

Carolus returned, and the business was discussed. It was lightly settled, and Netta and Freda agreed to appear before the world henceforward as the Misses Westlake. It was wonderful how quickly an intimacy sprang up in the course of a few hours, but then, in two hearts at least the seeds had been sown weeks before. And Carolus behaved quite like an old friend, and they even discussed their future plans.

Carolus Westlake, they soon discovered, was a man of many friends. Thomas Hughes has said in one of his books—

“Happy is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is a blessed gift.”

Carolus never thought of himself at all, and there was a strange charm even in his plain face, but his clear deep eyes were so honest and humorous, and held such a happy smile, that they drew hearts to him like magnets. He met everyone, too, in such a friendly, cordial spirit, as if they could have no possible unfriendly feeling towards himself, so that he seemed to possess a key that unlocked all hearts. Yet he was a man of few words, and spoke little.

And yet, though some people—as Netta did—called him even ugly upon a first and casual glance, they never remembered it or repeated it when once he had flung the magic of his strange attraction over them. They sought to enrol themselves among the number of his friends.

Netta found that his sympathies were wide, and she was soon talking to him quite comfortably of Art, and of her hopes and aspirations, and sung the praises of her artist friends. And he drew Freda out upon the subject of her work and her difficulties, and she discovered that he too was a devotee of Science, and he communicated some of his own theories to her, and the results of some observations of his own, and Freda found that, almost unconsciously, she began to lean towards his opinions.

Altogether, Cousin Carolus and his mother were friends worth gaining.

Freda discussed her idea of going to Girton to

devote herself to hard study, and spoke feelingly of resigning the post she held in the High School, which she felt ought now to go to someone who stood in more need of it than she did herself.

“But do nothing in a hurry,” counselled Cousin Carolus; “you must look at things all round.”

“We have been living in a fairy tale to-day,” said Netta, turning her happy face from the piano, where she had just been playing some of Mendelssohn’s “Lieder.”

“And I too,” Carolus replied, letting his clear rest upon her glowing face—“I, too, have been in a fairy tale,” and under the gaze he bent upon her eyes fell and the colour rose again.

The time came for the girls to go, and Carolus accompanied them. The night was clear, though cold; the moon had risen, and the tall dark trees of the square stood like black-robed sentinels against the silver light. At the door, Netta turned and gazed upward.

“Is it not lovely?” she said impulsively. “All Nature is lovely. Henceforth I live for Art: the highest and best thing there is.”

“But there is one thing even higher and lovelier than Art,” said Carolus, with a tender glance at her enthusiastic face.

She glanced up shyly, half-frightened at the depth and earnestness of his tone.

“And that is——” she said, and stopped.

“Love,” he replied.

The end tells itself. It was that rare and beautiful thing—love at first sight. Netta discovered that Love was not incompatible with Art. As Freda afterwards said, Cousin George little guessed when he left his money to be divided among the cousins what events he was bringing about.

Freda had her heart’s desire and went to Cambridge, and, as Netta foretold, won herself a name by her ability, and became the pride of her college.

But, as Netta said, all the changes and their happiness dated from one eventful evening.

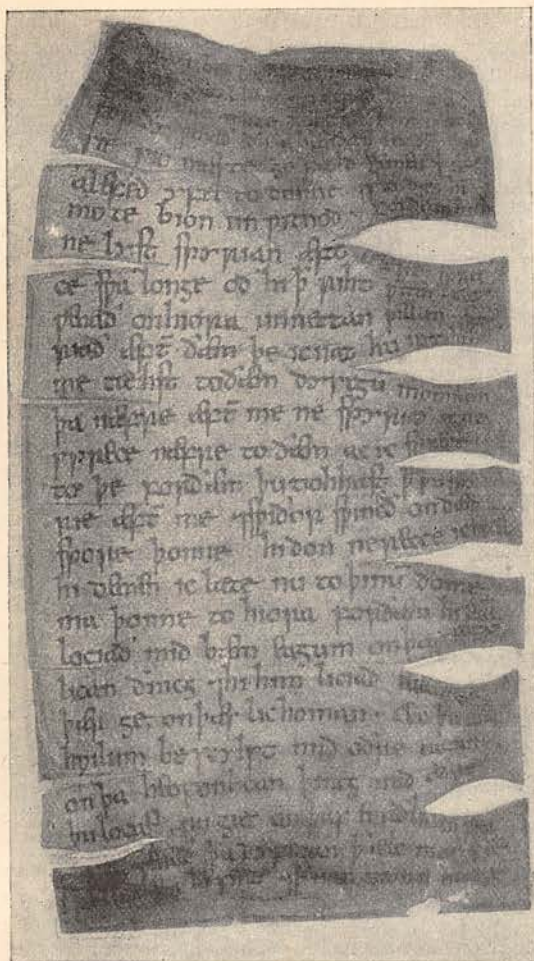
ENGLISH MONARCHS AS AUTHORS.

I.—ALFRED THE GREAT.

