LADY JANE GREY.

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LADY JANE GREY.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

By LILY WATSON.

CHAPTER I.

BEFORE me as I write is a picture in neutral tints of a fair young girl kneeling below a narrow window. The light falls slanting across the ebony *prie dieu* and upon the calm sweetness of her face. A pensiveness not natural to youth is upon her brow and in her large, steadfast eyes—that gaze straight before her, with a certain pathetic expression, appealing to the heart of the spectator. Her dress is of the quaint sixteenth-century fashion, and a coif sits closely on her hair. The background of massive stone wall seems a strange setting for so lovely a figure, every line of which tells of grace and refinement.

One does not need to glance at the foot of the picture to see the name written there, for this can surely be no other than Lady Jane Grey.

And in any "picture-gallery of heroines" her portrait would fitly be sketched in neutral tints. Here are not the gay vivacity of youth, the brilliancy of conquest, the radiant fascination of ripening womanhood, the "nods and becks and wreathèd smiles" of Milton's "L'Allegro." Rather would the spirit of "Il Penseroso" harmonise with the character of this gentle girl, whose brief, sad experience gave to England an example of obedience, unselfishness, heroism, fairer than any happy story.

To readers who may have recently followed the footsteps of Joan of Arc and Prascovie of Siberia in these pages, the history of Lady Jane Grey will, at the outset, present a striking contrast. Widely apart as were the two former heroines, they were alike in their poverty and their lack of even the simplest rudiments of education; alike also in the fact of their undertaking and carrying through, in the teeth of all obstacles, an apparently hopeless enterprise.

LADY JANE GREY AND ROGER ASCHAM.

Lady Jane Grey, on the other hand, was of gentle birth and marvellous acquirements. Again, she originated no magnificent conception, succeeded in no difficult and dangerous task. To bear, not to act, was her mission. Her life, to the careless observer, might even seem a failure.

But to endure is sometimes a nobler thing than to act. This is a hard lesson to learn, and one that perchance some ardent girl-reader, chafing against daily vexation and hindrances, may need to study. Let us, then, go back to the short life of this maiden of olden time, and try to spend a little while in realising her story, that we may

"Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

Although the parents of Lady Jane were noble and wealthy, her childhood was not altogether a happy one. They were exceedingly strict and harsh with her—noticeably so even for that period, when young people were kept in far greater subordination than in the present day. Perhaps they thought it well for her to endure hardship and to learn to think little of personal gratification; for the times were agitated, and royal blood ran in her veins.

Royal blood, it is true, but of distant degree! She was merely the grand-niece of the reigning sovereign, Henry VIII., whose delicate son Edward succeeded him, and whose two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, came next in succession to the Crown.

It is well, before we go further, to try and get a clear idea of the pretext upon which the claim of Lady Jane Grey to the throne was founded; and although the matter at first sight appears complicated, it is, in reality, quite simple.

Henry VII. had three children: Henry, afterwards the Eighth, Margaret, and Mary. Margaret's grandchild was the unfortunate Queen of Scots. Mary's daughter, Frances, became by her marriage with Lord Grey (Marquis of Dorset and afterwards Duke of Suffolk) mother of Lady Jane Grey. Thus Lady Jane was only the grandchild of the youngest sister of Henry VIII., and she grew up in her father's house, far from strife and trouble, save that which was caused by the harshness of her parents. She said herself that when in presence of father and mother, "Whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened—yea, presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Aylmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing while I am with him."

It was hard that severity should have been shown to a girl so docile and talented. For, as Lady Jane grew up, she manifested wonderful ability. She played well on several instruments, wrote a charming hand, and was versed in French and Italian. At the age of fifteen she was learning Hebrew, and could write Greek and Latin with ease. The hours she spent with her good and gentle tutor were the happiest she knew. "When I am called from him I fall on weeping," she said, with touching simplicity, "because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and wholе misliking unto me."

These words are recorded by the tutor of the royal Elizabeth, Roger Ascham, who had a deep admiration and friendship for our heroine. On the eve of his departure for Germany, whither he had been summoned upon an embassy to the court of Charles V., he paid a visit to the Duke of Suffolk's country seat at Bradgate, in Leicestershire, there to take leave of Jane Grey. It was a bright summer morning, full of sweet scents and happy sounds and balmy airs; from the distance there came the blithe tantivy of horns and the galloping of horses, telling that the duke and duchess, with all the household gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park.

"Surely no one will be within!" thought the learned man, perhaps with a touch of disappointment, for Jane Grey was dear to him, and his time for a farewell visit was very brief. But he entered the house, and from a windowed embrasure, a slight girlish figure rose to meet him with a well-known smile of welcome.

Why was she alone indoors on so lovely a morning? She had been absorbed in reading. Perhaps Roger Ascham thought it was some marvellous legend that fascinated her; but he soon found it was the true and beautiful story of the death of Socrates, as told in the "Phædo" of Plato.

I wish all my girl readers would study it, if not in Greek, like Lady Jane, then in one of the numerous English translations. For the "Phædo" is just an account, supposed to be given by an eye-witness, of the last hours, tranquil and heroic, of a man who was acknowledged to be better and wiser than his fellow-Athenians, and who was condemned by them to death, as an enemy to the State, simply for the pertinacity with which he urged them to reform what they knew to be wrong. And four years later this girl-student was to die, because she also was supposed to be an enemy to the State; to die, with as little justice in her fate, but with as much serenity, as Socrates perished nearly two thousand years before her! She little dreamt of any such coming doom as she said, smiling, to her visitor, "I wis all their sport in the park is but a shadow of that pleasure I find in Plato. Alas, good folk! they never felt what true pleasure meant."

Pleasure, indeed, it was to her, and profit, too; for the study of the "Phædo" could not fail to elevate and ennoble her whole nature. To hold communion with the mighty dead, who in their words and thoughts are living still—this of itself is an education, and a preparation to meet the trials and troubles of earth in a calm spirit. So, as Lady Jane sate, on that summer morning, with the sublime story of the death of Socrates before her, she was, all unknown to herself, drinking inspiration for her future need.

