

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

PART I.

THE VENERABLE MARGARET* (BY MARRIAGE A
TUDOR).

FIRST in point of time, and by far the first in order of merit, comes "The Lady Margaret," Countess of Richmond, the "venerable Margaret" of Gray's verse, the mother of a race of kings, of whom her biographer could write with truth, "She was the friend of the friendless, the comforter of the afflicted, the munificent patroness of learning, and the meek but strenuous supporter of religion."

She was the great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, her father having been John of Gaunt's eldest grandson, John Duke of Somerset, while her mother was the heiress to the Lords Beauchamp. Old Fuller declared of her that "she was fair field and fair fort, fair body and fair soul. . . Taxed for no personal fault, but the errors of the age she lived in." She was born in her mother's house of Bletsoe, in Bedfordshire, in 1441. She was left fatherless, the heiress of her father's great estates, at the age of four years. To be born and left a child-heiress in those days was generally to become an object of fierce strife, in which the future peace and happiness of the coveted child were scarcely thought of, and in this sense the little creature ran the heaviest risks. Accordingly the first distinct glimpse we have of the future woman, is from a statement she herself made in after years. We find the little girl kneeling, on the eve of the day when she was called on to give her decision, as to which of two powerfully-supported candidates for her hand she should choose to be her betrothed husband. Henry VI. said his half-brother, Edmund ap Tudor; her guardian, the Duke of Suffolk, said his son, John de la Pole; and Margaret, at the tender age of nine years, was to choose between the rival suitors. The innocent umpire sought, in her perplexity, the counsel of an old gentlewoman whom she loved; she, in her turn, bade the small maiden pray to St. Nicholas, the patron and helper of maidens. As the tiny white figure fell prostrate in prayer, a vision seemed to pass before the child's reverently-shut eyes—"whether sleeping or waking," the truthful woman who told the story in later days, humbly owned she could not be assured; but she knew it was about four of the clock in the morning when a man, arrayed like a bishop, appeared to stand before her, and put into her mouth the name "Edmund." So to Edmund ap Tudor, whom the King created Earl of Richmond, she was betrothed, and to him she was married in 1455, when she was in her fourteenth, and he in his twenty-sixth year.

We feel as if the world went with fearful rapidity then, and events, whether of joy or sorrow, followed in each other's train in hurried succession. In the course of two more years, when Margaret was sixteen, we see her a youthful widow, the mother of a child not yet six months old. She was fain to find refuge in the Castle of Pembroke (where her baby was born), because it was regarded as an almost impregnable fortress, built as it was on a steep rock, and nearly surrounded by water. In this isolated castle, which belonged to her late husband's brother, she stayed some five years, during which she married, at the age of nineteen, her second husband, a kinsman, Sir Henry Stafford, son of the Duke of Buckingham. Never were the stout arm and trusty championship of a good husband needed more. The Wars of the Roses were raging beyond the castle walls, and in these wars

Margaret lost many relations and friends, amongst them her stepfather, Lord Wells, who fell at Towton; her uncle, the Duke of Somerset, killed at St. Albans; and her father-in-law, the Duke of Buckingham, slain at Northampton. We have a glimpse of the young châtelaine and her doings in the Welsh stronghold. She rose at five o'clock every morning, and passed several hours in prayer and devotion. Having been instructed in medicine and chirurgery, she spent a portion of each day in dressing the wounds and ministering to the ailments of the sick and poor, the castle's dependants. "Right studious she in books, which she had in grete number, both in English and French." For she had been unusually educated for the period. She could not only read and write English well—which was more than most noble ladies could accomplish—she was familiar with French, and had some acquaintance with Latin. Her skill in embroidery was so great that the products of her needle were the wonder of succeeding generations. One of them, still cherished by her descendants, is a carpet, bearing the arms and alliances of her family.

But she did still more. In these troubled years, when visiting, except in the immediate neighbourhood, was impossible, and when such public and private news as came was touched with alarm and sorrow, she diverted her active mind and occupied what was left of her well-filled time, by honourable authorship, and this at an era when printing had only just been introduced into England by Caxton, and when vocabularies and lexicons were not in existence! We may see the young, high-born authoress—the first English authoress—seated at her escritoire, translating, with infinite toil and patience, for the good of her soul and of fellow-souls, a French work, itself a translation from the Latin, which she named the "Mirror of Gold for the Sinful Soule." Oh, admirable Margaret!