PRINCIPALITIES and Powers pass away, and the surest immortality that man can gain on this earth is by means of books. Truly, *litera scripta manet*. In the Republic of Letters there are master minds, but no monarchs. Kings and queens when they enter the arena of literature must fight as fairly and fiercely as their humblest subjects, and the fittest survive in the struggle for existence. But without further introduction, which savours of truism, let me begin to review the literary works of the monarchs who have occupied the English throne. I shall not, of course,

attempt to touch such writings as pertain to a monarch’s position—such as State proclamations and laws, interesting though these may be to the student of history. I am here concerned with literature alone.

Alfred the Great is our first Royal author, and none of his successors has surpassed him. He was himself no great scholar, perhaps, but he was pre-eminently wise. His services to literature and education cannot be well over-estimated. Learning was rapidly decaying in this country when Alfred ascended the throne. He did everything that he could to spread the light, and in the peaceful intervals of his reign translated numerous Latin works into Anglo-Saxon, or English,



KING ALFRED'S TRANSLATION OF BOETHIUS
(folio 104, Cotton MS.).

as I prefer to call it, so that the books could be readily "understood of the people."

The monarch's first work was a translation of Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy." Alfred had the Latin re-written and then explained to him, and he afterwards turned the book into English. The king's translation of this, as of all other works, was singularly free. *Traduttori-traditori*, say the Italians—and Alfred left out and added just what he pleased, transposing the order of his author's chapters, and dividing them as the fancy took him. The result is a great deal more interesting than if the translations had been literal, for we are enabled by these paraphrases to understand what manner of man the king was.

Boethius, according to Gibbon, was "the last of the Romans whom Cato or Tully could have acknowledged for their countrymen." After having obtained the highest honours and seeing two of his sons consuls, Boethius was imprisoned at Pavia for opposing Theodoric. In prison this noble Roman wrote his "Consolations," in the form of dialogues between Wisdom

and himself. Boethius has been sainted since his martyrdom in 525.

The king tells us in his preface that "Sometimes he set word by word, sometimes meaning by meaning, as he the most plainly and most clearly could explain it, for the various and manifold worldly occupations which often buried him both in mind and body." He then quaintly appeals to his critics:—"And he now prays, and for God's name implores everyone of those who list to read this book that he would pray for him, and not blame him, if he more rightly understand it than he could."

Extreme modesty, it may be said, is a characteristic of Royal authors.

In the Cottonian MS. of this work is a metrical version of Boethius's metres. I know that critics are not agreed that these verses are by Alfred at all, but his preface to his prose translation runs: "When he had learned this book and turned it from Latin into the English language, he afterwards composed it in verse." Martin Tupper has put King Alfred's verse into modern English, preserving short metres and "apt alliteration's artful aid," which is the chief characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry. This is how the poems begin:—

Thus Ælfred us
Eald-spell reachte;
Cyning West-Sexna
Craeft meldode.

Literally translated, with the addition of particles, this reads:—

Thus Alfred to us
An ancient story related;
The King of the West-Saxon
Displayed his art.

Tupper's version is worth giving for the sake of comparison:—

Thus to us did Alfred sing
A spell of old;
Song-craft the West-Saxon King
Did thus unfold.
Long and much he longed to teach
His people then,
These mixt-sayings of sweet speech,
The joys of men.
That no weariness forsooth—
As well it may—
Drive away delight from truth,
But make it stay.
So he can but little seek
For his own pride:
A fyfte of song I fitly speak,
And nought beside.
A folk-beknown and world-read thing
I have to say:
To all the best of men I sing
List, ye that may.

This poem seems to be by Alfred, and also the next, which tells the history of Rome and of Boethius in prison:—

Much mourning there he lay,
Nor thought to break his chains,
But to the Lord by night and day
Sang thus in sighing strains.

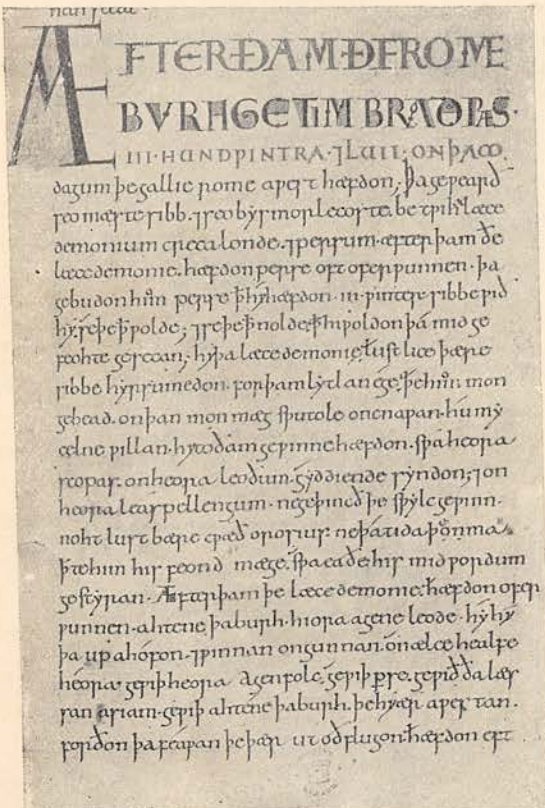
These strains are admirably rendered, and some, especially Alfred's Psalm to God (only suggested by a

line or so of Boethius), beginning, "O Thou Creator of the bright stars," may be well known. Alfred himself had suffered the pains of exile, and could sympathise with the sadness of Boethius. Before I pass from this work, let me give two verses (rendered by Tupper, who, as becomes the author of "Proverbial Philosophy," accompanies his versions with highly moral comments) from "The Uses of Adversity":—

