over the people to preserve their rights, to improve their condition, to attend to their wants, and, through your parliament, so legislate for their welfare, that there should not be a voice through the land crying out in sorrow and misery, through want and oppression, you would never have put such a question to me; but you are very young, have lived a life of indolence and luxury, have never known the want of a meal, or a place to lay your head in at night to sink into a wretched sleep in order to wake in the morning and see starvation staring you in the face: you have never felt this, and can little sympathise with those whose daily portion has been the misery I have described; but still you are the King, the fountain head from whom relief alone can flow. It is true you are a puppet, the emblem of royalty, the image of monarchy, set up to make the people think they have a King, while those by whom thou art surrounded take the power from thee, and in thy name inflict the direst oppression. You are the screen behind which they work their villainy; you are the mask they put up to fright us, while they draw from us all our hard-earned gains, and bind us with a yoke of iron; and to them through thee, puppet

as thou art, I must address myself, that thy councillors and ministers may hear and know the penalty of a continuance of their vile acts."

"Audacious rebel!" cried Sir John Newton, drawing a dagger, "dare you thus address yourself to the King?"

"Put up thy dagger, knight!" said Wat, coolly, "and give thy speech only when thou art addressed"—and then turned quietly to the King, and said, pointing to the vast body of the people—

"Your Highness, see'st yonder people?"

"Yes, truly," replied Richard; "wherefore dost thou ask me that question?"

"You shall know anon," he replied; "there is not one there who will not obey my law and commandment; they have all sworn their faith and loyalty to me, and they will keep their oath to the letter."

"I doubt it not," replied the King; "but why dost thou tell me this?"

"Because you should see what are the results of oppression and misrule!" returned Wat Tyler; "the whole of that vast body of people are thy subjects—according to the law by which we are governed, they should obey thee, be true and faithful, and loyal to thee—look up to thee with reverence and respect—repeat thee in their prayers, and couple thy name whenever spoken with blessings; but instead of this, thou hast so abused the power bestowed upon thee, that they will no longer confess themselves thy subjects. They refuse to be faithful and loyal to thee—they speak of thee with scorn, and, instead of being remembered in their prayers and mentioned with blessings, they couple thy name with execrations and curses; and thinkest thou, if thou hadst performed the duty for which the people placed thee upon the throne, they would thus bear thee in their minds—they would have quitted their homes to assemble thus in a body to demand their rights? King, they placed thee on the throne—"

"I am the Lord's anointed!" exclaimed Richard haughtily; "I received the crown from God, not from the people."

"That is a juggle of priestcraft, which will only suit the weak minds of the superstitious," cried Wat; "but even if you had—if even you are the Lord's anointed, and received the crown from Him, the Father of all mercies, it was given you to ensure the happiness of the people, not to inflict misery upon them; it was given you to remedy any evils which might befall them—to render them justice in their transactions with their fellow men whenever they needed it. Your office is to be to your fellow men what God is to us all, a guard and a guide, a parent and a protector, and the legal oaths you take when you assume the crown are to that effect; but how have those oaths been fulfilled?—how have the duties uf your office been performed?—every promise violated, every duty unfulfilled, and every degree of injustice and rank oppression substituted."

"You use bold words, peasant," said the King, frowning.

"Dost thou remember thou'rt in the presence of thy King, rebel?" cried Walworth, the mayor.

"I am not likely to forget so important an epoch in my life, and in the lives of those who accompany me," said Wat, bitterly. "You call me rebel; you call those who have risen, because they can no longer bear the wrongs heaped upon them, rebels; but, King of England, which most deserves the title, thou or we? You have duties prescribed to you by God, and those who place you in the regal chair—duties you have sworn to observe and perform. You scorn them, treat them as nought, run riot in debauchery, levy imposts to support them which level the people n the dust, those whom it should be your constant care, as they support you, to raise up, and lead on, as far as it is in your power, to happiness. You rebel against every law imposed on you, and we bear your injustice, your exactions, your injuries, your oppressions, until we can

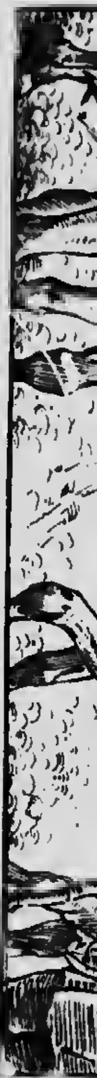
bear no longer—until we must rise up to assert the rights which are ours, or die miserably; and yet we are styled rebels and traitors. Base slaves! whose portion is to live in misery and die in despair, we were wronged in every form the cruelty of sordid minds could invent; we seek redress from this gross injustice, and yet you term us rebels."

"You should have petitioned," exclaimed the King.

"Petitioned!" echoed Wat, with scorn. "So did we; we sent petition after petition—every country town, village, or castlewick in the kingdom; to what effect?—they were spurned and unheeded! We found petitioning a weak manner of proceeding, and therefore we now *demand* redress."

"Of what do ye complain?" asked the King.

"Your Highness would have been spared that question!" exclaimed Wat, "if you would ride with me amongst yonder assemblage; the care-worn frames, the ragged garments, and the faces, where the iron hand of despair has made its brand, would make your young heart wring with agony as you perceived of what they complained. We are held as slaves, and yet we are compelled to support the being, whose property we are told we are. There is not a device a scheming and avaricious minister can invent, that is not turned into a mode of raising taxes. We pay a heavy price for land; we are held in bondage, and are liable to be removed, God knows where, at a moment's notice; we are taxed in every way; and because every article upon which an odious impost could be laid was exhausted, the monstrous poll-tax was levied—a tax upon a man or woman, because they cease to be children—a tax which nothing on earth could justify—a tax which was infamous in every relation—a tax which even in its collecting inflicted the vilest injury. The scoundrel who demanded it of my family grossly and monstrously insulted the modesty of my daughter—my only child—for which I slew him—an act of justice which was responded to by the uprising of the whole country; and the people, finding they had been trampled down as far


KING RICHARD II. AND WAT TYLER. [P. 154.

KING RICHARD II. AND WAT TYLER. [P. 154.

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as they could be, at once threw off the burden and gloriously resolved to be free. And know, King of England, an thou would'st retain thy throne, thou must make them so—be liberal to them, and they will exceed thee in liberality to thee. As thou art just, thou wilt find them loyal and faithful. The price of land must be reduced, that they may be better able to purchase it, and receive a better share of what they have worked for; and no man must be denied in his hour of distress from taking venison to save himself from starvation."

During the latter part of this colloquy, the followers of the King had, headed by Sir John Newton and William Walworth, the mayor, surrounded Wat, so that he was no longer to be seen by his followers; but in the energy of his speech he did not perceive this until it was too late. The young King, who was cowed by the calm firmness he displayed and the evident superiority of his mind, was unable to preserve the dignified haughtiness which he had hitherto been taught to assume to those who were in a station so immeasurably inferior to his own, added to which, the continual excitement he had been in during the proceedings of the commons, and the alarm which the presence of so enormous a body of men arrayed in arms against him would naturally create, made him listen more patiently to Wat Tyler than he would otherwise have done, and receive his plain speech with a placidity and a silence which was foreign to him. He had been tutored to promise anything and everything, with the strict understanding that when the people were dispersed that his charters or "letters," as they were termed, were to be held as nothing, and if any outcry was made at the breaking of his oath, he was to have a dispensation from the Pope, upon the plea that it was extorted from him illegally and by force. He, therefore, curbed the naturally pettish impatience of his temper, and listened to Wat with the feelings of one who receives a lecture with the conviction that he can afterwards be well revenged upon the

lecturer. A flush mounted to his brow at Wat's last words, but he stifled his anger and said—

"My people shall have their wishes; let them return home; their letters shall be sent to them."

"They will take them with them," said Wat, quietly.

"They shall do so, if they wish it," replied the King.

"They have determined to do so!" observed Wat, "nor will they separate until they have them in their possession."

"I will cause a number of clerks to make them out instantly, and the people shall have them to-night," said the King, determined not to be the cause of delaying their departure; too glad, on any terms, to get rid of them.

"You must also make oath to me and to them that every clause granted in the charters shall be now and for ever after carried out."

"I will!" exclaimed the King.

"And make oath also that you will not seek from the Pope any dispensation from the oath you have made to the people."

"Vile caitiff!" exclaimed Sir John Newton, who had succeeded with his followers in completely surrounding Wat; "do you doubt the King's honour?"

"Aye!" replied Wat, briefly, "as much as I do thy honesty." Then, turning to the King, he continued, "We will not be satisfied with aught else, and if you refuse this, the throne of England shall no longer be a seat for thee, thy brow no longer wear the crown; the sovereign people shall——"

"Base hind!" roared Walworth, "dare you threaten the King?"

"Seize the audacious rebel!" cried Richard, on seeing himself supported by his knights.

"Faithless villains, dare to lay but a hand upon me," cried Wat, "and ye——" His words were arrested by a blow from the mace of Walworth upon the temple, which stunned him. The next instant, Sir John Newton gave

him a deadly blow in the back with a dagger, which he had obtained from a follower after giving up his own to Wat, while the Mayor repeated his blow with the mace, which struck Wat a frightful blow upon the shoulder; he had neither chance nor opportunity for resistance, for like a set of ravenous wolves upon a single victim, the whole mob struck at him with swords and daggers; the horse upon which he rode received several mortal thrusts, and rearing madly up plunged forward towards the commons, breaking an opening for himself; but ere he had gone a hundred feet, he fell, and then for the first time the people saw what had been done, and a roar burst from them like a peal of thunder. In an instant a thousand bows were bent, and would have been discharged, but for John Ball, who, springing before them, threw up his arms, and cried aloud,—

"It was Wat Tyler's last wish and command that no man shed blood to revenge him. Hold your hands, I charge ye, for the love of Heaven!"

That appeal saved the King's life and that of all the nobles with him; the people knew not how to act, and Richard, governed by an impulse, removed his cap, and galloping up to the commons, cried out with a clear rich voice,—

"Hold your hands, my good people, I am your lawful King—would you shoot at one thus unarmed and in your power? Grieve not for him who has fallen. I will be your captain and leader; follow me to the fields—there I will grant ye all your demands, and a free pardon for everything that ye have done, so help me the grace of God."

Multitudes, like great events, are to be turned and moved by small things. It was a critical moment, and nothing but an act appealing entirely to generosity and the proudest feelings could have turned it to his wish; he turned his horse's head, and the people mechanically followed him.

—PIERCE EGAN, *Wat Tyler.*

XIV

The King is Dead, Long live the King!

SCENE—*Westminster, The Jerusalem Chamber.*

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and others.*

K. *HEN.* Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is addressed, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And everything lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us till these rebels now afoot
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother Thomas of Clarence with him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?

He loves thee and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou may'st effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren :
Therefore, omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,
By seeming cold, or careless of his will;
For he is gracious if he be observed :
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity;
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealèd in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed :
Chide him for faults—and do it reverently—
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood
Mingled with venom of suggestion—
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in—
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

Clar. He is not there to-day : he dines in London.

K. Hen. And how accompanied? canst thou tell that?

Clar. With Poins, and other his continual followers.

K. Hen. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds;
And he, the noble image of my youth,
Is overspread with them; therefore, my grief

Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.
The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape
In forms imaginary the unguided days
And rotten times that you shall look upon
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,
When means and lavish manners meet together,
O, with what wings shall his affections fly
Towards fronting peril and opposed decay!

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.
The prince but studies his companions
Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
'Tis needful that the most immodest word
Be looked upon and learned; which once attained,
Your highness knows, comes to no further use
But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers; and their memory
Shall as a pattern or a measure live
By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

K. Hen. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter WESTMORELAND.

Who's here? Westmoreland?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law.
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathed,
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here at more leisure may your highness read,

With every course in his particular. [*Giving packet.*

K. Hen. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter HARCOURT.

Look! here's more news.

Har. From enemies Heaven keep your majesty;
And when they stand against you may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of.
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large. [*Giving packet.*

K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me; now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Clar. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up

War. Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Clar. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs.
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin, that life looks through and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfathered heirs and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leaped them over.
Clar. The river hath thrice flowed, no ebb between;
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great-grandsire Edward sicked and died.
War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.
P. Humph. This apoplexy will certain be his end.
K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber: softly, pray.
[*They place the* KING *on a bed in an inner part of the room.*
Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my wearied spirit.
War. Call for the music in the other room.
K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.
Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.
War. Less noise, less noise!

Enter Prince HENRY.

P. Hen. Who saw the Duke of Clarence?
Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.
P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad.
How doth the king?
P. Humph. Exceeding ill.
P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.
P. Humph. He altered much upon the hearing it.
P. Hen. If he be sick with joy, he will recover without physic.
War. Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet prince, speak low;
The king, your father, is disposed to sleep.
Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?
P. Hen. No; I will sit and watch here by the king.
[*Exeunt all but Prince* HENRY
Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bedfellow?
O polished perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now,
Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet
As he whose brow with homely biggin bound
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty,
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety! By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorced
So many English kings. Thy due from me
Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits,—
[*Putting it on his head*
Which Heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me. This from thee
Will I to mine leave as 'tis left to me. [*Exit*
K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter WARWICK *and the rest.*

Clar. Doth the king call?
War. What would your majesty? how fares your grace?

K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?
Clar. We left the prince, my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.
K. Hen. The Prince of Wales? where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.
War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stayed.
K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?—
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—
Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither,
[*Exit* WARWICK.
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly Nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleeps with thought, their brains with care,
Their bones with industry; for this they have
Engrossèd and piled up the cankered heaps
Of strange-achievèd gold; for this they have
Been thoughtful to invest their sons with arts
And martial exercise: when, like the bee,
Culling from every flower the virtuous sweets,
Our thighs packèd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
Are murdered for our pains. This bitter taste
Yields his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter WARWICK

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determined me?
War. My Lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny which never quaffed but blood
Would, by beholding him, have washed his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince HENRY.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, *Prince* HUMPHREY, *Lords, &c.*
P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought·
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth,
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou hast sealed up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What, canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself,
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crownèd, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form:
Harry the Fifth is crowned!—Up, vanity!
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now
From every region apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways,
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England shall double gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curbed license plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent,
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows,
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!

P. Hen. [*Kneeling.*] O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke
Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown:
And He that wears the crown immortally
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more
Than as your honour and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,

Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die,
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposèd!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto the crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it: 'The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore thou, best of gold, art worst of gold,
Other less fine in carat is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honoured, most renowned,
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murdered my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. Hen. O my son,
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry: sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel

That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seemed in me
But as an honour snatched with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to uphraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposèd peace. All these bold fears
Thou seest with peril I have answerèd;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument: and now my death
Changes the mode; for what in me was purchased,
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;
So thou the garland wear'st successively.
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough; since griefs are green,
And all my foes, which thou must make thy friends,
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whose fell working I was first advanced,
And by whose power I might well lodge a fear
To be again displaced: which to avoid,
I cut some off, and had a purpose now
To lead out many to the Holy Land,
Lest rest and lying still might make them look
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels, that action hence borne out
May waste the memory of the former days.
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God forgive;

And grant it may with thee in true peace live!
P. Hen. My gracious liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right must my possession be:
Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

Enter Prince JOHN *of* LANCASTER, WARWICK, *Lords, and others.*

K. Hen. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster
P. John. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father!
K. Hen. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John;
But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare withered trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.—
Where is my Lord of Warwick?
P. Hen. My Lord of Warwick!
K. Hen. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?
War. 'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord.
K. Hen. Laud be to God!—even there my life must end.
It hath been prophesied to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.—
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV.*

XV

Agincourt

Chorus

NOW entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch :
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umbered face :
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation :
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice ;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger ; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold

The royal captain of this ruined band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, "Praise and glory on his head!"
For forth he goes and visits all his host;
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watchèd night,
But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
[illegible]o our scene must to the battle fly;
[illegible]e—O for pity!—we shall much disgrace
W[illegible] four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Rig[illegible] ill-disposed, in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see;
Minding true things by what their mockeries be. [*Exit.*

SCENE. *The English Camp at Agincourt.*

Enter King HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOUCESTER.

K. Hen. Gloucester, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.—
Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,

Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all; admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham,
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say "Now lie I like a king."

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eased:
And when the mind is quickened, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
With casted slough and fresh legerity.
Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glo. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in Heaven bless thee, noble Harry!
[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, *and* ERPINGHAM.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common, and popular?
K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.
Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?
K. Hen. Even so. Who are you?
Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor.
K. Hen. Then you are a better than the king.
Pist. The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant:
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?
K. Hen. Harry *le Roi.*
Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?
K. Hen. No; I am a Welshman.
Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?
K. Hen. Yes.
Pist. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's Day.
K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.
Pist. Art thou his friend?
K. Hen. And his kinsman too.
Pist. The fico for thee, then!
K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you!
Pist. My name is Pistol called. [*Exit.*
K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!—
Flu. So!—in the name of Chesu Christ, speak lower.—It is the greatest admiration in the universal orld, when the true and auncient prerogatifs and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you,

that there is no tiddle-taddle nor pibble-pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb?—in your own conscience, now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and peseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt* GOWER *and* FLUELLEN.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, *and* MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be washed off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the king?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his naked-

ness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck;—and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king: I think he would not wish himself anywhere but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die anywhere so contented as in the king's company,—his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, "We died at such a place"; some swearing; some crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of anything, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it

will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation;—but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is His beadle, war is His vengeance: so that here men are punished for before-breach of the king's laws in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish. Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that, making God so free an offer,

He let him outlive that day to see His greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransomed.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully; but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. 'Mass, you'll pay him then. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and a private displeasure can do against a monarch! You may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest as well be hanged.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell them to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns; and to-morrow the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the king!—let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins, lay on the king!
We must bear all. O hard condition.
Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony,—save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being feared
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:

I am a king that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcèd title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body filled and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread;
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. [*Kneeling.*] O God of battles! steel my soldiers hearts;

Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposèd numbers
Pluck their hearts from them! Not to-day, O Lord!
O! not to-day, think upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interrèd new,
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
Than from it issued forcèd drops of blood;
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their withered hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. My liege!

K. Hen. [*Afoot.*] My brother Gloucester's voice! Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me. [*Exeunt*

SCENE.—*The English Camp.*

Enter the English host; GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glou. Where is the king?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God b' wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu!

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:
And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art framed of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit* SALISBURY.

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so?
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian:

He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say "To-morrow is Saint Crispian":
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say "These wounds I had on Crispin's day."
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day; then shall our names
Familiar in his mouth as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be rememberèd;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter SALISBURY

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this battle out!
K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwished five thousand men
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assurèd overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.
K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?
Mont. The Constable of France.
K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be famed; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark, then, abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,

Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly :—tell the constable
We are but warriors for the working-day ;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirched
With rainy marching in the painful field ;
There's not a piece of feather in our host—
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly—
And time hath worn us into slovenry :
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim ;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this,—
As, if God please, they shall,—my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour ;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald :
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints,—
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so, fare thee well :
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away :
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day ! *Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*Part of the Field.*

Alarums. Enter King HENRY *and forces,* EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen :
But all's not done ; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteeped,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud, "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words I came and cheered him up:
He smiled me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kissed his lips:
And so espoused to death, with blood he sealed
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopped;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.— [*Alarum*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
The French have reinforced their scattered men:—
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald,—are the dead numbered?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughtered French.

[*Delivers a paper.*

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the king;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty-six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubbed knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:
Charles Delabret, high constable of France,
Jacques of Chatillon, admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guiscard Dauphin:
John Duke of Alençon; Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy;
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead!

[*Herald presents another paper.*

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire;
None else of name; and of all other men

But five and twenty.—O God, thy arm was here:
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all!—When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock, and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is only thine!

Exe. 'Tis wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaimèd through our host
To boast of this, or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum.*
The dead with charity enclosed in clay,
We'll then to Calais; and to England then;
Where ne'er from France arrived more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the king
Towards Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your wingèd thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouthed sea,

Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king
Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace have thought, that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruisèd helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;
Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broachèd on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him:—
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The emperor's coming in behalf of France
To order peace between them, and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanced,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have played
The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.
Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [*Exit.*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V.*

XVI

From a Prison to the Throne

ON a certain day in the month of September, 1470, Nicholas Alwyn, citizen, passed out of the Tower of London and took his way to the city; and here, whatever credit that worthy and excellent personage may lose in certain eyes, his historian is bound to confess that no anxiety entirely distracted his attention from interest or ambition. To become the head of his class, to rise to the first honours of his beloved city of London, had become to Alwyn a hope and aspiration which was as much a part of his being, as glory to a warrior, or power to a king; and though more mechanically than with any sordid calculation or self-seeking, Alwyn repaired to his Ware in the Chepe. The streets, when he landed, already presented a different appearance from the disorder and tumult noticeable when he had before passed them. The citizens now had decided what course to adopt; and though the shops, or rather booths, were carefully closed, streamers of silk, cloth of arras and gold, were hung from the upper casements; the balconies were crowded with holiday gazers; the fickle populace (the same herd that had hooted the meek Henry, when led to the Tower) were now shouting, "A Warwick!" "A Clarence!" and pouring throng after throng to gaze upon the army, which, with the mayor and aldermen, had already entered the city. Having seen to the security of his costly goods, and praised his apprentices duly, for their care of his interests, and their abstinence from joining the crowd, Nicholas then repaired to the upper storey of his

house, and set forth from his casements and balcony the richest stuffs he possessed. However, there was his own shrewd, sarcastic smile on his firm lips, as he said to his apprentices, "When these are done with, lay them carefully by, against Edward of York's re-entry."

Meanwhile, preceded by trumpets, drums, and heralds, the Earl of Warwick and his royal son-in-law rode into the shouting city. Behind came the litter of the Duchess of Clarence, attended by the Earl of Oxford, Lord Fitzhugh, the Lords Stanley and Shrewsbury, Sir Robert de Lytton, and a princely cortége of knights, squires, and nobles; while, file upon file, rank upon rank, followed the long march of the unresisted armament.

Warwick, clad in complete armour of Milan steel—save the helmet, which was borne behind him by his squire—mounted on his own noble Saladin, preserved upon a countenance so well suited to command the admiration of a populace, the same character as heretofore of manly majesty and lofty frankness. But to a nearer and more searching gaze than was likely to be bent upon him in such an hour, the dark deep traces of care, anxiety, and passion, might have been detected in the lines which now thickly intersected the forehead, once so smooth and furrowless; and his kingly eye, not looking, as of old, right forward as he moved, cast unquiet, searching glances about him and around, as he bowed his bare head from side to side of the welcoming thousands.

A far greater change, to outward appearance, was visible in the fair young face of the Duke of Clarence. His complexion, usually sanguine and blooming, like his elder brother's, was now little less pale than that of Richard. A sullen, moody, discontented expression, which not all the heartiness of the greetings he received could dispel, contrasted forcibly with the good-humoured laughing recklessness, which had once drawn a "God bless him!" from all on whom rested his light-blue joyous eye. He was unarmed,

save by a corselet richly embossed with gold. His short manteline of crimson velvet, his hosen of white cloth laced with gold, and his low horseman's boots of Spanish leather curiously carved and broidered, with long golden spurs, his plumed and jewelled cap, his white charger with housings enriched with pearls and blazing with cloth of gold, his broad collar of precious stones, with the order of St. George; his general's truncheon raised aloft, and his Plantagenet banner borne by the herald over his royal head, caught the eyes of the crowd, only the more to rivet them on an aspect ill-fitting the triumph of a bloodless victory. At his left hand, where the breadth of the streets permitted, rode Henry Lee, the mayor, uttering no word, unless appealed to, and then answering but with chilling reverence and dry monosyllables.

A narrow winding in the streets, which left Warwick and Clarence alone side by side, gave the former the opportunity he had desired.

"How, Prince and son," he said in a hollow whisper, "is it with this brow of care that thou saddenest our conquest, and enterest the capital we gain without a blow?"

"By St. George!" answered Clarence sullenly, and in the same tone; "thinkest thou it chafes not the son of Richard of York, after such toils and bloodshed, to minister to the dethronement of his kin and the restoration of the foe of his race?"

"Thou shouldst have thought of that before," returned Warwick, but with sadness and pity in the reproach.

"Ay, before Edward of Lancaster was made my lord and brother," retorted Clarence, bitterly.

"Hush!" said the Earl, "and calm thy brow. Not thus didst thou speak at Amboise; either thou wert then less frank or more generous. But regrets are vain: we have raised the whirlwind, and must rule it."

And with that, in the action of a man who would escape his own thoughts, Warwick made his black steed demi-

volte; and the crowd shouted again the louder at the Earl's gallant horsemanship, and Clarence's dazzling collar of jewels.

While thus the procession of the victors, the nominal object of all this mighty and sudden revolution—of this stir and uproar—of these shining arms and flaunting banners,—of this heaven or hell in the deep passions of men—still remained in his prison-chamber of the Tower, a true type of the thing factions contend for; absent, insignificant, unheeded, and, save by a few of the leaders and fanatical priests, absolutely forgotten.

To this solitary chamber we are now transported; yet solitary is a word of doubtful propriety; for though the royal captive was alone, so far as the human species make up a man's companionship and solace—though the faithful gentlemen, Manning, Belle, and Allerton, had, on the news of Warwick's landing, been thrust from his chamber, and were now in the ranks of his new and strange defenders, yet power and jealousy had not left his captivity all forsaken. There was still the starling in its cage, and the fat, asthmatic spaniel still wagged its tail at the sound of its master's voice, or the rustle of his long gown. And still from the ivory crucifix gleamed the sad and holy face of the God—present alway—and who, by faith and patience, linketh evermore grief to joy—but earth to heaven.

The august prisoner had not been so utterly cut off from all knowledge of the outer life as to be ignorant of some unwonted and important stir in the fortress and the city. The squire who had brought him his morning meal had been so agitated as to excite the captive's attention, and had then owned that the Earl of Warwick had proclaimed Henry King, and was on his march to London. But neither the squire nor any of the officers of the Tower, dared release the illustrious captive, nor even remove him as yet to the state apartments vacated by Elizabeth. They knew not what might be the pleasure of the stout Earl or

the Duke of Clarence, and feared over-officiousness might be their worst crime. But naturally imagining that Henry's first command, at the new position of things, might be for liberty, and perplexed whether to yield or refuse, they absented themselves from his summons, and left the whole Tower in which he was placed actually deserted.

From his casement the King could see, however, the commotion, and the crowds upon the wharf and river, with the gleam of arms and banners;—and hear the sounds of "A Warwick!" "A Clarence!" "Long live good Henry VI!" a strange combination of names, which disturbed and amazed him much. But by degrees, the unwonted excitement of perplexity and surprise settled back into the calm serenity of his most gentle mind and temper. That trust in an all-directing Providence to which he had schooled himself, had (if we may so say with reverence) driven his beautiful soul into the opposite error, so fatal to the affairs of life; the error that deadens and benumbs the energy of free will and the noble alertness of active duty. Why strain and strive for the things of this world? God would order all for the best. Alas! God hath placed us in this world, each, from king to peasant, with nerves, and hearts, and blood, and passions, to struggle with our kind; and, no matter how heavenly the goal, to labour with the million in the race!

"Forsooth," murmured the King, as, his hands clasped behind him, he paced slowly to and fro the floor, "this ill world seemeth but a feather, blown about by the winds, and never to be at rest. Hark! Warwick and King Henry—the lion and the lamb! Alack, and we are fallen on no Paradise, where such union were not a miracle! Foolish bird!"—and with a pitying smile upon that face whose holy sweetness might have disarmed a fiend, he paused before the cage and contemplated his fellow-captive —"Foolish bird, the uneasiness and turmoil without have reached even to thee. Thou beatest thy wings against the

wires—thou turnest thy bright eyes to mine restlessly. Why? Pantest thou to be free, silly one, that the hawk may swoop on its defenceless prey? Better, perhaps, the cage for thee, and the prison for thy master. Well, out if thou wilt! Here at least thou art safe!" and opening the cage the starling flew to his bosom, and nestled there, with its small clear voice mimicking the human sound.

"Poor Henry — poor Henry! Wicked men — poor Henry!"

The King bowed his meek head over his favourite, and the fat spaniel, jealous of the monopolised caress, came waddling towards its master, with a fond whine, and looked up at him with eyes that expressed more of faith and love than Edward of York, the ever wooing and ever wooed, had read in the gaze of woman.

With those companions, and with thoughts growing more and more composed, and rapt from all that had roused and vexed his interest in the forenoon, Henry remained till the hour had long passed for his evening meal. Surprised at last by a negligence which (to do his gaolers justice) had never before occurred, and finding no response to his hand-bell—no attendant in the ante-room—the outer doors locked as usual—but the sentinel's tread in the court below hushed and still, a cold thrill for a moment shot through his blood. "Was he left for hunger to do its silent work?" Slowly he bent his way from the outer rooms back to his chamber; and, as he passed the casement again, he heard, though far in the distance, through the dim air of the deepening twilight, the cry of "Long live King Henry!"

This devotion without—this neglect within, was a wondrous contrast! Meanwhile, the spaniel, with that instinct of fidelity which divines the wants of the master, had moved snuffling and smelling round and round the chambers till it stopped and scratched at a cupboard in the ante-room, and then with a joyful bark flew back to the King, and taking

the hem of his gown between its teeth, led him towards the spot it had discovered; and there, in truth, a few of those small cakes, usually served up for the night's livery, had been carelessly left. They sufficed for the day's food, and the King, the dog, and the starling shared them peacefully together. This done, Henry carefully replaced his bird in its cage, bade the dog creep to the hearth and lie still; passed on to his little oratory, with the relics of cross and saint strewed around the solemn image,—and in prayer forgot the world! Meanwhile darkness set in: the streets had grown deserted, save where in some nooks and by-lanes gathered groups of the soldiery; but for the most part the discipline in which Warwick held his army had dismissed those stern loiterers to the various quarters provided for them, and little remained to remind the peaceful citizens that a throne had been uprooted, and a revolution consummated that eventful day. It was at this time that a tall man, closely wrapped in his large horseman's cloak, passed along through the streets, and gained the Tower. At the sound of his voice by the great gate, the sentinel started in alarm; a few moments more, and all left to guard the fortress were gathered round him. From these he singled out one of the squires who usually attended Henry, and bade him light his steps to the King's chamber. As in that chamber Henry rose from his knees, he saw the broad red light of a torch flickering under the chinks of the threshold; he heard the slow tread of approaching footsteps, the spaniel uttered a low growl, its eyes sparkling,—the door opened, and the torch borne behind by the squire, and raised aloft so that its glare threw a broad light over the whole chamber, brought into full view the dark and haughty countenance of the Earl of Warwick.

The squire, at a gesture from the Earl, lighted the sconces on the wall, the tapers on the table, and quickly vanished. King-maker and King were alone! At the first sight of Warwick, Henry had turned pale, and receded

a few paces, with one hand uplifted in adjuration or command, while with the other he veiled his eyes—whether that this startled movement came from the weakness of bodily nerves, much shattered by sickness and confinement, or from the sudden emotions called forth by the aspect of one who had wrought him calamities so dire. But the craven's terror in the presence of a living foe, was, with all his meekness, all his holy abhorrence of wrath and warfare, as unknown to that royal heart as to the high blood of his Hero-sire. And so, after a brief pause, and a thought that took the shape of prayer, not for safety from peril, but for grace to forgive the past, Henry VI. advanced to Warwick, who still stood dumb by the threshold, combating with his own mingled and turbulent emotions of pride and shame, and said, in a voice majestic even from its very mildness—

"What tale of new woe and evil hath the Earl of Salisbury and Warwick come to announce to the poor captive who was once a king?"

"Forgive me! Forgiveness, Henry, my lord—Forgiveness!" exclaimed Warwick, falling on his knee. The meek reproach—the touching words—the mien and visage altered, since last beheld, from manhood into age—the grey hairs and bended form of the King, went at once to that proud heart; and as the Earl bent over the wan, thin hand, resigned to his lips, a tear upon its surface outsparkled all the jewels that it wore.

"Yet no," continued the Earl (impatient as proud men are to hurry from repentance to atonement, for the one is of humiliation and the other of pride),—"yet no, my liege—not now do I crave thy pardon. No; but when begirt, in the halls of thine ancestors, with the peers of England, the victorious banner of St. George waving above the throne which thy servant hath rebuilt—then, when the trumpets are sounding thy rights without the answer of a foe—then, when from shore to shore of fair England the

shout of thy people echoes to the vault of heaven—*then* will Warwick kneel again to King Henry, and sue for the pardon he hath not ignobly won!"

"Alack, sir!" said the King, with accents of mournful yet half-reproving kindness, "it was not amidst trumps and banners that the Son of God set mankind the exemplar and pattern of charity to foes. When thy hand struck the spurs from my heel—when thou didst parade me through the hooting crowd to this solitary cell, *then*, Warwick, I forgave thee, and prayed to heaven for pardon for *thee*, if thou didst wrong me—*for myself*, if a King's fault had deserved a subject's harshness. Rise, Sir Earl; our God is a jealous God, and the attitude of worship is for Him alone."

Warwick rose from his knee; and the King perceiving and compassionating the struggle which shook the strong man's breast, laid his hand on the Earl's shoulder, and said—"Peace be with thee!—thou hast done me no real harm. I have been as happy in these walls as in the green parks of Windsor; happier than in the halls of state, or in the midst of wrangling armies. What tidings now?"

"My liege, is it possible that you know not that Edward is a fugitive and a beggar, and that Heaven hath permitted me to avenge at once your injuries and my own? This day, without a blow, I have regained your city of London; its streets are manned with my army. From the council of peers, and warriors, and prelates, assembled at my house, I have stolen hither alone and in secret, that I might be the first to hail your Grace's restoration to the throne of Henry V."

The King's face so little changed at this intelligence, that its calm sadness almost enraged the impetuous Warwick, and with difficulty he restrained from giving utterance to the thought—"He is not worthy of a throne who cares so little to possess it."

"Well-a-day!" said Henry, sighing, "Heaven then hath sore trials yet in store for mine old age! Tray—Tray!"

and stooping, he gently patted his dog, who kept watch at his feet, still glaring suspiciously at Warwick—"We are both too old for the chase now!—Will you be seated, my lord?"

"Trust me," said the Earl, as he obeyed the command, having first set chair and footstool for the King, who listened to him with downcast eyes and his head drooping on his bosom—"trust me, your later days, my liege, will be free from the storms of your youth. All chance of Edward's hostility is expired. Your alliance, though I seem boastful so to speak—your alliance with one in whom the people can confide for some skill in war, and some more profound experience of the habits and tempers of your subjects than your former councillors could possess, will leave your honoured leisure free for the holy meditations it affects; and your glory, as your safety, shall be the care of men who can awe this rebellious world."

"Alliance!" said the King, who had caught but that one word. "Of what speakest thou, Sir Earl?"

"These missives will explain all, my liege. This letter from my lady the Queen Margaret, and this from your gracious son, the Prince of Wales."

"Edward! my Edward!" exclaimed the King, with a father's burst of emotion. "Thou hast seen him then?—bears he his health well?—is he of cheer and heart?"

"Ie is strong and fair, and full of promise, and brave as his grandsire's sword."

"And knows he—knows he well, that we all are the potter's clay in the hands of God?"

"My liege," said Warwick, embarrassed, "he has as much devotion as befits a Christian knight and a goodly prince."

"Ah!" sighed the King, "ye men of arms have strange thoughts on these matters;" and cutting the silk of the letters, he turned from the warrior. Shading his face with

his hand, the Earl darted his keen glance on the features of the King, as, drawing near to the table, the latter read the communications which announced his new connection with his ancient foe.

But Henry was at first so affected by the sight of Margaret's well-known hand, that he thrice put down her letter, and wiped the moisture from his eyes.

"My poor Margaret, how thou hast suffered!" he murmured; "these very characters are less firm and bold than they were. Well—well!" and at last he betook himself resolutely to the task. Once or twice his countenance changed, and he uttered an exclamation of surprise. But the proposition of a marriage between Prince Edward and the Lady Anne did not revolt his forgiving mind, as it had the haughty and stern temper of his consort. And when he had concluded his son's epistle, full of the ardour of his love and the spirit of his youth, the King passed his left hand over his brow, and then extending his right to Warwick, said, in accents which trembled with emotion—"Serve *my* son—since he is *thine*, too; give peace to this distracted kingdom—repair my errors—press not hard upon those who contend against us, and Jesu and his saints will bless this bond!"

The Earl's object, perhaps, in seeking a meeting with Henry so private and unwitnessed, had been, that none, not even his brother, might hearken to the reproaches he anticipated to receive, or say hereafter that he heard Warwick, returned as victor and avenger to his native land, descend, in the hour of triumph, to extenuation and excuse. So affronted, imperilled, or to use his own strong word, "so *despaired*," had he been in the former rule of Henry, that his intellect, which, however vigorous in his calmer moods, was liable to be obscured and dulled by his passions, had half confounded the gentle King with his ferocious wife and stern councillors, and he had thought he never could have humbled himself to the *man*, even

so far as knighthood's submission to Margaret's sex had allowed him to the woman. But the sweetness of Henry's manners and disposition—the saint-like dignity which he had manifested throughout this painful interview, and the touching grace and trustful generosity of his last words—words which consummated the Earl's large projects of ambition and revenge, had their effect upon Warwick.

"Perish your foes! May war and storm scatter them as the chaff! My liege, my royal master," continued the Earl, in a deep, low, faltering voice. "Why knew I not thy holy and princely heart before? Why stood so many between Warwick's devotion and a King so worthy to command it? How poor, beside thy great-hearted fortitude and thy Christian heroism, seems the savage valour of false Edward! Shame upon one who can betray the trust thou hast placed in him. Never will I! never! I swear it! No! though all England desert thee, I will stand alone with my breast of mail before thy throne! Oh, would that a hundred battle-fields were yet left to prove how deeply Warwick feels the forgiveness of his King!"

"Not so—not so—not so; not *battle-field*, Warwick!" said Henry. "Ask not to serve the King by shedding one subject's blood."

"Your pious will be obeyed!" replied Warwick. "We will see if mercy can effect in others what thy pardon effects in me. And now, my liege, no longer must these walls confine thee. What ho, there!" and going to the door he threw it open, and agreeably to the orders he had given below, all the officers left in the fortress stood crowded together in the small ante-room, bareheaded, with tapers in their hands, to conduct the monarch to the palace.

At the sudden sight of the Earl, these men burst forth with the rude retainer's cry, "A Warwick! a Warwick!"

"Silence!" thundered the Earl's deep voice. "Who names the subject in the sovereign's presence?"

The men, abashed by the reproof, bowed their heads and

HENRY VI. AND WARWICK.

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sank on their knees, as Warwick took a taper from the table, to lead the way from the prison.

Then Henry turned slowly, and gazed with a lingering eye upon the walls, which even sorrow and solitude had endeared. The little oratory—the crucifix—the relics—the embers burning low on the hearth—the rude time-piece—all took to his thoughtful eye an almost human aspect of melancholy and omen; and the bird, roused, whether by the glare of the lights, or the recent shout of the men, opened its bright eyes, and, fluttering restlessly to and fro, shrilled out its favourite sentence—"Poor Henry!—poor Henry!—wicked men!—who would be a King?"

"Thou hearest it, Warwick?" said Henry, shaking his head.

"Could an eagle speak, it would have another cry than the starling," returned the Earl with a proud smile.

"Why, look you," said the King, once more releasing the bird, which settled on his wrist, "the eagle had broken his heart in the narrow cage—the eagle had been no comforter for a captive; it is these gentler ones that love and soothe us best in our adversities. Tray, Tray, fawn not *now*, sirrah, or I shall think thou hast been false in thy fondness heretofore! Cousin, I attend you."

And with his bird on his wrist, his dog at his heels, Henry VI. followed the Earl to the illuminated hall of Edward, where the table was spread for the royal repast, and where his old friends, Manning, Bedle, and Allerton, stood weeping for joy; while from the gallery raised aloft, the musicians gave forth the rough and stirring melody which had gradually fallen out of usage, but which was once the Norman's national air, and which the warlike Margaret of Anjou had re taught to her minstrels—"THE BATTLE HYMN OF ROLLO."

—LORD LYTTON, *Last of the Barons.*

XVII

King and King Maker

RAW, cold, and dismal dawned the morning of the fourteenth of April, 1471. The heavy mist still covered both armies, but their hum and stir was already heard through the gloaming—the neighing of steeds, and the clangour of mail. Occasionally a movement of either force made dim form, seeming gigantic through the vapour, indistinctly visible to the antagonist army; and there was something ghastly and unearthlike in these ominous shapes, suddenly seen, and suddenly vanishing, amidst the sullen atmosphere. By this time, Warwick had discovered a mistake of his gunners; for, to the right of the earl, the silence of the Yorkists was still unbroken, while abruptly, from the thick gloom to the left, broke the hoarse mutter and low growl of the awakening war. Not a moment was lost by the earl in repairing the error of the night: his artillery wheeled rapidly from the right wing, and, sudden as a storm of lightning, the fire from the cannon flashed through the dun and heavy vapour: and not far from the very spot where Hastings was marshalling the wing entrusted to his command, made a deep chasm in the serried ranks. Death had begun his feast!

At that moment, however, from the centre of the Yorkist army, arose, scarcely drowned by the explosion, that deep toned shout of enthusiasm, which he who has once heard it, coming, as it were, from the one heart of an armed multitude, will ever recall as the most kindling and glorious sound which ever quickened the pulse and thrilled the

blood,—for along that part of the army now rode King Edward. His mail was polished as a mirror, but otherwise unadorned, resembling that which now invests his effigies at the Tower, and the housings of his steed were spangled with silver-suns, for the silver sun was the cognizance on all his banners. His head was bare, and through the hazy atmosphere the gold of his rich locks seemed literally to shine. Followed by his body squire, with his helm and lance, and the lords in his immediate staff, his truncheon in his hand, he passed slowly along the steady line, till, halting where he deemed his voice could be farthest heard, he reined in, and lifting his hand, the shout of the soldiery was hushed,—though still, while he spoke, from Warwick's archers came the arrowy shower, and still the gloom was pierced and the hush interrupted by the flash and the roar of the bombards.

"Englishmen and friends," said the martial chief, "to bold deeds go but few words. Before you is the foe! From Ravenspur to London I have marched—treason flying from my sword, loyalty gathering to my standard. With but two thousand men, on the fourteenth of March, I entered England—on the fourteenth of April, fifty thousand is my muster-roll. Who shall say, then, that I am not king, when one month mans a monarch army, from his subjects' love? And well know ye, now, that my cause is yours and England's! Those against us are men who would rule in despite of law—barons whom I gorged with favours, and who would reduce this fair realm of King, Lords, and Commons, to be the appanage and property of one man's measureless ambition—the park, forsooth, the homestead to Lord Warwick's private house! Ye gentlemen and knights of England, let them and their rabble prosper, and your properties will be despoiled—your lives insecure—all law struck dead. What differs Richard of Warwick from Jack Cade, save that if his name is nobler, so is his treason greater? Commoners and soldiers of England—freemen, however humble—what do these rebel

lords (who would rule in the name of Lancaster) desire? To induce you to villeins and to bondsmen, as your forefathers were to them. Ye owe freedom from the barons to the just laws of my sires, your kings. Gentlemen and knights, commoners and soldiers, Edward IV. upon his throne will not profit by a victory more than you. This is no war of dainty chivalry—it is a war of true men against false. No quarter! Spare not either knight or hilding. Warwick, forsooth, will not smite the commons. Truly not —the rabble are his friends. I say to you——" and Edward, pausing in the excitement and sanguinary fury of his tiger nature—the soldiers, heated like himself to the thirst of blood, saw his eyes sparkle, and his teeth gnash, as he added in a deeper and lower, but not less audible voice, "I say to you, SLAY ALL! What heel spares the viper's brood?"

"We will—we will!" was the horrid answer, which came hissing and muttered forth from morion and cap of steel.

"Hark to their bombards!" resumed Edward. "The enemy would fight from afar, for they excel us in their archers and gunners. Upon them, then—hand to hand—and man to man! Advance banners—sound trumpets! Sir Oliver, my bassinet! Soldiers, if my standard falls, look for the plume upon your king's helmet! Charge!"

Then, with a shout wilder and louder than before, on through the hail of the arrows—on through the glare of the bombards—rather with a rush than in a march, advanced Edward's centre against the array of Somerset. But from a part of the encampment where the circumvallation seemed strongest, a small body of men moved not with the general body.

To the left of the churchyard of Hadley, at this day, the visitor may notice a low wall; on the other side of that wall is a garden, then but a rude eminence on Gladsmoor Heath. On that spot a troop in complete armour, upon destriers pawing impatiently, surrounded a man upon a sorry palfrey,

and in a gown of blue—the colour of royalty and of servitude,—that man was Henry the Sixth. In the same space stood Friar Bungey, his foot on the Eureka, muttering incantations, that the mists he had foretold, and which had protected the Yorkists from the midnight guns, might yet last, to the confusion of the foe.

We must now rapidly survey the dispositions of the army under Warwick. In the right wing, the command was intrusted to the Earl of Oxford and the Marquis of Montagu. The former, who led the cavalry of that division, was stationed in the van; the latter, according to his usual habit—surrounded by a strong body-guard of knights and a prodigious number of squires as aides-de-camp—remained at the rear, and directed thence, by his orders, the general movement. In this wing, the greater number were Lancastrian, jealous of Warwick, and only consenting to the generalship of Montagu, because shared by their favourite hero, Oxford. In the mid-space lay the chief strength of the bowmen, with a goodly number of pikes and bills, under the Duke of Somerset; and this division also was principally Lancastrian, and shared the jealousy of Oxford's soldiery. The left wing, composed for the most of Warwick's yeomanry and retainers, was commanded by the Duke of Exeter, conjointly with the Earl himself. Both armies kept a considerable band in reserve, and Warwick, besides this resource, had selected from his own retainers a body of picked archers, whom he had skilfully placed in the outskirts of a wood that then stretched from Wrotham Park to the column that now commemorates the battle of Barnet, on the high northern road. He had guarded these last-mentioned archers (where exposed in front to Edward's horsemen) by strong, tall barricades, leaving only such an opening as would allow one horseman at a time to pass, and defending by a formidable line of pikes this narrow opening left for communication, and to admit to a place of refuge in case of need. These dispositions made, and ere

yet Edward had advanced on Somerset, the earl rode to the front of the wing under his special command, and, agreeably to the custom of the times, observed by his royal foe, harangued the troops. Here were placed those who loved him as a father, and venerated him as something superior to mortal man—here, the retainers who had grown up with him from his childhood—who had followed him to his first fields of war—who had lived under the shelter of his many castles, and fed in that rude equality of a more primæval age, which he lo[illegible]d still to maintain at his lavish board. And now Lord Warwick's coal-black steed halted, motionless, in the van. His squire behind bore his helmet, overshadowed by the eagle of Mouthermer, the outstretched wings of which spread wide into sable plumes: and as the earl's noble face turned full and calm upon the bristling lines, there arose not the vulgar uproar that greeted the aspect of the young Edward. By one of those strange sympathies which pass through multitudes, and seize them with a common feeling, the whole body of those adoring vassals became suddenly aware of the change which a year had made in the face of their chief and father. They saw the grey flakes in his Jove-like curls—the furrows in that lofty brow—the hollows in that bronzed and manly visage, which had seemed to their rude admiration to wear the stamp of the twofold Divinity—Beneficence and Valour. A thrill of tenderness and awe shot through the veins of every one—tears of devotion rushed into many a hardy eye. No—*there* was not the ruthless captain addressing his hireling butchers, it *was* the chief and father rallying gratitude, and love, and reverence, to the crisis of his stormy fate.

"My friends, my followers, and my children," said the earl, "the field we have entered is one from which there is no retreat; here must your leader conquer, or here die. It is not a parchment pedigree—it is not a name, derived from the ashes of dead men, that make the only charter of a

king. We Englishmen were but slaves, if, in giving crown and sceptre to a mortal like ourselves, we asked not in return the kingly virtues. Beset, of old, by evil counsellors, the reign of Henry VI. was obscured, and the weal of the realm endangered. Mine own wrongs seemed to me great, but the disasters of my country not less. I deemed that in the race of York, England would know a wiser and happier rule. What was, in this, mine error, ye partly know. A prince dissolved in luxurious vices—a nobility degraded by minions and blood-suckers—a people plundered by purveyors, and a land disturbed by brawl and riot. But ye know not all: God makes man's hearth man's altar—our hearths were polluted—our wives and daughters were viewed as harlots—and lechery ruled the realm. A king's word should be fast as the pillars of the world. What man ever trusted Edward and was not deceived? Even now the unknightly liar stands in arms with the weight of perjury on his soul. In his father's town of York, ye know that he took, three short weeks since, solemn oath of fealty to King Henry. And now King Henry is his captive, and King Henry's holy crown upon his traitor's head—'traitors' calls he Us? What name, then, rank enough for him? Edward gave the promise of a brave man, and I served him. He proved a base, a false, a licentious, and a cruel king, and I forsook him; may all free hearts in all free lands so serve kings when they become tyrants! Ye fight against a cruel and a torcious usurper, whose bold hand cannot sanctify a black heart—ye fight not only for King Henry, the meek and the godly—ye fight not for him alone, but for his young and princely son, the grandchild of Henry of Agincourt, who, old men tell me, has that hero's face, and who, I know, has that hero's frank and royal and noble soul—ye fight for the freedom of your land, for the honour of your women, for what is better than any king's cause—for justice and mercy—for truth and manhood's virtues against corruption in the laws, slaughter by the

scaffold, falsehood in a ruler's lips, and shameless harlotry in the councils of ruthless power. The order I have ever given in war, I give now;—we war against the leaders of evil, not against the hapless tools—we war against our oppressors, not against our misguided brethren. Strike down every plumed crest, but when the strife is over spare every common man! Hark! while I speak, I hear the march of your foe! Up standards!—blow trumpets! And now, as I brace my bassinet, may God grant us all a glorious victory, or a glorious grave. On, my merry men! show these London loons the stout hearts of Warwickshire and Yorkshire. On, my merry men! A Warwick! a Warwick!"

As he ended, he swung lightly over his head the terrible battle-axe which had smitten down, as the grass before the reaper, the chivalry of many a field; and ere the last blast of the trumpets died, the troops of Warwick and of Gloucester met, and mingled hand to hand.

Although the earl had, on discovering the position of the enemy, moved some of his artillery from his right wing, yet there still lay the great number and strength of his force. And, there, therefore, Montagu, rolling troop on troop to the aid of Oxford, pressed so overpoweringly upon the soldiers under Hastings, that the battle very soon wore a most unfavourable aspect for the Yorkists. It seemed, indeed, that the success which had always hitherto attended the military movements of Montagu, was destined for a crowning triumph. Stationed, as we have said, in the rear, with his light-armed squires, upon fleet steeds, around him, he moved the springs of the battle with the calm sagacity which at that moment no chief in either army possessed. Hastings was thoroughly out-flanked, and, though his men fought with great valour, they could not resist the weight of superior numbers.

In the midst of the carnage in the centre, Edward reined in his steed, as he heard the cry of victory in the gale—

"By heaven!" he exclaimed, "our men at the left are cravens—they fly! they fly!—Ride to Lord Hastings, Sir Humphrey Bourchier, bid him defile hither what men are left him; and now, ere our fellows are well aware what hath chanced yonder, charge we, knights and gentlemen, on, on!—break Somerset's line; on, on, to the heart of the rebel earl!"

Then, visor closed, lance in rest, Edward and his cavalry dashed through the archers and billmen of Somerset; clad in complete mail, impervious to the weapons of the infantry, they slaughtered as they rode, and their way was marked by corpses and streams of blood. Fiercest and fellest of all, was Edward himself; when his lance shivered, and he drew his knotty mace from its sling by the saddle-bow, woe to all who attempted to stop his path. Vain alike steel helmet or leathern cap, jerkin or coat of mail. In vain Somerset threw himself into the *mêlée*. The instant Edward and his cavalry had made a path through the lines for his foot soldiers, the fortunes of the day were half retrieved. It was no rapid passage, pierced and reclosed, that he desired to effect, it was the wedge in the oak of war. There, rooted in the very midst of Somerset's troops, doubling on each side, passing on but to return again, where helm could be crashed and man overthrown, the mighty strength of Edward widened the breach more and more, till faster and faster poured in his bands, and the centre of Warwick's army seemed to reel and whirl round the broadening gap through its ranks,—as the waves round some chasm in a maëlstrom.

But in the interval, the hard-pressed troops commanded by Hastings were scattered and dispersed; driven from the field, they fled in numbers through the town of Barnet; many halted not till they reached London, where they spread the news of the earl's victory and Edward's ruin.

Meanwhile Hastings, with a small body of horse, who, being composed of knights and squires specially singled

out for the sword, fought with the pride of disdainful gentlemen and the fury of desperate soldiers—finding it impossible to lure back the fugitives, hewed their own way through Oxford's ranks, to the centre, where they brought fresh aid to the terrible arm of Edward.

The mist still continued so thick that Montagu was unable to discern the general prospects of the field. But calm and resolute in his post, amidst the arrows which whirled round him and often struck, blunted, against his Milan mail, the marquis received the reports of his aides-de-camp (may that modern word be pardoned?) as one after one they emerged through the fog to his side.

"Well," he said, as one of these messengers now spurred to the spot, "we have beaten off Hastings and his hirelings; but I see not 'the Silver Star' of Lord Oxford's banner."

"Lord Oxford, my lord, has followed the enemy he routed to the farthest verge of the heath."

"Saints help us! Is Oxford thus headstrong? He will ruin all if he be decoyed from the field! Ride back, sir! Yet—hold!" as another of the aides-de-camp appeared. "What news from Lord Warwick's wing?"

"Sore beset, hold marquis. Gloucester's line seems countless; it already outflanks the earl. The duke himself seems inspired by hell! Twice has his slight arm braved even the earl's battle-axe, which spared the boy but smote to the dust his comrades!"

"Well, and what of the centre, sir?" as a third form now arrived.

"There rages Edward in person. He hath pierced into the midst. But Somerset still holds on gallantly!"

Montagu turned to the first aide-de camp.

"Ride, sir! Quick! This to Oxford—No pursuit! Bid him haste, with all his men, to the left wing, and smite Gloucester in the rear. Ride, ride—for life and victory! If he come but in time, the day is ours!"

The aide-de-camp darted off, and the mist swallowed up horse and horseman.

"Sound trumpets to the return!" said the marquis;—then, after a moment's musing—"Though Oxford hath drawn off our main force of cavalry, we have still some stout lances left; and Warwick must be strengthened. On to the earl! *Laissez aller!* A Montagu! a Montagu!" And lance in rest, the marquis and the knights immediately around him, and hitherto not personally engaged, descended the hillock at a hand gallop, and were met by a troop outnumbering their own, and commanded by the Lords D'Eyncourt and Say.

At this time, Warwick was indeed in the same danger that had routed the troops of Hastings; for, by a similar position, the strength of the hostile numbers being arrayed with Gloucester, the duke's troops had almost entirely surrounded him. And Gloucester himself wondrously approved the trust that had consigned to his stripling arm the flower of the Yorkist army. Through the mists, the blood-red manteline he wore over his mail, the grinning teeth of the boar's head which crested his helmet, flashed and gleamed wherever his presence was most needed to encourage the flagging or spur on the fierce. And there seemed to both armies something ghastly and preternatural in the savage strength of this small, slight figure thus startlingly caparisoned, and which was heard evermore uttering its sharp war-cry—"Gloucester to the onslaught! Down with the rebels, down!"

But still the untiring might of Warwick defied the press of numbers that swept round him, tide upon tide. Through the mists, his black armour, black plume, black steed, gloomed forth like one thundercloud in the midst of a dismal heaven. The noble charger bore along that mighty rider, animating, guiding all, with as much ease and lightness as the racer bears its puny weight; the steed itself was scarce less terrible to encounter than the sweep of the rider's axe.

Protected from arrow and lance by a coat of steel, the long chaffron or pike which projected from its barbed frontal dropped with gore as it scoured along. No line of men, however serried, could resist the charge of that horse and horseman. And vain even Gloucester's dauntless presence and thrilling battle-cry, when the stout earl was seen looming through the vapour, and his cheerful shout was heard, "My merry men, fight on!"

For a third time, Gloucester, spurring forth from his recoiling and shrinking followers, bending low over his saddle-bow, covered by his shield, and with the tenth lance (his favourite weapon, because the one in which skill best supplied strength) he had borne that day, launched himself upon the vast bulk of his tremendous foe. With that dogged energy—that rapid calculation, which made the basis of his character, and which ever clove through all obstacles at the one that, if destroyed, destroyed the rest,—in that, his first great battle, as in his last at Bosworth, he singled out the leader, and rushed upon the giant as the mastiff on the horns and dewlap of the bull. Warwick, in the broad space which his arm had made around him in the carnage, reined in as he saw the foe, and recognised the grizzly cognizance and scarlet mantle of his godson. And even in that moment, with all his heated blood and his remembered wrong, and his imminent peril, his generous and lion heart felt a glow of admiration at the valour of the boy he had trained to arms—of the son of the beloved York. "His father little thought," muttered the earl, "that that arm should win glory against his old friend's life!" And as the half-uttered word died on his lips, the well-poised lance of Gloucester struck full upon his bassinet, and, despite the earl's horsemanship and his strength, made him reel in his saddle, while the prince shot by, and suddenly wheeling round, cast away the shivered lance, and assailed him sword in hand.

"Back, Richard—boy, back!" said the earl, in a voice

that sounded hollow through his helmet—"It is not against thee that my wrongs call for blood—pass on!"

"Not so, Lord Warwick," answered Richard, in a sobered and almost solemn voice, dropping for the moment the point of his sword, and raising his visor, that he might be the better heard,—"On the field of battle, all memories, sweet in peace, must die! St. Paul be my judge, that even in this hour I love you well; but I love renown and glory more. On the edge of my sword sit power and royalty, and what high souls prize most—ambition; these would nerve me against mine own brother's breast, were that breast my barrier to an illustrious future. Thou hast given thy daughter to another! I smite the father to regain my bride. Lay on and spare not!—for he who hates the most would prove not so fell a foe as the man who sees his fortunes made or marred—his love crushed or yet crowned, as this day's battle closes in triumph or defeat.—REBEL, DEFEND THYSELF!"

No time was left for further speech; for as Richard's sword descended, two of Gloucester's followers, Parr and Milwater by name, dashed from the halting lines at the distance, and bore down to their young prince's aid. At the same moment, Sir Marmaduke Nevile and the Lord Fitzhugh spurred from the opposite line; and thus encouraged, the band on either side came boldly forward, and the *mêlée* grew fierce and general. But still Richard's sword singled out the earl, and still the earl, parrying his blows, dealt his own upon meaner heads. Crushed by one swoop of the axe, fell Milwater to the earth—down, as again it swung on high, fell Sir Humphrey Bourchier, who had just arrived to Gloucester with messages from Edward, never uttered in the world below. Before Marmaduke's lance fell Sir Thomas Parr; and these three corpses making a barrier between Gloucester and the earl, the duke turned fiercely upon Marmaduke, while the earl, wheeling round, charged into the midst of the hostile line, which scattered to the right and left.

"On! my merry men, on!" rang once more through the heavy air. "They give way—the London tailors—on!" and on dashed, with their joyous cry, the merry men of Yorkshire and Warwick, the warrior-yeomen! Separated thus from his great foe, Gloucester, after unhorsing Marmaduke, galloped off to sustain that part of his following which began to waver and retreat before the rush of Warwick and his chivalry.

This, in truth, was the regiment recruited from the loyalty of London, and little accustomed, we trow, were the worthy heroes of Cockaigne to the discipline of arms, nor trained to that stubborn resistance which makes, under skilful leaders, the English *peasants* the most enduring soldiery that the world has known since the day when the Roman sentinel perished amidst the falling columns and lava floods, rather than, though society itself dissolved, forsake his post unbidden. "St. Thomas defend us!" muttered a worthy tailor, who, in the flush of his valour, when safe in the Chepe, had consented to bear the rank of lieutenant—"it is not reasonable to expect men of pith and substance to be crushed into jellies, and carved into subtleties by horse-hoofs and pole-axes. Right about face! Fly!"—and throwing down his sword and shield, the lieutenant fairly took to his heels as he saw the charging column, headed by the raven steed of Warwick, come giant-like through the fog. The terror of one man is contagious, and the Londoners actually turned their backs, when Nicholas Alwyn cried, in his shrill voice and northern accent, "Out on you! What will the girls say of us in Eastgate and the Chepe?—Hurrah for the bold hearts of London!—Round me, stout 'prentices! let the boys shame the men! This shaft for Cockaigne!" And as the troop turned irresolute, and Alwyn's arrow left his bow, they saw a horseman by the side of Warwick reel in his saddle and fall at once to the earth, and so great evidently was the rank of the fallen man, that even Warwick reined in, and

the charge halted midway in its career. It was no less a person than the Duke of Exeter whom Alwyn's shaft had disabled for the field. This incident, coupled with the hearty address of the stout goldsmith, served to reanimate the flaggers, and Gloucester, by a circuitous route, reaching their line a moment after, they dressed their ranks, and a flight of arrows followed their loud "Hurrah for London Town!"

But the charge of Warwick had only halted, and (while the wounded Exeter was borne back by his squires to the rear) it dashed into the midst of the Londoners, threw their whole line into confusion, and drove them, despite all the efforts of Gloucester, far back along the plain. This well-timed exploit served to extricate the earl from the main danger of his position; and, hastening to improve his advantage, he sent forthwith to command the reserved forces under Lord St. John, the Knight of Lytton, Sir John Coniers, Dymoke, and Robert Hilyard, to bear down to his aid.

At this time, Edward had succeeded, after a most stubborn fight, in effecting a terrible breach through Somerset's wing; and the fogs continued still so dense and mirk that his foe itself—for Somerset had prudently drawn back to reform his disordered squadron—seemed vanished from the field. Halting now, as through the dim atmosphere came from different quarters the many battle-cries of that feudal-day, by which alone he could well estimate the strength or weakness of those in the distance, his calmer genius as a general cooled, for a time, his individual ferocity of knight and soldier. He took his helmet from his brow to listen with greater certainty; and the lords and riders round him were well content to take breath and pause from the weary slaughter.

The cry of "Gloucester to the *onslaught!*" was heard no more. Feebler and feebler, scatteringly as it were, and here and there, the note had changed into "Gloucester to the *rescue!*"

Farther off rose, mingled and blent together, the opposing shouts—"A Montagu—a Montagu!"—"Strike for D'Eyncourt and King Edward!"—"A Say—a Say!"

"Ha!" said Edward thoughtfully, "bold Gloucester fails—Montagu is bearing on to Warwick's aid—Say and D'Eyncourt stop his path. Our doom looks dark! Ride, Hastings—ride; retrieve thy laurels, and bring up the reserve under Clarence. But harkye, leave not his side—he may desert again! Ho! ho! Again, 'Gloucester to the rescue!' Ah! how lustily sounds the cry of 'Warwick'! By the flaming sword of St. Michael we will slacken that haughty shout, or be evermore dumb ourself, ere the day be an hour nearer to the eternal judgment!"

Deliberately, Edward rebraced his helm, and settled himself in his saddle, and with his knights riding close each to each, that they might not lose themselves in the darkness, regained his infantry, and led them on to the quarter where the war now raged fiercest, round the black steed of Warwick and the blood-red manteline of the fiery Richard.

It was now scarcely eight in the morning, though the battle had endured three hours; and, as yet, victory so inclined to the earl that nought but some dire mischance could turn the scale. Montagu had cut his way to Warwick; Somerset had re-established his array. The fresh vigour brought by the earl's reserve had well-nigh completed his advantage over Gloucester's wing. The new infantry under Hilyard, the unexhausted riders under Sir John Coniers and his knightly compeers, were dealing fearful havoc, as they cleared the plain; and Gloucester, fighting inch by inch, no longer outnumbering, but outnumbered, was driven nearer and nearer towards the town, when suddenly a pale, sickly, and ghost-like ray of sunshine, rather resembling the watery gleam of a waning moon than the radiance of the Lord of Light, broke through the mists, and showed to the earl's eager troops the banner and badges of a new array hurrying to the spot. "Behold," cried the young Lord Fitzhugh,

"the standard and badge of the Usurper—a silver sun! Edward himself is delivered into our hands! Upon them—bill and pike, lance and hrand, shaft and bolt! Upon them, and crown the day!