When her little son was five years of age, and Margaret but twenty-one, an end came to this comparatively peaceful period of her life. In one of the successes of the York faction the earldom and castle of Pembroke were taken from Jasper ap Tudor, Margaret's brother-in-law, a pronounced Lancastrian, and given to William Herbert, a zealous Yorkist. It would seem that the child was given with the castle, for he was ten years in the keeping of the new earl, a man of honour, and his motherly countess, until a turn of fortune restored Pembroke Castle to Jasper ap Tudor, and the lad of fifteen to his mother. Their reunion was of brief duration. Again the Lancastrian fortunes fell. There was a siege of Pembroke Castle, by a partisan of the House of York, in which Margaret was involved, and when the siege was raised by an adherent of the Tudors, she saw herself under the necessity of urging her brother-in-law to flee with her son, who had become a dangerously prominent representative of the losing side. She accompanied the fugitives to Tenby, where she bade them a long farewell. She had to be content with the sorry tidings that they had been cast ashore on the coast of Brittany, and though they had escaped with their lives, and were beyond the reach of their worst enemies, they were, in fact, captives. In the meantime, young Richmond's lands were attainted, though those of his mother were spared.

Margaret's second husband, of whom little is known, died nine or ten years afterwards, in 1482, when she was forty-one years of age; and in the precipitancy with which, in those days, even such widows as she was, resigned their peculiarly forlorn and perilous state of widowhood, and accepted fresh defenders of

their persons and property, she married soon afterwards a kinsman of her own again, a near enough cousin to require a Papal dispensation to be sought for their marriage. He was Thomas, Lord Stanley. He was, like herself, in middle life, and he was a widower with a large family. It may seem strange that he was a Yorkist; but he was also a gallant, high-spirited gentleman, certainly not unwilling to be influenced by Margaret in his political opinions. While he was still in favour with Richard III., not only he, but his wife, had to fill prominent places at Richard's coronation. We read of the stately and learned Margaret appearing in sumptuous attire, bearing the train of the unhappy Queen Anne, Warwick's daughter, who, by the way, was also the widow of the murdered Prince Edward of Lancaster, nephew of Margaret's first husband, Edmund, Earl of Richmond. But the great countess's heart must have ached sorely behind the "purled" crimson velvet and cloth of gold, not only because of old, painful memories, which would not be silent, but for want of her son, her only child. The boy of fifteen was now a man of seven and twenty, and in the interval the poor mother's yearning eyes had never once rested on the face which his contemporaries said was so manly and handsome. What wonder that when Margaret was journeying, soon afterwards, to the shrine of our Lady of Worcester, to offer up her prayers and vows, chancing to encounter on the road her second husband's nephew, the Duke of Buckingham, on his way to Shrewsbury, the Countess begged the Duke to intercede with King Richard that her son might return to England. She would promise that he should marry one of the daughters of Edward IV., without anything to be taken or demanded for the said espousals, but only the King's favour. Tradition will have it, that though such a marriage had been bruited more than once before, it was these words of Margaret's which first drew the attention of the chief of the Lancastrian party to the double claim to the throne that young Richmond, wedded to Elizabeth of York, would possess, which would thus render him the most formidable opponent to Richard.

However, the first rising of the Lancastrians was premature, and Margaret had the misery of seeing it collapse and Buckingham perish, while only her husband's favour with Richard saved her own life. As it was, her eldest stepson was detained a hostage at Court. But better days were at hand. Henry of Richmond landed at last at Milford Haven. Richard, whose unscrupulous crimes had disgusted not England alone, but his most faithful followers, met his enemy at Bosworth; the Stanleys, in spite of the deadly peril of their heir, deserting from the King's standard on the eve of the battle. Bosworth Field was lost and won. Richard was slain, and his crown, found not far off, near a hawthorn bush, was placed on the head of Margaret's son by Margaret's husband.

On Henry VII.'s coronation in Westminster it is recorded that the Lady Margaret "wept marvellously," for the greater her prosperity the more she dreaded adversity, with reason enough, poor tried soul! But her worldly trials were over; thenceforth she was the honoured mother of my lord the king, appearing with the royal family in great state at all family ceremonies, the festivals of Yule-tide and Easter, and dispensing princely hospitality on her own account. We cannot help pausing to ask whether Margaret, great-hearted as we know her, was not disappointed in the son who had returned to her, the silent reserved

* Miss Halsted Cooper, volume of the Antiquarian Society, Cambridge, Fuller.

man of nine-and-twenty, with the long, pale face, which so soon grew singularly haggard, and the foreign accent which clung to him? There is this to be said in excuse for his defects, that from childhood he had been a prisoner, a fugitive, and an exile, but he was wofully unlike his mother. He was, according to an excellent authority, "thoroughly common-place." He was jealous, grasping, both of money and of power, and hostile to the new dawn of learning which Margaret was striving, with womanly enthusiasm, to foster. He himself was not an unlearned man, for he had availed himself of the lagging hours of his captivity to master Latin, as well as to study the old legends of his ancestor, Arthur Pendragon.

