



A HAPPY DAY IN THE LIFE OF KING CHARLES I.

AN ENGLISH PRINCESS.

PART I.



HERE is one of Mr. Millais' charming child pictures with which many of our readers are doubtless familiar. It represents a fair girl, of some thirteen or fourteen summers, seated in a high-backed chair, beside a carved table. A candle and an inkstand are

on the table, and a sheet of paper lies before her; but she has turned from her writing; her right hand, holding a quill, has dropped idly on her lap, and, leaning her cheek on her left hand, she looks out at the spectator with a weary, wistful expression which awakens interest and impels sympathy.

The picture is that of the Princess Elizabeth, the second daughter of King Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria. Comparatively speaking, the story of her life is little known. In our school histories we shall hardly even find her name mentioned; and, though her life has been written by the biographer of our royal princesses, it is only amongst many others, which take too costly a form when bound together to allow of their being as popular and widespread as they deserve. Nevertheless, I do not think the story of the Princess Elizabeth will yield to any other in English history for simple pathos and touching interest.

She was born at St. James's Palace on the 29th December, 1635, the Day of the Holy Innocents, and was named after her aunt, the celebrated Queen of Bohemia. There were three children older than she was—Charles, Prince of Wales, was over five years old when his little sister was born; Mary, the Princess Royal, was rather over four; and James, Duke of York, not long turned two.

Elizabeth soon shared her sister's governess, the Countess of Roxburgh, and had a number of attendants appointed especially for herself.

The royal children lived a good deal at Richmond, especially in the summer time, but a break was made in the nursery when Elizabeth was about two years old, by Charles, her eldest brother, being removed to the care of the Earl of Newcastle. His absence, however, was made up for by the arrival of another little sister, who was called Anne. She was a very delicate child, and wanted a great deal of care, but still she had ten servants and took her place with the others. Mary and Elizabeth soon began courses of study, under Lady Roxburgh and various masters engaged by the King, who wished his daughters to grow up clever and accomplished. The Queen did not mind so much about that, but would have liked to have brought them up Roman Catholics, like herself. She made several attempts to take them to mass and the like, but their father, finding it out, would not allow it to be repeated.

These were the bright days of Elizabeth's childhood. Happy in the love of her parents, in the companionship of her brothers and sisters, lulled to rest at night in her mother's arms, soothed by the music of her beautiful voice, what child could have fairer memories

of her earliest years? Poets sung of the two elder princesses:—

“So have I seen (to dress their mistress May)
Two silken sister flowers consult and lay
Their bashful cheeks together; newly they
Peeped from their buds, showed like the
garden's eyes
Scarce waked; like was the crimson of their
joys.”

When negotiations were entered into for a marriage between one of the English princesses and the hereditary Prince of Orange, the King at first thought of the match for Elizabeth; but the Prince of Orange stipulated for the Princess Royal, and Charles, seeing the advantage at that time of the Dutch alliance, acceded to his wishes, although the marriage was not considered a brilliant one for the King's eldest daughter. The bÿe bridegroom of fifteen came over to woo and wed the little bride of ten, and the marriage was celebrated with great pomp at Whitehall on the 2nd May, 1641. Elizabeth was too young to be one of the sixteen bridesmaids, but she looked down on the ceremony from a closet occupied by her mother and her grandmother, Mary de Medicis, neither of whom would join openly in a service conducted according to the rites of the English Church.

Mary remained in England for nearly a year after her marriage to continue her education, and thus Elizabeth still had her for her play-fellow and companion. She would otherwise have been dull enough, for her little sister Anne, who had always been delicate, had died the winter before. In February, 1642, however, the two sisters parted, little thinking it was to be for the last time. The Queen was to accompany her eldest daughter to Holland, and she also was not destined to see Elizabeth again. It was a sorrowful parting, but it was well for mother and daughters that the fact of its being a final separation was veiled from them.

Elizabeth, now rather more than six years old, was left at St. James's Palace with her youngest brother, Henry, Duke of Gloucester, who was not quite two. The rupture between King and Parliament growing daily more pronounced, the King soon after the Queen's departure, withdrew to York, which he made his headquarters, taking with him his two eldest sons, Charles and James; and from this time the two children in London were in reality the prisoners of the Parliament, who were resolved not to allow them to escape from their safe keeping.

They dared not trust them in the country during the summer, but kept them at St. James's all through the hot weather, which told on Elizabeth's health, which was never very robust. In the autumn, however, there were symptoms of the plague near the palace, and the children were therefore removed to Lord Cottington's house, in Broad-street, a locality which one would think very strange for a Royal residence now-a-days. But here the Princess was so far from well that Lady Roxburgh requested the Parliament to allow them to return to St. James's, and after some difficulty this was agreed to and carried out under the supervision of the Earl of Pembroke, who was appointed their guardian.