Whoso wills to till a field
Well to bear a fruitful yield,
Let him first pluck up and burn
Thorns and thistles, furze and fern,
Which are wont clean wheat to hurt,
Lying lifeless in the dirt.

And this other likeness, too,
Well behoves us all to view,
Namely, that to those who eat
Honeycomb, it seems more sweet
If a man, before the tear
Of honey, taste of bitter cheer.

Alfred's next "translation" was of Bede's well-known "Ecclesiastical History," and it is characteristic



KING ALFRED'S TRANSLATION OF THE "COMPENDIOUS HISTORY OF THE WORLD" (folio 42, Cotton M.S.).

of the king that as he is writing for southerners he omits the venerable author's references to Northumbria.

While Boethius tells us more of the monarch's personality than his other works, his version of Orosius's "Compendious History of the World, from

the Creation to A.D. 416," is the most valuable of any of his "remains." For Alfred brought the book up to date, and the geography of Europe added by him is the only one of that time written by a contemporary. He also included an account of the voyages of two early navigators, Ohthere and Wulfstan. The king seems to have written just what he heard from the voyagers themselves. "Ohthere told his lord, King Alfred, that he dwelt north-most of all the northerners," and he navigated the North Cape and the White Sea as well as the Baltic, where Wulfstan went also. We are told that the Norwegian Ohthere "was a very wealthy man in those possessions in which their wealth consists: that is, in the wilder animals. He had, moreover, when he came to the king, six hundred tame deer of his own breeding. They call these reindeer; of these, six were decoy-deer, which are very valuable among Finns, because with them they take the wild deer. He was amongst the first men in the land, though he had not more than twenty horned cattle, twenty sheep, and twenty swine, and that little he ploughed with horses. But their revenue is chiefly in the tribute that the Finns pay them, which tribute is in skins of animals, feathers of birds, in whale-bone and ship-ropes, which are made from the whale's hide and from the seal's. Everyone pays according to his means; the richest must pay fifteen skins of the marten and five of the reindeer, and one bear's skin, and forty bushels of feathers, and a bear or otter skin, kirtle, and two ship-ropes, each sixty ells long (an ell equals twenty-four inches), one made from the whale's hide, and the other from the seal's."

Ohthere travelled with a two-fold purpose. "In addition to seeing the country, on account of the horse-whales (walrus), because they have some very good bone in their teeth; of these teeth they brought some to the king; and their hides are very good for ship-ropes. This whale is much less than other whales: it is not longer than seven ells; but, in his own country is the best whale-hunting; there they are eight-and-forty ells long, and the largest fifty ells long; of these, he said, that he was one of six who killed sixty in two days."

Orosius, of course, was the great Spanish theologian-historian, born towards the end of the fourth century, and was the friend of St. Augustine and of St. Jerome.

In the interval of peace between 897 and his death, Alfred translated the pastoral of St. Gregory—a long sermon, as it were, with sixty-five heads. Here is a specimen (Sweet's translation for the invaluable Early English Text Society) of the admonition to the gluttonous and the abstinent:—

"Let the gluttonous hear what St. Paul said. He said that it were good for a man to abstain from meat and wine, as an example to his brothers. Let the abstinent also hear what he said again. He said that ye may drink wine moderately for the weakness of your stomachs. He said so, because he wished the greedy to learn not to desire flesh-meats immoderately, and, again, the abstinent not to despise the eaters because they avail themselves of the gifts from which the others abstain."

But the most interesting part of this book is the King's well-known preface:—

"So general was the decay of learning in England that there were very few on this side of the Humber who could understand their rituals in English, or translate a letter from Latin into English; and I believe that there were not many beyond the Humber. There were so few of them that I cannot remember a single one south of the Thames when I came to the throne. . . . Then I remembered how the Law was first found in the Hebrew tongue; and again, when the Greeks learnt it then they turned the whole of it into their own language. And again, the Latins also. . . . Wherefore I think it better, if it also appear so to you, that we, too, should translate some books, which are the most necessary for all men to understand—that we should turn these into the tongue which we all can know, and so bring it about, as we very easily may, with God's help, if we have rest, that all the youth that now is among the English race, of free men that have property, so that they can apply themselves to these things, may be committed to others for the sake of instruction, so long as they have no power for any other employments, until the time that they may know well how to read English writing. . . . When I remembered how the knowledge of Latin had formerly decayed throughout England, and yet many could read English writing, I began, among other various and manifold troubles of this kingdom, to translate into English the book which is called in Latin 'Pastoralis,' and in English 'Shepherd's Book.' . . . and I will send a copy to every bishopric in my kingdom; and on each there is a clasp worth fifty mancus. And I command in God's name that no man take the clasp from the book, or the book from the minster."