The only point in which mother and son resembled each other, was that while he was undoubtedly a brave soldier, he was also a lover and promoter of peace. At the same time he was a dutiful and affectionate son, showing the Lady Margaret great outward reverence, and yet, as Bacon adds significantly, "not listening to her." But doubtless the mother in her saw the best of him whom she styled "my own swete and most dear kyng, and all my worldly joye," "my good herte," signing herself his "faithful, true bedeswoman and humble modyr." And she was on the friendliest terms with her meek and generous daughter-in-law, Elizabeth of York.

We must consider Margaret once more, in her noble public services, her enterprising attempts to drain Bedford Level; her great grants to numerous churches; her liberal benefits both to Oxford and Cambridge; and, above all, her magnificent endowments of St.

John's and Christ Church, Cambridge. In the building and establishing of the last she took great interest, reserving apartments for herself in the college, where she should come to inspect its progress. It was on such an occasion, that looking from a window, and seeing the dean call a faulty scholar to correction, she chimed in with her "*Lentè, lentè*" (gently, gently), "as accounting it better to mitigate his punishment than to procure his pardon. Mercy and justice making the best medley to offenders," ends Fuller, with his quaint sententiousness. Her zeal for the deliverance of the Holy Land from the infidel was so great that she was known to say in her age, "if the Cristen princes wold have warred upon the enemyes of his fayth, she wold be glad yet to go follow the hoste, and help to wash theyre clothes, for the love of Jhesu."

Margaret survived her promising grandson Prince Arthur, her good daughter-in-law, the queen, and Margaret's own worthy husband, created Earl of Derby, who died in 1504. The couple are said to have been like-minded in this, that while living in the world they "entered on religion;" that is, took the vows of a religious life. This is given as the reason why Margaret, who in the lifetime of her husband could not have been a nun, is nevertheless frequently represented in a nun's habit and veil. In the portraits and medallions which survive of her, she appears with fine strong features, which might have been beautiful in youth, and must have been full of dignity and benignity in age. She was sixty-three when Thomas Earl of Derby died, and it was in the same year that the last specimen

of her authorship appeared in a translation of the fourth book of an "Imitation of Christ," from a treatise similar in design to that of Thomas à Kempis. She had yet to sustain another severe loss in the death of her beloved son, King Henry, in his fifty-third year, when she was sixty-eight years of age. She lived a few months longer, during which she acted, in some respects, as guardian to her young grandson Henry VIII. Then, in 1509, we have the last piteous pathetic scene as described by Bishop Fisher in her funeral sermon. He laments over "these merciful and liberal hands that had to endure the most painful cramps—so grievously vexing her, and compelling her to cry, 'Oh, blessed Jesu! succour me.' It was a matter of great pity. Like a spear, it pierced the hearts of all true servants that were about her, and made them cry also of Jesu, for help and succour, with great abundance of tears. . . . But specially when they saw death so haste upon her, and that she must needs depart from them, and they should lose so gentle a mistress and so tender a lady. Then they wept marvellously; wept her ladies and kinswomen, to whom she was full kind; wept her poor gentlewomen, whom she had loved so tenderly before; wept her chamberers to whom she was full dear; wept her chaplains and other faithful servants."

Thus passed away, fitly bemoaned, the noblest life we know of in that generation. All that was mortal of her lies buried under a costly monument in her son's splendid chapel in Westminster Abbey.

SARAH TYTLER.

OUR WILD CREATURES.—IV. THE OTTER IN WINTER.

By A NATURALIST.

THE otter is far more numerous in this country than the general public suppose. His most cautious and retiring disposition is a great protection to him. His fur is very beautiful, and some of the foreign otters' skins are costly to a degree, especially those of the sea otters, or kalans of the Northern Pacific.

Otter hunting is a very exciting sport, and of late years ladies have taken part in it; as the sport is carried on on foot, it affords a great deal of wholesome exercise and excitement. All sport pursued in a proper manner is beneficial to the health and spirits; and it affords to many sights of the creatures in their native haunts, which they could not otherwise get. Because a wild creature is hunted, it does not follow that it is inevitably caught and killed; far from it.

He makes a nice pet when domesticated, and will follow his master or mistress about like a dog. He can even be trained to fish for his owners. Those remarkable people, the Chinese, have made use of him in that way, and of that feathered fisher, the cormorant, from a date that is not recorded.

In summer the otter has rare times, and, unless the winter is a severe one, he has nothing to trouble him; but if he is hard pressed for something to eat, woe betide anything in the shape of rabbit, fowl, moorhen, or other small deer that he comes across. As a rule, fish and frogs form his principal food; eels he has a special liking for; but his diet, like that of other creatures, varies according to the seasons.