The same fatal error was shared by Hilyard, as he caught sight of the advancing troop, with their silvery cognizance. He gave the word, and every arrow left its string. At the same moment, as both horse and foot assailed the fancied foe, the momentary beam vanished from the heaven, the two forces mingled in the sullen mists, when, after a brief conflict, a sudden and horrible cry of "*Treason—Treason!*" resounded from either band. The shining star of Oxford, returning from the pursuit, had been mistaken for Edward's cognizance of the sun. Friend was slaughtering friend, and when the error was detected, each believed the other had deserted to the foe. In vain, here Montagu and Warwick, and there Oxford and his captains sought to dispel the confusion, and unite those whose blood had been fired against each other. While yet in doubt, confusion, and dismay, rushed full into the centre Edward of York himself, with his knights and riders; and his tossing banners, scarcely even yet distinguished from Oxford's starry ensigns, added to the general incertitude and panic. Loud in the midst rose Edward's trumpet voice, while *through* the midst, like one crest of foam upon a roaring sea, danced his plume of snow. Hark! again, again—near and nearer—the tramp of steeds, the clash of steel, the whiz and hiss of arrows, the shout of "Hastings to the onslaught!" Fresh, and panting for glory and for blood, came on King Edward's large reserve: from all the scattered parts of the field spurred the Yorkist knights, where the uproar, so much mightier than before, told them that the crisis of the war was come. Thither, as vultures to the carcase, they flocked and wheeled; thither D'Eyncourt and Lovell, and Cromwell's bloody sword, and Say's knotted mace; and thither, again rallying his late half-beaten myrmidons, the grim Gloucester, his

helmet bruised and dinted, but the boar's teeth still gnashing wrath and horror from the grisly crest. But direst and most hateful of all in the eyes of the yet undaunted earl, thither, plainly visible, riding scarcely a yard before him, with the cognizance of Clare wrought on his gay mantle, and in all the pomp and bravery of a holiday suit, came the perjured Clarence. Conflict now it could scarce be called: as well might the Dane have rolled back the sea from his footstool as Warwick and his disordered troop (often and aye dazzled here by Oxford's star, there by Edward's sun, dealing random blows against each other) have resisted the general whirl and torrent of the surrounding foe. To add to the rout, Somerset and the onguard of his wing had been marching towards the earl at the very time that the cry of "treason" had struck their ears, and Edward's charge was made: these men, nearly all Lancastrians, and ever doubting Montagu, if not Warwick, with the example of Clarence and the Archbishop of York fresh before them, lost heart at once—Somerset himself headed the flight of his force.

"All is lost!" said Montagu, as side by side with Warwick the brothers fronted the foe, and for one moment stayed the rush.

"Not yet," returned the earl; "a band of my northern archers still guard yon wood—I know them—they will fight to the last gasp! Thither, then, with what men we may. You so marshal our soldiers, and I will make good the retreat. Where is Sir Marmaduke Nevile?"

"Here!"

"Horsed again, young cousin!—I give thee a perilous commission. Take the path down the hill; the mists thicken in the hollows, and may hide thee. Overtake Somerset—he hath fled westward, and tell him, from me, if he can yet rally but one troop of horse—but one—and charge Edward suddenly in the rear, he will yet redeem all. If he refuse, the ruin of his king, and the slaughter of the brave men he deserts, be on his head! Swift,—*à tout bride*,

Marmaduke. Yet one word," added the earl in a whisper,—"If you fail with Somerset, come not back, make to the Sanctuary. *You* are too young to die, cousin! Away;—keep to the hollows of the chase."

As the knight vanished, Warwick turned to his comrades,—"Bold nephew Fitzhugh, and ye brave riders round me—so we are fifty knights! Haste thou, Montagu, to the wood!—the wood!"

So noble in that hero age was the Individual MAN, even amidst the multitudes massed by war, that history vies with romance in showing how far a single sword could redress the scale of war. While Montagu, with rapid dexterity, and a voice yet promising victory, drew back the remnant of the lines, and in serried order retreated to the outskirts of the wood, Warwick and his band of knights protected the movement from the countless horsemen who darted forth from Edward's swarming and momently thickening ranks. Now dividing and charging singly—now rejoining—and breast to breast they served to divert and perplex and harass the eager enemy. And never in all his wars, in all the former might of his indomitable arm, had Warwick so excelled the martial chivalry of his age, as in that eventful and crowning hour. Thrice almost alone, he penetrated into the very centre of Edward's body-guard, literally felling to the earth all before him. Then perished by his battle-axe Lord Cromwell and the redoubted Lord of Say—then, no longer sparing even the old affection, Gloucester was hurled to the ground. The last time he penetrated even to Edward himself, smiting down the king's standard-bearer, unhorsing Hastings, who threw himself on his path; and Edward, setting his teeth in stern joy as he saw him, rose in his stirrups, and for a moment the mace of the king, the axe of the earl, met as thunder encounters thunder; but then a hundred knights rushed in to the rescue, and robbed the baffled avenger of his prey. Thus charging and retreating, driving back with each

charge, farther and farther the mighty multitude hounding on to the lion's death, this great chief and his devoted knights, though terribly reduced in number, succeeded at last in covering Montagu's skilful retreat; and when they gained the outskirts of the wood, and dashed through the narrow opening between the barricades, the Yorkshire archers approved their lord's trust, and, shouting, as to a marriage feast, hailed his coming.

But few, alas! of his fellow-horsemen had survived that marvellous enterprise of valour and despair. Of the fifty knights who had shared its perils, eleven only gained the wood; and, though in this number the most eminent (save Sir John Coniers, either slain or fled) might be found—their horses, more exposed than themselves, were for the most part wounded and unfit for further service. At this time the sun again, and suddenly as before, broke forth—not now with a feeble glimmer, but a broad and almost a cheerful beam, which sufficed to give a fuller view than the day had yet afforded of the state and prospects of the field.

To the right and to the left, what remained of the cavalry of Warwick were seen flying fast—gone the lances of Oxford, the bills of Somerset. Exeter, pierced by the shaft of Alwyn, was lying cold and insensible, remote from the contest, and deserted even by his squires.

In front of the archers, and such men as Montagu had saved from the sword, halted the immense and murmuring multitude of Edward, their thousand banners glittering in the sudden sun; for, as Edward beheld the last wrecks of his foe, stationed near the covert, his desire of consummating victory and revenge made him cautious, and, fearing an ambush, he had abruptly halted.

When the scanty followers of the earl thus beheld the immense force arrayed for their destruction, and saw the extent of their danger and their loss—here the handful, there the multitude—a simultaneous exclamation of terror and dismay broke from their ranks.

"Children!" cried Warwick, "droop not!—Henry, at Agincourt, had worse odds than we!"

But the murmur among the archers, the lealest part of the earl's retainers, continued, till there stepped forth their captain, a grey old man, but still sinewy and unbent, the iron relic of a hundred battles.

"Back to your men, Mark Forester!" said the earl sternly.

The old man obeyed not. He came on to Warwick, and fell on his knees beside his stirrup.

"Fly, my lord; escape is possible for you and your riders. Fly through the wood; we will screen your path with our bodies. Your children, father of your followers, your children of Middleham, ask no better fate than to die for you! Is it not so?" and the old man, rising, turned to those in hearing. They answered by a general acclamation.

"Mark Forester speaks well," said Montagu. "On you depends the last hope of Lancaster. We may yet join Oxford and Somerset! This way, through the wood—come!" and he laid his hand on the earl's rein.

"Knights and sirs," said the earl, dismounting, and partially raising his visor as he turned to the horsemen, "let those who will, fly with Lord Montagu! Let those who, in a just cause, never despair of victory, nor, even at the worst, fear to face their Maker, fresh from the glorious death of heroes, dismount with me!" Every knight sprang from his steed, Montagu the first. "Comrades!" continued the earl, then addressing the retainers, "when the children fight for a father's honour, the father flies not from the peril into which he has drawn the children. What 'o me were life, stained by the blood of mine own beloved iners, basely deserted by their chief? Edward has claimed that he will spare *none*. Fool! he gives us, then, the superhuman mightiness of despair! To your bows!—one shaft—if it pierce the joints of the tyrant's mail—one shaft may scatter yon army to the winds! Sir

Marmaduke has gone to rally noble Somerset and his riders—if we make good our defence, one little hour—the foe may be yet smitten in the rear, and the day retrieved! Courage and heart then!" Here the earl lifted his visor to the farthest bar, and showed his cheerful face—"Is this the face of a man who thinks all hope is gone?"

In this interval, the sudden sunshine revealed to King Henry, where he stood, the dispersion of his friends. To the rear of the palisades, which protected the spot where he was placed, already grouped the "lookers-on, and no fighters," as the chronicler words it, who, as the guns slackened, ventured forth to learn the news, and who now, filling the churchyard of Hadley, strove hard to catch a peep of Henry the saint, or of Bungey the sorcerer. Mingled with these, gleamed the robes of the tymbesteres, pressing nearer and nearer to the barriers, as wolves, in the instinct of blood, come nearer and nearer round the circling watch-fire of some northern travellers.

The fated king turned his face from the field, and his eyes were fixed upon the tower of the church behind. And while he so gazed, the knoll from the belfry began solemnly to chime. It was now near the hour of the Sabbath prayers, and amidst horror and carnage, still the holy custom was not suspended.

"Hark!" said the king mournfully—"That chime summons many a soul to God!"

While thus the scene on the eminence of Hadley, Edward, surrounded by Hastings, Gloucester, and his principal captains, took advantage of the unexpected sunshine to scan the foe and its position, with the eye of his intuitive genius for all that can slaughter man. "This day," he said, "brings no victory, assures no crown, if Warwick escape alive. To you, Lovell and Ratcliffe, I intrust two hundred knights; your sole care—the head of the rebel earl!"

"And Montagu?" said Ratcliffe.

"Montagu? Nay—poor Montagu, I loved him as well once as my own mother's son; and Montagu," he muttered to himself, "I never wronged, and therefore him I can forgive! Spare the marquis.—I mislike that wood; they must have more force within than that handful on the skirts betrays. Come hither, D'Eyncourt."

And a few minutes afterwards, Warwick and his men saw two parties of horse leave the main body—one for the right hand, one the left—followed by long detachments of pikes, which they protected; and then the central array marched slowly and steadily on towards the scanty foe. The design was obvious—to surround on all sides the enemy, driven to its last desperate bay. But Montagu and his brother had not been idle in the breathing pause; they had planted the greater portion of the archers skilfully among the trees. They had placed their pikemen on the verge of the barricades, made by sharp stakes and fallen timber, and where their rampart was unguarded by the pass which had been left free for the horsemen, Hilyard and his stoutest fellows took their post, filling the gap with breasts of iron.

And now, as with horns and clarions—with a sea of plumes, and spears, and pennons, the multitudinous deathsmen came on, Warwick, towering in the front, not one feather on his eagle crest despoiled or shorn, stood, dismounted, his visor still raised, by his renowned steed. Some of the men had by Warwick's order removed the mail from the destrier's breast; and the noble animal, relieved from the weight, seemed as unexhausted as its rider; save where the champed foam had bespecked its glossy hide, not a hair was turned; and the on-guard of the Yorkists heard its fiery snort, as they moved slowly on. This figure of horse and horseman stood prominently forth, amidst the little band. And Lovell, riding by Ratcliffe's side, whispered—"Beshrew me, I would rather King Edward had asked for mine own head, than that gallant earl's!"

"Tush, youth," said the inexorable Ratcliffe—"I care not by what steps the ladder of mine ambition may be made!"

While they were thus speaking, Warwick, turning to Montagu and his knights, said—

"Our sole hope is in the courage of our men. And, as at Touton, when I gave the throne to yon false man, I slew, with my own hand, my noble Maloch, to show that on that spot I would win or die, and by that sacrifice so fired the soldiers that we turned the day—so now—oh, gentlemen, in another hour ye would jeer me, for my hand fails: this hand that the poor beast hath so often fed from! Saladin, last of thy race, serve me now in death as in life. Not for my sake, oh noblest steed that ever bore a knight—not for mine this offering!"

He kissed the destrier on his frontal, and Saladin, as if conscious of the coming blow, bent his proud crest humbly, and licked his lord's steel-clad hand. So associated together had been horse and horseman, that had it been a human sacrifice, the bystanders could not have been more moved. And when, covering the charger's eyes with one hand, the earl's dagger descended, bright and rapid—a groan went through the ranks. But the effect was unspeakable! The men knew at once that to them, and them alone, their lord entrusted his fortunes and his life—they were nerved to more than mortal daring. No escape for Warwick—why, then, in Warwick's person they lived and died! Upon foe as upon friend, the sacrifice produced all that could tend to strengthen the last refuge of despair. Even Edward, where he rode in the van, beheld and knew the meaning of the deed. Victorious Touton rushed back upon his memory with a thrill of strange terror and remorse.

"He will die as he has lived," said Gloucester, with admiration. "If I live for such a field, God grant me such a death!"

As the words left the duke's lips, and Warwick, one foot on his dumb friend's corpse, gave the mandate, a murderous discharge from the archers in the covert, rattled against the line of the Yorkists, and the foe, still advancing, stepped over a hundred corpses to the conflict. Despite the vast preponderance of numbers, the skill of Warwick's archers, the strength of his position, the obstacle to the cavalry made by the barricades, rendered the attack perilous in the extreme. But the orders of Edward were prompt and vigorous. He cared not for the waste of life, and as one rank fell, another rushed on. High before the barricades, stood Montagu, Warwick, and the rest of that indomitable chivalry, the flower of the ancient Norman heroism. As idly beat the waves upon a rock as the ranks of Edward upon that serried front of steel. The sun still shone in heaven, and still Edward's conquest was unassured. Nay, if Marmaduke could yet bring back the troops of Somerset upon the rear of the foe, Montagu and the earl felt that the victory might be for them. And often the earl paused, to hearken for the cry of "Somerset" on the gale, and often Montagu raised his visor to look for the banners and the spears of the Lancastrian duke. And ever, as the earl listened and Montagu scanned the field, larger and larger seemed to spread the armament of Edward. The regiment which boasted the stubborn energy of Alwyn was now in movement, and, encouraged by the young Saxon's hardihood, the Londoners marched on, unawed by the massacre of their predecessors. But Alwyn, avoiding the quarter defended by the knights, defiled a little towards the left, where his quick eye, inured to the northern fogs, had detected the weakness of the barricade in the spot where Hilyard was stationed; and this pass Alwyn (discarding the bow) resolved to attempt at the point of the pike—the weapon answering to our modern bayonet. The first rush which he headed was so impetuous as to effect an entry. The weight of the numbers behind urged on the foremost,

and Hilyard had not sufficient space for the sweep of the two-handed sword which had done good work that day. While here the conflict became fierce and doubtful, the right wing led by D'Eyncourt had pierced the wood, and, surprised to discover no ambush, fell upon the archers in the rear. The scene was now inexpressibly terrific; cries and groans, and the ineffable roar and yell of human passion resounded demon-like through the shade of the leafless trees. And at this moment, the provident and rapid generalship of Edward had moved up one of his heavy bombards. Warwick and Montagu, and most of the knights, were called from the barricades to aid the archers thus assailed behind, but an instant before that defence was shattered into air by the explosion of the bombard. In another minute horse and foot rushed through the opening. And amidst all the din was heard the voice of Edward, "Strike! and spare not; we win the day!" "We win the day!—victory!—victory!" repeated the troops behind; rank caught the sound from rank—and file from file—it reached the captive Henry, and he paused in prayer; it reached the ruthless friar, and he gave the sign to the hireling at his shoulder; it reached the priest as he entered, unmoved, the church of Hadley. And the bell, changing its note into a quicker and sweeter chime, invited the living to prepare for death, and the soul to rise above the cruelty, and the falsehood, and the pleasure, and the pomp, and the wisdom, and the glory of the world! And suddenly, as the chime ceased, there was heard, from the eminence hard by, a shriek of agony—a female shriek—drowned by the roar of a bombard in the field below.

On pressed the Yorkists through the pass forced by Alwyn.

"Yield thee, stout fellow," said the bold trader to Hilyard, whose dogged energy, resembling his own, moved his admiration, and in whom, by the accent in which Robin called his men, he recognised a north countryman:—

"Yield, and I will see that thou goest safe in life and limb—look round—ye are beaten."

"Fool!" answered Hilyard, setting his teeth—"the People are never beaten!"

And as the words left his lips, the shot from the recharged bombard shattered him piecemeal.

"On for London and the crown!" cried Alwyn—"the citizens *are* the people!"

At this time, through the general crowd of the Yorkists, Ratcliffe, and Lovell, at the head of their appointed knights, galloped forward to accomplish their crowning mission.

Behind the column which still commemorates "the great battle" of that day, stretches now a trilateral patch of pasture land, which faces a small house. At that time this space was rough forest ground, and where now, in the hedge, rise two small trees, types of the diminutive offspring of our niggard and ignoble civilisation, rose then two huge oaks, coeval with the warriors of the Norman Conquest. They grew close together, yet, though their roots interlaced—though their branches mingled, one had not taken nourishment from the other. They stood, equal in height and grandeur, the twin giants of the wood. Before these trees, whose ample trunks protected them from the falchions in the rear, Warwick and Montagu took their last post. In front rose, literally, mounds of the slain, whether of foe or friend; for round the two brothers to the last had gathered the brunt of war, and they towered now, almost solitary in valour's sublime despair, amidst the wrecks of battle, and against the irresistible march of fate. As side by side they had gained this spot, and the vulgar assailants drew back, leaving the bodies of the dead their last defence from death, they turned their visors to each other, as for one latest farewell on earth.

"Forgive me, Richard," said Montagu—"forgive me thy death;—had I not so blindly believed in Clarence's

fatal order, the savage Edward had never passed alive through the pass of Pontefract."

"Blame not thyself," replied Warwick. "We are but the instruments of a wiser Will. God assoil thee, brother mine. We leave this world to tyranny and vice. Christ receive our souls!"

For a moment their hands clasped, and then all was grim silence.

Wide and far, behind and before, in the gleam of the sun, stretched the victorious armament, and that breathing-pause sufficed to show the grandeur of their resistance—the grandest of all spectacles, even in its hopeless extremity—the defiance of brave hearts to the brute force of the Many. Where they stood they were visible to thousands, but not a man stirred against them. The memory of Warwick's past achievements—the consciousness of his feats that day—all the splendour of his fortunes and his name, made the mean fear to strike, and the brave ashamed to murder. The gallant D'Eyncourt sprung from his steed, and advanced to the spot. His followers did the same.

"Yield, my lords—yield! Ye have done all that men could do."

"Yield, Montagu," whispered Warwick. "Edward can harm not thee. Life has sweets; so they say, at least."

"Not with power and glory gone. We yield not, Sir Knight," answered the marquis, in a calm tone.

"Then die, and make room for the new men whom ye so have scorned!" exclaimed a fierce voice, and Ratcliffe, who had neared the spot, dismounted, and hallooed on his bloodhounds.

Seven points might the shadow have traversed on the dial, and, before Warwick's axe and Montagu's sword, seven souls had gone to judgment. In that brief crisis, amidst the general torpor and stupefaction and awe of the bystanders, round one little spot centred still a war.

But numbers rushed on numbers, as the fury of conflict

THE DEATH OF WARWICK.

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urged on the lukewarm. Montagu was beaten to his knee—Warwick covered him with his body—a hundred axes resounded on the earl's stooping casque—a hundred blades gleamed round the joints of his harness :—a simultaneous cry was heard :—over the mounds of the slain, through the press into the shadow of the oaks, dashed Gloucester's charger. The conflict had ceased—the executioners stood mute in a half-circle. Side by side, axe and sword still gripped in their iron hands, lay Montagu and Warwick.

The young duke, his visor raised, contemplated the fallen foes in silence. Then dismounting, he unbraced with his own hand the earl's helmet. Revived for a moment by the air, the hero's eyes unclosed, his lips moved, he raised, with a feeble effort, the gory battle-axe, and the armed crowd recoiled in terror. But the earl's soul, dimly conscious, and about to part, had escaped from that scene of strife—its later thoughts of wrath and vengeance—to more gentle memories, to such memories as fade the last from true and manly hearts!

"Wife! — child!" murmured the earl indistinctly. "Annie—Annie! Dear ones, God comfort ye!" And with these words the breath went—the head fell heavily on its mother earth—the face set, calm and undistorted, as the face of a soldier should be, when a brave death has been worthy of a brave life.

"So," muttered the dark and musing Gloucester, unconscious of the throng; "so perishes the Race of Iron. And over this dead great man I see the New Cycle dawn. Happy, henceforth, he who can plot, and scheme, and fawn, and smile!" Waking with a start from his reverie the splendid dissimulator said, as in sad reproof,—"Ye have been over hasty, knights and gentlemen. The House of York is mighty enough to have spared such noble foes. Sound trumpets! Fall in file! Way, there—way! King Edward comes! Long live the King!"

—LORD LYTTON, *Last of the Barons.*

XVIII

The Young Princes

SCENE.—*London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, *the young Duke of* YORK, *Queen* ELIZABETH, *and the Duchess of* YORK.

ARCH. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night:
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince:
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talked how I did grow
More than my brother: "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:"
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.

Duch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remembered,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touched mine.
Duch. How, my pretty York? I prithee, let me hear it.
York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.
Duch. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?
York. Grandam, his nurse.
Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wert born.
York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Q. Eliz. A parlous boy:—go to, you are too shrewd.
Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.
Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.
Arch. Here comes a messenger.

Enter a Messenger.

What news?
Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.
Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?
Mess. Well, madam, and in health.
Duch. What is thy news then?
Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,
With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Duch. Who hath committed them?
Mess. The mighty Dukes Gloster and Buckingham.
Q. Eliz. For what offence?
Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.
Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our house!
The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet

Upon the innocent and aweless throne:—
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursèd and unquiet wrangling days,
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tossed,
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self: O, preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damnèd spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more!

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go;
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; and so betide to me
As well I tender you and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.—*London. A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the young Prince, the Dukes of GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *Cardinal* BOURCHIER, CATESBY, *and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:

I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit;
Nor more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous,
Your grace attended to their sugared words,
But looked not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were none.

Glo. My Lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Enter Lord HASTINGS.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: what, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary: the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers! Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny,—Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Expect him here; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessèd sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claimed it nor deserved it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.
[*Exeunt Cardinal and* HASTINGS.
Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?
Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.
Prince. But say, my lord, it were not registered,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retailed to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.
Glo. [*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.
Prince. What say you, uncle?
Glo. I say, without characters fame lives long.
[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—
Buck. What, my gracious lord?
Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.
Glo. [*Aside.*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.
Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the Cardinal.*

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?
York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.
Prince. Ay, brother,—to our grief, as it is yours
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.
Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?
York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,

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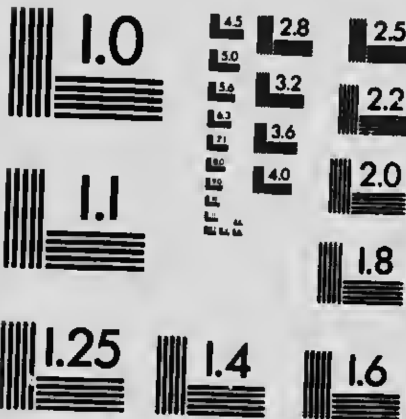

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You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholding to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my sovereign;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
Being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glo. It is too heavy for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. [*Aside to* HASTINGS.] With what a sharp provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself:
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will 't please you pass along!

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murdered there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear,
But come, my lord; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but* GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, *and* CATESBY.

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby.
Thou 'rt sworn as deep to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way;
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley? will not he?

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this: go, gentle Catesby,
And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings,

How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.
If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employed.

Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both.
[*Exit* CATESBY.

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man—somewhat we will do:—
And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the movables
Whereof the king my brother stood possessed.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt*

SCENE.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,—
The most arch act of piteous massacre

That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story.
"Lo thus," quoth Dighton, "lay those tender babes":
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost changed my mind;
But O! the devil"—there the villain stopped;
Whilst Dighton thus told on: "We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation e'er she framed."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king:—
And here he comes.

Enter King RICHARD.

All health, my sovereign liege!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

—WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III.*

XIX

The end of the Plantagenets

AFTER a long series of civil dissension—after many battles, whose issue involved the fate of thousands after the destruction of nearly all the English nobility in the contest between the two Roses, the decisive battle of Bosworth Field was fought on the 22nd of August, 1485, whose result was to entwine, as it was called, the white and red symbols of rivalship, and to restore peace to this unhappy country.

The day had been sunny and warm: as the evening closed in a west wind rose, bringing along troops of fleecy clouds, golden at sunset, and then dun and grey, veiling with pervious network the many stars. Three horsemen at this hour passed through the open country between Hinckley and Welford in Leicestershire. It was broad day when they descended from the elevation on which the former stands, and the villagers crowded to gaze upon the fugitives, and to guess, from the ensigns they bore, to which party they belonged, while the warders from the near castle hastened out to stop them, thus to carry favour with the conqueror, a design wholly baffled. The good steeds of the knights—for such their golden spurs attested them to be—bore them fast and far along the Roman road, which still exists in those parts to shame our modern builders. It was dusk when, turning from the direct route to avoid entering Welford, they reached a ford of the Avon. Hitherto silence

had prevailed with the party, for until now their anxiety to fly had solely occupied their thoughts. Their appearance spoke of war, nay, of slaughter. Their cloaks were stained and torn; their armour was disjointed, and parts of it were wanting; yet these losses were so arbitrary, that it was plain that the pieces had been hacked from their fastenings. The helm of the foremost was deprived of its crest; another wore the bonnet of a common soldier, which ill accorded with the rest of his accoutrements; while the third, bare-headed, his hair falling on his shoulders, lank and matted from heat and exercise, gave more visible tokens of the haste of flight. As the night grew darker, one of them, and then another, seemed willing to relax somewhat in their endeavours: one alone continued, with unmitigated energy, to keep his horse at the same pace they had all maintained during the broad light of day.

When they reached the ford the silence was broken by the hindmost horseman. He spoke in a petulant voice, saying, "Another half-mile at this pace, and poor Flœur-de-Luce founders; if you will not slacken your speed, here we part, my friends. God save you till we meet again!"

"Evil betide the hour that separates us, brother!" said the second fugitive, reining in. "Our cause, our peril, our fate shall be the same. You, my good lord, will consult your own safety."

The third cavalier had already entered the stream. He made a dead halt while his friends spoke, and then replied, "Let us name some rendezvous where, if we escape, we may again meet. I go on an errand of life and death; my success is doubtful, my danger certain. If I succeed in evading it, where shall I rejoin you?"

"Though the event of this day has been fatal to the King," answered the other, "our fortunes are not decided. I propose taking refuge in some sanctuary, till we perceive how far the Earl of Richmond is inclined to mercy."

"I knew the Earl when a mere youth, Sir Humphrey

Stafford," said the foremost rider, "and heard more of him when I visited Brittany, at the time of King Louis' death, two years ago. When mercy knocks at his heart, suspicion and avarice give her a rough reception. We must fly beyond sea, unless we can make further stand. More of this when we meet again. Where shall that be?"

"I have many friends near Colchester," replied the elder Stafford, "and St. Mary boasts an asylum there which a crowned head would not dare violate. Thence, if all else fail, we can pass with ease to the Low Countries."

"In sanctuary at Colchester—I will not fail you. God bless and preserve you the while!"

The noble, as he said these words, put spurs to his horse, and without looking back crossed the stream, and turning on the skirts of a copse was soon out of sight of his companions. He rode all night, cheering his steed with hand and voice; looking angrily at the early dawning east, which soon cast from her cloudless brow the dimness of night. Yet the morning air was grateful to his heated cheeks. It was a perfect summer's morn. The wheat, golden from ripeness, swayed gracefully to the light breeze; the slender oaks shook their small bells in the air with ceaseless motion; the birds twittering, alighted from the full-leaved trees, scattering dew-drops from the branches. With the earliest dawn the cavalier entered a forest, traversing its depths with the hesitation of one unacquainted with the country, and looked frequently at the sky, to be directed by the position of the glowing east. A path more worn than the one he had hitherto followed now presented itself, leading into the heart of the wood. He hesitated for a few seconds, and then, with a word of cheer to his horse, pursued his way into the embowering thicket. After a short space the path narrowed, the meeting branches of the trees impeded him, and the sudden angle it made from the course he wished to follow served to perplex him still further; but as he vented his impatience by hearty Catholic

exclamations, a little tinkling bell spoke of a chapel near, and of the early rising of the priest to perform the matin service at its altar. The horse of the fugitive, a noble war-steed, had long flagged; and hunger gnawed at the rider's own heart, for he had not tasted food since the morning of the previous day. These sounds, therefore, heard in so fearless a seclusion, bore with them pleasant tidings of refreshment and repose. He crossed himself in thankfulness; then throwing himself from his horse (and such change was soothing to his stiffened limbs), he led him through the opening glade to where a humble chapel and a near adjoining hut stood in the bosom of the thicket, emblems of peace and security.

The cavalier tied his horse to a tree, and entered the chapel. A venerable priest was reading the matin service; one old woman composed his congregation, and she was diligently employed telling her beads. The bright rays of the newly risen sun streamed through the eastern window, casting the chequered shadow of its lattice work on the opposite wall. The chapel was small and rustic; but it was kept exquisitely clean: the sacred appurtenances of the altar also were richer than was usual, and each shrine was decked with clusters of flowers, chiefly composed of white roses. No high praise, indeed, was due to the rude picture of the Virgin of the Annunciation, or of the announcing Angel, a representation of whom formed the altar-piece; but in barbaric England, in those days, piety stood in place of taste, and that which represented Our Lady received honour, however unworthy it might be of the inspiress of Raphael or Correggio. The cavalier took his disornamented casque from his head, placed it on the ground, and knelt reverentially on the bare earth. He had lately escaped from battle and slaughter, and he surely thought that he had especial motive for thanksgiving; so that if his lips uttered a mere soldier's "Ave," still, it had the merit of fervour and sincerity.

Had he been less occupied by his own feelings, he might have remarked the many glances the priest cast on him, who dishonoured his learning and piety by frequent mistakes of language, as his thoughts wandered from his breviary, to observe with deep attention his unexpected visitor. At length the service ended: the old dame rose from her knees, and satisfied her curiosity, which she had excited by many a look askance, by a full and long gaze on the cavalier. His hewn armour, torn cloak, and, unseemly for the sacred spot, the dread stains on his garments and hands were all minutely scanned. Nor did his personal appearance escape remark. His stature was tall, his person well knit, showing him to be a man of about thirty years of age. His features were finely moulded, his grey eyes full of fire, his step had the dignity of rank, and his look expressed chivalrous courage and frankness. The good woman had not been long engaged in surveying the stranger, when her pastor beckoned her to retire, and himself advanced, replying to the soldier's salute with a benedicite, and then hastily enquiring if he came from the field.

"Even so, Father," said the cavalier; "I come from the field of the bloody harvest. Has any intelligence of it travelled hither so speedily? If so, I must have wandered from the right road, and am not so far on my journey as I hoped."

"I have only heard that a battle was expected," said the priest, "and your appearance tells me that it is over. The fortunes, nay, perhaps the life, of a dear friend are involved in its issue, and I fear that it is adverse—for you fly from pursuit, and methinks, though stained with dust and blood, that emblem on your breast is the White Rose."

The warrior looked on the old man, whose dignity and language were at variance with his lowly destination; he looked partly in wonder, and partly to assure himself of his questioner's sincerity. "You are weary, Sir Knight," added the monk whose experienced eyes had glanced to the golden

spurs of his visitant; "come to my hermitage, there to partake of such refreshment as I can bestow. When your repast is ended, I will, by confidence on my part, merit yours."

This invitation was that of worldly courtesy, rather than the rustic welcome of a recluse monk. The cavalier thanked him cordially, adding, that he must first provide food and water for his horse, and that afterwards he would gratefully accept his host's invitation. The old man entered with the spirit of a soldier into his guest's anxiety for his steed, and assisted in purveying to its wants, ingratiating himself meanwhile with its master, by discovering and praising scientifically its points of beauty. The poor animal showed tokens of over fatigue, yet still he did not refuse his food, and the cavalier marked with joy that his eye grew brighter and his knees firmer after feeding.

They then entered the cottage. "Sir Knight," said the monk, motioning to the table now spread for the repast, "I have but poor fare to offer, but a soldier will not disdain its meagreness. My wine I may praise, as being the produce of a generous vintage; I have kept it sealed, to open it on occasions like the present, and rejoice that your strength will be recruited by it."

Bread, fruits, cheese, and a flagon of the wine, which merited the giver's eulogium, composed the fugitive's breakfast, whose fatigue required cordial and repose. As he was occupied by his repast, his host eyed him with evident agitation, eager yet fearful to question him on the subject of the battle. At length he again asked, "You come from the field on which the forces of the King and of the Earl of Richmond met?"

"I do."

"You fought for the White Rose, and you fly?"

"I fought for the White Rose till it was struck to the ground. The King has fallen with his chief nobility around him. Few Yorkists remain to mourn the success of the Lancastrians."

Deep grief clouded the old man's countenance, but accustomed to subdue his feelings, as one on whom, being stricken by an overwhelming misery, all subsequent disasters fall blunted, he continued with greater calmness: "Pardon me, noble gentleman, if I appear to ask an indiscreet question. You are of lordly bearing, and probably filled a place near the royal person. Did you hear, on the night before last, aught of the arrival of a stranger youth at the King's tent?"

The knight eyed the old man with a quick glance, asking in his turn, "Are you, then, the foster-father of King Richard's son?"

"Did you see my boy?" cried the priest. "Did his father acknowledge him?—Where is he now?—did he enter the ranks to fight and fall for his parent?"

"On the night of which you speak," said the stranger, evading the immediate question, "the King placed his son's hand in mine, as I vowed to protect and guard him if ill befell our party, as it has befallen."

"Surely some presentiment of evil haunted the King's mind."

"I do believe it; for his manner was solemn and affecting. He bade the youth remember that he was a Plantagenet, and spoke proudly of the lineage from which he sprung. The young esquire listened intently, looking at his father with such an ingenuous and thoughtful expression, that he won my heart to love him."

"Now bless thee, Sir Knight, whoever thou art, for this praise of my poor Edmund! I pray you, hasten to tell me what more passed."

The cavalier continued his account; but his manner was serious, as if the conclusion of his tale would afflict his auditor. He related how, on quitting the royal tent, he had led Edmund Plantagenet to his own, there to converse with him awhile, the better to learn whether his bearing and speech showed promise of future merit. King Richard

EDMUND PLANTAGENET ASKING TO BE ALLOWED TO FIGHT FOR HIS FATHER KING RICHARD III.

[*p.* 247.

had enjoined his son to return to his seclusion early on the following morning; but as soon as he entered his conductor's tent, he knelt to him and asked a boon, while tears gathered in his eyes, and his voice was broken by the fervour of his desire. The noble was moved by his entreaties, and promised to grant his request, if it did not militate against his honour and allegiance. "It is for honour that I speak," said Plantagenet; "I am older in years than in seeming, for already I number twenty summers; and spite of my boyish look I am familiar with martial exercises, and the glorious promise of war. Let me draw my sword for my father to-morrow—let me, at your side, prove myself a worthy descendant of the conquerors of France! Who will fight for King Richard with greater courage, fidelity, and devotion, than his acknowledged and duteous son?" The cavalier yielded to his noble yearnings. Clothed in armour he entered the ranks, and hovered, a protecting angel, near his parent during the bloody contest. And now, as his venerable guardian watched with trembling eagerness the countenance of his guest while he told his tale, and the stranger, with bitter regret, was about to relate that he had seen Plantagenet felled to the ground by a battle-axe, quick steps, and then a knocking, were heard at the cottage door. The stranger started on his feet, and put his hand upon his sword; but a bright smile illuminated the monk's face, as the very youth of whom they spoke, Edmund Plantagenet, rushed into the apartment. His soiled garments and heated brow spoke of travel and fatigue, while his countenance wore an expression of wildness and even of horror. He started when he saw the stranger, but quickly recognised him as his new friend. "Thank God!" he cried, "that you, my dear lord, have not fallen into the hands of the sacrilegious usurper! It is my father's spirit that has saved you for his son's sake, that I may not be utterly abandoned and an orphan."

With milder accost he bent his knee to his holy guardian,

and then turned to answer the cavalier's questions of how he had escaped death from the blow he had received, and what new events had occurred since he had quitted the field early on the preceding day? — while the monk chid him for his disobedience to his father's commands, in having mingled with the fray. The eyes of Plantagenet flashed fire at this reproach. "Could I know that my father's crown and life," he exclaimed impetuously, "depended on the combat, and not bring to his aid my weak arm? God of Heaven! had there been five hundred as true as I, we might all have fallen round him: but never, never, should I have seen the sight which last night I saw —nor heard the sounds I last night heard!"

The youth covered his face with his hands, and the boiling tears trickled between his fingers. "Tell me," cried the noble, "what has happened?—and swiftly tell me, for I loiter here too long."

Almost suffocated by emotion, Plantagenet related, that when he recovered from the trance into which the fearful blow he had received had thrown him, the Earl's camp-followers were busy among the slain; and that he had seen the body of King Richard—of his father—thrown half naked across a mule, thus to be borne to be exposed to the public gaze and mockery in Leicester, where, but the day before, he had ridden with the royal crown on his head, the acknowledged sovereign of England. And that crown, base ill-bartered bauble, having been found in the tent by Lord Stanley, he had brought and placed on Richmond's head, while the soldiers, with one acclaim, hailed him Henry the Seventh, King of England.

The last words more than the others, for the death of his royal master was already known to him, moved the knight:— "This is the end of our hopes!" he cried; "and I am then too late? Farewell, my friends! Plantagenet, I shall never forget my oath to the King."

—MARY W. SHELLEY, *Perkin Warbeck.*

XX

A Last Stand for the White Rose

THE lapse of years had confirmed Henry on his throne. He was extortionate and severe, it is true; and thus revolts had been frequent during the earlier portion of his reign; but they took their rise in a class which, even in modern days, it is difficult to keep within the boundaries of law. The peasantry, scattered and dependent on the nobles, were tranquil: but artificers, such as the miners of Cornwall, who met in numbers, and could ask each other, "Why, while there is plenty in the land, should we and our children starve? Why pay our hard earnings into the regal coffers?" and, still increasing in boldness, demand at last, "Why should these men govern us?—

"'We are many—they are few.'"

Thus sedition sprung from despair, and assumed arms; to which Henry had many engines to oppose, bulwarks of his power. A commercial spirit had sprung up during his reign, partly arising from the progress of civilization, and partly from so large a portion of the ancient nobility having perished in the civil wars. The spirit of chivalry, which isolates man, had given place to that of trade, which unites them in bodies.

Among these, the White Rose of England had not a single partizan—the nobles who once had upheld the House of York were few; they had for the last eight years been intent upon restoring their fortunes, and were wholly disinclined to the endangering them afresh for a stranger

youth. When Fitzwater, Stanley, and their numerous fellow-conspirators and fellow-victims sided with the Duke of York, nearly all England entertained a timid belief in his identity with King Edward's lost son – but those times were changed. Many were glad to soothe their consciences by declaring him an impostor; many so desired to curry favour with Henry; a still greater number either feared to say their thought, or were averse to disturb the tranquillity of their country by a contest which could benefit one man alone, and which must entail on them another war like that so lately ended. Abroad, in France, Burgundy, and Scotland, the Prince might be discountenanced from political motives; but he was treated with respect, and spoken of as being the man he named himself. In England it was otherwise—contempt followed hard upon fear, giving birth to derision, the best weapon against the unhappy, which Henry well knew how to wield. He had two motives in this—one was, that by affixing disgrace and scorn to his adversary, he took away the glitter of his cause, and deterred the young and ambitious from any desire to share in his obloquy. The other was a feeling deeper rooted in his mind—an intense hatred of the House of York—an exultation in its overthrow and disgrace—a gloating over every circumstance that blotted it with ignominy. If Richard had really been an impostor, Henry had not used half the pains to stigmatise him as low-born—to blast his pride with nicknames, nor have looked forward with the joy he now did, to having him in his power—to the degradation—the mortal stain of infamy he intended to taint him with for ever.

Secure in power, fearless of the result, Henry heard with unfeigned joy that his young rival had landed in England, and was advancing into the interior of the island at the head of the Cornish insurgents. This was in the year 1497. The King himself announced the rising to his nobles. Laughing, he said, "I have tidings for you,

gentlemen: a flight of wild geese clad in eagles' feathers, are ready to pounce upon us. Even now they hover over our good city of Exeter, frighting the honest burghers with their dissonance."

"Blackheath will witness another victory," said Lord Oxford.

"And my kitchen receive a new scullion," replied the King. "Since Lambert Simnel became falconer, our roast meat thinks itself dishonoured at not being spitted by a pretender to my crown; for no Audley heads these fellows, but the King of Rakehells himself, the most noble Perkin, who, to grace the more the unwashed rogues, calls himself Richard the Fourth for the nonce. I have fair hope to see His Majesty this bout, if he whiz not away in a fog, or sink underground like Lord Lovel, to the disappointment of all merry fellows, who love new masks and gaudy mumming."

"Please my liege," said the young Lord William Courtney, "it is for the honour of our house that not a stone of Exeter be harmed. With your good leave, my father and myself will gather in haste what force we may: if fortune aid us, we may present your Grace with your new servitor."

"Be it so, my lord," replied the King, "and use good dispatch. We ourselves will not tarry: so that, with less harm to all, we may tread out these hasty lighted embers. Above all, let not Duke Perkin escape; it is my dearest wish that he partake our hospitality."

"Yes," so ran Henry's private thoughts; "he must be mine, mine alive, mine to deal with as I list."

With even more care than he put in the mustering his army, he ordered that the whole of the southern sea-coast of England should be guarded; every paltry fishing village had its garrison, which permitted no boat to put off to sea, nor any to land, without the strictest investigation. Not content with this, he committed it to the care of his baser favourites to forge some plot which might betray his enemy without a blow into his hands.

"Give me your benison, good Bess," said the Monarch to his queen, with unwonted gaiety of manner; "with daylight I depart on the ungentle errand of encountering your brother Perkin."

Elizabeth, not less timid than she had ever been, was alarmed by his show of mirth, and by this appellation bestowed on one she knew to be so near of kin. She did not understand Henry's policy. She felt that no such army as had now gathered together to support Richard could endanger Henry's reign; but she feared for Richard, for her ill-fated brother, who had now entered the net, for whom she felt assured there was no escape. Trembling at her own boldness, she answered the King, "Whoever he may be, you will not destroy him in cold blood?"

"You would have me spare the impostor?" asked Henry. "Spare him who claims your son's throne? By Our Lady of Walsingham, the maternal virtues of the daughter of York deserve high praise."

Elizabeth, dreading more to offend, horror-struck at the idea that her husband should shed her brother's blood, burst into tears.

"Silly girl," said Henry, "I am not angry; nay, more, I grant your prayer. Perkin, if not slain by a chance blow, shall live. My word is passed; trust to it: I neither inquire nor care whether he be the godson or the base brat of the libertine Edward. In either case, my revenge stoops not so low as his paltry life: does this content you?"

"May the saints bless your Grace," said Elizabeth, "you have eased my every fear."

"Remember then that you prove no ingrate," continued the King, "no dupe of report, no traducer of your children's birth. Betray no interest in the knave's downfall, save as he is my enemy. If you display any emotion that awakens a doubt, that this canker rose be aught in your eyes except a base pretender—if you mark any feeling but stern

contempt for one so vile—tremble. My vengeance will fall on him; and his blood be on your head."

"Magnanimous Prince!" thought Elizabeth, in bitter scorn, when he had left her: "this is your mercy. You fear! My poor Richard—your sister, a monarch's daughter, is finely taught by this Earl's son. But you will live; then let him do his worst: the Queen of England is not quite a slave; if Henry can bind, Elizabeth may loose; and the Duke of York laugh in another land at the malice of his enemy."

We return to this Prince, whose lofty spirit was sustained by an aim, an object dearer than a kingdom in his eyes. He arrived before Exeter at the head of seven thousand men. All the discontented in Cornwall and Devonshire joined him. Some of these were younger brothers; some men-at-arms who repined at peace; chiefly, they were needy, oppressed men, roused by a sense of wrong; as destitute, but not so hardy as the kerns of Ireland. Still, they were many, they were valiant; Exeter was ungarrisoned, unprepared for defence, and there was a possibility that by sudden assault he might possess himself of the town. With this intent he did not allow his troops time to repose, but at once set on for the attack, endeavouring to scale the lofty walls; unaided by any fitting machinery, scarcely possessed of a single scaling ladder, he was driven back with loss. Foiled but not vanquished, for his heart was set upon this prize, for three days, though unpossessed of artillery or any warlike engine, he exerted his utmost force to win the city; he contrived rude machinery to cast stones, he planted the ladders himself, he multiplied himself to appear everywhere, flattering, encouraging, leading his troops again and again to the assault. When they found the walls impregnable, he made an attempt on the gates: with fascines and hewed trees he set one of them on fire; his men shouted as they heard the stout oak crackle, and saw it split and crumble, offering a large opening; but the citizens, made desperate,

fearful of the ravages this untamed multitude might commit, were true to themselves; they resisted fire by fire, keeping up a fierce blaze within, till with piles of brick and rubbish they had blocked the passage. Richard saw his last hope fail. "This is not the work of the burghers," he cried, "a soldier's skill is here."

"True as my old yard measure!" cried Heron. "It was but last night that my cousin, the Earl of Devon, clambered into the city; he came to the northern wall, where Skelton keeps watch; when my valiant tailor heard the noise, he ran to look for Master Trereif, who, poor fellow, lies cold within the moat. The citizens heard and answered my cousin the Earl's call; but they were too frightened to let light through the keyhole of a postern; and his lordship, God save him! was obliged to climb the battlements."

"Climb the battlements, noble Captain?" said Richard; "that is, a ladder was let down?"

"It was a stone ladder he scaled, my liege," said Heron; "your Grace may walk up the same. It will scarce budge, seeing that it is the old part of the wall itself."

"Who knows more of this?" asked the Prince.

"I saw the whole," said Skelton. "That is the end. Master Trereife was dead for the nonce, so I came back to lead my men to the fray. There was the Earl, perched like a crow, on the boughs of an old thorn-bush, that grows at the top of the wall. Surely he must have torn his cloak, for the place is thick with all manner of weeds, and rough stones, and brambles. But more than his broad-cloth got a hole; for Clim of Tregothius handled his bow, and let fly a cloth-yard shaft, which was sticking in his shoulder as he got down the other side."

While the tailor talked, Richard was proceeding hastily to the spot. It looked tranquil. The old crumbling wall was green with rank grass and tangled weeds. He drew nearer, and then a whole shower of arrows was discharged

against him. The Earl had expected that his success would excite their curiosity, and prepared for them, with not the less zeal on account of his own wound. Richard escaped unhurt; but Edmund, who was scantily armed, received an arrow in his side: he fell. That same hour tidings came of the advance of King Henry at the head of a formidable army.

Plantagenet's wound was dressed; it showed signs of danger, and quite disabled him. "My faithful fellows swear to preserve you in safety, Cousin," said Richard; "I must leave you."

"Do you retreat?" asked Edmund

"No, by my soul! Truly, my hopes have somewhat quailed; yet it is but a lucky blow, and I gain all."

Richard proceeded towards Taunton. Although this was in appearance an advance, his ill-success before Exeter, and report of the large force already brought against them by Sir John Cheney, King Henry's Chamberlain, had so far discouraged his followers as to occasion the desertion of many—so that of the seven thousand he had with him in Devonshire, he retained but three on his arrival near Taunton. These consisted of the original body of insurgents, Cornishmen, who had proceeded too far to go back, and who, partly in affection for their leader, partly from natural stubbornness, swore to die in the cause. Poor fellows! rusty rapiers, and misshapen lances were their chief arms; a few had bows; others slings; a still greater number their ponderous tools, implements of labour and of peace, to be used now in slaughter. Their very dress displayed at once their unmartial and poverty-stricken state. In all these might be gathered a troop of three hundred foot, not wholly destitute of arms and discipline. The horse were not less at fault; yet among them there were about one hundred tolerably mounted, the riders, indeed, but too frequently disgracing their steeds.

It required all Richard's energy of purpose to hold him

back from despair. The bitter sense of degradation visited him in spite of every effort. Had he ever made one of the chivalry of France and Burgundy? Had he run a tilt with James of Scotland, or grasped in knightly brotherhood the mailed hand of Sir Patrick Hamilton? And were these his comrades? unwashed artificers; ragged and rude peasants; vulgar-tongued traders? He felt "in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes"; and now to obtain pardon for them, to send them back skaithless to their own homes, was his chief desire, even to the buying of their safety with his own downfall.

After a two days' march he arrived near Taunton. On reconnoitring the town, its position and weakness gave him hope that he might carry it, even with his sorry soldiery. To check these thoughts, tidings came that Sir John Cheney was in close neighbourhood, and Henry himself advancing with a chosen body of men. On the evening of their arrival before the town, a detachment of the enemy entered it, cutting off the last hope of Richard.

The next morning it became evident that the crisis of his fortunes was at hand. The whole country teemed with soldiery. As the troops poured towards a common centre, the array and order of a battle-field became apparent in their operations. A battle, between a very myriad of golden-spurred knights, armed at all points, and the naked inhabitants of Richard's camp! call it rather a harvest; there were the reapers, here the bending corn. When in the north Richard wept over the devastation of the land, he felt that a word of his could counteract the harm—but now, his challenge had proved an airy dagger—substanceless—his resolve to encounter his foe, bringing the unarmed against these iron-suited warriors, grew in his eyes into premeditated murder: his heart heaved in his overcharged breast. To add bitterness to his thoughts there were his companions—O'Water brave in despair; Astley pale with fear for his lord; Heron foolish in his unmeaning boasting;

Skelton trembling in every joint, and talking incessantly, apparently to deafen himself to "the small still voice" that whispered terror to his heart.

Richard spent the day among his men. They were prepared to fight; .. needs must, to fall: protestations of sturdy devotion, the overflowing of the rude, manly heart, always affecting, met him at every turn. He was beloved, for he was generous and kind. Often he had exposed his life, when before Exeter, to save some one among them: when dismayed, he had cheered, when defeated, he had comforted them; nor did he leave the body of the meanest camp-follower uninterred; for one of Richard's characteristics was a quick sympathy with his species, and a reverence for all that bore the shape of man. But, while these qualities rendered him dear to all, they inspired him with a severe sense of his duties towards others, and a quick insight into their feelings; thus increasing to anguish the disquietude that agitated him.

Towards evening he was alone in his tent. At first he was confused by the various aspects, all terrible, that his fortunes assumed. By the caprice of destiny, he who was descended from a line of kings, who had so long been the inhabitant of courts, a cavalier, honourable in his degree, renowned for his prowess, had not one noble-born partizan near him: not one of his ancient counsellors, to whom he had been used to defer, remained; he was absolutely alone; the sense of right and justice in his own heart was all he possessed, to be a beacon-light in this awful hour, when thousands depended upon his word—yet had he power to save?

He had been several times interrupted during his meditations by the arrival of scouts, with various reports of the situation and proceedings of the enemy: Richard, better than these untaught recruits, knew the meaning of the various operations. As if on a map, he saw the stationing of a large and powerful army in expectation of battle;

and was aware how incapable he was to cope with their numbers and force. At last Astley announced the arrival of two men: one was a Fleming, known to Richard as one of Lalayne's men, but the fellow was stupidly drunk; the other was an English peasant. "Please your worship," he said, "I am this man's guide, and must act as his interpreter besides; nothing would serve the spungy fellow, but he must swallow ale at every tavern on the way."

"Speak, then," said Richard; "what is the purport of his journey?"

"Please you, Sir, last night three hundred of them came right pop upon us afore we were aware; sore afraid they made us with their tall iron-shafted poles, steel caps, and short swords, calling each one for bread and beer."

"Do you mean," cried the Prince, his eye brightening as he spoke, "that three hundred men, soldiers, armed like yonder fellow, are landed in England?"

So the countryman averred; and that even now they were but at the distance of twenty miles from Richard's encampment. They were still advancing, when the report was spread that the Prince's forces were dispersed, himself taken prisoner. The rustic drew from the Fleming's pocket a letter in French, signed by Schwartz, a son of him who fell at Stoke, a man in high favour with the Lady Margaret of Burgundy. It said how he had been dispatched by her Grace to his succour; how intelligence of the large army of Henry, and his defeat, had so terrified his men that they refused to proceed, nay, by the next morning would take their way back to Poole, where they had landed, unless Richard himself came to reassure them and to lead them on. Every word of the letter lighted up to forgotten joy young Richard's elastic spirit. With these men to aid him, giving weight and respectability to his powers, he might hope to enforce the conditions of his challenge. All must be decided on the morrow: that very hour he would set

forth, to return before morning with these welcome succours.

It was near midnight; his camp was still; the men, in expectation of the morrow's struggle, had retired to repose; their leaders had orders to visit their commander in his tent at the hour which now the empty hour-glass told was come. Hastily, eagerly, Richard announced the arrival of these German mercenaries; he directed them to accompany him, that with some show of attendance he might present himself to Schwartz. The camp was not to be disturbed; two or three men alone among them were awakened, and ordered to keep guard—in five hours assuredly he must return. In a brief space of time, the troop who were to accompany him, Heron, Skelton, O'Water, and Astley, with some forty more, led their horses to his tent in silence: there were few lights through all the camp; their honest hearts which beat within slept, while he was awake to succour and save them. This was Richard's last thought, as, mounted on his good steed, he led the way across the dim heath towards Yeovil.

Some miles to the east of Yeovil there was a deep stream, whose precipitous banks were covered by a thick underwood that almost concealed the turbid waters, which undermined and bared the twisted and gnarled roots of the various overhanging trees or shrubs. The left side of the stream was bounded by an abrupt hill, at the foot of which was a narrow pathway; on the green acclivity flourished a beech grove, whose roots were spread in many directions to catch the soil, while their trunks, some almost horizontal, were all fantastically grown, and the fairy tracery of the foliage shed such soft, mellowed, chequered light as must incline the heart of the wanderer beneath the leafy bower, to delicious musings.

Now the moon silvered the trees, and sometimes glimmered on the waters, whose murmurs contended with the wind that sung among the boughs: and was this all? A

straggling moonbeam fell on something bright amid the bushes, and a deep voice cried, "Jack of the Wynd, if thou canst not get to thicker cover, pluck darnels to cover that cursed steel cap of thine."

"Hush!" repeated another lower voice. "Your bawling is worse than his headpiece; you outroar the wind. How high the moon is, and our friends not come; he will be here before them."

"Hark! a bell!"

"Matins, by the Fiend! may *he* seize that double tongued knave! I much suspect Master Frion; I know him of old."

"He cannot mar us now, though it be he who made this ambushment."

"Oh, by your leave! he has the trick of it, and could spring a mine in the broadest way; he can turn, and twist, and show more faces than a die. He laughed this morn—I know the laugh—there is mischief in 't."

"But, your Worship, now, what can he do?"

"Do! darken the moon; set these trees alive and dancing; do! so play the Will o' the Wisp that the King shall be on Pendennis and the Duke at Greenwich, and each fancy he is within bow-shot of the other; do! ask the Devil what is in his compact, for he is but the Merry Andrew of Doctor Frion. Hush!"

"It is he," said the other speaker.

A breathless pause ensued; the wind swept through the trees—another sound—its monotonous recurrence showed that it was a dashing waterfall—and yet again it grew louder.

"It is he."

"No, Gad's mercy, it comes westward—close, my merry fellows, close, and mind the word! close, for we have but half our number, and yet he may escape."

Again the scene sank into silence and darkness; such silence as is nature's own, whose voice is ever musical; such darkness as the embowering trees and vast island-clouds

made, dimming and drinking up the radiance of the moon.

The stillness was broken by the tramp of horses drawing near, men's voices mingled with the clatter, and now several cavaliers entered the defile; they rode in some disorder, and so straggling, that it was probable that many of their party lagged far behind: the principal horseman had reached midway the ravine, when suddenly a tree, with all its growth of green and tangled boughs, fell right across the path; the clatter of the fall deafened the screech which accompanied it, for one rider was overthrown; it was succeeded by a flight of arrows from concealed archers. "Ride for your lives," cried Richard: but his path was crossed by six horsemen, while, starting from the coppice, a band of near forty men engaged with the van of his troop, who tried to wheel about: some escaped, most fell. With his sword drawn, the Prince rushed at his foremost enemy; it was a mortal struggle, for life and liberty, for hatred and revenge. Richard was the better swordsman, but his horse was blown, and half sunk upon his haunches when pressed closely by the adversary. Richard saw his danger, and yet his advantage, for his foe, over-eager to press him down, forgot the ward; he rose on his stirrups, and grasped his sword with both hands, when a blow from behind, a coward's blow, from a battle-axe, struck him; it was repeated, and he fell lifeless on the earth.

Sickness, and faintness, and throbbing pain were the first tokens of life that visited his still failing sense; sight and the power of motion seemed to have deserted him, but memory reviving told him that he was a prisoner. Moments were stretched to ages while he strove to collect his sensations; still it was night; the view of fields and uplands and of the varied moonlit sky, grew upon his languid senses; he was still on horseback, bound to the animal, and supported on either side by men. As his movements communicated his returning strength, one of these fellows rode to impart

the tidings to their leader, while the other stayed to guide his horse; the word "gallop!" was called aloud, and he was urged along at full speed, while the sudden motion almost threw him back into his swoon.

Dawn, which at first seemed to add to the dimness and indistinctness of the landscape, struggling through the clouds and paling the moon, slowly stole upon them. The Prince became sufficiently alive to make observations; he and his fellow-prisoners were five in number only, their guards were ten; foremost among them was Sir Robert Clifford, whom in whatever guise he could not mistake.

Meanwhile they threaded many a green pathway, and, after another hour's ride, arrived at the opening of a wide grassy dell; a deer, "a stag of ten," leapt from his ferny bed and bounded away; a herd of timid fawns, just visible in the distance, hurried into the thicket; while many a bird flew from the near sprays. Here the party halted; first they unbitted their steeds, and then dismounted the prisoners, binding them for security's sake to a tree. Richard was spared this degradation, for still he was a prince in Clifford's eyes; and his extreme physical weakness, caused by his blow, made even the close watching him superfluous. He was lifted from his horse, and placed upon the turf, and there left. While some of his guards went to seek and slay their repast, others led their animals to a brook, which murmured near: all were variously and busily employed. Clifford alone remained; he called for water; evidently he was more weary than he chose to own: he took off his casque: his features were ghastly; there was a red streak upon his brow, which was knit as if to endurance, and his lips were white and quivering. Never had crime visited with such torment ill-fated man; he looked a Cain after the murder; the Abel he had killed was his own fair fame—the ancestral honour of his race. How changed from when Richard last saw him, but two years before; his hair was nearly grey, his eyes hollow, his cheeks fallen in;

yet, though thin to emaciation, he had lost that delicacy and elegance of feature that had characterized him. Almost without reflection, forgetting his own position in painful compassion, the Prince exclaimed, "Thou art an unhappy man, Sir Robert!" The knight replied with a ghastly smile, which he meant to be disdainful. "But now," continued Richard, "while thy visor screened thy face, I was on the point of taunting thee as a coward, of defying thee to mortal combat; but thou art miserable, and broken-hearted, and no match for me."

Clifford's eyes glared, his hand was upon his sword's hilt: he recollected himself, replying, "You cannot provoke me, Sir; you are my prisoner."

"Thy victim, Robin; though once saved by thee; but that is past, and there is no return. The blood of Stanley, and of a hundred other martyrs, rolls between us: I conquer my own nature when, even for a moment, I look upon their murderer."

The weakness of the prince gave a melancholy softness to his voice and manner; the deep pity he felt for his fallen friend imparted a seraphic expression to his clear, open countenance. Clifford writhed with pain. Clifford, who, though not quick to feel for others, was all sense and sensitiveness for himself: and how often in the world do we see sensibility attributed to individuals, whose show of feeling arises from excessive susceptibility to their own sorrows and injuries! Clifford wished to answer—to go away—he was spell-bound; his cowering look first animated Richard to an effort which a moment before he would have ridiculed. "Wherefore," said he, "have you earned all men's hate, and your own to boot? Are you more honoured and loved than in Brussels? Scorn tracks you in your new career, and, worst of all, you despise yourself."

"By St. Sathanas and his brood!" fiercely burst from the Knight. Then he bit his lip, and was silent.

"Yet, Clifford, son of a noble father, spare yourself this

crowning sin. I have heard from travelled men, that in Heathenesse the unbaptized miscreant is true to him whose hospitality he has shared. There was a time when my eyes brightened when I saw you; when the name of Robin was a benediction to me. You have changed it for the direst curse. Yours are no common crimes. Foremost in the chronicles, your name will stand as a type and symbol of ingratitude and treason, written with the blood of Fitzwater and Stanley. But this is not all. The young and defenceless you destroy: you have stood with uplifted dagger over the couch of a sleeping man."

Clifford had fostered the belief that this vilest act of his life, to which he had been driven rather by fierce revenge than hope of reward, was a secret. A moment before he had advanced with hasty and furious glances towards his enemy. Scarcely had the words passed York's lips, than a kind of paralysis came over him. His knees knocked together: his arms fell nerveless to his side.

"Oh, man!" continued York, "arouse thy sleeping faculties. Bid the fiend who tortures thee, Avaunt! Even now, at the word, he feels his power over thy miserable soul waver. By Him who died on the Cross, I conjure him to leave thee. Say thou 'amen' to my abjuration, and he departs. Cast off the huge burthen of guilt: deliver thy soul into the care of holy men. As thy first act, depart this spot: leave me. It is I who command—Richard of York, thy sovereign. Begone! or, kneeling at my feet, seek the grace thou hast so dearly forfeited."

For a moment it almost seemed as if the wretched man were about to obey; but at the moment his groom came from the spring, where he had been watering his horse. The sight of another human being, to witness his degradation, awoke him to phrensy. He called aloud, "How now, Sirrah! Why unbit Dragon? Bring him here. I must begone."

"He can't carry your honour a mile," said the fellow.

"A miracle!" cried Richard; "you repent, Sir Robert."

"As Lucifer in hell! Look to the prisoner." Clifford vaulted on his horse: his head was bare, his eyes wild and bloodshot. Clapping spurs to the jaded animal's side, he put him to his speed, and was gone.

"His fit is on him!" cried his attendant, "and what are we to do? He rides a race with the fiend, leaving us to do both their works." More whisperingly he muttered, "Hold Duke Richard in bonds against his will may I not. He gave me gold in Flanders; he is a King's son and a belted Knight, and I a poor servitor."

Richard had conceived a faint hope of working on Clifford's manifest remorse, and enlisting him again under the banner of the White Rose. His wonder was great when he saw him flying through the forest with uncovered head and dishevelled hair; the bridle of his horse in the groom's hand, while the wearied animal, spurred to speed, threw up his head, snorting with fear. Not a moment was to be lost, the Prince flew to his comrades in captivity. Already Heron and O'Water had their bonds cut by the sword of which he possessed himself. Heron, in whose two arms lay his chief strength, and O'Water, at home in a fray, fired with the desire of liberty and life, got speedy hold of battle-axes, and stood at bay. Skelton, the next made free, began to run; but finding his flight was solitary, he secured a bow and arrows, and betook himself to a short, sure aim from behind a tree, while he offered up another sigh to the memory of Trereife. Astley threw himself foremost before his master, unarmed. The weapons of their guard were chiefly in a heap, and these, defended by the unfranchised prisoners, were useless to them. Headed by Clifford's groom, who stood in salutary awe of shedding royal blood, a parley commenced. He entreated Richard to submit; he told him that the whole country was in arms against him, his way back to his army beset, the sea-coasts strictly guarded. What then could he do?

