

THE QUEENS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY

By Miss E. T. Bradley

DAUGHTER OF THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

IN THREE PAPERS. FIRST PAPER:—THE EARLY QUEENS



IN THIS and the succeeding articles, it will be my purpose to sketch briefly the lives and sepulchres of the queens of England, the wives, mothers and daughters of kings whose remains lie beneath the ancient roof of Westminster Abbey. Even to those who have not visited the abbey, a few of the facts given in these articles may be found of interest.

EDITHA OF THE SWAN NECK

The first queen, indeed, the first woman, who found sepulchre here was the widow of Edward the Confessor, the sainted founder of Westminster Abbey. With all his virtues, his piety, his kindness of heart, Edward was more fitted to seek the retirement of a monastery than to rule a turbulent kingdom. Peace he sought, and peace he found however for the most part, when the troubles of exile and persecution were over, and he was established on his throne, the Danes bought off and Earl Godwin conciliated by the king's marriage to his daughter.

For Edward's marriage to his enemy's daughter was purely from political motives, and it is said that he never treated her as his wife, but for this statement the monkish chroniclers, who used every argument to prove the pious king a saint, are responsible. The Confessor's conduct to his queen does not show him in the most amiable light. When Godwin and his sons rebelled, Editha was punished for their sins. She was degraded from her rank, her jewels seized, and she was shut up in Warwell Abbey, where her sister was abbess, for about a year. When peace was restored again she was allowed to return as queen to Edward's court. The old chroniclers all unite in praise of the queen's amiable and virtuous character, and she seems to have been a great contrast to her barbarous father, "a rose growing from a prickly briar." She was not only beautiful and good, but also learned. In the quaint phraseology of the time it is recorded that her breast was a storehouse of all liberal sciences. From a certain abbot of Croyland who was brought up at Westminster Palace we get a personal account of the queen. After extolling her beauty, learning and excellent conduct of life, he tells us how he used often to be stopped by the royal lady as he went to and fro from the court to the monks' school in Westminster cloisters, and not only would she examine him in the classics, but pose him with wondrous readiness in grammar and logic. This ordeal was, however, atoned for, the queen seldom dismissing the boy till her little waiting-maid had given him some pieces of money and refreshments.

Another aspect of Editha's life shows us the queen seated among her maidens, embroidering the splendid robes Edward used to wear on collar days. But of her relations to her husband we know absolutely nothing, and it is not till the very end of his life that we find a trace of any mutual affection.

For many years Edward had been engaged in the pious work of building a splendid abbey church for the monastery which he had founded on Thorney isle, the West Minster, as it was afterwards called. The last stone was laid and the consecration fixed for Innocent's Day—December, 1065—when the king fell seriously ill; and it is a proof that any grudge against Editha was forgotten when we find her filling her husband's place of honor at the ceremony. She returned to Edward's sick-bed, and nursed him devotedly, often cherishing the dying man's cold feet in her lap, and winning, at the last, words of approval from her austere husband, who commended her that she had been ever at his side, like an affectionate daughter.

After the peaceful Confessor's death a period of great misery ensued, Godwin's two sons fighting for the crown. Harold conquered and reigned for forty weeks, till he was killed by the Norman Conqueror at the battle of Hastings. Editha, who favored her other brother, Tostig, had meantime retired to her own city, Winchester; and here she spent the remaining nine years of her life, treated with great respect by William the Conqueror.

When she died (January 15, 1075) her body was conveyed to Westminster, and received honorable burial beside her husband, before the high altar, by order of the Norman king, who raised a costly tomb of stone over the queen's remains.