Let me give you a picture of him from the life. Deep snow has fallen, and sharp frost set in afterwards. The river for long distances is covered with ice from bank to bank, with the exception of a few places where the sharp-running trout streams from the moors empty themselves into it. Here, owing to the

run, and it may be from a warmer temperature of the water, ice has not formed. The flags and reed stems, brittle with frost and broken down by the snow, have been deserted by all the creatures that sought food and shelter amongst them in the warmer weather. The coot, moorhen, and water-rail have gone; for starvation would be their fate if they lingered here. That wary bird, the water-rail, a brown, gliding streak in the lush herbage during the summer, is at his wits' end now; you may see him wandering in aimless fashion over the snow toward the open water of the trout stream. Not even a snipe is to be put up from the water meadows, for they are ice-bound.

We have been roaming along the banks of the river for some three or four miles without seeing more than one or two rabbits and some wood pigeons, so, for a change, we take the trout stream. From its source to where it empties itself into the river, it is a succession of shallows and long deep reaches of water between banks. The aspect here is southern, so if there is any life about it we may expect to see some now. And we are not disappointed, for in a basin-like pool there is a little grebe or dabchick fishing for minnows. It is a pleasant sight to see the little fellow dip under and come up again with a fish in his bill. But my foot has slipped, and he has heard and seen us. Under the bank and roots out of sight he is in a moment. Scape-scape, and a snipe springs from the mouth of a meadow drain that falls into the stream, and makes for the moor. He will not stay there long; as we proceed we see him coming back again, high over head, and he pitches behind us. We do not expect to fall in with a king-fisher; his haunt is farther up the stream, which here is a long, narrow pool, six or eight feet in depth. About the middle of it a great

ash had been blown down, for the water had washed all the earth from its roots. The tree has been cut up and carried away some time; but the hollow remains, making a bay of some size. The water has melted the snow which was close to the water's edge, but nowhere else. On the patch that is left something is resting; more than that, footprints are all about it. That tail, the remains of a meal, is certainly the tail of a trout; and of a good one too. This is the track or seal of the otter. No three-parts grown cub this, for the seals are large; at least, large for this locality. They do not reach the size here that I have known them to do in other streams and rivers. Perhaps we may get a glimpse of the fellow. I know every crook, bend, and hole well, where fur, fish, or feather could hide. The woodcutters have left long stakes to be used for hoop-making and other purposes; one of these, about fourteen feet in length, we take the liberty of borrowing. I fancy from the general look of things that he will not have moved far from where he has just fed.

We begin our disturbing operations by bringing the end of the pole whack on to a sheet of thin ice that has formed in a hollow close to us. Then we root and rattle under the bank, enough to bring it down. A few more good pokes and heaves, and out he shoots like a flash, a little to one side of us. He rushes the shallow, dives under some ice at the head of the pool, and is gone. It is only in exceptional cases that you can see him full and fair.

One of my friends, an accomplished angler, was trout fishing. He was wading at the time, and standing in a pool close under the bank. The head of a fine otter almost touched his knees as he rose from one of his dives. Perfect quiet will make you acquainted with most creatures, however wild they may be.

afterwards Charles II., to retire into France. He subsequently reduced Colchester; but after succeeding to his father's title, he appears to have faltered in his opinions, and to have gradually changed them; at all events, he resigned his command, and in the end joined with General Monk in bringing about the restoration of monarchy. He was more of a general than a statesman, and he spent his last years in retirement at his Yorkshire seat. He was perhaps the more easily reconciled to royalty as he had married a lady of the noble house of Vere, and had married his only child, a daughter, to no less a personage than Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. He lived till 1671, when, for want of a son, his Scotch title passed away to a cousin, for whom he cared but little. This cousin's grandson, Thomas, who in due course of time became sixth holder of the Fairfax Barony, inheriting a large tract of land in Virginia, between the rivers Potomac and Rapahannoc, comprising not much less than six millions of acres, threw up his commission in the Horse Guards, and sold the Yorkshire estates of his family. Visiting America in 1739, he was so captivated with the soil, climate, and beauties of Virginia, that he resolved to settle down there and to spend his declining years in a land of freedom. He erected on his Virginian estates two mansions, in which he lived almost as a prince, in the exercise of unbounded hospitality, and devoting his life to the pleasures of the chase. In spite of his "baronial hospitality," writes Sir Bernard Burke, "his dress was plain and simple, his manners were modest and unaffected, and yet his style of living was magnificent. His principal amusement was hunting, and after the chase he was wont to invite the whole field to partake of his hospitality. He had been educated in revolutionary principles, and he had imbibed high notions of republican liberty." He died in the year 1782, and ten years later he was followed to the grave by his brother; and as both died without leaving a child, the title passed again to a kinsman,

who came to England at the close of the last century, and who, though he had his title confirmed to him by the House of Lords, returned to Virginia, where he lived and died. Since that day the Fairfaxes have lived on in their home across the seas, and one of them held the office of Clerk to the Supreme Court of California.

But it is necessary here to go back a little in our narrative, and to take up the thread of the story of Thomas, the third baron, whom we have already mentioned as a noted Parliamentary general, and an ally of Monk in the work of the Restoration in 1660.