"Die, in arms and at liberty. Stand back, sirs; what would you do with me? Your guilty captain has deserted you; is there one of your number who will raise his accursed weapon against a King and a Knight?"

Clym of the Lyn, and another outlawed forester (Clifford in mustering a troop had gathered together all manner of wild companions) now appeared dragging in a fat buck. Clym grinned when he saw the altered state of things: "Come, my men," he said, "it is not for us to fight King Henry's battles; the more majesties there be in England, the merrier for us, I trow; and the wider and freer the range of the King of the New Forest. Put up your rapiers, and let us feast like brethren; ye may fall to with your weapons afterwards. Or, if it please your Grace to trust to me, I will lead you where none of the king's men will follow."

"Wilt thou guide me back to Taunton?" asked the Prince.

"Not for my cap full of rose nobles," replied the outlaw; "the way is beset: and trust me your worship's men are scattered far and wide ere this. You are a tall fellow, and I should ill like to see you in their gripe. Be one of us; you shall be King of the Greenwood-shade; and a merrier, freer monarch than he who lives at Westminster."

But he addressed himself to retrace his steps to Taunton. Sanctuary and refuge from death—oh! how he trampled on the slavish thought. Death was to him a word, a shadow, a phantom to deride and scorn, not an enemy to grapple with; disgrace was his abhorred foe, and him he thus overthrew. His resolves, inspired by disdain of permitting one taint to blemish his career, were not the expedients of prudence, but the headlong exploit of daring youth. The iron must indeed have entered our souls, and we be tamed from dear, youthful freedom to age's humble concessions to necessity, before we can bow our head to calumny, smile at the shafts as they rankle in our flesh, and calmly feel that,

among the many visitations of evil we undergo, this is one we are compelled to endure.

Thus he, his gentle guide and followers, travelled towards Taunton. In all prudence, from the moment they left sanctuary, Sir Hugh Luttrel ought to have guarded him closely. But even the staid Sir Hugh forgot this duty; rather was Richard the enforcer of this journey, than his guard. Richard it was who at night halted unwillingly, Richard who first cried to horse at morning's dawn; who, in spite of ill-weather, resisted every delay. As they drew near their bourne, the appellation of Perkin first met the Prince's ear; he was unaware that it had ever been applied to him except by Henry's written proclamations. It acted as a galling spur; for he believed, with youth's incapacity of understanding systematized falsehood, that his presence would put to flight the many coloured web of invention, which his rival had cast over him to mar his truth and obscure his nobility.

After three days they drew near Taunton. The stubble fields, the flowery hedges, the plenteous orchards were passed. From a rising ground they looked upon the walls of the town, and the vacant moor where his camp had stood. Richard halted, saying, "Sir Knight, I will await you here —do you seek your King: say, I come a voluntary sacrifice, to purchase with drops of my royal blood the baser tide of my poor followers. I demand no more—bid him rear the scaffold; let the headsman sharpen the axe, to lop off the topmost bough of Plantagenet. The price I ask, is the despised lives of men, who, but that they loved me, were incapable of merit or of crime in his eyes. For their humble sakes, like my grandfather York, I am prepared to die. If pledge of this be denied me, I still am free. I wear a sword, and will sell my life dearly, though alone."

Sir Hugh Luttrel was perplexed. He knew the stern nature of his royal master, and how heavily he would visit on him any disappointment in his dearest wish of obtaining

possession of his rival's person. The Prince had, during their three days' companionship, gained great power over him: he felt that he was in truth the son of Edward the Fourth, a man he had never loved (for Sir Hugh was a Lancastrian), but one whom he had feared and obeyed as his sovereign. How could he put slavish force upon his gallant offspring? He hesitated, till the Prince demanded, "Wherefore delay—is there aught else that you desire?"

"You pledge your knightly word," said Sir Hugh, "not to desert this spot?"

"Else wherefore am I here?—this is idle. Yet, so to content you, I swear by my vow made under the walls of Granada, by our Lady, and by the blessed Saints, I will abide here."

The knight rode into the town with his followers, leaving young Richard impatient for the hour that was to deliver him to servitude.

Sir Hugh first sought Lord Dawbeny, requesting him to obtain for him instant audience of the King. "His Grace," said the noble, "is at vespers, or about to attend them."

"I dare not wait till they are said," replied Luttrel, who every minute felt the burthen of responsibility weighing heavier on him.

"Nor I interrupt his Majesty—even now he enters the church."

In haste Sir Hugh crossed the street; and, as the King took the holy water from the chalice, he knelt before him. The few words he spoke painted Henry's face with exulting gladness. "We thank thee, good Sir Hugh," he said, "and will make our thanks apparent. By the mass, thou hast deserved well of us this day! Where hast thou bestowed our counterfeit?"

"Please your Majesty, he awaits your Highness' acceptance of his conditions without the eastern gate."

"You have placed strong guard over him?"

"He pledged his oath to await my return. He is alone."

A dark, angry frown chased all glee from Tudor's brow: bending a stern glance on his erewhile welcome messenger, he commanded Lord Wells, his cousin, to take a strong force and to seize this Duke of Runaways. Sir Hugh, timid as he was, interfered: driven by respect for his prisoner, and fear of what might ensue, he tried to enforce York's stipulation. Henry looked on him with scorn, then said, "Truly, Cousin, I have vaunted of a bloodless conquest; so let not the blood of the misborn traitor stain our laurels, nor Sir Luttrel's Duke Perkin shed one precious ruby drop. Say aye to all he asks; for as it seems his demands are as foolish as himself, and need no chaffering. Tell him that his life is safe, but bring him here; set him within our ward and limitation: do this, while we with a Te Deum thank our Heavenly Father for His watchful mercies. Sir Hugh, accompany our cousin, and then wend your way whither it please you. We have no pleasure in your presence."

Thus duped, even by his own generous proud spirit, the Duke of York became a prisoner—delivering up his sword, and yielding himself an easy prey to his glad victor. Once, twice, thrice, as he waited the return of Luttrel, it had crossed his mind, not to fly, his vow being pledged, but to remember that he was now free and unconstrained, and would soon be in other's thrall—when farewell to the aspiring thought, the deed of arms, and to the star of his life, to whose idea, now his purpose was accomplished, he fondly turned!

In a few minutes he was a prisoner, and led within those darksome walls. At first, treated with some observance, he was unaware, as is the case in any new position, with whose circumstances and adjuncts we are unacquainted, how utterly he had fallen. He was led to no barred prison; and, for a time, the nobles and knights who flocked to see him, were no bad exchange for the motley crew he had quitted. But, as if in a dream, he felt gather round him

impalpable but adamantine walls—chains hung upon his limbs, not the less heavy, because the iron pierced his soul rather than his flesh. He had been a free man; his name was attended with love and respect, and his aspect commanded the obedience of men. Now, the very appellation given to him was a mortal insult; a stranger seemed to be spoken to when he was addressed, and yet he must answer. He was never alone; and night was the sole suspension from the insulting curiosity of the crowd. He must forego himself; grow an impostor in his own eyes; take on him the shameful name of Perkin: all which native honour, and memory of his Princess bride, made trebly stinging.

—MARY W. SHELLEY: *Perkin Warbeck.*

THE PRINCESS BRIDE OF PERKIN WARBECK.

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XXI

The Trial and Execution of Sir Thomas More

BY reason of Will's minding to be present at the triall, which, for the concourse of spectators, demanded his earlie attendance, he committed the care of me, with Bess, to Dancey, who got us places to see Father on his way from the Tower to Westminster Hall. We coulde not come at him for the crowd, but clambered on a bench to gaze our very hearts away after him as he went by, sallow, thin, grey-haired, yet in mien not a whit cast down. Wrapt in a coarse woollen gown, and leaning on a staff; which unwonted support when Bess markt, she hid her eyes on my shoulder and wept sore, but soon lookt up agayn, though her eyes were soe blinded, I think she coulde not see him. His face was calm, but grave, as he came up, but just as he passed he caughte the eye of some one in the crowd, and smiled in his old, frank way; then glanced up towards the windows with the bright look he hath soe oft cast to me at my casement, but saw us not. I coulde not help crying "Father," but he heard me not; perchance 'twas soe best. . . . I woulde not have had his face cloud at the sighte of poor Bessy's tears.

Will tells me the indictment was the longest ever hearde; on four counts. First, his opinion on the King's marriage. Second, his writing sundrie letters to the Bishop of Rochester, counselling him to hold out. Third, refusing to acknowledge his grace's supremacy. Fourth, his positive

deniall of it, and thereby willing to deprive the King of his dignity and title.

When the reading of this was over, the Lord Chancellor sayth, "Ye see how grievouslie you have offended the King his Grace, but and yet he is soe mercifulle, as that if ye will lay aside your obstinacie, and change your opinion, we hope ye may yet obtayn pardon."

Father makes answer . . . and at sounde of his deare voyce alle men hold their breaths; . . . "Most noble Lords, I have great cause to thank your Honours for this your courtesie . . . but I pray ALMIGHTY GOD I may continue in the mind I'm in, through his grace, until death."

They coulde not make goode their accusation agaynst him. 'Twas onlie on the last count he could be made out a traitor, and proof of 't had they none; how coulde they have? He shoulde have beene accquitted out of hand, 'steade of which, his bitter enemy my Lord Chancellor called on him for his defence. Will sayth there was a generall murmur or sigh ran through the court. Father, however, answered the bidding by beginning to expresse his hope that the effect of long imprisonment mighte not have beene such upon his mind and body, as to impair his power of rightlie meeting alle the charges agaynst him . . . when, turning faint with long standing, he staggered and loosed hold of his staff, whereon he was accorded a seat. 'Twas but a moment's weakness of the body, and he then proceeded frankly to avow his having always opposed the King's marriage to his grace himself, which he was soe far from thinking high treason, that he shoulde rather have deemed it treachery to have withholden his opinion from his sovereign King when solicited by him for his counsell. His letters to the good Bishop he proved to have been harmlesse. Touching his declining to give his opinion, when askt, concerning the supremacy, he alleged there coulde be noe transgression in holding his peace thereon, GOD only being cognizant of our thoughts.

"Nay," interposeth the Attorney Generall, "your silence was the token of a malicious mind."

"I had always understoode," answers Father, "that silence stoode for consent. *Qui tacet, consentire videtur*"; which made sundrie smile. On the last charge, he protested he had never spoken word against the law unto anie man.

The Jury are about to acquit him, when up starts the Solicitor Generall, offers himself as witness for the crown, is sworn, and gives evidence of his dialogue with Father in the Tower, falselie adding, like a liar as he is, that on his saying "No parliament coulde make a law that God shoulde not be God," Father had rejoined, "No more coulde they make the King supreme head of the church."

I marvell the ground opened not at his feet. Father brisklie made answer, "If I were a man, my Lords, who regarded not an oath, ye know well I needed not stand now at this bar. And if the oath which you, Mr. Rich, have just taken, be true, then I pray I may never see God in the face. In good truth, Mr. Rich, I am more sorry for your perjurie than my perill. You and I once dwelt long together in one parish; your manner of life and conversation from your youth up were familiar to me, and it paineth me to tell ye were ever held very light of your tongue, a great dicer and gamester, and not of anie commendable fame either there or in the Temple, the Inn to which ye have belonged. Is it credible, therefore, to your Lordships, that the secrets of my conscience touching the oath, which I never woulde reveal, after the statute once made, either to the King's Grace himself, nor to anie of you, my honourable Lords, I should have thus lightly blurted out in private parley with Mr. Rich?"

In short, the villain made not goode his poynt: ne'ertheless, the issue of this black day was aforehand fixed: my Lord Audley was primed with a virulent and venomous speech; the Jury retired, and presentlie returned with a

verdict of guilty; for they knew what the King's Grace woulde have 'em doe in that case.

Up starts my Lord Audley;—commences pronouncing Judgment, when—

"My Lord," says Father, "in my time, the custom in these cases was ever to ask the prisoner before sentence, whether he coulde give anie reason why judgment shoulde not proceed agaynst him."

My Lord, in some confusion, puts the question.

And then came the frightful sentence.

Yes, yes, my soul, I know; there were saints of old sawn asunder. Men of whom the world was not worthy.

. . . Then he spake unto 'em his mind; and bade his judges and accusers farewell; hoping that like as St. Paul was present and consenting unto St. Stephen's death, and yet both were now holy Saints in Heaven, soe he and they might speedilie meet there, joint heirs of everlasting salvation.

Meantime, poor Bess and Cecilie, spent with grief and long waiting, were forct to be carried home by Heron, or ever Father returned to his prison. Was't less feeling, or more strength of body, enabled me to bide at the Tower Wharf with Dancey? God knoweth. They brought him back by water; my poor sisters must have passed him. . . . The first thing I saw was the axe, *turned with its edge towards him*—my first note of his sentence. I forct my way through the crowd . . . some one laid a cold hand on my arm; 'twas poor Patteson, soe changed I scarce knew him, with a rosary of gooseberries he kept running through his fingers. He sayth, "Bide your time, Mistress Meg; when he comes past, I'll make a passage for ye; . . . Oh, Brother, Brother! what ailed thee to refuse the oath? I've taken it!" In another moment, "Now, Mistress, now!" and flinging his arms right and left, made a breach through which I darted, fearlesse of bills and halberds, and did cast mine arms about Father's

neck. He cries, "My Meg!" and hugs me to him as though our very souls shoulde grow together. He sayth, "Bless thee, bless thee! Enough, enough, my child; what mean ye, to weep and break mine heart? Remember, though I die innocent, 'tis not without the will of God, who coulde have turned mine enemies' hearts, if 'twere best; therefore possess your soul in patience. Kiss them alle for me, thus and thus . . ." soe gave me back into Dancey's arms, the Guards about him alle weeping; but I could not thus lose sight of him for ever; soe, after a minute's pause, did make a second rush, brake away from Dancey, clave to Father agayn, and agayn they had pitie on me, and made pause while I hung upon his neck. This time there were large drops standing on his dear brow; and the big tears were swelling into his eyes. He whispered, "Meg, for Christ's sake don't unman me; thou'lt not deny my last request?" I sayd, "Oh! no"; and at once loosened my arms. "God's blessing be with you," he sayth with a last kiss. I coulde not help crying, "My Father, my Father!" "The chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!" he vehementlie whispers, pointing upwards with soe passionate a regard, that I look up, almost expecting a beatific vision; and when I turn about agayn, he's gone, and I have noe more sense nor life till I find myself agayn in mine owne chamber, my sisters chafing my hands.

Alle's over now . . they've done theire worst, and yet I live. There were women coulde stande aneath the Cross. The Maccabees' mother— . . . yes, my soul, yes; I know—Nought but unpardoned sin. . . . The chariot of Israel.

Dr. Clement hath beene with us. Sayth he went up as blythe as a bridegroom to be clothed upon with immortality.

Rupert stoode it alle out. Perfect love casteth out feare Soe did his.

* * * * *

My most precious treasure is this deare billet, writ with a coal; the last thing he sett his hand to, wherein he sayth, "I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last."

They have let us bury his poor mangled trunk; but, as sure as there's a sun in Heaven, I'll have his head!—before another sun hath risen, too. If wise men won't speed me, I'll e'en content me with a fool.

I doe think men, for the most part, be cowards in their hearts . . . moral cowards. Here and there, we find one like Father, and like Socrates, and like . . . this and that one, I mind not theire names just now; but in the main, methinketh they lack the moral courage of women. Maybe, I'm unjust to 'em just now, being crost.

* * * * *

I lay down, but my heart was waking. Soon after the first cock crew, I hearde a pebble cast agaynst my lattice, knew the signall, rose, dressed, stole softlie down and let myself out. I knew the touch of the poor fool's fingers; his teeth were chattering, 'twixt cold and fear, yet he laught aneath his breath as he caught my arm and dragged me after him, whispering, "Fool and fayr Lady will cheat 'em yet." At the stairs lay a wherry with a couple of boatmen, and one of 'em stepping up to me, cries, "Alas, for ruth, Mistress Meg, what is't ye do? Art mad to go on this errand?" I sayd, "I shall be mad if I goe not, and succeed, too—put me in, and push off."

We went down the river quietlie enow—at length reach London Bridge Stairs. Patteson, starting up, says, "Bide ye all as ye are," and springs aland and runneth up to the bridge. Anon, returns, and sayth, "Now, Mistress, alle's

readie . . . readier than ye wist . . . come up quickly, for the coast's clear." Hobson (for 'twas he) helps me forth, saying, "God speed ye, Mistress. . . . An' I dared, I woulde goe with ye." . . . Thought I, there be others in that case.

Nor lookt I up till aneath the bridge-gate, when casting upward a fearsome look, I beheld the dark outline of the ghastly yet precious relic; and, falling into a tremour, did wring my hands and exclaym, "Alas, alas, that head hath lain full manie a time in my lap; woulde God, woulde God it lay there now!" When, o' suddain, I saw the pole tremble and sway towards me; and stretching forth my apron, I did in an extasy of gladness, pity, and horror, catch its burthen as it fell. Patteson, shuddering, yet grinning, cries under his breath, "managed I not well, Mistress? Let's speed away with our theft, for fools and their treasures are soon parted; but I think not they'll follow hard after us, neither, for there are well-wishers to us on the Bridge. I'll put ye into the boat and then say, God speed ye, Lady, with your burthen."

—Miss Manning: *Household of Sir Thomas More.*

XXII

A Poor Man's Rebellion

WE came out on the brow of a hill, which commanded a pretty wide stretch of flat country. The dark sky suddenly kindled into a lurid red, and the bright flames rose from a distant city in the direction of Norwich. It was the year 1549, and the men of Norfolk were in rebellion.

"There's your town," said Lamech ironically. "Very safe you'd be there, my lad, with your pretty sister and pot of money. Mighty safe under mob law. Shall we go and see how it works?"

"No," said I, with a shudder, and turning in another direction. "I can guess pretty well; and I need to get me a coffin for my dead father, and to hie home as soon as I may to my disconsolate, unprotected sister."

So, without another word, we sped down the hill to a village that lay at its base. 'Twas now late; but folk in towns and hamlets get not to bed so soon as them that live removed; we had gone to rest at sundown, and the robbers might have come upon us a couple of hours afterwards. There were lights yet in a few houses. I found the man who made coffins, and told him what I wanted. He listened greedily to my story of the murder, and told me he had a shell ready to hand that would fit my father. So, as it was a light one, I took it up with a sad heart. Just then a man on horseback dashed up to the door.

"They're playing old gooseberry at Norwich," cries he.

"Why, they've set it afire, haven't they?" says Lamech.

"No," says he, "that's a farm and some out-buildings

between this and that, but Norwich wasn't in flames when I left it, though it may be by this time—nothing more likely; for they're as drunk as drunk can be. The Tanner and his men surprised the town at nightfall, carried it quickly by assault, and are now lords of all; feasting in the mayor's house, he and his picked men; setting the wine running in the mayor's cellar, and making the mayor himself serve it out to them, and play their cup-bearer. The rest of the insurgents are paravaunting it i' the town, every house of which is lit up with candles, and bonfires of things they throw out of windows are blazing in the streets. You ne'er saw such a scene in your life—women crying, children screaming, men swearing, shouting, and fighting."

"Oh, my goodness!" cries the coffin-maker's wife from the stair-head, where she was hearing all she could. "They'll come here next, I suppose, Diccon; for mercy's sake, let's pack up what we can and make off to the woods."

"Peace, you foolish woman," says Diccon. "How shall we better ourselves by doing that?"

"Every way," says she. "Oh, don't let us wait to have the house burnt over our heads." And burst out a-crying, whereon a couple of children in bed began to cry too, in the midst of which I departed with my sad burthen; Lamech still persisting in bearing me company, that he might, he said, lend me a hand; though he knew as well as I that the weight on my back was nothing to that on my heart.

Before we were quit of the village it was all astir with women and men looking forth of lattices to ask what was the ill news. Some were at their doors, talking and listening. I remember a little boy began to hum a line of one of the songs that the Tanner's men were fond of singing—

"Hey-ho, the barley-mow!
Sheep are feeding, all of a row——"

whereon his mother gave him a cuff on the head, saying—

"You naughty varlet, let me hear you sing that song again, if you dare! Sheep are feeding, quotha! We shall soon have neither sheep nor barley, an' Master Ket carries it at this rate; and then what will come of the country?"

"Thou seest, lad," says Lamech, as we went along, "that Diccon's wife's first impulse was to be off to the hills at the bare rumour of the approach of these rebels that call themselves the *people* and the people's *friends*. She felt there was no security in towns or villages, under mob law, poor wretch; just as you feel there's none in the lone forest. Woe unto the land where the householder is no longer lord of his own fireside."

Well, Mother Mumblegrace was verily and indeed a friend in need; as I had been to her, so was she to me: helped me to shroud him as neat as possible, and lay him in the shell, with a plate of salt on his breast, and a sprig of rosemary in his hand; a dead man could not have looked more comfortable, which has always been a consolation to me. And she sent Audrey to bed, and kept an eye to Master Francis (who, however, did not relish her near as well as a nurse, but took things as they came, very patient, and had a lesson in that hut, I fancy, about how poor people live, and how they feel, and how they have to smother their feelings, and how they are kind to one another, that has lasted all his life). Poor Audrey, spent with grief, was heavy to slumber. I just peeped in on her, and saw her, like the poor overworn disciples, sleeping for sorrow. In the morning she arose, wondrous refreshed, washed her face, smoothed her hair, like the good patriarch Joseph, and came forth with her grief locked up in her deep heart, to set about the common offices of life. And so we went on for a day or two, till the Sabbath whereon my father was buried; when a few old neighbours came to help carry him to the grave. And one of 'em told me that Ket had been carrying it proudly ever since the taking

of Norwich, and had now a mighty concourse of the disaffected about him at the Reformation Oak. And that the King, in answer to his petition in October (which we were now close upon), had promised that the complaints of him and his fellows should be redressed; howbeit, the Tanner, elated by his successes, and losing sight of the original cause of taking up arms, was by no means to be satisfied so easily, and refused to submit. Which shows you, lads, what a bad fellow he must have been at heart; for what good could he hope to attain by bloodshed that was not here fairly proffered to him without it?

On this, the King's Government, which was merciful, but not weak, though we had such a child to rule over us, took measures to put down the rebellion with a strong hand; the sooner done, the more merciful in the end.

So the Marquis of Northampton, my Lord Sheffield, my Lord Wentworth, and divers others lords and knights advanced upon the insurgents with fifteen hundred horse, which was too small a detachment, even with the support of an auxiliary band of Italians. For the rebels defeated them, though with no small loss to themselves; and in this encounter, I am not much afflicted to say that my old foe, the bear-ward, was knocked on the head. Having thus tasted blood, and success, and taken a good many prisoners, all that was bad in 'em was up, and much evil threatened to ensue. The brave Earl of Warwick was now sent against them with six thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse, accompanied by Lord Willoughby, Lord Powis, and many other valiant noblemen and gentlemen of name and fame. When the Earl came near Ket's camp, he sent a herald to offer free pardon to the insurgents if they would but lay down their arms. Now, lads, what could be mercifuller than this? See how Ket and his mob got power, and how they had abused it; and see how these noblemen knew they had power, and how they used it. But the rebels were so mad and so headstrong that they refused the

offer of mercy; reckoning absurdly on their conquering this considerable force as they had the inferior one, and urged not to give in by Ket, who feared for his own life. So the two opposing parties drew up over against each other in battle array; and Ket placed in the front line of his army all the prisoners he had taken, that they might fall at the first fire.

But the next I did hear of them was, that Ket's army had lain down their arms on the personal remonstrance of the Earl of Warwick, who, at the hazard of his life, rode up within speaking distance of their lines, and mildly remonstrated with them on their sedition, and offered them mercy if they would lay down their arms and give up their ringleaders. So the next minute Master Ket found himself on horseback, strapped round the waist to one of the Earl's troopers, his hands tied to his sides, and his feet tied together under the horse; and in this guise he was taken off to Norwich Castle, where he lodged that night, and was hanged the next morning. A few other impenitent ring leaders were hanged on the Reformation Oak, the rest quietly dispersed: most of them tired of their lawless courses, and glad to return to work; and the country once more rejoiced in safety and quiet.

—MISS MANNING: *Jack and the Tanner of Wymondham*

XXIII

A Fight for the Crown

THE adherents of Lady Jane Grey resolved to fight; and the year 1554 witnessed the struggle, which was centred round the Tower of London. The plan of attack was that, under cover of darkness, the Duke of Suffolk and Lord Guilford Dudley should march with two detachments of men to Deptford, where a squadron, commanded by Admiral Winter, awaited them. Dudley and his party were then to cross the river in Winter's boats, and proceed to East Smithfield; while Suffolk was to embark his men in the larger vessels, and to sail up the river with the tide. Wyat was to attempt a passage across London Bridge.

It was then arranged that the attack should take place two hours before dawn. The fortress was to be assailed simultaneously at three different points, so as to distract the attention of its defenders. To Lord Guilford Dudley was assigned the Brass Mount and the north-east angle of the ramparts; to the Duke of Suffolk, Traitor's Tower and the southern fortifications; and to Wyat, the Middle Tower and the Byward Tower—two of the strongest defences of the fortress. If the attack proved successful, the three leaders were to concentrate their forces before the gateway of the Bloody Tower.

When it was sufficiently dark, Suffolk and Dudley placed themselves at the head of their detachments, and set out. Though they moved along with the utmost caution, they were heard by the soldiers on the ramparts, who reported their suspicions to Bedingfeld, and precautions were taken

accordingly, though it was the opinion of many that the rebels had beaten a retreat.

At midnight, Wyat prepared to cross London Bridge. Aware that the drawbridges were cut away—that it was barricaded, and strongly defended—he provided himself with planks and ropes, and issuing instructions to his men, set forward. They were allowed to proceed without molestation to the first drawbridge, but here a sharp fire was opened upon them. In spite of this, Wyat succeeded in laying down a plank, and, at the head of a dozen men, crossed it. Dislodging their opponents, several other planks were laid down, and the passage being rendered secure, the whole party crossed, and carried over their ammunition in safety.

The report of the attack soon reached the city-guard. Drums were beaten, trumpets sounded, and shouts heard in every direction. While this was passing, a well-contested fight took place at the barricades in the centre of the bridge, between their defenders and the insurgents. Having broken down these obstacles, Wyat drove all before him. Still another and wider chasm lay between him and the Middlesex shore. In front of it, the assailed party made a desperate stand; but their resistance was unavailing. Many were precipitated into the yawning gulf, and drowned; while others threw down their arms, and besought mercy.

On the farther side of the chasm, a formidable array of soldiery opposed the progress of the rebel army, and a piece of ordnance did terrible execution amongst them. Two planks were hewn asunder as soon as they were thrust across the abyss; but the moment the third was laid down, Wyat dashed across it, and drove back two men with hatchets in their hands who were about to sever it. He was followed by half a dozen soldiers. In this instance, his fiery courage had well-nigh proved fatal to him; for no sooner had the small band crossed it, than the plank was

hurled into the chasm, and Wyat left, with his trifling party, to contend against the whole host of his foes. His destruction appeared inevitable, but his self-possession stood him in good stead.

"Fellow-countrymen," he shouted, "I am your friend, not your enemy. I would deliver you from thraldom and oppression. You ought rather to aid than oppose me. You are upholding Spain and the inquisition—while I am fighting for England and liberty."

These few words, vociferated while he made a desperate stand against his opponents, turned the tide of affairs. In vain the royalist leaders shouted, "Down with the rebels! the queen!—the queen!" They were answered by deafening cries of, "A Wyat! A Wyat! No Philip of Spain—no Popish supremacy—no inquisition!"

Amid this tumult, the insurgents, who had witnessed with dismay the perilous position of their leader, redoubled their exertions; and placing several planks across the gulf, crossed them, and flew to his assistance. Following up the advantage he had gained, Wyat, without difficulty, routed his opponents. He then paused to cover the passage of the remainder of his troops and artillery across the chasm, which was safely accomplished.

At the foot of Fish-street-hill, they were checked by a company of horse under the command of the Earl of Pembroke, and a skirmish took place, in which the royalists were worsted with severe loss, and many prisoners taken, as well as arms and horses. Pembroke, however, escaped, and retreated to the Tower, bringing the news of his own defeat and of the successes of the rebels.

The citizens showed little disposition to take part in the struggle. All they were uneasy about was the security of their property; but Wyat having prohibited his men from plunder or riot, and Captain Bret proclaiming that no mischief should be done, they remained tranquil. In this way, the insurgents marched, without further interruption,

to Cornhill, where Wyat marshalled his forces, distributed rations of meat and liquors among them, and awaited the appointed time for his attack upon the Tower.

Within the fortress all was consternation. The extraordinary success which had hitherto attended Wyat well nigh paralysed the Queen's party. The council again urged Mary to escape privately, but she peremptorily refused, and forbade the subject to be mentioned again, on pain of her severest displeasure. Some of the more timid then ventured to advise that she should assent to Wyat's terms—that Renard should be given up, and the match with the Prince of Spain abandoned. "I will sooner abandon my crown," rejoined Mary. Her courage never for one instant forsook her, and her spirit and resolution sustained the wavering minds of her adherents.

Long before this, Suffolk and Dudley had reached Deptford. As agreed, the Duke and his detachment embarked on board Winter's squadron, while the others were transported across the river in smaller boats. At Poplar, Dudley ordered his men to nail together a number of stout boards to serve as rafts. These were fastened with ropes to such horses as they could procure, and on reaching East Smithfield were unharnessed and held in readiness, until the signal of attack should be given. Besides the rafts, two or three wherries had been brought up from the river, and several long scaling-ladders provided.

Dudley's detachment consisted of about a thousand men, archers and arquebussiers, all of whom were well armed and eager for the attack. As yet, all was involved in profound darkness, and so far as they could judge, no suspicion of their presence was entertained by those within the fortress.

Scouts were despatched towards the postern gate, a fortification terminating the city wall, and situated at the north side of the moat; and from one of them, who had contrived to scramble along the edge of the fosse, it was ascertained that a detachment of Sir Thomas Wyat's party

was creeping stealthily along, with the intention of surprising the postern gate.

It had been Cholmondeley's intention to search for the entrance to the secret communication through which he had passed beneath the moat, but the almost certainty that it would be stopped induced him to abandon the idea.

All at once, a blaze of light was seen at the south of the fortress, in the direction of the river. It was followed by the roar of artillery, and the sharper discharge of firearms, accompanied by the beating of drums, the loud braying of trumpets, the clashing of swords, and other martial sounds.

On hearing this, Dudley gave the signal of assault. Dashing down the sides of the moat, his men launched their rafts on the water, and pushed them across with long poles. The noise they made betrayed them to the sentinels. The alarm was instantly given, and a tremendous fire was opened upon them from the batteries and casemate of the Brass Mount, as well as from the eastern and western line of ramparts.

The Brass Mount was the largest bastion of the tower, standing at the north-east angle of the fortress, and its walls were, and still are, of such immense thickness, and it was so well fortified, that it was regarded as impregnable. Notwithstanding this impression, it formed the main object of the present attack. Amid a slaughterous fire from the besieged, Dudley embarked with Cholmondeley, who carried his standard, in a small skiff, and, waving his sword above his head, pointed to the Brass Mount, and urged his men to the assault. They wanted no encouragement; but in some degree protected by the showers of arrows discharged by the archers stationed at the sides of the moat, and the constant fire of the arquebussiers, succeeded in placing two ladders against that part of the eastern ramparts immediately adjoining the bastion.

These were instantly covered with men, who mounted, sword in hand, but were attacked and hurled backwards by the besieged. Another ladder was soon planted against the Brass Mount, while two more were reared against the northern ramparts opposite the postern gate, which had been stormed and taken by Wyat's party, several of whom were descending the banks of the moat, and firing upon the fortress, assisted by three culverins placed in a temporary battery composed of large baskets filled with sand.

All this had not been executed without severe loss on the part of the insurgents. Several of the rafts were swamped, and their occupants, embarrassed by the weight of their arms, drowned. One of the ladders planted against the northern battlements was hurled backward with its living load; and such was the vigour and determination of the besieged, that none of the assailants could set a foot on the ramparts.

Considerable execution, however, was done by the showers of arrows from archers, as well as by the discharges of the arquebussiers. But success did not, as yet, declare itself for either side. Constantly repulsed, the insurgents still resolutely returned to the charge; and though numbers fell from the ladders, others were instantly found to take their place.

Seeing how matters stood, and aware that some desperate effort must be made, Dudley, who had hitherto watched the progress of the fight from the moat, exposing himself to the full fire of the batteries, resolved to ascend the ladder placed against the Brass Mount. Cholmondeley agreed to follow him; amid the cheers of the assailants and the unrelaxing fire of the besieged, the boat was run in to the side of the bastion.

At this juncture, a loud explosion, succeeded by a tremendous shout, was heard at the south side of the fortress. For a brief space both royalists and insurgents ceased fighting; and, taking advantage of the pause, Dudley swiftly

mounted the ladder, and, reaching the summit, shouted, "God save Queen Jane!"

"God save Queen Jane!" echoed Cholmondeley, who was close behind him. "God save Queen Jane!" he repeated, waving the banner.

The cry was reiterated from below, and the firing recommenced more furiously than ever.

It was rumoured among Dudley's men, and the report stimulated their ardour, that the Duke of Suffolk had taken St. Thomas's Tower. This, however, was not the case. After the embarkation of the troops as before related, the squadron under the command of Admiral Winter, accompanied by a number of galleys and wherries, made its way slowly to the Tower. Owing to the necessary delay, the tide had turned, and the larger vessels had to be towed up the river by the smaller craft.

On their arrival they were immediately perceived by the sentinels, who opened a fire upon them, which was instantly returned. This was the commencement of the siege, and served as the signal to Dudley, and likewise to Wyat, of whose movements it will be necessary to speak hereafter.

Before the squadron came up, the Duke of Suffolk embarked in a small galley, and, accompanied by several wherries filled with soldiers, contrived, by keeping close under the wall of the wharf, to effect a landing, unperceived, at the stairs. Taken by surprise, the guard fell an easy prey to their assailants, who, seizing the cannon placed there, turned them against the fortress.

While this was passing, several boats landed their crews at the eastern end of the wharf, and many others speeded towards it from all quarters. In a short time, it was crowded by the insurgents; and notwithstanding the tremendous fire kept up against them from the whole line of battlements—from Traitor's Tower—and from all the fortifications within shot, they resolutely maintained their ground.

Directing the attack in person, and exposing himself to

every danger, the Duke of Suffolk displayed the utmost coolness and courage. The fight raged furiously on both sides. Several boats, and one of the larger vessels, were sunk by the guns of the batteries, and the ranks of the insurgents were greatly thinned. Still there was no symptom of irresolution exhibited; nor did they relax for a moment in their efforts.

Scaling-ladders were placed against the walls of Traitor's Tower, and crowded with climbers, while a gun-boat entered the dark arch beneath it, and its crew commenced battering with axes, halberds, and poles, against the portcullis and water-gate. Another party had taken possession of the buildings opposite the By-ward Tower, and were trying to reach the drawbridge, which, it is almost needless to say, was raised. Added to these, a strong body of Essex men, having congregated at Limehouse, approached the fortress by St. Catherine's and the lane leading to the Flemish church, and were striving to force the Iron Gate and the eastern outlet of the wharf.

At this juncture, an occurrence took place, which, while it disheartened the besieged, tended greatly to animate the assailing party. At the south-west corner of the wharf stood a row of small habitations separating it from Petty Wales. One of these was presently observed to be on fire, and the flames rapidly spread to the others. Shortly afterwards, a tremendous explosion took place. A building was blown up, and the fiery fragments tossed into the river and moat; while across the blazing ruins, with loud shouts, rushed a party of men from the troops under Sir Thomas Wyat.

This was the explosion that reached the ears of Dudley and his band. Rushing to the assistance of their friends, the new-comers seemed determined to carry all before them, and such was the effect of their sudden appearance, that the besieged for a moment gave way, and a small body of the insurgents gained a footing on the roof of Traitor's Tower.

But the next moment the royalists rallied, drove off their assailants, and the fight continued as obstinately as before.

It was a sublime but terrific spectacle, and one not easily effaced from the remembrance of those who beheld it. The ruddy light cast upon the water by the burning houses, and serving to reveal the tall vessels—the armed boats—the sinking craft and struggling figures with which it was covered—the towers and battlements of the fortress pouring forth fire and smoke—the massive pile of the ancient citadel, which added its thunder to the general din—the throng of warlike figures engaged in active strife on the wharf, or against Traitor's Tower—constituted a scene of intense, though fearful interest—nor did the roar of the cannon, the clash of arms, the shouts and cheers of the combatants, and the groans of the wounded, detract from its effect.

There was yet another scene, which, though unwitnessed, except by those actually concerned in it, equalled, if not surpassed it, in gloomy power. This was a conflict under Saint Thomas's Tower. It had been already mentioned that a party, manning a gun-boat, had penetrated beneath the arch leading to Traitor's Tower, where they endeavoured, with such weapons as they possessed, to effect an entrance. While they were thus employed, the portcullis was suddenly raised, and the watergate opened; and the men, supposing their own party had gained possession of the fortification above them, dashed forward.

They were speedily undeceived. Before they reached the steps, a number of armed figures, some of whom bore torches, appeared, while a thundering splash behind told that the portcullis had been let down, so as to cut off their retreat. Nothing remained but to sell their lives as dearly as they could. Quarter was neither asked nor granted. Some leaped overboard, and tried, sword in hand, to force a way up the steps; others prepared to follow them; and the gunner discharged a falconet planted at the prow of the boat, occasioning fearful havoc among their opponents.

But this availed nothing. They were driven back, and their assailants, pursuing them into the recesses of the arch, put them to death. The light of the few torches that illumined the scene, fell upon figures fearfully struggling, while the arches rang with the reports of musketry, groans, and curses. In a short time all was still and dark as heretofore. But when the watergate was afterwards opened, fourteen mangled corpses floated out to the Thames.

While the siege was thus vigorously carried on, on the north and south, the western side of the fortress was not neglected. Remaining at Cornhill for some hours, Wyat divided his forces into two detachments, and committed one to Captain Bret, whom he directed to proceed to the upper part of Tower Hill, along Lombard Street, Fenchurch Street, and Tower Street, and to place his men within the churchyard of All-Hallows, Barking, and at the rear of the scaffold on Tower Hill; while with the other he himself marched down Gracechurch Street, along Thames Street, taking up a position before the Bulwark Gate.

As soon as he had reached this point, and arranged his men, he rode off to Bret, and ordered a party, commanded by Captain Cobham, to attack the postern-gate, as before related. Bret was to hold himself in readiness to march down to the Bulwark Gate, or to attack the Leg Mount, a bastion at the north-west angle of the fortress, corresponding (though of somewhat smaller size) with the Brass Mount, as he should receive instructions.

Having issued these directions, Wyat rode back to his troops—he was now mounted, as were several of his officers, on the steeds captured in the recent skirmish with the Earl of Pembroke—and commanded them to remain perfectly quiet till Admiral Winter's squadron should arrive off the Tower. His injunctions were strictly obeyed, and such perfect silence was observed, that though his men were drawn up within a few yards of the fortress, they were not discovered by the sentinels.

On the arrival of the squadron, Wyat immediately commenced an attack upon the Bulwark Gate—one of the weakest outworks of the fortress,—and while directing his engines against it, some half-dozen wooden houses adjoining it on the side of the moat were fired by his men; and the flames quickly extending to the buildings immediately contiguous to the Bulwark Gate, that defence was at once surrendered.

The first point gained, Wyat despatched a messenger to Bret ordering him to join him instantly; and while a handful of his men, rushing round the semicircular wall, heretofore described as protecting the lesser moat, attacked the embattled gateway fronting the Lion's Tower, with the intention of joining Suffolk's party on the wharf, he directed his main force against the Lion's Gate. This fortification was stoutly defended, and the insurgents were twice repulsed before they could bring their engines to bear against it.

Bret and his party having arrived, such an irresistible attack was made upon the gate, that in a short time it was carried. With loud shouts, the insurgents drove the royalists before them along the narrow bridge facing the Lion's Tower, and leading to the Middle Tower, putting some to the sword, and throwing others over the walls into the moat.

The movement was so expeditious, and the rout so unexpected, that the portcullis of the Middle Tower, which was kept up to allow the flying men to pass through it, could not be lowered, and hastily directing those around him to prop it up with a piece of timber, Wyat continued the pursuit to the By-ward Tower.

Hitherto, complete success had attended his efforts; and if he had passed the fortification he was approaching, in all probability he would have been master of the Tower. Nothing doubting this, he urged his men onwards. On his left rode Bret, and behind them, at a short distance, came Captain Knevet, and two other leaders, likewise on horseback.

As they arrived within a few paces of the By-ward Tower, three tremendous personages issued from it, and opposed their further progress. They were equipped in corslets of polished steel and morions; and two of them were armed with bucklers and enormous maces, while the third wielded a partizan of equal size. These, it is almost needless to state, were the three giants Og, Gog, and Magog. The bearer of the partizan was Gog. Behind them came their diminutive attendant Xit.

Like his gigantic companions, Xit was fully armed in a steel corslet, cuisses, and gauntlets. His head was sheltered by a helmet, shaded by an immense plume of feathers, which, being considerably too large for him, almost eclipsed his features. He was furthermore provided with a sword almost as long as himself, and a buckler.

These four personages were intimately associated with the Tower. The three giants regarded an attack upon it as an attack upon themselves personally, and the dwarf was always in attendance upon the three brothers.

At the sight of the giants, the flying royalists rallied, and a fierce but ineffectual struggle took place. During it, Bret was dismounted and thrown into the moat. Urged by their leader, the insurgents pressed furiously forward. But the giants presented an impassable barrier. Og plied his mace with as much zeal as he did the clubs when he enacted the part of the Tower at Courtenay's masque, and with far more terrible effect. All avoided the sweep of his arm.

Not content with dealing blows, he dashed among the retreating foe, and hurled some dozen of them into the moat. His prowess excited universal terror and astonishment. Nor was Gog much behind him. Wherever his partizan descended, a foe fell beneath its weight; and as he was incessantly whirling it over his head, and bringing it down, a space was speedily cleared before him.

Seeing the havoc occasioned by the gigantic brethren, and finding that they completely checked his further ad-

vance, Wyat struck spurs into his charger, and dashing upon Magog, tried to hew him down. If the married giant had not caught the blow aimed at him upon his shield, Dame Placida had been made a widow for the second time. Again plunging the spurs rowel-deep into his horse's flanks, Wyat would have ridden over his gigantic antagonist, if the latter, perceiving his intention, had not raised his mace, and with one tremendous blow smashed the skull of the noble animal.

"Yield you, Sir Thomas Wyat," cried Magog, rushing up to the knight, who was borne to the ground with his slaughtered charger—"you are my prisoner."

"Back, caitiff!" cried Wyat, disengaging himself and attacking the giant; "I will never yield with life."

Wyat, however, would have been speedily captured by the giant, if Knevet, seeing his perilous situation, had not pressed forward with several others to his assistance, and rescued him. This accident, however, enabled the retreating party to pass beneath the archway of the By-ward Tower, the portcullis of which was instantly lowered.

Meanwhile, a body of the insurgents, having taken possession of the Middle Tower, had planted themselves at the various loopholes, and on the roof, and kept up a constant fire on the soldiers stationed on the summit of the By-ward Tower.

Throughout the whole of the siege, the queen maintained her accustomed firmness; and to her indomitable courage, and the effect produced by it upon her followers, the successful issue of the conflict to the royalist party is mainly to be attributed. Startled from her slumbers by the roar of the artillery, Mary arose, and hastily arraying herself, quitted the palace with Gardiner, Renard, and a few other attendants, who had flown to her on the first rumour of the attack, and repaired to the lieutenant's lodgings, where she found Sir Henry Bedingfeld in the entrance-hall, surrounded by armed men, busied in giving

them instructions, and despatching messages to the officers in command of the different fortifications.

At the Queen's appearance, the old knight would have flung himself at her feet, but she motioned him not to heed her, and contented herself with saying, as each messenger departed, "Tell my soldiers that I will share their danger. I will visit every fortification in turn, and I doubt not I shall find its defenders at their posts. No courageous action shall pass unrequited; and as I will severely punish these rebels, so I will reward those who signalise themselves in their defeat. Bid them fight for their queen—for the daughter of the Eighth Henry, whose august spirit is abroad to watch over and direct them. He who brings me Wyat's head shall receive knighthood at my hands, together with the traitor's forfeited estates. Let this be proclaimed. And now fight—and valiantly—for you fight for the truth."

Charged with animating addresses like these, the soldiers hurried to their various leaders. The consequence may be easily imagined. Aware that they were under the immediate eye of their sovereign, and anticipating her coming each moment, the men, eager to distingush themselves, fought with the utmost ardour; and such was the loyalty awakened by Mary's energy and spirit, that even those secretly inclined towards the opposite party, of whom there were not a few, did not care to avow their real sentiments.

While Mary remained in the lieutenant's lodgings, word was brought that the fortress was attacked on all sides, and the thunder of the ordnance now resounding from the whole line of ramparts, and answered by the guns of the besiegers, confirmed the statement. As she heard these tidings, and listened to the fearful tumult without, her whole countenance underwent a change; and those who remembered her kingly sire, recognised his most terrible expression, and felt the same awe they had formerly experienced in his presence.

"Oh! that I had been born a man!" she cried, "that with my own hand I might punish these traitors. But they shall find, though they have a woman to deal with, they have no feeble and faint-hearted antagonist. I cannot wield a sword; but I will stand by those who can. Sir Henry Bedingfeld, take these orders from me, and they are final. Let the siege go how it may, I will make no terms with the rebels, nor hold further parley with them. Show them no quarter—exterminate them utterly. I no longer regard them as subjects—children; but as aliens—foes. Deal with them as such. And look you yield not this fortress—for, by God's grace! *I* never will yield it. Where is your own post, Sir Henry?"

"At the By-ward Tower, your highness," replied Bedingfeld. "The traitor Wyat directs the attack in that quarter; and he is most to be feared of all our opponents. I will not quit the fortification with my life. But who shall succeed me if I fall?"

"The Queen," replied Mary. "But you will *not* fall, good Bedingfeld. You are appointed by Heaven to be my preserver. Go to your post; and keep it, in my name. Go, and fight for your royal mistress, and for the holy Catholic faith which we both of us profess, and which these rebels—these heretics, would overthrow. Go, and the Virgin prosper you, and strengthen your arm!"

"I obey your majesty," replied Bedingfeld; "and yet I cannot but feel that my place is by your side."

"Ah! do you loiter, sir?" cried Mary fiercely. "You have tarried here too long already. Do you not hear yon loud-voiced cannon summon you hence? Are you deaf to those cries? To your post, sir—and quit it not for your head. Stay!" she added, as the knight was about to obey her. "I meant not this. I have been over-hasty. But you will bear with me. Go. I have no fears—and have much to do. Success be with you! We meet again as victors, or we meet no more."

"We shall meet ere day-break," replied the knight. And quitting the presence, he hurried to the By-ward Tower.

"In case fate declares itself against your highness, and the insurgents win the fortress," observed Renard, "I can convey you beyond their reach. I am acquainted with a subterranean passage communicating with the farther side of the moat, and have stationed a trusty guard at its entrance."

"In the event your excellency anticipates," returned Mary sternly, "but which I am assured will never occur, I will not fly. While one stone of that citadel stands upon another it shall never be surrendered: and while life remains to her, Mary of England will never desert it. In your next despatch to the prince your master, tell him his proposed consort proved herself worthy—in resolution, at least—of the alliance."

"I will report your intrepid conduct to the prince," replied Renard. "But I would, for his sake, if not for your own, gracious madam, that you would not further expose yourself."

"To the ramparts!" cried Mary, disregarding him. "Let those follow me who are not afraid to face these traitors."

Quitting the entrance-hall, she mounted a broad staircase of carved oak, and traversing a long gallery, entered a passage leading to the Bell Tower, a fortification standing on the west of the lieutenant's lodgings, and connected with them. The room to which the passage brought her, situated on the upper story, and now used as part of the domestic offices of the governor, was crowded with soldiers, busily employed in active defensive preparations. Some were discharging their calivers through the loopholes at the besiegers, while others were carrying ammunition to the roof of the building.

Addressing a few words of encouragement to them, and

QUEEN MARY AND GARDINER ON THE BATTLEMENTS.

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crossing the room, Mary commanded an officer to conduct her to the walls. Seeing from her manner that remonstrance would be useless, the officer obeyed. As she emerged from the low arched doorway opening upon the ballium wall, the range of wooden houses on the opposite side of the moat burst into flames, and the light of the conflagration, while it revealed the number of her enemies and their plan of attack, rendered her situation infinitely more perilous, inasmuch as it betrayed her to general observation. Directed by the shouts, the besiegers speedily discovered the occasion of the clamour; and though Sir Thomas Wyat, who was engaged at the moment in personally directing the assault on the Bulwark Gate, commanded his men to cease firing in that quarter, his injunctions were wholly disregarded, and several shots struck the battlements close to the Queen. Seriously alarmed, Gardiner earnestly entreated her to retire, but she peremptorily refused, and continued her course as slowly as if no danger beset her—ever and anon pausing to watch the movements of the besiegers, or to encourage and direct her own men. Before she reached the Beauchamp Tower, the Bulwark Gate was carried, and the triumphant shouts of the insurgents drew from her an exclamation of bitter anger.

"It is but a small advantage gained, your highness," remarked the officer; "they will be speedily repulsed."

"Small as it is, sir," rejoined the Queen, "I would rather have lost the richest jewel from my crown than they had gained so much. Look! they are gathering together before the Lion's Gate. They are thundering against it with sledge-hammers, battering-rams, and other engines. I can hear the din of their blows above all this tumult. And see! other troops are advancing to their aid. By their banners and white coats, I know they are the London trained-bands, headed by Bret. Heaven confound the traitor! He who will bring him to me dead or alive, shall have whatever he asks. Ah, God's death! they have

forced the Lion's Gate—they drive all before them. Recreants! why do you not dispute it inch by inch, and you may regain what you have lost? Confusion! Wyat and his rebel band press onward, and the others fly. They pass through the Middle Tower. Ah! that shout, those fearful cries! They put my faithful subjects to the sword. They are in possession of the Middle Tower, and direct its guns on the By-ward Tower. Wyat and his band are on the bridge. They press forward, the others retreat. Retreat! ah, caitiffs, cowards that you are, you *must* fight now, if you have a spark of loyalty left. They fly. They have neither loyalty nor valour. Where is Bedingfeld?—where is my lieutenant?—why does he not sally forth upon them? If I were there, I would myself lead the attack."

"Your majesty's desires are fulfilled," remarked the officer; "a sally is made by a party from the gate; the rebels are checked."

"I see it!" exclaimed the Queen joyfully—"but what valiant men are they who thus turn the tide? Ah! I know them now, they are my famous giants—my loyal warders! Look how the rebel ranks are cleared by the sweep of their mighty arms. Brave yeomen! you have fought as no belted knights have hitherto fought, and have proved the truth of your royal descent. Ah! Wyat is down. Slay him! spare him not, brave giant! his lands, his title are yours. Heaven's curse upon him, the traitor has escaped! I can bear this no longer," she added, turning to her conductor. "Lead on: I would see what they are doing elsewhere."

The command was obeyed, but the officer had not proceeded many yards when a shot struck him, and he fell mortally wounded at the Queen's feet.

"I fear you are hurt, sir," said Mary anxiously.

"To death, madam," gasped the officer. "I should not care to die, had I lived to see you victorious. When all others were clamouring for the usurper, Jane, my voice was

raised for you, my rightful Queen; and now my last shout shall be for you."

Her attention, however, was speedily attracted to other matters. Passing through the Beauchamp Tower, she proceeded to the next fortification.

The main attacks of the besiegers, as has been previously stated, were directed against the Brass Mount, St. Thomas's Tower, and the By-ward Tower—the western and north-western ramparts, including the Leg Mount, a large bastion corresponding with the Brass Mount, being comparatively unmolested. Taking up a position on the roof of the Devilin Tower, which flanked the north-west angle of the ballium wall, Mary commanded two sides of the fortress, and the view on either hand was terrific and sublime. On the left, the blazing habitations, which being of highly combustible material were now, in a great measure, consumed, cast a red and lurid glare on the moat, lighting up the ramparts, the fortifications behind them, and those on the bridge,—two of which, she was aware, were in the possession of the besiegers. In this quarter the firing had ceased; and it seemed that both parties had by mutual consent suspended hostilities, to renew them in a short time with greater animosity than ever. On the right, however, the assault continued with unabated fury. A constant fire was kept up from the temporary batteries placed before the postern gate; clouds of arrows whizzed through the air, shot by the archers stationed on the banks of the moat; and another ladder having been placed against the ramparts, several of the scaling party had obtained a footing, and were engaged hand-to-hand with the besieged. Ever and anon, amid this tumultuous roar, was heard a loud splash, proclaiming that some miserable wretch had been hurled into the moat.

After contemplating the spectacle for some time in silence, Mary proceeded to the Flint Tower—a fortification about ninety feet nearer the scene of strife. Here the

alarming intelligence was brought her that Lord Guilford Dudley was in possession of the Brass Mount, and that other advantages had been gained by the insurgents in that quarter. The fight raged so fiercely, it was added, that it would be tempting Providence in her majesty to proceed farther. Yielding, at length, to the solicitations of her attendants, Mary descended from the walls, and shaped her course towards the White Tower; while Renard, by her command, hastened to the Martin Tower (now the Jewel Tower) to ascertain how matters stood. His first step was to ascend the roof of this structure, which, standing immediately behind the Brass Mount, completely overlooked it.

It must be borne in mind that the Tower is surrounded by a double line of defences, and that the ballium wall and its fortifications are much loftier than the outer ramparts. Renard found the roof of the Martin Tower thronged with soldiers, who were bringing their guns to bear upon the present possessors of the Brass Mount. They were assisted in their efforts to dislodge them by the occupants of the Brick Tower and the Constable Tower; and notwithstanding the advantage gained by the insurgents, they sustained severe loss from the constant fire directed against them. Renard's glance sought out Lord Guilford Dudley; and after a few moments' search, guided by the shouts, he perceived him with Cholmondeley driving a party of royalists before him down the steps leading to the eastern ramparts. Here he was concealed from view, and protected by the roofs of a range of habitations from the guns on the ballium wall.

A few moments afterwards, intelligence was conveyed by the soldiers on the Broad Arrow Tower to those on the Constable Tower, and thence from fortification to fortification, that Dudley having broken into one of the houses covering the ramparts, was descending with his forces into the eastern ward.

Renard saw that not a moment was to be lost. Ordering the soldiers not to relax their fire for an instant, he put himself at the head of a body of men, and hurrying down a spiral stone staircase, which brought him to a subterranean chamber, unlocked a door in it, and traversing with lightning swiftness a long narrow passage, speedily reached another vaulted room. At first no outlet was perceptible; but snatching a torch from one of his band, Renard touched a knob of iron in the wall, and a stone dropping from its place discovered a flight of steps, up which they mounted. These brought them to a wider passage, terminated by a strong door clamped with iron, and forming a small sally-port opening upon the eastern ward, a little lower down than Lord Guilford Dudley and his party had gained admittance to it. Commanding his men to obey his injunctions implicitly, Renard flung open the sally-port, and dashed through it at their head.

Dudley was pressing forward in the direction of the Iron Gate when Renard appeared. Both parties were pretty equally matched in point of number, though neither leader could boast more than twenty followers. Still, multitudes were hastening to them from every quarter. A detachment of royalists were issuing from a portal near the Salt Tower, while a host of insurgents were breaking through the house lately forced by Lord Guilford Dudley, and hurrying to his assistance. In a few seconds the opposing parties met. By the light of the torches, Dudley recognised Renard, and, uttering a shout of exultation, advanced to the attack.

As soon as it was known to the insurgents that the abhorred Spanish ambassador was before them, with one accord they turned their weapons against him, and if their leader had not interposed, would have inevitably slain him.

"Leave him to me," cried Dudley, "and I will deliver my country from this detested traitor." "Fellow-soldiers," he added, addressing Renard's companions, "will you fight for Spain, for the Inquisition, for the idolatries of Rome,

when swords are drawn for your country—and for the Reformed religion? We have come to free you from the yoke under which you labour. Join us, and fight for your liberties, your laws—for the Gospel, and for Queen Jane."

"Ay, fight for Jane and the Gospel!" shouted Cholmondeley. "Down with Renard and the See of Rome. No Spanish match!—no Inquisition!"

"Who are you fighting for? Who is your leader?" continued Dudley;—"a base Spanish traitor. Who are you fighting against?—Englishmen, your friends, your countrymen, your brothers—members of the same faith, of the same family."

This last appeal proved effectual. Most of the royalists went over to the insurgents, shouting, "No Spanish match!—no Inquisition! Down with Renard!"

"Ay, down with Renard!" cried Dudley. "I will no longer oppose your just vengeance. Slay him, and we will fix his head upon a spear. It will serve to strike terror into our enemies."

Even in this extremity, Renard's constitutional bravery did not desert him; and, quickly retreating, he placed his back against the wall. The few faithful followers who stood by him, endeavoured to defend him, but they were soon slain, and he could only oppose his single sword against the array of partizans and spikes raised against him. His destruction appeared inevitable, and he had already given himself up for lost, when a rescue arrived.

The detachment of soldiers, headed by Sir Thomas Brydges, already described as issuing from the gate near the Salt Tower, seeing a skirmish taking place, hurried forward, and reached the scene of strife just in time to save the ambassador, whose assailants were compelled to quit him to wield their weapons in their own defence. Thus set free, Renard sprung like a tiger upon his foes, and, aided by the new-comers, occasioned fearful havoc among them. But his deadliest fury was directed against those

who had deserted him, and he spared none of them whom he could reach with his sword.

Lord Guilford Dudley and his esquire performed prodigies of valour. The former made every effort to reach Renard, but such was the confusion around him, that he was constantly foiled in his purpose. At length, seeing it was in vain to contend against such superior force, and that his men would be speedily cut in pieces, and himself captured, he gave the word to retreat, and fled towards the north-east angle of the ward. The royalists started after them; but such was the speed at which the fugitives ran, that they could not overtake them. A few stragglers ineffectually attempted to check their progress, and the soldiers on the walls above did not dare to fire upon them, for fear of injuring their own party. In this way they passed the Martin Tower, and were approaching the Brick Tower when a large detachment of soldiers were seen advancing towards them.

"Long live Queen Jane!" shouted Dudley and his companions, vainly hoping they were friends.

"Long live Queen Mary, and death to the rebels!" responded the others.

At the cry, Dudley and his little band halted. They were hemmed in on all sides, without the possibility of escape; and the royalists on the fortifications above being now able to mark them, opened a devastating fire upon them. By this time Renard and his party had turned the angle of the wall, and the voice of the ambassador was heard crying—"Cut them in pieces! Spare no one but their leader. Take him alive."

Hearing the shout, Dudley observed to Cholmondeley—"You have ever been my faithful esquire, and I claim one last service from you. If I am in danger of being taken, slay me. I will not survive defeat."

"Nay, my lord, live," cried Cholmondeley. "Wyat or the Duke of Suffolk may be victorious and deliver you."

"No," replied Dudley, "I will not run the risk of being placed again in Mary's power. Obey my last injunctions. Should you escape, fly to Jane. You know where to find her. Bid her to embark instantly for France, and say her husband with his last breath blessed her."

But at this moment he was interrupted by Cholmondeley, who pointed out an open door in the ramparts opposite them. Eagerly availing himself of the chance, Dudley called to his men to follow him, and dashed through it, uncertain whither it led, but determined to sell his life dearly. The doorway admitted them into a low vaulted chamber, in which were two or three soldiers and a stand of arms and ammunition. The men fled at their approach along a dark, narrow passage, and endeavoured to fasten an inner door, but the others were too close upon them to permit it. As Dudley and his band advanced, they found themselves at the foot of a short flight of steps, and rushing up them, entered a semi-circular passage about six feet wide, with a vaulted roof, and deep embrasures in the walls in which cannon were planted. It was, in fact, the casement of the Brass Mount. By the side of the cannon stood the gunners, and the passage was filled with smoke. Alarmed by the cries of their companions, and the shouts of Dudley and his band, these men, who were in utter ignorance of what had passed, except that they had been made aware that the summit of the bastion was carried, threw down their arms, and sued for quarter.

"You shall have it, friends," cried Dudley, "provided you will fight for Queen Jane."

"Agreed!" replied the gunners. "Long live Queen Jane."

"Stand by me," returned Dudley, "and these stout walls shall either prove our safeguard or our tomb."

The gunners then saw how matters stood, but they could not retract, and they awaited a favourable opportunity to turn against their new masters.

Perceiving the course taken by Dudley and his companions, Renard felt certain of their capture, and repeated his injunctions to the soldiers to take him alive if possible, but on no account to suffer him to escape.

Dudley, meanwhile, endeavoured, with Cholmondeley, to drag one of the large pieces of ordnance out of the embrasure in which it was placed, with the view of pointing it against their foes. But before this could be accomplished, the attack commenced. Darting to the head of the steps, Dudley valiantly defended the pass for some time; and the royalist soldiers, obedient to the injunctions of Renard, forebore to strike him, and sought only his capture. The arched roof rang with the clash of weapons, with the reports of shot, and with the groans of the wounded and dying. The floor beneath them soon became slippery with blood. Still, Dudley kept his ground. All at once he staggered and fell. A blow had been dealt him from behind by one of the gunners, who had contrived to approach him unawares.

"It is over," he groaned to the esquire; "finish me, and fly, if you can, to Jane."

Cholmondeley raised his sword to comply with his lord's injunctions, but the blow was arrested by the strong arm of Renard, who, bestriding his prey, cried, in a voice of exultation, "He is mine! Bear him to the Queen before he expires."

Cholmondeley heard no more, but darting backwards, sprang into the embrasure whence he had endeavoured to drag the cannon, and forcing himself through the aperture, dropped from the dizzy height into the moat.

While this was passing, Mary proceeded to Saint John's Chapel in the White Tower. It was brilliantly illuminated, and high mass was being performed by Bonner and the whole of the priesthood assembled within the fortress. The transition from the roar and tumult without to this calm and sacred scene was singularly striking, and calcu-

lated to produce a strong effect on the feelings. There, all was strife and clamour; the air, filled with smoke, was almost stifling; and such places as were not lighted up by the blaze of the conflagration or the flashing of the ordnance and musquetry, were buried in profound gloom. Here, all was light, odour, serenity, sanctity. Without, fierce bands were engaged in deadly fight—nothing was heard but the clash of arms, the thunder of cannon, the shouts of the victorious, the groans of the dying. Within, holy men were celebrating their religious rites, undisturbed by the terrible struggle around them, and apparently unconscious of it; tapers shone from every pillar; the atmosphere was heavy with incense; and the choral hymn mingled with the scarce-heard roar of cannon. Mary was so affected by the scene, that for the first time she appeared moved. Her bosom heaved, and a tear started to her eye.

"How peaceful is the holy place," she observed to Gardiner, "and what a contrast it presents to the scene we have just quitted! I could almost wish that Heaven had destined me to the cloister instead of to the throne, that I might pass my days in the exercise of my religion."

"Heaven has destined you to be the restorer and defender of our religion, madam," replied Gardiner. "Had you not been called to the high station you occupy, the Catholic worship, so long discontinued in these holy walls, would not now be celebrated. To you we owe its restoration;—to you we must owe its continuance."

As Mary advanced to the altar, the anthem ceased, and silence prevailed throughout the sacred structure. Prostrating herself, she prayed for a few moments fervently, and in an audible voice. She then arose, and observed to Gardiner, "I feel so much comforted that I am assured Heaven will support me and our holy religion."

As she spoke, solemn music resounded through the chapel, the anthem was again chanted, and the priests resumed their holy rites. With a heart strengthened and

elated, Mary ascended the staircase behind the altar, and passing through the gallery, proceeded to the council-chamber.

Renard entered the council-chamber with Dudley. The latter, though faint from loss of blood, on finding himself in the Queen's presence, exerted all his strength, and stood erect and unsupported.