"Thus my book hath been so much my pleasure," she said, "and bringeth daily more pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles unto me."

"I remember this talk gladly," adds Ascham, "both because it is worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady."

Before saying good-bye, Ascham made Lady Jane promise to write to him in Greek, in reply to a letter he would send her from the Emperor's court as soon as he arrived. This epistle, in elegant Latin, is preserved. In it he refers to their conversation, and declares her happier in her love of good books than in her descent from kings and queens. This was true indeed! Her royal pedigree became her curse, while her studious pursuits were a resource that never failed.

Jane Grey wrote, also, in Latin, several times to the Swiss pastor, Henry Bullinger. Those of her letters which are preserved portray her as she was—a pure, thoughtful, noble spirit, free from weakness or passion. At the time when she lived Protestantism was struggling for dominion in England, and the conduct of many of its supporters won it but little credit. But, as Froude points out, Lady Jane Grey showed that the saintly type of character did not belong exclusively to Roman Catholicism; that "the graces of a St. Elizabeth could be rivalled by the pupil of Cranmer and Ridley. The Catholic saint had no excellence of which Lady Jane Grey was without the promise."

With this firm faith and devotion was united the intelligent freedom of a mind claiming to judge for itself on religious matters. Jane Grey was not like many women, who take their creed ready-made from the first comer who speaks with authority, and are unable to justify it by rational argument. When her youth is borne in mind, her gentle independence of spirit is marvellous.

She had many points in common with her distant cousin, Edward VI., who was of the same age as herself. He was but ten years old when he became King, and was dependent at first upon the Protector, Duke of Somerset, afterwards upon his successor, Dudley, Earl of Warwick, created Duke of Northumberland. With this Duke of Northumberland we have much to do, for the rest of Lady Jane Grey's history is chiefly the history of a bold and unscrupulous plot originated by him.

Edward VI., learned beyond his years, keen and active of brain, an ardent Protestant, showed only too plainly before he was sixteen that he was to be cut down by sickness in the flower of his age, and the question, "Who shall succeed him?" began to agitate the minds of those in high places.

The power of bequeathing the crown of England had been granted exceptionally to Henry VIII., and his will had been confirmed by Act of Parliament. It left the succession as follows:—

1. His son Edward.
2. His own heir (if any) by Catherine Parr, or any other queen.
3. His daughter Mary.
4. His daughter Elizabeth.
5. The heirs of Lady Frances Brandon (mother of Lady Jane Grey).
6. Those of her sister, the Lady Eleanor.

As there was no male heir, the crown would naturally devolve on Mary, who was known to be an earnest Catholic.

Northumberland, the most powerful man in the realm, was a Protestant, whose zeal for the Reformed faith, however, was but a cloak for his own insatiable ambition. This man seized upon the innocent Jane Grey as a tool for his own designs.

Little did the poor child know what was involved in the news when her haughty mother announced to her one day that Guilford Dudley, fourth son of the Duke of Northumberland, had asked her in marriage. She was only sixteen, and he was seventeen. It appears that Guilford and she had already often met, and that she accepted him willingly.

It was perhaps almost the first time that her stern parents had, of their own accord, given her a real happiness, and she received it in trembling joy, pleading only that as she and her husband were so young she might continue to live with her mother.

The marriage was performed on May 25, 1553; and on June 11 a strange scene was enacted at Greenwich. Pale and pinched with illness, Edward lay in his sick room, facing the chief legal dignitaries of the kingdom—Chief Justice Montague, Sir Thomas Bromley, Sir John Baker, and the Attorney and Solicitor General. In a weak voice he informed them that, having reflected that Mary might marry a foreigner, and religious liberty be tampered with, he wished to alter the succession. The scheme that had been concocted under the influence of Northumberland, and submitted to the Council, was then read aloud. It set aside both Mary and Elizabeth, and reverted to the

fifth line of succession named in Henry's will, bequeathing the crown to the heir of Lady Frances Brandon—namely, Lady Jane Grey.

The judges were aghast on hearing this bold plan, and still more so on being ordered by their dying boy-Sovereign to draw out letters patent giving it effect. "It is impossible," they unanimously declared. The Act of Parliament confirming Henry's will could not be set aside by letters patent. But Edward would have no denial, and all they could do was to ask for time to consider.

Time only showed them the futility of the scheme. By setting aside the Act they would, as one of its provisions indicates, become guilty of high treason, and they communicated this result four days afterwards to the Council sitting at Greenwich. But Northumberland flew into a "great rage and fury, trembling for anger," and, alarmed at his violence, they withdrew.

The next day they were sent for to the bedside of the King.

"Where are the letters patent?" he sharply inquired, in his thin voice.

"Sire," rejoined the Lord Chief Justice, "they would be useless without an Act of Parliament."

"I will summon a Parliament," retorted Edward.

Montague begged that the question might be left till then, but the King would not hear of it. What were the judges to do? The poor dying lad's bedside was no place for argument or refusal. With the irritability arising from his physical state, he insisted. The Lords of the Council, who stood around, said not a word, save that one voice cried out the judges would be traitors if they refused to obey their King.

Under protest, and under the shelter of various precautions, they consented, and the letters patent, cutting off both Mary and Elizabeth from the crown and disposing of it to Lady Jane Grey, were forthwith drawn out.

Northumberland next proceeded to assemble at Greenwich some of the most powerful personages in the realm to sign the document and lend their aid to his scheme. Archbishop Cranmer, though the succession of Mary Tudor might be expected, on religious and other grounds, to be hurtful to him, held out till the last, refusing again and again, and only signing when Edward *from his death*-bed appealed to him not to stand in the way.