During the ten or eleven years which he lived after this date, the chief care and the darling wish of his heart was to provide for the interests of his daughter, the Duchess of Buckingham. For her, and for her only, he wished to live. Her marriage, as M. Guizot tells us in his work on "Monk's Contemporaries," was the occasion of his fulfilling a singular prediction of his grandfather, the founder of the family's fortunes. "Not many months before his death, walking in his great parlour at Denton, I only then being present," writes one of his sons, "he did seem much perplexed and troubled in his mind, but after a few turns, broke into these or the like expressions: 'Charles, I am thinking what will become of my family when I am gone; I have added a title to the heir male of my house, and I shall leave a competent estate to support it. My son Ferdinand will keep it and leave it to his son; but such is Tom's pride, led by his wife, that he, not contented to live in our rank, will destroy his house. . . . After some years,' he continues, 'when I was informed that the new lord, Thomas, had cut off the entail, made by his father and grandfather for the settlement of the estate upon the heir male, charging the land with a complete provision for a daughter or daughters, he, the new Lord Fairfax, being then at Denton, and in the very same room where I received my charge, I faithfully acquainted him with the passages, as above said.'"

Lord Fairfax was attached to his uncle, and had great respect for the memory of his grandfather; but still he persisted in the resolution which that grandfather had foreseen and prophesied; and so, abolishing by a stroke of his pen the entail of the estates on the heirs male, he left all his fortune in land and in money to his daughter, the wife of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, mentioned above.

And what was the result of this endeavour to aggrandise his daughter at the cost of his house and family? The answer is plain and brief: his "vaulting ambition overleaped itself." After having vexed and grieved his wife with every sort of insult in his lifetime, the Duke left her at his death so involved in debt that her estate in Yorkshire had to be sold in order to satisfy his creditors; and Lord Fairfax's loved and cherished daughter, the Lady Mary, whom he had moved heaven and earth to place on the highest pinnacle of this world's honours and wealth, passed away in an obscure lodging in London on the 20th of October, 1704, in circumstances of distress and of comparative penury.

It is well to be able to add one word of a redeeming character about a person so shift in his politics, and so haughty and ambitious, as was this Lord Fairfax. He left behind him in manuscript, besides some religious poems, a translation of the Psalms and Canticles, and also some lay sermons, by which, however, probably he stood self-condemned. But while the Civil War was at its height, he afforded some protection to literature and art, was the patron of the antiquary Dodsworth, and helped on the publication of the great Polyglot Bible; and it is said to have been mainly owing to his influence as a Yorkshire magnate that the old painted glass which adorns the windows of York Minster was saved from being destroyed by the pikes of the Parliamentary soldiers, who were no respecters of church fabrics or of the beauties of Gothic architecture.



TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

II.—ELIZABETH OF YORK*—BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR.

ELIZABETH OF YORK, eldest daughter of Edward IV. and Elizabeth Woodville, his Queen, was born at Westminster in 1466. In the varying fortunes of the house of York, during the Wars of the Roses, Princess Elizabeth, with her mother and sisters, was repeatedly driven to flee from the Palace of Shene, the royal children's usual home, and to take sanctuary within the shadow of the Abbey of Westminster. At one time it was in fear of the victorious Lancastrians, at another in dread of Richard Duke of Gloucester—the ambitious uncle whom posterity has been accustomed to look back upon as a mon-

ster in human form, whom more authentic records bring before us as a great deal more crooked in mind than in body. He was merely a man of low stature, with possibly an inequality of shoulder so slight as to be imperceptible to most people's eyes, and a rather handsome, intellectual face; for he was a keen-witted, cultured man for his day, while he was bent on the attainment of his ends, and, in order to secure his object, capable of criminal violence and the most cold-blooded cruelty.

In the meantime Elizabeth's father, Edward, when his cause was in the ascendant, attempted to further it by means of a royal alliance. Having lost his own chance of achieving a powerful connection, and alienated

the king-maker Warwick by marrying a subject to please his eye, rather than a princess to promote his interest, he tried to make use of his little daughter's hand by offering or promising it in marriage to a variety of eligible suitors. Perhaps never had a small damsel so many offers of matrimony—the Dauphin of France; the King of Scots; the hereditary foe, poor Prince Edward of Lancaster; the most powerful representative of the great barons, a young member of the mighty house of Neville; and the man who afterwards married her, Henry Earl of Richmond, were all at some time in the lists. Yet Elizabeth was still unwedded, a girl of seventeen, at the date of her father's death, 1483. She was tall and fair to see, with the blonde com-

* Agnes Strickland.