"So far your highness is victorious," said Renard; "one of the rebel-leaders is in your power, and ere long all will be so. Will it please you to question him—or shall I bid Mauger take off his head at once?"

"Let me reflect a moment," replied Mary, thoughtfully. "He shall die," she added, after a pause, "but not yet."

"It were better to behead him now," rejoined Renard.

"I do not think so," replied Mary. "Let him be removed to some place of safe confinement—the dungeon beneath Saint John's Chapel."

"The only grace I ask from your highness is speedy death," said Dudley.

"Therefore I will not grant it," replied Mary. "No, traitor! you shall perish with your wife."

"Ah!" exclaimed Dudley, "I have destroyed her."

And as these words were pronounced, he reeled backwards, and would have fallen, if the attendants had not caught him.

"Your majesty has spared Mauger a labour," observed Renard, sarcastically.

"He is not dead," replied Mary; and if he were so, it would not grieve me. Remove him: and do with him as I have commanded."

Her injunctions were obeyed, and the inanimate body of Dudley was carried away.

Renard was proceeding to inform the Queen that the insurgents had been driven from the Brass Mount, when a messenger arrived, with tidings that another success had been gained—Sir Henry Jerningham having encountered

the detachment under the Duke of Suffolk, and driven them back to their vessels, was about to assist the Earl of Pembroke and Sir Henry Bedingfeld in a sally upon Sir Thomas Wyat's party. This news so enchanted Mary, that she took a valuable ring from her finger, and presented it to the messenger, saying—"I will double thy fee, good fellow, if thou wilt bring me word that Wyat is slain, and his traitorous band utterly routed."

Scarcely had the messenger departed, when another appeared. He brought word that several vessels had arrived off the Tower, and attacked the squadron under the command of Admiral Winter; that all the vessels, with the exception of one, on board which the Duke of Suffolk had taken refuge, had struck; and that her majesty might now feel assured of a speedy conquest.

At this news, Mary immediately fell on her knees, and cried—"I thank Thee, O Lord! not that Thou hast vouchsafed me a victory over my enemies, but that Thou hast enabled me to triumph over Thine."

"The next tidings your highness receives will be that the siege is raised," observed Renard, as the Queen arose: "and, with your permission, I will be the messenger to bring it."

"Be it so," replied Mary. "I would now gladly be alone."

As Renard issued from the principal entrance of the White Tower, and was about to cross the Green, he perceived a small group collected before Saint Peter's Chapel, and at once guessing its meaning he hastened towards it. It was just beginning to grow light, and objects could be imperfectly distinguished. As Renard drew nigh, he perceived a circle formed round a soldier whose breastplate, doublet, and ruff had been removed, and who was kneeling with his arms crossed upon his breast beside a billet of wood. Near him, on the left, stood Mauger, with his axe upon his shoulder, and on the right, Gardiner, holding a crucifix towards him, and earnestly entreating him to die in

the faith of Rome; promising him, in case of compliance, a complete remission of his sins. Bret, for he it was, made no answer, but appeared, from the convulsive movement of his lips, to be muttering a prayer. Out of patience, at length Gardiner gave the signal to Mauger, and the latter motioned the rebel captain to lay his head upon the piece of timber. The practised executioner performed his task with so much celerity that a minute had not elapsed before the head was stricken from the body, and placed on the point of a spear. While the apparatus of death and the blood-streaming trunk were removed, Xit, who was one of the spectators, seized the spear with its grisly burden, and bending beneath the load, bore it toward the By-ward Tower. A man-at-arms preceded him, shouting in a loud voice, "Thus perish all traitors!"

Having seen this punishment inflicted, Renard hastened towards the By-ward Tower, and avoiding the concourse that flocked round Xit and his sanguinary trophy, took a shorter cut, and arrived there before them. He found Pembroke and Bedingfeld, as the messenger had stated, prepared with a large force to make a sally upon the insurgents. The signal was given by renewed firing from the roof and loop-holes of the Middle Tower. Wyat, who had retreated [illegible] the gateway of that fortification, and had drawn up his men in the open space behind it, now advanced at their head to the attack. At this moment the portcullis of the By-ward Tower was again raised, and the royalists issued from it. Foremost among them were the giants. The meeting of the two hosts took place in the centre of the bridge, and the shock was tremendous. For a short time the result appeared doubtful. But the superior numbers, better arms, and discipline, of the Queen's party, soon made it evident on which side victory would incline.

If conquest could have been obtained by personal bravery, Wyat would have been triumphant. Wherever the battle raged most fiercely he was to be found. He sought out

Bedingfeld, and failing in reaching him, cut his way to the Earl of Pembroke, whom he engaged and would have slain, if Og had not driven him off with his exterminating mace. The tremendous prowess of the gigantic brethren, indeed, contributed in no slight degree to the speedy termination of the fight. Their blows were resistless, and struck such terror into their opponents, that a retreat was soon begun, which Wyat found it impossible to check. Gnashing his teeth with anger, and uttering ejaculations of rage, he was compelled to follow his flying forces. His anger was vented against Gog. He aimed a terrible blow at him, and cut through his partizan, but his sword shivered against his morion. A momentary rally was attempted in the court between the Lion's Gate and the Bulwark Gate; but the insurgents were speedily driven out. On reaching Tower Hill, Wyat succeeded in checking them; and though he could not compel them to maintain their ground, he endeavoured, with a faithful band, to cover the retreat of the main body to London Bridge. Perceiving his aim, Pembroke sent off a detachment under Bedingfeld, by Tower Street, to intercept the front ranks while he attacked the rear. But Wyat beat off his assailants, made a rapid retreat down Thames Street, and after a skirmish with Bedingfeld at the entrance of the bridge, in which he gained a decided advantage, contrived to get his troops safely across it, with much less loss than might have been anticipated. Nor was this all. He destroyed the planks which had afforded him passage, and took his measures so well and so expeditiously on the Southwark side, that Pembroke hesitated to cross the bridge and attack him.

The Tower, however, was delivered from its assailants. The three giants pursued the flying foe to the Bulwark Gate, and then returned to the Middle Tower, which was yet occupied by a number of Wyat's party, and summoned them to surrender. The command was refused, unless accompanied by a pardon. The giants said nothing more, but

glanced significantly at each other. Magog seized a ram, which had been left by the assailants, and dashed it against the door on the left of the gateway. A few tremendous blows sufficed to burst it open. Finding no one within the lower chamber, they ascended the winding stone staircase, their progress up which was opposed, but ineffectually, by the insurgents. Magog pushed forward like a huge bull, driving his foes from step to step, till they reached the roof, where a short but furious encounter took place. The gigantic brethren fought back to back, and committed such devastation among their foes, that those who were left alive threw down their arms, and begged for quarter. Disregarding their entreaties, the giants hurled them over the battlements. Some were drowned in the moat, while others were dashed to pieces in the court below.

"It is thus," observed Magog, with a grim smile, to his brethren, as the work of destruction was ended, "that the sons of the Tower avenge the insults offered to their parent."

By this time Sir Henry Bedingfeld had returned from the pursuit of the rebels. Many prisoners had been taken, and conveyed, by his directions, to a secure part of the fortress. Exerting himself to the utmost, and employing a large body of men in the work, the damages done to the different defences of the fortress were speedily repaired, the bodies of the slain thrown into the river, and all rendered as secure as before.

—W. H. AINSWORTH: *Tower of London.*

XXIV

How the Spanish Armada was Defeated

A STUDENT of men would have found few nobler companies on whom to exercise his discernment, than he might have seen in the little terrace bowling-green behind the Pelican Inn, Plymouth, on the afternoon of the nineteenth of July, 1588. Chatting in groups, or lounging over the low wall which commanded a view of the Sound and the shipping far below, was gathered almost every notable man of the Plymouth fleet, the whole *posse comitatus* of "England's forgotten worthies." The Armada has been scattered by a storm. Lord Howard has been out to look for it, as far as the Spanish coast; but the wind has shifted to the south, and fearing lest the Dons should pass him, he has returned to Plymouth, uncertain whether the Armada will come after all or not. Slip on for a while, like Prince Hal, the drawer's apron; come in through the rose-clad door which opens from the tavern, with a tray of long-necked Dutch glasses, and a silver tankard of wine, and look round you at the gallant captains, who are waiting for the Spanish Armada, as lions in their lair might wait for the passing herd of deer.

See those five talking earnestly, in the centre of a ring, which longs to overhear, and yet is too respectful to approach close. Those soft long eyes and pointed chin you recognise already;—they are Walter Raleigh's. The fair young man in the flame-coloured doublet, whose arm is round Raleigh's neck, is Lord Sheffield; opposite them

stands, by the side of Sir Richard Grenville, a man as stately even as he, Lord Sheffield's uncle, the Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, Lord High Admiral of England; next to him is his son-in-law, Sir Robert Southwell, captain of the *Elizabeth Jonas*: but who is that short, sturdy, plainly-dressed man, who stands with legs a little apart, and hands behind his back, looking up, with keen grey eyes, into the face of each speaker? His cap is in his hands, so you can see the bullet head of crisp brown hair and the wrinkled forehead, as well as the high cheek bones, the short square face, the broad temples, the thick lips, which are yet firm as granite. A coarse, plebeian stamp of man: yet the whole figure and attitude are that of boundless determination, self-possession, energy; and when at last he speaks a few blunt words, all eyes are turned respectfully upon him;—for his name is Francis Drake.

A burly, grizzled elder, in greasy sea-stained garments, contrasting oddly with the huge gold chain about his neck, waddles up, as if he had been born, and had lived ever since, in a gale of wind at sea. The upper half of his sharp dogged visage seems of brick-red leather, the lower of badger's fur; and as he claps Drake on the back, and, with a broad Devon twang, shouts, "Be you a coming to drink your wine, Francis Drake, or be you not?—saving your presence, my Lord"; the Lord High Admiral only laughs, and bids Drake go and drink his wine; for John Hawkins, Admiral of the port, is the Patriarch of Plymouth seamen, if Drake be their hero, and says and does pretty much what he likes in any company on earth; not to mention that to-day's prospect of an Armageddon fight has shaken him altogether out of his usual crabbed reserve, and made him overflow with loquacious good-humour, even to his rival Drake.

So they push through the crowd, wherein is many another man whom one would gladly have spoken with face to face on earth. Martin Frobisher and John Davis are sitting on

that bench, smoking tobacco from long silver pipes; and by them are Fenton and Withrington, who have both tried to follow Drake's path round the world, and failed, though by no fault of their own. The man who pledges them better luck next time, is George Fenner, known to "the seven Portugals," Leicester's pet, and captain of the galleon which Elizabeth bought of him. That short, prim man in the huge yellow ruff, with sharp chin, minute imperial, and self-satisfied smile, is Richard Hawkins, the Complete Seaman, Admiral John's hereafter famous and hapless son. The elder who is talking with him is his good uncle William, whose monument still stands, or should stand, in Deptford Church; for Admiral John set it up there but one year after this time; and on it record how he was, "A worshipper of the true religion, an especial benefactor of poor sailors, a most just arbiter in most difficult causes, and of a singular faith, piety, and prudence." That, and the fact that he got creditably through some sharp work at Porto Rico, is all I know of William Hawkins: but if you or I, reader, can have as much or half as much said of us when we have to follow him, we shall have no reason to complain.

There is John Drake, Sir Francis' brother, ancestor of the present stock of Drakes; and there is George, his nephew, a man not overwise, who has been round the world, and there is Captain Barker of Bristol, brother of the hapless Andrew Barker who found John Oxenham's guns, and, owing to a mutiny among his men, perished by the Spaniards in Honduras, twelve years ago. Barker is now captain of the *Victory*, one of the Queen's best ships.

But who is the aged man who sits upon a bench, against the sunny south wall of the tavern, his long white beard flowing almost to his waist, his hands upon his knees, his palsied head moving slowly from side to side, to catch the scraps of discourse of the passing captains? His great-grandchild, a little maid of six, has laid her curly head upon

his knees, and his grand-daughter, a buxom black-eyed dame of thirty, stands by him and tends him, half as nurse, and half, too, as showman, for he seems an object of curiosity to all the captains, and his fair nurse has to entreat again and again, "Bless you, sir, please now, don't give him no liquor, poor old soul, the doctor says." It is old Martin Cockrem, father of the ancient host, aged himself beyond the years of man, who can recollect the bells of Plymouth ringing for the coronation of Henry the Eighth, and who was the first Englishman, perhaps, who ever set foot on the soil of the New World. There he sits, like an old Druid Tor of primeval granite amid the tall wheat and rich clover crops of a modern farm. He has seen the death of old Europe and the birth-throes of the new.

Suddenly a man, a rough-bearded old sea-dog, burst in from the tavern through the low hatch, upsetting a drawer with all his glasses, and now came panting and blowing straight up to the High Admiral—

"My Lord, my Lord! They'm coming! I saw them off the Lizard last night!"

"Who? my good sir, who seem to have left your manners behind you."

"The Armada, your worship—the Spaniard; but as for my manners, 'tis no fault of mine, for I never had none to leave behind me."

"If he has not left his manners behind," quoth Hawkins, "look out for your purses, gentlemen all! He's manners enough, and very bad ones they be, when he com'th across a quiet Flushinger."

"If I stole Flushingers' wines, I never stole negurs' souls, Jack Hawkins; so there's your answer. My Lord, hang me if you will; life's short and death's easy, 'specially to seamen; but if I didn't see the Spanish fleet last sundown, coming along half-moon wise, and full seven mile from wing to wing, within a four-mile of me, I'm a sinner."

"Sirrah," said Lord Howard, "is this no fetch, to cheat us out of your pardon for these piracies of yours?"

"You'll find out for yourself before nightfall, my Lord High Admiral. All Jack Fleming says is, that this is a poor sort of an answer to a man who has put his own neck in the halter for the sake of his country."

"Perhaps it is," said Lord Howard. "And after all, gentlemen, what can this man gain by a lie, which must be discovered ere a day is over, except a more certain hanging?"

"Very true, your Lordship," said Hawkins, mollified. "Come here, Jack Fleming—what wilt drain, man? Hippocras or Alicant, Sack or John Barleycorn, and a pledge to thy repentance and amendment of life."

"Admiral Hawkins, Admiral Hawkins, this is no time for drinking."

"Why not, then, my Lord? Good news should be welcomed with good wine. Frank, send down to the sexton, and set the bells a-ringing to cheer up all honest hearts. Why, my Lord, if it were not for the gravity of my office, I could dance a galliard for joy!"

"Well, you may dance, Port Adm'ral: but I must go and plan, but God give to all captains such a heart as yours this day!"

"And God give all generals such a head as yours! Come, Frank Drake, we'll play the game out before we move. It will be two good days before we shall be fit to tackle them, so an odd half-hour don't matter."

"I must command the help of your counsel, Vice-Admiral," said Lord Charles, turning to Drake.

"And it's this, my good Lord," said Drake, looking up, as he aimed his bowl. "They'll come soon enough for us to show them sport, and yet slow enough for us to be ready: so let no man hurry himself. And as example is better than precept, here goes."

Lord Howard shrugged his shoulders, and departed,

HOW THE NEWS OF THE ARMADA WAS RECEIVED BY DRAKE

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knowing two things: first, that to move Drake was to move mountains; and next, that when the self-taught hero did bestir himself, he would do more work in an hour than any one else in a day. So he departed, followed hastily by most of the captains; and Drake said in a low voice to Hawkins—

"Does he think we are going to knock about on a lee-shore all the afternoon and run our noses at night—and dead up-wind, too—into the Dons' mouths? No, Jack, my friend. Let Orlando-Furioso-punctilio-fire-eaters go and get their knuckles rapped. The following game is the game, and not the meeting one. The dog goes after the sheep, and not afore them, lad. Let them go by, and go by, and stick to them well to windward, and pick up stragglers, and pickings, too, Jack—the prizes, Jack!"

"Trust my old eyes for not being over-quick at seeing signals, if I be hanging in the skirts of a fat-looking Don. We'm the eagles, Drake; and where the carcase is, is our place, eh?"

And so the two old sea-dogs chatted on, while their companions dropped off one by one.

"There, Vice-Admiral, you're beaten, and that's the rubber. Pay up three dollars, old high-flyer, and go and earn more, like an honest adventurer."

"Well," said Drake, as he pulled out his purse, "we'll walk down now, and see about these young hotheads. As I live, they are setting to tow the ships out already! Breaking the men's backs over-night, to make them fight the lustier in the morning! Well, well, they haven't sailed round the world, Jack Hawkins."

"Or had to run home from St. Juan d'Ulloa with half a crew."

"Well if we haven't to run out with half crews. I saw a sight of our lads drunk about this morning."

"The more reason for waiting till they be sober. Besides if everybody's caranting about to once, each after his

own men, nobody'll find nothing in such a scrimmage as that. Bye, bye, Uncle Martin. We'm going to blow the Dons up now in earnest."

And now began that great sea-fight which was to determine whether Popery and despotism, or Protestantism and freedom, were the law which God had appointed for the half of Europe, and the whole of future America.

It is a twelve days' epic, worthy, not of dull prose, but of the thunder-roll of Homer's verse: but having to tell it, I must do my best, rather using, where I can, the words of contemporary authors than my own.

"The Lord High Admirall of England, sending a pinnace before, called the *Defiance*, denounced war by discharging her ordnance: and presently approaching within musquet-shot, with much thundering out of his own ship, called the *Arkroyall* (*alias* the *Triumph*), first set upon the Admirall's, as he thought, of the Spaniards (but it was Alfonso de Leon's ship). Soon after, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher played stoutly with their ordnance on the hindmost squadron, which was commanded by Recalde." The Spaniards soon discover the superior "nimbleness of the English ships"; and Recalde's squadron, finding that they are getting more than they give, in spite of his endeavours, hurry forward to join the rest of the fleet. Medina the Admiral, finding his ships scattering fast, gathers them into a half-moon; and the Armada tries to keep solemn way forward, like a stately herd of buffaloes, who march on across the prairie, disdaining to notice the wolves which snarl around their track. But in vain. These are no wolves, but cunning hunters, swiftly horsed, and keenly armed, and who will "shamefully shuffle" (to use Drake's own expression) that vast herd from the Lizard to Portland, from Portland to Calais Roads; and who, even in this short two hours' fight, have made many a Spaniard question the boasted invincibleness of this Armada.

One of the four great galliasses is already riddled with shot, to the great disarrangement of her "pulpits, chapels," and friars therein assistant. The fleet has to close round her, or Drake and Hawkins will sink her; in effecting which manœuvre, the "principal galleon of Seville," in which are Pedro de Valdez and a host of blue-blooded Dons, runs foul of her neighbour, carries away her foremast, and is, in spite of Spanish chivalry, left to her fate. This does not look like victory, certainly. But courage! though Valdez be left behind, "our Lady," and the Saints, and the Bull Cœnâ Domini (dictated by one whom I dare not name here), are with them still, and it were blasphemous to doubt. But in the meanwhile, if they have fared no better than this against a third of the Plymouth fleet, how will they fare when those forty belated ships, which are already whitening the blue between them and the Mewstone, enter the scene to play their part?

So ends the first day; not an English ship, hardly a man, is hurt. It has destroyed for ever in English minds the prestige of boastful Spain. It has justified utterly the policy which the good Lord Howard had adopted by Raleigh's and Drake's advice, of keeping up a running fight, instead of "clapping ships together without consideration," in which case, says Raleigh, "he had been lost, if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were, who found fault with his demeanour."

The fleet did not find Lord Howard till night-fall; he and Lord Sheffield had been holding on steadfastly the whole night after the Spanish lanterns, with two ships only. At least there was no doubt now of the loyalty of English Roman Catholics, and, indeed, throughout the fight, the Howards showed (as if to wipe out the slurs which had been cast on their loyalty by fanatics) a desperate courage, which might have thrust less prudent men into destruction, but led them only to victory. Soon a large Spaniard drifts by, deserted and partly burnt. Some of the men are for leav-

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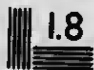

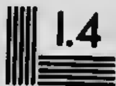

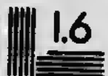

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Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

ing their place to board her; but this is stoutly refused. They have "come out to fight, and not to plunder; so let the nearest ship to her have her luck without grudging." They pass on, and the men pull long faces when they see the galleon snapped up by their next neighbour, and towed off to Weymouth, where she proves to be the ship of Miguel d'Oquenda, the Vice-Admiral, which they saw last night, all but blown up by some desperate Netherland gunner, who, being "misused," was minded to pay off old scores on his tryants.

And so ends the second day; while the Portland rises higher and clearer every hour. The next morning finds them off the island. Will they try Portsmouth, though they have spared Plymouth? The wind has shifted to the north, and blows clear and cool off the white-walled downs of Weymouth Bay. The Spaniards turn and face the English. They must mean to stand off and on until the wind shall change, and then to try for the Needles. At least, they shall have some work to do before they round Purbeck Isle.

The English go to the westward again: but it is only to return on the opposite tack; and now begins a series of manœuvres, each fleet trying to get the wind of the other; but the struggle does not last long, and ere noon the English fleet have slipped close-hauled between the Armada and the land, and are coming down upon them right before the wind.

And now begins a fight most fierce and fell. "And fight they did confusedly, and with variable fortunes; while, on the one hand, the English manfully rescued the ships of London, which were hemmed in by the Spaniards; and, on the other side, the Spaniards as stoutly delivered Recalde, being in danger." Never was heard such thundering of ordnance on both sides, which notwithstanding from the Spaniards flew for the most part over the English without harm. Only Cock, an Englishman (whom Prince

claims, I hope rightfully, as a worthy of Devon), "died with honour in the midst of the enemies in a small ship of his. For the English ships, being far the lesser, charged the enemy with marvellous agility; and having discharged their broadsides, flew forth presently into the deep, and levelled their shot directly, without missing, at those great and unwieldy Spanish ships." "This was the most furious and bloody skirmish of all" (though ending only, it seems, in the capture of a great Venetian and some small craft), "in which the Lord Admiral fighting amidst his enemies' fleet, and seeing one of his captains afar off (Fenner by name, he who fought the seven Portugals at the Azores), cried, 'O George, what doest thou? Wilt thou now frustrate my hope and opinion conceived of thee? Wilt thou forsake me now?' With which words he being enflamed, approached, and did the part of a most valiant captain"; as, indeed, did all the rest.

Night falls upon the floating volcano; and morning finds them far past Purbeck, with the white peak of Freshwater ahead; and pouring out past the Needles, ship after ship, to join the gallant chase. For now from all havens, in vessels fitted out at their own expense, flock the chivalry of England; the Lords Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Pallavicin, Brooke, Carew, Raleigh, and Blunt, and many another honourable name, "as to a set field, where immortal fame and honour was to be attained." Spain has staked her chivalry in that mighty cast; not a noble house of Arragon or Castile but has lent a brother or a son—and shall mourn the loss of one: and England's gentlemen will measure their strength once for all against the cavaliers of Spain. Lord Howard has sent forward light craft into Portsmouth for ammunition: but they will scarce return to-night, for the wind falls dead, and all the evening the two fleets drift helpless with the tide, and shout idle defiance at each other with trumpet, fife, and drum.

The sun goes down upon a glassy sea, and rises on a

glassy sea again. But what day is this? The twenty-fifth, St. James's day, sacred to the patron saint of Spain. Shall nothing be attempted in his honour by those whose forefathers have so often seen him with their bodily eyes, charging in their van upon his snow-white steed, and scattering Paynims with celestial lance? He might have sent them, certainly, a favouring breeze; perhaps he only means to try their faith; at least the galleys shall attack; and in their van three of the great galliasses (the fourth lies half-crippled among the fleet) thrash the sea to foam with three hundred oars apiece; and see, not St. James leading them to victory, but Lord Howard's *Triumph*, his brother's *Lion*, Southwell's *Elizabeth Jonas*, Lord Sheffield's *Bear*, Barker's *Victory*, and George Fenner's *Leicester*, towed stoutly out, to meet them with such salvoes of chain-shot, smashing oars, and cutting rigging, that had not the wind sprung up again toward noon, and the Spanish fleet come up to rescue them, they had shared the fate of Valdez and the Biscayan. And now the fight becomes general. Frobisher beats down the Spanish Admiral's mainmast; and, attacked himself by Mexia and Recalde, is rescued by Lord Howard; who, himself endangered in his turn, is rescued in his turn; "while after that day" (so sickened were they of the English gunnery), "no galliasse would adventure to fight."

And so, with variable fortune, the fight thunders on the livelong afternoon, beneath the virgin cliffs of Freshwater; while myriad sea-fowl rise screaming up from every ledge, and spot with their black wings the snow-white wall of chalk; and the lone shepherd hurries down the slopes above to peer over the dizzy edge, and forgets the wheatear fluttering in his snare, while he gazes trembling upon glimpses of tall masts and gorgeous flags, piercing at times the league-broad veil of sulphur-smoke which welters far below.

So fares St. James's day, as Baal's did on Carmel in old time, "Either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey; or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked."

At least, the only fire by which he has answered his votaries has been that of English cannon: and the Armada, "gathering itself into a roundel," will fight no more, but make the best of its way to Calais, where perhaps the Guises' faction may have a French force ready to assist them, and then to Dunkirk, to join with Parma and the great flotilla of the Netherlands.

So on, before "a fair Etesian gale," which follows clear and bright out of the south-south-west, glide forward the two great fleets, past Brighton Cliffs and Beachy Head, Hastings and Dungeness. Is it a battle or a triumph? For by sea Lord Howard, instead of fighting is rewarding; and after Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Townsend, and Frobisher have received at his hands that knighthood, which was then more honourable than a peerage, old Admiral Hawkins kneels and rises up Sir John, and shaking his shoulders after the accolade, observes to the representative of majesty, that his "old woman will hardly know herself again, when folks call her My Lady."

And meanwhile the cliffs are lined with pikemen and musketeers, and every countryman and groom who can bears arms, led by their squires and sheriffs, marching eastward as fast as th[illegible]eapons let them, towards the Dover shore. And not with them alone. From many a mile inland come down women and children, and aged folk in waggons, to join their feeble shouts, and prayers which are not feeble, to that great cry of mingled faith and fear which ascends to the throne of God from the spectators of Britain's Salamis.

Let them pray on. The danger is not over yet, though Lord Howard has had news from Newhaven that the Guises will not stir against England, and Seymour and Winter have left their post of observation on the Flemish shores, to make up the number of the fleet to an hundred and forty sail—larger, slightly, than that of the Spanish fleet, but of not more than half the tonnage, or one third the number of

men. The Spaniards are dispirited and battered, but unbroken still; and as they slide to their anchorage in Calais Roads on the Saturday evening of that most memorable week, all prudent men know well that England's hour is come, and that the bells which will call all Christendom to church upon the morrow morn, will be either the death-knell or the triumphal peal of the Reformed faith throughout the world.

A solemn day that Sabbath must have been in country and in town. And many a light-hearted coward, doubtless, who had scot . (as many did) at the notion of the Armada's coming, because he dare not face the thought, gave himself up to abject fear, "as he now plainly saw and heard that of which before he would not be persuaded." And many a brave man, too, as he knelt beside his wife and daughters, felt his heart sink to the very pavement, at the thought of what those beloved ones might be enduring a few short days hence, from a profligate and fanatical soldiery, or from the more deliberate fiendishness of the Inquisition. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the fires of Smithfield, the immolation of the Moors, the extermination of the West Indians, the fantastic horrors of the Piedmontese persecution, which make unreadable the too truthful pages of Morland,—these were the spectres, which, not as now, dim and distant through the mist of centuries, but recent, bleeding from still gaping wounds, flitted before the eyes of every Englishman, and filled his brain and heart with fire.

He knew full well the fate in store for him and his. One false step, and the unspeakable doom which, not two generations afterwards, befell the Lutherans of Magdeburg, would have befallen every town from London to Carlisle. All knew the hazard, as they prayed that day, and many a day before and after, throughout England and the Netherlands. And none knew it better than She who was the guiding spirit of that devoted land, and the especial mark of the

invaders' fury; and who, by some Divine inspiration (as men then not unwisely held), devised herself the daring stroke which was to anticipate the coming blow.

So there, the livelong summer Sabbath day, before the little high-walled town and the long range of yellow sand-hills, lie those two mighty armaments, scowling at each other, hardly out of gunshot. Messenger after messenger is hurrying towards Bruges to the Duke of Parma, for light craft which can follow these nimble English somewhat better than their own floating castles; and, above all, entreating him to put to sea at once with all his force. The duke is not with his forces at Dunkirk, but on the future field of Waterloo, paying his devotions to St. Mary of Halle in Hainault, in order to make all sure in his Pantheon, and already sees in visions of the night that gentle-souled and pure-lipped saint, Cardinal Allen, placing the crown of England on his head. He returns for answer: first, that his victual is not ready; next, that his Dutch sailors, who have been kept at their post for many a week at the sword's point, have run away like water; and, thirdly, that over and above all, he cannot come, so "strangely provided of great ordnance and musketeers" are those five-and-thirty Dutch ships, in which round-sterned and stubborn-hearted heretics watch, like terriers at a rat's hole, the entrance of Nieuwport and Dunkirk. Having ensured the private patronage of St. Mary of Halle, he will return to-morrow to make experience of its effects; but only hears across the flats of Dixmude the thunder of the fleets, and at Dunkirk the open curses of his officers. For while he has been praying and nothing more, the English have been praying and something more; and all that is left for the Prince of Parma is, to hang a few purveyors, as peace-offerings to his sulking army, and then "chafe," as Drake says of him, "like a bear robbed of her whelps."

For Lord Henry Seymour has brought Lord Howard a letter of command from Elizabeth's self; and Drake has

been carrying it out so busily all that Sunday long, that by two o'clock on the Monday morning, eight fire-ships "be-smeared with wildfire, brimstone, pitch, and resin, and all their ordnance charged with bullets and with stones," are stealing down the wind straight for the Spanish fleet, guided by two valiant men of Devon, Young and Prowse. (Let their names live long in the land!) The ships are fired, the men of Devon steal back, and in a moment more the heaven is red with glare from Dover Cliffs to Gravelines Tower; and weary-hearted Belgian boors far away inland, plundered and dragooned for many a hideous year, leap from their beds, and fancy (and not so far wrongly either) that the day of judgment is come at last, to end their woes, and hurl down vengeance on their tyrants.

And then breaks forth one of those disgraceful panics, which so often follow overweening presumption; and shrieks, oaths, prayers, and reproaches, make night hideous. There are those, too, on board who recollect well enough Jenebelli's fire-ships at Antwerp three years before, and the wreck which they made of Parma's bridge across the Scheldt. If these should be like them! And cutting all cables, hoisting any sails, the Invincible Armada goes lumbering wildly out to sea, every ship foul of her neighbour.

The largest of the four galliasses loses her rudder, and drifts helpless to and fro, hindering and confusing. The duke having (so the Spaniards say) weighed his anchor deliberately instead of leaving it behind him, runs in again after a while, and fires a signal for return: but his truant sheep are deaf to the shepherd's pipe, and, swearing and praying by turns, he runs up Channel towards Gravelines, picking up stragglers on his way, who are struggling as they best can among the flats and shallows: but Drake and Fenner have arrived as soon as he. When Monday's sun rises on the quaint old castle and ruddy dykes of Gravelines town, the thunder of the cannon recommences, and is

not hushed till night. Drake can hang coolly enough in the rear to plunder when he thinks fit; but when the battle needs it none can fight more fiercely among the foremost. And there is need now, if ever. That Armada must never be allowed to reform. If it does, its left wing may yet keep the English at bay, while its right drives off the blockading Hollanders from Dunkirk port, and sets Parma and his flotilla free to join them, and to sail in doubled strength across to the mouth of Thames.

So Drake has weighed anchor, and away up Channel with all his squadron, the moment that he saw the Spanish fleet come up; and with him Fenner burning to redeem the honour which, indeed, he had never lost; and ere Fenton, Beeston, Crosse, Ryman, and Lord Southwell can join them, the Devon ships have been worrying the Spaniards for two full hours into confusion worse confounded.

But what is that heavy firing behind them? Alas for the great galliasse! She lies, like a huge stranded whale, upon the sands where now stands Calais pier; and Amyas Preston, the future hero of La Guayra, is pounding her into submission, while a fleet of hoys and drumblers look on and help, as jackals might the lion.

Soon, on the south-west horizon, loom up larger and larger two mighty ships, and behind them sail on sail. As they near a shout greets the *Triumph* and the *Bear*; and on and in the Lord High Admiral glides stately into the thickest of the fight.

True, we have still but some three-and-twenty ships which can cope at all with some ninety of the Spaniards: but we have dash, and daring, and the inspiration of utter need. Now, or never, must the mighty struggle be ended. We worried them off Portland; we must rend them in pieces now; and in rushes ship after ship, to smash her broadsides through and through the wooden castles, "sometimes not a pike's length asunder," and then out again to reload, and give place meanwhile to another.

The smaller are fighting with all sails set; the few larger, who, once in, are careless about coming out again, fight with topsails loose, and their main and foreyards close down on deck, to prevent being boarded. The duke, Oquenda, and Recalde, having with much ado got clear of the shallows, bear the brunt of the fight to seaward; but in vain. The day goes against them more and more, as it runs on. Seymour and Winter have battered the great *San Philip* into a wreck; her masts are gone by the board; Pimentelli in the *San Matthew* comes up to take the mastiffs off the fainting bull, and finds them fasten on him instead; but the Evangelist, though smaller, is stouter than the Deacon, and of all the shot poured into him, not twenty "lackt him thorough." His masts are tottering; but sink or strike he will not.

"Go ahead, and pound his tough hide, Leigh," roars Drake off the poop of his ship, while he hammers away at one of the great galliasses. "What right has he to keep us all waiting?"

Amyas Leigh slips in as best he can between Drake and Winter; as he passes he shouts to his ancient enemy—

"We are with you, sir; all friends to-day!" and slipping round Winter's bows, he pours his broadside into those of the *San Matthew*, and then glides on to reload; but not to return. For, not a pistol shot to leeward, worried by three or four small craft, lies an immense galleon; and on her poop—can he believe his eyes for joy?—the maiden and the wheel which he has sought so long!

"There he is!" shouts Amyas, springing to the starboard side of the ship. The men, too, have already caught sight of that hated sign; a cheer of fury bursts from every throat.

"Steady, men!" says Amyas in a suppressed voice. "Not a shot! Reload, and be ready; I must speak with him first"; and silent as the grave, amid the infernal din, the *Vengeance* glides up to the Spaniard's quarter.

"Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto!" shouts Amyas from the mizzen rigging, loud and clear amid the roar.

He has not called in vain. Fearless and graceful as ever, the tall, mail-clad figure of his foe leaps up upon the poop railing, twenty feet above Amyas's head, and shouts through his vizor—

"At your service, sir! whosoever you may be."

A dozen muskets and arrows are levelled at him; but Amyas frowns them down. "No man strikes him but I. Spare him, if you kill every other soul on board. Don Guzman! I am Captain Sir Amyas Leigh; I proclaim you a traitor and a ravisher, and challenge you once more to single combat, when and where you will."

"You are welcome to come on board me, sir," answers the Spaniard in a clear, quiet tone; "bringing with you this answer, that you lie in your throat"; and, lingering a moment, out of bravado, to arrange his scarf, he steps slowly down again behind the bulwarks.

"Coward!" shouts Amyas at the top of his voice.

The Spaniard reappears instantly.

"Why that name, señor, of all others?" asks he in a cool, stern voice.

"Because we call men cowards in England, who leave their wives to be burnt alive by priests."

The moment the words had passed Amyas' lips, he felt that they were cruel and unjust. But it was too late to recall them. The Spaniard started, clutched his sword-hilt, and then hissed back through his closed vizor—

"For that word, sirrah, you hang at my yard-arm, if Saint Mary gives me grace."

"See that your halter be a silken one, then," laughed Amyas, "for I am just dubbed knight." And he stepped down as a storm of bullets rang through the rigging round his head; the Spaniards are not as punctilious as he.

"Fire!" His ordnance crash through the stern-works

of the Spaniard; and then he sails onward, while her balls go humming harmlessly through his rigging.

Half an hour has passed of wild noise and fury; three times has the *Vengeance*, as a dolphin might, sailed clean round and round the *Sta. Catharina*, pouring in broadside after broadside, till the guns are leaping to the deck-beams with their own heat, and the Spaniard's sides are slit and spotted in a hundred places. And yet, so high has been his fire in return, and so strong the deck defences of the *Vengeance*, that a few spars broken, and two or three men wounded by musketry, are all her loss. But still the Spaniard endures, magnificent as ever; it is the battle of the thresher and the whale; the end is certain, but the work is long.

"Can I help you, Captain Leigh?" asked Lord Henry Seymour, as he passes within oar's length of him, to attack a ship ahead. "The *San Matthew* has had his dinner, and is gone on to Medina to ask for a digestive to it."

"I thank your lordship: but this is my private quarrel, of which I spoke. But if your lordship could lend me powder——"

"Would that I could! But so, I fear, says every other gentleman in the fleet."

A puff of wind clears away the sulphureous veil for a moment; the sea is clear of ships towards the land; the Spanish fleet are moving again up Channel, Medina bringing up the rear; only some two miles to their right hand, the vast hull of the *San Philip* is drifting up the shore with the tide, and somewhat nearer the *San Matthew* is hard at work at her pumps. They can see the white stream of water pouring down her side.

"Go in, my Lord, and have the pair," shouts Amyas.

"No, sir! Forward is a Seymour's cry. We will leave them to pay the Flushingers' expenses." And on went Lord Henry, and on shore went the *San Philip* at Ostend, to be plundered by the Flushingers; while the *San*

Matthew, whose captain, "on a hault courage," had refused to save himself and his gentlemen on board Medina's ship, went blundering miserably into the hungry mouths of Captain Peter Vanderduess and four other valiant Dutchmen, who, like prudent men of Holland, contrived to keep the galleon afloat till they had emptied her, and then "hung up her banner in the great church of Leyden, being of such a length, that being fastened to the roof, it reached unto the very ground."

But in the meanwhile, long ere the sun had set, comes down the darkness of the thunder-storm, attracted, as to a volcano's mouth, to that vast mass of sulphur-smoke which cloaks the sea for many a mile; and heaven's artillery above makes answer to man's below. But still, through smoke and rain, Amyas clings to his prey. She too has seen the northward movement of the Spanish fleet, and sets her topsails; Amyas calls to the men to fire high, and cripple her rigging: but in vain: for three or four belated galleys, having forced their way at last over the shallows, come flashing and sputtering up to the combatants, and take his fire off the galleon. Amyas grinds his teeth, and would fain nustle into the thick of the press once more, in spite of the galleys' beaks.

"Most heroical captain," says Cary, pulling a long face; "if we do, we are stove and sunk in five minutes; not to mention that Yeo says he has not twenty rounds of great cartridge left."

So, surely and silent, the *Vengeance* sheers off, but keeps as near as she can to the little squadron, all through the night of rain and thunder which follows. Next morning the sun rises on a clear sky, with a strong west-north-west breeze, and all hearts are asking what the day will bring forth.

They are long past Dunkirk now; the German Ocean is opening before them. The Spaniards, sorely battered, and lessened in numbers, have, during the night, regained

some sort of order. The English hang on their skirts a mile or two behind. They have no ammunition, and must wait for more. To Amyas's great disgust, the *Sta. Catharina* has rejoined her fellows during the night.

"Never mind," says Cary; "she can neither dive nor fly, and as long as she is above water, we—— What is the Admiral about?"

He is signalling Lord Henry Seymour and his squadron. Soon they tack, and come down the wind for the coast of Flanders. Parma must be blockaded still; and the Hollanders are likely to be too busy with their plunder to do it effectually. Suddenly there is a stir in the Spanish fleet. Medina and the rearmost ships turn upon the English. What can it mean? Will they offer battle once more? If so, it were best to get out of their way, for we have nothing wherewith to fight them. So the English lie close to the wind. They will let them pass, and return to their old tactic of following and harassing.

"Good-bye to Seymour," says Cary, "if he is caught between them and Parma's flotilla. They are going to Dunkirk."

"Impossible! They will not have water enough to reach his light craft. Here comes a big ship right upon us! Give him all you have left, lads; and if he will fight us, lay him alongside, and die boarding."

They gave him what they had, and hulled him with every shot; but his huge side stood silent as the grave. He had not wherewithal to return the compliment.

"As I live, he is cutting loose the foot of his mainsail! the villain means to run."

"There go the rest of them! Victoria!" shouted Cary, as one after another, every Spaniard set all the sail he could.

There was silence for a few minutes throughout the English fleet; and then cheer upon cheer of triumph rent the skies. It was over. The Spaniard had refused battle,

and thinking only of safety, was pressing downward toward the Straits again. The Invincible Armada had cast away its name, and England was saved.

"But he will never get there, sir," said old Yeo, who had come upon deck to murmur his Nunc Domine, and gaze upon that sight beyond all human faith or hope: "Never, never will he weather the Flanders shore against such a breeze as is coming up. Look to the eye of the wind, sir, and see how the Lord is fighting for His people!"

Yes, down it came, fresher and stiffer every minute out of the grey north-west, as it does so often after a thunderstorm; and the sea began to rise high and white under the "Claro Aquilone," till the Spaniards were fain to take in all spare canvas, and lie-to as best they could; while the English fleet, lying-to also, awaited an event which was in God's hands and not in theirs.

"They will be all ashore on Zealand before the afternoon," murmured Amyas; "and I have lost my labour! Oh, for powder, powder, powder! to go in and finish it at once!"

"Oh, sir," said Yeo, "don't murmur against the Lord in the very day of His mercies. It is hard, to be sure; but His will be done."

"Could we not borrow powder from Drake there?"

"Look at the sea, sir!"

And, indeed, the sea was far too rough for any such attempt. The Spaniards neared and neared the fatal dunes, which fringed the shore for many a dreary mile; and Amyas had to wait weary hours, growling like a dog who has had the bone snatched out of his mouth, till the day wore on; when, behold, the wind began to fall as rapidly as it had risen. A savage joy rose in Amyas's heart.

"They are safe! safe for us! Who will go and beg us powder? A cartridge here and a cartridge there?—anything to set to work again!"

Cary volunteered, and returned in a couple of hours with

some quantity; but he was on board again only just in time, for the south-wester had recovered the mastery of the skies, and Spaniards and English were moving away; but this time northward. Whither now? To Scotland? Amyas knew not, and cared not, provided he was in the company of Don Guzman de Soto.

The Armada was defeated, and England saved. But such great undertakings seldom end in one grand melodramatic explosion of fireworks, through which the devil arises in full roar to drag Dr. Faustus for ever into the flaming pit. On the contrary, the devil stands by his servants to the last, and tries to bring off his shattered forces with drums beating and colours flying; and, if possible, to lull his enemies into supposing that the fight is ended, long before it really is half over. All which the good Lord Howard of Effingham knew well, and knew, too, that Medina had one last card to play, and that was the filial affection of that dutiful and chivalrous son, James of Scotland. True, he had promised faith to Elizabeth; but that was no reason why he should keep it. He had been hankering and dabbling after Spain for years past, for its absolutism was dear to his inmost soul; and Queen Elizabeth had had to warn him, scold him, call him a liar, for so doing; so the Armada might still find shelter and provision in the Firth of Forth. But whether Lord Howard knew or not, Medina did not know, that Elizabeth had played her card cunningly, in the shape of one of those appeals to the purse, which, to James's dying day, overweighed all others save appeals to his vanity. "The title of a dukedom in England, a yearly pension of £5,000, a guard at the Queen's charge, and other matters" (probably more hounds and deer), had steeled the heart of the King of Scots, and sealed the Firth of Forth. Nevertheless, as I say, Lord Howard, like the rest of Elizabeth's heroes, trusted James just as much as James trusted others; and therefore thought good to escort the Armada until it was safely past the

domains of that most chivalrous and truthful Solomon. But on the 4th of August, his fears, such as they were, were laid to rest. The Spaniards left the Scottish coast and sailed away for Norway; and the game was played out, and the end was come, as the end of such matters generally comes, by gradual decay, petty disaster, and mistake; till the snow mountain, instead of being blown tragically and heroically to atoms, melts helplessly and pitiably away.

Yes, as the medals struck on the occasion said, "It came, it saw, and it fled!" And whither? Away and northward, like a herd of frightened deer, past the Orkneys and Shetlands, catching up a few hapless fishermen as guides; past the coast of Norway, there, too, refused water and food by the brave descendants of the Vikings; and on northward ever towards the lonely Faroes, and the everlasting dawn which heralds round the Pole the midnight sun.

Their water is failing; the cattle must go overboard: and the wild northern sea echoes to the shrieks of drowning horses. They must homeward at least, somehow, each as best he can. Let them meet again at Cape Finisterre, if indeed they ever meet. Medina Sidonia, with some five-and-twenty of the soundest and best victualled ships, will lead the way, and leave the rest to their fate. He is soon out of sight; and forty more, the only remnant of that mighty host, come wandering wearily behind, hoping to make the south-west coast of Ireland, and have help, or, at least, fresh water there, from their fellow Romanists. Alas for them!—

> "Make Thou their way dark and slippery,
> And follow them up ever with Thy storm."

For now comes up from the Atlantic, gale on gale; and few of that hapless remnant reached the shores of Spain.

And where are Amyas and the *Vengeance* all this while?

At the fifty-seventh degree of latitude, the English fleet, finding themselves growing short of provision, and having

been long since out of powder and ball, turn southward toward home, "thinking it best to leave the Spaniard to those uncouth and boisterous northern seas." A few pinnaces are still sent onward to watch their course; and the English fleet, caught in the same storms which scattered the Spaniards, "with great danger and industry reached Harwich port, and there provide themselves of victuals and ammunition," in case the Spaniards should return; but there is no need for that caution. Parma, indeed, who cannot believe that the idol at Halle, after all his compliments to it, will play him so scurvy a trick, will watch for weeks on Dunkirk dunes, hoping against hope for the Armada's return, casting anchors, and spinning rigging to repair their losses.

> "But lang lang may his ladies sit,
> With their fans intill their hand,
> Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
> Come sailing to the land."

The Armada is away on the other side of Scotland, and Amyas is following in its wake.

For when the Lord High Admiral determined to return, Amyas asked leave to follow the Spaniard; and asked, too, of Sir John Hawkins, who happened to be at hand, such ammunition and provision as could be afforded him, promising to repay the same like an honest man, out of his plunder if he lived, out of his estate if he died; lodging for that purpose bills in the hands of Sir John, who, as a man of business, took them, and put them in his pocket among the thimbles, string, and tobacco; after which Amyas, calling his men together, reminded them once more of the story of the Rose of Torridge and Don Guzman de Soto, and then asked:

"Men of Bideford, will you follow me? There will be plunder for those who love plunder; revenge for those who love revenge; and for all of us (for we all love honour) the

honour of having never left the chase as long as there was a Spanish flag in English seas."

And every soul on board replied, that they would follow Sir Amyas Leigh around the world.

There is no need for me to detail every incident of that long and weary chase; how they found the *Sta. Catharina*, attacked her, and had to sheer off, she being rescued by the rest; how when Medina's squadron left the crippled ships behind, they were all but taken or sunk, by thrusting into the midst of the Spanish fleet to prevent her escaping with Medina; how they crippled her, so that she could not beat to windward out into the ocean, but was fain to run south, past the Orkneys, and down through the Minch, between Cape Wrath and Lewis; how the younger hands were ready to mutiny, because Amyas, in his stubborn haste, ran past two or three noble prizes which were all but disabled, among others one of the great galliasses, and the two great Venetians, *La Ratta* and *La Belanzara*—which were afterwards, with more than thirty other vessels, wrecked on the west coast of Ireland; how he got fresh water, in spite of certain "Hebridean Scots" of Skye, who, after reviling him in an unknown tongue, fought with him a while, and then embraced him and his men with howls of affection, and were not much more decently clad, nor more civilized, than his old friends of California; how he pacified his men by letting them pick the bones of a great Venetian which was going on shore upon Islay (by which they got booty enough to repay them for the whole voyage), and offended them again by refusing to land and plunder two great Spanish wrecks on the Mull of Cantire (whose crews, by the bye, James tried to smuggle off secretly into Spain in ships of his own, wishing to play, as usual, both sides of the game at once; but the Spaniards were stopped at Yarmouth till the council's pleasure was known—which was, of course, to let the poor wretches go on their way, and be hanged elsewhere); how they passed a strange island, half black, half

white, which the wild people called Raghary, but Cary christened it "the drowned magpie"; how the *Sta. Catharina* was near lost on the Isle of Man, and then put into Castleton (where the Manxmen slew a whole boat's-crew with their arrows), and then put out again, when Amyas fought with her a whole day, and shot away her mainyard; how the Spaniard blundered down the coast of Wales, not knowing whither he went; how they were both nearly lost on Holyhead, and again on Bardsey Island; how they got on a lee shore in Cardigan Bay, before a heavy westerly gale, and the *Sta. Catharina* ran aground on Sarn David, one of those strange subaqueous pebble-dykes which are said to be the remnants of the lost land of Gwalior, destroyed by the carelessness of Prince Seithenin the drunkard, at whose name each loyal Welshman spits; how she got off again at the rising of the tide, and fought with Amyas a fourth time; how the wind changed, and she got round St. David's Head;—these, and many more moving incidents of this eventful voyage, I must pass over without details, and go on to the end; for it is time that the end should come.

It was now the sixteenth day of the chase. They had seen, the evening before, St. David's Head, and then the Welsh coast round Milford Haven, looming out black and sharp before the blaze of the inland thunderstorm; and it had lightened all round them during the fore part of the night, upon a light south-western breeze.

In vain they had strained their eyes through the darkness, to catch, by the fitful glare of the flashes, the tall masts of the Spaniard. Of one thing at least they were certain, that with the wind as it was, she could not have gone far to the westward; and to attempt to pass them again, and go northward, was more than she dare do. She was probably lying-to ahead of them, perhaps between them and the land; and when, a little after midnight the wind chopped up to the west, and blew stiffly till daybreak, they felt sure

that, unless she had attempted the desperate expedient of running past them, they had her safe in the mouth of the Bristol Channel. Slowly and wearily broke the dawn, on such a day as often follows heavy thunder; a sunless, drizzly day, roofed with low dingy cloud, barred and netted, and festooned with black, a sign that the storm is only taking breath a while before it bursts again; while all the narrow horizon is dim and spongy with vapour drifting before a chilly breeze. As the day went on, the breeze died down, and the sea fell to a long glassy foam-flecked roll, while overhead brooded the inky sky, and round them the leaden mist shut out alike the shore and the chase.

Amyas paced the sloppy deck fretfully and fiercely. He knew that the Spaniard could not escape; but he cursed every moment which lingered between him and that one great revenge which blackened all his soul. The men sate sulkily about the deck, and whistled for a wind; the sails flapped idly against the masts; and the ship rolled in the long troughs of the sea, till her yard-arms almost dipped right and left.

"Take care of those guns. You will have something loose next," growled Amyas.

"We will take care of the guns, if the Lord will take care of the wind," said Yeo.

"We shall have plenty before night," said Cary, "and thunder too."

"So much the better," said Amyas. "It may roar till it splits the heavens, if it does but let me get my work done."

"He's not far off, I warrant," said Cary. "One lift of the cloud, and we should see him."

"To windward of us, as likely as not," said Amyas. "The devil fights for him, I believe. To have been on his heels sixteen days, and not sent this through him yet!" And he shook his sword impatiently.

So the morning wore away, without a sign of living thing, not even a passing gull; and the black melancholy of the

heaven reflected itself in the black melancholy of Amyas. Was he to lose his prey after all? The thought made him shudder with rage and disappointment. It was intolerable. Anything but that.

"No, God!" he cried, "let me but once feel this in his accursed heart, and then—strike me dead, if Thou wilt!"

"The Lord have mercy on us," cried John Brimblecombe. "What have you said?"

"What is that to you, sir? There, they are piping to dinner. Go down. I shall not come."

And Jack went down, and talked in a half-terrified whisper of Amyas's ominous words.

All thought that they portended some bad luck, except old Yeo.

"Well, Sir John," said he, "and why not? What better can the Lord do for a man, than take him home when he has done his work? Our captain is wilful and spiteful, and must needs kill his man himself; while for me, I don't care how the Don goes, provided he does go. I owe him no grudge, nor any man. May the Lord give him repentance, and forgive him all his sins: but if I could but see him once safe ashore, as he may be ere nightfall, on the Mortestone or the back of Lundy, I would say, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace,' even if it were the lightning which was sent to fetch me."

"But, Master Yeo, a sudden death?"

"And why not a sudden death, Sir John? Even fools long for a short life and a merry one, and shall not the Lord's people pray for a short death and a merry one? Let it come as it will to old Yeo. Hark! there's the captain's voice!"

"Here she is!" thundered Amyas from the deck; and in an instant all were scrambling up the hatchway as fast as the frantic rolling of the ship would let them.

Yes. There she was. The cloud had lifted suddenly, and to the south a ragged bore of blue sky let a long stream

of sunshine down on her tall masts and stately hull, as she lay rolling some four or five miles to the eastward; but as for land, none was to be seen.

"There she is; and here we are," said Cary; "but where is here? and where is there? How is the tide, master?"

"Running up Channel by this time, sir."

"What matters the tide?" said Amyas, devouring the ship with terrible and cold blue eyes. "Can't we get at her?"

"Not unless some one jumps out and shoves behind," said Cary. "I shall down again and finish that mackerel, if this roll has not chucked it to the cockroaches under the table."

"Don't jest, Will! I can't stand it," said Amyas, in a voice which quivered so much that Cary looked at him. His whole frame was trembling like an aspen. Cary took his arm, and drew him aside.

"Dear old lad," said he, as they leaned over the bulwarks, "what is this? You are not yourself, and have not been these four days."

"No. I am not Amyas Leigh. I am my brother's avenger. Do not reason with me, Will: when it is over I shall be merry old Amyas again," and he passed his hand over his brow.

"Do you believe," said he, after a moment, "that men can be possessed by devils?"

"The Bible says so."

"If my cause were not a just one, I should fancy I had a devil in me. My throat and heart are as hot as the pit. Would to God it were done, for done it must be! Now go."

Cary went away with a shudder. As he passed down the hatchway he looked back. Amyas had got the hone out of his pocket, and was whetting away again at his sword-edge, as if there was some dreadful doom on him, to whet, and whet for ever.

The weary day wore on. The strip of blue sky was curtained over again, and all was dismal as before, though it grew sultrier every moment; and now and then a distant mutter shook the air to westward. Nothing could be done to lessen the distance between the ships, for the *Vengeance* had had all her boats carried away but one, and that was much too small to tow her: and while the men went down again to finish dinner, Amyas worked on at his sword, looking up every now and then suddenly at the Spaniard, as if to satisfy himself that it was not a vision which had vanished.

About two Yeo came up to him.

"He is ours safely now, sir. The tide has been running to the eastward for this two hours."

"Safe as a fox in a trap. Satan himself cannot take him from us!"

"But God may," said Brimblecombe simply.

"Who spoke to you, sir? If I thought that He—— There comes the thunder at last!"

And as he spoke, an angry growl from the westward heavens seemed to answer his wild words, and rolled and loudened nearer and nearer, till right over their heads it crashed against some cloud-cliff far above, and all was still.

Each man looked in the other's face: but Amyas was unmoved.

"The storm is coming," said he, "and the wind in it. It will be Eastward-ho now, for once, my merry men all!"

"Eastward-ho never brought us luck," said Jack in an undertone to Cary. But by this time all eyes were turned to the north-west, where a black line along the horizon began to define the boundary of sea and air, till now all dim in mist.

"There comes the breeze."

"And there the storm, too."

And with that strangely accelerating pace which some storms seem to possess, the thunder, which had been growl-

ing slow and seldom far away, now rang peal on peal along the cloudy floor above their heads.

"Here comes the breeze. Round with the yards, or we shall be taken aback."

The yards creaked round, the sea grew crisp around them; the hot air swept their cheeks, tightened every rope, filled every sail, bent her over. A cheer burst from the men as the helm went up, and they staggered away before the wind, right down upon the Spaniard, who lay still becalmed.

"There is more behind, Amyas," said Cary. "Shall we not shorten sail a little?"

"No. Hold on every stitch," said Amyas. "Give me the helm, man. Boatswain, pipe away to clear for fight."

It was done, and in ten minutes the men were all at quarters, while the thunder rolled louder and louder overhead, and the breeze freshened fast.

"The dog has it now. There he goes!" said Cary.

"Right before the wind. He has no liking to face us."

"He is running into the jaws of destruction," said Yeo. "An hour more will send him either right up the Channel, or smack on shore somewhere."

"There! he has put his helm down. I wonder if he sees land?"

"He is like a March hare beat out of his country," said Cary, "and don't know whither to run next."

Cary was right. In ten minutes more the Spaniard fell off again, and went away dead down wind, while the *Vengeance* gained on him fast. After two hours more, the four miles had diminished to one, while the lightning flashed nearer and nearer as the storm came up; and from the vast mouth of a black cloud-arch poured so fierce a breeze that Amyas yielded unwillingly to hints which were growing into open murmurs, and bade shorten sail.

On they rushed with scarcely lessened speed, the black arch following fast, curtained by on[illegible]rey sheet of pour-

ing rain, before which the water was boiling in a long white line; while every moment behind the watery veil, a keen blue spark leapt down into the sea, or darted zigzag through the rain.

"We shall have it now, and with a vengeance; this will try your tackle, master," said Cary.

The functionary answered with a shrug, and turned up the collar of his rough frock, as the first drops flew stinging round his ears. Another minute and the squall burst full upon them, in rain, which cut like hail—hail which lashed the sea into froth, and wind which whirled off the heads of the surges, and swept the waters into one white seething waste. And above them, and behind them, and before them, the lightning leapt and ran, dazzling and blinding, while the deep roar of the thunder was changed to sharp, ear-piercing cracks.

"Get the arms and ammunition under cover, and then below with you all," shouted Amyas from the helm.

"And heat the pokers in the galley fire," said Yeo, "to be ready if the rain puts our linstocks out. I hope you'll let me stay on deck, sir, in case——"

"I must have some one, and who better than you? Can you see the chase?"

No; she was wrapped in the grey whirlwind. She might be within half a mile of them, for aught they could have seen of her.

And now Amyas and his old liegeman were alone. Neither spoke; each knew the other's thoughts, and knew that they were his own. The squall blew fiercer and fiercer, the rain poured heavier and heavier. Where was the Spaniard?

"If he has laid-to, we may overshoot him, sir!"

"If he has tried to lay-to, he will not have a sail left in the bolt-ropes, or perhaps a mast on deck. I know the stiff-neckedness of those Spanish tubs. Hurrah! there he is, right on our larboard bow!"

There she was indeed, two musket-shots off, staggering away with canvas split and flying.

"He has been trying to hull, sir, and caught a buffet," said Yeo, rubbing his hands. "What shall we do now?"

"Range alongside, if it blow live imps and witches, and try our luck once more. Pah! how this lightning dazzles!"

On they swept, gaining fast on the Spaniard.

"Call the men up, and to quarters; the rain will be over in ten minutes."

Yeo ran forward to the gangway; and sprang back again, with a face white and wild—

"Land right ahead! Port your helm, sir! For the love of God, port your helm!"

Amyas, with the strength of a bull, jammed the helm down, while Yeo shouted to the men below.

She swung round. The masts bent like whips, crack went the foresail like a cannon. What matter? Within two hundred yards of them was the Spaniard, in front of her, and above her, a huge dark bank rose through the dense hail, and mingled with the clouds; and at its foot, plainer every moment, pillars and spouts of leaping foam.

"What is it, Morte? Hartland?"

It might be anything for thirty miles.

"Lundy!" said Yeo. "The south end! I see the head of the Shutter in the breakers! Hard a-port yet, and get her close-hauled as you can, and the Lord may have mercy on us still! Look at the Spaniard!"

Yes, look at the Spaniard!

On their left hand, as they broached-to, the wall of granite sloped down from the clouds toward an isolated peak of rock, some two hundred feet in height. Then a hundred yards of roaring breaker, upon a sunken shelf, across which the race of the tide poured like a cataract; then, amid a column of salt smoke, the Shutter, like a huge black fang, rose waiting for its prey; and between the

Shutter and the land, the great galleon loomed dimly through the storm.

He, too, had seen his danger, and tried to broach-to. But his clumsy mass refused to obey the helm; he struggled a moment, half hid in foam; fell away again, and rushed upon his doom.

"Lost! lost! lost!" cried Amyas madly, and throwing up his hands, let go the tiller. Yeo caught it just in time.

"Sir! sir! What are you at? We shall clear the rock yet."

"Yes!" shouted Amyas in his frenzy; "but he will not!"

Another minute. The galleon gave a sudden jar, and stopped. Then one long heave and bound, as if to free herself. And then her bows lighted clean upon the Shutter.

An awful silence fell on every English soul. They heard not the roaring of wind and surge; they saw not the blinding flashes of the lightning; but they heard one long ear-piercing wail to every saint in heaven rise from five hundred human throats; they saw the mighty ship heel over from the wind, and sweep headlong down the cataract of the race, plunging her yards into the foam, and showing her whole black side even to her keel, till she rolled clean over, and vanished for ever and ever.

"Shame!" cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea, "to lose my right, my right! when it was in my very grasp! Unmerciful!"

A crack which rent the sky, and made the granite ring and quiver; a bright world of flame, and then a blank of utter darkness, against which stood out, glowing red-hot, every mast, and sail, and rock, and Salvation Yeo as he stood just in front of Amyas, the tiller in his hand. All red-hot, transfigured into fire; and behind, the black, black night. —CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Westward Ho.*

XXV

The King he would a Hunting go

"MY friend," said Lord Glenvarloch to Linklater, the Scotch cook of his Majesty, "can you inform me which way I shall most readily get to the sight and speech of the King?"

"To the sight of him readily enough," said Linklater; "he is galloping about these alleys, to see them strike the hart, to get him an appetite for a nooning—and that reminds me I should be in the kitchen. To the speech of the King you will not come so easily, unless you could either meet him alone, which rarely chances, or wait for him among the crowd that go to see him alight. And now, farewell, my lord, and God speed!—if I could do more for you, I would offer it."

"You have done enough, perhaps, to endanger yourself," said Lord Glenvarloch. "I pray you to be gone, and leave me to my fate."

The honest cook lingered, but a nearer burst of the horns apprized him that there was no time to lose; and acquainting Nigel that he would leave the postern-door on the latch to secure his retreat in that direction, he bade God bless him, and farewell.

In the kindness of this humble countryman, flowing partly from national partiality, partly from a sense of long-remembered benefits, which had been scarce thought on by those who had bestowed them, Lord Glenvarloch thought he saw the last touch of sympathy which he was to receive

in this cold and courtly region, and felt that he must now be sufficient to himself, or be utterly lost.

He traversed more than one alley, guided by the sounds of the chase, and met several of the inferior attendants upon the King's sport, who regarded him only as one of the spectators who were sometimes permitted to enter the Park by the concurrence of the officers about the Court. Still there was no appearance of James, or any of his principal courtiers, and Nigel began to think whether, at the risk of incurring disgrace similar to that which had attended other similar attempts to approach the King, he should not repair to the Palace-gate, in order to address the King on his return, when Fortune presented him the opportunity of doing so, in her own way.

He was in one of those long walks by which the Park was traversed, when he heard, first a distant rustling, then the rapid approach of hoofs shaking the firm earth on which he stood; then a distant halloo, warned by which he stood up by the side of the avenue, leaving free room for the passage of the chase. The stag, reeling, covered with foam, and blackened with sweat, his nostrils expanded as he gasped for breath, made a shift to come up as far as where Nigel stood, and, without turning to bay, was there pulled down by two tall greyhounds of the breed still used by the hardy deer-stalkers of the Scottish Highlands, but which has been long unknown in England. One dog struck at the buck's throat, another dashed his sharp nose and fangs, I might almost say, into the animal's bowels. It would have been natural for Lord Glenvarloch, himself persecuted as if by hunters, to have thought upon the occasion like the melancholy Jacques; but habit is a strange matter, and I fear that his feelings on the occasion were rather those of the practised huntsman than of the moralist. He had no time, however, to indulge them, for mark what befell.