They began at this time to suffer considerably from a lack of funds. Lady Roxburgh had to write to the Parliament on the subject, and the matter was then inquired into, and various regulations made for their household and maintenance. Amongst these arrangements, however, it was ordered that all Papists or disaffected persons should be

removed from about the royal children. This would have separated from them many of their attached friends, and particularly Lady Roxburgh, and so deeply did the little Princess of eight years old feel the prospect of this loss, that she wrote herself to the House of Lords. Her touching letter ran as follows:—

“My Lords,—I account myself very miserable that I must have my servants taken from me, and strangers put to me. You promised me that you would have a care of me, and I hope you will show it in preventing so great a grief as this would be to me. I pray, my lords, consider of it, and give me cause to thank you and to rest,

“Your loving friend,

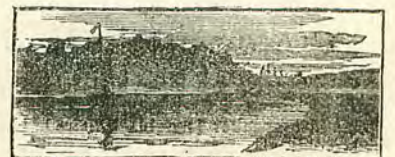
“ELIZABETH.”

“To the Right Honourable Lords and Peers in Parliament.”

Lord Pembroke presented this letter to the Lords, and it had the good effect of causing them to remonstrate with the Commons on the subject, and finally to appoint a committee of noblemen to inquire fully into and arrange the future basis of the establishment at St. James's. This was settled on a liberal scale. Lady Roxburgh, after all, was superseded, but her place was filled by Lady Dorset, whom the King had formerly thought of appointing to the office. Under her was Lady Southcote as lady of the bedchamber. Then there were two cofferesses, one of whom (Mrs. Lee) was an old servant, who petitioned to be allowed to remain; four chamber-women, a laundress and starcher, two gentlemen ushers, a French teacher, and four pages. Six chaplains ministered in turns, and there was a household chaplain in addition; while there were two physicians, one of whom was Sir Theodore Mayerne, who had always attended the royal children. Beyond these there were household servants, and attendants specially for the Duke of Gloucester. Prayers were to be read before the household morning and afternoon, and two sermons preached every Sunday. The gates were to be locked every night at sunset, and not to be opened after ten o'clock on any pretext without a special order from the resident officer. So strict and so suspicious was the Parliament that when the King sent equerries from Oxford to report to him as to his children's health, they were only allowed to see them accompanied by the yeoman usher of the house, and had to return immediately without entering into conversation or exchanging any letter or message. When Lord Forth wrote to Lord Essex, on behalf of the King, inquiring as to the changes which were being made, the Parliament replied haughtily that “they hoped that they should take as good care both of the souls and bodies of his Majesty's children as those at Oxford could have done.” When the King further proposed that his children should be sent to him in exchange for some prisoners whom the Royalists had taken, the Parliament replied that the children were not prisoners, and that no such negotiations could be entered into.

Thus, although their father was only sixty miles from the capital, the children were allowed no communication with him.

(To be continued.)





(From the painting by Tandyck.)

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.



AN ENGLISH PRINCESS.

CHAPTER II.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN.



RESENTLY the Prince and Princess heard of their mother's return to England, but as far as they were concerned she might as well have been abroad, for they had no prospect of seeing her.

Elizabeth occupied the long hours with study. Her chief instructress was the celebrated Mrs. Bathshua Makins, who divided her time, half to severer studies, half to lighter accomplishments. French, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew were all cultivated, and the little Princess loved especially to study the Bible in the original languages. Her mind was early turned towards religion. "What shall I do to get to heaven?" "I had rather be a beggar than not go to heaven," are among her early recorded sayings. And this disposition, as well as her remarkable quickness and talents, attracted so much attention, that, in 1644, one William Greenhill dedicated to her an exposition of the first four chapters of Ezekiel, and a year or so later a Mr. Alexander Rowley dedicated to her a book called "The Scholar's Companion," containing a list of all the Hebrew and Greek words used in the Bible, with their meanings in Latin and English.

These studies were too great a strain on her delicate frame, and an unfortunate accident which occurred in the autumn of 1643, when she slipped in crossing a room and broke her leg, tended further to keep her from progressing towards strength or vigour of constitution.

In March, 1645, Lady Dorset gave up her post on account of failing health, and the Earl and Countess of Northumberland were appointed respectively guardian and governess of the Princess and her brother. They were in every way qualified for the position. Lord Northumberland, whom Clarendon calls the greatest and proudest nobleman in England, was a wise, liberal-hearted man, who had formerly been a friend of the King, and who sought and obtained permission to treat his charges in all respects as the children of the sovereign. His wife was Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk. As soon as he was appointed, he took them to his country residence at Sion House, where they spent the summer, so that the change of guardians was altogether for the children's benefit.

Next time our London readers are up the river, or walking along the pleasant walk in Kew Gardens which adjoins the riverside, and commands a view of Sion House on the opposite bank, it will perhaps add to the interest

which the stately, solid-looking mansion always inspires to remember its associations with this hapless daughter of Charles I., with some alike of the brightest and saddest days in whose short life it is inseparably connected.