plexion, brilliant colour, and bright golden or reddish hair which were the personal attributes of nearly all the Tudor race in their young days. It is a popular type of beauty, and Elizabeth was styled in the doggerel verses of the time, "the fair Lady Bessy." The family characteristics, in her case, were rendered still more attractive by delicate regularity of feature, and the sweet expression which belonged to a mild temper and a kind heart. It is quite possible to conceive, even four hundred years afterwards, what a shock the affectionate, girlish nature must have received from the melancholy fate of the two little lads, her brothers, in their uncle the Duke of Gloucester's keeping, and from her mother's despair at the catastrophe. It is necessary to remember that the reality must have been a great deal worse to the relations of the innocent victims than if the princely boys of thirteen and eleven years had been openly slain. They simply disappeared, and the mode of their disappearance, however strongly suspected, was kept a dark secret, and has never been clearly brought to light; their very bodies—or the skeletons supposed to represent them—were not found under the steps of the Tower Chapel till a century after the princes' death. At the time their poor mother, sisters, and remoter kindred were tried and tortured by the most terrible doubt and uncertainty. One can understand that the health of the young girl Elizabeth, apparently never robust, may have been permanently undermined by the horrors of the tragedy in the family; but what is simply incredible is, that a timid, tender creature such as she showed herself to be, could have given any encouragement, in the lifetime of the invalid Queen Anne, to the gruesome idea that King Richard, on his wife's death, should pay his addresses to his eldest niece, Princess Elizabeth. Her mother, Elizabeth Woodville, whom we might expect to be the less sensitive and the more hardened in the world's ways of the two, is said to have shrunk with unconquerable repugnance from the suggestion. It is still less likely that her young daughter would feel inclined to overlook the ghastly obstacle to the match. Yet it is just possible that, taken from her mother's custody and detained at Richard's Court, she may, in mortal terror of her suitor, have dissembled her loathing of him, so long as Richard himself entertained a scheme which, he had soon to see, was too unnatural in his people's eyes to be tenable.

Richard's defeat and death at Bosworth must have been a blessed release to Princess Elizabeth, and her transference to the wise guidance of the Lady Margaret a fortunate event in her history. Elizabeth was then a charming young woman of nineteen, a fit mate in every respect for Henry VII., the bridegroom who awaited her. The marriage was celebrated at Westminster in January, 1485, with great rejoicing on the part of the nation, because of the union of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, and with no end of banquets, bonfires, and pageants, in which white and red roses figured prominently.

It is said that Henry's jealous temper took umbrage at his Queen's independent claim to the throne. If so, it was from no provocation on her part. Never was there princess or

woman who asserted herself less, or who in all wifely deference appears to have been more willing to render her pretensions entirely subservient to those of her husband. The income settled on her was too small for her wants, though she was personally economical, well nigh to parsimony, and was only generous to relations and dependants. Henry helped her at intervals from his private purse; but there is no mention of any attempt on his part to get her inadequate allowance increased, or to prevent the humiliating anomaly of the Queen having sums doled out to her by the keeper of her purse, which, even when the difference in the value of money is taken into account, sound ludicrously small for her rank and needs. "The Queen was supplied with ten shillings," is sufficiently comical, but where the sum falls so low as "four and fourpence," the contradiction is still more mirth-provoking. Henry was a cold-mannered, undemonstrative man over whom the Queen possessed not the slightest influence; while it had been currently reported, at the time of their marriage, that if he had got his choice he would have wedded one of the daughters of the Countess of Pembroke, with whom he had spent ten years of his early youth. But he was a loyal husband; he gave his wife all the respect and affection which he had to bestow; he was "companionable" to her in Bacon's phrase; and she was happy in their kindred—both his and hers—his noble mother, her own mother, her lovely young sisters, to whom she was warmly attached; three of them became the wives of English noblemen, while one, Princess Bridget, was a nun. Above all, Elizabeth was destined to be the happy mother of several fine children. The heir, Arthur, was born at Winchester in September, 1486, and was hailed with as much gladness and triumph as had attended on his father and mother's marriage.

The attempted rebellions on the part of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, who claimed to be, respectively, Clarence's son Warwick, and Richard Duke of York, the younger of Elizabeth's brothers murdered in the Tower, disturbed the peace of the reign. In the case of the last the pretension must have been peculiarly trying to the Queen, though there is not the slightest evidence that she ever wavered with regard to the claimant's identity, far less passed over to his side, like his supporters her aunt the Duchess-Dowager of Burgundy, and James IV. of Scotland. The compassion which Elizabeth displayed towards Perkin Warbeck's young widow, Lady Catherine Gordon, who bore his cognomen, "the White Rose," to whom the Queen gave a place at Court, till Lady Catherine's second marriage to a Welsh knight, was due solely to an instinct of humanity, with which even the phlegmatic King sympathised, and to Elizabeth's gentle character.