This strange transaction is stamped throughout with the impress of extreme reluctance on the part of almost all concerned save Edward and Northumberland. Beyond pity for the boy-King—so precocious in his extreme insistence and eagerness in State affairs, and so pitiful in his suffering and dying youth—awe of the crafty, powerful, and unscrupulous Duke of Northumberland was the compelling motive to sign a document which proved the death warrant to Lady Jane Grey.

(*To be continued.*)

AMATEUR CHOIRS: THEIR ORGANISATION AND TRAINING.

By AN ORGANIST.

It is gratifying to view, in every parish and district throughout the country, workers going about, doing all the good they can to further the sacred work by which they themselves benefit so much, and seeking fresh opportunities for the employment of their time and thought. In very many cases, the music of the services is embraced in these efforts; in very many others, unfortunately, it is left without this zealous aid. It often happens that the vicar, with claims of greater moment on time and energy, and, perhaps, with little technical music in his education, has, in the absence of capable workers, to allow the responsibility of the choir to devolve upon those who are manifestly unable to rise to the full discharge of their trust. The result is that one of the highest and most lovable features of divine worship becomes to sensitive ears a mild infliction, and there follows the often heard admission that "our singing is not very good, it is a pity it cannot be improved;" and, since no one takes the initiative, time goes by without any higher effort being shown.

The object of this paper is to guide and encourage those workers who may see in this direction an opening for extended usefulness; and to help in some degree those who have already undertaken a part, whether in organising or conducting, or in membership of a choir.

The end to be attained is a high one, and truly justifies the investment of a talent by those who own it; for to draw to God's House those who might otherwise stay away; to raise the habits, moral tone, and spiritual life of co-workers; to beautify and enrich with pure harmony the service, and raise the thoughts of worshippers with the music, beyond it and mere emotion to the heaven where one of the things to which we look with certainty is the holy music—is all in the hands of those who engage in this work, and is well worth years of applied leisure.

Some may urge that this is hardly within the province of "our girls," but the practical result in hundreds, nay, thousands of cases shows that such help is in every way advantageous. I have known many cases where the quiet, unobtrusive help of the ladies has been the very life of the choir organisation. In two of the most beautifully rendered services I have ever heard—one in a city, the other in a pretty country village, where a string band played along with the choir and organ—the choir had been organised and trained by ladies from the vicarage, and no one who was present at these services could suggest that the workers had not been in their proper sphere.

If circumstances are such that ladies can suitably attend rehearsals, there is no apparent reason why in ordinary parish churches, and chapels, they should not form part of the choir. They are admittedly, in time, more reliable than boys, whose voices so soon break after they have attained real efficiency. When the choir is surpliced, ladies need not be excluded. I have known a third seat on each side of the chancel reserved for them; in another case, a choir of girls occupied seats in the body of the church with excellent result. If music at communion services is desired, the presence of lady choristers and worshippers is doubly helpful; for the propriety of boys attending, simply to sing a part, is extremely questionable.

I am bound to say that very often young ladies do not show themselves so amenable to discipline as their brothers; and failure in this respect to assert their usefulness is one element in the disposition shown in many places to exclude them. Painstaking simplicity seems almost *infra dig.* They wish to import their own ideas of proper style; and wherever this is done they prove a hindrance, not a help. I remember an organist friend in a continental church complaining feelingly how "half the ladies in the choir sang their very best against half singing their very worst." They all, perhaps, thought they did their best; but some did not realise how essential is due subordination when a number sing together: they thought of themselves instead of their music.

There is a great danger besetting every choir, or rather its members, which cannot be too strongly borne in mind; namely, that in dealing continually with technical features and the cultivation of refinement of style in the music, the real intention of the choir and its sacred object is not borne adequately in mind, and that the music of the service is allowed to degenerate into a mere performance. This tendency should always be resisted; for if the tone of such a body be not in accordance with its object, the work becomes mere trifling with holy things, of less than no value to those immediately concerned, and repellent to thoughtful people.

Let us pass to the practical organisation and working of an amateur choir, touching upon the work to be done, and viewing the relation to it of its leaders and its members. In the first place arises the question of the conductor—of the person who will inspire the whole body with interest and love in their work and instruct them how to do their part aright. If this post can be suitably taken by the organist, it is by far the best arrangement, for it is the organ which leads both congregation and choir at service. But this is not always practicable (I am speaking of amateurs); and to whom shall we, therefore, look? I have indicated what ladies already have done and are doing, and the number qualifying for increasing responsibility is, happily, becoming greater every year, and it is quite fitting that a lady should take this post when no one else volunteers.

Whoever may be the leader, it is essential to have the goodwill and co-operation of the minister; also adequate knowledge of the musical requirements of the service, firmness, and a kindliness of spirit begotten of a love for the work and for those with whom one is associating. Labouring in this spirit, a successful issue can never be in doubt. In cases of difficulty, the vicar or minister will be the tower of strength. Whenever possible, if he can attend the rehearsals, opening and closing them with prayer, it will be found a real benefit. Reverence, discipline, and attention are then alike better sustained. In the hands of the minister will always be the choosing of the hymns, and the decision as to the lines upon which the music will be rendered, and alterations at any time made.

The admission of members is a matter over which too much care cannot be exercised, and, especially with the adults, should be a matter of reference to the clergy. While it is not always easy to gain the consent of as many as one would like to attend, it is useless asking those to join who do not possess the gift of "voice" and "ear;" and, on the other hand, this point should never be the sole ground of admission. A person, once invited, can never fitly be afterwards urged to stay away. Members of all classes should be urged to enter; it is always to be regretted when any portion of sacred work falls upon a social section. It rarely happens that a suitable number of persons who have had previous musical training can be drawn together. Less experienced folk

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CHAPTER II.

"My son shall be King of England."

WHAT was the burden for ever sounding through the brain of Northumberland, to t rhythm of which he shaped his design. Some say that he hastened Edward's death by poison. The king in his last days was committed to the sole care of a mysterious woman, who declared that she could cure him; but, though her treatment produced strange results, it is more probable that she erred through ignorance than that she was the tool of any one for so dangerous and unnecessary a purpose as the murder of a prince doomed by consumption.