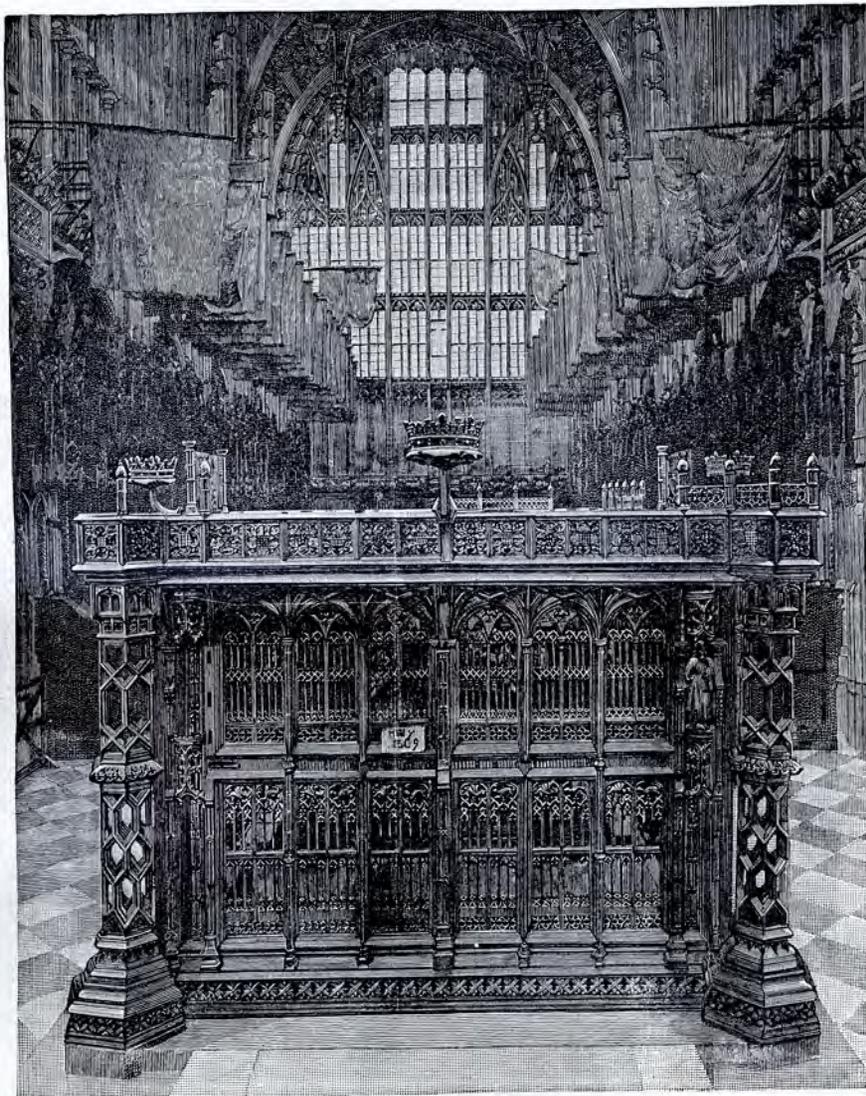
When Henry III rebuilt this part of the Abbey Editha's coffin was removed; and when her husband's costly shrine had been completed, it was placed beneath the pavement, on the north side of St. Edward's chapel, in the Abbey. During the reign of Henry III, the pious second founder of the Abbey, a lamp was kept always alight above Editha's grave, and a service was annually celebrated on the day of her death. Afterwards, however, the exact place of her sepulchre was forgotten and the chroniclers all disagreed as to whether she lay north or south of her husband's tomb. At last all doubt was set at rest by the care of Dean Stanley, to whom we owe the inscriptions cut in the pavement, which mark the graves of Editha and the other Saxon queen, Matilda, who lies south of the shrine.

THE GOOD QUEEN MAUD

MATILDA originally bore the same name as her relative, Queen Editha, but was obliged to change the Saxon Editha into the Norman form, Matilda or Maud, to please her subjects. For by the marriage of the "good queen Maud," great grand-daughter of Edmund Ironsides, and daughter of Margaret Atheling, to Henry I, the rival claims of Saxon and Norman were finally and forever united. Matilda's father was Malcolm Canmore, king of Scotland, and her childhood was passed in the rugged north. In 1093, when Matilda was thirteen, Malcolm was treacherously killed fighting against William Rufus, and his wife did not long survive him. Malcolm's brother, Donald Blane, usurped the Scotch throne,

universal rejoicings. The new queen's blushes, it is said outvied the color of her crimson robes. Matilda seems to have resembled Editha in her piety and learning, but unlike her she was treated with great love and respect by her husband. To Matilda's influence her people owed many material improvements. The suppression of the tyrannic Conqueror's curfew bell, and the granting of Magna Charta received the queen's powerful support, while besides contributing from her private purse towards repairing the highways throughout the country she founded a priory and two hospitals, one for lepers, called "Maud's Hospital," and built two bridges, one at Stratford-le-Ban; another across the Thames, near Westminster. Besides these public benefits, Matilda's private charities were enormous, and her piety remarkable. Every day in Lent she would walk barefoot, dressed in haircloth, to prostrate herself before the Confessor's shrine, and often spend her nights kneeling in the church. She was once reproved by a courtier for her habit of washing and kissing the feet of beggars.

Matilda died at Westminster Palace (May 1, 1118) during one of her husband's frequent visits to Normandy. Her body was probably first laid in the old Chapter House, and more than a century later removed to St. Edward's new chapel.



The Royal Chapel in Westminster Abbey
(With tomb of Henry VII in the foreground)