The children enjoyed this pleasant change until September. Then, owing to fresh arrangements made in Parliament, they had to return to St. James's. As, however, Lord Northumberland had now the sole charge over them, their residence here was much pleasanter than it had formerly been, and they were treated with all kindness and consideration.

In the following April they were joined by their brother, James, Duke of York, now a boy of fourteen. He had been with his father during the war, but when the King escaped from Oxford and gave himself up to the Scots at Newark, the young Prince was left behind. On the surrender of Oxford, which followed soon after, James was invited to join his brother and sister at St. James's, and was conducted thither with much ceremony. An extra allowance was made for his maintenance, and the household and attendants increased accordingly.

Many long hours during this summer must have been brightened for the Princess Elizabeth by her brother's society. He would have much to tell her, of their father especially, and of the scenes in which he had taken part since they had been separated more than four years before. They did not, however, rest satisfied in each other's company without looking out into the future. The King's wish was that his son should escape if possible, and join the Queen in France; and Elizabeth, loth as she must have been to part from her brother, urged him to the same course. A letter was intercepted which disclosed this intention, but though frustrated for the time being, it was only delayed, not laid aside.

Early in the spring of the next year they went to Hampton Court, where it was arranged that they should pass the summer. On the 5th of June, however, the news reached London that the King had been seized at Holmby House and carried off by the army. The Parliament, in its alarm, instantly ordered the return of the royal children to the capital. Posting at full speed, the messenger arrived at Hampton Court at eleven o'clock at night, and although St. James's was all unprepared for their reception, Lord Northumberland and his charges were obliged to return thither without delay.

The remainder of this year brought the last happy days that were in store for Elizabeth. Her father, under the guardianship of the army, was brought to Windsor; from thence he instructed the Duke of York to write to the Houses of Parliament, asking permission for him, with his brother and sister, to visit him. He also begged Sir Thomas Fairfax's interces-

sion, and the general wrote, supporting the Prince's request. Thus it came to pass that in July leave was given for the three children to see their father at Caversham, in Berkshire. On the 16th, at an early hour, they set off on their journey, accompanied by Lord Northumberland and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, occupying three coaches and guarded by the City Militia. Their journey resembled a triumphal progress. From all the villages on the road the people flocked out to salute them. At Maidenhead, which they reached at ten o'clock, and where they were to meet their father, the streets were decorated with flowers in their honour and crowded with people. They had to wait an hour at the little inn, but at eleven o'clock the King arrived, and in the joy of that meeting the long separation and the weary hours of captivity were alike forgotten.

Dinner was served at the inn. While they were there Sir Thomas Fairfax came into the room. The Princess, struck by his appearance, asked his name, and, on hearing who it was, she addressed herself to him, and thanked him for the great pleasure he had given her in enabling her to see her father again. If ever, Elizabeth added, she should have it in her power to do him any service in return, she would hasten to gratify him. One fancies the stern soldier smiling sadly at the young Princess's gracious words, but he thanked her for her courtesy, and asked leave to kiss her highness's hand.

After dinner the King and his children drove to Caversham, and here they spent two happy days in each other's society. When they parted it was with mutual assurances that they should soon meet again.

This was the first of several happy meetings. In August the King took up his residence at Hampton Court, and the children were removed by Northumberland to Sion House. On the 23rd, Charles rode over early in the morning to Sion House, and spent the day there. Later in the month Lord and Lady Northumberland entertained the King and his suite with much state, while on the 29th we read again, "The King hunted in Richmond Park, and afterwards dined with his children at Syon."

On the 7th of September the children were at Hampton Court with Lady Northumberland. On the 13th, we read, "His Majesty's children came yesterday in the afternoon to Hampton Court to ask blessing of him. They were a long time in the garden, running and playing before the King. His Majesty expressed much joy to see them with him, and his faithful subjects that were there expressed as much joy to see them all together." It has often been told how Cromwell used to say that these interviews were the most touching he had ever seen.

(To be continued.)

while a little figure waited behind to be introduced.

"Sophie—Mary—my wife," said Gilbert, and the two sisters-in-law embraced cordially. Then the children, already devouring Uncle Gilbert with their eyes, were successively introduced and made known, beginning with the namesake and godchild "Gilbert," who was hailed with much applause and many tender welcomes.

"We think him like the Gilbert of old," remarked Dr. Morris, "and he certainly shares some of his natural characteristics, particularly where mischief is concerned."

Uncle Gilbert laughed, and kissed the boy fondly. It was so pleasant to find that he had been a cherished and beloved remembrance in his brother's home.

"Why, Sophie," he shouted merrily, looking round as they mounted the stairs, "here's all the rubbish I've been sending home since the year one collected in this hall!"

