

DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

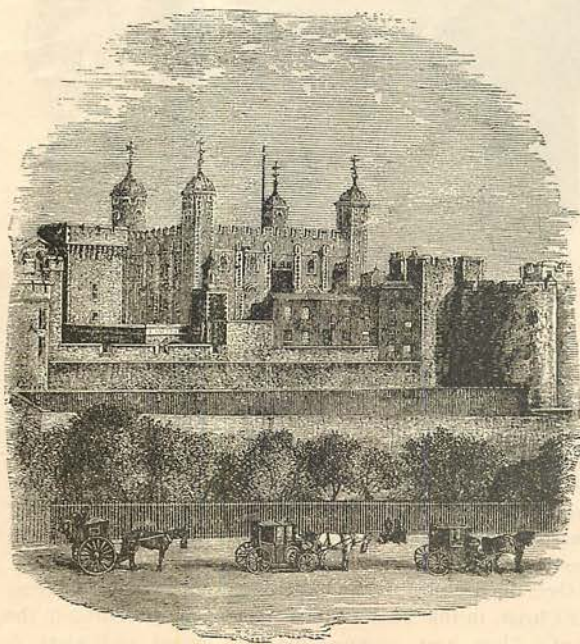
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THE TOWER OF LONDON.

THERE is no place, perhaps, in the world, so replete with historical interest as the Tower of London; and a visit to this famous fortress cannot fail to stir up the most lively interest in the England of our ancestors.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE TOWER.

An idea of the extent of the Tower will be gained from the fact that it occupies twelve acres of land. It stands on the banks of the Thames, at the eastern extremity of the city of London, and the first object that strikes you as you approach is the keep, or citadel, of the fortress, which rises above the rest of the pile. This is the White Tower, which is a lofty square building, adorned with turrets. For a long

time this constituted the Tower of London itself, the other buildings having been added since. It was used in those early days as a palace for royalty, and was built by order of William the Conqueror, in 1079. It is a massive quadrangular structure, ninety-two feet in height, the walls being fourteen feet thick. It has three stories, and vaults in the basement; each story containing one large apartment and two small ones. The vaults were used as prisons, and among the unfortunates who were confined in these dungeons was John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who emerged only to be beheaded. In one of the upper rooms there is a cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned, and where he wrote his "History of the World."

On the second floor is St. John's Chapel, a fine example of Norman architecture. Twelve pillars, united by arches, divide the nave from the aisles, and a gallery is above the pillars. The early kings of England performed their devotions here; subsequently it was stripped of its adornments, and was no longer used as a chapel. In the larger room on the upper floor was the Council-room, where the kings held their courts. Here it was that the Protector, the Duke of Gloucester, ordered the instant execution of Lord Hastings. It is now used for a store-room for small arms, which are very ingeniously and artistically arranged so as to resemble flowers. The White Tower is used for storing arms exclusively.

The Middle Tower is a strong portal defended by gates and a portcullis. It is by this tower that you enter the fortress. The Byward Tower, of which we give two views, resembles the Middle Tower, and formerly a drawbridge united the two. The Bloody Tower is a square building, and is one of the twelve smaller towers of the inner ward. Here it was that the two young princes were murdered by their uncle Richard. St. Thomas's Tower is a large square building, over the moat, and is protected by two circular towers. This tower now contains a steam engine for raising water.

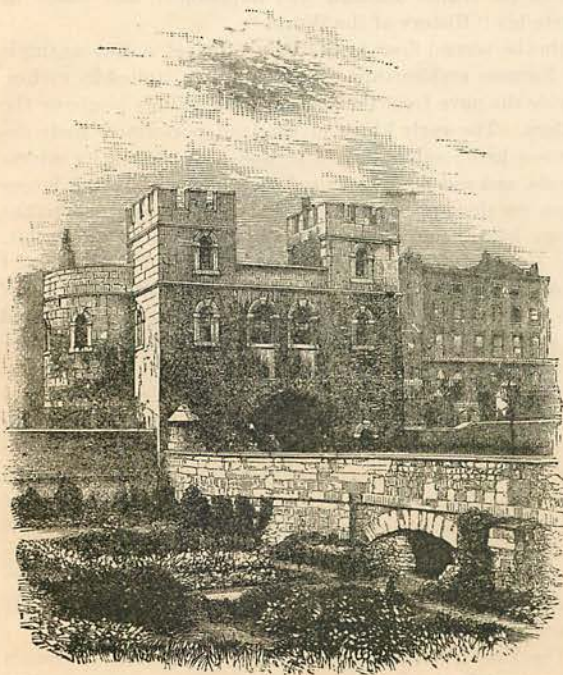
The Traitor's Gate was the one through which prisoners were brought to the Tower, and carried to their trial at



ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL.