while the orphan children were conveyed in safety to England by their maternal uncle, Edgar Atheling. Matilda and her sister Mary were placed in Romsey Abbey, where their aunt Christina was abbess, whence she afterwards removed, taking them with her, to Winton Abbey. Christina had long desired Matilda to take the veil, but the child had always rebelled against the idea, encouraged by her father, who, when as sometimes happened, the zealous abbess had placed a novice's black veil over his daughter's head, would tear it off and fling it away in a rage. Now her father was not there to protect her, Matilda was obliged to take refuge in the convent, the only place of safety in those rough times for fatherless girls; yet she still continued to resist her aunt's wishes for a long while; and when finally coerced to take the vows, or to enter upon her novitiate, as it is not certain whether she was ever actually a nun, used to wear her veil sighing and trembling, and take it off whenever the abbess was out of the way. The chroniclers assert that Henry and Matilda had met and loved one another before a match between them was arranged; but when the king, immediately upon his accession, asked for her hand, Matilda herself resisted his proposal for awhile, it is said because Henry had led a gay and wild life before he came to the throne. However, so politic a union did this seem to the English people that every objection was surmounted. Matilda's resistance can have been but feeble, as she is known to have been sincerely attached to Henry. The Church, by the authority of Archbishop Anselm and an ecclesiastical synod, declared her vows null and void; and after reciting all the reasons for the judgment in the presence of a large multitude of people Anselm finished by asking whether the nation consented to the king's marriage, whereupon a loud shout of approval was raised. The marriage and Matilda's coronation took place in the Abbey on St. Martin's Day, 1102, amidst

joined," she replied to all remonstrances, adding: "The way to heaven is as near from Syria as from England or my native Spain." During his three years' absence from England Edward went twice to the Holy Land, and it was on the second of his crusades, when besieging Acre, that his assassination was attempted by an emissary of the "old man of the mountains." The real story of Eleanor's conduct, when she saw her husband dangerously wounded, is less heroic than the well-known legend, but very characteristic. A serious operation was found necessary to save the Prince's life, and Eleanor, herself in delicate health, was unable to repress her tears, and had to be carried protesting and weeping from her husband's tent. It was better, her brother-in-law, Edmund Crouchback, roughly told her, as he helped to carry her away, that she should scream and cry than all England mourn and lament. Here, very shortly after Edward's recovery, Eleanor gave birth to a daughter called Joanna of Acre.

This same year (1272) came the news of Henry III's death, and now it was Edward's turn to lament, for he was much attached to his father. The new king landed in England nine months later (August 2, 1273), and he and Eleanor were crowned together in the abbey on August 15. A fortnight was spent in feasting the citizens of London, and refreshment booths were erected in the fields about Westminster Palace. On the coronation day itself five hundred great horses were turned loose in the streets, "catch them who could."

Seventeen years later the abbey was the scene of a very different spectacle, the solemn obsequies of Edward's fair and faithful queen. On November 28, 1290, Eleanor died at a small village near Leicester. Edward was then holding a parliament in Sherwood Forest—the famous trysting place of Robin Hood—and Eleanor, who fell ill there of low fever, had been carried to the quiet village of Hardby, within a ride of Clipston, where the king at that time held his court.

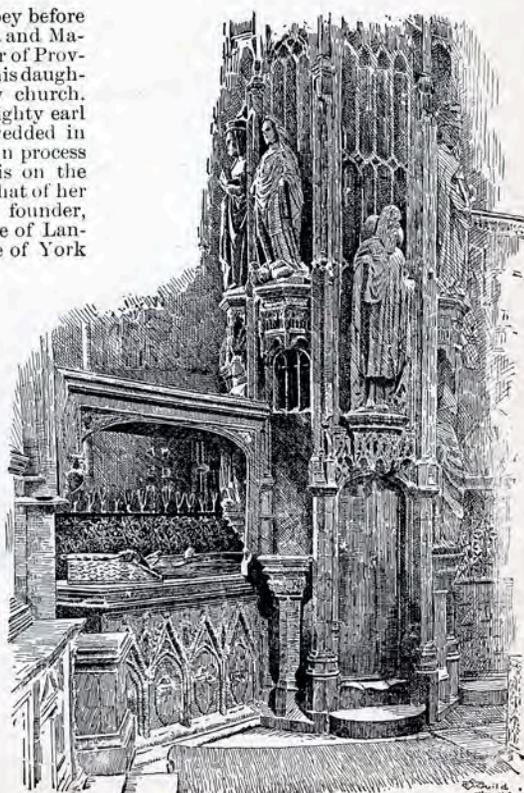
Edward was, therefore, able to be present at his wife's deathbed, not being, as some accounts have it, absent in Scotland, and he accompanied the body to London. The funeral procession was the grandest England had ever seen.

Twelve times did the hearse rest before it reached the abbey, and at each stage Edward ordered a beautiful cross to be erected in memory of his dead wife, two only of which now exist. An idea of the cost of the procession may be gathered from the fact that eighty pounds of wax were used in a single night at Dunstable. At St. Albans the hearse rested in the Cathedral while Edward pushed on to London. The next day, the king in state, surrounded by the nobility, the prelates, and the lesser clergy, all in magnificent robes, met the procession at Charing Cross, so called from the cross afterward erected there to the *chère reine*, and escorted the hearse to the abbey with lighted candles and funeral chants. For four days (December 14 to 17), Eleanor's body lay in state before the high altar, and was then interred at the feet of her royal father-in-law, Henry III, with every honor that the sorrowing widower could devise. The king also provided that each successive abbot should swear an oath on his installation to keep lights always burning upon the queen's tomb, and to have a solemn service yearly, on the day of her decease, St. Andrew's Eve, for which purposes a sum of money was bequeathed to the monastery. Three tombs were raised to Eleanor's memory, in Lincoln Cathedral, Blackfriars Monastery and Westminster Abbey, but the latter is the only one that survived the dissolution of the monasteries and the civil wars. Henry III's tomb was still unfinished when Eleanor died; and the same artist, William Torell, a goldsmith of London, made the effigies for both. Though an ideal face, and not a portrait, it is allowable to believe that Torell imparted something of Eleanor's lovable character to the features.