"Oh, Uncle Gilbert!" murmured the second Gilbert, whom he clasped with one arm, "you can't call the 'grizzly' rubbish, surely?"

"Well, no, my boy, I suppose not; at least, I remember I did not think him so at the time. He was a serious event in my life."

Dinner over, and the family gathered once more in the drawing-room, the elder children had time to look at their new uncle and aunt. Uncle Gilbert was taller and stouter than their father; his early life of outdoor sport and exposure had developed his fine manly beauty, and the years as they advanced were adding stateliness to his mien. "Aunt Sophie" was a perfect contrast to him. She was fair and small, with blue eyes and a happy,

laughing face. There was no doubt about either their mutual good looks or their mutual happiness—both were so evident.

"Aunt Sophie" looked about her curiously. It was her first visit to England, and Uncle Gilbert walked about the rooms with his brother, recognising familiar things, and admiring to the full Ethel's decorations, which he praised and enjoyed, to her great delight. He showed Aunt Sophie, too, the holly, laurestina, and mistletoe, and to the children's great astonishment they were told that none of them grew in Canada, and that, excepting dried specimens, Aunt Sophie was being introduced to them for the first time. Ivy Aunt Sophie knew very well, as it is much used in pots for internal decoration, being trained round doors and windows in Canada, but it will not grow in the open air.

"But," said Ethel, in bewilderment, "you do have Christmas decorations, for Uncle Gilbert has written about them in the 'log-church.' What are they made of?"

"Principally of fir," said Aunt Sophie, "which makes beautiful decorations, and especially in the form of wreaths. In the autumn I dry the brightest and best of the lovely variegated autumn leaves, and varnish them, and put them in at intervals to give colour to the green wreaths, and sometimes in clusters of half-a-dozen together; while the cones can serve as pendants. Then we have mountain-ash berries, and another berry something like an English barberry, so Gilbert says, which we gather and keep for Christmas in the cellar, either in salt and water or hung up in bunches on the wall. But our prettiest decoration in our northern latitudes is the

stag's-horn moss, which Gilbert says you have in Scotland, and of which we have a great abundance in our woods. This we pick in the autumn and hang in the coldest cellar; and at Christmas it comes forth as green as when gathered, and I do not think that anyone could have a more charming description of decoration."

"How strange," said Mrs. Morris, meditatively, "one never thinks of the different manners and customs of other lands, and of the differing skies under which Englishmen and women keep, with tender fidelity, as closely as they can to the ways and habits of their old 'Mother Country.'"

"I daresay it does seem strange to you," said Aunt Sophie, "but I have been used to it all my life, you know. I have a cousin in New South Wales," she continued, after a moment's pause, "and over there they cannot imitate any of the English winter character of Christmas; and she tells me they use, instead of holly, a lovely tree which they call the 'Christmas tree.' Its blossoms have a white corolla, and a large and conspicuous red calyx. The corollas fall off, and the red calyces give the tree the appearance of being covered with red flowers."

"After all," said Uncle Gilbert, as he drew closer to his fairy-looking wife, and looked round at his brother, "it's home, Phil, where the heart is; and, God be thanked, this year He has indeed given us all that long-prized blessing together, *i.e.*,

A Happy Christmas.

A CANADIAN.

AN ENGLISH PRINCESS.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN October set in it was deemed advisable that the Princess and her brothers should return to St. James's. The King wrote to Sir Thomas Fairfax on the 10th asking that they might be allowed to come and see him at Hampton Court about once in ten days, and to stay a night or two, on account of the distance, the winter weather, and the shortness of the days. Accordingly, later in the month they came and stayed from Saturday to Monday. It was the last of their happy meetings. On the 12th of November word came to them that their father had made his escape from Hampton Court in the darkness of the previous night.

Whatever hopes the King's flight may have raised in his children's minds were soon dispelled by the news that Charles was once more a captive in Carisbrooke Castle. But they had now an all-engrossing object before them. The King had urged on James the necessity of effecting his escape, if possible, to his sister, the Princess of Orange. Henry was too young to know anything of this, but Elizabeth shared with her brother all his plans and hopes. It was a difficult thing to attempt, so closely watched were they at all times. James wrote to his father under cover of a letter to the Princess Mary, giving details of a proposed scheme, but the letter fell into hostile hands, and only resulted in their being guarded more strictly than ever, and in James and Elizabeth never being allowed to have any private conversation. At last, however, they managed to devise a plan which was carried out successfully.

They had introduced the custom of a game of hide-and-seek in the evenings before little Henry went to bed. James prided himself on the cleverness of his hiding-places, and on the length of

time he could keep the others looking for him. On the night of the 21st of April, 1648, he ran off from the others, saying—"I shall give Harry two hours' work this evening." Hastening down to the gardener, he persuaded him to lend him the key which opened both the garden gate and a private door into the park, under pretence of hiding in the gardener's room. Possessed of this, he hurried across the garden, locked the gate behind him, donned a girl's dress, with which he had provided himself, and crossing the park to the waterside reached safely a boat which was in waiting, and which rowed him to a Dutch ship which had been lying in the river for some time in the hope of being able to embark the Prince. On board this friendly vessel James proceeded to Holland, and soon found himself in safety with the Princess of Orange and her husband.