The poor Queen was sorely tormented with ague, which passed into consumption, and must have rendered the burden of her royal rank, with all its ceremonious obligations, often a dire distress to her. She played her part in the arrangement of the marriages of three out of four of her princes and princesses. She welcomed Katherine of Arragon as the bride of Arthur, Prince of Wales, and five months afterwards she had to lament his untimely

death in his nineteenth year, in 1502. There is much simple pathos in the scene (the details of which Miss Strickland industriously sought out) when the news was broken to the King and Queen. The King's confessor brought the grievous tidings to the King, prefacing his communication with the solemn words, "If we receive good at the hands of God, shall we not sustain the ill He sends us?" When the King knew the worst he sent for the Queen, saying, that he and his wife would take their painful sorrow together. On her arrival she forgot her own grief in striving to sustain and comfort him. Among other words she spoke, with loving tact, were these:—"And remember that my lady, your mother, had never no more children but you only. Yet God, by His grace, has ever preserved you, and brought you where you are; now, over and above, God has left you yet a fair prince and two fair princesses, and God is still where He was, and we are both young enough. As your Grace's wisdom is renowned all over Christendom, you must now give proof of it by the manner of taking this misfortune." The brave, ailing woman retired to her chamber, where her own sorrow, restrained till then, broke forth with such violence that her attendants, alarmed, sent for the King to console her in turn. He reminded her "what wise counsel she had given him," and that "if she would thank God for her dead son, he would do likewise."

Elizabeth's days were numbered; she lived to see the marriage, by proxy, of her elder daughter Margaret, a girl of twelve years, and then withdrew to the Tower, an ill-omened retreat, where Elizabeth's eighth child (she had lost a baby prince and princess in addition to Prince Arthur) was born, and in the course of a week the royal mother died on her thirty-seventh birthday, February 11th, 1502. Her death was bitterly lamented by all connected with her, who doubtless saw then, if they had not seen before, the full beauty of her unselfishness, modesty, and meekness, and by the people at large, who had learned in their homely sagacity to call her "the good Queen Elizabeth." She was laid, with all honour, in the goody chapel which Henry VII. destined for his own resting-place, where he now lies by her side, under the joint monument designed by the Italian sculptor, Torrigiano. Perhaps it is one of the highest compliments which he paid to her memory, that though her King was not more than forty-nine when his Queen died, and although he survived her five years, he gave her no successor. This does not mean that fresh alliances were not thought of for Henry. It was said that he himself contemplated the perpetuating of the much-valued connection with Spain, by obtaining a Papal dispensation which would enable him to marry the nominal widow of his son Arthur; and when she and all others who were consulted protested against the unnatural project, he transferred his proposals to her widowed sister Joanna, who was then as mad a princess as was ever placed in durance. There was also an overture made for his marriage with a third widow, the Austrian Princess Margaret of Savoy. But after all these more or less languid suggestions began and ended in talk.

SARAH TYTLER.



TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

III.—MARGARET TUDOR—QUEEN OF JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND.*



NEVER was granddaughter more unlike her grandmother, godmother, and name-mother than Margaret Tudor, who, on the infant's christening, on St. Andrew's Day (in the church of St. Margaret's, Westminster, in token of her future destination, already settled), bestowed on the unconscious object of her favour a silver and gilt coffer full of gold pieces. Young Margaret was equally unlike her gentle mother and her silent, cautious father, for if she had a great desire to acquire money, like Henry VII., she had an equal talent for spending it, which he certainly never exhibited. Even the luxuriant fair hair and bright bloom, which were the attributes of the Tudors in youth, took in Margaret Tudor the style of a barn-door beauty, if one may apply such a description to a princess. The eldest daughter of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York was born at Westminster, in November, 1489. After a brief and not very well-spent girlhood, considering that she managed to make as little use as she possibly could of every advantage of education offered to her, she was married by proxy at the age of twelve years, a few days before the death of her mother, to James IV. of Scotland, a man of thirty, one of the most gallant and accomplished princes of his day.

A deputation of men of the highest rank in Scotland had come south to claim their King's bride. Among them was a gentleman who was paid an allowance for his services, under the curious title of "The Rhymers of Scotland." This was not an older rhymers—"Wise Thomas" of Ercildoune, already long lost in fairyland—but one of the gently-born Scotch poets of the generation. Two of them celebrated the King's marriage and the budding charms of Margaret: Gavin Douglas, the priest, afterwards Bishop of Dunkeld, son of the all-powerful Angus, in his "Palace of Honour"; and William Dunbar, the aforesaid rhymers, by profession as well as by taste.

Three months before the King's marriage Dunbar wrote his poem of "The Thistle and the Rose" (rose); so much satisfaction did it give in high quarters, that he is understood to have been appointed, in his literary capacity, to accompany the royal

commission which went to accomplish the King's marriage and bring home the Queen.