THE STORY OF QUEEN ELEANOR

THE only queens buried in the abbey before the time of Henry III are Editha and Matilda, while Henry's own wife, Eleanor of Provence, rests at Amesbury. But two of his daughters-in-law were interred in his new church. The one, Aveline, daughter of the mighty earl of Albemarle, was the first bride wedded in Henry's new abbey, which was then in process of building. Her beautiful tomb is on the north side of the sacrum, close to that of her husband, Edmund Crouchback, the founder, by his second marriage, of the house of Lancaster, the red rose rival to the house of York in the Wars of the Roses.

Queen Eleanor, Henry's other daughter-in-law, was the daughter of Ferdinand III of Castille, and heiress in her mother's right to the earldom of Ponthieu. The arms of both places may be seen round her tomb. She was married at the age of ten to Prince Edward, then a boy of fifteen, at Burgos, in Spain (August 3, 1254). After her reception in London, the child-bride was sent to Bordeaux to complete her education, and did not come to England again till 1265. Young Edward, afterward Edward I, was at first a neglectful husband, and it was not till Eleanor accompanied him, against his will, to the crusades in 1270 that he learnt to appreciate her worth. So rough and unfit for women were these crusading campaigns that every effort was made to persuade Eleanor to remain in safety at the court of her father-in-law, Henry III. "Nothing ought to part those whom God hath



The Tomb of Queen Eleanor

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UPON the death of Edward IV, his widow with all her children took sanctuary in the Abbey. The old sanctuary door, perhaps the same to which those royal suppliants clung, is still in the Deanery. A guard was set round the Abbey by Richard's orders, and even after the princes had been induced to leave by their uncle's treacherous promises the widowed queen and her daughters remained there under the care of Abbot Esteney.

THE FAIR ROSE OF YORK

AT last, March, 1484, after ten months' incarceration, Richard persuaded the ladies to trust him, giving a written promise to make suitable provision for them all, and to marry the young princesses to "gentlemen born." Now it was that Princess Elizabeth was treated with such marked favor at Court that rumors arose of Richard's desire, should his ailing wife die, to marry her. But she had been expressly commended by her dying father to the care of the Earl of Derby, and now that she was living in his household under the wing of Henry Tudor's mother, there is little doubt that she spurned Richard's proposals and secretly looked on Henry as her betrothed husband. In character Elizabeth was gentle and yielding and entirely governed by her strong-minded, energetic mother-in-law. Her marriage with Henry was deferred till five months after Bosworth Field, and finally took place before the expected dispensation from the Pope, on the 18th of January, 1486. "Which day of the marriage," says Lord Bacon, "was celebrated with greater triumph and demonstrations, especially on the people's part, than the days either of his entry or coronation, which the King rather noted than liked. And it is true that . . . he showed himself no very indulgent husband toward her though she was beautiful, gentle and fruitful." The Queen's coronation did not take place for two years after the King's and was a more splendid ceremony, since his had been celebrated in haste in order to consolidate his then precarious title. On the 23d of November, 1487, Elizabeth, accompanied by the Countess of Richmond, who was ever at the side of her son and his wife, went by water from Greenwich to the Tower, attended by the civic authorities, in grand barges. One, called the "Bachelors' barge," had a red dragon spouting fire, a delicate compliment to the Tudors' claimed descent from Arthur Pendragon. At the Tower the King received his wife, and the next day, after dinner, she went in great state to the litter in which she was borne to Westminster Abbey for the magnificent ceremony of her coronation.

Sixteen years later this last queen of the House of York was borne again to the Abbey, but no longer in a gaily caparisoned litter, attended by the shouts of her subjects. She died February 11th, 1503, having given birth to a daughter on the 2d, who did not survive her mother. The death of her eldest son, Arthur, the year before, had given a shock to Elizabeth's system from which she never recovered, and she had been ill ever since. Now that his gentle, uncomplaining young queen was dead, Henry appreciated her worth, and she was carried to her grave with all the pomp