Elizabeth had a hard part to play that night. While search was being made high and low for her brother, she alone knew the secret of his flight, and while she strove to interest herself in the search, and to betray no sign of superior knowledge, her heart must have been beating fast with hope and fear. When Lord Northumberland came to attend his charges to rest, he found the attendants still hunting vainly for the hidden Prince. As night wore on the whole household was roused. The gardener told the story of the key, but the room where he supposed the Prince to be was found empty. At last the truth came home with slow conviction to the searchers: the Duke of York was gone.

Her brother's escape must have been a sad loss to Elizabeth. Only two years older than herself, they were congenial companions, and could share all each other's thoughts and feelings, while the tender years of the Duke of

Gloucester, who was not yet seven years old, precluded her from sharing with him any of her more serious thoughts and plans.

The Earl was freed from blame in connection with the Duke of York's escape, and he obtained permission to take his remaining charges to Sion House for the summer. Here the long days passed uneventfully, save for an occasional letter received from the King, who continued in the Isle of Wight. With the close of the year the clouds thickened around the doomed monarch. Seized and brought to Hurst Castle—a prison bleak enough to arouse the darkest foreboding, as any who have seen it, standing grim and solitary at the extremity of the long neck of sand which stretches across the entrance to the Solent, will confess—and thence conducted to Windsor, the Princess could have little satisfaction in the thought of her father being nearer to her when she thought of the purpose for which he had been brought thither. In the seclusion of Sion House she was probably spared much that would have pained and distressed her had she been spending the winter as usual at St. James's, but by the end of the year the fact could no longer be concealed from her that the King was to be tried for his life. When her father inquired after his daughter's health, he was told "she was very melancholy." "And well she may be," answered Charles, "when she hears the death her old father is coming to."

During these days of terrible forebodings and suspense, the Princess petitioned the Houses of Parliament for leave to retire to her sister in Holland, but Parliament was so engrossed with weightier matters that her petition was never presented. The King's trial commenced on the 20th of January. On the 27th he was condemned to die.

The anguish of the Princess Elizabeth on receiving these fatal tidings can be better imagined than described. Rumour had it that she was dead, but though in the sorest distress she had sufficient strength to take the journey to London when it was known that she and her brother were to be allowed a last interview with their father.

That interview has been often described, and it is chiefly, if not solely, in connection with this that we find Elizabeth's name mentioned in most histories. The Princess herself has left a brief record of it, which is perhaps one of the most pathetic documents of the period. "Most sorrowful was the parting," writes Herbert, "the princess shedding tears and crying lamentably, so as to move others to pity that were formerly hard-hearted; and at opening the bedchamber door the King returned hastily from the window and kissed them and blessed them; and so parted."

Joy and strength alike died out of Elizabeth's life with this last parting from her father. How she received the dreadful tidings of his execution, how the dreary, hopeless days that succeeded it dragged slowly by, we have no record. But from that time her health began visibly to decline. In March Sir Theodore Mayerne saw her and reported that while she had aforesaid been sad and ailing, "from the death of her father, King Charles, beheaded 30th of January, 1648-9, she fell into great sorrow, whereby all the other ailments from which she suffered were increased."

She grew pale and thin, a tumour made its appearance, and the physicians found the greatest difficulty in prescribing for her, as she was too weak to take the necessary medicines.

All other sorrows dwindle into insignificance beside the crowning sorrow of her father's death, but still it cannot have been

without regret and foreboding that Elizabeth, in the April of this year, found that she and her brother must exchange the kindly, thoughtful guardianship of Northumberland for that of a stranger.

The Earl, finding the allowance in respect of his wards constantly in arrear, was obliged to throw up the appointment, and a new guardian had therefore to be sought. The Princess at this juncture again petitioned Parliament for leave to join her sister in Holland, but the petition was rejected by a majority of five votes. After some negotiations, Northumberland proposed his sister, the Countess of Leicester, as guardian. Elizabeth wrote seconding this proposal, and on the 14th of June the children were delivered to Lady Leicester's care, and by her received at the already historic house of Penshurst, in Kent.

(To be concluded.)



THE MOUNTAIN PATH.

By LILY WATSON, Author of "Within Sight of the Snow," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER the engagement of young Mr. Thorne to Miss Adela Gascoigne, together with the supposed act of matchless valour by which he saved her life, had been made a nine days' wonder, things gradually settled down into their usual calmness at Heatherbridge. Oswald was generally considered fortunate, for his *fiancee* was undeniably pretty, and was rich. It is true that although she went by the name of "an heiress," her possessions were not reckoned inordinately large in that money-making region, yet her lovely house and income were decidedly pleasant things to have. So thought many people, including Adela herself, who was quite alive to her own social and pecuniary value. But, as she explained to Helen, he was well off too, so things were neatly arranged all round.