Westminster. The Flint Tower had such narrow dungeons that it was called the "Little Hell." The Flint, Bowyer, and Brick Towers occupy the northern range of the inner ballium wall, and though the upper part is destroyed, the lower portions afford enough interest to make their examination profitable.

The most interesting of all the Towers, and the one in which the visitor will linger the longest, is the Beauchamp Tower. Used as a prison, the weary captives endeavored to remove some of the lead from the heavy wings of Time by inscribing their names, and various devices, on the walls. You pause before them, and read and re-read these sad memorials, and wonder why Tyranny should have been al-

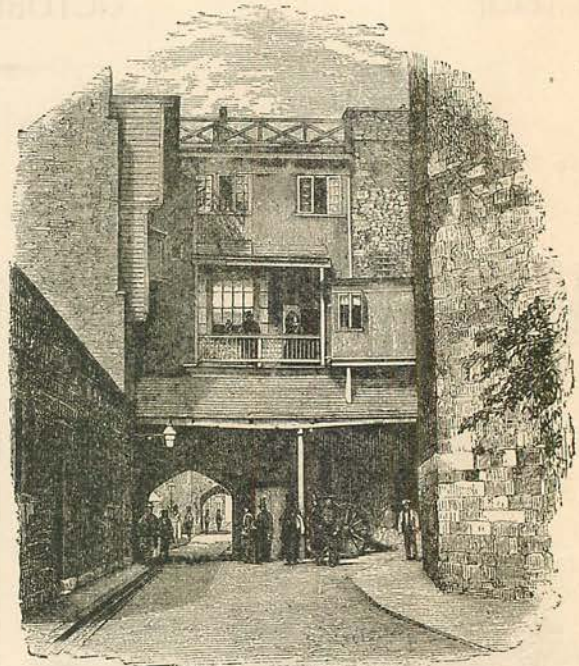


THE MIDDLE TOWER (FROM THE EAST).

lowed such unlimited power, and with its iron heel to crush out liberty, happiness, and life itself.

The name of this tower is supposed to be derived from a celebrated prisoner, Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was immured here in the reign of Richard II. Richard's was a turbulent reign, and he himself died a prisoner at Pontefract Castle. This Tower consists of two stories, and contains several apartments. As you enter on the ground floor, on the left-hand side is the inscription, dated 1569 and 1570: "'My Hope is in Christ.' Walter Paslew." It has never transpired who this unfortunate man was; but he did well not to put his trust in princes, but in a higher Power.

Near this inscription is the name of "Robart Dudley." This nobleman was the son of the Duke of Northumberland, and the hero of Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth." In 1554 he was condemned for high treason by the Earl of Sussex, and was in the Tower two years under sentence of death. Queen Mary liberated him, however, and on the



THE BYWARD TOWER (FROM THE EAST).

accession of Queen Elizabeth he rose to high favor. She created him Earl of Leicester, and bestowed riches upon him, and gave him even her love. Naturally ambitious, these royal favors made him feel that he could grasp even the stars; and he aspired to the hand of the Queen, his countess having very obligingly fallen down stairs and broken her neck, thus giving her husband an opportunity of pursuing his ambitious projects. He died at Kenilworth Castle in 1588.