White banners dedicated to the Virgin, signifying that she died in childbed, waved above the hearse. So through the torch-lit streets was she again carried to Westminster. At Charing Cross, as at Eleanor of Castille's funeral, the procession was met by the Abbot and Convent of Westminster, also by the Abbot of Bermondsey, and in the Abbey itself another sumptuous hearse was prepared. The foundation stone of Henry's new chapel had only been laid a month before, and Elizabeth's coffin was therefore temporarily placed in one of the side chapels till the beautiful tomb was ready, which her husband left minute directions in his will should be prepared for himself and his wife. This tomb was not finished till Henry VIII had been king nine years (1518), and it was fortunate indeed that at that time the Monastery still flourished, for had it been later very likely the rapacious Henry would have confiscated the money left for his parents' monument to his own pocket. The effigies recumbent on the tomb are by the hand of Pietro Torrigiano, that irascible Italian artist, who, the story goes, once broke Michael Angelo's nose in a fit of jealousy. He also undertook the beautiful effigy of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, in the south aisle of the same chapel. The old Countess had the grief of losing her beloved son, Henry VII, but fortunately for her peace of mind she died herself (June 29th, 1509) before her grandson had had time to touch her beloved monasteries. Rumors, however, of approaching changes had not been wanting, and her confessor, Bishop Fisher, afterward executed by Henry VIII, had advised her to found colleges at Cambridge, and to have their property securely tied up, rather than to leave all her money to Westminster. At Westminster she founded a charity which still survives under the name of the Dean's Gift, a weekly dole of bread and meat to twelve old women of the neighborhood. Margaret lived the last years of her life, separated from her husband, as a cloistered nun, though not immured in a convent. Rather she felt her mission to be in the affairs of the kingdom. Her son rarely took an important step without her counsel, and had she lived she might have controlled her unruly grandson. "Everyone that knew her," said Fisher in his funeral sermon, "loved her, and everything she said and did became her." She loved Westminster, and by her own wish and with money left for the purpose her tomb was placed in her son's new chapel. The inscription around it is by Erasmus, the second professor who filled her divinity chair at Cambridge. In the careworn but still beautiful features of the effigy, the wasted hands joined in prayer, the nun-like dress, the character of one who lived in the world but not of the world may surely be traced. She rests in peace, hers being one of the few tombs spared by the ruthless hand of after ages.

THE REPUDIATED ANNE OF CLEVES

THE only one of Henry VIII's six wives who was buried in the Abbey is the repudiated bride, Anne of Cleves. Fortunate indeed, was it for her that she never wore the queenly crown, since there is little doubt that had not the king been allowed to free himself, he would have had no scruple in treating her as he did Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard. Henry afterwards justified his conduct to the foreign princess by affirming that he had been trapped into a marriage with her, having been shown a beautiful portrait of her, and heard much praise of her appearance. It was a comic rather than a tragic situation, the only element of comedy in connection with any of King Hal's unfortunate wives. One is irresistibly reminded also of the plain Flemish Philippa, and the very different welcome she received from Edward III. We are told of Anne that she was neither handsome, nor had any of the ordinary accomplishments expected from ladies of her rank; she could not play or sing or work needlework, nor was she learned, but she had an amiable character, and was much beloved by all her friends and dependents. She landed at Deal, December 27th, 1539, and had a private interview at Rochester with the King, to whom she was married with great pomp and ceremony at Greenwich a few days later. Henry soon

openly showed his discontent with his new bride, and in June, on the pretext that it was more for her health to have "open ayre and pleasure," sent her off to Richmond. Meantime he got his servile parliament to grant him a divorce on the plea that the marriage was not lawful, nor had ever been consummated. Anne was allowed some of the estates forfeited by the attainder of Cromwell, through whose advice Henry had wedded her, and on condition that she should not retire beyond the seas was permitted to live wherever she liked. Sixteen years she spent in quiet and honorable retirement, emerging occasionally to take part in some ceremonial, as at Mary Tudor's coronation, when she drove in the same chariot as Elizabeth, and dined at the great dinner afterwards in Westminster Hall. She died on July 16th, 1557, at Chelsea, and, as though to atone for Henry's neglect for so estimable a lady, she was by Mary's orders buried in Westminster Abbey, where the remains of her tomb may be seen on the right of the high altar, facing the ambulatory. There is an elaborate account of her funeral printed in the "Excerpta Historica," from a MS. in the college at Arms; also a copy of her will. Between the altar and choir "a sumptuous hearse" was set up, and the coffin was brought to the Abbey in an open chariot drawn by four horses, escorted by (an eyewitness, Henry Machyn, has recorded) the twelve bedesmen of the Abbey, all dressed in new black gowns for the occasion, Anne's household, the children of Westminster, *i. e.*, probably of the monastery school, all carrying torches. The Abbot Feckenham and all the monks went in procession to fetch the corpse, and all along the route as they returned to Westminster they were met by other priests bearing crosses and lights. Bonner, bishop of London, and the Abbot rode together. At the west door of the Abbey the mourners alighted and took their places, and the body was borne slowly up the nave, with chants, and lighted tapers, and waving banners. Never since the day of her wedding had Lady

Anne been treated as a person of so much consequence. On the next day (August 4th) a requiem was sung over the bier, the Abbot preached "as goodly a sermon as ever was made," and the body was laid in the tomb, covered with a hearse cloth of gold, after which all the company assembled adjourned to dinner in the Abbot's house. Anne's will is very detailed and well worth perusing. Mary is made the "overseer," with a prayer to allow "our poor servants to enjoy their legacies." To Elizabeth, with whom she had been on friendly terms, is left: "our seconde

beste jewell with our harty request to accept and take into her service one of our poore maydes named Dorothe Curson."