Did Mrs. Thorne like it? No one knew, but she welcomed Adela with a gentle, motherly kindness. Mr. Thorne was delighted. Aunt Maria, though foreseeing her own dethronement from the post of resident housekeeper at Hill Crest, expressed hearty satisfaction; and Mr. Aubrey Gascoigne wrote down from the Middle Temple to signify his gracious approbation. Helen wondered at first if she should remain with Adela, but the young lady declared her intention of not being married for at least a year or two, and said that she wished her to stay till the event took place.

So after a little time the home-life of the three ladies at Hill Crest

AN ENGLISH PRINCESS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Earl of Leicester, in his journal, has left us some charming glimpses of the Sidney household. Of the four sons, Philip, Lord Lisle, the eldest, was married, and lived in London. The second son was Algernon Sidney, destined, thirty years later, to win for himself an enduring name in history. Of the daughters, the eldest, beautiful Lady Dorothy, was the Saccharissa celebrated by Waller in his poems. She was now a widow, living at her father's house, her husband, the Earl of Sunderland, having been killed at the battle of Newbury. Lady Lucy, the second daughter, was the wife of Sir Thomas Pelham. Isabella Sidney, the third, was being courted by her cousin, to whom she was married in the following year, somewhat against her father's wish, who "liked not marriages of so neare persons." The two younger daughters, Elizabeth and Frances, were much of an age with the Princess. Both of them were of delicate constitution and died early—Elizabeth in October, 1650; Frances in October, 1651. Their father has left a tender and touching record of them in his journal. Elizabeth, in particular, he tells us, "had to the last the most angelical countenance and beauty, and the most heavenly disposition and temper of mind that I think hath bin seene in so young a creature." Frances, too, who died at twenty, was "a very good, modest, discreet, and sweet-natured creature."

The Parliament directed that the Princess and her brother were to be treated by Lady Leicester in the same manner as her own children. There was to be no difference made, nor were any of the marks of respect due to royalty to be longer observed. It is interesting, however, to learn that when Lenthall was sent to spy as to the treatment of the children, he found them dining at a separate table and served on bended knee; while Lady Leicester, in answer to his storm of remonstrances, declared with spirit that "she conceived a difference ought to be made between the children of her sovereign and her own."

Altogether the change was not an unfavourable one. The country in which their new home was situated was beautiful and restful, they found a wise tutor and a warm friend in Mr. Lovell, a relation of Lord Leicester's, under whose care the Duke of Gloucester was placed, while their hostess treated them with tender consideration and kindness. But even here they were not to be allowed to rest. The following summer Prince Charles, their eldest brother, landed in Scotland, and tidings reaching the capital that men were flocking to his standard, the Parliament once more took fright about the "late King's children." Sir Henry Mildmay reported to the House that the peace of the kingdom might be endangered by their presence, and he recommended that they should be sent beyond the limits of the Com-

monwealth. Parliament discussed the question, and finally referred it to the Council of State. Pending the decision of the council, orders were sent to Colonel Sydenham, Governor of the Isle of Wight, to prepare for their reception at Carisbrooke Castle, and at the same time to expel all suspicious persons from the island. Anthony Mildmay, brother to the Governor of Carisbrooke, with his lady, was deputed to conduct the Prince and Princess thither, and into their hands Lady Leicester resigned her charges on the 9th of August, 1650. Parting from their guardian with tender regret, they set out on their journey, reaching Cowes on the 13th, and Carisbrooke on the 16th of the month.

prison which her father had quitted only for trial and death. The distant Solent only reminded her that she was now cut off from her native land as well as from her friends. "She was absorbed in melancholy thoughts on approaching the castle," and these thoughts, deepening and intensifying, told swiftly and fatally on her delicate frame.

The lodgings occupied by the Princess and her brother are still to be seen. They comprise a suite of about six rooms over the great hall, and access to them was gained by means of a small winding, but finely carved staircase, which is still preserved though not now used. Furnish these rooms as one can in imagination from the quaint inventory of the goods re-