It was part of Northumberland's plan that when Edward's death was announced Lady Jane should be already in the Tower, there, according to the custom of those days, to await her coronation.

For this purpose it was necessary he should get his young daughter-in-law into his own clutches, and a strange order soon came to Lady Jane, who, according to arrangement, had remained at home after her marriage. She was told that she must go at once to the Duke of Northumberland's house until, to use her own phrase, "God should call the King to His mercy," as, since he had appointed her heir to his kingdom, she then would have to remove in haste to the Tower.

She was at first much perturbed, but seems to have decided that there was some strange mistake in the matter, as she stayed quietly where she was. Then the Duchess of Northumberland appeared upon the scene in a violent passion, demanding that the bride should come with her at once. Between the mother and the mother-in-law high words arose. Neither of these noble dames was meek, and we can imagine the dispute that took place over the poor young creature, herself peace-loving and serene, in which she was wrangled for as a valuable piece of property. The discussion was ended by the Duchess of Northumberland invoking her boy to the rescue, and making him use his newborn authority to command Lady Jane to depart with him and his mother.

She obeyed, and was lodged for a few days in a house of the Duke's at Chelsea. Meanwhile the scene at Greenwich was closing. On June 21st, 1553, the letters patent conferring the Crown on Lady Jane Grey were signed by peers and officers of State. On Thursday, July 6th, Edward expired.

It was part of the plot that the King's death should be kept secret until Northumberland and Suffolk had taken possession of the Ladies Mary and Elizabeth. But Mary, who was at Hunsdon, in Hertfordshire, was warned by a mounted courier as soon as possible after the event, and was up and away, galloping a hundred miles, without pause for rest, to her friends in Norfolk, while Lord Robert Dudley and Lord Warwick were scouring the country in vain quest of her.

On Sunday, July 9th, Lady Sidney, daughter of the Duke of Northumberland, appeared at Chelsea to fetch Lady Jane. "With seriousness more than common" she bade her come, and her sister-in-law, although unwell, obeyed the order. The two ladies went together to Sion House. This gloomy pile, with its huge stone lion erect upon the top, is still a familiar object to those who look across the river from Kew Gardens. It must have presented anything but an alluring aspect to the poor bride, and the scene that was about to transpire there stamped itself in terror upon her mind. For soon after her arrival, the Duke of Northumberland, attended by the Marquis of Northampton and the Earls of Huntingdon, Pembroke, and Arundel, entered, who, to use her own words:

"With unaccustomed kindness and condescension did me such reverence as was not fitting to my state, for they knelt before me, and in many other ways made semblance to honour me."

The Duchess of Suffolk (her mother), the Duchess of Northumberland, and the Marchioness of Northampton followed, and the Duke of Northumberland, as President of the Council, rose to harangue the small assembly. First disclosing the death of Edward, he described the transaction in which he was himself prime mover. Henry, he said, had never meant either Mary or Elizabeth to wear the crown, and Edward had therefore bequeathed it to his cousin, the Lady Jane. As he concluded, he and the four lords dropped on their knees, swearing fealty to Jane Grey as Queen.

The effect upon her was far different from the girlish exultation they might have expected. Grief for her cousin's early death was the first emotion, followed by dismay at her unhoped-for elevation. Let us hear her own words:

"The which things I heard with extreme grief of mind; how I was carried out of myself, amazed and troubled, I leave it to those lords to testify who were present and saw me, overcome by sudden and unlooked-for sorrow, fall to the ground, weeping very bitterly. I then declared to them how unable I was; I deeply lamented the death of so noble a prince, and turning myself to God, I humbly prayed and besought Him that if what had been given me was mine by law and right, His Divine Majesty would grant me such grace and spirit that I should govern to His glory and service and to the good of this realm."

The "if" indicates a lurking doubt. Yet Lady Jane could not possibly know of the deception practised by Northumberland, and had no reason to suspect that the scheme was nurtur by his ambition. As Tennyson says—

"She had but followed the device of those
Her nearest kin: she thought they knew
the laws.
But for herself she knew but little law,
And nothing of the titles to the crown;
She had no desire for that."

On the next day a grand state barge bore the unwilling Lady Jane in a river procession from Richmond to the Tower, all the great officers of the Court and most of the peers of the realm accompanying her. As Queen she landed at the Tower steps, as Queen she was proclaimed by the herald-at-arms throughout the City. But no shouts of rejoicing were raised to hail the news. An ominous silence reigned. One lad, Gilbert Potter by name, ventured to shout for Queen Mary instead. His master denounced him, and he was taken into custody; but it was looked upon as a righteous retribution when that master was drowned soon afterwards under London Bridge.

The little company within the Tower had small enjoyment of their royal state. The Lords, on the evening of their arrival, were sitting with the mother and the mother-in-law of the so-called Queen, talking over questions of pressing interest. Would Mary be captured? When should Queen Jane be crowned? These and similar topics were absorbing them when a messenger rode up in hot haste bringing a letter from Mary. It was small consolation to order the man into custody, for the contents of the packet were ominous. Mary wrote summoning the Lords of the Council to acknowledge her claim to the crown, and intimating that she was ready to pardon their conspiracy against her if they would now uphold her authority.

"Whereupon, my Lords, we require and charge you, and every one of you, on your allegiance, which you owe to God and us and to none other, that for our honour and the surety of our realm only you will employ yourselves, and forthwith upon receipt hereof cause our right and title to the crown and government of this realm to be proclaimed in our City of London and such other places as to your wisdom shall seem good, and as to this cause appertainable, not failing hereof, as our very trust is in you; and this our letter, signed with our own hand, shall be your sufficient warrant."