Three of these copies have been preserved to the present day. A mancus is stated in the laws of Henry I. to be then worth twenty pennies.

King Alfred's "Handbook," a commonplace book, in which he made notes of his tutors' teaching, has been lost, but several fragments have descended to us through William of Malmesbury.

"Blossom Gatherings," from St. Augustine's Soliloquies, is most probably a translation by King Alfred. The preface begins abruptly, and is a laboured conceit. Whoever the writer may have been, he evidently was a great admirer of those whom Voltaire would have called "valets," for he alludes to—"The everlasting home which He has promised us through St. Augustine, and St. Gregory, and St. Jerome, and through many holy fathers; as I believe also that for the merits of all those He will both make this way more convenient than it was ere this."

Taruuinus þá. þe ær romana
cýningz pæs. aþpæon taryca cýningz him onfulcum.
porryenna pær hátæn. þæt he þe ead mihcte pinnan. píd
brúture. 7 píd callum románum. hēþa brúte se epæd
annpiz. píd þæne cýningz. embe heora feond seipe,
ac him taruuinuz oðerne þezn on zeán yende. annunses
runu. þær ofer modiz an 7 heora þær æðere. oðerne
of flōh.

OROSIUS—*Cotton MS.*, folio 30b. 8—15.

Taruuinuz
de ær romana cýningz pæs. aþpæon taryca cýningz hī
onfulcum porryenna pær hátæn. þæt he de ead mehtæ
pinnan píd brúture 7 píd callū románum; heðabrucauz
zeþpæd annpiz píd þæne cýningz. embe heora feond seipe. ac
him taruuinuz oðerne þezn on zeán yende annunses
runu. þær ofer modiz an 7 heora þær æðere. oðerne of
flōz;

OROSIUS—*Lauderdale MS.*, page 45. 9, 16.

Sometimes the king is alluded to as the translator of "Æsop's Fables," but the MS., if it ever existed, has been lost. Alfred's "Proverbs" are the production of the thirteenth century. One doubtful fragment is entitled, "The Parliament at Shiffard."

But, according to Professor Freeman, Alfred's most abiding monument is the encouragement which the king gave whereby the English Chronicles grew into their present shape out of the local annals of the Church of Winchester. Forty years ago an almost complete edition of Alfred's works was published by a National Committee, formed to honour the thousandth anniversary of the birthday of one of the greatest monarchs of all time.

Other kings that afterwards ruled this country were liberal patrons of literature; notably, Canute, who is stated to have beheaded a minstrel-poet that did not please him. Most readers will remember that as this king was rowing near the Minster of Ely, he heard the monks chanting, and composed a ballad, of which the following is the only stanza now known, although the verses were long popular among the common people of England:—

"Merrily sung the monks in Ely
When Cnut, King, rode thereby;
Row, my knights, row near the land,
And let us hear these monkes' song."

Henry I. was known as "Beauclerc," or "The Scholar," but he has left no literary works to testify to his scholarship. Richard I. is our next Royal author, and his contributions to literature are songs of the troubadour kind.

R. MAYNARD LEONARD.

ROYAL AUTHORS AND THEIR BOOKS.

II.—FROM RICHARD I. TO ELIZABETH.



HERE seems every reason to believe that Richard Cœur de Lion was a ready versifier; indeed, we are told by a contemporary that the king could make stanzas on even such an inconsiderable subject as the eyes of gentle ladies. His best known poem, written in the Provençal dialect (translated by Mr. G. Ellis), sufficiently explains itself in the first two verses:—

"If captive wight attempt the tuneful strain,
His voice, belike, full dolefully will sound;
Yet, to the sad, 'tis comfort to complain.
Friends have I store, and promises abound;
Shame on the niggards! since, these winters twain
Unransomed, still I bear a tyrant's chain.

"Full well they know, my lords and nobles all,
Of England, Normandy, Guienne, Poictou,
Ne'er did I slight my poorest vassal's call,
But all whom wealth could buy from chains withdrew.
Not in reproach I speak, nor idly vain,
But I alone, unpitied, bear the chain."

Everyone knows the story of Blondel finding the king in an Austrian prison. The minstrel sang the first verse of a song which he and the king had composed together, and Richard replied with the second verse. Here are the two verses, according to tradition—Englished, of course:—

KA
KING
HENRY VI.

(BLONDEL.)

"Your beauty, lady fair,
None views without delight;
But still so cold an air
No passion can excite;
Yet this I patient see
While all are shunned like me."

(RICHARD.)

"No nymph my heart can wound
If favour she divide,
And smiles on all around
Unwilling to decide.
I'd rather hatred bear
Than love with others share."

If Richard himself did not write much, an immense amount was written by others about him, and some of it fathered on him.