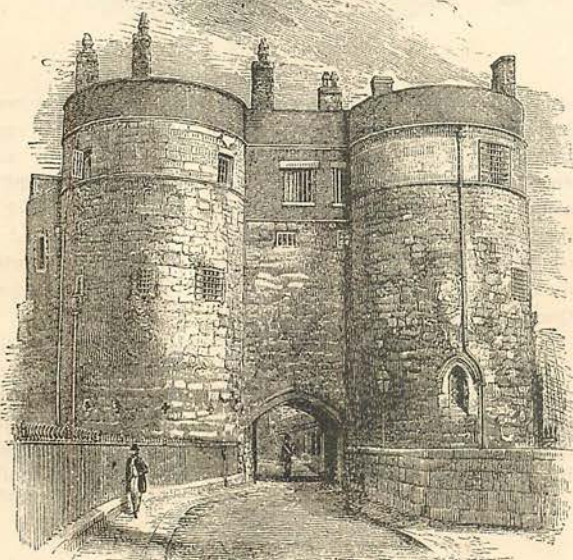
Over the fire-place is the inscription, "The more suffering for Christ, in this world, the more glory with Christ in the next. Thou hast crowned me with honor and glory, O Lord! In memory everlasting He will be just. Arundell, June 22d, 1587." The writer of this was Philip Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk. Various charges were brought against him, among others that of holding correspondence with the Jesuits. He languished in prison a long time, refusing to accept the terms of his release, an abjuration of his religious faith,—and he died in prison in 1595, when only thirty-nine years of age.

Another noble victim was John Dudley, Earl of Warwick.

He was accused of conspiring to depose Queen Mary. On the wall he has left, as a memorial of himself, the family coat of arms and various devices. He died in prison in 1554. An interesting inscription reads: "Ihs Dio semin in lachrinis in exilitiane meter Æ. 21. E. Poole, 1562." "He who sows in tears shall reap in joy." Edmund Poole was the grandson of the Duke of Clarence, who was a brother of Edward IV. He and his brother Arthur were accused of entering into a conspiracy to depose Elizabeth, and place Mary, Queen of Scots, on the throne of England. These unfortunate young men never saw the light of freedom again, and died in prison.

On the walls we find the name of "Jane," supposed to be written there by Lord Guilford Dudley, the husband of Lady Jane Gray. This unhappy young couple were held as prisoners in the Tower, whence they emerged only to meet a cruel death.

While thoughts of religion appear to have been uppermost in the minds of the prisoners, love was not absent. Some lover leaves the following tender inscription:



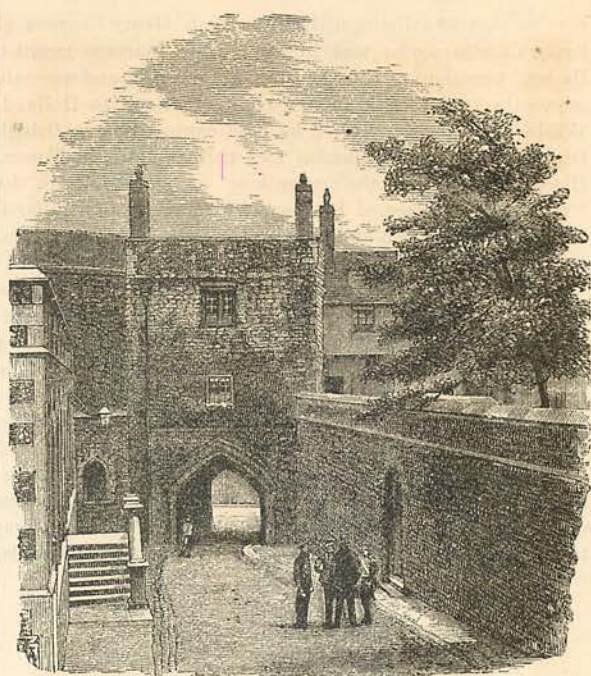
THE BYWARD TOWER (FROM THE WEST).

"Thomas Wilbyngar, goldsmith. My hart is yours tel dethe." A figure of a bleeding heart, and one of death, accompany the inscription. There is no record why this faithful lover was thrown into prison, to languish away from his love, and perhaps die a miserable death.

It would be almost impossible to enumerate the unfortunates who found their way into this gloomy prison. Who can count the long, sad procession of captives that passed through the gloomy archway of the Traitor's Gate? Who does not shudder in contemplating that spot—that bloody hill, where even women were sacrificed to a fearful death?