THE TOMB OF "BLOODY MARY"

THE next funeral in the Abbey was to be that of Queen Mary herself. The Monastery was much indebted to her, and she seems to have always had a special love and veneration for the Abbey. She restored the monks, who had been dispersed by her father, and appointed a good and holy man, Feckenham, as abbot, the last to hold that office. She gave all the jewels and gold, which she could afford to buy, to adorn the plundered shrine of Edward the Confessor, and did all she could to restore the Abbey to some of its former splendor. At her coronation (October 10th, 1553) she refused to sit in the ancient chair, since she feared the touch of her Protestant brother Edward had polluted the holy seat, and she therefore had one sent from Rome and blessed by the Pope, which is now shown at Winchester Cathedral. Both the Archbishop and the Bishop of London were in the Tower, so that the ceremony was conducted by the Bishop of Winchester, who afterwards married Mary to her Spanish husband in his own Cathedral. We are all familiar with the years of blood and fire which elapsed before the unfortunate queen was borne to her tomb in the chapel of Henry VII, the first person buried in the north aisle. By Elizabeth's special orders her funeral was conducted with all the usual magnificence, her body was brought in a chariot in great state from St. James' to the Abbey on December 13th, 1558. Four bishops and the Abbot met the procession at the west door, and the body and wax effigy, were borne up to the choir. On the following day Bishop White, or according to an old MS., Abbot Feckenham, preached a touching funeral sermon, conscious, as he extolled the virtues of the dead queen, that the hearts of more than three-quarters of her subjects were bursting with the joy of Elizabeth's accession. Before the ceremony was over the people tore down the black cloths with which the church was draped, and as soon as the queen was in her grave the clergy and mourners went to a collation with the Abbot.

THE TOMB OF "THE MAIDEN QUEEN"

GREAT was the rejoicing in the city at the coronation of Elizabeth, which took place January 15th, 1559, a day fixed by her astrologer as one of good luck, and which Dean Stanley says was long observed as a solemn anniversary in the Abbey. This day for the last time the Abbot of Westminster, so soon to be deposed for a dean, took part in the service. The litany was read in English, and as a protest against Elizabeth's right to the suc-



QUEEN MARY ("BLOODY MARY")

cession and Protestant principles, only one out of the whole bench of bishops attended. The Bishop of Carlisle, since Canterbury was vacant and London in prison, officiated, having to borrow his brother of London's robes. Thus in spite of pageants, in spite of pomp and ceremony, there were many signs to warn the new queen of the difficulties she had to face. That she faced them and conquered we know, and whatever her faults, as a queen and ruler she won the love of her subjects. It is enough to turn to the numerous accounts of her funeral to see her popularity. When the last dreary days of lingering death had dragged away, when the great queen lay in the calm of death, no longer distraught by bodily weakness and forebodings for the future, then the universal sorrow, pent up while the nation watched their sovereign's last hours, broke out tumultuously. She died March 24th, 1603, but the funeral did not take place till April 28th. The body had been brought by water from Richmond, where the queen died, to Whitehall, where it lay in state, and Westminster was the scene of more vehement popular mourning than it had ever witnessed. So numerous and detailed are the accounts of it that time and space would fail were one-third of them to be quoted. The chronicler Stowe's quaint description must suffice us. On the funeral day he says, "the citie of Westminster was surcharged with multitudes of all sorts of people in their streets, houses, windows, leads and gutters, that came to see the obsequie, and when they beheld her statue or picture lying upon the coffin set forth in royal robes, having a crowne upon the head thereof and a ball and scepter in either hand, there was such a generall sighing, groaning and weeping as the like hath not been seene or knowne in the memory of man, neyther doth anie historie mention any people, time, or state to make like lamentation for the death of their sovereign." The chariot upon which the body and its "counterfeited" image lay, was drawn by four "great horses," followed by 1600 mourners. Watson, Bishop of Chichester, preached the funeral sermon. Elizabeth's coffin was laid in the same grave with that of Mary. The two sisters who had loved one another in early youth but became disunited in later life, were thus again brought together, resting, says the short Latin inscription, "in the hope of resurrection." The monument was erected by James I, not as a proof of his love for the late queen, but in deference to public opinion, in the other aisle he raised a rather more costly tomb over the remains of his mother, Mary, Queen of Scots, so that the two rivals and enemies lie beneath the same sheltering roof. Maximilian Poinaine and John De Critz were the makers of Elizabeth's tomb and effigy, but from an unpublished let-



QUEEN ELIZABETH



QUEEN MARY, WIFE OF WILLIAM III

and parade of a royal burial. She died in the Tower, and her body was conveyed through the streets, not by water, to Westminster Abbey, followed by a long procession headed by eight ladies on white palfreys. The hearse was covered with black velvet fringed with gold and ornamented with a cross of gold. An effigy of the Queen in royal robes, with hair disheveled, was placed upon it, a crown upon its head, a scepter in its hand and rings on its fingers.