Edward II. is reported by the chronicler Fabian to have written a long Latin poem during his imprisonment at Kenilworth, in which he mourns over the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

"On my devoted head
Her bitterest showers
All from a wintry cloud
Stern fortune pours."

Richard II. is supposed to have known something



Henry VIII

KING HENRY VIII.

of poetry, but none of his efforts to cultivate the Muse has been preserved.

Our next Royal author is Henry VI., that remarkable

Cateryn the Quene

CATHERINE, LAST QUEEN OF HENRY VIII.

monarch who, by his tribulations, hoped to "make his election sure," and welcomed pain as an easy means of escaping the wrath to come. Sir John Harington, the immortal epigrammatist and translator of "Orlando Furioso," long afterwards sent the following "prettie versse," by Henry VI., to James I.'s son, Henry (with the evidence of its authorship), adding that the poetry "well suteth the temper and condition of him who made it":—

"Kingdomes are but cares,
State ys devoid of staie,
Ryches are redy snares,
And hastene to decaie.

*Fro sainte James the
fife and twentie daie of June.
(To the quenes grace.)
Edward.*

KING EDWARD VI.

"Who meenethe to remoofe the rocke
Owte of the slymie muddle,
Shall myre hymselfe, and hardlie scape
The swellynge of the flodde."

From the House of Lancaster we come to the House of Tudor. Henry VIII.'s chief achievement in the



Mazye the quene

QUEEN MARY.

world of letters was his "Defence of the Seven Sacraments against Martin Luther." For this the Pope, Leo X., made him Defender of the Faith, a title that our sovereigns have ever since held. The king had

none of an author's obstinacy, for in the epistle dedicatory he prays the Pope: "If we have erred in anything, we offer it to be corrected as may please

was by Henry VIII., composed when courting the fair maid of honour:—

"The eagle's force subdues each byrd that flies;
What metal can resist the flaminge fyre?
Dothe not the sunne dazle the clearest eyes,
And melte the ice, and make the froste retyre?
The hardest stones are piercede thro wyth tools;
The wysest are, wyth princes, made but fools."

And we know that Henry VIII. is reputed to have been a composer of anthems. In both poetry and music a nice ear is necessary. There is an antemortem dirge attributed on very slight grounds to Anne Boleyn; but Queen Catherine Parr, Henry's last consort—and fortunate survivor—has left a grateful posterity a "Lamentation of a Sinner Bewailing the Ignorance of Her Blind Life" (forty-seven solid quarto pages), to say nothing of a small manual of prayers.

The "British Josiah," as admirers of the ill-starred Edward VI. call him, takes an important place amid Royal authors. The young king was very accomplished,

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

your holiness"; and addressing the reader of his pamphlet, the monarch explains: "Although I do not reckon myself amongst the most learned and eloquent, yet (shunning the stain of ingratitude and moved by fidelity and piety) I cannot but think myself obliged (would to God my ability to do it were equal to my good will!) to defend my mother, the spouse of Christ." In his tirade against the great reformer (written, of course, in Latin) the king shows pretty powers of invective, and adopts a sledgehammer style. He says of Luther, "This little brother is a scabbed sheep," and that this new Momus becomes "like the devil—that is a slanderer; he rails, he blasphemes, he slanders, he rages, and he who is filthy becomes more filthy still." Finally the king urges the faithful to stand up against "this daring brother, who, however weak in power, yet in mind is more pernicious than either Turk, Saracen, or Infidel."

Was Luther much troubled by this? Not in the least degree. He simply was rude enough to suggest that the king could not have written the attack himself, but that he must have employed some literary "ghost." Henry again replied, defending himself, and it is only fair to remember that according to tradition he had been intended for the Church, and would have entered the sacred calling had not his elder brother, Arthur, the Prince of Wales, died. Sir Thomas More has often been mentioned as the author of the "Defence." Henry's letters to Anne Boleyn have been collected and published. They are not very interesting. Sir John Harington, to whom I have already referred, also sent to Prince Henry "an example of royal poetrie," which Sir John's father had often assured him

OraisonS, ov Me:
ditations, par lesquelles l'enten-
dement de l'homme est incité de
souffrir affliction, et ne se chaloir
des vaines prospéritéZ de ce mō-
de, mais de tousiours aspirer à
éternelle félicicité. Extraites d'au-
cunes saintes escriptures, par la
tresvertueuse, et tresbenigne prin-
cesse Catherine, Royne d'angle-
terre, France, et Irlande.
Translatées d'anglois en fran-
çoys par ma^{de} dame Elizabeth

27 The embassadours after they had hunted for us at supper.
 28 The same went to see Hampton court where they
 did hunt and the same night returned to Durasme
 place. 29 One that by way have marriage had thought
 to assemble the people, and so to make an insurrection
 in Kent was taken by the gentlemen of the shire
 was taken and afterward punished.
 30 The embassadours had a fairer soup made them by the
 duke of somerset and afterward went into the river and
 saw both the beare hunted in the river and also redde
 capt out of boats and many other conceales.
 31 The embassadours toke their leave and the next day
 departed.