In the early ages there were some illustrious captives held here. There was Flambard, Bishop of Durham, imprisoned by Henry I. Here Griffin, the son of the Prince of North Wales, met a tragical death, in attempting to escape from the Tower. The rope by which he was letting himself down broke, and he was instantly killed. A great many illustrious Welshmen and Scotchmen saw the gloomy interior of the Tower. Baliol, Wallace, and King David Bruce were all inmates.

Among other noted prisoners were Sir Simon Burley, the



THE BLOODY TOWER.

friend and companion of Richard II.; James, son of Robert III., King of Scotland, who was most unjustly seized while on his way to France to be educated, and kept a prisoner eighteen years; and Henry VI., when defeated by the Yorkists, was placed in the Tower. The Duke of Clarence, another victim, was imprisoned in the Bowyer Tower, and was said to have been drowned in malmsey wine. Lady Arabella Stuart, Jane Shore, Anne Boleyn, Perkin Warbeck, Anne Askew, the Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole, who was taken from prison to be beheaded in her old age, the Earl of Stafford, Archbishop Laud, the Duke of Monmouth, Judge Jeffries, Lord Lovat, and a long list of others were prisoners in the Tower, many of whom were beheaded.

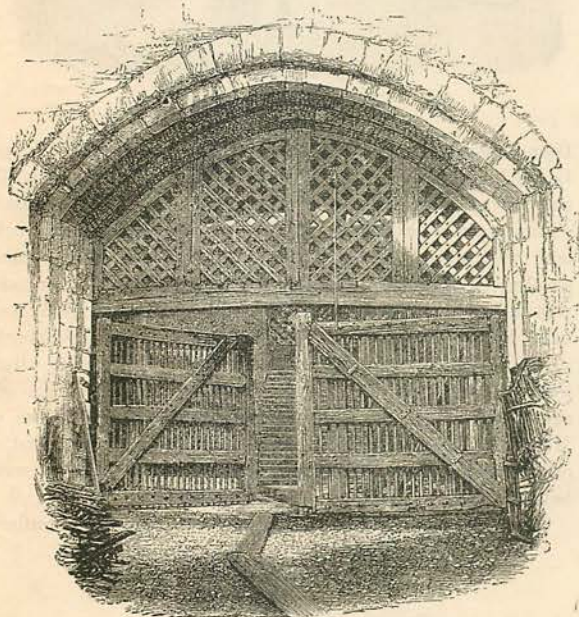
Among the names recorded, of those having been confined



ST. THOMAS'S TOWER.

here, is that of a distinguished American, Henry Laurens, of South Carolina, who was in the Tower fourteen months. He was president of the Continental Congress, and was subsequently appointed minister plenipotentiary to Holland. While on his way thither he was captured by a British frigate, conveyed to London and thrown into the Tower. His papers proving the complicity of Holland with the "rebels," a war ensued between Great Britain and Holland. Mr. Laurens's health suffered in the Tower, but he fortunately obtained his release, and died in Charleston, 1792.

The tortures inflicted upon the prisoners, at one time, appear to have been very great. There were chambers especially constructed for this purpose. "Little Ease" was a cell so small that the prisoner was compelled to sit in a cramped position. "The Pit" was full of rats, and in some of the dungeons were snakes and other reptiles. The "Mater Dolorosa" was an image of the Virgin, made of iron and wood, and its squeeze was fatal to life. The *Jungfern Küss* was an iron image seven feet high, whose delicate attentions consisted in stretching out its arms, and when the victim was in its power hewed him to pieces with broad hand-swords,



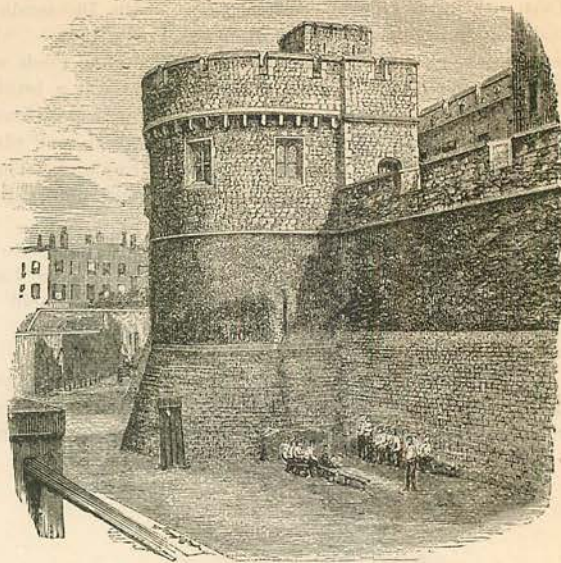
THE TRAITOR'S GATE.

which human mince-meat found its way into the waters beneath.