It was as if a bombshell had exploded in the midst of the little company. Why had Mary not been safely taken prisoner before she had the opportunity, with the energy and determination belonging to the Tudor race, to act for herself and rally her forces? The Duchess of Northumberland and Duchess of Suffolk went into hysterics on the spot.

Meanwhile the Lady Jane sate in the more congenial solitude of her own room, whither she had been followed, however, by the Lord Treasurer, the Marquis of Winchester, bringing the crown and the crown jewels. Did the crown, he asked, fit her? She replied it was unnecessary to alter it. He tried to place it upon her head, but she refused; and then came the significant information that before her coronation another crown was to be made for her husband.

A crown for Guilford Dudley! Northumberland to be the father of the young King of England, guiding the realm through his callow

weakness as he had aforetime ruled it through the delicate boyhood of Edward VI.! This was the design that lay below all the puppet-moving of the last few months! But Jane Grey, though ignorant of much of the treacherous detail, was not the simple tool that her father-in-law supposed. She knew that the making of kings was no light matter, and seems to have begun to suspect the ambition that lay at the root of all. "This was heard by me with a troubled mind, also with much grief and displeasure of heart," says she. In a little while her husband himself came in, and she told him plainly that to make him a King was beyond her power; repeating the same thing to the Earls of Arundel and Pembroke. A duke she might make him, if indeed she were Queen, but nothing more.

Guilford's conduct on the occasion reminds one of a spoiled child crying for the moon. He ran to his mother, complaining that his wife would not make him King, and the Duchess of Northumberland, perturbed, we may suppose, by the letter just received from Mary, of which Lady Jane was not aware, rushed in and stormed at her daughter-in-law.

Although quiet and gentle, the girl knew how to stand firm when occasion required it, and she bore the petulant reproaches of her boy-husband, the wrath and disdain of his mother, without flinching. The duchess became very angry indeed, so angry that had it not been for the intervention of Earls Arundel and Pembroke, she would have carried her son off to Sion House. If Jane refused to lend herself to the preposterous scheme of making Guilford Dudley King, he could not be crowned, and the chief object of the plot would be frustrated.

He seems, however, in order to pacify him, to have been called king, and to have received some trifling distinctions of royalty. Meanwhile Northumberland answered Mary's letter to the effect that Lady Jane was rightful Queen of England, both by the ancient laws of the realm and letters patent of the late King. Let Mary, therefore, beware of molesting her, or turning the people from their allegiance.

From Monday evening, July 10th, till Wednesday morning the conspirators—for so we may call them—with their victim remained in the Tower, hoping that Mary had been seized by Dudley and Warwick. But on Wednesday morning alarming tidings came in from all parts of England, of risings in Mary's favour, and of noblemen who, with powerful forces at their back, had espoused her cause. Some one must go forth to quell the tumult, and Northumberland found himself obliged to take the field. The Tower and Lady Jane he committed to the keeping of the Council, who were to stay there while he was gone. On the morning of Thursday, July 14, 1553, he rode out of London at the head of about 600 men, but though the people thronged to see them go by, not a soul cried "God speed them!"

Poor Queen Jane was not left in very trusty guardianship, for some of the most powerful members of the Council had signed the letters patent, meaning to play Northumberland false if their own interests required it, and they now began to consult together as to the safest plan to adopt. The garrison in the Tower looked sharply after them to see that they did not steal away. Arundel said "he liked not the air," and one or two of them tried unsuccessfully to escape. The story of their proceedings during the next few days does not read like the actions of English gentlemen. Their fear of Northumberland had brought them to feign aquiescence in a cause they knew to be unjust, and they now wished themselves well out of the whole affair. Having no heart in Jane's interest, they thought only of how they might best shape their policy for their own safety.

We may think pityingly of the girl-queen, shut in the palace so soon to be her prison, with unwilling adherents around her, and oppressed by the burden of an unwelcome dignity, while her boy-husband masqueraded as "your grace," dining alone, and imagining himself King.

The Tower was a gruesome abode for the young creature. These words are fitly put into her mouth:

"Nay, Guilford, 'tis not coward fear alone
Now makes me sad, but something in this place
That will not let me, if I would, be merry.
The air is heavy here, as though 'twere clogged
With fumes of ancient sighs, that yet do cling
About the walls that bred them."

The poet imagines her as seeing with horror a thin white hand put forth from a narrow slit in the wall opposite her window, to feel the sunbeams,

"——as lovingly
As a blind man that fingers o'er the face
Long known, but half forgot." *

The thought that she was sharing her abode with wretched prisoners who for years had been shut from the brightness and warmth of day, must have been terrible to one so good and gentle, and she very likely resolved that when she was really crowned Queen she would set them free. But that was never to be. Northumberland was succeeding ill: he found the country all astir in Mary's behalf, and sent to London for reinforcements, but the Lords of the Council returned an unsatisfactory reply. Worse and worse came the tidings, and by July 19th the Lords would wait no longer. They managed to elude the vigilance of the Tower guard, and made their way to Baynard's Castle, three-quarters of a mile above London Bridge, where they summoned the mayor and other civic dignitaries to meet them. Arundel stated that if they continued to support Lady Jane Grey's claims, civil war must be the result, and he called upon them to restore the crown to the lawful heir. All agreed, and it was not even thought necessary to acquaint Northumberland with their determination. A hundred and fifty men were marched off straight to the Tower, to demand the keys, in Mary's name.

The gates were flung open; Suffolk, deserted by the Lords, and aware that resistance was useless, rushed to the room where his daughter was sitting, and told her of the change in her fortunes. She received the news with cheerfulness and satisfaction, replying, "I better brook this message than my former advancement to royalty." She expected then to go quietly home; but that was not permitted.