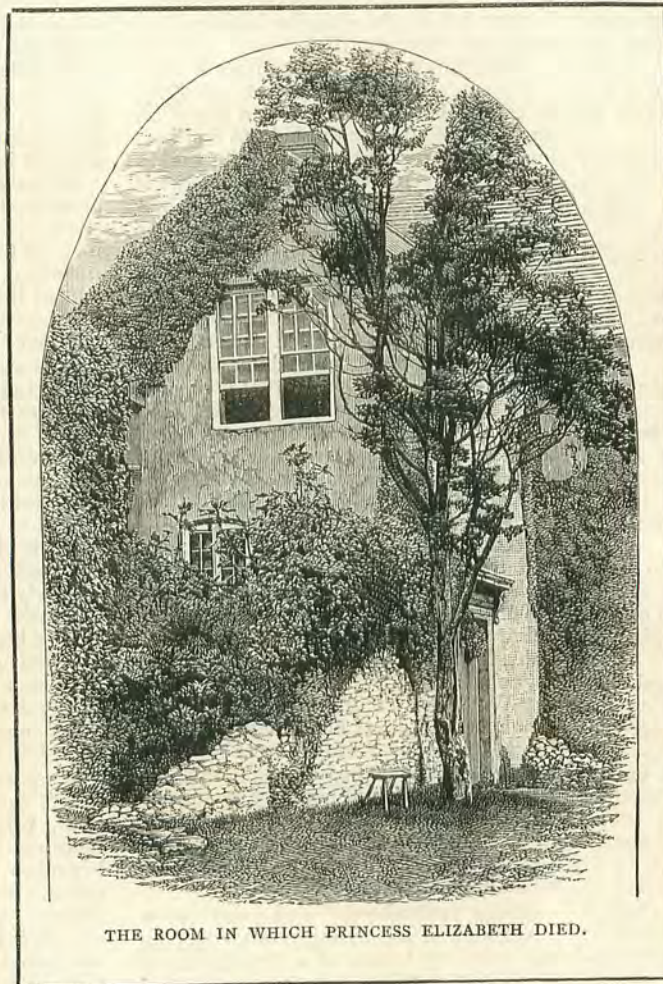
moved thither for the purpose, and they still appear indifferent lodgings for royalty. Bedsteads of crimson and green velvet, fringed and laced with gold and silver, arras and tapestry hangings, Turkey carpets, crimson damask curtains, chairs and folding stools of green velvet and crimson velvet, high chairs of yellow-wrought satin, will not atone for small rooms, all so immediately communicating with each other as to afford no sense of space or freedom. The Princess's room—a very small one with a low ceiling—had one window, looking across the cool green of the grass plots in the courtyard to the great gateway, with its round towers so effectually shutting out the outer world; while to the right it looked directly on to the windows of the apartments which had been occupied by King Charles during his confinement in the castle.

It was only a few days after their arrival that Elizabeth was playing bowls with her brother on the bowling green which had been made specially for the King, when a heavy shower overtook them. Before they could get under shelter, they were wet through. Next day Elizabeth's head ached, she became feverish, and on the Sunday was unable to leave her bed. Dr. Bagnall, of Newport, and other physicians from the neighbourhood were called in, and when the fever increased and remedies appeared unavailing, a messenger was despatched to Sir Theodore Mayerne in London. He sent several doctors with

various prescriptions and directions, but all was in vain.

Finding her end approaching, Elizabeth took a tender farewell of her brother, who at ten years old was hardly yet able to realise the loss he was about to sustain. She charged Mr. Lovell to convey her last regards to Lord and Lady Leicester. The few ornaments she had to dispose of she had left with Lord Leicester on quitting Penhurst. She now begged him to accept of one of them for his wife, and to keep the rest for her brother.

It was on Sunday, the 8th of September, 1650, that Princess Elizabeth died. Tradition had it that her attendants entering her room in the morning found her lying dead with her cheek resting on her father's open Bible, but



THE ROOM IN WHICH PRINCESS ELIZABETH DIED.

Do any of our readers know Carisbrooke Castle? Crowning the summit of a green hill, but with only its keep visible above a mass of luxuriant elm trees, it is a place delightful to the artist or the lover of the picturesque. From the old walls there is a wide-spreading view over what is justly called the garden of England. The little village lies at the foot of the hill, a mile away the red roofs of Newport show conspicuously among the trees; fertile undulating ground, wooded hills, the blue waters of the Solent flashing brightly in the sunlight, the distant gleam of chalky cliffs—all make up a picture fair to contemplate and to remember.

But to Elizabeth her new abode presented a very different aspect. She viewed it as the

this is contradicted by contemporary records, and especially by Mr. Lovell, who wrote to Lord Leicester that he was present, and that the Princess died at three o'clock on Sunday afternoon.

She was buried in St. Thomas's Church, at Newport, on the 24th of September. Her servants attended the body to Newport, where, at the entrance to the town, it was met by the mayor and aldermen, and conducted with respect to its last resting-place.

It is sad to learn that Elizabeth's oft-repeated request had been granted at last when too late. On her arrival at Carisbrooke she had once more petitioned for leave to retire to Holland, and this time the House gave a reluctant consent. £1,000 a year was to be allowed her as long as she did not act

hostilely towards the Commonwealth; the first half-year's allowance was to be paid in advance, and the costs of her journey to her sister's were also to be paid. The concession, however, was futile, for ere the message could reach Carisbrooke the prisoner was free in a far higher and more abiding sense of the word.