QUEEN ANNE

ter among the Cecil papers it seems that Nicholas Hillyarde, the famous miniature painter, either had, or desired to have had, a hand in it. The monument was practically finished by 1606, while that of Mary, Queen of Scots, upon which James naturally lavished more cost and trouble, was not completed for several years more. On April 19th, 1607, payment is made to Cornelius Cure, master mason, of £825.10.0 and all other sums as shall be due

for the marble, etc., while as late as 1611 there is an unsigned note that: "the pattern for the tomb of the Queen of Scots I have ready finished the which you and I will show the king, the charge thereof is estimated at £2000." This must have referred to the cost of the completed tomb, since it certainly was entirely finished by 1611. We have spoken of Elizabeth's waxen figure above; unfortunately this fell to pieces in the Eighteenth Century, and the one shown at present, in the Islip Chapel, is only a copy of the old one. The coronation robes had long fallen to pieces, and, realistic as the present figure is, it must not be taken for the original one.

QUEEN ANNE OF DENMARK

FOR his own wife James I did not attempt to erect any memorial, and Elizabeth is the last of the English sovereigns who has a monument in the Abbey. The later kings and queens lie beneath the pavement in the chapel of Henry VII, their names recorded on the pavement by the care of Dean Stanley.

Anne of Denmark was buried in a little side chapel on the north of the tomb of Henry VII, in whose vault her husband James I's body was discovered by Dean Stanley, who sought for it with unceasing care till he found it. Queen Anne was ill for some time before her death, which took place at Hampton Court March 2d, 1618. Her husband was laid up with the gout at Newmarket and unable to be with her at the last. Prince Charles was there, and also the Bishop of London. She died, it is said, declaring herself to be "free from Popery." Her end was very peaceful, "she gave five or six little moans and had the happiest going out of the world that anyone ever had." The body was embalmed and lay in state at Somerset House till May 13th, when the funeral, deferred for want of money, at length took place. An eye-witness says it was "a drawing, tedious sight, and though the number of lords and ladies was very great, yet they made but a poor show, being all apparelled alike in black, and they came lagging; tired with the length of the way and the weight of their mourning, every private lady having twelve yards of broadcloth about her and the countesses had sixteen yards of the same, a great weight to carry at a walking funeral in May." Another spectator describes it: "as better than that of Prince Hal's," but it fell short of Elizabeth's; "the chariot and six horses, in which her effigy was drawn, was most remarkable." The queen's palfrey was led behind the hearse by her master of the horse, and before it went the chief mourner, Prince Charles, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who preached the funeral sermon. The king was too ill to come. Two fatal accidents took place among the spectators—a gentleman standing on a scaffold erected under Northumberland House was killed by a huge letter from an inscription above falling on his head, and a scrivener's wife died from the heat and excitement on her return home. The hearse stood over Anne's grave for many years, and was finally destroyed during the Commonwealth.

ELIZABETH, THE "QUEEN OF HEARTS"

ELIZABETH, daughter of James I and Anne, and wife of the "Winter King" of Bohemia, Frederick, Elector Palatine, lies in the vault of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the south aisle of the same chapel. She died at Leicester House, London, February 13th, 1662, having found peace at last "after all her sorrows and afflictions," for the poor "Queen of Hearts," as she was called, had no other kingdom but in the hearts of her many friends, first and chief of all, Lord Craven. The burial took place at midnight, Prince Rupert, Elizabeth's favorite son, following as chief mourner. But we must not linger even over the fascinating "queen of hearts."

LATER QUEENS IN THE ABBEY

WE must pass on to the last queens buried in the Abbey, contenting ourselves with but cursory notices of each, since the early coronations and funerals have taken so much space.

ANNE, DAUGHTER OF LORD CLARENDON

THE first wife of James II, Anne Hyde, daughter of the great historian, Lord Clarendon, who did not live to be a queen, lies with Mary, Queen of Scots, her coffin, as Dean Stanley points out, beneath that of Elizabeth's, whose line was to supplant her own father, James I's house in the times to come.