In Queen Elizabeth's Armory, which is in the south-east corner of the White Tower, several instruments of torture can be seen. One of them is a thumbiken, or thumb-screw, and another is "Skeffington's Daughter," called after the inventor, which is an iron instrument for confining at once the head, hands, and feet. Here can also be seen an equestrian figure of Queen Elizabeth, her horse being led by a page, and by her side an archer of the guard. She wears a robe the fac-simile of the one in which she was habited on her way to St. Paul's to give thanks for the delivery of England from the invasion of the Spaniards.

The Jewel, or Martin Tower, was formerly a prison. The walls bear the name of Anne Boleyn, which is believed to have been placed there by one of the gentlemen who were put to death on her account. The crown jewels were first kept in the Tower in the reign of Henry III. They were formerly in the White Tower, but were removed to the Martin Tower in the reign of Charles II.

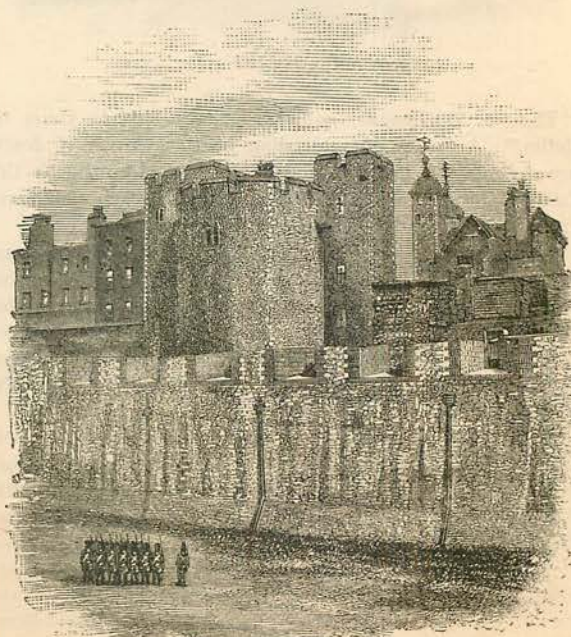
The apartment in which these jewels are preserved is quite



THE FLINT TOWER.

simple, but there is priceless wealth within it. The crowns include that of Queen Victoria, which is a purple velvet cap, inclosed in silver hoops, and surmounted by a ball and cross, flashing with diamonds. In the center is a splendid sapphire and a ruby. Sir Edward's crown, of gold, thickly incrustated with gems; the Prince of Wales' crown, which is of gold without gems; the Queen's diadem, adorned with diamonds and pearls; and what is known as the Ancient Queen's Crown can also be seen here.

Among the other articles is St. Edward's staff, of gold, the royal scepter of gold and gems, and another, which is surmounted by a dove. There are other jeweled scepters here, among which is the Queen's, which is of very rich workmanship. There are also swords, spurs, bracelets, the anointing vessel used at coronations, the golden salt-cellar, and a



THE BEAUCHAMP TOWER.

baptismal font. The entire display is both magnificent and interesting.

This highly interesting place derives additional interest from the fact that it was once used as a royal residence, and up to the time of Charles II. the kings held their court here. Some of the apartments were very magnificent, and the grounds were very handsome. Here Richard II. held a grand tournament, and we are told, "There issued from the Tower sixty knights, on coursers, richly apparelled, for the jousts, and sixty ladies of honor richly apparelled and mounted on fair palfreys, each leading an esquire by a silver chain." Here poor Anne Boleyn entered in state, to meet

her royal spouse and unfeeling murderer. Here, too, she came as a prisoner, and emerged to lay her head on the fatal block.

Thus did the shadows chase the sunshine in the Tower ; but those days have passed away, and now it is only a most interesting memorial of the England of our forefathers—a place which to visit is "a liberal education."

M. W. PERRY.

"A Visit to the Armory of the Tower of London" will be published in the November number, with interesting illustrations of old arms and armor.