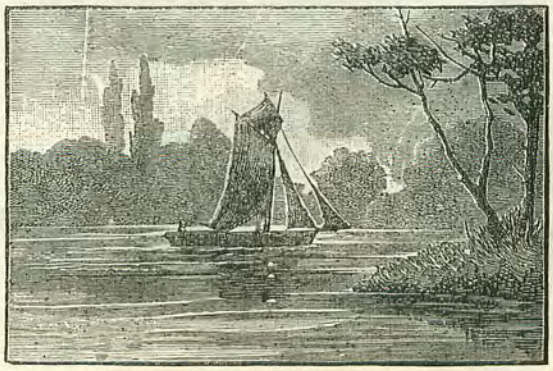
Meanwhile Mary was proclaimed Queen at the Cross at Cheapside amid universal tumult and rejoicing. The church bells, long silent, rang merrily all night, and through the next day there was universal joy and feasting.

Northumberland, away at Cambridge, with an army failing him at every point, heard the news: he understood that all was lost, and, flinging up his cap, shouted with the rest for Queen Mary. His change, was, however, too late to save him. He was placed under a guard of his own soldiers, and secured by his former colleague, Arundel, who had hurried to Cambridge to take him prisoner. Remorse for his share in the unsuccessful plot seems to have seized upon the man who had for so long been virtual ruler of England; he knelt in abject entreaty at the earl's feet, but received the cold and ominous answer, "You should have sought for mercy sooner."

It was a piteous scene when the proud duke was brought a prisoner into London after his twelve days' campaign. As he rode through the crowded streets, he bowed in a servile manner to the mob that assailed him with shouts and execrations. His demeanour sued for pity, but no pity could he find. "Death to the Traitor!" was the cry that ceased not to ring in his ears till the Tower gates—the gates that held imprisoned his son and daughter-in-law—closed upon him also. Vengeance for his guilty plot had overtaken him with footsteps swift and sure.

(*To be continued.*)

* "Lady Jane Grey." A Tragedy, by Ross Neil.



THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER

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LADY JANE GREY.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

By LILY WATSON.

THE EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY.
(*From the painting by Delaroche.*)

CHAPTER III.

N the evening of Thursday, August 3, 1553, Mary rode in queenly state through the streets of London. She was accompanied by her sister Elizabeth, and escorted by a splendid retinue; thunders of applause, mingling with the roar of cannon and the pealing of church bells, greeted the Sovereign whom the people were soon to learn to detest as cordially as they now welcomed her. To the Tower gates she came, where she alighted and kissed four kneeling prisoners of note, ordering their instant release.

Among them was Bishop Gardiner, but, alas! neither Lady Jane nor her husband. In the universal rejoicing no one seems to have spared a pitying thought for the poor girl-wife, immured for no fault of her own. Northumberland was so hated by the nation that satisfaction in his fate eclipsed the sorrows of his daughter-in-law. Suffolk, Lady Jane's father, had, however, been set at liberty.

The Ambassador Renard, Minister of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, Spain, Flanders, and the Low Countries, is a prominent figure in the history of Mary's reign, and his letters to his master furnish much information respecting contemporary events. He was for ever urging the Queen to put Lady Jane and Guilford Dudley to death, and Gardiner advised the same. But Mary leant to the side of mercy. She had, it is true, no love for her young kinswoman. They were at opposite poles on religious matters, and a former refusal of Lady Jane to do obeisance to the Host, repeated to the Queen, caused her much indignation. Tennyson thus tells the story:—

MARY. What wast thou saying of this Lady Jane
Now in the Tower?
ALICE. Why, madam, she was passing
Some chapel down in Essex, and with her
Lady Anne Wharton, and the Lady Anne
Bowed to the Pyx; but Lady Jane stood up,
Stiff as the very backbone of heresy.
"And wherefore bow ye not," says Lady Anne,
"To Him within there who made heaven and earth?"
I cannot, and I dare not, tell your grace
What Lady Jane replied.
MARY. But I will have it.
ALICE. She said—pray pardon me, and pity her—
She hath hearkened evil counsel—ah! she said,
"The baker made him."
MARY. Monstrous! blasphemous!
She ought to burn——

Notwithstanding this religious aversion, Mary had a certain sense of justice that made her wish to spare her innocent rival, and in the glow of satisfaction on the attainment of the throne, she would not consent even to the punishment of Northumberland until the disturbed state of London made it evident that the conspirators must be tried.

Those were stirring times, and events of importance followed close upon one another. Mary only remained in the Tower till August 12, when she removed to Richmond. On August 18 a court of peers sat in Westminster Hall to try Northumberland, Warwick, and Northampton for high treason.

The Duke fought hard for his life. He argued that he had received a warrant under the Great Seal for what he had done; that the peers, his judges, were his accomplices, but neither plea was allowed. Death was pronounced upon all three prisoners. Northumberland fell upon his knees, and implored mercy for his children; for himself he asked a brief space of life, and the assistance of a confessor.

The story of his last days is stained with cowardice. To Gardiner, who visited him as confessor, he declared he was a Catholic and always had been one, even when striving for Protestant doctrines! Life! this was the one boon he implored by every means in his power. Gardiner did intercede for him, but the Ambassador Renard prevented Mary from consenting to his pardon.

He was doomed. On Monday, August 21, 1553, he publicly recanted in the Tower chapel at a solemn service. After this was over he exhausted himself in a long and passionate written appeal to Arundel. Life, yea the life of a dog at the Queen's feet, he entreated, soldier and nobleman though he was. But it was of no avail, and the next morning he was led out to Tower Hill to die.

Before laying his head upon the block he made a speech to the assembled crowd, declaring that he abjured Protestantism, and exhorting them all to return to the Catholic faith. Then the executioner's axe ended his wretched life.

Far different was the spirit that breathed in the victim of his ambition, Lady Jane, to whose prison cell we must return. She was confined apart from her husband, but otherwise was not treated with severity. Not until November 13 did her trial take place, and on that date she was led forth on foot with Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Guilford, Lord Ambrose, and Lord Henry Dudley, from the Tower to the Guildhall, there to be arraigned for high treason.