A single horseman followed the chase, upon a steed so thoroughly subjected to the rein, that it obeyed the touch

of the bridle as if it had been a mechanical impulse operating on the nicest piece of machinery; so that, seated deep in his demi-pique saddle, and so trussed up there as to make falling almost impossible, the rider, without either fear or hesitation, might increase or diminish the speed at which he rode, which, even on the most animating occasions of the chase, seldom exceeded three-fourths of a gallop, the horse keeping his haunches under him, and never stretching forward beyond the managed pace of the academy. The security with which he chose to prosecute even this favourite, and, in the ordinary case, somewhat dangerous amusement, as well as the rest of his equipage, marked King James. No attendant was within sight; indeed, it was often a nice strain of flattery to permit the Sovereign to suppose he had outridden and distanced all the rest of the chase.

"Weel dune, Bash—weel dune, Battie!" he exclaimed, as he came up. "By the honour of a king, ye are a credit to the Braes of Balwhither!—Haud my horse, man," he called out to Nigel, without stopping to see to whom he had addressed himself—"Haud my naig, and help me doun out o' the saddle—deil ding your saul, sirrah, canna ye mak haste before these lazy smaiks come up?—haud the rein easy—dinna let him swerve—now, haud the stirrup—that will do, man, and n we are on terra firma." So saying, without casting an eye on his assistant, gentle King Jamie. unsheathing the short, sharp hanger (*couteau de chasse*), which was the only thing approaching to a sword that he could willingly endure the sight of, drew the blade with great satisfaction across the throat of the buck, and put an end at once to its struggles and its agonies.

Lord Glenvarloch, who knew well the silvan duty which the occasion demanded, hung the bridle of the King's palfrey on the branch of a tree, and, kneeling duteously down, turned the slaughtered deer upon its back, and kept the *quarrée* in that position, while the King, too intent upon his

sport to observe anything else, drew his *couteau* down the breast of the animal, *secundum artem*; and, having made a cross cut, so as to ascertain the depth of the fat upon the chest, exclaimed, in a sort of rapture, "Three inches of white fat on the brisket!—prime—prime—as I am a crowned sinner—and deil ane o' the lazy loons in but mysell! Seven—aught—aught tines on the antlers. By G—d, a hart of aught tines, and the first of the season! Bash and Battie, blessings on the heart's-root of ye! Buss me, my bairns, buss me."

The dogs accordingly fawned upon him, licked him with bloody jaws, and soon put him in such a state that it might have seemed treason had been doing its full work upon his anointed body.

"Bide doun, with a mischief to ye—bide doun, with a wanion," cried the King, almost overturned by the obstreperous caresses of the large stag-hounds. "But ye are just like ither folks, gie ye an inch and ye take an ell.—And wha may ye be, friend?" he said, now finding leisure to take a nearer view of Nigel, and observing what in his first emotion of silvan delight had escaped him,—"Ye are nane of our train, man. In the name of God, what the devil are ye?"

"An unfortunate man, sire," replied Nigel.

"I dare say that," answered the King snappishly, "or I wad have seen naething of you. My lieges keep a' their happiness to themselves; but let bowls row wrang wi' them, and I am sure to hear of it."

"And to whom else can we carry our complaints but to your Majesty, who is Heaven's vicegerent over us?" answered Nigel.

"Right, man, right—very weel spoken," said the King; "but you should leave Heaven's vicegerent some quiet on earth, too."

"If your Majesty will look on me" (for hitherto the King had been so busy, first with the dogs, and then with the

KING JAMES AT A DISADVANTAGE.

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mystic operation of *breaking*, in vulgar phrase, cutting up the deer, that he had scarce given his assistant above a transient glance), "you will see whom necessity makes bold to avail himself of an opportunity which may never again occur."

King James looked; his blood left his cheek, though it continued stained with that of the animal which lay at his feet, he dropped the knife from his hand, cast behind him a faltering eye, as if he either meditated flight or looked out for assistance, and then exclaimed,—"Glenvarlochides! as sure as I was christened James Stewart. Here is a bonny spot of work, and me alone, and on foot, too!" he added, bustling to get upon his horse.

"Forgive me that I interrupt you, my liege," said Nigel, placing himself between the King and the steed; "hear me but a moment!"

"I'll hear ye best on horseback," said the King. "I canna hear a word on foot, man, not a word; and it is not seemly to stand cheek-for-chow confronting us that gate. Bide out of our gate, sir, we charge you on your allegiance.—The deil's in them a', what can they be doing?"

"By the crown which you wear, my liege," said Nigel, "and for which my ancestors have worthily fought, I conjure you to be composed, and to hear me but a moment!"

That which he asked was entirely out of the monarch's power to grant. The timidity which he showed was not the plain downright cowardice, which, like a natural impulse, compels a man to flight, and which can excite little but pity or contempt, but a much more ludicrous, as well as more mingled sensation. The poor King was frightened at once and angry, desirous of securing his safety, and at the same time ashamed to compromise his dignity; so that without attending to what Lord Glenvarloch endeavoured to explain, he kept making at his horse, and repeating,—

"We are a free King, man—we are a free King—we will not be controlled by a subject.—In the name of God, what

keeps Steenie? And, praised be his name, they are coming—Hillo, ho—here, here—Steenie, Steenie!"

The Duke of Buckingham galloped up, followed by several courtiers and attendants of the royal chase, and commenced with his usual familiarity,—

"I see Fortune has graced our dear dad, as usual.—But what's this?"

"What is it? It is treason for what I ken," said the King; "and a' your wyte, Steenie. Your dear dad and gossip might have been murdered, for what you care."

"Murdered? Secure the villain!" exclaimed the Duke. "By Heaven, it is Olifaunt himself!"

A dozen of the hunters dismounted at once, letting their horses run wild through the park. Some seized roughly on Lord Glenvarloch, who thought it folly to offer resistance, while others busied themselves with the King.

"Are you wounded, my liege—are you wounded?"

"Not that I ken of," said the King, in a paroxysm of his apprehension (which, by the way, might be pardoned in one of so timorous a temper, and who, in his time, had been exposed to so many strange attempts)—"Not that I ken of—but search him—search him. I am sure I saw fire-arms under his cloak. I am sure I smelled powder—I am dooms sure of that."

Lord Glenvarloch's cloak being stripped off, and his pistols discovered, a shout of wonder and of execration on the supposed criminal purpose, arose from the crowd now thickening every moment. Not that celebrated pistol, which, though resting on a bosom as gallant and as loyal as Nigel's, spread such causeless alarm among knights and dames at a late high solemnity—not that very pistol caused more temporary consternation than was so groundlessly excited by the arms which were taken from Lord Glenvarloch's person; and not Mhic-Allastar-More himself could repel with greater scorn and indignation the insinuations that they were worn for any sinister purposes.

"Away with the wretch—the parricide—the bloody-minded villain!" was echoed on all hands; and the King, who naturally enough set the same value on his own life at which it was, or seemed to be, rated by others, cried out, louder than all the rest, "Ay, ay—away with him—I have had enough of him, and so has the country. But do him no bodily harm—and, for God's sake, sirs, if ye are sure that ye have thoroughly disarmed him, put up your swords, dirks, and skenes, for you will certainly do each other a mischief."

There was a speedy sheathing of weapons at the King's command; for those who had hitherto been brandishing them in loyal bravado, began thereby to call to mind the extreme dislike which his Majesty nourished against naked steel, a foible which seemed to be as constitutional as his timidity, and was usually ascribed to the brutal murder of Rizzio having been perpetrated in his unfortunate mother's presence before he yet saw the light.

At this moment the Prince, who had been hunting in a different part of the then extensive park, and had received some hasty and confused information of what was going forward, came rapidly up, with one or two noblemen in his train, and, amongst others, Lord Dalgarno. He sprung from his horse, and asked eagerly if his father were wounded.

"Not that I am sensible of, Baby Charles, but a wee matter exhausted, with struggling single-handed with the assassin. Steenie, fill us a cup of wine—the leathern bottle is hanging at our pommel. Buss me, then, Baby Charles," continued the monarch, after he had taken this cup of comfort; "O man, the Commonwealth and you have had a fair escape from the heavy and bloody loss of a dear father, for we are *pater patriæ*, as weel as *pater familias*. *Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus tam cari capitis!* Woe is me, black cloth would have been dear in England, and dry een scarce!"

And at the very idea of the general grief which must have attended his death, the good-natured monarch cried heartily himself.

"Is this possible?" said Charles sternly, for his pride was hurt at his father's demeanour on the one hand, while, on the other, he felt the resentment of a son and a subject at the supposed attempt on the King's life. "Let some one speak who has seen what happened—My Lord of Buckingham!"

"I cannot say, my lord," replied the Duke, "that I saw any actual violence offered to his Majesty, else I should have avenged him on the spot."

"You would have done wrong, then, in your zeal, George," answered the Prince; "such offenders were better left to be dealt with by the laws. But was the villain not struggling with his Majesty?"

"I cannot term it so, my lord," said the Duke, who, with many faults, would have disdained an untruth; "he seemed to desire to detain his Majesty, who, on the contrary, appeared to wish to mount his horse; but they have found pistols on his person, contrary to the proclamation, and, as it proves to be Nigel Olifaunt, of whose ungoverned disposition your Royal Highness has seen some samples, we seem to be justified in apprehending the worst."

"Nigel Olifaunt!" said the Prince; "can that unhappy man so soon have engaged in a new trespass? Let us see those pistols."

"Ye are not so unwise as to meddle with such snaphaunces, Baby Charles?" said James. "Do not give him them, Steenie—I command you on your allegiance! They may go off of their own accord, whilk often befalls. You will do it, then? Saw ever man sic wilful bairns as we are cumbered with! Havena we guardsmen and soldiers enow, but you must unload the weapons yoursell—you, the heir of our body and dignities, and sae mony men around that are paid for venturing life in our cause?"

But without regarding his father's exclamations, Prince Charles, with the obstinacy which characterised him in trifles, as well as matters of consequence, persisted in unloading the pistols with his own hand of the double bullets with which each was charged. The hands of all around were held up in astonishment at the horror of the crime supposed to have been intended, and the escape which was presumed so narrow.

Nigel had not yet spoken a word; he now calmly desired to be heard.

"To what purpose?" answered the Prince coldly. "You knew yourself accused of a heavy offence, and, instead of rendering yourself up to justice, in terms of the proclamation, you are here found intruding yourself on his Majesty's presence, and armed with unlawful weapons."

"May it please you, sir," answered Nigel, "I wore these unhappy weapons for my own defence, and not very many hours since they were necessary to protect the lives of others."

"Doubtless, my lord," answered the Prince, still calm and unmoved, "your late mode of life, and the associates with whom you have lived, have made you familiar with scenes and weapons of violence. But it is not to me you are to plead your cause."

"Hear me, hear me, noble Prince!" said Nigel eagerly. "Hear me! You—even you yourself—may one day ask to be heard, and in vain."

"How, sir," said the Prince haughtily—"how am I to construe that, my lord?"

"If not on earth, sir," replied the prisoner, "yet to heaven we must all pray for patient and favourable audience."

"True, my lord," said the Prince, bending his head with haughty acquiescence; "nor would I now refuse such audience to you, could it avail you. But you shall suffer no wrong. We will ourselves look into your case."

"Ay, ay," answered the King, "he hath made *appellatio ad Cæsarem*; we will interrogate Glenvarlochides ourselves, time and place fitting; and, in the meanwhile, have him and his weapon away, for I am weary of the sight of them."

In consequence of directions hastily given, Nigel was accordingly removed from the presence, where, however, his words had not altogether fallen to the ground. "This is a most strange matter, George," said the Prince to the favourite; "this gentleman hath a good countenance, a happy presence, and much calm firmness in his look and speech. I cannot think he would attempt a crime so desperate and useless."

"I profess neither love nor favour to the young man," answered Buckingham, whose high-spirited ambition bore always an open character; "but I cannot but agree with your Highness, that our dear gossip hath been something hasty in apprehending personal danger from him."

"By my saul, Steenie, ye are not blate, to say so!" said the King. "Do I not ken the smell of pouther, think ye? Who else nosed out the Fifth of November, save our royal selves? Cecil, and Suffolk, and all of them were at fault, like sae mony mongrel tikes, when I puzzled it out; and trow ye that I cannot smell pouther? Why, 'sblood, man, Joannes Barclaius thought my ingine was in some measure inspiration, and terms his history of the plot *Series patefacti divinitus parricidii*; and Spondanus, in like manner, saith of us, *Divinitus evasit.*"

"The land was happy in your Majesty's escape," said the Duke of Buckingham, "and not less in the quick wit which tracked that labyrinth of treason by so fine and almost invisible a clew."

"Saul, man, Steenie, ye are right! There are few youths have sic true judgment as you respecting the wisdom of their elders; and as for this fause, traitorous smaik, I doubt he is a hawk of the same nest. Saw ye not something

papistical about him? Let them look that he bears not a crucifix, or some sic Roman trinket about him."

"It would ill become me to attempt the exculpation of this unhappy man," said Lord Dalgarno, "considering the height of his present attempt, which has made all true men's blood curdle in their veins. Yet I cannot avoid intimating, with all due submission to His Majesty's infallible judgment, in justice to one who showed himself formerly only my enemy, though he now displays himself in much blacker colours, that this Olifaunt always appeared to me more as a Puritan than as a Papist."

"Ah, Dalgarno, art thou there, man?" said the King. "And ye behoved to keep back, too, and leave us to our own natural strength and the care of Providence, when we were in grips with the villain!"

"Providence, may it please your most Gracious Majesty, would not fail to aid, in such a strait, the care of three weeping kingdoms," said Lord Dalgarno.

"Surely, man, surely," replied the King, "but a sight of your father, with his long whinyard, would have been a blithe matter a short while syne; and in future we will aid the ends of Providence in our favour, by keeping near us two stout beefeaters of the guard. And so this Olifaunt is a Puritan?—not the less like to be a Papist, for all that, for extremities meet, as the scholiast proveth. There are, as I have proved in my book, Puritans of papistical principles—it is just a new tout on an auld horn."

Here the King was reminded by the Prince, who dreaded perhaps that he was going to recite the whole *Basilicon Doron*, that it would be best to move towards the Palace, and consider what was to be done for satisfying the public mind, in whom the morning's adventure was likely to excite much speculation. As they entered the gate of the Palace, a female bowed and presented a paper, which the King received, and, with a sort of groan, thrust it into his side pocket. The Prince expressed some curiosity to know its

contents. "The valet in waiting will tell you them," said the King, "when I strip off my cassock. D'ye think, Baby, that I can read all that is thrust into my hands? See to me, man,"—(he pointed to the pockets of his great trunk breeches, which were stuffed with papers)—"We are like an ass—that we should so speak—stooping betwixt two burdens. Ay, ay, *Asinus 'ortis accumbens inter terminos*, as the Vulgate hath it—Ay, ay, *Vidi terram quod esset optima, et supposui humerum ad portandum, et factus sum tributis serviens*—I saw this land of England, and became an over-burdened king thereof."

"You are indeed well loaded, my dear dad and gossip," said the Duke of Buckingham, receiving the papers which King James emptied out of his pockets.

"Ay, ay," continued the monarch; "take them to you *per aversionem*, bairns—the one pouch stuffed with petitions, t'other with pasquinadoes; a fine time we have on't. On my conscience, I believe the tale of Cadmus was hieroglyphical, and that the dragon's teeth whilk he sowed were the letters he invented. Ye are laughing, Baby Charles? Mind what I say. When I came here first frae our ain country, where the men are as rude as the weather, by my conscience, England was a bieldy bit; one would have thought the King had little to do but to walk by quiet waters, *per aquam refectionis*. But, I kenna how or why, the place is sair changed—read that libel upon us and on our regimen. The dragon's teeth are sown, Baby Charles; I pray God they bearna their armed harvest in your day, if I suld not live to see it. God forbid I should, for there will be an awful day's kemping at the shearing of them."

"I shall know how to stifle the crop in the blade,—ha, George?" said the Prince, turning to the favourite with a look expressive of some contempt for his father's apprehensions, and full of confidence in the superior firmness and decision of his own counsels.

While this discourse was passing, Nigel, in charge of a

pursuivant-at-arms, was pushed and dragged through the small town, all the inhabitants of which, having been alarmed by the report of an attack on the King's life, now pressed forward to see the supposed traitor.

He had no time for remarks, being placed in a boat with the pursuivant and two yeomen of the guard, and rowed up the river as fast as the arms of six stout watermen could pull against the tide. They passed the groves of masts which even then astonished the stranger with the extended commerce of London, and now approached those low and blackened walls of curtain and bastion, which exhibit here and there a piece of ordnance, and here and there a solitary sentinel under arms, but have otherwise so little of the military terrors of a citadel. A projecting low-browed arch, which had loured over many an innocent and many a guilty head in similar circumstances, now spread its dark frowns over that of Nigel. The boat was put close up to the broad steps against which the tide was lapping its lazy wave. The warder on duty looked from the wicket, and spoke to the pursuivant in whispers. In a few minutes the Lieutenant of the Tower appeared, received, and granted an acknowledgment for the body of Nigel, Lord Glenvarloch.

—SIR W. SCOTT, *The Fortunes of Nigel.*

XXVI

The Highlanders to the Rescue of their King

WHOEVER saw one morning in the year 1644 the Castle of Darnlinvarach, beheld a busy and a gallant sight.

Various Chiefs, arriving with their different retinues, which, notwithstanding their numbers, formed no more than their usual equipage and body-guard upon occasions of solemnity, saluted the lord of the castle and each other with overflowing kindness, or with haughty and distant politeness, according to the circumstances of friendship or hostility in which their clans had recently stood to each other. Each Chief, however small his comparative importance, showed the full disposition to exact from the rest the deference due to a separate and independent prince; while the stronger and more powerful, divided among themselves by recent contentions or ancient feuds, were constrained in policy to use great deference to the feelings of their less powerful brethren, in order, in case of need, to attach as many well-wishers as might be to their own interest and standard.

The Chieftains assembled in close conclave in the great hall of the castle. Among them were the persons of the greatest consequence in the Highlands, some of them attracted by zeal for the royal cause, and many by aversion to that severe and general domination which the Marquis of Argyle, since his rising to such influence in the state,

had exercised over his Highland neighbours. That statesman, indeed, though possessed of considerable abilities and great power, had failings, which rendered him unpopular among the Highland chiefs. The devotion which he professed was of a morose and fanatical character; his ambition appeared to be insatiable, and inferior chiefs complained of his want of bounty and liberality. Add to this, that although a Highlander, and of a family distinguished for valour before and since, Gillespie Grumach* (which, from an obliquity in his eyes, was the personal distinction he bore in the Highlands, where titles of rank are unknown) was suspected of being a better man in the cabinet than in the field. He and his tribe were particularly obnoxious to the M'Donalds and the M'Leans, two numerous septs, who, though disunited by ancient feuds, agreed in an intense dislike to the Campbells, or, as they were called, the Children of Diarmid.

For some time the assembled Chiefs remained silent, until some one should open the business of the meeting. At length one of the most powerful of them commenced the diet by saying,—"We have been summoned hither, M'Aulay, to consult of weighty matters concerning the King's affairs, and those of the state; and we crave to know by whom they are to be explained to us?"

M'Aulay, whose strength did not lie in oratory, intimated his wish that Lord Menteith should open the business of the council. With great modesty, and at the same time with spirit, that young lord said, "he wished what he was about to propose had come from some person of better known and more established character. Since, however, it lay with him to be spokesman, he had to state to the Chiefs assembled, that those who wished to throw off the base yoke which fanaticism had endeavoured to wreath round their necks, had not a moment to lose. The Covenanters," he said, "after having twice made war

* *Grumach*—ill-favoured.

upon their sovereign, and having extorted from him every request, reasonable or unreasonable, which they thought proper to demand—after their Chiefs had been loaded with dignities and favours—after having publicly declared, when his Majesty, after a gracious visit to the land of his nativity, was upon his return to England, that he returned a contented king from a contented people,—after all this, and without even the pretext for a national grievance, the same men have, upon doubts and suspicions, equally dishonourable to the King, and groundless in themselves, detached a strong army to assist his rebels in England, in a quarrel with which Scotland had no more to do than she has with the wars in Germany. It was well," he said, "that the eagerness with which this treasonable purpose was pursued, had blinded the junta who now usurped the government of Scotland to the risk which they were about to incur. The army which they had dispatched to England under old Leven comprehended their veteran soldiers, the strength of those armies which had been levied in Scotland during the two former wars. The moment was most favourable for all true-hearted and loyal Scotchmen to show, that the reproach their country had lately undergone arose from the selfish ambition of a few turbulent and seditious men, joined to the absurd fanaticism which, disseminated from five hundred pulpits, had spread like a land-flood over the Lowlands of Scotland. He had letters from the Marquis of Huntly in the north, which he should show to the Chiefs separately. That nobleman, equally loyal and powerful, was determined to exert his utmost energy in the common cause, and the powerful Earl of Seaforth was prepared to join the same standard. From the Earl of Airly, and the Ogilvies in Angusshire, he had had communications equally decided; and there was no doubt that these, who, with the Hays, Leiths, Burnets, and other loyal gentlemen, would be soon on horseback, would form a body far more than sufficient to overawe the

northern Covenanters, who had already experienced their valour in the well-known rout which was properly termed the Trot of Turiff. South of Forth and Tay," he said, "the King had many friends, who, oppressed by enforced oaths, compulsatory levies, heavy taxes, unjustly imposed and unequally levied, by the tyranny of the Committee of Estates, and the inquisitorial insolence of the Presbyterian divines, waited but the waving of the royal banner to take up arms. Douglas, Traquair, Roxburgh, Hume, all friendly to the royal cause, would counterbalance," he said, "the covenanting interest in the south; and two gentlemen, of name and quality, here present, from the north of England, would answer for the zeal of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland. Against so many gallant gentlemen the southern Covenanters could but arm raw levies; the Whigamores of the western shires, and the ploughmen and mechanics of the Low-country. For the West Highlands, he knew no interest which the Covenanters possessed there, except that of one individual, as well known as he was odious. But was there a single man, who, on casting his eye round this hall, and recognising the power, the gallantry, and the dignity of the chiefs assembled, could entertain a moment's doubt of their success against the utmost force which Gillespie Grumach could collect against them? He had only farther to add, that considerable funds, both of money and ammunition, had been provided for the army—that officers of ability and experience in the foreign wars, one of whom was now present, had engaged to train such levies as might require to be disciplined;—and that a numerous body of auxiliary forces from Ireland, having been detached from the Earl of Antrim, from Ulster, had successfully accomplished their descent upon the main land, and, with the assistance of Clanranald's people, having taken and fortified the Castle of Mingarry, in spite of Argyle's attempts to intercept them, were in full march to this place of ren-

dezvous. It only remained," he said, "that the noble Chiefs assembled, laying aside every lesser consideration, should unite, heart and hand, in the common cause; send the fiery cross through their clans, in order to collect their utmost force, and form their junction with such celerity as to leave the enemy no time, either for preparation or recovery from the panic which would spread at the first sound of their pibroch. He himself," he said, "though neither among the richest nor the most powerful of the Scottish nobility, felt that he had to support the dignity of an ancient and honourable house, the independence of an ancient and honourable nation, and to that cause he was determined to devote both life and fortune. If those who were more powerful were equally prompt, he trusted they would deserve the thanks of their King, and the gratitude of posterity."

Loud applause followed this speech of Lord Menteith, and testified the general acquiescence of all present in the sentiments which he had expressed; but when the shout had died away, the assembled Chiefs continued to gaze upon each other as if something yet remained to be settled. After some whispers among themselves, an aged man, whom his grey hairs rendered respectable, although he was not of the highest order of Chiefs, replied to what had been said.

"Thane of Menteith," he said, "you have well spoken; nor is there one of us in whose bosom the same sentiments do not burn like fire. But it is not strength alone that wins the fight; it is the head of the commander, as well as the arm of the soldier, that brings victory. I ask of you who is to raise and sustain the banner under which we are invited to rise and muster ourselves? Will it be expected that we should risk our children, and the flower of our kinsmen, ere we know to whose guidance they are to be intrusted? This were leading those to slaughter, whom, by the laws of God and man, it is our duty to protect. Where

is the royal commission, under which the lieges are to be convocated in arms? Simple and rude as we may be deemed, we know something of the established rules of war, as well as of the laws of our country; nor will we arm ourselves against the general peace of Scotland, unless by the express commands of the King, and under a leader fit to command such men as are here assembled."

Several of the Highland Chiefs interfered to the same purpose, and none with more emphasis than the celebrated Evan Dhu.

"I have come from my lakes," he said, "as a stream descends from the hills, not to turn again, but to accomplish my course. It is not by looking back to our own pretensions that we shall serve Scotland or King Charles. My voice shall be for that general whom the King shall name, who will doubtless possess those qualities which are necessary to command men like us. High-born he must be, or we shall lose our rank in obeying him—wise and skilful, or we shall endanger the safety of our people—bravest among the brave, or we shall peril our own honour—temperate, firm, and manly, to keep us united. Such is the man that must command us. Are you prepared, Thane of Menteith, to say where such a general is to be found?"

"There is but ONE," said Allan M'Aulay; "and here,' he said, laying his hand upon the shoulder of a person, who stood behind Lord Menteith, "here he stands!"

The general surprise of the meeting was expressed by an impatient murmur; when the stranger, throwing back the cloak in which his face was muffled, and stepping forward, spoke thus:—"I did not long intend to be a silent spectator of this interesting scene, although my hasty friend has obliged me to disclose myself somewhat sooner than was my intention. Whether I deserve the honour reposed in me by this parchment will best appear from what I shall be able to do for the King's service. It is a

commission under the great seal, to James Graham, Earl of Montrose, to command those forces which are to be assembled for the service of his Majesty in this kingdom."

A loud shout of approbation burst from the assembly. There was, in fact, no other person to whom, in point of rank, these proud mountaineers would have been disposed to submit. His inveterate and hereditary hostility to the Marquis of Argyle insured his engaging in the war with sufficient energy, while his well-known military talents, and his tried valour, afforded every hope of his bringing it to a favourable conclusion.

Some days were spent in organizing the forces at his command, and then Montrose led his army, like a herd of wild deer, from mountain to mountain, and from forest to forest, where his enemies could learn nothing of his motions, while he acquired the most perfect knowledge respecting theirs from the friendly clans of Cameron and M'Donnell, whose mountainous districts he now traversed. Strict orders had been given that Argyle's advance should be watched, and that all intelligence respecting his motions should be communicated instantly to the General himself.

It was a moonlight night, and Montrose, worn out by the fatigues of the day, was laid down to sleep in a miserable shieling. He had only slumbered two hours, when some one touched his shoulder. He looked up, and, by the stately form and deep voice, easily recognised the Chief of the Camerons.

"I have news for you," said that leader, "which is worth while to arise and listen to."

"M'Ilduy can bring no other," said Montrose, addressing the Chief by his patronymic title—"are they good or bad?"

"As you may take them," said the Chieftain.

"Are they certain?" demanded Montrose.

"Yes," answered M'Ilduy, "or another messenger should have brought them. Know that I made a stretch of four

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NEWS OF ARGYLE BROUGHT TO MONTROSE.

[*p.* 369.

miles with six of my people in the direction of Inverlochy, and there met with Ian of Glenroy, who had been out for intelligence. Argyle is moving upon Inverlochy with three thousand chosen men, commanded by the flower of the sons of Diarmid.—These are my news—they are certain—it is for you to construe their purport."

"Their purport must be good," answered Montrose, readily and cheerfully; "the voice of M'Ilduy is ever pleasant in the ears of Montrose, and most pleasant when it speaks of some brave enterprise at hand. What are our musters?"

He then called for light, and easily ascertained that a great part of his followers having, as usual, dispersed to secure their booty, he had not with him above twelve or fourteen hundred men.

"Not much above a third," said Montrose, pausing, "of Argyle's force, and Highlanders opposed to Highlanders. With the blessing of God upon the royal cause, I would not hesitate were the odds but one to two."

"Then do not hesitate," said Cameron; "for when your trumpets shall sound to attack M'Callum More, not a man of these glens will remain deaf to the summons. Glengarry—Keppoch—I myself—would destroy, with fire and sword, the wretch who should remain behind under any pretence whatsoëver. To-morrow, or the next day, shall be a day of battle to all who bear the name of M'Donnell or Cameron, whatever be the event."

"It is gallantly said, my noble friend," said Montrose, grasping his hand, "and I were worse than a coward did I not do justice to such followers, by entertaining the most indubitable hopes of success. We will turn back on this M'Callum More, who follows us like a raven to devour the relics of our army, should we meet braver men who may be able to break its strength! Let the Chiefs and leaders be called together as quickly as possible; and you, who have brought us the first news of this joyful event,—for such it

shall be,—you, M'Ilduy, shall bring it to a joyful issue, by guiding us the best and nearest road against our enemy."

"That will I willingly do," said M'Ilduy; "if I have shown you paths by which to retreat through these dusky wilds, with far more readiness will I teach you how to advance against your foe."

A general bustle now prevailed, and the leaders were everywhere startled from the rude couches on which they had sought temporary repose.

"I never thought," said Major Dalgetty, when summoned up from a handful of rugged heather roots, "to have parted from a bed as hard as a stable-broom with such bad will; but, indubitably, having but one man of military experience in his army, his Excellency the Marquis may be vindicated in putting him upon hard duty."

So saying, he repaired to the council, where, notwithstanding his pedantry, Montrose seemed always to listen to him with considerable attention; partly because the Major really possessed military knowledge and experience, and often made suggestions which were found of advantage, and partly because it relieved the General from the necessity of deferring entirely to the opinion of the Highland Chiefs, and gave him additional ground for disputing it when it was not agreeable to his own. On the present occasion, Dalgetty joyfully acquiesced in the proposal of marching back and confronting Argyle, which he compared to the valiant resolution of the great Gustavus, who moved against the Duke of Bavaria, and enriched his troops by the plunder of that fertile country, although menaced from the northward by the large army which Wallenstein had assembled in Bohemia.

The Chiefs of Glengarry, Keppoch, and Lochiel, whose clans, equal in courage and military fame to any in the Highlands, lay within the neighbourhood of the scene of action, dispatched the fiery cross through their vassals, to summon every one who could bear arms to meet the King's

lieutenant, and to join the standards of their respective Chiefs, as they marched towards Inverlochy. As the order was emphatically given, it was speedily and willingly obeyed. Their natural love of war, their zeal for the royal cause,—for they viewed the King in the light of a chief whom his clansmen had deserted,—as well as their implicit obedience to their own patriarch, drew in to Montrose's army not only all in the neighbourhood who were able to bear arms, but some who, in age at least, might have been esteemed past the use of them. During the next day's march, which, being directed straight through the mountains of Lochaber, was unsuspected by the enemy, his forces were augmented by handfuls of men issuing from each glen, and ranging themselves under the banners of their respective Chiefs. This was a circumstance highly inspiriting to the rest of the army, who, by the time they approached the enemy, found their strength increased considerably more than one-fourth, as had been prophesied by the valiant leader of the Camerons.

While Montrose executed this counter-march, Argyle had, at the head of his gallant army, advanced up the southern side of Loch-Eil, and reached the river Lochy, which combines that lake with Loch-Lochy. The ancient Castle of Inverlochy, once, as it is said, a royal fortress, and still, although dismantled, a place of some strength and consideration, offered convenient headquarters, and there was ample room for Argyle's army to encamp around him in the valley, where the Lochy joins Loch-Eil. Several barges had attended, loaded with provisions, so that they were in every respect as well accommodated as such an army wished or expected to be. Argyle, in council with Auchenbreck and Ardenvohr, expressed his full confidence that Montrose was now on the brink of destruction; that his troops must gradually diminish as he moved eastward through such uncouth paths; that if he went westward, he must encounter Urrie and Baillie; if northward, fall into the hands of Sea-

forth; or should he choose any halting-place, he would expose himself to be attacked by three armies at once.

"I cannot rejoice in the prospect, my lord," said Auchenbreck, "that James Grahame will be crushed with little assistance of ours. He has left a heavy account in Argyleshire against him, and I long to reckon with him drop of blood for drop of blood. I love not the payment of such debts by third hands."

"You are too scrupulous," said Argyle; "what signifies it by whose hands the blood of the Grahames is spilt? It is time that of the sons of Diarmid should cease to flow. What say you, Ardenvohr?"

"I say, my lord," replied Sir Duncan, "that I think Auchenbreck will be gratified, and will himself have a personal opportunity of settling accounts with Montrose for his depredations. Reports have reached our outposts that the Camerons are assembling their full strength on the skirts of Ben-Nevis; this must be to join the advance of Montrose, and not to cover his retreat."

"It must be some scheme of harassing and depredation," said Argyle, "devised by the inveterate malignity of M'Ilduy, which he terms loyalty. They can intend no more than an attack on our outposts, or some annoyance to to-morrow's march."

"I have sent out scouts," said Sir Duncan, "in every direction, to procure intelligence; and we must soon hear whether they really do assemble any force, upon what point, or with what purpose."

It was late ere any tidings were received; but when the moon had arisen, a considerable bustle in the camp, and a noise immediately after heard in the castle, announced the arrival of important intelligence. Of the scouts first dispersed by Ardenvohr, some had returned without being able to collect anything, save uncertain rumours concerning movements in the country of the Camerons. It seemed as if the skirts of Ben-Nevis were sending forth those

unaccountable and portentous sounds with which they sometimes announce the near approach of a storm. Others, whose zeal carried them farther upon their mission, were entrapped and slain, or made prisoners, by the inhabitants of the fastnesses into which they endeavoured to penetrate. At length, on the rapid advance of Montrose's army, his advanced guard and the outposts of Argyle became aware of each other's presence, and after exchanging a few musket-shots and arrows, fell back to their respective main bodies, to convey intelligence and receive orders.

Sir Duncan Campbell and Auchenbreck instantly threw themselves on horseback, in order to visit the state of the outposts; and Argyle maintained his character of commander-in-chief with reputation, by making a respectable arrangement of his forces in the plain, as it was evident that they might now expect a night alarm, or an attack in the morning at farthest. Montrose had kept his forces so cautiously within the defiles of the mountain that no effort which Auchenbreck or Ardenvohr thought it prudent to attempt could ascertain his probable strength. They were aware, however, that, at the utmost computation, it must be inferior to their own, and they returned to Argyle to inform him of the amount of their observations; but that nobleman refused to believe that Montrose could be in presence himself. He said, "It was a madness, of which even James Grahame, in his height of presumptuous frenzy, was incapable; and he doubted not that their march was only impeded by their ancient enemies, Glenco, Keppoch, and Glengarry; and perhaps M'Vourigh, with his M'Phersons, might have assembled a force, which he knew must be greatly inferior in numbers to his own, and whom, therefore, he doubted not to disperse by force, or by terms of capitulation."

The spirit of Argyle's followers was high, breathing vengeance for the disasters which their country had so lately

undergone; and the night passed in anxious hopes that the morning might dawn upon their vengeance. The outposts of either army kept a careful watch, and the soldiers of Argyle slept in the order of battle which they were next day to occupy.

A pale dawn had scarce begun to tinge the tops of these immense mountains, when the leaders of both armies prepared for the business of the day. It was the second of February, 1645–6. The clansmen of Argyle were arranged in two lines, not far from the angle between the river and the lake, and made an appearance equally resolute and formidable. Auchenbreck would willingly have commenced the battle by an attack on the outposts of the enemy; but Argyle, with more cautious policy, preferred receiving to making the onset. Signals were soon heard that they would not long wait for it in vain. The Campbells could distinguish, in the gorge of the mountains, the war-tunes of various clans as they advanced to the onset. That of the Camerons, which bears the ominous words, addressed to the wolves and ravens, "Come to me, and I will give you flesh," was loudly re-echoed from their native glens. In the language of the Highland bards, the war voice of Glengarry was not silent; and the gathering tunes of other tribes could be plainly distinguished, as they successively came up to the extremity of the passes from which they were to descend into the plain.

"You see," said Argyle to his kinsmen, "it is as I said, we have only to deal with our neighbours; James Grahame has not ventured to show us his banner."

At this moment there resounded from the gorge of the pass a lively flourish of trumpets, in that note with which it was the ancient Scottish fashion to salute the royal standard.

"You may hear, my lord, from yonder signal," said Sir Duncan Campbell, "that he who pretends to be the King's Lieutenant, must be in person among these men."

"And has probably horse with him," said Auchenbreck, "which I cuuld not have anticipated. But shall we look pale for that, my lord, when we have foes to fight, and wrongs to revenge?"

Argyle was silent, and looked upon his arm, which hung in a sash, owing to a fall which he had sustained in a preceding march.

"It is true," interrupted Ardenvohr, eagerly, "my Lord of Argyle, you are disabled from using either sword or pistol; you must retire on board the galleys—your life is precious to us as a head—your hand cannot be useful to us as a soldier."

"No," said Argyle, pride contending with irresolution, "it shall never be said that I fled before Montrose; if I cannot fight, I will at least die in the midst of my children."

Several other principal Chiefs of the Campbells, with one voice, conjured and obtested their Chieftain to leave them for that day to the leading of Ardenvohr and Auchenbreck, and to behold the conflict from a distance and in safety.—We dare not stigmatize Argyle with poltroonery; for, though his life was marked by no action of bravery, yet he behaved with so much composure and dignity in the final and closing scene, that his conduct upon the present and similar occasions, should be rather imputed to indecision than to want of courage. But when the small still voice within a man's own breast, which tells him that his life is of consequence to himself, is seconded by that of numbers around him, who assure him that it is of equal advantage to the public, history affords many examples of men more habitually daring than Argyle, who have consulted self-preservation when the temptations to it were so powerfully increased.

"See him on board, if you will, Sir Duncan," said Auchenbreck to his kinsman. "It must be my duty to prevent this spirit from spreading farther among us."

So saying, he threw himself among the ranks, entreating,

commanding, and conjuring the soldiers to remember their ancient fame and their present superiority; the wrongs they had to revenge, if successful, and the fate they had to dread if vanquished; and imparting to every bosom a portion of the fire which glowed in his own. Slowly, meanwhile, and apparently with reluctance, Argyle suffered himself to be forced by his officious kinsmen to the verge of the lake, and was transported on board of a galley, from the deck of which he surveyed with more safety than credit the scene which ensued.

Sir Duncan Campbell of Ardenvohr, notwithstanding the urgency of the occasion, stood with his eyes riveted on the boat which bore his chieftain from the field of battle. There were feelings in his bosom which could not be expressed; for the character of a Chief was that of a father, and the heart of a clansman durst not dwell upon his failings with critical severity as upon those of other men. Argyle, too, harsh and severe to others, was generous and liberal among his kinsmen, and the noble heart of Ardenvohr was wrung with bitter anguish, when he reflected to what interpretation his present conduct might subject him.

"It is better it should be so," said he to himself, devouring his own emotion; "but——of his line of a hundred sires, I know not one who would have retired while the banner of Diarmid waved in the wind, in the face of its most inveterate foes!"

A loud shout now compelled him to turn, and to hasten with all dispatch to his post, which was on the right flank of Argyle's little army.

The retreat of Argyle had not passed unobserved by his watchful enemy, who, occupying the superior ground, could mark every circumstance which passed below. The movement of three or four horsemen to the rear showed that those who retreated were men of rank.

"They are going," said Dalgetty, "to put their horses out of danger, like prudent cavaliers. Yonder goes Sir

Duncan Campbell, riding a brown bay gelding, which I had marked for my own second charger."

"You are wrong, Major," said Montrose, with a bitter smile; "they are saving their precious Chief.—Give the signal for assault instantly—send the word through the ranks.—Gentlemen, noble Chiefs, Glengarry, Keppoch, M'Vourigh, upon them instantly!—Ride to M'Ilduy, Major Dalgetty, and tell him to charge as he loves Lochaber—return and bring our handful of horse to my standard. They shall be placed with the Irish as a reserve."

The trumpets and bagpipes, those clamorous harbingers of blood and death, at once united in the signal for onset, which was replied to by the cry of more than two thousand warriors, and the echoes of the mountain glens behind them. Divided into three bodies, or columns, the Highland followers of Montrose poured from the defiles which had hitherto concealed them from their enemies, and rushed with the utmost determination upon the Campbells, who waited their charge with the greatest firmness. Behind these charging columns marched in line the Irish, under Colkitto, intended to form the reserve. With them was the royal standard, and Montrose himself; and on the flanks were about fifty horse, under Dalgetty, which by wonderful exertions had been kept in some sort fit for service.

The right column of Royalists was led by Glengarry, the left by Lochiel, and the centre by the Earl of Monteith, who preferred fighting on foot in a Highland dress to remaining with the cavalry.

The Highlanders poured on with the proverbial fury of their country, firing their guns, and discharging their arrows at a little distance from the enemy, who received the assault with the most determined gallantry. Better provided with musketry than their enemies, stationary also, and therefore taking the more decisive aim, the fire of Argyle's followers was more destructive than that which they sustained. The royal clans, perceiving this, rushed to close quarters, and

succeeded on two points in throwing their enemies into disorder. With regular troops this must have achieved a victory; but here Highlanders were opposed to Highlanders. and the nature of the weapons, as well as the agility of those who wielded them, was equal on both sides.

Their strife was accordingly desperate; and the clash of the swords and axes, as they encountered each other, or rung upon the targets, was mingled with the short, wild, animating shrieks with which Highlanders accompany the battle, the dance, or indeed violent exertion of any kind, Many of the foes opposed were personally acquainted, and sought to match themselves with each other from motives of hatred, or a more generous emulation of valour. Neither party would retreat an inch, while the place of those who fell (and they fell fast on both sides) was eagerly supplied by others, who thronged to the front of danger. A steam, like that which arises from a seething cauldron, rose into the thin, cold, frosty air, and hovered above the combatants.

So stood the fight on the right and the centre, with no immediate consequence, except mutual wounds and death.

On the right of the Campbells the Knight of Ardenvohr obtained some advantage, through his military skill and by strength of numbers. He had moved forward obliquely the extreme flank of his line at the instant the Royalists were about to close, so that they sustained a fire at once on front and in flank, and, despite the utmost efforts of their leader, were thrown into some confusion. At this instant, Sir Duncan Campbell gave the word to charge, and thus unexpectedly made the attack at the very moment he seemed about to receive it. Such a change of circumstances is always discouraging, and often fatal. But the disorder was remedied by the advance of the Irish reserve, whose heavy and sustained fire compelled the Knight of Ardenvohr to forego his advantage, and content himself with repulsing the enemy. The Marquis of Montrose, in the meanwhile, availing himself of some scattered birch trees, as well as of

the smoke produced by the close fire of the Irish musketry, which concealed the operation, called upon Dalgetty to follow him with the horse, and wheeling round so as to gain the right flank and even the rear of the enemy, he commanded his six trumpets to sound the charge. The clang of the cavalry trumpets, and the noise of the galloping of the horse, produced an effect upon Argyle's right wing which no other sounds could have impressed them with. The mountaineers of that period had a superstitious dread of the war-horse, like that entertained by the Peruvians, and had many strange ideas respecting the manner in which that animal was trained to combat. When, therefore, they found their ranks unexpectedly broken, and that the objects of their greatest terror were suddenly in the midst of them, the panic, in spite of Sir Duncan's attempts to stop it, became universal. Indeed, the figure of Major Dalgetty alone, sheathed in impenetrable armour, and making his horse caracole and bound, so as to give weight to every blow which he struck, would have been a novelty in itself sufficient to terrify those who had never seen anything more nearly resembling such a cavalier, than a *shelty* waddling under a Highlander far bigger than itself. The repulsed Royalists returned to the charge; the Irish, keeping their ranks, maintained a fire equally close and destructive. There was no sustaining the fight longer. Argyle's followers began to break and fly, most towards the lake, the remainder in different directions. The defeat of the right wing, of itself decisive, was rendered irreparable by the death of Auchenbreck, who fell while endeavouring to restore order.

The Knight of Ardenvohr, with two or three hundred men, all gentlemen of descent and distinguished gallantry, —for the Campbells are supposed to have had more gentlemen in their ranks than any of the Highland clans,—endeavoured, with unavailing heroism, to cover the tumultuary retreat of the common file. Their resolution only proved

fatal to themselves, as they were charged again and again by fresh adversaries, and forced to separate from each other, until at length their aim seemed only to be to purchase an honourable death by resisting to the very last.

"Good quarter, Sir Duncan," called out Major Dalgetty, when he discovered his late host, with one or two others, defending himself against several Highlanders; and, to enforce his offer, he rode up to him with his sword uplifted. Sir Duncan's reply was the discharge of a reserved pistol, which took effect not on the person of the rider, but on that of his gallant horse, which, shot through the heart, fell dead under him. Ranald MacEagh, who was one of those who had been pressing Sir Duncan hard, took the opportunity to cut him down with his broadsword, as he turned from him in the act of firing the pistol.

Allan M'Aulay came up at this moment. They were, excepting Ranald, followers of his brother who were engaged on that part of the field. "Villains!" he said, "which of you has dared to do this, when it was my positive order that the Knight of Ardenvohr should be taken alive!"

Half a dozen of busy hands, which were emulously employed in plundering the fallen knight, whose arms and accoutrements were of a magnificence befitting his quality, instantly forebore the occupation, and half the number of voices exculpated themselves, by laying the blame on the Skyeman, as they called Ranald MacEagh.

The Marquis mounted a led horse, which was held by one of his attendants, and rode on to view the scene of his victory, which was more decisive than even his ardent hopes had anticipated. Of Argyle's gallant army of three thousand men, fully one-half fell in the battle, or in the flight. They had been chiefly driven back upon that part of the plain where the river forms an angle with the lake, so that there was no free opening either for retreat or escape. Several hundreds were forced into the lake and drowned. Of the survivors, about one-half escaped by swimming the

river, or by an early flight along the left bank of the lake. The remainder threw themselves into the old Castle of Inverlochy; but being without either provisions or hopes of relief, they were obliged to surrender, on condition of being suffered to return to their homes in peace. Arms, ammunition, standards, and baggage, all became the prey of the conquerors.

This was the greatest disaster that ever befell the race of Diarmid, as the Campbells were called in the Highlands; it being generally remarked that they were as fortunate in the issue of their undertakings, as they were sagacious in planning, and courageous in executing them. Of the number slain, nearly five hundred were dunniwassels, or gentlemen claiming descent from known and respected houses. And, in the opinion of many of the clan, even this heavy loss was exceeded by the disgrace arising from the inglorious conduct of their Chief, whose galley weighed anchor when the day was lost, and sailed down the lake with all the speed to which sails and oars could impel her.

—Sir W. Scott, *Legend of Montrose.*

XXVII

What Cromwell saw in the Portrait of the King

WE follow the course of a jolly cavalier, Roger Wildrake by name, who, on a September morning of the year 1651, mounted at the George Inn, Woodstock, after having treated himself to a morning draught of eggs and muscadine.

Although he had suffered himself to be sunk in the extravagant license which was practised by the cavaliers, as if to oppose their conduct in every point to the preciseness of their enemies, yet Wildrake, well-born and well-educated, and endowed with good natural parts, and a heart which even debauchery, and the wild life of a roaring cavalier, had not been able entirely to corrupt, moved on his present embassy with a strange mixture of feelings, such as perhaps he had never in his life before experienced.

His feelings as a loyalist led him to detest Cromwell, whom in other circumstances he would scarce have wished to see, except in a field of battle, where he could have had the pleasure to exchange pistol-shots with him. But with this hatred there was mixed a certain degree of fear. Always victorious wherever he fought, the remarkable person whom Wildrake was now approaching had acquired that influence over the minds of his enemies, which constant success is so apt to inspire—they dreaded while they hated him—and joined to these feelings, was a restless meddling curiosity, which made a particular feature in

Wildrake's character, who, having long had little business of his own, and caring nothing about that which he had, was easily attracted by the desire of seeing whatever was curious or interesting around him.

"I should like to see the old rascal after all," he said, "were it but to say that I *had* seen him."

He reached Windsor in the afternoon, and felt on his arrival the strongest inclination to take up his residence at some of his old haunts, when he had occasionally frequented that fair town in gayer days. But resisting all temptations of this kind, he went courageously to the principal inn, from which its ancient emblem, the Garter, had long disappeared. The master, too, whom Wildrake, experienced in his knowledge of landlords and hostelries, had remembered a dashing Mine Host of Queen Bess's school, had now sobered down to the temper of the times, shook his head when he spoke of the Parliament, wielded his spigot with the gravity of a priest conducting a sacrifice, wished England a happy issue out of all her afflictions, and greatly lauded his Excellency the Lord General. Wildrake also remarked, that his wine was better than it was wont to be, the Puritans having an excellent gift at detecting every fallacy in that matter; and that his measures were less and his charges larger—circumstances which he was induced to attend to, by mine host talking a good deal about his conscience.

He was told by this important personage, that the Lord General received frankly all sorts of persons; and that he might obtain access to him next morning, at eight o'clock, for the trouble of presenting himself at the Castle-gate, and announcing himself as the bearer of dispatches to his Excellency.

To the Castle the disguised cavalier repaired at the hour appointed. Admittance was freely permitted to him by the red-coated soldier, who, with austere looks, and his musket on his shoulder, mounted guard at the external

gate of that noble building. Wildrake passed through the underward or court, gazing as he passed upon the beautiful Chapel, which had but lately received, in darkness and silence, the unhonoured remains of the slaughtered King of England. Rough as Wildrake was, the recollection of this circumstance affected him so strongly, that he had nearly turned back in a sort of horror, rather than face the dark and daring man, to whom, amongst all the actors in that melancholy affair, its tragic conclusion was chiefly to be imputed. But he felt the necessity of subduing all sentiments of this nature, and compelled himself to proceed in a negotiation intrusted to his conduct by one to whom he was so much obliged as Colonel Everard. At the ascent, which passed by the Round Tower, he looked to the ensign-staff, from which the banner of England was wont to float. It was gone, with all its rich emblazonry, its gorgeous quarterings, and splendid embroidery; and in its room waved that of the Commonwealth, the cross of Saint George, in its colours of blue and red, not yet intersected by the diagonal cross of Scotland, which was soon after assumed, as if in evidence of England's conquest over her ancient enemy. This change of ensigns increased the train of his gloomy reflections, in which, although contrary to his wont, he became so deeply wrapped, that the first thing which recalled him to himself, was the challenge from the sentinel, accompanied with a stroke of the butt of his musket on the pavement, with an emphasis which made Wildrake start.

"Whither away, and who are you?"

"The bearer of a packet," answered Wildrake, "to the worshipful the Lord General."

"Stand till I call the officer of the guard."

The corporal made his appearance, distinguished above those of his command by a double quantity of band round his neck, a double height of steeple-crowned hat, a larger allowance of cloak, and a treble proportion of sour gravity

of aspect. It might be read on his countenance, that he was one of those resolute enthusiasts to whom Oliver owed his conquests, whose religious zeal made them even mor than a match for the high-spirited and high-born cavaliers, that exhausted their valour in vain defence of their sovereign's person and crown. He looked with grave solemnity at Wildrake, as if he was making in his own mind an inventory of his features and dress; and having fully perused them, he required "to know his business."

"My business," said Wildrake, as firmly as he could—for the close investigation of this man had given him some unpleasant nervous sensations—"my business is with your General."

"With his Excellency the Lord General, thou would'st say?" replied the corporal. "Thy speech, my friend, savours too little of the reverence due to his Excellency."

"D——n his Excellency!" was at the lips of the cavalier; but prudence kept guard, and permitted not the offensive words to escape the barrier. He only bowed, and was silent.

"Follow me," said the starched figure whom he addressed; and Wildrake followed him accordingly into the guard-house, which exhibited an interior characteristic of the times, and very different from what such military stations present at the present day.

By the fire sat two or three musketeers, listening to one who was expounding some religious mystery to them. He began half beneath his breath, but in tones of great volubility, which tones, as he approached the conclusion, became sharp and eager, as challenging either instant answer or silent acquiescence. The audience seemed to listen to the speaker with immovable features, only answering him with clouds of tobacco-smoke, which they rolled from under their thick moustaches. On a bench lay a soldier on his face; whether asleep, or in a fit of contemplation, it was impossible to decide. In the midst of

the floor stood an officer, as he seemed by his embroidered shoulder-belt and scarf round his waist, otherwise very plainly attired, who was engaged in drilling a stout bumpkin, lately enlisted, to the manual, as it was then used. The motions and words of command were twenty at the very least; and until they were regularly brought to an end, the corporal did not permit Wildrake either to sit down or move forward beyond the threshold of the guard-house. So he had to listen in succession to—Poise your musket—Rest your musket—Cock your musket—Handle your primers—and many other forgotten words of discipline, until at length the words, "Order your musket," ended the drill for the time.

"Thy name, friend?" said the officer to the recruit, when the lesson was over.

"Ephraim," answered the fellow, with an affected twang through the nose.

"And what besides Ephraim?"

"Ephraim Cobb, from the godly city of Gloucester, where I have dwelt for seven years, serving apprentice to a praiseworthy cordwainer."

"It is a goodly craft," answered the officer; "but casting in thy lot with ours, doubt not that thou shalt be set beyond thine awl, and thy last to boot."

A grim smile of the speaker accompanied this poor attempt at a pun; and then turning round to the corporal, who stood two paces off, with the face of one who seemed desirous of speaking, said, "How now, corporal, what tidings?"

"Here is one with a packet, an please your Excellency," said the corporal. "Surely my spirit doth not rejoice in him, seeing I esteem him as a wolf in sheep's clothing."

By these words, Wildrake learned that he was in the actual presence of the remarkable person to whom he was commissioned; and he paused to consider in what manner he ought to address him.

The figure of Oliver Cromwell was, as is generally known, in no way prepossessing. He was of middle stature, strong and coarsely made, with harsh and severe features, indicative, however, of much natural sagacity and depth of thought. His eyes were grey and piercing; his nose too large in proportion to his other features, and of a reddish hue.

His manner of speaking, when he had the purpose to make himself distinctly understood, was energetic and forcible, though neither graceful nor eloquent. No man could on such occasion put his meaning into fewer and more decisive words. But when, as it often happened, he had a mind to play the orator, for the benefit of people's ears, without enlightening their understanding, Cromwell was wont to invest his meaning, or that which seemed to be his meaning, in such a mist of words, surrounding it with so many exclusions and exceptions, and fortifying it with such a labyrinth of parentheses, that though one of the most shrewd men in England, he was, perhaps, the most unintelligible speaker that ever perplexed an audience. It has been long since said by the historian, that a collection of the Protector's speeches would make, with a few exceptions, the most nonsensical book in the world; but he ought to have added, that nothing could be more nervous, concise, and intelligible, than what he really intended should be understood.

It was also remarked of Cromwell, that though born of a good family, both by father and mother, and although he had the usual opportunities of education and breeding connected with such an advantage, the fanatic democratic ruler could never acquire, or else disdained to practise, the courtesies usually exercised among the higher classes in their intercourse with each other. His demeanour was so blunt as sometimes might be termed clownish, yet there was in his language and manner a force and energy corresponding to his character, which impressed awe, if it did

not impose respect; and there were even times when that dark and subtle spirit expanded itself, so as almost to conciliate affection. The turn for humour, which displayed itself by fits, was broad, and of a low, and sometimes practical character. Something there was in his disposition congenial to that of his countrymen: a contempt of folly, a hatred of affectation, and a dislike of ceremony, which, joined to the strong intrinsic qualities of sense and courage, made him in many respects not an unfit representative of the democracy of England.

His religion must always be a subject of much doubt, and probably of doubt which he himself could hardly have cleared up. Unquestionably there was a time in his life when he was sincerely enthusiastic, and when his natural temper, slightly subject to hypochondria, was strongly agitated by the same fanaticism which influenced so many persons of the time. On the other hand, there were periods during his political career, when we certainly do him no injustice in charging him with a hypocritical affectation. We shall probably judge him, and others of the same age, most truly, if we suppose that their religious professions were partly influential in their own breast, partly assumed in compliance with their own interest. And so ingenious is the human heart in deceiving itself as well as others, that it is probable neither Cromwell himself, nor those making similar pretensions to distinguished piety, could exactly have fixed the point at which their enthusiasm terminated and their hypocrisy commenced; or rather, it was a point not fixed in itself, but fluctuating with the state of health, of good or bad fortune, of high or low spirits, affecting the individual at the period.

Such was the celebrated person, who, turning round on Wildrake, and scanning his countenance closely, seemed so little satisfied with what he beheld, that he instinctively hitched forward his belt, so as to bring the handle of his tuck-sword within his reach. But yet, folding his arms in his cloak, as if upon second thoughts laying aside sus-

picion, or thinking precaution beneath him, he asked the cavalier what he was, and whence he came?

"A poor gentleman, sir,—that is, my lord," answered Wildrake; "last from Woodstock."

"And what may your tidings be, sir *gentleman*?" said Cromwell, with an emphasis. "Truly I have seen those most willing to take upon them that title, bear themselves somewhat short of wise men, and good men, and true men, with all their gentility: Yet gentleman was a good title in old England, when men remembered what it was construed to mean."

"You say truly, sir," replied Wildrake, suppressing, with difficulty, some of his usual wild expletives; "formerly gentlemen were found in gentlemen's places, but now the world is so changed, that you shall find the broidered belt has changed place with the under spur-leather."

"Say'st thou me?" said the General; "I profess thou art a bold companion, that can bandy words so wantonly; thou ring'st somewhat too loud to be good metal, methinks. And, once again, what are thy tidings with me?"

"This packet," said Wildrake, "commended to your hands by Colonel Markham Everard."

"Alas, I must have mistaken thee," answered Cromwell, mollified at the mention of a man's name whom he had great desire to make his own; "forgive us, good friend, for such, we doubt not, thou art. Sit thee down, and commune with thyself as thou may'st, until we have examined the contents of thy packet. Let him be looked to, and have what he lacks." So saying the General left the guard-house, where Wildrake took his seat in the corner, and awaited with patience the issue of his mission.

The soldiers now thought themselves obliged to treat him with more consideration, and offered him a pipe of Trinidado, and a black jack filled with October. But the look of Cromwell, and the dangerous situation in which he might be placed by the least chance of detection, induced

Wildrake to decline these hospitable offers, and stretching back in his chair, and affecting slumber, he escaped notice or conversation, until a sort of aide-de-camp, or military officer in attendance, came to summon him to Cromwell's presence.

By this person he was guided to a postern gate, through which he entered the body of the Castle, and penetrating through many private passages and staircases, he at length was introduced into a small cabinet, or parlour, in which was much rich furniture, some bearing the royal cipher displayed, but all confused and disarranged, together with several paintings in massive frames, having their faces turned towards the wall, as if they had been taken down for the purpose of being removed.

In this scene of disorder, the victorious General of the Commonwealth was seated in a large easy chair, covered with damask, and deeply embroidered, the splendour of which made a strong contrast with the plain, and even homely character of his apparel; although in look and action he seemed like one who felt that the seat which might have in former days held a prince, was not too much distinguished for his own fortunes and ambition. Wildrake stood before him, nor did he ask him to sit down.

"Pearson," said Cromwell, addressing himself to the officer in attendance, "wait in the gallery, but be within call." Pearson bowed, and was retiring. "Who are in the gallery besides?"

"Worthy Mr. Gordon, the chaplain, was holding forth but now to Colonel Overton, and four captains of your Excellency's regiment."

"We would have it so," said the General; "we would not there were any corner in our dwelling where the hungry soul might not meet with manna. Was the good man carried onward in his discourse?"

"Mightily borne through," said Pearson; "and he was touching the rightful claims which the army, and especially

your Excellency, hath acquired, by becoming the instruments in the great work;—not instruments to be broken asunder and cast away when the day of their service is over, but to be preserved, and held precious and prized for their honourable and faithful labours, for which they have fought and marched, and fasted, and prayed, and suffered cold and sorrow; while others, who would now gladly see them disbanded, and broken, and cashiered, eat of the fat, and drink of the strong."

"Ah, good man!" said Cromwell, "and did he touch upon this so feelingly? I could say something—but not now. Begone, Pearson, to the gallery. Let not our friends lay aside their swords, but watch as well as pray."

Pearson retired; and the General, holding the letter of Everard in his hand, looked again for a long while fixedly at Wildrake, as if considering in what strain he should address him.

When he did speak, it was, at first, in one of those ambiguous discourses which we have already described, and by which it was very difficult for any one to understand his meaning, if, indeed, he knew it himself. We shall be as concise in our statement, as our desire to give the very words of a man so extraordinary will permit.

"This letter," he said, "you have brought us from your master, or patron, Markham Everard; truly an excellent and honourable gentleman as ever bore a sword upon his thigh, and one who hath ever distinguished himself in the great work of delivering these three poor and unhappy nations. Answer me not: I know what thou would'st say. And this letter he hath sent to me by thee, his clerk, or secretary, in whom he hath confidence, and in whom he prays me to have trust, that there may be a careful messenger between us. And, lastly, he hath sent thee to me. Do not answer. I know what thou would'st say,—to me, who, albeit I am of that small consideration, that it would be too much honour for me even to bear a halberd in this great

and victorious army of England, am nevertheless exalted to the rank of holding the guidance and the leading-staff thereof. Nay, do not answer, my friend—I know what thou would'st say. Now, when communing thus together, our discourse taketh, in respect to what I have said, a threefold argument, or division: First, as it concerneth thy master; secondly, as it concerneth us and our office; thirdly and lastly, as it toucheth thyself. Now, as concerning this good and worthy gentleman, Colonel Markham Everard, truly he hath played the man from the beginning of these unhappy buffetings, not turning to the right or to the left, but holding ever in his eye the mark at which he aimed. Ay, truly, a faithful, honourable gentleman, and one who may well call me friend; and truly I am pleased to think that he doth so. Nevertheless, in this vale of tears, we must be governed less by our private respects and partialities, than by those higher principles and points of duty, whereupon the good Colonel Markham Everard hath ever framed his purposes, as, truly, I have endeavoured to form mine, that we may all act as becometh good Englishmen and worthy patriots. Then, as for Woodstock, it is a great thing which the good Colonel asks, that it should be taken from the spoil of the godly, and left in keeping of the men of Moab, and especially of the malignant, Henry Lee, whose hand hath been ever against us when he might find room to raise it; I say, he hath asked a great thing, both in respect of himself and me. For we of this poor but godly army of England, are holden, by those of the Parliament, as men who should render in spoil for them, but be no sharer of it ourselves; even as the buck, which the hounds pull to earth, furnisheth no part of their own food, but they are lashed off from the carcass with whips, like those which require punishment for their forwardness, not reward for their services. Yet I speak not this so much in respect of this grant of Woodstock, in regard that, perhaps, their Lordships of the Council, and also the Committeemen of this

Parliament, may graciously think they have given me a portion in the matter, in relation that my kinsman Desborough hath an interest allowed him therein; which interest, as he hath well deserved it for his true and faithful service to these unhappy and devoted countries, so it would ill become me to diminish the same to his prejudice, unless it were upon great and public respects. Thus thou seest how it stands with me, my honest friend, and in what mind I stand touching thy master's request to me; which yet I do not say that I can altogether, or unconditionally, grant or refuse, but only tell my simple thoughts with regard thereto. Thou understandest me, I doubt not?"

Now, Roger Wildrake, with all the attention he had been able to pay to the Lord General's speech, had got so much confused among the various clauses of the harangue, that his brain was bewildered, like that of a country clown when he chances to get himself involved among a crowd of carriages, and cannot stir a step to get out of the way of one of them, without being in danger of being ridden over by the others.

The General saw his look of perplexity, and began a new oration, to the same purpose as before:—spoke of his love for his kind friend the Colonel,—his regard for his pious and godly kinsman, Master Desborough,—the great importance of the Palace and Park of Woodstock,—the determination of the Parliament that it should be confiscated, and the produce brought into the coffers of the State,—his own deep veneration for the authority of Parliament, and his no less deep sense of the injustice done to the army,—how it was his wish and will that all matters should be settled in an amicable and friendly manner, without self-seeking, debate, or strife, betwixt those who had been the hands acting, and such as had been the heads governing, in that great national cause,—how he was willing, truly willing, to contribute to this work, by laying down, not his commission only, but his life also, if it were requested of him, or could be granted

with safety to the poor soldiers, to whom, silly poor men, he was bound to be as a father, seeing that they had followed him with the duty and affection of children.