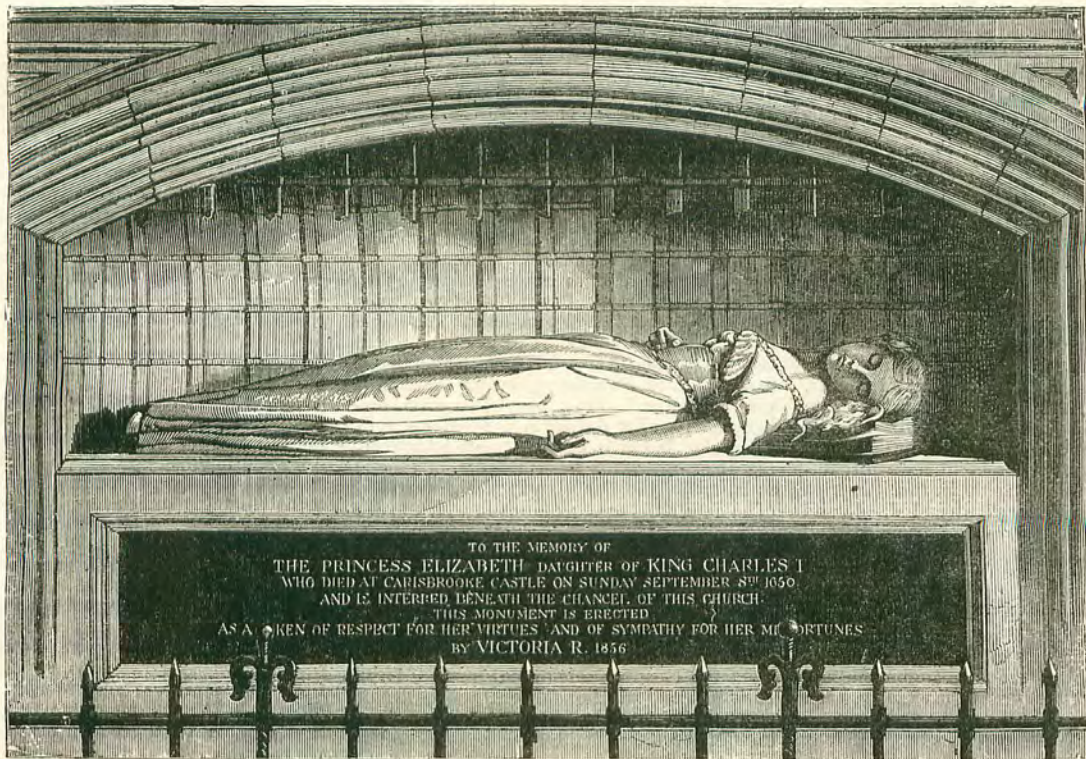
A quaint paragraph of Fuller's aptly characterises Elizabeth's life, and points the lesson which it conveys:—

"The hawks of Norway, where a winter's day is hardly an hour of clear light, are the swiftest of wing of any fowl under the firmament, nature teaching them to bestir themselves to lengthen the shortness of the time with their swiftness. Such the active piety of this lady, improving the little life allotted to

her in running the way of God's commandments."

No visitor to Carisbrooke should fail to see the monument which the sympathy of our present Queen has raised to the memory of Princess Elizabeth in Newport Church. With subtle art Baron Marochetti has indicated her character and history. Sculptured in white marble, the form of the Princess lies with her cheek resting on a Bible, open at the words, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Above her there hangs a grating, indicative of her condition as a prisoner; but the bars are broken, to show that from within the prison walls the captive had escaped to the rest which her soul desired. R. W. R.

[THE END.]



THE MAIDEN AND THE BOOK.

By CLARA THWAITES.

Charles I., on parting with his children, gave to his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, his Bible, saying, "It had been his comfort through all his troubles, and he hoped it would be hers." She died with her pale cheek resting on the open page.

THEY found her in a still repose,
Released by death's swift stroke;
Her stormy day found early close,—
Sweet maid of Carisbrooke!

Her chamber, through a leafy stir,
Looks out on woodland wild:
Here conned she well the Book her sire
Gave to his duteous child.

Her childish step on turret stair
Would falter day by day;
Until she craved love's tender care,—
For heart and flesh gave way.

And when in glade and leafy nook
The rose drooped on the sod,
The fading flower of Carisbrooke
Had found her rest in God.

Now, whitest semblance of the maid,
Memorial fair we keep
Within the church's holy shade,
Carved in a marble sleep.

The meek young head, in simple grace,
Light pillowed on the page
Which was her solace in her race,
Her song in pilgrimage.

Still to this shrine of maiden wan
Shall duteous childhood look,
And courtly pilgrim silent scan
The Maiden and the Book!