With dignity the noble girl-prisoner faced the crowd, the imposing array of men-at-arms, and the dread ceremonial of the court; nor did she quail when the keen blade of the Tower axe was turned towards her, and the sentence of death was pronounced upon all five prisoners. On her return to the Tower she spoke calm and cheering words to her heart-broken attendants. It is said that the judge who condemned her to death afterwards became raving mad, and died crying out that Jane Grey should be taken from his sight.

But Mary did not mean the sentence in her case to be carried out, and it was only the insanely rash conduct of Lady Jane's father, the Duke of Suffolk, that caused a change in the royal clemency. The student of English history will recollect that the Queen, who was of mature age and unattractive appearance, was bent upon marrying the young Philip of Spain, son of the Emperor Charles. The match was most heartily disliked by her subjects, and the prevailing discontent found expression in a rebellion which broke out under Sir Thomas Wyatt in January, 1554. In this rebellion the Duke of Suffolk took part.

The midland and eastern counties were all astir, but Mary's courage saved her. She rode boldly to the Guildhall, appealed from the steps to the loyalty of the citizens for protection against a presumptuous rebel, and promised that Parliament should decide on the question of her marriage. When Wyatt arrived at Southwark, London Bridge was secured. Meanwhile, at Astley Park near Coventry, an estate belonging to the Duke of Suffolk, the noble proprietor himself was hiding in a hollow tree. There for two days and a night he shivered without food. His gamekeeper betrayed him, and the troopers who came to apprehend him found he had at length crawled out to seek food and warmth over a cottage fire. He was carried to the Tower, and in a few days the insurrection was suppressed.

And now the counsel tendered to the Queen is well expressed in the words Tennyson puts into Renard's mouth:

"Yet too much mercy is a want of mercy
And wastes more life. Stamp out the fire, or this
Will smoulder and re-flame, and burn the throne
When you should sit with Philip; *he will not come
Till she be gone.*"

Here we may read the motive of Mary's change from leniency to cruelty. Philip of Spain would not come to a disturbed and turbulent realm, to risk his precious life among rebels. While Lady Jane lived, insurrection for her sake was possible; therefore Lady Jane and her husband must die, and that immediately.

The news of her speedy doom was borne to the prisoner by the Catholic priest Feckenham, afterwards Abbot of Westminster—a gentle and humane man, who was charged by Mary to employ the time in converting her to the "true faith."

When he informed her she was to die the next morning, Friday, she received the news with the greatest calmness, but declined the religious arguments into which he wished at once to enter.

Lady Jane was able to give a reason for the hope that was in her; she was no weak girl to be brought over easily to a change of views. On finding the nature of the "heretic" with whom he had to deal, Feckenham hurried back to the Queen to beg for time that, in spite of herself, the victim's soul might be saved. Mary granted a respite until Monday.

This news was not welcome to the noble and patient girl, who found herself obliged to enter upon a discussion with the learned Feckenham upon the nature of the sacraments. The prospect of her approaching fate did not, as might well have been the case, cause her to waver in her logical clearness of mind and firmness of judgment, and she held her own against him; though weary indeed was the task to a spirit that would fain have been absorbed in preparation for the solemn change.

The tone of her mind is shown by the fragments of her writing during this period that have been preserved. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir John Brydges, asked for some memorial of her, and gave to her a "vellum book of a small thickish size," being a manual of English prayers, in which she wrote as follows:—

"Forasmuch as you have desired so simple a woman to write in so worthy a book, good Master Lieutenant, therefore I shall as a friend desire you, and as a Christian require you to call upon God to incline your heart to His law, to quicken you in His way, and not to take the word of truth utterly out of your mouth. Live still to die, that by death you may purchase eternal life, and remember how Methuselah, who as we read in the Scriptures was the longest liver that was of a man, died at the last; for, as the Preacher saith, there is a time to be born and a time to die; and the day of death is better than the day of our birth. Yours, as the Lord knoweth, as a friend, JANE DUDLEY."

In the same book, which is preserved in the British Museum, is a note from Lady Jane to her father, perhaps written there out of the fulness of her heart when other materials were not at hand. It is as follows:—

"The Lord comfort your Grace, and that in His word, wherein all His creatures only are to be comforted. And though it hath pleased God to take away two of your children, yet think not, I most humbly beseech your Grace, that you have lost them; but trust that we by leaving this mortal life have won an immortal life. And I for my part, as I have honoured your Grace in this life, will pray for you in another life.—Your Grace's most humble daughter, JANE DUDLEY."

Suffolk was not yet sentenced to death, but Jane knew it was inevitable, and knew also that the exhortations to recant that had been lavished upon her would be repeated in his case. She feared lest he might, through weakness, imitate the example of Northumberland, and wrote a letter to him entreating him not to lament overmuch her early doom, which was only union with "Christ our Saviour, in whose steadfast faith, if it may be lawful for the daughter so to write to the father, the Lord that hitherto hath strengthened you, so continue to keep you, that at the last we may meet in heaven."

Not once does this brave and lovely spirit seem to have wavered in the prospect of her cruel fate. The night before her execution she wrote a farewell in Greek to her sister Catherine, on the fly-leaf of a Greek New Testament.

"Follow the steps of your Master, Christ, and take up your cross," is the burden of her exhortation. And in sooth this young girl had learnt the lesson she strove to impart. With true and steadfast heart she followed Him, drawing from His Cross and Passion the inspiration that led her to tread the verge of death with unfaltering step.

All around the prisoner seem to have loved her. Her very gaolers were softened; the confessor, who was constantly with her, was touched and impressed by her wisdom and composure, although his efforts to change her faith were hopeless.

The fatal morning dawned, Monday, Feb. 12, 1554; and the Lieutenant of the Tower entered early, bringing a request from Guilford Dudley, who was to die that day. He would fain see his wife for a last embrace and farewell. He was to suffer on Tower Hill; she inside the walls. So had Bishop Gardiner advised, lest the people should be stirred by her youth and beauty to an outburst of compassion in her favour.