And here he arrived at another dead pause, leaving Wildrake as uncertain as before, whether it was, or was not, his purpose to grant Colonel Everard the powers he had asked for the protection of Woodstock against the Parliamentary Commissioners. Internally, he began to entertain hopes that the justice of Heaven, or the effects of remorse, had confounded the regicide's understanding. But no—he could see nothing but sagacity in that steady stern eye, which, while the tongue poured forth its periphrastic language in such profusion, seemed to watch with severe accuracy the effect which his oratory produced on the listener.

"Egad," thought the cavalier to himself, becoming a little familiar with the situation in which he was placed, and rather impatient of a conversation which led to no visible conclusion or termination. "If Noll were the devil himself, as he is the devil's darling, I will not be thus nose-led by him. I'll e'en brusque it a little, if he goes on at this rate, and try if I can bring him to a more intelligible mode of speaking."

Entertaining this bold purpose, but half afraid to execute it, Wildrake lay by for an opportunity of making the attempt, while Cromwell was apparently unable to express his own meaning. He was already beginning a third panegyric upon Colonel Everard, with sundry varied expressions of his own wish to oblige him, when Wildrake took the opportunity to strike in, on the General making one of his oratorical pauses.

"So please you," he said bluntly, "your worship has already spoken on two topics of your discourse: your own worthiness, and that of my master, Colonel Everard. But to enable me to do mine errand, it would be necessary to bestow a few words on the third head."

"The third!" said Cromwell.

"Ay," said Wildrake, "which, in your honour's subdivision of your discourse, touched on my unworthy self. What am I to do—what portion am I to have in this matter?"

Oliver started at once from the tone of voice he had hitherto used, and which somewhat resembled the purring of a domestic cat, into the growl of the tiger when about to spring. "*Thy* portion, jailbird!" he exclaimed, "the gallows—thou shalt hang as high as Haman, if thou betray counsel! But" he added, softening his voice, "keep it like a true man, and my favour will be the making of thee. Come hither—thou art bold, I see, though somewhat saucy. Thou hast been a malignant—so writes my worthy friend, Colonel Everard; but thou hast now given up that falling cause. I tell thee, friend, not all that the Parliament or the army could do would have pulled down the Stewarts out of their high places, saving that Heaven had a controversy with them. Well, it is a sweet and comely thing to buckle on one's armour in behalf of Heaven's cause; otherwise truly, for mine own part, these men might have remained upon the throne even unto this day. Neither do I blame any for aiding them, until these successive great judgments have overwhelmed them and their house. I am not a bloody man, having in me the feeling of human frailty; but, friend, whosoever putteth his hand to the plough, in the great actings which are now on foot in these nations, had best beware that he do not look back; for, rely upon my simple word, that if you fail me, I will not spare on you one foot's length of the gallows of Haman. Let me therefore know, at a word, if the leaven of thy malignancy is altogether drubbed out of thee?"

"Your honourable lordship," said the cavalier, shrugging up his shoulders, "has done that for most of us, as far as cudgelling to some tune can perform it."

"Say'st thou?" said the General, with a grim smile on his lips, which seemed to intimate that he was not quite

inaccessible to flattery; "yea, truly, thou dost not lie in that—we have been an instrument. Neither are we, as I have already hinted, so severely bent against those who have striven against us as malignants, as others may be. The Parliament-men best know their own interest and their own pleasure; but, to my poor thinking, it is full time to close these jars, and to allow men of all kinds the means of doing service to their country; and we think it will be thy fault if thou art not employed to good purpose for the State and thyself, on condition thou puttest away the old man entirely from thee, and givest thy earnest attention to what I have to tell thee."

"Your lordship need not doubt my attention," said the cavalier.

And the republican General, after another pause, as one who gave his confidence not without hesitation, proceeded to explain his views with a distinctness which he seldom used, yet not without his being a little biassed now and then, by his long habits of circumlocution, which indeed he never laid entirely aside, save in the field of battle.

"Thou seest," he said, "my friend, how things stand with me. The Parliament, I care not who knows it, love me not—still less do the Council of State, by whom they manage the executive government of the kingdom. I cannot tell why they nourish suspicion against me, unless it is because I will not deliver this poor innocent army, which has followed me in so many military actions, to be now pulled asunder, broken piecemeal and reduced, so that they who have protected the State at the expense of their blood, will not have, perchance, the means of feeding themselves by their labour; which, methinks, were hard measure, since it is taking from Esau his birthright, even without giving him a poor mess of pottage."

"Esau is likely to help himself, I think," replied Wildrake.

"Truly, thou sayest wisely," replied the General; "it is ill

starving an armed man, if there is food to be had for taking—nevertheless, far be it from me to encourage rebellion, or want of due subordination to these our rulers. I would only petition in a due and becoming, a sweet and harmonious manner, that they would listen to our conditions, and consider our necessities. But, sir, looking on me, and estimating me so little as they do, you must think that it would be a provocation in me towards the Council of State, as well as the Parliament, if, simply to gratify your worthy master, I were to act contrary to their purposes, or deny currency to the commission under their authority, which is as yet the highest in the State—and long may it be so for me!—to carry on the sequestration which they intend. And would it not also be said, that I was lending myself to the malignant interest, affording this den of the blood-thirsty and lascivious tyrants of yore, to be in this our day a place of refuge to that old and inveterate Amalekite, Sir Henry Lee, to keep possession of the place in which he hath so long glorified himself? Truly it would be a perilous matter."

"Am I then to report," said Wildrake, "an it please you, that you cannot stead Colonel Everard in this matter?"

"Unconditionally, ay—but, taken conditionally, the answer may be otherwise,"—answered Cromwell. "I see thou art not able to fathom my purpose, and therefore I will partly unfold it to thee. But take notice, that, should thy tongue betray my counsel, save in so far as carrying it to thy master, by all the blood which has been shed in these wild times, thou shalt die a thousand deaths in one!"

"Do not fear me, sir," said Wildrake, whose natural boldness and carelessness of character was for the present time borne down and quelled, like that of falcons in the presence of the eagle.

"Hear me, then," said Cromwell, "and let no syllable escape thee. Knowest thou not the young Lee whom they call Albert, a malignant like his father, and one who went

up with the young man to that last ruffle which we had with him at Worcester?—May we be grateful for the victory!"

"I know there is such a young gentleman as Albert Lee," said Wildrake.

"And knowest thou not—I speak not by the way of prying into the good Colonel's secrets, but only as it behoves me to know something of the matter, that I may best judge how I am to serve him—knowest thou not that thy master, Markham Everard, is a suitor after the sister of this same malignant, a daughter of the old Keeper, called Sir Henry Lee?"

"All this I have heard," said Wildrake, "nor can I deny that I believe in it."

"Well then, go to. When the young man Charles Stewart fled from the field of Worcester, and was by sharp chase and pursuit compelled to separate himself from his followers, I know by sure intelligence that this Albert Lee was one of the last who remained with him, if not indeed the very last."

"It was devilish like him," said the cavalier, without sufficiently weighing his expressions, considering in what presence they were to be uttered. "And I'll uphold him with my rapier, to be a true chip of the old block!"

"Ha, swearest thou?" said the General. "Is this thy reformation?"

"I never swear, so please you," replied Wildrake, recollecting himself, "except there is some mention of malignants and cavaliers in my hearing; and then the old habit returns, and I swear like one of Goring's troopers."

"Out upon thee," said the General; "what can it avail thee to practise a profanity so horrible to the ears of others, and which brings no emolument to him who uses it?"

"There are, doubtless, more profitable sins in the world than the barren and unprofitable vice of swearing," was the answer which rose to the lips of the cavalier; but that was exchanged for a profession of regret for having given offence.

The truth was, the discourse began to take a turn which rendered it more interesting than ever to Wildrake, who therefore determined not to lose the opportunity for obtaining possession of the secret that seemed to be suspended on Cromwell's lips; and that could only be through means of keeping guard upon his own.

"What sort of a house is Woodstock?" said the General abruptly.

"An old mansion," said Wildrake, in reply; "and, so far I could judge by a single night's lodgings, having abundance of backstairs, also subterranean passages, and all the communications under ground, which are common in old raven-nests of the sort."

"And places for concealing priests, unquestionably," said Cromwell. "It is seldom that such ancient houses lack secret stalls wherein to mew up these calves of Bethel."

"Your Honour's Excellency," said Wildrake, "may swear to that."

"I swear not at all," replied the General drily. "But what think'st thou, good fellow? I will ask thee a blunt question. Where will those two Worcester fugitives that thou wottest of be more likely to take shelter—and that they must be sheltered somewhere, I well know—than in this same old palace, with all the corners and concealments whereof young Albert hath been acquainted ever since his earliest infancy?"

"Truly," said Wildrake, making an effort to answer the question with seeming indifference, while the possibility of such an event, and its consequences, flashed fearfully upon his mind,—"Truly, I should be of your honour's opinion, but that I think the company, who, by the commission of Parliament, have occupied Woodstock, are likely to fright them thence, as a cat scares doves from a pigeon-house. The neighbourhood, with reverence, of Generals Desborough and Harrison, will suit ill with fugitives from Worcester field."

"I thought as much, and so, indeed, would I have it,"

answered the General. "Long may it be ere our names shall be aught but a terror to our enemies. But in this matter, if thou art an active plotter for thy master's interest, thou might'st, I should think, work out something favourable to his present object."

"My brain is too poor to reach the depth of your honourable purpose," said Wildrake.

"Listen then, and let it be to profit," answered Cromwell. "Assuredly the conquest at Worcester was a great and crowning mercy; yet might we seem to be but small in our thankfulness for the same, did we not do what in us lies towards the ultimate improvement and final conclusion of the great work which has been thus prosperous in our hands, professing, in pure humility and singleness of heart, that we do not in any way deserve our instrumentality to be remembered; nay, would rather pray and entreat, that our name and fortunes were forgotten, than that the great work were in itself incomplete. Nevertheless, truly, placed as we now are, it concerns us more nearly than others,—that is, if so poor creatures should at all speak of themselves as concerned, whether more or less, with these changes which have been wrought around, not, I say, by ourselves, or our own power, but by the destiny to which we were called, fulfilling the same with all meekness and humility,—I say it concerns us nearly that all things should be done in conformity with the great work which hath been wrought, and is yet working, in these lands. Such is my plain and simple meaning. Nevertheless, it is much to be desired that this young man, this King of Scots, as he called himself—this Charles Stewart—should not escape forth from the nation, where his arrival has wrought so much disturbance and bloodshed."

"I have no doubt," said the cavalier, looking down, "that your lordship's wisdom hath directed all things as they may best lead towards such a consummation; and I pray your pains may be paid as they deserve."

"I thank thee, friend," said Cromwell, with much humility; "doubtless we shall meet our reward, being in the hands of a good paymaster, who never passeth Saturday night. But understand me, friend—I desire no more than my own share in the good work. I would heartily do what poor kindness I can to your worthy master, and even to you in your degree—for such as I do not converse with ordinary men, that our presence may be forgotten like an every-day's occurrence. We speak to men like thee for their reward or their punishment; and I trust it will be the former which thou in thine office wilt merit at my hand."

"Your honour," said Wildrake, "speaks like one accustomed to command."

"True; men's minds are likened to those of my degree by fear and reverence," said the General;—"but enough of that, desiring, as I do, no other dependency on my special person than is alike to us all upon that which is above us. But I would desire to cast this golden ball into your master's lap. He hath served against this Charles Stewart and his father. But he is a kinsman near to the old knight, Lee, and stands well affected towards his daughter. *Thou* also wilt keep a watch, my friend—that ruffling look of thine will procure thee the confidence of every malignant, and the prey cannot approach this cover, as though to shelter, like a coney in the rocks, but thou wilt be sensible of his presence."

"I make a shift to comprehend your Excellency," said the cavalier; "and I thank you heartily for the good opinion you have put upon me, and which, I pray I may have some handsome opportunity of deserving, that I may show my gratitude by the event. But still, with reverence, your Excellency's scheme seems unlikely, while Woodstock remains in possession of the sequestrators. Both the old knight and his son, and far more such a fugitive as your honour hinted at, will take special care not to approach it till they are removed."

"It is for that I have been dealing with thee thus long said the General. "I told thee that I was something unwilling, upon slight occasion, to dispossess the sequestrators by my own proper warrant, although having, perhaps, sufficient authority in the state both to do so, and to despise the murmurs of those who blame me. In brief, I would be loath to tamper with my privileges, and make experiments between their strength and the powers of the commission granted by others without pressing need, or at least great prospect of advantage. So, if thy Colonel will undertake, for his love of the Republic, to find the means of preventing its worst and nearest danger, which must needs occur from the escape of this young man, and will do his endeavour to stay him in case his flight should lead him to Woodstock, which I hold very likely, I will give thee an order to these sequestrators to evacuate the palace instantly; and to the next troop of my regiment, which lies at Oxford, to turn them out by the shoulders if they make any scruples. Ay, even for example's sake, if they drag Desborough out foremost, though he be wedded to my sister."

"So please you, sir," said Wiidrake, "and with your most powerful warrant, I trust I might expel the commissioners, even without the aid of your most warlike and devout troopers."

"That is what I am least anxious about," replied the General; "I should like to see the best of them sit after I had nodded to them to be gone—always excepting the worshipful House in whose name our commissions run; but who, as some think, will be done with politics ere it be time to renew them. Therefore, what chiefly concerns me to know is, whether thy master will embrace a traffic which hath such a fair promise of profit with it. I am well convinced that, with a scout like thee, who hast been in the cavalier's quarters, and canst, I should guess, resume the drinking, ruffianly, health-quaffing manners whenever thou hast a mind, he must discover where this Stewart hath

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CROMWELL BEFORE CHARLES'S PORTRAIT

ensconced himself. Either the young Lee will visit the old one in person, or he will write to him, or hold communication with him by letter. At all events, Markham Everard and thou must have an eye in every hair of your head." While he spoke, a flush passed over his brow, he rose from his chair, and paced the apartment in agitation. "Woe to you, if you suffer the young adventurer to escape me!—you had better be in the deepest dungeon in Europe, than breathe the air of England, should you but dream of playing me false. I have spoken freely to thee, fellow more freely than is my wont—the time required it. But, to share my confidence is like keeping a watch over a powder-magazine, the least and most insignificant spark blows thee to ashes. Tell your master what I said but not how I said it—Fie, that I should have been betrayed into this distemperature of passion! begone, sirrah. Pearson shall bring thee sealed orders. Yet, stay—thou hast something to ask."

"I would know," said Wildrake, whom to the visible anxiety of the General gave some confidence, "what is the figure of this young gallant, in case I should find him?"

"A tall, rawboned, swarthy lad, they say he has shot up into. Here is his picture by a good hand, some time since." He turned round one of the portraits which stood with its face against the wall; but it proved not to be that of Charles the Second, but of his unhappy father.

The first motion of Cromwell indicated a purpose of hastily replacing the picture, and it seemed as if an effort was necessary to repress his disinclination to look upon it. But he did repress it, and, placing the picture against the wall, withdrew slowly and sternly, as if, in defiance of his own feelings, he was determined to gain a place from which to see it to advantage. It was well for Wildrake that his dangerous companion had not turned an eye on him, for *his* blood also kindled when he saw the portrait of his master in the hands of the chief author of his death.

Being a fierce and desperate man, he commanded his passion with great difficulty; and if, on its first violence, he had been provided with a suitable weapon, it is possible Cromwell would never have ascended higher in his bold ascent towards supreme power.

But this natural and sudden flash of indignation, which rushed through the veins of an ordinary man like Wildrake, was presently subdued, when confronted with the strong yet stifled emotion displayed by so powerful a character as Cromwell. As the cavalier looked on his dark and bold countenance, agitated by inward and indescribable feelings, he found his own violence of spirit die away and lose itself in fear and wonder.

Wildrake stood a silent, inactive, and almost a terrified spectator, while Cromwell, assuming a firm sternness of eye and manner, as one who compels himself to look on what some strong internal feeling renders painful and disgustful to him, proceeded in brief and interrupted expressions, but yet with a firm voice, to comment on the portrait of the late King. His words seemed less addressed to Wildrake, than to be the spontaneous unburdening of his own bosom, swelling under recollection of the past and anticipation of the future.

"That Flemish painter," he said—"that Antonio Vandyke—what a power he has! Steel may mutilate, warriors may waste and destroy—still the King stands uninjured by time; and our grandchildren, while they read his history, may look on his image, and compare the melancholy features with the woeful tale.—It was a stern necessity—it was an awful deed! The calm pride of that eye might have ruled worlds of crouching Frenchmen, or supple Italians, or formal Spaniards; but its glances only roused the native courage of the stern Englishman.—What is that piece of painted canvas to me more than others? No; let him show to others the reproaches of that cold, calm face, that proud yet complaining eye: Those who have

acted on higher respects have no cause to start at painted shadows. Not wealth nor power brought me from my obscurity. The oppressed consciences, the injured liberties of England, were the banner that I followed."

He raised his voice so high, as if pleading in his own defence before some tribunal, that Pearson, the officer in attendance, looked into the apartment; and observing his master, with his eyes kindling, his arm extended, his foot advanced, and his voice raised, like a general in the act of commanding the advance of his army, he instantly withdrew.

"It was other than selfish regards that drew me forth to action," continued Cromwell, "and I dare the world—ay, living or dead I challenge—to assert that I armed for a private cause, or as a means of enlarging my fortunes. Neither was there a trooper in the regiment who came there with less of personal evil will to yonder unhappy——"

At this moment the door of the apartment opened, and a gentlewoman entered, who, from her resemblance to the General, although her features were soft and feminine, might be immediately recognised as his daughter. She walked up to Cromwell, gently but firmly passed her arm through his, and said to him in a persuasive tone, "Father, this is not well—you have promised me this should not happen."

The General hung down his head like one who was either ashamed of the passion to which he had given way, or of the influence which was exercised over him. He yielded, however, to the affectionate impulse, and left the apartment, without again turning his head towards the portrait which had so much affected him.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Woodstock.*

XXVIII

How a Mysterious Order was Given by a Royal Duke

THE return of the east wind, which fetched out the Dutchmen, caused us some difficulty in going to meet them, nor did we discern them for two days. Upon coming to anchor in Southwold Bay, we saw them about one o'clock in the afternoon, to the windward of us. Still, owing to various causes, and to the endeavours of both sides to get the wind of each other, the two fleets did not come together for nearly forty-eight hours. It was two o'clock in the morning, on the 3rd of June 1665, when the enemy were discovered lighting their matches; and, after contriving to get the wind of them, the battle began about three. It took place off Lowestoft, and was the most memorable one of the kind that had yet been known. We had about a hundred ships on our side, the Dutch a good many more. His Highness's vessel, the *Royal Charles*, by some mischance or another, was not so much engaged at first as many of the others. Gallant Kit Minns, who so shocked the Spaniard with his brief name, and delighted Nelly with his plebeian origin, got a-head of us, and was the first to engage; and afterwards the Earl of Sandwich succeeded in breaking the enemy into two divisions, which was the ultimate cause of our victory.

How all this took place I cannot pretend to say; nor, for aught I could learn, were more official persons much better agreed upon it. All I know is, that the weather was

very fine and clear when we began, with not a cloud in the sky; that we made a number of tacks, signals, stoppages, and other phenomena, as unintelligible apparently to those who assisted in making them as to us volunteers who looked on; that when I fancied we were close to the Dutchmen, I found, by a little turn of the vessel, that we were a good way off, as if, when about to strike one another in this martial dance, we suddenly thought fit to curtsey round about; and that, finally, on a sudden, drums beat and trumpets sounded, and we found ourselves giving and receiving thundering broadsides from a Dutchman, as was the case with most of the other ships. There was a show of something like order and design at first, and the opponents approached each other in line; but it did not hold. We proceeded to charge through one another's ranks, as well as we could, which we did several times, exchanging salutes of the most violent description; and then, it should seem, we selected our individual foes, like the heroes in Virgil, and so stabbed away for it.

We had long prepared for battle. Everything was in order. The looks of the old seamen were quiet, as usual; those of the new ones more so, but a little pale. 'Twas like the hush before a tempest.

The first crash of the broadside was tremendous. There was a flash like lightning, and then the side of the vessel seemed giving way like a house. This was followed by groans, and the flying of splinters and pieces of iron. The men hurra'd.

I was stationed with Herne and some others on the quarterdeck, in the capacity of aide-de-camp to his Highness. It is lucky he had no orders for me very speedily: for the novelty, the noise, and the mystification fairly took away my senses for a moment. I believe Montague said something to me which I did not very well understand. I soon, however, recovered; and felt nothing except a greater wish to be stirring. The seamen were at their guns; the

smoke was thickening; and Herne was at my side watching the Duke, who walked up and down before us conversing with his Captain, Sir William Penn. The Duke then called back to him my Lords Falmouth and Muskerry, who had been conversing with him before, and resumed the discourse. They were joined by Dick Boyle, who had been laughing to us about a notion of Hewit's, that the Dutch made cannon-balls of their cheeses. A minute had scarcely elapsed, when a little powder-monkey, running past us (a boy with flaxen locks like a doll), cried out, in his penny-whistle voice, "D—nation!" his heels being tripped up at the same time by a plash of blood. This blood was poor Dick Boyle's. One of the cannon-balls he had been joking about, as if to make him eat his words, had swept, at a blow, himself, Lord Falmouth, and Lord Muskerry, knocking off the head of our gallant acquaintance, and dashing the blood and brains of Lord Falmouth over the Duke's person. Sir Thomas Clifford was talking with the disguised priest.

We all ran up to his Highness to see that he was safe.

"Some vinegar and a sponge; you'll find it in the cabin, gentlemen," said Penn.

"Go, Esher," said Herne; "for something has hurt my side."

Something had hurt both of us a little. I know not what it was, but it came from our poor friends. It was said afterwards to be Mr. Boyle's head. My wound was in the left arm. I did not feel it at the time; but when I proceeded to use the muscle in getting the sponge and vinegar, it gave me an agony that turned me sick. I fetched what was wanted, and had the honour of assisting to purify the royal person. Some blood had spurted over the Duke's face. His Highness was very firm; but talked more than usual. He made us note down the hour and other circumstances attending the accident.

Warm work continued till about two in the afternoon,

when the fire of the enemy beginning to slacken, and *Opdam*, not shouldering us, or making so much noise as he had done, the Duke gave the word to forbear firing a little, in order that, the smoke being diminished, we might know what we were about.

Having thus cleared our eyesight, we found ourselves agreeably accompanied by the *Royal Oak* and some other vessels, which had dropped out of the battle to refit, an addition to our strength which so daunted the enemy that they had begun, though in a very brave and reluctant manner, to give way. It was a pleasant sight to see friends so close to us instead of enemies; for though I had been set in the place of an officer who was killed, and had now some active work to look to, and so was occupied, and full of any thoughts but uneasy ones, yet the sense of hazard doubles the affectionate as well as hostile emotions; and our hands longed to grapple as much in a friendly way with our countrymen aboard the new comers, as they did to settle the pertinacity of the Dutchmen.

The *Royal Charles* now recommenced firing, and the battle was again raging in other quarters, when a noise, as if the ship had burst asunder, suddenly took place. This was succeeded by a darkness and a silence like midnight. I had no conception what it was at the moment. It seemed like an earthquake at sea; or rather (Sir Philip said) as if heaven had thrust down its foot, clothed in night and darkness, to trample us for our folly. The ship trembled, and the sails plunged like a shaken carpet. A thick smoke then fell upon us.

It was *Opdam*, who had blown up. A dead quiet succeeded through the whole fleet for at least ten minutes, interrupted only by the working of the ship, and little cries of men. We seemed to hear even the silence for the space of a minute or so; in the course of which the man who had been working the gun next me said, in a low but unfaltering voice, "He shall feed me in a green pasture, and lead

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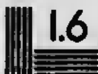

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me forth beside the waters of comfort." The voice then retreated inwardly, still muttering the psalm.

The tranquil beauty of the verse that was thus audible, accompanied by the mysterious horror of the circumstances around us, had an effect similarly corroborative of the awfulness of the moment. A little after the explosion, and when the mind had become, as it were, duly sensible of its extreme terribleness, I shook from head to foot like a frightened horse. Older men did not hesitate to avow themselves as much affected. My friend Herne not only shook, but somebody whispering to him, to know what it was, he said his tongue cleaved to his mouth, and that he forgot the man's name who asked him.

The first thing that roused us from our astonishment was the falling of splinters, pieces of rope, and fiery pitch and oakum, which alarming us for the safety of the vessel, put all hands in requisition. The Dutch had now quite given way, and were preparing to run for it, with the exception of the *Orange*, a fine eighty-four, commanded by one Seaton, a man of Scottish parentage; who being a stout fellow, and of a family celebrated for their high spirit, must needs resolve to run his vessel on board us, and so have the honour of taking, or being taken, by the Duke. We discerned him, like the image of a gallant seaman, against the red and dark-rolling smoke, mounted aloft on the stern, and brandishing a two-handed broadsword. Seeing him advance thus boldly and alone, some cried out it was a fire-ship; but the Duke bade them be quiet, for they would see their mistake presently by the broadside he was preparing to give us. The honour, however, of being thus set to rights was interrupted, like that of our leading the van, by a vessel ahead of us; which running between, and getting yard-arm and yard-arm with the valiant Scot, received the intended broadside, giving him one in return, though not without a loss of sixty men. Seaton had soon to do with more than one enemy, and so was compelled to strike; and

in three days after, "he died, sir" (as I heard the Duke say to Mr. Evelyn); "died, sir, of his wounds and bruises, the consequence of his rash ambition."

This vessel was fired, and the men taken out. The same destruction overtook five or six other vessels in a more terrible manner, by means of our fire-ships. Their crews plunged out of them into the waters, fairly covering the sea round about us. At this sad spectacle, with the inconsistency so remarkable in human nature, and at which in our reflecting moments we know not whether to admire or be angry, everybody was putting forth to help the enemies they had just ruined, hazarding their own lives with receiving and dragging them up into their boats, some of which threatened to swamp at every dip. My friend, Sir Philip, making nothing of his wound (indeed, it was not much), had eagerly asked the Duke to let him go upon this service. His Highness, who had a great regard for him, affectionately bade him not to be too eager; adding, as he saw he wished it, that I might go and assist him; and desiring me to control his ardour. But we forgot everything when we saw the drenched and earnest wretches crowding about us, weltering and beating against the boat. The great basin of the sea, in which we suddenly found ourselves let down, the huge hulks of the vessels around us, the cries of the boats' crews and their officers, the sulphureous atmosphere rolling around and narrowing the horizon, and the very colours of the officers' heavy coats, with their reds and blues, make up sometimes a picture in my imagination, as if I remembered observing it all at the moment. The men whom we had just been regarding as enemies, seemed now to consist of none but sons and brothers, for whose fate we were as anxious as if their kindred was our own. 'Twas an affecting sight to see rugged old men kissing our hands, because the nearness of death had made them think of their children; and beardless boys lording it over older but duller seamen, in the vivacity of their rank. "My

God!" exclaimed Herne, looking at a boat close to us, and turning as pale as he had latterly been red, "it must be done!—See, Mr. Walters!"—addressing a Master's Mate, who was with us. Walters turned about, and taking a marling-spike in his hand, stretched over to the boat, and dashed it on the knuckles of a man who was struggling to get in. The poor wretch gave up the struggle, and retreated into his watery grave; but the boat was saved. Sir Philip turned aside, and tried to conceal his tears. "God bless you, sir," said Walters; "you have been the salvation of a matter of thirty men." My friend said nothing. We were now pulling back to the ship; and he sat with his hat over his eyes, looking on the water. But the same evening he got permission of the Duke to have Mr. Walters presented to him, and his Highness promised to bear him in mind, which he did.

We chased the Dutch all the evening, and took more vessels; nor could the main body of their fleet have escaped us, but for a circumstance that made a great noise. The Duke had ordered the *Norwich* to keep just ahead of us with lights, so as to give notice in case the enemy altered their course; and next morning we were to set upon them again. His Highness then retired to rest, still keeping his clothes on, to be in readiness; nor could he satisfy himself before he lay down, without coming upon deck once more, to see that all was right.

He had not been in his cabin above a quarter of an hour, when Brunker, a Groom of his bedchamber (brother of Lord Brunker the mathematician) came up to the master, Captain Cox, with directions to slacken sail. The vessel, he said, being so good a sailer, might run in among the enemy during the night, and so be clapt on board by some fire-ship, or find herself next day surrounded and cut off. I was present, and heard all that passed, and so did half a dozen of us. We had been admiring the beauty of the night, and the quiet scudding of the vessel, after all the

jolting and uproar; and Cox, stooping sideways from the helm which he had taken in hand, and peering straight before him over the water, had just been saying in his dry manner, "We shall have 'em, every mother's son!"

Brunker gave his direction in a hasty and decisive but polite manner, and then stood in the act of preparing to return: waiting the Captain's answer as a matter of course.

Cox begged him to repeat what he had said.

Brunker did so; adding, that the matter was a very nice matter, no less a person than the heir of the crown being concerned in it; which made it imperative on the Captain to run no risks.

"I am bound to run just as much risk, sir, and just as little, as I am ordered," said the Master; "the Duke bade me hold right on; and 'tis my duty to do so. Does the Duke send me a countermand? You say you have directions, Mr.—a— pray favour me with his Highness's words. Does he *order* me to slacken sail?"

Brunker replied that the Duke had not given him a direct order. His Highness had said that he thought it would be better to do so; upon which he (B[illegible]er) regarded himself as desired to give directions accordingly; and that he had left the cabin expressly for that purpose, the Duke not ordering him to remain.

He concluded with repeating that "the matter was a very delicate matter, and that gentlemen about a Prince in so great a station, next heir to the crown, and the hope of the people, were not expected to wait for every nicety of direction, when orders were to be understood."

"Orders," returned Cox, "are everything; but, under favour, they must be understood to a tittle; and, furthermore, they must be brought by the right officer. The matter, as you say, Mr. -- a — a — what is the gentleman's name?"

"Brunker."

"The matter, as you say, is a very nice matter, Mr.

Bunker; but I am only the Master, you see; and as you are only a—a—person on board,—I beg pardon,—what is the gentleman's rank, if I may be so bold?"

"'Tis Mr. Brunker, Groom of his Highness's bed-chamber."

Cox resuming with a dip of his head, which was to be understood as a bow: "As you are one of his Highness's Grooms, Mr. Blunker, and not an officer of the vessel, I can only say that his Highne gave me positive orders to keep within gun-shot of the enemy, and that I must continue to do so, unless one of my superior officers brings me a countermand."

So saying, he gave a push to the tiller; and jerking some tobacco from his mouth a yard off, seemed to dismiss both that and the subject together.

Brunker, however, was not to give up the point so easily. He recommenced, by complimenting the Master on his zeal; but observed, that peculiar circumstances made a difference in what would be the properest thing in the world under any others. And then he set forth the danger of needlessly hazarding the life of his Majesty's brother; which he said might be taken ill by the King himself; adding that the Duke, and indeed all his officers and men, had conducted themselves already like heroes, and won a glorious victory; and that he could not see the policy of doing more than was necessary, when everything had been done so well.

"Policy!" exclaimed the Master in a heat:—"what the devil have I to do with policy? Damn it, sir, you seem to me—I beg pardon—but you're in my way, Mr. Blunder;—you should never get in the way of the helmsman, sir:—and so, sir, I can't do it, by G—d; and that's the long and the short of it."

"Then I am to tell the Duke so?"

"Damn it, sir, what signifies talking? The Duke's too good a seaman to expect me to act unseamanlike. He gave

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SIR JOHN HARMAN RECEIVING THE DUKE OF YORK'S ORDER TO SHORTEN SAIL.

[p. 415.

me orders, not a quarter of an hour ago, to keep right up to the Dutchmen ;—he came back again, as the gentlemen here can testify, to say so again ; and unless his Highness's Lieutenant brings me counter-orders, or somebody else who knows something about the matter, and has a right to speak, d—n me, if Bill Cox shorten sail a thread."

The Groom of the Bedchamber, much disconcerted, went off to Sir John Harman, his Highness's Lieutenant. Most of us followed him.

"Sir John," said he, "will you be good enough to give your directions to Captain Cox to shorten sail. The Duke wishes it, but I cannot beat it into the Master's head that he can act without the orders of a superior officer. I hope indeed I am not in the wrong on that point. If so, Captain Harman will set me right, and the Master too."

Sir John, who was in the act of taking some supper off his knee, nearly tilted over his beef in looking about him. His lifted eyebrows asked us for information. We told him that Mr. Brunker had been to Captain Cox with wishes from the Duke that he should shorten sail, and that the Captain said he could not do it without regular orders.

"Certainly not," said Harman ; "'tis impossible, Mr. Brunker. Shorten sail ! God bless your soul, d'ye see the way we're in? Right and tight, and not a man to escape us? Why, it's all as plain and straightforward as a punch in a Dutchman's guts."

"Nay," said Brunker, ready to make way by a jest, "you should say rather a *kick* at a burgomaster, for he is running before you."

"Mayhap it might be said so," replied Harman, "if the Dutch showed his hindquarters for nothing ; but that's not the way with a brave man, Mr. Brunker ; and so we talk, like gentlemen, of punching him in the guts."

"Like a proper belli-gerent," quoth Montagu.

"Right," said Brunker, and he laughed again ; but the Groom did not seem to be quite easy.

"All that," continued he, "is very true; yet it is no less true that the Duke wishes to let the poor devils take breath awhile. He sees no use in being in such a damned hurry."

"Oh, ho!" quoth Sir John, "we are thereabouts, are we! But are you sure the Duke's wishes are what you say?"

The Groom shrugged his shoulders, as much as to reply that he hoped he was not capable of stating what was untrue.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Brunker," resumed Harman, "but are you sure his Highness was quite awake? People mutter strange things sometimes, when they are going to sleep."

Brunker took advantage of this remark as quick as lightning. He said he could not answer for that. Sir John had thrown a new light on the business: but he would go down and make certain.

He went accordingly, and a pause took place, nobody choosing to speak before the Captain, and he not knowing what to say. At length he muttered aloud,—

"D——n his pimping face; what would he be at? Here we are, gentlemen, wind and tide in our favour, and the Dutchmen in our very hands, and this silk-petticoat son of a bitch——eh?—it looks very like it; but we have nabbed him, I think. Let him bring me the Duke's message, if he can."

Alas! poor Sir John had nabbed himself. Up comes Mr. Brunker a second time with the very message, or what he states to be such. The Duke, he said, was as wide awake as himself, and now sent positive orders to shorten sail, and to Captain Harman.

"Positive?" said Harman.

"Positive, Sir John," and then laying his hand upon his heart, "upon my honour."

Sir John evidently felt that he had hampered himself by

the question he put at first. He muttered, shifted his posture a little, and half laughed, as men do when about to acquiesce in a foolish thing. Finally, he said, "Well, if I must, I must"; and then not only shortened sail, but for a while brought the ship to. The stoppage threatened, ere long, to disorder the fleet; so he put before the wind again, though not quickly enough to regain the time. At day-break the top-sails were hoisted just as the Duke had left them, so that although the Dutch were far a-head of us, we were still a good way in advance of our own fleet; which was afterwards given as a reason for a circumstance that struck us all when his Highness came upon deck. This was, that he expressed no surprise at his being thus out-sailed, nor indeed uttered one syllable on the matter from beginning to end.

We knew not what to make of it. Every moment after his Highness had made his appearance we expected him to say something. But the Duke did not stay on deck long; and Brunker followed him.

The upshot was, that the main body of the enemy not only escaped, but were enabled to pretend that they got the victory. Very different stories are told on such occasions by the two parties. But no Englishman doubted that he had won a victory, and a great one. Very good reasons we had to show for it; as good for the putting to flight, as they were little and marvellous for the non-pursuit. Neither did anybody, as far as I could see, doubt the courage of the Duke. To be sure, Montagu, and one or two more, ventured to think that he might have been struck with the fate of Lord Falmouth and the others, and so have been the more willing to put up with Brunker's proceeding. But we were all so much puzzled we knew not what to conclude, and in a short time we said almost as little about the matter as his Highness.

—Leigh Hunt, *Sir Ralph Esher*

XXIX

How the Commonalty fought for a Royal Duke

ON the morning of July 5th, 1685, the drum heat to arms; and the Duke of Monmouth accompanied by the principal officers, went to meet his men, assembled at Sedgmoor. A rumour of the near approach of the royal army had already spread through the town; but the alacrity with which the soldiery obeyed the summons of their leader, showed plainly that they did not participate in his depression. On the contrary the tidings gave them joy. They were heartily tired of their loitering inaction, and longed to come to blows on any terms. A profound and anxious silence fell upon them, therefore, when they saw Monmouth preparing to address them.

"I never imagined," said he, "my gallant fellow-countrymen, that your zeal could be sufficient to overcome fortune and our foes together. Had we only James of York and his adherents to contend with, I could be content to dare the worst: but we are told there is a certain wayward power that exercises a capricious influence over the affairs of man, whose favours are bestowed at random, who gives because she will, and withholds because she is not willing to bestow, without regard to merit, justice, or necessity. Poets and painters represent her blind, because she knows not how to discriminate; and they give her a wheel, for he that is on the topmost spoke at morning may be ground in the rut ere nightfall. Gamblers invoke her, whether they rattle dice for gold, or play out of cannon-mouths for poor men's lives;

and in ancient times her favour was esteemed so indispensable in the game of war, that good fortune, or *felicitas*, was counted amongst the essential qualities of a good general. There are some with whom she tarries for a day, and others whom she pursues with kindness from the cradle to the grave;—some whom she crosses twice or thrice in a whim, and others whom she dogs with misery through life. I am one of the latter, in a sense. *Felicitas* is not amongst the qualities of Monmouth; and in this affair, my friends, she has declared against us. Wherefore, take heed in time and look for safety. I have called you hither, my friends, to place your peril before you,—to thank you for your services, your devotion to the cause of Monmouth, and to bid you farewell, since Fortune has declared against us, and Providence pleases not to control her. I trust a happier day may yet arrive for England, and that we may meet again with better prospects."

This address excited loud and general murmurs amongst the hearers. Some called out that Monmouth was betraying them; and others, that he only made experiment of their fidelity. The clamour and confusion increased; the soldiers left their places, and ran to and fro, or gathered into groups as if consulting on what should be done. Nothing could be farther from their minds than the thought of a retreat, at a time when they imagined the opportunity was for the first time afforded them of striking a successful blow.

The soldiers pressed close around the group of officers, amongst whom the Duke of Monmouth stood, and were engaged in earnest remonstrances with their general.

"What care we for the risk?" cried one; "we thought of all that before we left our cottages."

"We knew well enough what stake we had in the game," said another; "but it is no matter for our lives when our cause is good."

"Only lead us to the field!" exclaimed a third, "and leave the rest to ourselves."

"Ay, ay, to the field! huzza! to the field!" exclaimed a thousand voices; and a shout ensued so stunning, that it seemed to shake the very earth on which they stood.

"Give them their way, my lord," said Ferguson; "that shout foreboded victory."

"They will not quit their arms," said a second officer.

"Except to meet with Feversham," added a third.

The spirit of his followers seemed to restore the confidence of Monmouth. After a little pause he said:

"Is it your desire then, soldiers, that we should go to the field to-morrow?"

"Ay, ay, to the field—huzza!" was answered, as before, in a voice of thunder.

"'Tis well then," answered Monmouth; "I yield to your desire. Feed well to-night, and rest well, for you will have something to do before daybreak. Let every man have his matchlock for a bedfellow to-night, and be stirring at the beat of drum. Ay, while you keep such hearts as these, there is little fear of the issue. You are to fight for England, against Englishmen. Trust me, you will not find them strong in their cause, as we are. Huzza then, once again, for liberty and England!"

Again the ready shout resounded; and Monmouth having given his orders for the night, retired to his lodgings. The men dispersed to their quarters, and prepared for the encounter of the following morning with the alacrity which is inspired by a strong conviction of right and confidence of success.

In the meantime, the royal generals, secure of an easy victory, took little pains to increase that certainty by choice of situation or a well-ordered plan of engagement. Their fully-armed and highly-disciplined force, they knew, was more than sufficient to meet any number of those inexperienced clowns that could be brought against them. It

was near evening when they entered on the plain of Sedgmoor, where they were to pass the night; and the straggling manner in which they were suffered to take possession of the ground showed plainly how little their generals apprehended any attempt which could be made by the insurgents to disturb their position. The night was clear, and morning was still far distant, when, pursuant to a preconcerted plan, the army of Monmouth was drawn out in silence from the town. Lord Grey, at the head of the cavalry, was sent a little before, as the force least liable to suffer from a surprise. Monmouth himself followed with the main body of his army, nearly three thousand of whom were armed, and in some tolerable degree of discipline.

The men, who had been well-furnished with the excitement of strong liquor, marched with alacrity, and reached about one o'clock in the morning the edge of the moor. The royal army had, however, already taken the alarm. Lord Grey, at the head of five squadrons of horse, was ordered to push forward and burst into the camp of Feversham, but a wide and deep ditch which intersected the plain between both armies presented an unexpected and effectual obstacle. As they rode along in search of a place where a passage might be effected, volleys of musketry were opened upon them from the enemy's lines, and an awkward skirmish in the dark with a party of their own men, somewhat in advance of them, completed their confusion. Lord Grey himself, once more subdued by his infirmity, added a new disgrace to that of Bridport, by flying with his troops to a little distance, where they took up a position out of the range of musket-shot. The three remaining squadrons made a gallant attempt to force a passage, but were repulsed and obliged to retire in disorder. Monmouth now ordered the infantry to advance. After a long continued fire, which had only the effect of wasting the ammunition of the insurgents, day broke upon the combatants, and disclosed to the eyes of Monmouth the royal infantry at eighty

paces distant, quietly reserving their fire, and suffering the artillery alone to answer the volleys of the insurgents, while Feversham's cavalry, newly arrived from Weston, was posted on his right flank. Without losing a moment, the infantry was ordered to pass the ditch, a manœuvre which was soon effected. The imposing sight of Feversham's disciplined troops, with their artillery and their calm and confident aspect, as of men certain of success, might well have checked the ardour of a newly-levied force like that of Monmouth. The latter, however, did not spare to pursue their purpose. The signal for attack was given, and with shouts of fury the insurgent yeomen dashed forward on the royal force. It was impossible to resist the terrific energy of their onset; and the royal generals were astounded at the gallantry displayed by these poor fellows, who found in their own courage a substitute for all the skill and knowledge that are only gathered from experience. It was in vain that Feversham put in practice all the manœuvres of the field in order to resist the vehement charge of the insurgents—now drawing his men into line, now condensing them into squares and columns. The soldiers of Monmouth, in indiscriminate masses, rushed forward to the charge wherever they beheld a foe, and carried all before them with an impetuosity which nothing could resist. The royal army was routed and driven from the ground—it was rallied and routed again—there was not a man on Monmouth's side who did not labour as if he had been engaged in single combat, and that combat for his life. Astonished at what they beheld, the royal generals began to despair of the day, and their exertions now were bent to render the retreat as orderly as it was possible. But the triumphant yeomanry pressed too close upon their rear to admit of their recovering order.

"It is in vain, Kirke," said Feversham, as that officer galloped by him. "What are your lambs about? These

fellows fight like furies. They will not leave a man of us to tell the news."

"They seem to have changed their minds already," said Kirke, "for they have ceased firing."

It was so in point of fact. Monmouth was at the instant exulting in his victory as a certain thing—a victory which would, in all probability, have effected a permanent change in the dynasty of England. His astonishment, therefore, was extreme when the firing ceased. The cause, unhappily, was irremediable; the ammunition of the troops had failed! The secret soon became evident to the adverse force, who gathered confidence and strength from the discovery. They rallied now without difficulty; and while the insurgents, perplexed and eager, seemed at a loss what next to do, a most destructive fire was opened on them from the opposite army. The scene which followed leaves description powerless. It was to no purpose that the insurgents, unprovided with the means of maintaining an equal combat at a distance, rushed down in masses on the foe, and endeavoured to effect by the mere momentum of numbers what they could no longer do with weapons. By skilful manœuvres the enemy evaded their onset, dividing into numerous bodies, and galling them from one quarter while they were striving to make an impression in another. It was to no purpose that many were seen dashing all unarmed upon the royal lines, and expiring beneath the pike and musket to which they offered their defenceless breasts. The royal force prevailed, and Monmouth's army was on the point of ruin. At this instant Colonel Jones, who divided the command of the cavalry with Grey, looking round in vain for Monmouth, and seeing the little army deserted by its commanding officers, took the only step which could have given them a chance of safety. Lord Grey, who had not ventured within range of musket-shot since his first repulse, was stationed with a considerable body of cavalry in reserve. By charging vigorously now in front, they might

enable the infantry, who were at present suffering severely, either to effect a tolerable retreat, or to procure time for recovering confidence and order.

"Mr. Fullarton," cried Colonel Jones to his aide-de-camp, "ride to Lord Grey at once, and order him to charge in front with all his force."

Arthur Fullarton put spurs to his horse, and galloped at full speed towards the rising ground on which the cavalry were stationed. The Colonel observed with an anxious eye the result of his dispatch. There was no movement amongst the cavalry. Young Fullarton was seen to use a hasty action, as if urging his message; but Lord Grey seemed obstinate. Again, at full speed, his horse all bathed in perspiration and scattering foam around him, young Fullarton returned to Colonel Jones to say that Lord Grey refused to act upon the orders. Before the former could make an observation, the fate of the engagement was decided. Disheartened at length by the tremendous carnage that took place amongst their associates, a general panic seized on the insurgents, and a disordered flight ensued, with all its accompanying horrors. The victorious royalists continued their fire while the routed army remained within range of their shot; after which the pursuit was maintained by the dragoons alone. The musketry ceased firing, and no sounds were heard except the fierce shouts of the revengeful conquerors, the shrieks and groans of the wounded and the dying, mingled with the occasional thunder of the few pieces of artillery that accompanied the royal army. Colonel Kirke and his dragoons seemed thoroughly in their element, and revelled like exulting fiends in the havoc which their weapons made. And so ended the battle of Sedgmoor, on which Monmouth's hope was set as on a single cast.

—GRIFFIN, *Duke of Monmouth.*

XXX

A Shot for Freedom

WHEN Claverhouse left Stirling on March 14th, 1689, he had but sixty horse. In little more than a month he was at the head of seventeen hundred men. He obtained reinforcements from Ireland. The Macdonalds, and the Camerons, and the Gordons, were all his. A vassal of the Marquis of Athol had declared for him even in the castle of Blair, and defended it against the clan of his master. An event still more strange was produced by the spell of his presence,—the clansmen of Athol deserted their chief and joined his standard. He kindled the hills in his cause, and all the life of the North was gathering around him.

Mackay, with the Covenanters, the regiments from Holland, and the Cameronians, went from Perth to oppose his entrance into the Lowlands. The minds of men were suspended. Should he defeat Mackay, it was plain that the crown would soon be restored to James Stuart, and the woes of Scotland come again.

In that dismal juncture I was alone; for Quintin Fullarton, with all the Cameronians, was with Mackay.

I was an old man, verging on threescore.

I went to and fro in the streets of Edinburgh all day long, inquiring of every stranger the news; and every answer that I got was some new triumph of Dundee.

No sleep came to my burning pillow, or if indeed my eyelids for very weariness fell down, it was only that I might suffer the stings of anxiety in some sharper form; for my dreams were of flames kindling around me through

which I saw behind the proud and exulting visage of Dundee.

Sometimes in the depths of the night I rushed into the street, and I listened with greedy ears, thinking I heard the trampling of dragoons and the heavy wheels of cannon; and often in the day, when I saw three or four persons speaking together, I ran towards them, and broke in upon their discourse with some wild interrogation, that made them answer me with pity.

But the haste and frenzy of this alarm suddenly changed: I felt that I was a chosen instrument; I thought that the ruin which had fallen on me and mine was assuredly some great mystery of providence: I remembered the prophecy of my grandfather, that a task was in store for me, though I knew not what it was; I forgot my old age and my infirmities; I hastened to my chamber; I put money in my purse; I spoke to no one; I bought a carabine; and I set out alone to reinforce Mackay.

As I passed down the street, and out at the West Port, I saw the people stop and look at me with silence and wonder. As I went along the road, several that were passing inquired where I was going so fast? but I waved my hand and hurried by.

I reached the Queensferry without as it were drawing breath. I embarked; and when the boat arrived at the northern side I had fallen asleep; and the ferryman, in compassion, allowed me to slumber unmolested. When I awoke I felt myself refreshed. I leapt on shore, and went again impatiently on.

But my mind was then somewhat calmer; and when I reached Kinross I bought a little bread, and retiring to the brink of the lake dipt it in the water, and it was a savoury repast.

As I approached the Brigg of Earn I felt age in my limbs, and though the spirit was willing the body could not; and I sat down, and I mourned that I was so frail and so feeble.

But a marvellous vigour was soon again given to me, and I rose refreshed from my resting-place on the wall of the bridge, and the same night I reached Perth. I stopped in a stabler's till the morning. At break of day, having hired a horse from him, I hastened forward to Dunkeld, where he told me Mackay had encamped the day before, on his way to defend the Pass of Killicrankie.

The road was thronged with women and children flocking into Perth in terror of the Highlanders, but I heeded them not. I had but one thought, and that was to reach the scene of war and Claverhouse.

On arriving at the ferry of Inver, the field in front of the Bishop of Dunkeld's house, where the army had been encamped, was empty. Mackay had marched towards Blair-Athol, to drive Dundee and the Highlanders, if possible, back into the glens and mosses of the North; for he had learnt that his own force greatly exceeded his adversary's.

On hearing this, and my horse being in need of bating, I halted at the ferry-house before crossing the Tay, assured by the boatman that I should be able to overtake the army long before it could reach the meeting of the Tummel and the Gary. And so it proved; for as I came to that turn of the road where the Tummel pours its roaring waters into the Tay, I heard the echoing of a trumpet among the mountains, and soon after saw the army winding its toilsome course along the river's brink, slowly and heavily, as the chariots of Pharaoh laboured through the sands of the Desert; and the appearance of the long array was as the many-coloured woods that skirt the rivers in autumn.

General Mackay halted the host on a spacious green plain which lies at the meeting of the Tummel and the Gary, and which the Highlanders call Fascali, because, as the name in their tongue signifies, no trees are growing thereon. This place is the threshold of the Pass of Killicrankie, through the dark and woody chasms of which the impatient

waters of the Gary come with hoarse and wrathful mutterings and murmurs. The hills and mountains around are built up in more olden and antic forms than those of our Lowland parts, and a wild and strange solemnity is mingled there with much fantastical beauty, as if, according to the minstrelsy of ancient times, sullen wizards and gamesome fairies had joined their arts and spells to make a common dwelling-place.

As the soldiers spread themselves over the green bosom of Faseali, and piled their arms and furled their banners, and laid their drums on the ground, and led their horses to the river, the General sent forward a scout through the Pass, to discover the movements of Claverhouse, having heard that he was coming from the castle of Blair-Athol, to prevent his entrance into the Highlands.

The officer sent to make the espial, had not been gone above half an hour, when he came back in great haste to tell that the Highlanders were on the brow of a hill above the house of Rinrorie, and that unless the Pass was immediately taken possession of, it would be mastered by Claverhouse that night.

Mackay, at this news, ordered the trumpets to sound, and as the echoes multiplied and repeated the alarum, it was as if all the spirits of the hills called the men to arms. The soldiers looked around as they formed their ranks, listening with delight and wonder at the universal bravery.

As we issued forth from the Pass into the wide country, extending towards Lude and Blair-Athol, we saw, as the officer had reported, the Highland hosts of Claverhouse arrayed along the lofty brow of the mountain, above the house of Rinrorie, their plaids waving in the breeze on the hill, and their arms glittering to the sun.

Mackay directed the troops, at crossing a raging brook called the Girnaig, to keep along a flat of land above the house of Rinrorie, and to form, in order of battle, on the field beyond the garden, and under the hill where the High-

landers were posted; the baggage and camp equipages, he at the same time ordered down into a plain that lies between the bank on the crown of which the house stands and the river Gary. An ancient monumental stone in the middle of the lower plain shows, that in some elder age a battle had been fought there, and that some warrior of might and fame had fallen.

In taking his ground on that elevated shelf of land, Mackay was minded to stretch his left wing to intercept the return of the Highlanders towards Blair, and, if possible, oblige them to enter the Pass of Killicrankie, by which he would have cut them off from their resources in the North, and so perhaps mastered them without any great slaughter.

But Claverhouse discerned the intent of his movement, and before our covenanted host had formed their array, it was evident that he was preparing to descend; and as a foretaste of the vehemence wherewith the Highlanders were coming, we saw them rolling large stones to the brow of the hill.

In the meantime the house of Rinrorie having been deserted by the family, the lady, with her children and maidens, had fled to Lude or Struan, Mackay ordered a party to take possession of it, and to post themselves at the windows which look up the hill. I was among those who went into the house, and my station was at the easternmost window, in a small chamber which is entered by two doors,—the one opening from the stair-head, and the other from the drawing-room. In this situation we could see but little of the distribution of the army or the positions that Mackay was taking, for our view was confined to the face of the hill whereon the Highlanders were busily preparing for their descent. But I saw Claverhouse on horseback riding to and fro, and plainly inflaming their valour with many a courageous gesture; and as he turned and winded his prancing war-horse, his breastplate blazed to the setting sun like a beacon on the hill.

When he had seemingly concluded his exhortation, the Highlanders stooped forward, and hurled down the rocks which they had gathered for their forerunners; and while the stones came leaping and bounding with a noise like thunder, the men followed in thick and separate bands, and Mackay gave the signal to commence firing.

We saw from the windows many of the Highlanders, at the first volley, stagger and fall, but the others came furiously down; and before the soldiers had time to stick their bayonets into their guns, the broad swords of the Clansmen hewed hundreds to the ground

Within a few minutes the battle was general between the two armies; but the smoke of the firing involved all the field, and we could see nothing from the windows. The echoes of the mountains raged with the din, and the sounds were multiplied by them in so many different places, that we could not tell where the fight was hottest. The whole country around resounded as with the uproar of a universal battle.

I felt the passion of my spirit return; I could no longer restrain myself, nor remain where I was. Snatching up my carabine, I left my actionless post at the window, and hurried downstairs, and out of the house. I saw by the flashes through the smoke, that the firing was spreading down into the plain where the baggage was stationed, and by this I knew that there was some movement in the battle; but whether the Highlanders or the Covenanters were shifting their ground, I could not discover, for the valley was filled with smoke, and it was only at times that a sword, like a glance of lightning, could be seen in the cloud wherein the thunders and tempest of the conflict were raging.

As I stood on the brow of the bank in front of Rinrorie House, a gentle breathing of the evening air turned the smoke like the travelling mist of the hills, and opening it here and there, I had glimpses of the fighting. Sometimes I saw the Highlanders driving the Covenanters down the

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A COVENANTER'S RAGE.

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steep, and sometimes I beheld them in their turn on the ground endeavouring to protect their unbonnetted heads with their targets, but to whom the victory was to be given I could discern no sign; and I said to myself, the prize at hazard is the liberty of the land and the Lord; surely it shall not be permitted to the champion of bondage to prevail.

A stronger breathing of the gale came rushing along, and the skirts of the smoke where the baggage stood were blown aside, and I beheld many of the Highlanders among the waggons plundering and tearing. Then I heard a great shouting on the right, and looking that way, I saw the children of the Covenant fleeing in remnants across the lower plain, and making toward the river. Presently I also saw Mackay with two regiments, all that kept the order of discipline, also in the plain. He had lost the battle. Claverhouse had won; and the scattered firing, which was continued by a few, was to my ears as the rivetting of the shackles on the arms of poor Scotland for ever. My grief was unspeakable.

I ran to and fro on the brow of the hill—and I stampt with my feet—and I beat my breast—and I rubbed my hands with the frenzy of despair—and I threw myself on the ground—and all the sufferings of which I have written returned upon me—and I started up and I cried aloud the blasphemy of the fool, "There is no God."

Then I took up my carabine, which in these transports had fallen from my hand, and I went round the gable of the house into the garden—and I saw Claverhouse with several of his officers coming along the ground by which our hosts had marched to their position—and ever and anon turning round and exhorting his men to follow him. It was evident he was making for the Pass to intercept our scattered fugitives from escaping that way.

The garden in which I then stood was surrounded by a low wall. A small goose-pool lay on the outside, between

which and the garden I perceived that Claverhouse would pass.

I prepared my flint and examined my firelock, and I walked towards the top of the garden with a firm step.

Claverhouse was coming forward—several officers were near him, but his men were still a little behind, and seemed inclined to go down the hill, and he chided at their reluctance. I rested my carabine on the garden wall. I bent my knee and knelt upon the ground. I aimed and fired,—but when the smoke cleared away I beheld the oppressor still proudly on his war horse. I loaded again, again I knelt, and again rested my carabine upon the wall, and fired a second time, and was again disappointed.

Then I remembered that I had not implored the help of Heaven, and I prepared for the third time, and when all was ready, and Claverhouse was coming forward, I took off my bonnet, and kneeling with the gun in my hand, cried, "Lord, remember David and all his afflictions"; and having so prayed, I took aim as I knelt, and Claverhouse, raising his arm in command, I fired.

When the smoke rolled away, I beheld Claverhouse in the arms of his officers, sinking from his horse, and the blood flowing from a wound between the breast-plate and the armpit. The same night, that is on July 27, he was summoned to the audit of his crimes.

It was not observed by the officers from what quarter the summoning bolt of justice came, but thinking it was from the house, every window was instantly attacked, while I deliberately retired from the spot, and, concealed myself among the bushes and rocks that overhung the violent stream of the Girnaig.

Thus was my avenging vow fulfilled—and thus was my native land delivered from bondage.

—J. GALT, *Ringan Gilhaize.*

XXXI

A King and no King

THE gazetteers and writers, both of the French and English side, have given accounts sufficient of that bloody battle of Blarignies or Malplaquet, which was the last and the hardest earned of the victories of the great Duke of Marlborough. In that tremendous combat near upon two hundred and fifty thousand men were engaged, more than thirty thousand of whom were slain or wounded (the Allies lost twice as many men as they killed of the French, whom they conquered): and this dreadful slaughter very likely took place because a great General's credit was shaken at home, and he thought to restore it by a victory. If such were the motives which induced the Duke of Marlborough to venture that prodigious stake, and desperately sacrifice thirty thousand brave lives, so that he might figure once more in a *Gazette*, and hold his places and pensions a little longer, the event defeated the dreadful and selfish design, for the victory was purchased at a cost which no nation, greedy of glory as it may be, would willingly pay for any triumph. The gallantry of the French was as remarkable as the furious bravery of their assailants. We took a few score of their flags, and a few pieces of their artillery; but we left twenty thousand of the bravest soldiers of the world round about the intrenched lines, from which the enemy was driven. He retreated in perfect good order; the panic-spell seemed to be broke under which the French had laboured ever since the disaster of Hochstedt; and, fighting now on the threshold of their country, they showed

an heroic ardour of resistance, such as had never met us in the course of their aggressive war. Had the battle been more successful, the conqueror might have got the price for which he waged it. As it was (and justly, I think), the party adverse to the Duke in England were indignant at the lavish extravagance of slaughter, and demanded more eagerly than ever the recall of a chief whose cupidity and desperation might urge him further still. After this bloody fight of Malplaquet, I can answer for it, that in the Dutch quarters and our own, and amongst the very regiments and commanders whose gallantry was most conspicuous upon this frightful day of carnage, the general cry was, that there was enough of the war. The French were driven back into their own boundary, and all their conquests and booty of Flanders disgorged. As for the Prince of Savoy, with whom our Commander-in-Chief, for reasons of his own, consorted more closely than ever, 'twas known that he was animated not merely by a political hatred, but by personal rage againt the old French King: the Imperial Generalissimo never forgot the slight put by Lewis upon the Abbé de Savoie; and in the humiliation or ruin of His Most Christian Majesty, the Holy Roman Emperor found his account. But what were these quarrels to us, the free citizens of England and Holland? Despot as he was, the French monarch was yet the chief of European civilization, more venerable in his age and misfortunes than at the period of his most splendid successes; whilst his opponent was but a semi-barbarous tyrant, with a pillaging, murderous horde of Croats and Pandours, composing a half of his army, filling our camp with their strange figures, bearded like the miscreant Turks their neighbours, and carrying into Christian warfare their native heathen habits of rapine, lust, and murder. Why should the best blood in England and France be shed in order that the Holy Roman and Apostolic master of these ruffians should have his revenge over the Christian King? And it was to this end we were

fighting; for this that every village and family in England was deploring the death of beloved sons and fathers. We dared not speak to each other, even at table, of Malplaquet, so frightful were the gaps left in our army by the cannon of that bloody action. 'Twas heartrending for an officer who had a heart to look down his line on a parade-day afterwards, and miss hundreds of faces of comrades—humble or of high rank—that had gathered but yesterday full of courage and cheerfulness round the torn and blackened flags. Where were our friends? As the great Duke reviewed us, riding along our lines with his fine suite of prancing aides-de-camp and generals, stopping here and there to thank an officer with those eager smiles and bows of which his Grace was always lavish, scarce a huzzah could be got for him, though Cadogan, with an oath, rode up and cried, "D—— you, why don't you cheer?" But the men had no heart for that: not one of them but was thinking, "Where's my comrade?—where's my brother that fought by me, or my dear captain that led me yesterday?" 'Twas the most gloomy pageant I ever looked on; and the "Te Deum" sung by our chaplains, the most woeful and dreary satire.

Esmond's General added one more to the many marks of honour which he had received in the front of a score of battles, and got a wound in the groin, which laid him on his back; and you may be sure he consoled himself by abusing the Commander-in-Chief, as he lay groaning: "Corporal John's as fond of me," he used to say, "as King David was of General Uriah; and so he always gives me the post of danger." He persisted, to his dying day, in believing that the Duke intended he should be beat at Wynendael, and sent him purposely with a small force, hoping that he might be knocked on the head there. Esmond and Frank Castlewood both escaped without hurt, though the division which our General commanded suffered even more than any other, having to sustain not only the

fury of the enemy's cannonade, which was very hot and well-served, but the furious and repeated charges of the famous Maison du Roy, which we had to receive and beat off again and again, with volleys of shot and hedges of iron, and our four lines of musqueteers and pikemen. They said the King of England charged us no less than twelve times that day, along with the French Household. Esmond's late regiment, General Webb's own Fusileers, served in the division which their colonel commanded. The General was thrice in the centre of the square of the Fusileers, calling the fire at the French charges, and, after the action, his Grace the Duke of Berwick sent his compliments to his old regiment and their Colonel for their behaviour on the field.

We drank my Lord Castlewood's health and majority, the 25th of September, the army being then before Mons: and here Colonel Esmond was not so fortunate as he had been in actions much more dangerous, and was hit by a spent ball just above the place where his former wound was, which caused the old wound to open again, fever, spitting of blood, and other ugly symptoms, to ensue; and, in a word, brought him near to death's door. The kind lad, his kinsman, attended his elder comrade with a very praiseworthy affectionateness and care until he was pronounced out of danger by the doctors, when Frank went off, passed the winter at Bruxelles, and besieged, no doubt, some other fortress there. Very few lads would have given up their pleasures so long and so gaily as Frank did; his cheerful prattle soothed many long days of Esmond's pain and languor. Frank was supposed to be still at his kinsman's bedside for a month after he had left it, for letters came from his mother at home full of thanks to the younger gentleman for his care of his elder brother (so it pleased Esmond's mistress now affectionately to style him); nor was Mr. Esmond in a hurry to undeceive her, when the good young fellow was gone for his Christmas holiday. It

was as pleasant to Esmond on his couch to watch the young man's pleasure at the idea of being free, as to note his simple efforts to disguise his satisfaction on going away. There are days when a flask of champagne at a cabaret, and a red-cheeked partner to share it, are too strong temptations for any young fellow of spirit. I am not going to play the moralist, and cry "Fie!" For ages past, I know how old men preach, and what young men practise; and that patriarchs have had their weak moments too, long since Father Noah toppled over after discovering the vine. Frank went off, then, to his pleasures at Bruxelles, in which capital many young fellows of our army declared they found infinitely greater diversion even than in London; and Mr. Henry Esmond remained in his sick room, where he writ a fine comedy, that his mistress pronounced to be sublime, and that was acted no less than three successive nights in London in the next year.