THE TWO LAST STUART QUEENS

THE two last Stuart queens, the sisters Mary and Anne, lie in the same vault at the east end of this southern aisle of Henry VII's chapel. Mary and her husband, William III, were the first joint sovereigns of England, and for Mary the other coronation chair, now to be seen side by side with the ancient one, was made. Their wax effigies, William propped on a stool to bring him nearer to his wife's height, help one to realize how strange the short king and tall queen must have looked as they walked, with the sword of state between them, up the Abbey. Mary died December 28th, 1694, at the early age of thirty-three, to the inconsolable grief of her husband. Her funeral is chiefly remarkable because both Houses of Parliament, "with their maces, the lords robed in scarlet and ermine, the commons in long black mantels," attended her to her grave. Till now no parliament had ever assembled at a royal funeral, for "till then the parliament had always expired with the sovereign. The pall was borne by the chiefs of the illustrious houses of Howard, Seymour, Grey, and Stanley." For a full and striking account of the ceremony we must refer our readers to Macaulay's history, for no

pen can attempt to vie with his in a description of such an imposing ceremony. The hearse, as usual, remained some time in the Abbey. Tradition speaks of a robin redbreast which was often seen perched upon it, and was cherished for the sake of the dead queen, who had won the hearts of all her subjects. Her good-natured sister, whose huge and smiling effigy is also among the wax figures, was crowned only ten days (April 23d, 1702) after the death of her brother-in-law, William III. Her gout was so bad that she had to be carried from the Tower to the Abbey. This time there was no joint coronation, but Anne's husband, George of Denmark, had to perform homage to her, like one of the English nobles. In the Abbey lie buried their eighteen children, all of whom, except William of Gloucester, died in infancy; with William's death (July 30th, 1700,) the last hopes of the Stuart dynasty were extinguished. Overcome with political troubles and with physical misery, Anne's last days were pain and heaviness. "I believe" her chief physician wrote of her, "that sleep was never more welcome to a weary traveller than death to her." Though death had long been approaching, yet the queen left her will unsigned, and a contemporary writes of her "poor servants like so many poor orphans exposed in the streets." Her funeral took place August 24th, 1714, but nothing of special interest is recorded of this, the burial of the last Stuart queen.

WALTER SCOTT'S QUEEN CAROLINE

OF one more queen we must speak before we close. Queen Caroline of Anspach, wife of George II, is a familiar figure to the readers of the "Heart of Midlothian." The wise counsellor of her husband, the friend of that great minister, Sir Robert Walpole, the patroness of learning and philosophy, was worthy of the famous anthem: "When the ear heard her then it blessed her," which Handel composed for his patroness's funeral. While the minute guns outside were booming, and the words "How are the mighty fallen," echoing through the Abbey, her coffin was lowered into the vault prepared for it in the center of Henry VII's chapel. As if it were in remorse for his shortcomings toward his faithful and long-suffering wife, George II ordered that when he died his dust should be mingled with hers. The sides of both coffins were therefore taken out, when his body was placed beside hers and their scepters crossed.

I HAVE thus attempted to give some idea to the readers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL of a few of those mighty pageants formerly so frequent within the Abbey Church. Of the queens of our own century I have not spoken, though within the memory of some now living, the Abbey was the scene of a coronation which vied in splendor with those in past days. There are many others, too, to whom the jubilee service is a living memory. But I must leave the recent ceremonies to pens more graphic than mine, and conclude these necessarily brief records of past greatness in the words of the dramatist Beaumont, himself buried in Poets' Corner:

"Mortality behold and fear!
What a change of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within this heap of stones.
Here they lie, had realms and lands
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
... Here are sands, ignoble things
Dropt from the buried side of Kings
Here's a world of pomp and state,
Buried in dust, once dead by fate."

A TRUE IDEA OF REVERENCE

BY CORA LINN DANIELS



WHENEVER I have attended the Catholic or other ceremonial church I have always tried to take part as intelligently as possible in the service, bowing, kneeling, crossing myself, etc., as the others did, and paying strict attention to the ritual. So many people have criticized this action that I can but express my conviction that to do otherwise were boorish and unmannerly. If one were to attend the service of a Russian princess at Moscow, and she offered you a cigarette I doubt that any lady would be so awkward and insulting as to refuse. In Russia ladies smoke, and to refuse a cigar or cigarette is to cast contempt upon the custom of the country. When you are in Rome do as the Romans do. When a funeral procession passes along the street in Paris, every gentleman removes his hat until the cortege has passed. One would hardly care to be so conspicuous as to keep the hat on just because in America we are not so reverential as are the Parisians!

What is such an action as that but reverence? What is politeness at all but reverence? Reverence for the desires, opinions, customs, education, prejudices, weaknesses, misfortunes, sorrows and aspirations of others is the root, stem and blossom of courtesy!

So, in visiting any church, the least one can do is to enter into the feelings and opinions of the worshipers for the time being, and humbly putting aside your own ideas assume the position of one who can worship the Heavenly Father anywhere, in any way, at any time, and with more or less ceremony, so long as the adoration is in our hearts, reverential and sincere. To sit like a post in the midst of an audience who are praising God in their own peculiar way is to show in that way an implied contempt. If you do not like it what are you there for? Curiosity? One does not go to church as one goes to the theater, simply to be amused. We do not buy a ticket; we are given a free seat. Then the only return we can show for this toleration of us as outsiders is to join, as far as possible, in the devout exercises we are allowed to witness. In any case, God is being worshiped. It can hurt no one to kneel before Him, or to bow the head reverently.