At first Lady Jane's heart beat high at the thought of seeing again the bridegroom from whom she had been separated for many cruel weary months. Then came the thought of the terrible agitation such a meeting would bring to both of them. Especially did she fear that her boy-husband would be unfitted for meeting his doom with the fortitude and composure befitting a Christian and a gentleman; and she knew that any lapse in self-control before the concourse of spectators would cause him keen suffering.

Mastering her own longing, she sent back word to him to be patient; within a little while they would meet in heaven, never to part again. To bid farewell on earth would only be to excite useless anguish.

The officer withdrew with the message, but Lady Jane knew her husband would pass below her window, and waited steadfastly there to cheer him on his last journey. He came along the courtyard, escorted by the guard; she waved to him again and again, and he turned his face towards her to the last.

In a little while she saw his mutilated body brought back in a cart to the Tower. She did not cry out or weep, but sate down and wrote on her tablets three sentences that speak of intense emotion. The first was in Greek, to the following effect:—"If his slain body shall give testimony against me before men, his blessed soul shall render an eternal proof of my innocence before God."

The second in Latin:—"The justice of men took away his body, but the Divine mercy has preserved his spirit."

The third in English:—"If my fault deserved punishment, my youth and my imprudence were worthy of excuse. God and posterity will shew me favour."

The bitterness of death for her was past, and she resigned herself quietly to Sir John Brydges to lead her to the green within the walls. Attended by her gentlewomen and Feckenham, she went to the foot of the scaffold absorbed in silent prayer. She then turned to the confessor. "Go now," she said. "May our God fulfil all your desire; and receive my warm thanks for your attentions to me, although they have tried me far more than death can now terrify me." "She exhibited a countenance so gravely settled with all modest and comely resolution that not the slightest trace of fear or grief could be observed in her words or actions;" but the bystanders were weeping bitterly.

She ascended the scaffold, and looking round upon the spectators, said to them that she had broken the law in usurping the Crown, but as for any desire or effort after it, she declared, wringing her hands, that she washed them clean of all such offence before God and man. She called on them to witness that she died trusting in the mercy of God and the merits of His Son, and entreated their prayers.

Feckenham was still close beside her. "'Shall I say the Miserere?' she asked him; and he said 'Yea.' She then said the fifty-first Psalm in English in the most devout manner; and then, after giving to one of her attendants her gloves, handkerchief, and book, she uncovered her neck, while her two gentlewomen helped her and gave her a fair handkerchief to knit about her eyes."

The words in which the Chronicle of Queen Mary tells the rest are too simple and pathetic for paraphrase.

"The executioner kneeled down and asked her forgiveness, whom she forgave most willingly. Then he willed her to stand upon the straw, which doing she saw the block: then she said, 'I pray you dispatch me quickly.' Then she kneeled down, saying, 'Will you take it off before I lay me down?' And the executioner said, 'No, madam.' Then tied she the handkerchief about her eyes, and feeling for the block she said, 'What shall I do? where is it?' One of the bystanders guiding her thereunto she laid her head upon the block, and then stretched forth her body, and said, 'Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.' And so ended."

One cannot read without grief and indignation the account of this pearl of beauty, goodness, and wisdom thus roughly flung out of the world. Tennyson describes her by the lips of Sir Ralph Bagenhall:—

"Seventeen! and knew eight languages; in music
Peerless; her needle perfect, and her learning
Beyond the churchmen; yet so meek, so modest,
So wife-like humble to the trivial boy
Mismatched with her for policy! I have heard
She would not take a last farewell of him;
She feared it might unman him for his end.
She could not be unmanned—no, nor outwoman'd.
Seventeen! a rose of grace!
Girl never breathed to rival such a rose;
Rose never blew that equalled such a bud."

Her strength of will and intellect did not—and here we may lay an emphasis for the sake of those who oppose a so-called masculine education—interfere with her womanly sweetness. Nay, there is no doubt that her training in the wealth of past learning, the discipline of her understanding, helped her to meet misfortune with the dignity and composure born of true culture. Withal she had an earnest faith, so real that she could forego a present interview with her husband in the firm expectation of a meeting within a few hours when the headsman's axe had set their spirits free. And she did not vaunt herself upon a courage above her age and sex; nay, rather she confessed her weakness. These are among her recorded words:—

"I will do it; for I am weak by nature and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth and not His creature."

Brief was her life; but, although discrowned in outward seeming, she is one of the true Queens of girlhood, whose sway shall not grow less while there are hearts to own the empire of innocence, fortitude, and truth.

TOILET TABLE ELEGANCIES.

By MEDICUS.

IN the GIRL'S OWN PAPER of April 9th, 1881, there appeared an article, entitled "The Toilet Table, and What Should Lie Thereon," in which many useful hints were given on the hygiene of the hair, the skin, and complexion.

The subject is a very important one, and but little apology is needed for recurring to it, which may very easily be done without any danger of treading upon ground already covered.

The present paper is called "Toilet Table Elegancies," for the simple reason that the writer would wish that the best of everything was used by his readers, and that they really knew when they had genuine articles on their tables.

It does not follow, however, that the most expensive articles, or those most prettily got up, are the best or the most useful either. Indeed, many toilet requisites can be made at home quite as well, if not better, than they can be had in shops.

I have not the slightest wish to interfere with the trade secrets—so-called—of either chemist, perfumer, or hairdresser; but I must take the liberty of saying that, while, for the most part, the articles disposed of with high sounding names are simple in their composition, many of them are highly dangerous. You pay for a pretty name, you pay for the pretty appearance of the article; it looks well on the table, and it is possible you may have faith in it. Well, faith goes a long way, but it cannot render a poisonous application harmless.

I am going to divide my present paper into heads, so that it may be all the more easily consulted by anyone in need of information.

1. *The Bath and Ablution.*—I give these first place because they include so much that

LADY JANE WATCHING HER HUSBAND LED OFF TO EXECUTION.—*See page* 595.