FACSIMILE OF ENTRY IN THE AUTOGRAPH JOURNAL OF EDWARD VI.

and perhaps somewhat precocious. Very interesting is Edward's "Discourse on the Reformation of the Nation," in which "the chief pointes that tend to order well the whole commonwealth" are set forth as "good education, devising of good laws, executing the laws justly without respect of persons, the example of rulers, punishing of vagabonds and idol persons, encouraging the good, ordering well the customers, and engendering friendship in all parts of the commonwealth." This is also written in French, and dedicated to his uncle.

But the "British Josiah's" most abiding work is his diary. He began it when he was twelve years old—in 1549—and continued it till November, 1552, a little more than seven months before he died. Thomas Fuller, in his "Church History," thus writes, carried away by enthusiasm for the chronicle: "He kept an exact account, written with his own hand—and that a very legible one—of all memorable accidents, with the accurate date thereof. No high honour was conferred, bishopric bestowed, state office disposed of, no old fort repaired, no new one erected, no bullion brought in, no great summes sent forth of the land, no ambassadors despatched hence, none entertained here, but by him, with his own hand, it was recorded."

Mary was not a literary character. Erasmus says she wrote Latin letters well, and Queen Catherine Parr, with a view to converting her, made the princess begin to translate Erasmus's "Paraphrase of the Gospel according to St. John." But Mary is said to have overworked herself at the task; at any rate, she never finished it. A time-serving confession of faith written to the king her father does not come within the limits which I have laid down for this review.

Queen Elizabeth was a much better scholar, as she was also a much greater woman. She translated a great deal from the Greek and Latin classics, and as a specimen of her work I quote a few lines from one of Seneca's epistles, which her majesty sent to Sir John Harington:—

"Destenies gyde the willing, but draw the grudging sorte. So let us live, so doe we speake, that they maye ever fynde us readie and not unprepared. The greatest hart is it that bequeaves to God his parte."

Her version of the same old master's tragedy, "Hercules Octæus," is interesting, but only from the fact that it is written in blank verse.

While her majesty was a prisoner at Woodstock, she is said to have written the following lines with charcoal on a shutter—a copy having been preserved by Hentzner:—

"Oh, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
 Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
 Witness this present prisonn, whither fate
 Could beare me, and the joys I quit.
 Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
 From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
 Causing the guiltless to be strait reserved,
 And freeing those that death hath well deserved.
 But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
 So God send to my foes all they have thoughte."

This is signed "Elizabethe, prisonner," and dated A.D. MDLV. Puttenham in his "Arte of English Poesie," includes in addition to much fulsome flattery of "the most bewtifull or rather bewtie of queenes," a "sonnet" which is interesting as containing an allusion to Mary, Queen of Scots, in these lines:—

"The daughter of debate that discord ay doth sowe,
 Shal reape no gaine where former rule hath taught stil peace to growe
 No forreine bannisht wight shall ancre in this port;
 Our realme it brookes no strangers force, let them elsewhere resort,
 Our rusty sworde with rest shall first his edge employ,
 To poll the toppes that seeke such change, or gape for such like joy."

Elizabeth also translated—as Alfred the Great had done before her (see Article I.)—Boethius's "Consolations of Philosophy," and wrote prayers in French, Italian, and Spanish—in all of which languages she was proficient. Camden, the great antiquary, says that she either read or wrote something every day; and really I have not room for a bare list of the things she did.

In my next article I shall deal with the Stuarts and their successors to the present day.

R. MAYNARD LEONARD.

your guests at convenient intervals to one another, and when the opportunity occurs; never mind if it is "the thing" to do or not. I may remark in this connection that it is as well to be thoughtful in the selection of one's guests, and not to invite people to meet each other whom you happen to know do not assimilate. And, finally, do not ask more people than your house will hold. It is best, indeed, to ask more than you can conveniently entertain: more, say, than you have chairs for; because you may be quite certain that all will not come. Then, again—but I do not mean to lay down any hard-and-fast rules. There are many roads to success; and there are more ways than one of making a musical party pleasant. Tact and

thoughtfulness for others are, after all, the chief desiderata. With them you can do much; without them, nothing. If you have really had kindly feelings towards everyone, and have wished not so much to "swagger" as to make your friends happy; if you have worked not so much in the aim of "enlarging your acquaintance" as in that of keeping those friends you already have; if, thanks to your endeavours, things have gone smoothly, comfortably, and without hitches, you may, when the last carriage has driven away from the door, betake yourself to a well-earned rest, with a proud consciousness of having successfully accomplished a thoroughly enjoyable "Musical At Home."

ENGLISH MONARCHS AS AUTHORS.—III.