Though they lost the day at Malplaquet, it was the French who were elated by that action, whilst the conquerors were dispirited by it; and the enemy gathered together a larger army than ever, and made prodigious efforts for the next campaign. Marshal Berwick was with the French this year; and we heard that Mareschal Villars was still suffering of his wound, was eager to bring our Duke to action, and vowed he would fight us in his coach. Young Castlewood came flying back from Bruxelles as soon as he heard that fighting was to begin; and the arrival of the Chevalier de St. George was announced about May. "It's the King's third campaign, and it's mine," Frank liked saying. He was come back a greater Jacobite than ever, and Esmond suspected that some fair conspirators at Bruxelles had been inflaming the young man's ardour. Indeed, he owned that he had a message from the Queen, Beatrix's godmother, who had given her name to Frank's sister the year before he and his sovereign were born.

However desirous Mareschal Villars might be to fight,

my Lord Duke did not seem disposed to indulge him this campaign. Last year his Grace had been all for the Whigs and Hanoverians; but finding, on going to England, his country cold towards himself, and the people in a ferment of High Church loyalty, the Duke comes back to his army cooled towards the Hanoverians, cautious with the Imperialists, and particularly civil and polite towards the Chevalier de St. George. 'Tis certain that messengers and letters were continually passing between his Grace and his brave nephew, the Duke of Berwick, in the opposite camp. No man's caresses were more opportune than his Grace's, and no man ever uttered expressions of regard and affection more generously. He professed to Monsieur de Torcy, so Mr. St. John told the writer, quite an eagerness to be cut in pieces for the exiled Queen and her family; nay, more, I believe, this year he parted with a portion of the most precious part of himself—his money—which he sent over to the royal exiles. Mr. Tunstal, who was in the Prince's service, was twice or thrice in and out of our camp; the French, in theirs of Arlieu and about Arras. A little river, the Canihe I think 'twas called (but this is writ away from books and Europe; and the only map the writer hath of these scenes of his youth, bears no mark of this little stream), divided our picquets from the enemy's. Our sentries talked across the stream, when they could make themselves understood to each other, and when they could not, grinned, and handed each other their brandy-flasks or their pouches of tobacco. And one fine day of June, riding thither with the officer who visited the outposts (Colonel Esmond was taking an airing on horseback, being too weak for military duty), they came to this river, where a number of English and Scots were assembled, talking to the good-natured enemy on the other side.

Esmond was especially amused with the talk of one long fellow, with a great curling red moustache, and blue eyes, that was half-a-dozen inches taller than his swarthy little

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OFFICERS OF MARLBOROUGH SALUTING THE PRETENDER.

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comrades on the French side of the stream, and being asked by the Colonel, saluted him, and said that he belonged to the Royal Cravats.

From his way of saying "Royal Cravat," Esmond at once knew that the fellow's tongue had first wagged on the banks of the Liffey, and not the Loire; and the poor soldier—a deserter probably—did not like to venture very deep into French conversation, lest his unlucky brogue should peep out. He chose to restrict himself to such few expressions in the French language as he thought he had mastered easily; and his attempt at disguise was infinitely amusing. Mr. Esmond whistled Lillibullero, at which Teague's eyes began to twinkle, and then flung him a dollar, when the poor boy broke out with a "God bless—that is, Dieu bénisse votre honor," that would infallibly have sent him to the provost-marshal had he been on our side of the river.

Whilst this parley was going on, three officers on horseback, on the French side, appeared at some little distance, and stopped as if eyeing us, when one of them left the other two, and rode close up to us who were by the stream. "Look, look!" says the Royal Cravat, with great agitation, "pas lui, that's he; not him, l'autre," and pointed to the distant officer on a chestnut horse, with a cuirass shining in the sun, and over it a broad blue ribbon.

"Please to take Mr. Hamilton's services to my Lord Marlborough—my Lord Duke," says the gentleman in English; and looking to see that the party were not hostilely disposed, he added, with a smile, "There's a friend of yours, gentlemen, yonder; he bids me to say that he saw some of your faces on the 11th of September last year."

As the gentleman spoke, the other two officers rode up, and came quite close. We knew at once who it was. It was the King, then two-and-twenty years old, tall and slim, with deep brown eyes, that looked melancholy, though his lips wore a smile. We took off our hats and saluted him. No man, sure, could see for the first time, without emotion,

the youthful inheritor of so much fame and misfortune. It seemed to Mr. Esmond that the Prince was not unlike young Castlewood, whose age and figure he resembled. The Chevalier de St. George acknowledged the salute, and looked at us hard. Even the idlers on our side of the river set up a hurrah. As for the Royal Cravat, he ran to the Prince's stirrup, knelt down and kissed his boot, and bawled and looked a hundred ejaculations and blessings. The Prince bade the aide-de-camp give him a piece of money; and when the party saluting us had ridden away, Cravat spat upon the piece of gold by way of benediction, and swaggered away, pouching his coin and twirling his honest carroty moustache.

The officer in whose company Esmond was, the same little captain of Handyside's regiment, Mr. Sterne, who had proposed the garden at Lille, when my Lord Mohun and Esmond had their affair, was an Irishman too, and as brave a little soul as ever wore a sword. "Bedad," says Roger Sterne, "that long fellow spoke French so beautiful that I shouldn't have known he wasn't a foreigner, till be broke out with his hullaballooing, and only an Irish calf can bellow like that." And Roger made another remark in his wild way, in which there was sense as well as absurdity: "If that young gentleman," says he, "would ride over to our camp, instead of Villars's, toss up his hat and say, 'Here am I, the King, who'll follow me?' by the Lord, Esmond, the whole army would rise and carry him home again, and beat Villars, and take Paris by the way."

—W. M. THACKERAY, *Esmond.*

XXXII

Guelph and Stuart

RUDELY awakened from his slumbers, at a far earlier hour than he usually allowed himself to be disturbed, by the intelligence that the King's army was marching to attack him with his whole force, and scarcely able, even then, to credit the unwelcome news, General Forster, Commander of the Jacobite army at Preston, attired himself in haste, and, ordering a small troop of horse to attend him, rode forth to reconnoitre.

On reaching the Ribble Bridge, he found a party of Highlanders placed there, and was informed by Colonel Farquharson, who commanded them, that the King's army was certainly approaching. Still doubting, the general rode on for a few miles further, when he descried the vanguard of the enemy, and quickly turned back.

In the interval the Highlanders had left the bridge, their place being taken by three hundred of Lord Derwentwater's men, under the command of Captain Shaftoe. Angry that this change should have been made without his sanction, Forster ordered Shaftoe to abandon the bridge and return to the town.

The order was very reluctantly obeyed. Captain Shaftoe would fain have proceeded to Penwortham to dislodge Parson Woods, but was not allowed.

Immediately on his return to the town, General Forster summoned a council of war, which was attended by all the English and Scottish leaders. They were quite alive to the danger of their position, and evidently had very

little reliance either on the judgment or skill of their commander.

Under these circumstances the advice of Brigadier Mackintosh was urgently requested by Lord Derwentwater and others.

"You have greater military experience than any of us, brigadier," said the earl. "What plan do you suggest?"

"Will you follow out my plan, if I offer it?" said the brigadier.

"We will," replied the earl. "If we waste time in discussion, the enemy will be upon us."

"Aweel, then," said Mackintosh. "It will be useless to defend the bridge, since the river is fordable in many places, nor do I think it would be safe to risk a battle outside the town, because the Highlanders have not yet learned to face cavalry. Nothing frightens them so much as a charge of horse. For this reason I would have the battle take place within the town, where the cavalry, of which the enemy's force chiefly consists, will be least serviceable, and where the Highlanders will fight well. Barricades and intrenchments can be thrown up in different parts of the streets, so as to impede the advance of the enemy, and a destructive fire can be poured upon them from the roofs and windows of the houses."

All approved of the plan except Forster, and he was overruled.

"How many barricades shall we require?—and where do you propose to erect them?" said Lord Widdrington.

"Four will suffice," replied the brigadier. "In fact, we haven't time to form more. The first shall be placed a little below the church, and as it is likely to be the chief object of attack, I will take the command of it myself."

"Why not make it at the extreme end of the street, so as to prevent the entrance of the enemy?" said Forster.

"There are so many lanes and avenues thereabouts that I should require more men than I possess to defend the

post," replied the brigadier. "The second barrier will be best placed, in my opinion, at the back of the house now occupied by Lord Derwentwater, and I would have it commanded by Lord Charles Murray."

"I accept the post," replied the gallant young nobleman.

"The third barrier should be in the Fishergate," pursued the brigadier; "and it would be well served by Lord Strathmore's men, under the command of Captain Douglas."

"I am glad you have named me to a post of danger, brigadier," said Captain Douglas. "I'll do my best to maintain it."

"The last battery must be near the windmill in the Lancaster avenue," said the brigadier; "and I will coofide it to my kinsman, Colonel Mackintosh, and his men."

"I'll take it," replied the colonel; "and keep it—as long as I can."

"And now let us set to work at once," said the brigadier. "We haven't a minute to lose."

Thereupon they all went forth, and each person, to whom the construction and command of a barricade had been committed, called his men together, and proceeded to the appointed spot.

Such extraordinary exertions were made, and so many hands employed, that in an incredibly short space of time intrenchments were thrown up, and strong barriers formed.

The Earl of Derwentwater and Charles Radclyffe, assisted in person in the formation of the Churchgate barrier. Stripping off their coats they worked like pioneers, and were greatly encouraged by the presence of the countess and Dorothy Forster.

As soon as the Churchgate barrier was completed, two of the ship guns brought from Lancaster were placed upon it and entrusted to the management of Tom Syddall and some of his men.

While these defensive preparatioos were going on, all the houses in Church Street and the Fishergate were filled with

Highlanders and dismounted troopers, ready to fire upon the enemy from window, roof, and cellar.

In these two streets were the best houses of the town, and here Brigadier Mackintosh anticipated that the chief attack would be made.

The church, was surrounded by an extensive churchyard, and here—as the most available place for the purpose—a strong force was collected.

On the north side of the edifice were posted the Lowlanders and Northumbrian gentlemen—the latter being now dismounted—under the command of Colonel Oxburgh and Colonel Brereton, who had lately joined as a volunteer.

On the south side were planted the Borderers, likewise dismounted, under the command of Captains Douglas and Hunter.

In a small street adjoining Sir Henry Hoghton's house, a small barrier had been formed by Captain Wogan and his regiment.

All the reserves were posted in the market-place, and here were kept the horses of the dismounted troopers.

While the barriers were being formed, General Forster, attended by a small party of men, rode from point to point to give directions, which were not always obeyed.

No position in the town, except, perhaps, the tower of the church, commanded so good a view of the proceedings as was obtained from the summit of Sir Henry Hoghton's mansion.

Part of the roof was flat and protected by a balustrade, and it was here that the countess and Dorothy Forster were stationed.

They had come there, after witnessing the completion of the barricade at which the earl had assisted, and contemplated the scene with extraordinary interest.

From this spot they could clearly distinguish the movements of the enemy. They saw General Wills issue from the Wigan Lane with his infantry and cavalry, and draw up

in the fields to survey the town, and they could not help contrasting the appearance of the king's soldiers with that of their own undisciplined troops.

After a time, they saw two brigades of horse and dragoons move off towards the other side of the town, and though these troops soon disappeared, the object of the movement was clear.

An attack was about to be made on the Lancaster avenue. Nor could it be doubted that a simultaneous attack would be made on the south by the forces left behind.

This conviction sent a thrill of terror through the breasts of the two lookers-on. But they were reassured when they perceived that both streets were now very strongly guarded—that the trenches were completed and cannon mounted on the barricades—that not only were troops thickly planted at the harriers, but the roofs and windows of all the houses were occupied hy Highlanders and other soldiers—that the churchyard, which was almost opposite them, was full of troops—showing that if the enemy were ready to make the attack, their friends were prepared for a gallant defence.

Nor was this all. Looking towards the Broadway at the back of the garden, they could descry the barricade commanded by Lord Charles Murray, and saw that it was guarded by a large party of Highlanders, while the advanced guard of Northumbrian gentlemen, commanded by Captain Wogan, could likewise be seen posted at the end of a narrow street at the left.

In a word, all the approaches, so far as discernible, seemed well protected. The access to the market-place from Church Street was blocked up by cavalry.

Nor could they entertain any doubt that the preparations on the other side of the town were equally efficient. They felt sure that the Lancaster avenue would be well guarded by Colonel Mackintosh and the Clan Chattan. The spectacle thus presented to their gaze dispelled any misgivings, and filled them with ardour.

A strange and portentous quietude now prevailed, like the awful hush preceding a storm. All the insurgent troops were in position, and in momentary expectation of the attack.

The barricades were manned, the houses occupied with soldiers, as we have mentioned, and the churchyard filled with troops. But not a sound proceeded from this vast collection of men.

Never before had Preston beheld such a sight. Except in the market-place, all business was suspended throughout the town, but here the houses were open, and The Mitre and the Bull were thronged.

Terrified to death at the thoughts of the approaching conflict, almost all the residents in Church Street and Fishergate had quitted their houses, and repaired to the centre of the town. It was the same thing in Friargate, and in many houses in the Lancaster avenue.

Thus in fear and trembling did the inhabitants of Preston await the commencement of the assault.

At length, a murmur arose from those stationed on the roofs of houses, and everywhere were heard the words, "They come."

Then the countess and Dorothy, with hundreds of others who were gazing eagerly towards the Wigan avenue, beheld a body of red-coated foot soldiers issue from the lane, and march towards the street.

These were Preston's foot. Captain Preston was with them himself, but on this occasion the regiment was commanded by Lord Forrester, who rode at their head.

The men looked very well, and presented a very gallant appearance. They were supported by two hundred and fifty dragoons, selected from five different regiments, each party being commanded by a captain, and the whole being commanded by Major Bland and Major Lawson.

Then came two regiments of dragoons under the command of Brigadier Honeywood.

Casting a rapid glance along the street, Lord Forrester instantly saw how matters stood, but ordered his men to attack the barricade, which presented a very formidable appearance with the cannon mounted upon it, and the troops collected behind it.

But the assailants had not advanced far, when such a terrible fire was poured upon them from the barricade, and from the roofs and windows of the houses, that they halted.

By this deadly discharge nearly fifty men were killed, or severely wounded. Loud shouts arose from the defenders of the barricade, and stifled the groans of the wounded.

The fire of the defenders was instantly returned by the assailants, but with comparatively little effect.

Urged on by Lord Forrester and Captain Preston the assailants marched on, but were checked by a second discharge quite as terrible as the first, while the cannon being well directed by Tom Syddall and his men, did great execution.

Thus much did the countess and [illegible] see, but they beheld no more. The spectacle of tha[illegible]eet, filled with dying and dead, was too much for them, and they covered their eyes to shout out the dreadful sight.

"Shall I take you hence?" said Father Norham.

"Yes—yes!" cried the countess.

Casting one look at the barricade, and seeing that the earl was safe, she instantly quitted the roof with the priest and Newbiggin. The other ladies followed. The party did not venture into the street, but made their way through the garden at the back of the house. As they were speeding along, another discharge of musketry took place, accompanied by the roar of the cannon.

At the same time distant firing was heard on the north side of the town, showing that the attack had likewise begun in this quarter. A sergeant, despatched by Captain

Innes, made way for them through the crowded street to the market-place.

Lord Derwentwater proceeded to the churchyard. He had now no fears respecting the countess and Dorothy, for he knew they had reached the town-hall in safety.

Scarcely had he entered the churchyard when he perceived Captain Gordon, and calling him said:

"You are the very man I want. Go instantly to the top of the church-tower, and let me know the movements of the enemy."

Captain Gordon obeyed, and as soon as he reached this exalted position he looked carefully around.

We have already mentioned that the tower in question was singularly low, but from its position it commanded an entire view of the operations.

From this post of observation Captain Gordon could see Brigadier Honeywood with his regiment of dragoons stationed at the end of the street, but he did not concern himself with them, his attention being particularly attracted to the movements of Major Bland, with a large party of dismounted dragoons, attacking the battery commanded by Lord Charles Murray.

Lord Charles was defending himself vigorously and successfully, when another party was seen approaching to attack him in the flank.

Thereupon Captain Gordon gave a signal to the Earl of Derwentwater, who immediately put himself at the head of a hundred of his gentlemen and hastened to Lord Charles's assistance.

Suddenly appearing in the back lane, and flanking the enemy with a close fire, the earl quickly put them to confusion and flight.

But, while retreating, the dragoons burst open the door at the back of Sir Henry Hoghton's garden, drove out Captain Maclean and the volunteers placed there by General Forster, and took possession of the mansion.

Almost at the same time, the large house belonging to Mr. Eyre, on the opposite side of the street, which had served as General Forster's head-quarters, fell into the hands of Brigadier Honeywood.

On observing this, Captain Gordon immediately descended from the church tower, and sought out General Forster, whom he found near the entrance to the market-place, and told him what had happened.

"By the possession of these two houses, general," he said, "the enemy have secured most commanding positions, which will not only afford them shelter from our fire, but enable them to do us great damage. They must be retaken at any cost, but I would recommend as the shortest way that both houses be demolished by our cannon."

"I cannot consent to their destruction, sir," replied Forster. "The body of the town is the security of the army. We must dislodge the enemy—not destroy the houses."

"But do you not perceive, general, that by this course you are affording security to the besiegers?" said Captain Gordon. "Reinforcements are sure to arrive, and then we shall never be able to drive out the enemy."

"At all events, the attempt shall be made before I have recourse to cannon," rejoined Forster. "Let both houses be attacked in front and rear—but mind: cannon must not be used."

Scarcely able to control his anger, Captain Gordon went away.

On his return, he found that a vigorous attempt was being made by Lord Derwentwater to dislodge the enemy from Sir Henry Hoghton's house, and a sharp conflict was then going on in the garden.

An attempt was likewise being made to recover Mr. Eyre's house by a large party of dismounted troopers, headed by Charles Radclyffe and Captain Shaftoe.

Brigadier Mackintosh would have quickly knocked down both these houses, but on learning that General Foster had positively prohibited the use of cannon, he desisted.

With the exception of the loss sustained by the capture of these two important houses, and which had been entirely caused by Forster's gross mismanagement, the insurgents had not only held their own, but obtained decided advantages over the enemy.

Not one of the three batteries on the south side of the town, though all had been repeatedly and vigorously attacked, had been taken. On the contrary, in every instance, the assailants had been repulsed, and with great loss. Neither by stratagem, nor direct assault, had any portion of the king's forces been able to penetrate into the town. All the damage they had done was at the outskirts.

The church, which constituted the most important position on the south, was entirely in the hands of the insurgents, and so trifling had been the loss sustained by them, that it had not been necessary, as yet, to call upon the reserves stationed in the market-place.

Of course, the brunt of the fight had been borne by Brigadier Mackintosh, who had planned the able defence of the town, and had stood as firm as a rock beside the barrier he had reared; but a most courageous defence of the Fishergate barrier was made by Captain Douglas and Captain Hunter, and their moss-troopers and Borderers.

Individual acts of valour were performed by these hardy fellows worthy of another age. Not content with firing upon the assailants from roof and window, they occasionally sallied forth, and then some most desperate encounters took place between them and Colonel Pitt's dismounted dragoons. Captain Douglas, who was a very powerful man, killed three dragoons with his own hand. In another sally Captain Hunter and half a dozen men with him advanced too far, and, being completely surrounded, must have been

captured or slain, had they not been rescued at great personal risk by Captain Douglas.

Some barns and small habitations at the end of the Fishergate avenue, occupied by the moss-troopers, were set fire to and burnt by Pitt's men, but no real damage was done.

At the same time several much larger houses were set on fire at the end of Church-street by order of Brigadier Honeywood, so as to drive out the Highlanders who occupied them, and compel them to take refuge in the churchyard. Fortunately, the wind being in the north at the time, the conflagration did not spread far. Had it blown from the opposite quarter, and the wind been strong, the whole town would probably have been destroyed. No efforts being made to extinguish the fires, the houses continued burning for several hours, and long after it became dark.

We must now repair to the Windmill barricade, situated at the end of the Lancaster road, and commanded by Colonel Mackintosh, kinsman of the brigadier.

Brigadier Dormer, with three hundred dismounted dragoons, attempted to approach this barricade by a narrow street or lane called the Back Wynd, but they were thwarted in their design by the vigilant Highlanders, who, screened by garden walls, hedges, and ditches, killed nearly half their number, and forced the rest to retreat.

A direct attack was then made on the barricade, but with no better success. The Mackintoshes proved themselves splendid marksmen.

After a third ineffectual attack by a back road, during which he again sustained considerable loss, Brigadier Dormer ordered Sergeant Johnstone and Corporal Marlow, with a score of Stanhope's dragoons, to set on fire all the houses and out-buildings. While seeing the order executed Brigadier Dormer was shot in the leg, the sergeant and corporal were killed, and some of the men wounded; but the work of destruction proceeded—and the houses and cottages were burnt close up to the barricade.

But nothing was gained. The valiant Highland chief and his clansmen laughed at the futile attempts to drive them from their posts.

Having thus taken a survey of the defences of the town, it will be seen that they were all intact, and able to hold out. But the besiegers were under the impression that the insurgents would attempt to cut their way out during the night. Accordingly, the Lancaster avenue was very strongly guarded.

An express had been sent by Sir Henry Hoghton to General Carpenter, who had reached Clitheroe, to inform him that hostilities had commenced, and it was therefore certain he would arrive next day. Should this news reach the rebels, it would quicken their desire to escape, and it behoved the besiegers to be doubly vigilant—especially on the north side of the town, where the exit was most likely to be made.

Several hundred of the king's troops, as we have stated, had been shot down in the ineffectual attacks on the barriers. Among the wounded were Major Bland and Major Lawson, and, as we have just mentioned, Brigadier Dormer was slightly hurt.

Captain Preston expired as he was being conveyed to the White Bull, where all the wounded insurgents were taken. At this place died Colonel Brereton, Mr. Clifton, and two or three others whose names are not recorded.

When Captain Peter Farquharson, of Rochaley, whose leg had been badly shattered by a bullet, was brought in by half a dozen Highlanders, and laid down on a bench, he called for brandy for the men, and taking a glass himself, said:

"Come, lads, here's to our master's health! I can fight no longer, but I wish you success."

With mingled feelings was the health drunk.

Alas! this gallant officer died under the operation, which was unskilfully performed.

As soon as it began to grow light next morning, Captain Gordon mounted the church-tower to survey the town.

All seemed quiet—besieged and defenders. The Highlanders were still lying stretched on their plaids near the barricade; but the greater part of the troops, who did not possess the hardihood of the Scots, had quitted the churchyard, and sought shelter in some of the adjacent houses.

No signs of movement were visible in the two large houses in possession of the enemy; but the sentinels were at their posts, and no doubt the men could be summoned instantly to arms.

The street presented a ghastly sight the dead not having been removed, and the ground being covered with blood.

Turning from this painful spectacle he surveyed the fields outside the town, but could not perceive that any change had been made in the disposition of the enemy.

A mist arose from the marshy ground in the neighbourhood of the river, and partially concealed the militia stationed near the bridge, but the two squadrons of Pitt's dragoons could be distinguished in the fields.

Whatever might be the design of the enemy, it seemed to Captain Gordon that no immediate attack was intended.

But while he continued his survey, and carefully reconnoitred the outskirts of the town, he perceived some dismounted dragoons creeping along the Wigan lane towards the town.

Watching them carefully for a few minutes, during which it got lighter, he found their numbers increase, and became convinced that they were the head of a large party.

He therefore quickly descended from the tower, and gave the alarm to Brigadier Mackintosh, whom he found at his post, and who ordered him to proceed at once to the Fishergate barrier—the only outlet not blocked up—and take a troop of horse and attack them.

Captain Gordon instantly obeyed—nor was he detained at the barrier in question.

Fifty stout Borderers, who were sleeping beside their steeds, bridle in hand, were quickly in the saddle. A horse was found for him, and the party sallied forth.

The Wigan lane was about a quarter of a mile off, and to reach it they had to cross the field on the south side of the town. They got there just as the dragoons had quitted the lane, but had not formed, and immediately charged them—throwing them into confusion by the suddenness of the attack.

The conflict only lasted for a few minutes, and ended in the complete rout of the dragoons, several of whom were killed, including the captain. Very little loss was sustained by the insurgents.

Quite surprised with what he had done, and fearing his retreat might be cut off if he attempted pursuit, Captain Gordon galloped back as hard as he could to the Fishergate avenue.

He was only just in time. The encounter had been witnessed by the two squadrons of Pitt's dragoons stationed near the river, and they both endeavoured to intercept him, but he and the Borderers were safe behind the barriers before either could come up.

Preparations were made by the insurgent leaders at all the barricades for a renewal of hostilities, and Brigadier Mackintosh had just given orders to Tom Syddall to commence the demolition of the two large houses in Church-street, when word was brought that a very large force, consisting of more than two thousand horse, could be seen approaching from the north.

No doubt could be entertained that this force belonged to General Carpenter, who must have made an early march from Clitheroe in order to effect a junction with Wills before the attack was resumed.

All was now consternation among the besieged, who felt

that some immediate step must be taken, or they would be shut in.

Colonel Mackintosh proposed to sally forth with his men, and consulted the brigadier, who dissuaded him from the attempt, declaring it impracticable.

As usual, General Forster was completely undecided.

Half an hour later, General Carpenter arrived, and took up a position on the north side of the town. He was accompanied by the Earl of Carlisle and Lord Lumley, and rode at the head of Churchill's, Molesworth's, and Cobham's dragoons.

With these were several regiments of horse, making a total of two thousand five hundred men.

No wonder such an accession of force should have utterly extinguished the hopes of the insurgents.

Immediately on his arrival, General Carpenter rode up an eminence, and was looking at the Windmill barricade, when a shot fired from the cannon planted on that barrier fell very near him, and caused him to shift his position.

While he was giving some directions to Colonel Churchill, General Wills rode up, attended by Colonel Pitt, and expressed his satisfaction at seeing him.

"In resigning the command of the force to you, general," he said, "I hope you will approve of the manner in which I have conducted the operations of the siege. Even if I had not had the advantage of your assistance, I doubt not that I should have been able to conclude the affair to-day. The rebels, I am bound to say, have fought very bravely, and have made a very gallant defence, especially the Highlanders; but I have determined, at any cost, to take the barricade commanded by Brigadier Mackintosh, and then they must surrender."

"You have done very well, general," replied Carpenter. "Nothing could be better. Retain your command. I will not deprive you of the victory you have so nearly achieved."

"I thank you, general, and am proud to receive your commendation," replied Wills. "But I bow to your experience, and any suggestions you may offer shall be immediately adopted. Before the decisive attack is made, I should wish you to survey the town."

"I propose to do so," replied Carpenter.

Having posted six squadrons of dragoons under the command of Colonel Churchill to prevent any attempt at flight from the Windmill barricade, General Carpenter rode down towards the south side of the town with Wills.

They were attended by a strong guard, and accompanied by the two noblemen previously mentioned. On the way they met Sir Henry Hoghton with a party of militia, and while General Carpenter was conversing with Sir Henry, Parson Woods and a dozen of his men came up from the ford, with some fugitive insurgents, whom they had just captured.

Learning from Woods that constant escapes were taking place from the Fishergate avenue, General Carpenter gave orders that the outlet should be effectually blocked up without delay, so as not only to check any further flight, but prevent supplies of provisions from being brought in.

Finding that the entrance to the Churchgate avenue was inconveniently crowded, so that the troops could not act, Carpenter made a different disposition of the troops; and deeming it probable that a most determined attempt at escape might be made from the north of the town, he caused this outlet to be still more strongly guarded.

When all these orders had been executed, and every outlet was blocked up, the two generals divided their forces and completely surrounded the town.

From his post on the church-tower, Captain Gordon had witnessed these proceedings and reported them to Brigadier Mackintosh.

Though not disheartened, the brave old Highlander felt that the situation was one of the utmost peril, and could

perceive only one way of extricating himself from it, but this he was unwilling to adopt, unless joined by his English allies, and he felt sure that Forster had not resolution enough for such a course of action.

His men, however, could hardly be restrained. No sooner did they discover that they were pent up in the town, than they wished to sally forth, sword in hand, and cut their way through the enemy.

The brigadier told them it was too soon—that they must wait till night—and if nothing happened in the interim, he would lead them forth.

Colonel Mackintosh's men were equally impatient, and though they saw the squadrons of dragoons posted near the Lancaster avenue, they would have attempted to cut a passage through them, if allowed.

Meanwhile a conference took place at the Mitre between General Forster, the Earl of Derwentwater, Lord Widdrington, and Colonel Oxburgh.

As it was now evident that the town was completely blocked up, and could not hold out long, it was necessary that some terms of surrender should immediately be made.

Lord Derwentwater recommended that a council of war should be called at once, at which all the Scottish leaders should assist, but Forster would not accede to the proposition.

"If Mackintosh and the rest are consulted, we shall never be able to make good terms with Carpenter and Wills," said Forster. "Let them treat for themselves."

"But it will not be fair to treat without them," observed the Earl.

"Nothing whatever will be done, if Mackintosh is consulted," said Lord Widdrington. "Our estates, I fear, will be confiscated, but we must make an effort to save our lives."

"I fear the attempt will be useless," said Lord Derwent

water. "And I would die rather than do aught dishonourable."

"There is nothing dishonourable in what I propose," said Forster; "but I feel certain the Scots will never consent to a surrender."

"Yes, they would consider themselves degraded by such submission," said Lord Derwentwater.

"If they choose to throw away their lives, they must do so," said Lord Widdrington. "But do not let us act thus rashly."

"I am acquainted with General Wills," said Colonel Oxburgh, "and, if you desire it, I will propose a treaty to him. Rest assured I will assent to no disgraceful terms."

Lord Derwentwater was still very unwilling that the step should be taken without consulting Brigadier Mackintosh, but he yielded at last to the representations of Lord Widdrington and Forster.

About half an hour later, Colonel Oxburgh, preceded by a trumpeter on horseback, rode out of the Fishergate.

He was immediately stopped by the guard, but on explaining his errand, was conducted by a sergeant and two dragoons to Wills's tent, which was about a quarter of a mile off.

General Wills was seated at a small table in the centre of the tent, when Colonel Oxburgh was announced by a sentinel.

Wills raised his head, and, looking at him very sternly, demanded his business.

"You will guess it without difficulty, I think, general," replied Oxburgh. "I am come to propose that the insurgent force shall lay down their arms in the confident expectation that you will recommend them for pardon to the King.

"Entertain no such expectation, sir," rejoined Wills, still more sternly. "I will not treat with rebels. Those for

whom you plead have killed many of the King's subjects, and deserve death."

"But since they are willing to submit, general, I hope that consideration may be shown them," said Oxburgh.

"Expect none from me, sir," rejoined Wills, harshly. "Clemency is thrown away on rebels. Go back to those who sent you. Tell them if they lay down their arms and submit themselves prisoners at discretion, I will prevent my soldiers from cutting them to pieces, and spare their lives till his majesty's pleasure is known. That is all I will promise."

"Do you require an immediate decision, general?"

"I will give you an hour—no more," replied Wills.

"I am greatly disappointed, General," said Colonel Oxburgh. "I expected very different terms from you."

"I have already told you that I will make no terms with rebels such as you," rejoined Wills. "If you are not satisfied, return to the town, and an hour hence—to the minute—I will attack you, and put you to the sword."

"Do you mean me to understand, general," said Oxburgh, looking at him steadfastly, "that King George will show us no mercy?"

"I do not say that," replied Wills. "Nor do I hold out any promise. Your best chance of obtaining mercy is by surrendering yourselves prisoners at discretion."

Finding nothing more could be obtained, Colonel Oxburgh departed.

The Highlanders still wanted to fight, but ultimately a capitulation was effected, and Forster, Lord Derwentwater, and the other leaders were taken. Forster escaped the final doom of execution, but the others suffered the fate of unsuccessful rebels.

W. H. Ainsworth, *Preston Fight.*

XXXIII

How the Guelph fought the last Battle with the Stewart

A HOUSE situated by the side of the Solway, and not far distant from a rude pier, near which lay several fishing-boats, which frequently acted in a different capacity, belonged to a worthy publican known as Father Crackenthorp. The house was also adapted to the various occupations which its owner carried on, being a large scrambling assemblage of cottages attached to a house of two storeys, roofed with flags of sandstone—the original mansion, to which the extension of Master Crackenthorp's trade had occasioned his making many additions. Instead of the single long watering-trough, which usually distinguishes the front of the English public-house of the second-class, there were three conveniences of that kind, for the use, as the landlord used to say, of the troop-horses, when the soldiers came to search his house; while a knowing leer and a nod let you understand what species of troops he was thinking of. A huge ash-tree before the door, which had reared itself to a great size and height, in spite of the blasts from the neighbouring Solway, overshadowed, as usual, the ale-bench, as our ancestors called it.

It was the upper loft of one of those cottages which made additions to the Old Inn, poorly furnished, dusty, and in disorder, in which the Royal wanderer was to receive the homage of his followers; for rash as the enterprise might be considered, those who engaged in it had been care-

ful not to draw the attention of strangers by any particular attentions to the personal accommodation of the Prince. He was seated, when the deputies, as they might be termed, of his remaining adherents entered; and as he rose, and came forward and bowed, in acceptance of their salutation, it was with a dignified courtesy which at once supplied whatever was deficient in external pomp, and converted the wretched garret into a saloon worthy of the occasion.

Redgauntlet presented to him successively the young Lord ——, and his kinsman, Sir Arthur Darsie Redgauntlet, who trembled as, bowing and kissing his hand, he found himself surprised into what might be construed an act of high treason, which yet he saw no safe means to avoid.

Sir Richard Glendale seemed personally known to Charles Edward, who received him with a mixture of dignity and affection, and seemed to sympathize with the tears which rushed into that gentleman's eyes as he bid his Majesty welcome to his native kingdom.

"Yes, my good Sir Richard," said the unfortunate Prince, in a tone melancholy, yet resolved, "Charles Edward is with his faithful friends once more—not, perhaps, with his former gay hopes which undervalued danger, but with the same determined contempt of the worst which can befall him, in claiming his own rights and those of his country."

"I rejoice, sire—and yet, alas! I must also grieve, to see you once more on the British shores," said Sir Richard Glendale, and stopped short—a tumult of contradictory feelings preventing his farther utterance.

"It is the call of my faithful and suffering people which alone could have induced me to take once more the sword in my hand. For my own part, Sir Richard, when I have reflected how many of my loyal and devoted friends perished by the sword and by proscription, or died indigent and neglected in a foreign land, I have often sworn that no view to my personal aggrandizement should again induce me to agitate a title which has cost my followers so dear. But

since so many men of worth and honour conceive the cause of England and Scotland to be linked with that of Charles Stewart, I must follow their brave example, and, laying aside all other considerations, once more stand forward as their deliverer. I am, however, come hither upon your invitation; and as you are so completely acquainted with circumstances to which my absence must necessarily have rendered me a stranger, I must be a mere tool in the hands of my friends. I know well I never can refer myself implicitly to more loyal hearts or wiser heads than Herries Redgauntlet and Sir Richard Glendale. Give me your advice, then, how we are to proceed, and decide upon the fate of Charles Edward."

Redgauntlet looked at Sir Richard, as if to say, "Can you press any additional or unpleasant condition at a moment like this?" And the other shook his head and looked down, as if his resolution was unaltered, and yet as feeling all the delicacy of the situation.

There was a silence, which was broken by the unfortunate representative of an unhappy dynasty, with some appearance of irritation. "This is strange, gentlemen," he said; "you have sent for me from the bosom of my family to head an adventure of doubt and danger; and when I come, your own minds seem to be still irresolute. I had not expected this on the part of two such men."

"For me, sire," said Redgauntlet, "the steel of my sword is not truer than the temper of my mind."

"My Lord ——'s and mine are equally so," said Sir Richard; "but you had in charge, Mr. Redgauntlet, to convey our request to his Majesty, coupled with certain conditions."

"And I discharged my duty to his Majesty and to you," said Redgauntlet.

"I looked at no condition, gentlemen," said their King, with dignity, "save that which called me here to assert my rights in person. *That* I have fulfilled at no common risk.

THE JACOBITES AND THEIR KING.

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Here I stand to keep my word, and I expect of you to be true to yours."

"There was, or should have been, something more than that in our proposal, please your Majesty," said Sir Richard. "There was a condition annexed to it."

"I saw it not," said Charles, interrupting him. "Out of tenderness towards the noble hearts of whom I think so highly, I would neither see nor read any thing which could lessen them in my love and my esteem. Conditions can have no part betwixt Prince and subject."

"Sire," said Redgauntlet, kneeling on one knee, "I see from Sir Richard's countenance he deems it my fault that your Majesty seems ignorant of what your subjects desired that I should communicate to your Majesty. For Heaven's sake! for the sake of all my past services and sufferings, leave not such a stain upon my honour! The note, Number D., of which this is a copy, referred to the painful subject to which Sir Richard again directs your attention."

"You press upon me, gentlemen," said the Prince, colouring highly, "recollections, which, as I hold them most alien to your character, I would willingly have banished from my memory. I did not suppose that my loyal subjects would think so poorly of me as to use my depressed circumstances as a reason for forcing themselves into my domestic privacies and stipulating arrangements with their King regarding matters, in which the meanest hinds claim the privilege of thinking for themselves. In affairs of state and public policy I will ever be guided as becomes a prince by the advice of my wisest counsellors; in those which regard my private affections and my domestic arrangements I claim the same freedom of will which I allow to all my subjects, and without which a crown were less worth wearing than a beggar's bonnet."

"May it please your Majesty," said Sir Richard Glendale, "I see it must be my lot to speak unwilling truths; but, believe me, I do so with as much profound respect as deep

regret. It is true we have called you to head a mighty undertaking, and that your Majesty, preferring honour to safety, and the love of your country to your own ease, has condescended to become our leader. But we also pointed out as a necessary and indispensable preparatory step to the achievement of our purpose—and, I must say, as a positive condition of our engaging in it—that an individual supposed, —I presume not to guess how truly,—to have your Majesty's more intimate confidence, and believed, I will not say on absolute proof, but upon the most pregnant suspicion, to be capable of betraying that confidence to the Elector of Hanover, should be removed from your royal household and society."

"This is too insolent, Sir Richard!" said Charles Edward. "Have you inveigled me into your power to bait me in this unseemly manner? And you, Redgauntlet, why did you suffer matters to come to such a point as this, without making me more distinctly aware what insults were to be practised on me?"

"My gracious Prince," said Redgauntlet, "I am so far to blame in this, that I did not think so slight an impediment as that of a woman's society could have really interrupted an undertaking of this magnitude. I am a plain man, Sire, and speak but bluntly; I could not have dreamt but what, within the first five minutes of this interview, either Sir Richard and his friends would have ceased to insist upon a condition so ungrateful to your Majesty, or that your Majesty would have sacrificed this unhappy attachment to the sound advice, or even to the over-anxious suspicions, of so many faithful subjects. I saw no entanglement in such a difficulty, which on either side might not have been broken through like a cobweb."

"You were mistaken, sir," said Charles Edward, "entirely mistaken—as much so as you are at this moment, when you think in your heart my refusal to comply with this insolent proposition is dictated by a childish and romantic

passion for an individual. I tell you, sir, I could part with that person to-morrow, without an instant's regret—that I have had thoughts of dismissing her from my court, for reasons known to myself; but that I will never betray my rights as a sovereign and a man, by taking this step to secure the favour of any one, or to purchase that allegiance which, if you owe it to me at all, is due to me as my birth-right."

"I am sorry for this," said Redgauntlet; "I hope both your Majesty and Sir Richard will reconsider your resolutions, or forbear this discussion in a conjuncture so pressing. I trust your Majesty will recollect that you are on hostile ground; that our preparations cannot have so far escaped notice as to permit us now with safety to retreat from our purpose; insomuch, that it is with the deepest anxiety of heart I foresee even danger to your own royal person, unless you can generously give your subjects the satisfaction, which Sir Richard seems to think they are obstinate in demanding."

"And deep indeed your anxiety ought to be," said the Prince. "Is it in these circumstances of personal danger in which you expect to overcome a resolution, which is founded on a sense of what is due to me as a man or a prince? If the axe and scaffold were ready before the windows of Whitehall, I would rather tread the same path with my great-grandfather, than concede the slightest point in which my honour is concerned."

He spoke these words with a determined accent, and looked around him on the company, all of whom (excepting Darsie, who saw, he thought, a fair period to a most perilous enterprise) seemed in deep anxiety and confusion. At length, Sir Richard spoke in a solemn and melancholy tone.

"If the safety," he said, "of poor Richard Glendale were alone concerned in this matter, I have never valued my life enough to weigh it against the slightest point of your

Majesty's service. But I am only a messenger—a commissioner, who must execute my trust, and upon whom a thousand v ..es will cry Curse and woe, if I do it not with fidelity. All of your adherents, even Redgauntlet himself, see certain ruin to this enterprise—the greatest danger to your Majesty's person—the utter destruction of all your party and friends, if they insist not on the point, which, unfortunately, your Majesty is so unwilling to concede. I speak it with a heart full of anguish—with a tongue unable to utter my emotions—but it must be spoken—the fatal truth—that if your royal goodness cannot yield to us a boon which we hold necessary to our security and your own, your Majesty with one word disarms ten thousand men, ready to draw their swords in your behalf; or, to speak yet more plainly, you annihilate even the semblance of a royal party in Great Britain."

"And why do you not add," said the Prince, scornfully, "that the men who have been ready to assume arms in my behalf, will atone for their treason to the Elector, by delivering me up to the fate for which so many proclamations have destined me? Carry my head to St. James's, gentlemen; you will do a more acceptable and a more honourable action, than, having inveigled me into a situation which places me so completely in your power, to dishonour yourselves by propositions which dishonour me."

"My God, Sire!" exclaimed Sir Richard, clasping his hands together in impatience; "of what great and inexpiable crime can your Majesty's ancestors have been guilty that they have been punished by the infliction of judicial blindness on their w le generation!—Come, my Lord ——, we must to our friends."

"By your leave, Sir Richard," said the young nobleman, "now till we have learned what measures can be taken for his Majesty's personal safety."

"Care not for me, young man," said Charles Edward; "when I was in the society of Highland robbers and

cattle-drovers, I was safer than I now hold myself among the representatives of the best blood in England.—Farewell, gentlemen—I will shift for myself."

"This must never be," said Redgauntlet. "Let me that brought you to the point of danger, at least provide for your safe retreat."

So saying, he hastily left the apartment, followed by his nephew. The Wanderer, averting his eyes from Lord —— and Sir Richard Glendale, threw himself into a seat at the upper end of the apartment, while they, in much anxiety, stood together at a distance from him, and conversed in whispers.

When Redgauntlet left the room, in haste and discomposure, the first person he met on the stair, and indeed so close by the door of the apartment that Darsie thought he must have been listening there, was his attendant Nixon.

"What the devil do you here?" he said, abruptly and sternly.

"I wait your orders," said Nixon. "I hope all's right?—excuse my zeal."

"All is wrong, sir—Where is the seafaring fellow—Ewart—what do you call him?"

"Nanty Ewart, sir—I will carry your commands," said Nixon.

"I will deliver them myself to him," said Redgauntlet; "call him hither."

"But should your honour leave the presence?" said Nixon, still lingering.

"'Sdeath, sir, do you prate to me?" said Redgauntlet, bending his brows. "I, sir, transact my own business; you, I am told, act by a ragged deputy."

Without farther answer, Nixon departed, rather disconcerted, as it seemed to Darsie.

"That dog turns insolent and lazy," said Redgauntlet; "but I must bear with him for a while."

A moment after, Nixon returned with Ewart.

"Is this the smuggling fellow?" demanded Redgauntlet. Nixon nodded.

"Is he sober now?—he was brawling anon."

"Sober enough for business," said Nixon.

"Well, then, hark ye, Ewart—man your boat with your best hands, and have her by the pier—get your other fellows on board the brig—if you have any cargo left, throw it overboard; it shall be all paid, five times over—and be ready for a start to Wales or the Hebrides, or perhaps for Sweden or Norway."

Ewart answered sullenly enough, "Ay, ay, sir."

"Go with him, Nixon," said Redgauntlet, forcing himself to speak with some appearance of cordiality to the servant with whom he was offended; "see he does his duty."

Ewart left the house sullenly, followed by Nixon. The sailor was just in that species of drunken humour which made him jealous, passionate, and troublesome, without showing any other disorder than that of irritability. As he walked towards the beach he kept muttering to himself, but in such a tone, that his companion lost not a word, "Smuggling fellow—Ay, smuggler—and, start your cargo into the sea—and be ready to start for the Hebrides, or Sweden—or the devil, I suppose. Well, and what if I said in answer—Rebel, Jacobite—traitor—I'll make you and your d——d confederates walk the plank—I have seen better men do it—half-a-score of a morning—when I was across the Line."

"D——d unhandsome terms those Redgauntlet used to you, brother," said Nixon.

"Which do you mean?" said Ewart, starting, and recollecting himself. "I have been at my old trade of thinking aloud, have I?"

"No matter," answered Nixon, "none but a friend heard you. You cannot have forgotten how Redgauntlet disarmed you this morning."

"Why, I would bear no malice about that—only he is so cursedly high and saucy," said Ewart.

"And then," said Nixon, "I know you for a true-hearted Protestant."

"That I am by G———," said Ewart. "No, the Spaniards could never get my religion from me."

"And a friend to King George, and the Hanover line of succession," said Nixon, still walking and speaking very slow.

"You may swear I am, excepting in the way of business, as Turnpenny says. I like King George, but I can't afford to pay duties."

"You are outlawed, I believe," said Nixon.

"Am I?—faith, I believe I am," said Ewart. "I wish I were *inlawed* again with all my heart—But come along, we must get all ready for our peremptory gentleman, I suppose."

"I will teach you a better trick," said Nixon. "There is a bloody pack of rebels yonder."

"Ay, we all know that," said the smuggler; "but the snowball's melting, I think."

"There is some one yonder, whose head is worth—thirty—thousand—pounds—of sterling money," said Nixon, pausing between each word, as if to enforce the magnificence of the sum.

"And what of that?" said Ewart, quickly.

"Only that if, instead of lying by the pier with your men on their oars, if you will just carry your boat on board just now, and take no notice of any signal from the shore, by G—d, Nanty Ewart, I will make a man of you for life!"

"Oh, ho! then the Jacobite gentry are not so safe as they think themselves?" said Nanty.

"In an hour or two," replied Nixon, "they will be made safer in Carlisle Castle."

"The devil they will!" said Ewart; "and you have been the informer, I suppose?"

"Yes; I have been ill paid for my service among the

Redgauntlets—have scarce got dog's wages—and been treated worse than ever dog was used. I have the old fox and his cubs in the same trap now, Nanty; and we'll see how a certain young lady will look then. You see I am frank with you, Nanty."

"And I will be as frank with you," said the smuggler. "You are a d—d old scoundrel—traitor to the man whose bread you eat! Me help to betray poor devils, that have been so often betrayed myself!—Not if they were a hundred Popes, Devils, and Pretenders. I will back and tell them their danger—they are part of cargo—regularly invoiced—put under my charge by the owners—I'll hack——"

"You are not stark mad?" said Nixon, who now saw he had miscalculated in supposing Nanty's wild ideas of honour and fidelity could be shaken even by resentment, or by his Protestant partialities. "You shall not go back—it is all a joke."

"I'll back to Redgauntlet, and see whether it is a joke he will laugh at."

"My life is lost if you do," said Nixon—"hear reason."

They were in a clump or cluster of tall furze at the moment they were speaking, about half way between the pier and the house, but not in a direct line, from which Nixon, whose object it was to gain time, had induced Ewart to diverge insensibly.

He now saw the necessity of taking a desperate resolution. "Hear reason," he said; and added, as Nanty still endeavoured to pass him, "Or else hear this!" discharging a pocket-pistol into the unfortunate man's body.

Nanty staggered, but kept his feet. "It has cut my back-bone asunder," he said; "you have done me the last good office, and I will not die ungrateful."

As he uttered the last words, he collected his remaining strength, stood firm for an instant, drew his hanger, and, fetching a stroke with both hands, cut Cristal Nixon down. The blow, struck with all the energy of a desperate and

dying man, exhibited a force to which Ewart's exhausted frame might have seemed inadequate;—it cleft the hat which the wretch wore, though secured by a plate of iron within the lining, bit deep into his skull, and there left a fragment of the weapon, which was broke by the fury of the blow.

One of the seamen of the lugger, who strolled up, attracted by the firing of the pistol, though, being a small one, the report was very trifling, found both the unfortunate men stark dead. Alarmed at what he saw, which he conceived to have been the consequence of some unsuccessful engagement betwixt his late commander and a revenue officer (for Nixon chanced not to be personally known to him), the sailor hastened back to the boat, in order to apprize his comrades of Nanty's fate, and to advise them to take off themselves and the vessel.

Meantime Redgauntlet, having, as we have seen, despatched Nixon for the purpose of securing a retreat for the unfortunate Charles in case of extremity, returned to the apartment where he had left the Wanderer. He now found him alone.

"Sir Richard Glendale," said the unfortunate Prince, "with his young friend, has gone to consult their adherents now in the house. Redgauntlet, my friend, I will not blame you for the circumstances in which I find myself, though I am at once placed in danger, and rendered contemptible. But you ought to have stated to me more strongly the weight which these gentlemen attached to their insolent proposition. You should have told me that no compromise would have any effect—that they desired not a Prince to govern them, but one, on the contrary, over whom they were to exercise restraint on all occasions, from the highest affairs of the state, down to the most intimate and private concerns of his own privacy, which the most ordinary men desire to keep secret and sacred from interference."

"God knows," said Redgauntlet, in much agitation, "I acted for the best when I pressed your Majesty to come hither—I never thought that your Majesty, at such a crisis, would have scrupled, when a kingdom was in view, to sacrifice an attachment, which——"

"Peace, sir!" said Charles; "it is not for you to estimate my feelings upon such a subject."

Redgauntlet coloured high, and bowed profoundly. "At least," he resumed, "I hoped that some middle way might be found, and it shall—and must—Come with me, nephew. We will to these gentlemen, and I am confident I will bring back heart-stirring tidings."

"I will do much to comply with them, Redgauntlet. I am loath, having again set my foot on British land, to quit it without a blow for my right. But this which they demand of me is a degradation, and compliance is impossible."

Redgauntlet, followed by his nephew, the unwilling spectator of this extraordinary scene, left once more the apartment of the adventurous Wanderer, and hurried towards the place where the Jacobite gentlemen were holding their council, and Darsie followed him, in the hope that the obstacle which had arisen to the prosecution of their desperate adventure would prove unsurmountable, and spare him the necessity of a dangerous and violent rupture with his uncle. The discussions among them were very eager; the more daring part of the conspirators, who had little but life to lose, being desirous to proceed at all hazards; while the others, whom a sense of honour and a hesitation to disavow long-cherished principles had brought forward, were perhaps not ill satisfied to have a fair apology for declining an adventure, into which they had entered with more of reluctance than zeal.

Suddenly attention was called to a loud noise at the door, where a crowd had been assembled in consequence of the appalling cry that the enemy were upon them,

occasioned, as it afterwards proved, by some stragglers having at length discovered the dead bodies of Nanty Ewart and of Nixon.

The principal persons in the enterprise, whose conclave had been disturbed by this alarming incident, were now assembled in great confusion, and had been joined by the Chevalier himself.

"Only a mutiny amo[illegible] these smuggling scoundrels," said Redgauntlet.

"*Only* a mutiny, do you say?" said Sir Richard Glendale; "and the lugger, the last hope of escape for"—he looked towards Charles—"stands out to sea under a press of sail!"

"Do not concern yourself about me," said the unfortunate Prince; "this is not the worst emergency in which it has been my lot to stand; and if it were, I fear it not. Shift for yourselves, my lords and gentlemen."

"No, never!" said the young Lord ——. "Our only hope now is in an honourable resistance."

"Most true," said Redgauntlet; "let despair renew the union amongst us which accident disturbed. I give my voice for displaying the royal banner instantly, and——"

As if in echo to his thoughts, the violin of the blind man was heard, playing with spirit, "The Campbells are coming," a celebrated clan-march.

"The Campbells are coming in earnest," said MacKellar; "they are upon us with the whole battalion from Carlisle."

There was a silence of dismay, and two or three of the company began to drop out of the room.

Lord —— spoke with the generous spirit of a young English nobleman. "If we have been fools, do not let us be cowards. We have one here more precious than us all, and come hither on our warrantry—let us save him at least."

"True, most true," answered Sir Richard Glendale. "Let the King be first cared for."

"That shall be my business," said Redgauntlet; "if we have but time to bring back the brig, all will be well—I will instantly despatch a party in a fishing skiff to bring her to."—He gave his commands to two or three of the most active among his followers.—"Let him be once on board," he said, "and there are enough of us to stand to arms and cover his retreat."

"Right, right," said Sir Richard, "and I will look to points which can be made defensible; and the old powder-plot boys could not have made a more desperate resistance than we shall.—Redgauntlet," continued he, "I see some of our friends are looking pale; but methinks your nephew has more mettle in his eye now than when we were in cold deliberation, with danger at a distance."

"It is the way of our house," said Redgauntlet; "our courage ever kindles highest on the losing side. I, too, feel that the catastrophe I have brought on must not be survived by its author. Let me first," he said, addressing Charles, "see your Majesty's sacred person in such safety as can now be provided for it, and then——"

"You may spare all considerations concerning me, gentlemen," again repeated Charles; "yon mountain of Criffel shall fly as soon as I will."

Most threw themselves at his feet with weeping and entreaty; some one or two slunk in confusion from the apartment, and were heard riding off. Unnoticed in such a scene, Darsie, his sister, and Fairford, drew together, and held each other by the hands, as those who, when a vessel is about to founder in the storm, determine to take their chance of life and death together.

Amid this scene of confusion, a gentleman, plainly dressed in a riding-habit, with a black cockade in his hat, but without any arms except a *couteau de-chasse*, walked into the apartment without ceremony. He was a tall, thin, gentlemanly man, with a look and bearing decidedly military. He had passed through their guards, if in the

confusion they now maintained any, without stop or question, and now stood, almost unarmed, among armed men, who, nevertheless, gazed on him as on the angel of destruction.

"You look coldly on me, gentlemen," he said. "Sir Richard Glendale—my Lord——, we were not always such strangers. Ha, Pate-in-Peril, how is it with you? and you, too, Ingoldsby—I must not call you by any other name—why do you receive an old friend so coldly? But you guess my errand."

"And are prepared for it, General," said Redgauntlet; "we are not men to be penned up like sheep for the slaughter."

"Pshaw! you take it too seriously—let me speak but one word with you."

"No words can shake our purpose," said Redgauntlet, "were your whole command, as I suppose is the case, drawn round the house."

"I am certainly not unsupported," said the General; "but if you would hear me——"

"Hear *me*, sir," said the Wanderer, stepping forward; "I suppose I am the mark you aim at—I surrender myself willingly, to save these gentlemen's danger—let this at least avail in their favour."

An exclamation of "Never, never!" broke from the little body of partisans, who threw themselves round the unfortunate Prince, and would have seized or struck down Campbell, had it not been that he remained with his arms folded, and a look, rather indicating impatience because they would not hear him, than the least apprehension of violence at their hand.

At length he obtained a moment's silence. "I do not," he said, "know this gentleman"—(Making a profound bow to the unfortunate Prince)—"I do not wish to know him; it is a knowledge which would suit neither of us."

"Our ancestors, nevertheless, have been well acquainted,"

said Charles, unable to suppress, even in that hour of dread and danger, the painful recollections of fallen royalty.

"In one word, General Campbell," said Redgauntlet, "is it to be peace or war?—You are a man of honour, and we can trust you."

"I thank you, sir," said the General; "and I reply, that the answer to your question rests with yourself. Come, do not be fools, gentlemen; there was perhaps no great harm meant or intended by your gathering together in this obscure corner, for a bear-bait or a cock-fight, or whatever other amusement you may have intended; but it was a little imprudent, considering how you stand with government, and it has occasioned some anxiety. Exaggerated accounts of your purpose have been laid before government by the information of a traitor in your own counsels; and I was sent down post to take the command of a sufficient number of troops, in case these calumnies should be found to have any real foundation. I have come here, of course, sufficiently supported both with cavalry and infantry, to do whatever might be necessary; but my commands are—and I am sure they agree with my inclination—to make no arrests, nay, to make no further enquiries of any kind, if the good assembly will consider their own interest so far as to give up their immediate purpose, and return quietly home to their own houses."

"What!—all?" exclaimed Sir Richard Glendale—"all, without exception?"

"ALL, without one single exception," said the General: "such are my orders. If you accept my terms, say so, and make haste; for things may happen to interfere with his Majesty's kind purposes towards you all."

"His Majesty's kind purposes!" said the Wanderer. "Do I hear you aright, sir?"

"I speak the King's very words, from his very lips," replied the General. "'I will,' said his Majesty, 'deserve the confidence of my subjects by reposing my security in

the fidelity of the millions who acknowledge my title—in the good sense and prudence of the few who continue, from the errors of education, to disown it.'—His Majesty will not even believe that the most zealous Jacobites who yet remain can nourish a thought of exciting a civil war, which must be fatal to their families and themselves, besides spreading bloodshed and ruin through a peaceful land. He cannot even believe of his kinsman, that he would engage brave and generous, though mistaken men, in an attempt which must ruin all who have escaped former calamities; and he is convinced, that, did curiosity or any other motive lead that person to visit this country, he would soon see it was his wisest course to return to the continent; and his Majesty compassionates his situation too much to offer any obstacle to his doing so."

"Is this real?" said Redgauntlet. "Can you mean this?—Am I—are all, are any of these gentlemen at liberty, without interruption, to embark in yonder brig, which, I see, is now again approaching the shore?"

"You, sir—all—any of the gentlemen present," said the General,—"all whom the vessel can contain, are at liberty to embark uninterrupted by me; but I advise none to go off who have not powerful reasons, unconnected with the present meeting, for this will be remembered against no one."

"Then, gentlemen," said Redgauntlet, clasping his hands together as the words burst from him, "the cause is lost for ever!"

General Campbell turned away to the window, as if to avoid hearing what they said. Their consultation was but momentary; for the door of escape which thus opened was as unexpected as the exigence was threatening.

"We have your word of honour for our protection," said Sir Richard Glendale, "if we dissolve our meeting in obedience to your summons?"

"You have, Sir Richard," answered the General.

"And I also have your promise," said Redgauntlet, "that I may go on board yonder vessel, with any friend whom I may choose to accompany me?"

"Not only that, Mr. Ingoldsby—or I *will* call you Redgauntlet once more—you may stay in the offing for a tide, until you are joined by any person who may remain at Fairladies. After that, there will be a sloop of war on the station, and I need not say your condition will then become perilous."

"Perilous it should not be, General Campbell," said Redgauntlet, "or more perilous to others than to us, if others thought as I do even in this extremity."

"You forget yourself, my friend," said the unhappy Adventurer; "you forget that the arrival of this gentleman only puts the cope-stone on our already adopted resolution to abandon our bull-fight, or by whatever other wild name this headlong enterprise may be termed. I bid you farewell, unfriendly friends—I bid *you* farewell," (bowing to the General,) "my friendly foe—I leave this strand as I landed upon it, alone, and to return no more!"

"Not alone," said Redgauntlet, "while there is blood in the veins of my father's son."

"Not alone," said the other gentlemen present, stung with feelings which almost overpowered the better reasons under which they had acted. "We will not disown our principles, or see your person endangered."

"If it be only your purpose to see the gentleman to the beach," said General Campbell, "I will myself go with you. My presence among you, unarmed, and in your power, will be a pledge of my friendly intentions, and will overawe, should such be offered, any interruption on the part of officious persons."

"Be it so," said the Adventurer, with the air of a Prince to a subject; not of one who complied with the request of an enemy too powerful to be resisted.

They left the apartment—they left the house—an un-

authenticated and dubious, but appalling, sensation of terror had already spread itself among the inferior retainers, who had so short time before strutted, and bustled, and thronged the doorway and the passages. A report had arisen, of which the origin could not be traced, of troops advancing towards the spot in considerable numbers; and men who, for one reason or other, were most of them amenable to the arm of power, had either shrunk into stables or corners, or fled the place entirely. There was solitude on the landscape, excepting the small party which now moved towards the rude pier, where a boat lay manned, agreeably to Redgauntlet's orders previously given.

The last heir of the Stewarts leant on Redgauntlet's arm as they walked towards the beach; for the ground was rough, and he no longer possessed the elasticity of limb and of spirit which had, twenty years before, carried him over many a Highland hill, as light as one of their native deer. His adherents followed, looking on the ground, their feelings struggling against the dictates of their reason.

General Campbell accompanied them with an air of apparent ease and indifference, but watching, at the same time, and no doubt with some anxiety, the changing features of those who acted in this extraordinary scene.

Halfway betwixt the house and the beach, they saw the bodies of Nanty Ewart and Cristal Nixon blackening in the sun.

"That was your informer?" said Redgauntlet, looking back to General Campbell, who only nodded his assent.

"Caitiff wretch!" exclaimed Redgauntlet;—"and yet the name were better bestowed on the fool who could be misled by thee."

"That sound broadsword cut," said the General, "has saved us the shame of rewarding a traitor."

They arrived at the place of embarkation. The Prince stood a moment with folded arms, and looked around him in deep silence. A paper was then slipped into his hands

—he looked at it, and said, "I find the two friends I have left at Fairladies are apprized of my destination, and propose to embark from Bowness. I presume this will not be an infringement of the conditions under which you have acted?"

"Certainly not," answered General Campbell; "they shall have all facility to join you."

"I wish, then," said Charles, "only another companion. —Redgauntlet, the air of this country is as hostile to you as it is to me. These gentlemen have made their peace, or rather they have done nothing to break it. But you—come you, and share my home where chance shall cast it. We shall never see these shores again; but we will talk of them, and of our disconcerted hull-fight."

"I follow you, Sire, through life," said Redgauntlet, "as I would have followed you to death. Permit me one moment."

The Prince then looked round, and seeing the abashed countenances of the other adherents bent upon the ground, he hastened to say, "Do not think that you, gentlemen, have obliged me less because your zeal was mingled with prudence, entertained, I am sure, more on my own account, and on that of your country, than from selfish apprehensions."

He stepped from one to another, and, amid sobs and bursting tears, received the adieus of the last remnant which had hitherto supported his lofty pretensions, and addressed them individually with accents of tenderness and affection.

The General drew a little aloof, and signed to Redgauntlet to speak with him while this scene proceeded. "It is now all over," he said, "and Jacobite will be henceforward no longer a party name. When you tire of foreign parts, and wish to make your peace, let me know. Your restless zeal alone has impeded your pardon hitherto."

"And now I shall not need it," said Redgauntlet. "I leave England for ever; but I am not displeased that you

should hear my family adieus.—Nephew, come hither. In presence of General Campbell, I tell you, that though to breed you up in my own political opinions has been for many years my anxious wish, I am now glad that it could not be accomplished. You pass under the service of the reigning Monarch without the necessity of changing your allegiance—a change, however," he added, looking around him, "which sits more easy on honourable men than I could have anticipated; but some wear the badge of their loyalty on the sleeve, and others in the heart. You will, from henceforth, be uncontrolled master of all the property of which forfeiture could not deprive your father—of all that belonged to him excepting this, his good sword," (laying his hand on the weapon he wore,) "which shall never fight for the House of Hanover: and as my hand will never draw weapon more, I shall sink it forty fathoms deep in the wide ocean."