ALLAN QUARTERMAIN; OR, A FROWNING CITY.

By H. Rider Haggard, Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "The Witch's Head," "Dawn," etc.

(Continued from page 686.)

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW UMSLOPOGAAS HELD THE STAIR.

WE looked one at another.

"Thou seest," I said. "they have taken away the door. Is there aught with which we may fill the place? Speak quickly, for they will be on us ere the daylight." I spoke thus, because I knew that we must hold this place or none, as there were no inner doors in the palace, the rooms being separated one from another by curtains. I also knew that if we could by any means defend this doorway the murderers could get in nowhere else ; for the palace was absolutely impregnable, that is, since the secret door by which Sorais had entered on that memorable night of attempted murder had, by Nyleptha's order, been closed up with masonry.

"I have it," said Nyleptha, who, as usual with her, rose to the emergency in a wonderful way. "On the farther side of the court-yard are blocks of cut marble—the workmen brought them there for the bed of the new statue of Incubu, my lord ; let us block the door with them."

I jumped at the idea ; and having dispatched one of the remaining maidens down the great stair to see if she could obtain assistance from the docks below, where her father, who was a great merchant employing many men, had his dwelling-place, and set another to watch through the doorway, we made our way back across the court-yard to where the hewn marble lay, and here we met Kara returning from dispatching the first two messengers. There were the marble blocks, sure enough, broad, massive lumps, some six inches thick and weighing about eighty pounds each ; and there, too, were a couple of implements like small stretchers, that the workmen used to carry them on. Without delay we got some of the blocks upon the stretchers, and four of the girls carried them to the doorway.

"Listen, Macumazahn," said Umslopogaas, "if these low fellows come, it is I who will hold the stair against them till the door is built up. Nay, nay, it will be a man's death ; gainsay me not, old friend. It has been a good day, let it now be good night. See, I throw myself down to rest on the marble there ; when their footsteps are nigh, wake thou me ; not before, for I need my strength ;" and without a word he went outside and flung himself down on the marble, and was instantly asleep.

At this time, I, too, was overcome, and was forced to sit down by the doorway and content myself with directing op-

erations. The girls brought the blocks, while Kara and Nyleptha built them up across the six-foot-wide doorway, a triple row of them, for less would be useless. But the marble had to be brought forty yards, and then there was forty yards to run back ; and though the girls labored gloriously, even staggering along alone, each with a block in her arms, it was slow work, dreadfully slow.

The light was growing now ; and presently, in the silence, we heard a commotion at the far-off bottom of the stair, and the faint clanking of armed men. As yet the wall was only two feet high, and we had been eight minutes at the building of it. So they had come. Alphonse had heard aright.

The clanking sound came nearer, and in the ghostly gray of the dawn we could make out long files of men, some fifty or so in all, slowly creeping up the stair. They were now at the half-way standing-place that rested on the great flying arch ; and here, perceiving that something was going on above, they, to our great gain, halted for three or four minutes and consulted, then slowly and cautiously advanced again.

We had been nearly a quarter of an hour at the work now, and it was almost three feet high. Then I woke Umslopogaas. The great man rose, stretched himself, and swung Inkosikaasi round his head.

"It is well," he said. "I feel as a young man once more. My strength has come back to me, ay, even as a lamp flares up before it dies. Fear not, I shall fight a good fight ; the sleep has put a new heart into me.

"Macumazahn, I have dreamed a dream. I dreamed that thou and I stood together on a star, and looked down on the world ; and thou wast as a spirit, Macumazahn, for the light flamed through thy flesh, but I could not see what was the fashion of mine own face. The hour has come for us, old hunter. So be it : we have had our time, but I would that in it I had seen some more such fights as yesterday's.

"Let them bury me after the fashion of my people, Macumazahn, and set my eyes toward Zululand ;" and he took my hand and shook it, and then turned to face the advancing foe.

Just then, to my astonishment, the Zu-Vendi officer Kara clambered over our improvised wall in his quiet, determined sort of way, and took his stand by the Zulu, unsheathing his sword as he did so.

"What, comest thou too?" laughed out the old warrior. "Welcome—a welcome to thee, brave heart ! Ow ! for the