Ever English monarch were afflicted with *cacoëthes scribendi* it was that pitiful king, James I., the undignified pedant whom flatterers called "The British Solomon" to his face, and laughed at behind his back. Most of James's works were printed before he succeeded Elizabeth, and were then repub-

lished. His first book was brought out when he was eighteen years old, and was entitled "Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie." Besides some indifferent "sonnets," this volume contains "ane schort treatise containing some revlis and cantelis to be obseruit and eschewit in Scottish poesie." This chapter is the only part which is worth the while of a modern student to peruse. The law in English verse had already been laid down, and the "prentise" thought it time to teach his betters in his native country. James and a French writer Du Bartas (1544 to 1590) admired one another, and translated each other's works; but the royal author, conscious that his rendering of Du Bartas's "divine and learned works" contained faults innumerable, threw himself unreservedly on the reader's leniency. Whether I am right in describing James's first poetic efforts as indifferent, the reader can judge for himself from the following exact copy:—

"The faound Greke, Demosthenes by name,
His toung was ones into his youth so slow,
As evin that airt, which floorish made his fame,
He scarce could name it for a time, ye know.
So of small seidis the Liban Cedres grow:
So of an egg the egle doeth proceed:
From fountains small great Nilus flood doeth flow:
Evin so of rawnis do mightie fishes breid.
Therefore, good Reader, when as thou dois reid
These my first fruitis, dispysse them not at all.
Who watts both these may able be indeid
Of fyner poemis the begynning small.
Then, rather loave my meaning and my panis
Than lak my dull ingyne and blunted branis."

James's next book was "Exercises at Vacant Hours," published in 1591, of which I need only say that the author in a preface to a later edition declared that he had "composed these things in my verie young and tender yeares: wherein nature (except shee were a monster) can admit of no perfection." And now when he is wiser and could do better he has no time: "yea, scarslie but at stollen moments haue I the leasure to blenk vpon any paper, and yet not that with free and vnvexed spirit." Who excuses

[4]

Harmony may be made up for the maintenance of the whole Body.

The application then of a thing of a contrary nature to any of these parts, is to interrupt them of their due function, and by consequence hurtful to the health of the whole Body; as if a man, because the Liver is as the fountain of Bloud, and, as it were, an Oven to the Stomach, would therefore apply and wear close upon his Liver and Stomach a Cake of Lead, he might within a very short time (I hope) be furnished very good cheap at an Ordinary, besides the clearing of his Conscience from that deadly sin of Gluttony; And as if because the Heart is full of vital Spirits, and in perpetual motion; a man would therefore lay a heavy pound stone on his Breast, for staying and holding down that wanton Palpitation; I doubt not but his Breast would be more bruised with the weight thereof, then the Heart would be comforted with such a disagreeable and contrarious Cure. And even so is it with the Brains; for if a man because the Brains are cold and humide, would therefore use inwardly by smells, or outwardly by application, things of hot and dry quality; all the gain that he could make thereof, would onely be to put himself in great forwardness for running mad, by over-watching himself; the coldness and moisture of our Brains being the onely ordinary means that procure our Sleep and Rest. Indeed, I do not deny, that when it falls out that any of these, or any part of our Body, grows to be distempered, and to tend to an extremity beyond the compass of Nature's temperate mixture, that in that case Cures of contrary qualities to the Intemperate inclination of that part being wisely prepared, and discreetly ministred, may be both necessary and helpful for strengthening and alliving Nature in the expulsion of her Enemies; for this is the true definition of all profitable Physick.

But first, These Cures ought not to be used, but where there is need of them; the contrary whereof is daily practised in this general use of Tobacco, by all sorts and Complexions of people.

And next, I deny the *misuse* of this Argument, as I have already said, in regard that this Tobacco is not simply of a dry and hot quality, but rather hath a certain venomous faculty joyned with the heat thereof, which makes it have an Antipathy against Nature, as by the hateful smell thereof doth well appear; for the Nose being the proper Organ and Convoy of the fence of smelling to the Brains, which are the onely fountain of that fence, doth ever serve

Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings." Of this book nearly 50,000 copies had been sold by the middle of last century. Milton was ordered by Parliament to write a reply—which took the form of "Iconoclastes." This word means "the image breaker": Icon, Basiliké means "the kingly image." One of

Whitchell 7 June 1665.

*My R^d Sunderland, Though you have already
done me very eminent service, yet the great
part you have had in this happy victory
which is well pleas'd God to send us, adds
very much to the former obligations I have to
you, I send this bearer my R^d Hawley on
purpose to let you know more particularly
my sense of it, and will say no more my self
till I see you that I may take you in my
arms, and give you other testimonies how
much I am,*

*Your affectional friend
Charles II.*

AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM KING CHARLES II.

the great poet's points was that one of the prayers was plagiarised from Sidney's "Arcadia"; but, as a matter of fact, the prayers do not appear in the first edition. After the Restoration, one, Dr. Gauden, laid claim to the authorship, and convinced most people on the subject. He was made Bishop first of Exeter, and then of Worcester for his pains, and was buried in Worcester Cathedral, where, in his effigy's hand, is a copy of the book in question. But seventy years ago Bishop Christopher Wordsworth issued a work entitled "Who wrote 'Eikon Basiliké'?" in which he defended "the princely pelican," as Charles's enemies had dubbed him. And evidence has accumulated to show that Dr. Gauden did not write "The Kingly Image"; but whether the king did or not, is one of those questions which it is not likely will ever be answered. Mr. Edward Scott, of the British Museum, has drawn attention to apophthegms in the king's copy of Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," that are of the same quality as the wise saws in "Icon Basiliké," and Mr. Scott roundly asserts that the latter book "bears on every page the peculiar stamp of Charles's mind and habit of force." "Icon Basiliké" is a book of which no author need be ashamed. It insists strongly on the divine right of kings, and yet is written in a humble, dignified, and pious vein.