The unfortunate Charles Edward had now given his last adieus to his downcast adherents. He made a sign with his hand to Redgauntlet, who came to assist him into the skiff. General Campbell also offered his assistance; the rest appearing too much affected by the scene which had taken place to prevent him.

"You are not sorry, General, to do me this last act of courtesy," said the Chevalier; "and, on my part, I thank you for it. You have taught me the principle on which men on the scaffold feel forgiveness and kindness even for their executioner.—Farewell!"

They were seated in the boat, which presently pulled off from the land. The Oxford divine broke out into a loud benediction, in terms which General Campbell was too generous to criticise at the time, or to remember afterwards; nay, it is said, that, Whig and Campbell as he was, he could not help joining in the universal Amen which resounded from the shore.

—SIR W. SCOTT: *Redgauntlet.*

XXXIV

No Popery

THE mob who followed Lord George Gordon in 1780, was divided into four divisions: the London, the Westminster, the Southwark, and the Scotch. Each of these divisions being subdivided into various bodies, and these bodies being drawn up in various forms and figures, the general arrangement was, except to the few chiefs and leaders, as unintelligible as the plan of a great battle to the meanest soldier in the field. It was not without its method, however; for, in a very short space of time after being put in motion, the crowd had resolved itself into three great parties, and were prepared, as had been arranged, to cross the river by different bridges, and make for the House of Commons in separate detachments.

At the head of that division which had Westminster Bridge for its approach to the scene of action, Lord George Gordon took his post, with his secretary, Gashford, at his right hand, and sundry ruffians, of most unpromising appearance, forming a kind of staff about him. The conduct of a second party, whose route lay by Blackfriars, was intrusted to a committee of management, including perhaps a dozen men; while the third, which was to go by London Bridge, and through the main streets, in order that their numbers and their serious intentions might be better known and appreciated by the citizens, were led by Simon Tappertit (assisted by a few subalterns, selected from the Brotherhood of United Bulldogs), Dennis the hangman, Hugh, and some others.

The word of cnmmand being given, each of these great bodies took the road assigned to it, and departed on its way in perfect order and prnfound silence. That which went through the City greatly exceeded the others in number, and was of such prodigious extent, that when the rear began to move, the front was nearly fonr miles in advance, notwithstanding that the men marched three abreast and followed very close upon each other.

At the head of this party, in the place where Hugh, in the madness of his humour, had stationed him, and walking between that dangerous companion and the hangman, went Barnaby, as many a man among the thousands who looked nn that day afterwards remembered well. Forgetful of all nther things in the ecstasy of the moment, his face flushed and his eyes sparkling with delight, heedless of the weight of the great banner he carried, and mindful only of its flashing in the sun and rustling in the summer breeze, on he went, proud, happy, elated past all telling—the only light-hearted, undesigning creature in the whole assembly.

"What do you think of this?" asked Hugh, as they passed through the crowded streets and looked up at the windows which were thronged with spectators. "They have all turned out to see our flags and streamers, eh, Barnaby? Why, Barnahy's the greatest man of all the pack! His flag's the largest of the lot, the brightest, too. There's nothing in the show like Barnaby. All eyes are turned on him. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't make that din, brother," growled the hangman, glancing with no very apprnving eyes at Barnaby as he spoke. "I hope he don't think there's nothing to be done but carrying that there piece of blue rag, like a boy at a breaking up. You're ready for action, I hope, eh? You, I mean," he added, nudging Barnaby roughly with his elbow. "What are you staring at? Why don't you speak?"

Barnaby had been gazing at his flag, and looked vacantly from his questioner to Hugh.

"He don't understand your way," said the latter. "Here, I'll explain it to him. "Barnaby, old boy, attend to me."

"I'll attend," said Barnaby, looking anxiously round; "but I wish I could see her somewhere."

"See who?" demanded Dennis in a gruff tone. "You an't in love, I hope, brother? That an't the sort of thing for us, you know. We mustn't have no love here."

"She would be proud indeed to see me now, eh, Hugh?" said Barnaby. "Wouldn't it make her glad to see me at the head of this large show? She'd cry for joy, I know she would. Where *can* she be? She never sees me at my best, and what do I care to be gay and fine if *she's* not by?"

"Why, what palaver's this?" asked Mr. Dennis with supreme disdain. "We an't got no sentimental members among us, I hope."

"Don't be uneasy, brother," cried Hugh; "he's only talking of his mother."

"Of his what?" said Mr. Dennis, with a strong oath.

"His mother."

"And have I combined myself with this here section, and turned out on this here memorable day, to hear men talk about their mothers?" growled Mr. Dennis with extreme disgust. "The notion of a man's sweetheart's bad enough; but a man's mother!" and here his disgust was so extreme that he spat upon the ground and could say no more.

"Barnaby's right," cried Hugh with a grin, "and I say it. Lookee, bold lad. If she's not here to see, it's because I've provided for her, and sent half a dozen gentlemen, every one of 'em with a blue flag (but not half as fine as yours), to take her in state to a grand house all hung round with gold and silver banners, and everything else you please, where she'll wait till you come, and want for nothing."

"Ay!" said Barnaby, his face beaming with delight. "have you indeed? That's a good hearing! That's fine! Kind Hugh!"

"But nothing to what will come, bless you," retorted Hugh, with a wink at Dennis, who regarded his new companion in arms with great astonishment.

"No, indeed!" cried Barnaby.

"Nothing at all," said Hugh. "Money, cocked hats and feathers, red coats and gold lace—all the fine things there are, ever were, or will be—will belong to us if we are true to that noble gentleman—the best man in the world—carry our flags for a few days, and keep 'em safe. That's all we've got to do."

"Is that all?" cried Barnaby with glistening eyes, as he clutched his pole the tighter. "I warrant you I keep this one safe, then. You have put it in good hands. You know me, Hugh? Nobody shall wrest this flag away."

"Well said," cried Hugh. "Ha, ha! Nobly said! That's the old stout Barnaby, that I've climbed and leaped with many and many a day! I knew I was not mistaken in Barnaby. Don't you see, man," he added in a whisper, as he slipped to the other side of Dennis, "that the lad's a natural, and can be got to do anything if you take him the right way? Letting alone the fun he is, he's worth a dozen men, in earnest, as you'd find if you tried a fall with him. Leave him to me. You shall soon see whether he's of use or not."

Mr. Dennis received these explanatory remarks with many nods and winks, and softened his behaviour towards Barnaby from that moment. Hugh, laying his finger on his nose, stepped back into his former place, and they proceeded in silence.

It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon when the three great parties met at Westminster, and, uniting into one huge mass, raised a tremendous shout. This was not only done in token of their presence, but as a signal to those on whom the task devolved that it was time to take possession of the lobbies of both Houses, and of the various avenues of approach, and of the gallery stairs.

To the last-named place, Hugh and Dennis, still with their pupil between them, rushed straightway; Barnaby having given his flag into the hands of one of their own party, who kept them at the outer door. Their followers pressing on behind, they were borne as on a great wave to the very doors of the gallery, whence it was impossible to retreat, even if they had been so inclined, by reason of the throng which choked up the passages. It is a familiar expression in describing a great crowd, that a person might have walked upon the people's heads. In this case it was actually done, for a boy who had by some means got among the concourse, and was in imminent danger of suffocation, climbed to the shoulders of a man beside him, and walked upon the people's hats and heads into the open street; traversing in his passage the whole length of two staircases and a long gallery. Nor was the swarm without less dense; for a basket, which had been tossed into the crowd, was jerked from head to head, and shoulder to shoulder, and went spinning and whirling on above them, until it was lost to view, without ever once falling in among them or coming near the ground.

Through this vast throng, sprinkled, doubtless, here and there with honest zealots, but composed for the most part of the very scum and refuse of London, whose growth was fostered by bad criminal laws, bad prison regulations, and the worst conceivable police, such of the members of both Houses of Parliament as had not taken the precaution to be already at their posts, were compelled to fight and force their way. Their carriages were stopped and broken; the wheels wrenched off, the glasses shivered to atoms, the panels beaten in; drivers, footmen, and masters pulled from their seats and rolled in the mud. Lords, commoners, and reverend bishops, with little distinction of person or party, were kicked, and pinched, and hustled, passed from hand to hand through various stages of ill-usage, and sent to their fellow-senators at last with their clothes hanging in

ribbons about them, their bagwigs torn off, themselves speechless and breathless, and their persons covered with the powder which had been cuffed and beaten out of their hair. One lord was so long in the hands of the populace, that the peers as a body resolved to sally forth and rescue him, and were in the act of doing so, when he happily appeared among them covered with dirt and bruises, and hardly to be recognised by those who knew him best. The noise and uproar were on the increase every moment. The air was filled with execrations, hoots, and howlings. The mob raged and roared, like a mad monster as it was, unceasingly, and each new outrage served to swell its fury.

Within doors, matters were even yet more threatening. Lord George—preceded by a man who carried the immense petition on a porter's knot through the lobby to the door of the House of Commons, where it was received by two officers of the House, who rolled it up to the table ready for presentation—had taken his seat at an early hour, before the Speaker went to prayers. His followers pouring in at the same time, the lobby and all the avenues were immediately filled, as we have seen. Thus the members were not only attacked in their passage through the streets, but were set upon within the very walls of Parliament; while the tumult, both within and without, was so great, that those who attempted to speak could scarcely hear their own voices; far less consult upon the course it would be wise to take in such extremity, or animate each other to dignified and firm resistance. So sure as any member, just arrived, with dress disordered and dishevelled hair, came struggling through the crowd in the lobby, it yelled and screamed in triumph; and when the door of the House partially and cautiously opened by those within for his admission, gave them a momentary glimpse of the interior, they grew more wild and savage, like beasts at the sight of prey, and made a rush against the portal, which strained

its locks and bolts in their staples and shook the very beams.

The strangers' gallery, which was immediately above the door of the House, had been ordered to be closed on the first rumour of disturbance, and was empty; save that now and then Lord George took his seat there, for the convenience of coming to the head of the stairs which led to it, and repeating to the people what had passed within. It was on these stairs that Barnaby, Hugh, and Dennis were posted. There were two flights, short, steep, and narrow, running parallel to each other, and leading to two little doors communicating with a low passage which opened on the gallery. Between them was a kind of well, or unglazed skylight, for the admission of light and air into the lobby, which might be some eighteen or twenty feet below.

Upon one of these little staircases not that at the head of which Lord George appeared from time to time, but the other—Gashford stood with his elbow on the banister, and his cheek resting on his hand, with his usual crafty aspect. Whenever he varied this attitude in the slightest degree—so much as by the gentlest motion of his arm—the uproar was certain to increase, not merely there, but in the lobby below; from which place, no doubt, some man who acted as fugleman to the rest was constantly looking up and watching him.

"Order!" cried Hugh, in a voice which made itself heard even above the roar and tumult, as Lord George appeared at the top of the staircase. "News! News from my lord!"

The noise continued, notwithstanding his appearance, until Gashford looked round. There was silence immediately—even among the people in the passages without, and on the other staircases, who could neither see nor hear, but to whom, notwithstanding, the signal was conveyed with marvellous rapidity.

"Gentlemen," said Lord George, who was very pale and

agitated, "we must be firm. They talk of delays, but we must have no delays. They talk of taking your petition into consideration next Tuesday, but we must have it considered now. Present appearances look bad for our success, but we must succeed and will!"

"We must succeed and will!" echoed the crowd. And so among their shouts and cheers and other cries, he bowed to them and retired, and presently came back again. There was another gesture from Gashford, and a dead silence directly.

"I am afraid," he said, this time, "that we have little reason, gentlemen, to hope for any redress from the proceedings of Parliament. But we must redress our own grievances, we must meet again, we must put our trust in Providence, and it will bless our endeavours."

This speech being a little more temperate than the last, was not so favourably received. When the noise and exasperation were at their height, he came back once more, and told them that the alarm had gone forth for many miles round; that when the king heard of their assembling together in that great body, he had no doubt His Majesty would send down private orders to have their wishes complied with; and—with the manner of his speech as childish, irresolute, and uncertain as his matter—was proceeding further, when two gentlemen suddenly appeared at the door where he stood, and pressing past him and coming a step or two lower down upon the stairs, confronted the people.

The boldness of this action quite took them by surprise. They were not the less disconcerted when one of the gentlemen, turning to Lord George, spoke thus—in a loud voice that they might hear him well, but quite coolly and collectedly,—

"You may tell these people, if you please, my lord, that I am General Conway of whom they have heard; and that I oppose this petition and all their proceedings, and yours. I am a soldier, you may tell them, and I will protect the

freedom of this place with my sword. You see, my lord, that the members of this House are all in arms to-day; you know that the entrance to it is a narrow one; you cannot be ignorant that there are men within these walls who are determined to defend that pass to the last, and before whom many lives must fall if your adherents persevere. Have a care what you do."

"And, my Lord George," said the other gentleman, addressing him in like manner, "I desire them to hear this, from me—Colonel Gordon—your near relation, if a man among this crowd, whose uproar strikes us deaf, crosses the threshold of the House of Commons, I swear to run my sword that moment—not into his, but into your body!"

With that, they stepped back again, keeping their faces towards the crowd, took each an arm of the misguided nobleman, drew him into the passage, and shut the door; which they directly locked and fastened on the inside.

This was so quickly done, and the demeanour of both gentlemen—who were not young men either—was so gallant and resolute, that the crowd faltered and stared at each other with irresolute and timid looks. Many tried to turn towards the door; some of the faintest-hearted cried they had best go back, and called to those behind to give way; and the panic and confusion were increasing rapidly, when Gashford whispered Hugh.

"What now!" Hugh roared aloud, turning towards them. "Why go back? Where can you do better than here, boys? One good rush against these doors and one below at the same time, will do the business. Rush on, then! As to the door below, let those stand back who are afraid. Let those who are not afraid, try who shall be the first to pass it. Here goes! Look out down there!"

Without the delay of an instant, he threw himself headlong over the banisters into the lobby below. He had hardly touched the ground when Barnaby was at his side. The chaplain's assistant, and some members who were

imploring the people to retire, immediately withdrew; and then with a great shout both crowds threw themselves against the doors pell-mell, and besieged the house in earnest.

At that moment, when a second onset must have brought them into collision with those who stood on the defensive within, in which case great loss of life and bloodshed would inevitably have ensued—the hindmost portion of the crowd gave way, and the rumour spread from mouth to mouth that a messenger had been despatched by water for the military, who were forming in the street. Fearful of sustaining a charge in the narrow passages in which they were so closely wedged together, the throng poured out as impetuously as they had flocked in. As the whole stream turned at once, Barnaby and Hugh went with it; and so, fighting and struggling and trampling on fallen men, and being trampled on in turn themselves, they and the whole mass floated by degrees into the open street, where a large detachment of the Guards, both horse and foot, came hurrying up, clearing the ground before them so rapidly that the people seemed to melt away as they advanced.

The word of command to halt being given, the soldiers formed across the street; the rioters, breathless and exhausted with their late exertions, formed likewise, though in a very irregular and disorderly manner. The commanding officer rode hastily into the open space between the two bodies, accompanied by a magistrate and an officer of the House of Commons, for whose accommodation a couple of troopers had hastily dismounted. The Riot Act was read, but not a man stirred.

In the first rank of the insurgents, Barnaby and Hugh stood side by side. Somebody had thrust into Barnaby's hands when he came out into the street his precious flag; which, being now rolled up and tied round the pole, looked like a giant quarterstaff as he grasped it firmly and stood upon his guard. If ever man believed with his whole heart

and soul that he was engaged in a just cause, and that he was bound to stand by his leader to the last, poor Barnaby believed it of himself and Lord George Gordon.

After an ineffectual attempt to make himself heard, the magistrate gave the word, and the Horse Guards came riding in among the crowd. But, even then, he galloped here and there, exhorting the people to disperse; and although heavy stones were thrown at the men, and some were desperately cut and bruised, they had no orders but to make prisoners of such of the rioters as were the most active, and to drive the people back with the flat of their sabres. As the horses came in among them, the throng gave way at many points, and the guards, following up their advantage, were rapidly clearing the ground, when two or three of the foremost, who were in a manner cut off from the rest by the people closing round them, made straight towards Barnaby and Hugh, who had no doubt been pointed out as the two men who dropped into the lobby; laying about them now with some effect, and inflicting on the more turbulent of their opponents a few slight flesh wounds, under the influence of which a man dropped, here and there, into the arms of his fellows, amid much groaning and confusion.

At the sight of gashed and bloody faces, seen for a moment in the crowd, then hidden by the press around them, Barnaby turned pale and sick. But he stood his ground, and grasping his pole more firmly yet, kept his eye fixed upon the nearest soldier—nodding his head meanwhile as Hugh, with a scowling visage, whispered in his ear.

The soldier came spurring on, making his horse rear as the people pressed about him, cutting at the hands of those who would have grasped his rein and forced his charger back, and waving to his comrades to follow—and still Barnaby, without retreating an inch, waited for his coming. Some called to him to fly, and some were in the very act of closing round him to prevent his being taken, when the

pole swept into the air above the people's heads, and the man's saddle was empty in an instant.

Then he and Hugh turned and fled, the crowd opening to let them pass, and closing up again so quickly that there was no clue to the course they had taken. Panting for breath, hot, dusty, and exhausted with fatigue, they reached the river-side in safety, and getting into a boat with all despatch, were soon out of any immediate danger.

As they glided down the river, they plainly heard the people cheering; and supposing they might have forced the soldiers to retreat, lay upon their oars for a few minutes, uncertain whether to return or not. But the crowd passing along Westminster Bridge soon assured them that the populace were dispersing; and Hugh rightly guessed from this that they had cheered the magistrate for offering to dismiss the military on condition of their immediate departure to their several homes, and that he and Barnaby were better where they were. He advised, therefore, that they should proceed to Blackfriars, and, going ashore at the bridge, make the best of their way to the Boot; where there was not only good entertainment and safe lodgings, but where they would certainly be joined by many of their late companions.

They landed at a critical time, and fortunately for themselves at the right moment. For, coming into Fleet Street, they found it in an unusual stir; and inquiring the cause, were told that a body of Horse Guards had just galloped past, and that they were escorting some rioters whom they had made prisoners to Newgate for safety. Not at all ill-pleased to have so narrowly escaped the cavalcade, they lost no more time in asking questions, but hurried to the Boot with as much speed as Hugh considered it prudent to make, without appearing singular or attracting an inconvenient share of public notice.

—Charles Dickens, *Barnaby Rudge.*

XXXV

The Sound of Revelry and of War

THERE never was, since the days of Darius, such a brilliant train of camp-followers as hung round the Duke of Wellington's army in the Low Countries in 1815; and led it dancing and feasting, as it were, up to the very brink of battle. A certain ball which a noble Duchess gave at Brussels on the 15th of June in the above-named year is historical. All Brussels had been in a state of excitement about it, and I have heard from ladies who were in that town at the period, that the talk and interest of persons of their own sex regarding the ball was much greater even than in respect of the enemy in their front. The struggles, intrigues, and prayers to get tickets were such as only English ladies will employ, in order to gain admission to the society of the great of their own nation.

Several who were panting to be asked, strove in vain to procure tickets; but others were more lucky. For instance, through the interest of my Lord Bareacres, Captain George Osborne of the Guards got a card for Captain and Mrs. Osborne; which circumstance greatly elated him. Captain Dobbin, who was a friend of the General commanding the division, in which their regiment was, came laughing one day to Mrs. Osborne, and displayed a similar invitation, which made Mrs. Osborne's brother Jos envious, and her husband wonder how the deuce *he* should be getting into society. Mr. and Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, finally were of

course invited; as became the friends of a General commanding a cavalry brigade.

On the appointed night, George Osborne, having commanded new dresses and ornaments of all sorts for Amelia, drove to the famous ball, where his wife did not know a single soul. After looking about for Lady Bareacres, who cut him, thinking the card was quite enough—and after placing Amelia on a bench, he left her to her own cogitations there, thinking, on his own part, that he had behaved very handsomely in getting her new clothes, and bringing her to the ball, where she was free to amuse herself as she liked. Her thoughts were not of the pleasantest, and nobody except honest Dobbin came to disturb them.

Whilst her appearance was an utter failure (as her husband felt with a sort of rage), Mrs. Rawdon Crawley's *début* was, on the contrary, very brilliant. She arrived very late. Her face was radiant; her dress perfection. In the midst of the great persons assembled, and the eye-glasses directed to her, Rebecca seemed to be as cool and collected as when she used to marshal Miss Pinkerton's little girls to church. Numbers of the men she knew already, and the dandies thronged round her. As for the ladies, it was whispered among them that Rawdon had run away with her from out of a convent, and that she was a relation of the Montmorency family. She spoke French so perfectly that there might be some truth in this report, and it was agreed that her manners were fine, and her air *distingué*. Fifty would-be partners thronged round her at once, and pressed to have the honour to dance with her. But she said she was engaged, and only going to dance very little; and made her way at once to the place where Emmy sate quite unnoticed and dismally unhappy. And so, to finish the poor child at once, Mrs. Rawdon ran and greeted affectionately her dearest Amelia, and began forthwith to patronise her. She found fault with her friend's dress, and her hairdresser, and wondered how she could be so *chaussée*, and vowed that

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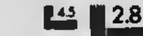
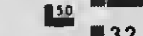
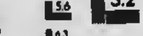
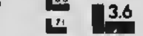
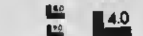
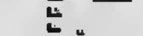

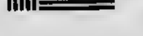
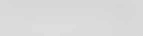

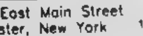
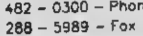

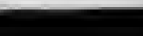
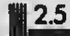
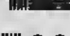
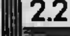

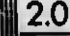

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she must send her *corsetière* the next morning. She vowed that it was a delightful ball: that there was everybody that every one knew, and only a *very* few nobodies in the whole room. It is a fact, that in a fortnight, and after three dinners in general society, this young woman had got up the genteel jargon so well, that a native could not speak it better; and it was only from her French being so good, that you could know she was not a born woman of fashion.

George danced with Rebecca twice or thrice—how many times Amelia scarcely knew. She sate quite unnoticed in her corner, except when Rawdon came up with some words of clumsy conversation: and later in the evening, when Captain Dobbin made so bold as to bring her refreshments and sit beside her. He did not like to ask her why she was so sad; but as a pretext for the tears which were filling in her eyes, she told him that Mrs. Crawley had alarmed her by telling her that George would go on playing.

At last George came back for Rebecca's shawl and flowers. She was going away. She did not even condescend to come back and say good-bye to Amelia. The poor girl let her husband come and go without saying a word, and her head fell on her breast. Dobbin had been called away, and was whispering deep in conversation with the General of the division, his friend, and had not seen this last parting. George went away then with the bouquet; but when he gave it to the owner, there lay a note, coiled like a snake among the flowers. Rebecca's eye caught it at once. She had been used to deal with notes in early life. She put out her hand and took the nosegay. He saw by her eyes as they met, that she was aware what she should find there. Her husband hurried her away, still too intent upon his own thoughts, seemingly, to take note of any marks of recognition which might pass between his friend and his wife. These were, however, but trifling. Rebecca gave George her hand with one of her usual quick, knowing glances, and made a curtsey and walked away. George

bowed over the hand, said nothing in reply to a remark of Crawley's, did not hear it even, his brain was so throbbing with triumph and excitement, and allowed them to go away without a word.

His wife saw the one part at least of the bouquet scene. It was quite natural that George should come at Rebecca's request to get her her scarf and flowers: it was no more than he had done twenty times before in the course of the last few days: but now it was too much for her. "William," she said, suddenly clinging to Dobbin, who was near her, "you've always been very kind to me—I'm—I'm not well. Take me home." She did not know she called him by his Christian name, as George was accustomed to do. He went away with her quickly. Her lodgings were hard by; and they threaded through the crowd without, where everything seemed to be more astir than even in the ballroom within. George had been angry twice or thrice at finding his wife up on his return from the parties which he frequented; so she went straight to bed now: but although she did not sleep, and although the din and clatter, and the galloping of horsemen were incessant, she never heard any of these noises, having quite other disturbances to keep her awake.

Osborne, meanwhile, wild with elation, went off to a play-table, and began to bet frantically. He won repeatedly. "Everything succeeds with me to-night," he said. But his luck at play even did not cure him of his restlessness, and he started up after a while, pocketing his winnings, and went to a buffet, where he drank off many bumpers of wine.

Here, as he was rattling away to the people around, laughing loudly and wild with spirits, Dobbin found him. He had been to the card-tables to look there for his friend. Dobbin looked as pale and grave as his comrade was flushed and jovial.

"Hullo, Dob! Come and drink, old Dob! The Duke's

wine is famous. Give me some more, you sir;" and he held out a trembling glass for the liquor.

"Come out, George," said Dobbin, still gravely; "don't drink."

"Drink! there's nothing like it. Drink yourself, and light up your lantern jaws, old boy. Here's to you."

Dobbin went up and whispered something to him, at which George, giving a start and a wild hurray, tossed off his glass, clapped it on the table, and walked away speedily on his friend's arm. "The enemy has passed the Sambre," William said, "and our left is already engaged. Come away. We are to march in three hours."

Away went George, his nerves quivering with excitement at the news so long looked for, so sudden when it came. What were love and intrigue now? He thought about a thousand things but these in his rapid walk to his quarters—his past life and future chances—the fate which might be before him—the wife, the child perhaps, from whom, unseen, he might be about to part. Oh, how he wished that night's work undone! and that with a clear conscience, at least, he might say farewell to the tender and guileless being by whose love he had set such little store!

He thought over his brief married life. In those few weeks he had frightfully dissipated his little capital. How wild and reckless he had been! Should any mischance befall him: what was then left for her? How unworthy he was of her! Why had he married her? He was not fit for marriage. Why had he disobeyed his father, who had been always so generous to him? Hope, remorse, ambition, tenderness, and selfish regret filled his heart. He sate down and wrote to his father, remembering what he had said once before, when he was engaged to fight a duel. Dawn faintly streaked the sky as he closed this farewell letter. He sealed it, and kissed the superscription. He thought how he had deserted that generous father, and of the thousand kindnesses which the stern old man had done him.

He had looked into Amelia's bedroom when he entered; she lay quiet, and her eyes seemed closed, and he was glad that she was asleep. On arriving at his quarters from the ball, he had found his regimental servant already making preparations for his departure: the man had understood his signal to be still, and these arrangements were very quickly and silently made. Should he go in and wake Amelia, he thought, or leave a note for her brother to break the news of departure to her? He went in to look at her once again.

She had been awake when he first entered her room, but had kept her eyes closed, so that even her wakefulness should not seem to reproach him. But when he had returned, so soon after herself, too, this timid little heart had felt more at ease, and turning towards him as he stept softly out of the room, she had fallen into a light sleep. George came in and looked at her again, entering still more softly. By the pale night-lamp he could see her sweet, pale face—the purple eyelids were fringed and closed, and one round arm, smooth and white, lay outside the coverlet. Good God! how pure she was; how gentle, how tender, and how friendless! and he, how selfish, brutal, and black with crime! Heart-stained, and shame-stricken, he stood at the bed's foot, and looked at the sleeping girl. How dared he—who was he, to pray for one so spotless! God bless her! God bless her! He came to the bedside, and looked at the hand, the little soft hand, lying asleep; and he bent over the pillow noiselessly towards the gentle pale face.

Two fair arms closed tenderly round his neck as he stooped down. "I am awake, George," the poor child said, with a sob fit to break the little heart that nestled so closely by his own. She was awake, poor soul, and to what! At that moment a bugle from the Place of Arms began sounding clearly, and was taken up through the town; and amidst the drums of the infantry, and the shrill pipes of the Scotch, the whole city awoke.

The bugles had wakened everybody: there was no use in concealment now. George's servant was packing in this room, Osborne coming in and out of the contiguous bedroom, flinging to the man such articles as he thought fit to carry on the campaign. And presently Dobbin had the opportunity which his heart coveted, and he got sight of Amelia's face once more. But what a face it was! So white, so wild and despair-stricken, that the remembrance of it haunted him afterwards like a crime, and the sight smote him with inexpressible pangs of longing and pity.

She was wrapped in a white morning dress, her hair falling on her shoulders, and her large eyes fixed and without light. By way of helping on the preparations for the departure, and showing that she too could be useful at a moment so critical, this poor soul had taken up a sash of George's from the drawers whereon it lay, and followed him to and fro with the sash in her hand, looking on mutely as his packing proceeded. She came out and stood, leaning against the wall, holding this sash to her bosom, from which the heavy net of crimson dropped like a large stain of blood. Our gentle-hearted captain felt a guilty shock as he looked at her. "Good God!" thought he, "and is it grief like this I dared to pry into?" And there was no help; no means to soothe and comfort this helpless, speechless misery. He stood for a moment and looked at her, powerless and torn with pity, as a parent regards an infant in pain.

At last George took Emmy's hand, and led her back into the bedroom, from whence he came out alone. The parting had taken place in that moment, and he was gone.

"Thank Heaven, that is over," George thought, bounding down the stair, his sword under his arm, as he ran swiftly to the alarm ground, where the regiment was mustered, and whither trooped men and officers were hurrying from their billets; his pulse was throbbing and his cheeks flushed: the great game of war was going to be played, and

be one of the players. What a fierce excitement of doubt, hope, and pleasure! What tremendous hazards of loss or gain! What were all the games of chance he had ever played compared to this one? Into all contests requiring athletic skill and courage, the young man, from his boyhood upwards, had flung himself with all his might. The champion of his school and his regiment, the bravos of his companions had followed him everywhere; from the boys' cricket match to the garrison races, he had won a hundred of triumphs; and wherever he went, women and men had admired and envied him. What qualities are there for which a man gets so speedy a return of applause as those of bodily superiority, activity and valour? Time out of mind strength and courage have been the theme of bards and romances; and from the story of Troy down to to-day, poetry has always chosen a soldier for a hero. I wonder is it because men are cowards in heart that they admire bravery so much, and place military valour so far beyond every other quality for reward and worship?

So, at the sound of that stirring call to battle, George jumped away from the gentle arms in which he had been dallying; not without a feeling of shame (although his wife's hold on him had been but feeble), that he should have been detained there so long. The same feeling of eagerness and excitement was amongst all those friends of his of whom we have had occasional glimpses, from the stout senior Major, who led the regiment into action, to little Stubble, the Ensign, who was to bear its colours on that day.

The sun was just rising as the march began—it was a gallant sight—the band led the column, playing the regimental march—then came the Major in command, riding upon Pyramus, his stout charger—then marched the grenadiers, their Captain at their head; in the centre were the colours, borne by the senior and junior ensigns—then George came marching at the head of his company. He

looked up, and smiled at Amelia, and passed on; and even the sound of the music died away.

The first news arrived at some ten o'clock. At that hour the clinking of a sabre might have been heard up the stair of the house where the Osbornes occupied a storey in the Continental fashion. A knock might have been heard at the kitchen door; and poor Pauline, the maid, come back from church, fainted almost with terror as she opened it and saw before her her haggard hussar. Pauline would have screamed, but that her cry would have called her masters, and discovered her friend. She stifled her scream, then, and leading her hero into the kitchen, gave him beer, and the choice bits from the dinner, which Jos had not had the heart to taste. The hussar showed he was no ghost by the prodigious quantity of flesh and beer which he devoured, and during the mouthfuls he told his tale of disaster.

His regiment had performed prodigies of courage, and had withstood for a while the onset of the whole French army. But they were overwhelmed at last, as was the whole British army by this time. Ney destroyed each regiment as it came up. The Belgians in vain interposed to prevent the butchery of the English. The Brunswickers were routed and had fled—their Duke was killed. It was a general *débâcle*. He sought to drown his sorrow for the defeat in floods of beer.

Isidor, Mr. Joseph Sedley's valet, who had come into the kitchen, heard the conversation, and rushed out to inform his master. "It is all over!" he shrieked to Jos. "Milor Duke is a prisoner; the Duke of Brunswick is killed; the British army is in full flight; there is only one man escaped, and he is in the kitchen now—come and hear him." So Jos tottered into that apartment, where Regulus still sate on the kitchen table, and clung fast to his flagon of beer. In the best French which he could muster, and which was, in sooth, of a very ungrammatical sort, Jos besought the hussar to tell

his tale. The disasters deepened as Regulus spoke. He was the only man of his regiment not slain on the field. He had seen the Duke of Brunswick fall, the black hussars fly, the Ecossais pounded down by the cannon.

"And the ——th?" gasped Jos.

"Cut in pieces," said the hussar. Upon which Pauline cried out, "Oh, my mistress! *ma bonne petite dame*," went off fairly into hysterics, and filled the house with her screams.

It was almost morning once more. But though midnight was long past, there was no rest for the city: the people were up, the lights in the houses flamed, crowds were still about the doors, and the streets were busy. Rumours of various natures went still from mouth to mouth: one report averred that the Prussians had been utterly defeated; another that it was the English who had been attacked and conquered; a third that the latter had held their ground. This last rumour gradually got strength. No Frenchmen had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army bringing reports more and more favourable; at last an aide-de-camp actually reached Brussels with despatches for the Commandant of the place, who placarded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the allies at Quatre Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after a six hours' battle. The aide-de-camp must have arrived some time while Jos Sedley was buying his horses wherewith to escape, or was inspecting his purchase. When he reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold discoursing of the news; there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge. He did not think it was necessary to tell them how he had intended to take leave of them, how he had bought horses, and what a price he had paid for them.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety of those they loved. Amelia, at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors reached their paroxysm; and the poor girl, who for many hours had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysteric insanity—a piteous sight. No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off—where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave—no man suffered more keenly than this poor, harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter female companion, and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where everybody still lingered, and talked, and waited for more news.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Waggons and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town; ghastly groans came from within them, and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of these carriages with a painful curiosity—the moans of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. "Stop! Stop!" a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley's hotel.

"It is George, I know it is!" cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose-flowing hair. It was not George, however, but it was the next best thing: it was news of him. It was poor Tom Stubble, who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colours of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young Ensign in the leg,

who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

"Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley!" cried the boy faintly, and Jos came up, almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand. "I'm to be taken in here," he said. "Osborne and—and Dobbin said I was; and you are to give the man two Napoleons: my mother will pay you." This young fellow's thoughts during the long, feverish hours passed in the cart, had been wandering to his father's parsonage, which he had quitted only a few months before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large, and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young Ensign was conveyed upstairs to Osborne's quarters. Amelia and the Major's wife had rushed down to him when the latter had recognised him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their husbands were safe; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend's neck, and embraced her: in what a grateful passion of prayer she fell on her knees, and thanked the Power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have had no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any physician than that which chance put in her way. She and Mrs. O'Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe, and in the duty thus forced upon her, Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself up to her own fears and forebodings, after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the actions of our friends of the gallant ——th. They

had suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men. The Major's horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that O'Dowd was gone, and that Dobbin had got his majority, until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the Major was discovered seated on Pyramus's carcass, refreshing himself from a case-bottle. It was Captain Osborne that cut down the French lancer who had speared the Ensign. Amelia turned so pale at the notion, that Mrs. O'Dowd stopped the young Ensign in his story. And it was Captain Dobbin who at the end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart which was to bring him back to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would make his way to Mr. Sedley's hotel in the city, and tell Mrs. Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well.

In tending her patient, and in thinking of the wonderful escapes of the day before, her second day passed away not too slowly with Amelia. There was only one man in the army for her; and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the streets fell very vaguely on her ears: though they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet. The French had been repulsed certainly, but it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a division of the French army. The Emperor, with the main body, was away at Ligny, where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the allies. The Duke of Wellington was retreating upon the capital, and a great battle must be fought under its walls probably, of which the chances were more than doubtful. The Duke of Wellington had but twenty thousand British troops on whom he could rely, for the Germans were raw militia, the Belgians disaffected; and

with this handful his Grace had to resist a hundred and fifty thousand men that had broken into Belgium under Napoleon. Under Napoleon! What warrior was there, however famous and skilful, that could fight at odds with him?

Jos Sedley thought of all these things, and trembled. So did all the rest of Brussels—where people felt that the fight of the day before was but the prelude to the greater combat which was imminent. One of the armies opposed to the Emperor was scattered to the winds already. The few English that could be brought to resist him would perish at their posts, and the conqueror would pass over their bodies into the city. Woe be to those whom he found there! Addresses were prepared, public functionaries assembled and debated secretly, apartments were got ready, and tricoloured banners and triumphal emblems manufactured, to welcome the arrival of His Majesty the Emperor and King.

The next day was a Sunday. And Mrs. Major O'Dowd had the satisfaction of seeing both her patients refreshed in health and spirits, by some rest which they had taken during the night. She herself had slept on a great chair in Amelia's room, ready to wait upon her poor friend or the Ensign, should either need her nursing. When morning came, this robust woman went back to the house where she and her major had their billet; and here performed an elaborate and splendid toilette, befitting the day. And it is very possible that whilst alone in that chamber, which her husband had inhabited, and where his cap still lay on the pillow, and his cane stood in the corner, one prayer, at least, was sent up to Heaven for the welfare of the brave soldier, Michael O'Dowd.

All that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval.

The tale is in every Englishman's mouth: and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honour.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last: the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all—unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line—the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

The news of the great fights of Quatre Bras and Waterloo reached England at the same time. The *Gazette* first published the result of the two battles, at which glorious intelligence all England thrilled with triumph and fear. Particulars then followed; and after the announcement of the victories came the list of the wounded and the slain. Who can tell the dread with which that catalogue was opened and read! Fancy, at every village and homestead almost through the three kingdoms, the great news coming of the battles in Flanders, and the feelings of exultation and gratitude, bereavement and sickening dismay, when the lists of the regimental losses were gone through, and it became known whether the dear friend and relative had escaped or fallen. Anybody who will take the trouble of looking back to a file of the newspapers of the time must, even now, feel at second-hand this breathless pause of expectation. The lists of casualties are carried on from day to day: you stop in the midst as in a story which is to be continued in our next. Think what the feelings must have been as those papers followed each other fresh from the press; and if such an interest could be felt in our country, and about a battle where but twenty thousand of our people were engaged, think of the condition of Europe for twenty years before, where people were fighting, not by thousands, but by millions, each one of whom, as he struck his enemy, wounded horribly some other innocent heart far away.

The news which that famous *Gazette* brought to the Osbornes gave a dreadful shock to the family and its chief. The girls indulged unrestrained in their grief. The gloom-stricken old father was still more borne down by his fate and sorrow.

Whatever his sensations might have been, however, the stern old man would have no confidant. He never mentioned his son's name to his daughters; but ordered the elder to place all the females of the establishment in mourning, and desired that the male servants should be similarly attired in deep black.

About three weeks after the 18th of June, Mr. Osborne's acquaintance, Sir William Dobbin, called at Mr. Osborne's house in Russell Square, with a very pale and agitated face, and insisted upon seeing that gentleman. Ushered into his room, and after a few words, which neither the speaker nor the host understood, the former produced from an enclosure a letter sealed with a large red seal. "My son, Major Dobbin," the Alderman said, with some hesitation, "despatched me a letter by an officer of the ——th, who arrived in town to-day. My son's letter contains one for you, Osborne." The Alderman placed the letter on the table, and Osborne stared at him for a moment or two in silence. His looks frightened the ambassador, who, after looking guiltily for a little time at the grief-stricken man, hurried away without another word.

The letter was in George's well-known bold handwriting. It was that one which he had written before daybreak on the 16th of June, and just before he took leave of Amelia. The great red seal was emblazoned with the sham coat of arms which Osborne had assumed from the Peerage, with "Pax in bello" for a motto; that of the ducal house with which the vain old man tried to fancy himself connected. The hand that signed it would never hold pen or sword more. The very seal that sealed it had been robbed from George's dead body as it lay on the field of battle. The father knew nothing of this, but sat and looked at the letter in terrified vacancy. He almost fell when he went to open it.

Have you ever had a difference with a dear friend? How his letters, written in the period of love and confidence, sicken and rebuke you! What a dreary mourning it is to

dwell upon those vehement protests of dead affection! What lying epitaphs they make over the corpse of Love! What dark, cruel comments upon Life and Vanities! Most of us have got or written drawers full of them. They are closet-skeletons which we keep and shun. Osborne trembled long before the letter from his dead son.

The poor boy's letter did not say much. He had been too proud to acknowledge the tenderness which his heart felt. He only said that on the eve of a great battle he wished to bid his father farewell, and solemnly to implore his good offices for the wife—it might he for the child—whom he left behind him. He owned with contrition that his irregularities and his extravagance had already wasted a large part of his mother's little fortune. He thanked his father for his former generous conduct, and he promised him that if he fell on the field or survived it he would act in a manner worthy of the name of George Osborne.

If the sisters had any anxiety it was increased presently, and towards the end of the autumn, by their father's announcement that he was going abroad. He did not say whither, but they knew at once that his steps would be turned towards Belgium, and were aware that George's widow was still in Brussels.

Very many of the brave ——th, who had suffered severely upon both days of action, were still in Brussels in the autumn, recovering of their wounds. The city was a vast military hospital for months after the great battles; and as men and officers began to rally from their hurts, the gardens and places of public resort swarmed with maimed warriors, old and young, who, just rescued out of death, fell to gambling and gaiety, and love-making, as people of Vanity Fair will do. Mr. Osborne found out some of the ——th easily. He knew their uniform quite well, and had heen used to follow all the promotions and exchanges in the regiment, and loved to talk about it and its officers as if he had been one of the number. On the day after his arrival

at Brussels, and as he issued from his hotel, which faced the Park, he saw a soldier in the well-known facings, reposing on a stone bench in the garden, and went and sate down trembling by the wounded convalescent man.

"Were you in Captain Osborne's company?" he said, and added, after a pause, "He was my son, sir."

The man was not of the Captain's company, but he lifted up his unwounded arm and touched his cap sadly and respectfully to the haggard, broken-spirited gentleman who questioned him. "The whole army didn't contain a finer or a better officer," the soldier said. "The Sergeant of the Captain's company (Captain Raymond had it now) was in town, though, and was just well of a shot in the shoulder. His honour might see him if he liked, who could tell him anything he wanted to know about—about the ——th's actions. But his honour had seen Major Dobbin, no doubt, the brave Captain's great friend; and Mrs. Osborne, who was here too, and had been very bad, he heard everybody say. They say she was out of her mind like for six weeks or more. But your honour knows all about that—and asking your pardon"—the man added.

Osborne put a guinea into the soldier's hand, and told him he should have another if he would bring the Sergeant to the Hôtel du Parc: a promise which very soon brought the desired officer to Mr. Osborne's presence. And the first soldier went away; and after telling a comrade or two how Captain Osborne's father was arrived, and what a free-handed generous gentleman he was, they went and made good cheer with drink and feasting, as long as the guineas lasted which had come from the proud purse of the mourning old father.

In the Sergeant's company, who was also just convalescent, Osborne made the journey of Waterloo and Quatre Bras, a journey which thousands of his countrymen were then taking. He took the Sergeant with him in his carriage, and went through both fields under his guidance. He saw the

point of the road where the regiment marched into action on the sixteenth, and the slope down which they drove the French cavalry who were pressing on the retreating Belgians. There was the spot where the noble Captain cut down the French officer who was grappling with the young Ensign for the colours, the Colour-Sergeants having been shot down. Along this road they retreated on the next day, and here was the bank at which the regiment bivouacked under the rain of the night of the seventeenth. Further on was the position which they took and held during the day, forming time after time to receive the charge of the enemy's horsemen, and lying down under the shelter of the bank from the furious French cannonade. And it was at this declivity when at evening the whole English line received the order to advance, as the enemy fell back after his last charge, that the Captain, hurraying and rushing down the hill waving his sword, received a shot and fell dead. "It was Major Dobbin who took back the Captain's body to Brussels," the Sergeant said, in a low voice, "and had him buried, as your honour knows." The peasants and relic-hunters about the place were screaming round the pair, as the soldier told his story, offering for sale all sorts of mementoes of the fight, crosses, and epaulets, and shattered cuirasses, and eagles.

—W. M. THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair.*

XXXVI

The New Warfare

TOWARDS midnight the teasing, monotonous bark of the house-dog disturbed the quietude of a certain rectory in Yorkshire. Two girl kept vigil there, Caroline Helstone, the rector's niece, and her friend, Shirley Keeldar. Caroline Helstone rose, and made her way noiselessly through the dark passages to the kitchen, intending to appease the dog with a piece of bread: she succeeded. On returning to the dining-room, she found it all dark, Miss Keeldar having extinguished the candle: the outline of her shape was visible near the still open window, leaning out. Miss Helstone asked no questions: she stole to her side. The dog recommenced barking furiously; suddenly he stopped, and seemed to listen. The occupants of the dining-room listened too, and not merely now to the flow of the mill-stream: there was a nearer, though a muffled sound on the road below the churchyard; a measured, beating, approaching sound; a dull tramp of marching feet.

It drew near. Those who listened, by degrees comprehended its extent. It was not the tread of two, nor of a dozen, nor of a score of men: it was the tread of hundreds. They could see nothing: the high shrubs of the garden formed a leafy screen between them and the road. To hear, however, was not enough; and this they felt as the troop trod forwards, and seemed actually passing the Rectory. They felt it more when a human voice—though that voice spoke but one word—broke the hush of the night.

"Halt!"

A halt followed: the march was arrested. Then came a low conference, of which no word was distinguishable from the dining-room.

"We *must* hear this," said Shirley.

She turned, took her pistols from the table, silently passed out through the middle window of the dining-room, which was, in fact, a glass door, stole down the walk to the garden-wall, and stood listening under the lilacs. Caroline would not have quitted the house had she been alone, but where Shirley went she would go. She glanced at the weapon on the sideboard, but left it behind her, and presently stood at her friend's side. They dared not look over the wall, for fear of being seen: they were obliged to crouch behind it: they heard these words:—

"It looks a rambling old building. Who lives in it besides the damned parson?"

"Only three women: his niece and two servants."

"Do you know where they sleep?"

"The lasses behind: the niece in a front room."

"And Helstone?"

"Yonder is his chamber. He uses burning a light; but I see none now."

"Where would you get in?"

"If I were ordered to do his job—and he desarves it—I'd try yond' long window: it opens to the dining-room: I could grope my way upstairs, and I know his chamber."

"How would you manage about the women folk?"

"Let 'em alone, except they shrieked, and then I'd soon quieten 'em. I could wish to find the old chap asleep: if he waked, he'd be dangerous."

"Has he arms?"

"Fire-arms, allus,—and allus loadened."

"Then you're a fool to stop us here; a shot would give the alarm: Moore would be on us before we could turn round. We should miss our main object."

"You might go on, I tell you. I'd engage Helstone alone."

A pause. One of the party dropped some weapon which rang on the stone causeway: at this sound the Rectory dog barked again furiously—fiercely.

"That spoils all!" said the voice; "he'll awake: a noise like that might rouse the dead. You did not say there was a dog. Damn you! Forward!"

Forward they went,—tramp, tramp,—with mustering manifold, slow-filing tread. They were gone.

Shirley stood erect; looked over the wall, along the road.

"Not a soul remains," she said.

She stood and mused. "Thank God!" was the next observation.

Caroline repeated the ejaculation, not in so steady a tone: she was trembling much; her heart was beating fast and thick; her face was cold; her forehead damp.

"Thank God for us!" she reiterated; "but what will happen elsewhere? They have passed us by that they may make sure of others."

"They have done well," returned Shirley with composure: "the others will defend themselves,—they can do it,—they are prepared for them: with us it is otherwise. My finger was on the trigger of this pistol. I was quite ready to give that man, if he had entered, such a greeting as he little calculated on; but behind him followed three hundred: I had neither three hundred hands nor three hundred weapons. I could not have effectually protected either you, myself, or the two poor women asleep under that roof; therefore I again earnestly thank God for insult and peril escaped."

After a second pause, she continued: "What is it my duty and wisdom to do next? Not to stay here inactive, I am glad to say, but of course to walk over to the Hollow.

"To the Hollow, Shirley?"

"To the Hollow. Will you go with me?"

"Where those men are gone?"

"They have taken the highway: we should not encounter them: the road over the fields is as safe, silent, and solitary as a path through the air would be. Will you go?"

"Yes," was the answer, given mechanically, not because the speaker wished, or was prepared to go; or, indeed, was otherwise than scared at the prospect of going, but because she felt she could not abandon Shirley.

"Then we must fasten up these windows, and leave all as secure as we can behind us. Do you know what we are going for, Cary?"

"Yes—no—because you wish it."

"Is that all? And are you so obedient to a mere caprice of mine? What a docile wife you would make to a stern husband! The moon's face is not whiter than yours at this moment; and the aspen at the gate does not tremble more than your busy fingers; and so tractable and terror-struck, and dismayed and devoted, you would follow me into the thick of real danger! Cary, let me give your fidelity a motive: we are going for Moore's sake; to see if we can be of use to him: to make an effort to warn him of what is coming."

"To be sure! I am a blind, weak fool, and you are acute and sensible, Shirley! I will go with you! I will gladly go with you!"

"I do not doubt it. You would die blindly and meekly for me, but you would intelligently and gladly die for Moore: but in truth there is no question of death to-night,—we run no risk at all."

Caroline rapidly closed shutter and lattice. "Do not fear that I shall not have breath to run as fast as you can possibly run, Shirley. Take my hand: let us go straight across the fields."

"But you cannot climb walls?"

"To-night I can."

"You are afraid of hedges, and the beck which we shall be forced to cross?"

"I can cross it."

They started: they ran. Many a wall checked, but did not baffle them. Shirley was sure-footed and agile: she could spring like a deer when she chose. Caroline, more timid, and less dexterous, fell once or twice, and bruised herself; but she rose again directly, saying she was not hurt. A quickset hedge bounded the last field: they lost time in seeking a gap in it: the aperture, when found, was narrow, but they worked their way through: the long hair, the tender skin, the silks and the muslins suffered; but what was chiefly regretted was the impediment this difficulty had caused to speed. On the other side they met the beck, flowing deep in a rough bed: at this point a narrow plank formed the only bridge across it. Shirley had trodden the plank successfully and fearlessly many a time before: Caroline had never yet dared to risk the transit.

"I will carry you across," said Miss Keeldar: "you are light, and I am not weak; let me try."

"If I fall in, you may fish me out," was the answer, as a grateful squeeze compressed her hand. Caroline, without pausing, trod forward on the trembling plank as if it were a continuation of the firm turf: Shirley, who followed, did not cross it more resolutely or safely. In their present humour, on their present errand, a strong and foaming channel would have been a barrier to neither. At the moment they were above the control either of fire or water: all Stilbro' Moor, alight and alow with bonfires, would not have stopped them, nor would Calder or Aire thundering in flood. Yet one sound made them pause. Scarce had they set foot on the solid opposite bank, when a shot split the air from the north. One second lapsed. Further off, burst a like note in the south. Within the space of three minutes, similar signals boomed in the east and west.

"I thought we were dead at the first explosion," observed Shirley, drawing a long breath. "I felt myself hit in the temples, and I concluded your heart was pierced; but the

reiterated voice was an explanation: those are signals—it is their way—the attack must be near. We should have had wings: our feet have not borne us swiftly enough."

A portion of the copse was now to clear: when they emerged from it, the mill lay just below them: they could look down upon the buildings, the yard; they could see the road beyond. And the first glance in that direction told Shirley she was right in her conjecture: they were already too late to give warning: it had taken more time than they calculated on to overcome the various obstacles which embarrassed the short cut across the fields.

The road, which should have been white, was dark with a moving mass: the rioters were assembled in front of the closed yard gates, and a single figure stood within, apparently addressing them: the mill itself was perfectly black and still; there was neither life, light, nor motion around it.

"Surely he is prepared: surely that is not Moore meeting them alone?" whispered Shirley.

"It is—we must go to him! I *will* go to him."

"*That* you will not."

"Why did I come, then? I came only for him. I shall join him."

"Fortunately, it is out of your power: there is no entrance to the yard."

"There *is* a small entrance at the back, besides the gates in front: it opens by a secret method which I know—I will try it."

"Not with my leave."

Miss Keeldar clasped her round the waist with both arms, and held her back. "Not one step shall you stir," she went on authoritatively. "At this moment, Moore would be both shocked and embarrassed, if he saw either you or me. Men never want women near them in time of real danger."

"I would not trouble—I would help him," was the reply.

"How? By inspiring him with heroism? Pooh! These

are not the days of chivalry: it is not a tilt at a tournament we are going to behold, but a struggle about money, and food, and life."

"It is natural that I should be at his side."

"As queen of his heart? His mill is his lady-love, Cary! Backed by his factory and his frames, he has all the encouragement he wants or can know. It is not for love or beauty, but for ledger and broadcloth, he is going to break a spear. Don't be sentimental; Robert is not so."

"I *could* help him—I *will* seek him."

"Off then—I let you go—seek Moore: you'll not find him."

She loosened her hold. Caroline sped like levelled shaft from bent bow; after her rang a jesting, gibing laugh. "Look well there is no mistake!" was the warning given.

But there *was* a mistake. Miss Helstone paused, hesitated, gazed. The figure had suddenly retreated from the gate, and was running back hastily to the mill.

"Make haste, Lina!" cried Shirley; "meet him l he enters."

Caroline slowly returned. "It is not Robert," she s[illegible]; "it has neither his height, form, nor bearing."

"I saw it was not Robert when I let you go. How could you imagine it? It is a shabby little figure of a private soldier: they had posted him as sentinel. He is safe in the mill now: I saw the door open and admit him. My mind grows easier; Robert is prepared: our warning would have been superfluous, and now I am thankful we came too late to give it: it has saved us the trouble of a scene. How fine to have entered the counting-house *toute éperdue*, and to have found oneself in presence of Messrs. Armitage and Ramsden smoking, Malone swaggering, your uncle sneering, Mr. Sykes sipping a cordial, and Moore himself in his cold man-of-business vein: I am glad we missed it all."

"I wonder if there are many in the mill, Shirley!"

"Plenty to defend it. The soldiers we have twice seen to-day were going there, no doubt, and the group we noticed surrounding your cousin in the fields will be with him."

"What are they doing now, Shirley? What is that noise?"

"Hatchets and crow-bars against the yard-gates: they are forcing them. Are you afraid?"

"No; but my heart throbs fast; I have a difficulty in standing: I will sit down. Do you feel unmoved?"

"Hardly that—but I am glad I came: we shall see what transpires with our own eyes: we are here on the spot, and none know it. Instead of amazing the curate, the clothier, and the corn-dealer with a romantic rush on the stage, we stand alone with the friendly night, its mute stars, and these whispering trees, whose report our friends will not come to gather."

"Shirley—Shirley, the gates are down! That crash was like the felling of great trees! Now they are pouring through. They will break down the mill-doors as they have broken the gate: what can Robert do against so many? Would to God I were a little nearer him—could hear him speak—could speak to him! With my will—my longing to serve him—I could not be a useless burden in his way: I could be turned to some account."

"They come on!" cried Shirley. "How steadily they march in! There is discipline in their ranks—I will not say there is courage: hundreds against tens are no proof of that quality; but" (she dropped her voice) "there is suffering and desperation enough amongst them—these goads will urge them forwards."

"Forwards against Robert—and they hate him. Shirley, is there much danger they will win the day?"

"We shall see. Moore and Helstone are of 'earth's first blood'—no bunglers—no cravens——"

A crash—smash—shiver—stopped their whispers. A

simultaneously-hurled volley of stones had saluted the broad front of the mill, with all its windows; and now every pane of every lattice lay in shattered and pounded fragments. A yell followed this demonstration—a rioters' yell—a North-of-England—a Yorkshire—a West-Riding—a West-Riding-clothing-district-of-Yorkshire rioters' yell. You never heard that sound, perhaps, reader? So much the better for your ears—perhaps for your heart: since, if it rends the air in hate to yourself, or to the men or principles you approve, the interests to which you wish well, Wrath wakens to the cry of Hate: the Lion shakes his mane, and rises to the howl of the Hyena: Caste stands up, ireful, against Caste; and the indignant, wronged spirit of the Middle Rank bears down in zeal and scorn on the famished and furious mass of the Operative Class. It is difficult to be tolerant—difficult to be just—in such moments.

Caroline rose, Shirley put her arm round her: they stood together as still as the straight stems of two trees. That yell was a long one, and when it ceased, the night was yet full of the swaying and murmuring of a crowd.

"What next?" was the question of the listeners. Nothing came yet. The mill remained mute as a mausoleum.

"He *cannot* be alone!" whispered Caroline.

"I would stake all I have, that he is as little alone as he is alarmed," responded Shirley.

Shots were discharged by the rioters. Had the defenders waited for this signal? It seemed so. The hitherto inert and passive mill woke: fire flashed from its empty window-frames; a volley of musketry pealed sharp through the Hollow.

"Moore speaks at last!" said Shirley, "and he seems to have the gift of tongues; that was not a single voice."

"He has been forbearing; no one can accuse him of rashness," alleged Caroline; "their discharge preceded his; they broke his gates and his windows; they fired at his garrison before he repelled them."

What was going on now? It seemed difficult, in the darkness, to distinguish, but something terrible, a still-renewing tumult, was obvious; fierce attacks, desperate repulses; the mill-yard, the mill itself, was full of battle-movement: there was scarcely any cessation now of the discharge of firearms; and there was struggling, rushing, trampling, and shouting between. The aim of the assailants seemed to be to enter the mill, that of the defendants to beat them off. They heard the rebel leader cry, "To the back, lads!" They heard a voice retort, "Come round, we will meet you!"

"To the counting-house!" was the order again.

"Welcome!—We shall have you there!" was the response. And accordingly, the fiercest blaze that had yet glowed, the loudest rattle that had yet been heard, burst from the counting-house front, when the mass of rioters rushed up to it.

The voice that had spoken was Moore's own voice. They could tell by its tones that his soul was now warm with the conflict: they could guess that the fighting animal was roused in every one of those men there struggling together, and was for the time quite paramount above the rational human being.

Both the girls felt their faces glow and their pulses throb: both knew they would do no good by rushing down into the *mêlée*: they desired neither to deal nor to receive blows; but they could not have run away—Caroline no more than Shirley; they could not have fainted; they could not have taken their eyes from the dim, terrible scene—from the mass of cloud, of smoke—the musket-lightning—for the world.

"How and when would it end?" was the demand throbbing in their throbbing pulses. "Would a juncture arise in which they could be useful?" was what they waited to see; for, though Shirley put off their too-late arrival with a jest, and was ever ready to satirize her own or any other

person's enthusiasm, she would have given a farm of her best land for a chance of rendering good service.

The chance was not vouchsafed her; the looked-for juncture never came: it was not likely. Moore had expected this attack for days, perhaps weeks: he was prepared for it at every point. He had fortified and garrisoned his mill, which in itself was a strong building: he was a cool, brave man: he stood to the defence with unflinching firmness; those who were with him caught his spirit, and copied his demeanour. The rioters had never been so met before. At other mills they had attacked, they had found no resistance; an organized, resolute defence was what they never dreamed of encountering. When their leaders saw the steady fire kept up from the mill, witnessed the composure and determination of its owner, heard themselves coolly defied and invited on to death, and beheld their men falling wounded round them, they felt that nothing was to be done here. In haste, they mustered their forces, drew them away from the building: a roll was called over, in which the men answered to figures instead of names: they dispersed wide over the fields, leaving silence and ruin behind them. The attack, from its commencement to its termination, had not occupied an hour.

Day was by this time approaching: the west was dim, the east beginning to gleam. It would have seemed that the girls who had watched this conflict would now wish to hasten to the victors, on whose side all their interest had been enlisted; but they only very cautiously approached the now battered mill, and, when suddenly a number of soldiers and gentlemen appeared at the great door opening into the yard, they quickly stepped aside into a shed, the deposit of old iron and timber, whence they could see without being seen.

It was no cheering spectacle: these premises were now a mere blot of desolation on the fresh front of the summer-dawn. All the copse up the Hollow was shady and dewy,

the hill at its head was green; but just here, in the centre of the sweet glen, Discord, broken loose in the night from control, had beaten the ground with his stamping hoofs, and left it waste and pulverized. The mill yawned all ruinous with unglazed frames; the yard was thickly bestrewn with stones and brickbats, and, close under the mill, with the glittering fragments of the shattered windows; muskets and other weapons lay here and there; more than one deep crimson stain was visible on the gravel; a human body lay quiet on its face near the gates; and five or six wounded men writhed and moaned in the bloody dust.

Miss Keeldar's countenance changed at this view: it was the aftertaste of the battle, death and pain replacing excitement and exertion: it was the blackness the bright fire leaves when its blaze is sunk, its warmth failed, and its glow faded.

"This is what I wished to prevent," she said, in a voice whose cadence betrayed the altered impulse of her heart.

"But you could not prevent it; you did your best; it was in vain," said Caroline comfortingly. "Don't grieve, Shirley."

"I am sorry for those poor fellows," was the answer, while the spark in her glance dissolved to dew. "Are any within the mill hurt, I wonder? Is that your uncle?"

"It is; and there is Mr. Malone, and, oh Shirley! there is Robert!"

"Well" (resuming her former tone), "don't squeeze your fingers quite into my hand. I see: there is nothing wonderful in that. We knew he, at least, was here, whoever might be absent."

"He is coming here towards us, Shirley!"

"Towards the pump, that is to say, for the purpose of washing his hands and his forehead; which has got a scratch, I perceive."

"He bleeds, Shirley: don't hold me; I must go."

'Not a step."

"He is hurt, Shirley!"

"Fiddlestick!"

"But I *must* go to him: I wish to go so much: I cannot bear to be restrained."

"What for?"

"To speak to him, to ask how he is, and what I can do for him?"

"To teaze and annoy him; to make a spectacle of yourself and him before those soldiers, Mr. Malone, your uncle, et cetera. Would he like it, think you? Would you like to remember it a week hence?"

"Am I always to be curbed and kept down?" demanded Caroline, a little passionately.

"For his sake, yes. And still more for your own. I tell you, if you showed yourself now, you would repent it an hour hence, and so would Robert."

"You think he would not like it, Shirley?"

"Far less than he would like our stopping him to say good-night, which you were so sore about."

"But that was all play; there was no danger."

"And this is serious work: he must be unmolested."

"I only wish to go to him because he is my cousin—you understand?"

"I quite understand. But now, watch him. He has bathed his forehead, and the blood has ceased trickling; his hurt is really a mere graze: I can see it from hence: he is going to look after the wounded men."

Accordingly Mr. Moore and Mr. Helstone went round the yard, examining each prostrate form. They then gave directions to have the wounded taken up and carried into the mill. This duty being performed, Joe Scott was ordered to saddle his master's horse, and Mr. Helstone's pony, and the two gentlemen rode away full gallop, to seek surgical aid in different directions.

Caroline was not yet pacified.

"Shirley, Shirley; I should have liked to speak one

word to him before he went," she murmured, while the tears gathered glittering in her eyes.

"Why do you cry, Lina?" asked Miss Keeldar a little sternly. "You ought to be glad instead of sorry. Robert has escaped any serious harm; he is victorious; he has been cool and brave in combat; he is now considerate in triumph: is this a time—are these causes for weeping?"

"You do not know what I have in my heart," pleaded the other: "what pain, what distraction; nor whence it arises. I can understand that you should exult in Robert's greatness and goodness; so do I, in one sense, but, in another, I feel so miserable. I am too far removed from him: I used to be nearer. Let me alone, Shirley; do let me cry a few minutes; it relieves me."

Miss Keeldar, feeling her tremble in every limb, ceased to expostulate with her: she went out of the shed, and left her to weep in peace. It was the best plan: in a few minutes Caroline rejoined her, much calmer: she said with her natural, docile, gentle manner—

"Come, Shirley, we will go home now. I promise not to try to see Robert again till he asks for me. I never will try to push myself on him. I thank you for restraining me just now."

"I did it with a good intention," returned Miss Keeldar. "Now, dear Lina," she continued; "let us turn our faces to the cool morning breeze, and walk very quietly back to the Rectory. We will steal in as we stole out; none shall know where we have been, or what we have seen to-night: neither taunt nor misconstruction can consequently molest us."

—Charlotte Brontë, *Shirley.*

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