Voluminous correspondence of King Charles with his Ministers has been preserved, as well as a contro-

versy which the king had with a Mr. Alexander Henderson, of Newcastle, concerning the prelacy. Clarendon tells us that Mr. Henderson was thereby converted from the error of his ways, and, sad to relate, died of a broken heart. Charles also perpetrated poetry—some interesting verses entitled "Majesty in Misery, or an Imploration to the King of Kings," said to have been preserved by Burnet, and written by his majesty in the last year of his life while a prisoner in Carisbrooke Castle. I give the following lines as specimens—

"Nature and law, by thy divine decree
(The only root of righteous royaltie)
With this dim diadem invested me.

"The fiercest furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

"Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
Revenge and robbery are reformation,
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

"My loyal subjects who in this bad season
Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason."

Charles's State papers are well written, and his prayers betray a genuine spirit of devotion, but these are not literature. His sister—Princess Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania—possessed literary facility; but neither can her verse come within the limits of these papers. I pass, therefore, to

King Charles II., of whom the witty dissolute Rochester wrote—

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one."

The king when shown this mock epitaph cleverly retorted that his discourse was his own, but his actions were his Ministers'. The title of Charles II. to rank among the royal authors is very slender indeed. Although Dryden wrote of his majesty that "the most learn'd with shame confess, His knowledge more, his reading only less," the only specimen of his literary ability is preserved in a love ditty—as indifferent in quality as it is doubtful

JAMES 1672.

James II 1687.

AUTOGRAPHS OF KING JAMES II.

in origin. The piece was reproduced by Walpole. The king, addressing his Philis, harps on the old theme of the ups and downs of true love, confessing alternately—

"O, then, 'tis I think there's no hell
Like loving too well."

And

"O, then, 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love."



AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURE OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF FOUR.

Some industrious bookmaker compiled a volume from James II.'s official reports while Duke of York, and this king has also placed on record his "sufferings," one of which was having to rise at seven o'clock in the morning. Nothing could be expected of the four Georges in English literature—the kings whose faithful portraits have been sketched for all time by Thackeray. Frederick, Prince of Wales, George II.'s son, might have qualified for a place among royal authors had he lived. As it is, he only left behind a poor French *chanson*. Queen Caroline, George IV.'s unfortunate wife, provoked a great deal of writing about her cause. Her "Memories," however, were the ingenious romancings of Captain Thomas Ashe.

It is only fair to refer to the collection which George III. gave to the nation, and to his invaluable library, which cost him £130,000, and was "presented" by George IV. to the British Museum (being known as "the King's library") for a due consideration.

By the process of exhaustion I come at last to Queen Victoria. In 1868 her Majesty published her Highland journal, edited by Sir Arthur Helps. The book, which everyone probably knows, is an unpretentious record of the Queen's tours, such as any amiable girl might write. Among the chief factors in the Queen's popularity are the glimpses she has afforded her subjects into her domestic life and homely joys and sorrows. Twelve years ago "More Leaves from the Journal of a Life in the Highlands" appeared, dedicated to John Brown, her Majesty's faithful body-servant, who had just died. The royal author pre-faced her second volume with these words—

"Remembering the feeling with which that little book was received, the writer thinks that the present volume may equally evoke sympathy; as, while describing a very altered life, it shows how her sad and suffering heart was soothed and cheered by the excursions and incidents it recounts, as well as by the simple mountaineers from whom she learnt many a lesson of resignation and faith in the pure air and quiet of the beautiful Highlands."

"More Leaves" are equally unpretending—the simple records of "the never-to-be-forgotten days spent with him who made the writer's life bright and happy." The greater part of the proceeds of these

books was devoted to the establishment of bursaries in schools in the Balmoral district, and also for students at the University of Aberdeen—an interesting fact not generally known. As author Queen Victoria has increased the force of the claims to reverence which as Tennyson wrote, close—

"In her as mother, wife, and queen."

Right Reverend Father in God.

We greet you well
Whereas the Twenty eighth day of June
next is appointed for the Solemnity of
Our Royal Coronation;

These are to Will and Command
you (all excuses set apart) to make
your personal attendance on Us at the time
above-mentioned: furnished and appointed as
to your Rank and Quality appertaining
there to do and perform all such Services
as shall be required and belong unto you
Whereof you are not to fail. And so
We bid you most heartily farewell

Given at Our Court at St James's
the _____ day of May 1838
in the first year of Our Reign

By Her Majesty's Command

To Samuel
Lord Bishop of Exeter

Norfolk E N

SUMMONS TO ATTEND THE QUEEN'S CORONATION, COUNTER-SIGNED BY HER MAJESTY.