"The Thistle and the Rose" is a quaintly beautiful allegory, in which a nymph, the spirit of the May, introduces the poet to a wonderfully fair and mystic world. The lion, king of beasts, figures in it; so does the eagle, king of fowls; but fair flowers and singing birds are its most significant symbols. The nymph takes Dunbar into "a lusty garden," where among other herbs he sees—

"The awful thistle,*
... kept with a bush of spears,
Considering him so able for the wars,
A radius crown of rubies she him gave,
And said he should go forth to find the
lave" (rest).

The thistle, of course, represents King James, and soon the poet and his guide encounter the rose, the emblem of Margaret.

"None other flower in such dainty
As the fresh rose, in colours red and white,
... no flower is so perfyte (perfect),
So full of virtue, pleasure, and delight,
So full of blissful angels' beauty,
Imperial birth, honour, and dignity."

To identify the rose still more closely with the Princess Margaret, we have the lines—

"A costly crown, with clarified stones bright,
This comely queen did on her head enclose;
While all the land illumined of the light,
Wherefore methought the flowers did
rejoice,
Crying . . . Hail to the richest rose!
Hail herbs' empress! Hail freshest queen
of flowers!

To thee be glory and honour at all hours."

The mavis (thrush) hails her; the merle (blackbird) hails her, and all the other birds follow suit, singing her welcome.

In the end Margaret was a rose full of thorns to Scotland. But there was little expectation of such misadventure, when, very little subdued by the sad death of her best friend, which had darkened the marriage rejoicings, the girl princess set out with "a noble and magnificent retinue," under the charge of the Earl of Surrey. She was to make the long journey on her two white palfreys, and in her litter, through the northern counties and over the borders.

In truth it was a triumphal progress, the strong-willed, giddy-brained heroine of which was received with acclamation at every stage of her route, lodged sumptuously each night in manor house, castle, and abbey; greeted as she passed through the larger towns with gifts and largesses.

James came to Dalkeith to meet his young Queen, standing before her bonnet in hand. It is quite in character that the girl of twelve, far from her family, in a strange country, received, without embarrassment or emotion, the grown man, who was already her husband, on whom so much of her future welfare depended. She was perfectly able to exhibit her chief accomplishments of playing on the lute and dancing with Lady Surrey a *basse* dance, whatever that might have been.† He in his turn played on the clavichord (a miniature piano) for her gratification. Lord Surrey delivered over his charge, who was to be a pledge of peace between the sister countries, but as the old historian, Pinkerton, was tempted to add, in striking antithesis, the earl gave "a blooming bride to James, whom he afterwards defeated and slew."

One would have had more faith in the

chivalrous homage paid by "the Squire of Dames," if it were easier to forget the fact that he had passed, with small delay, to his wooing of an empty-headed, self-confident child, from his mourning for Margaret Drummond, the fair, unhappy woman whom he had privately married in his romantic youth, who, with her sisters Sybella and Euphemia, had been foully murdered by an unknown murderer to prevent the King's open acknowledgment of her as his wife.

There is a touch of nature and of girlish feeling on the part of Margaret, in the account of the fire which broke out at Dalkeith on the night of Margaret's arrival. The young girl's cherished white palfreys perished in the flames, and she was so inconsolable for their loss, that the King paid her a second visit to divert her thoughts and entertain her, before her public entrance into Edinburgh, which she made with much magnificence and in a picturesque Darby and Joan fashion; the King, superbly attired, riding on a palfrey, with Margaret in an equally rich and gay dress on a pillion behind him. So the royal couple passed through the narrow crowded streets of tall houses, every window full of noble company, the castle on its rock frowning down on them, and Arthur's Seat keeping stern guard over the whole stirring scene.

In the early years of Margaret's married life she lost three infant children, and was "sore vexed with sickness," like her mother; but she was not prevented from entering into hot contention with her husband, from allying herself with the Douglas faction against his wishes and interests, and from starting the grumbling begging letters—about the payment of her legacy from her late brother, Prince Arthur, in the first place—for which she was conspicuous. Not even a play in which "Davie Lindesay" played before her taught her sense and contentment. Margaret's fourth child—the first which lived beyond a few months—was "ane fair prince," born in Linlithgow Palace in 1512, and immediately committed, by day and night, to the same stout, sagacious Davie Lindesay, whose loving tales of the royal boy's childhood are still preserved in the tutor's verses.

Our next view of Margaret is when she was passionately opposing James's reckless invasion of England and march on Flodden. In reality Queen Margaret had right and reason on her side in this dispute, though the argument which she used that he had but one son, "which was but a weak warrant to the realm of Scotland," was not a particularly lofty one. She so won the gratitude of her adopted countrymen, by her excellent advice on this occasion, that they at once gave her credit for an amount of prudence and good judgment which her subsequent conduct did not by any means justify. Margaret was not supposed to confine her urgent remonstrances to words. She was believed to have been concerned in the dreams and visions and midnight proclamation at the Market Cross of Edinburgh—womanly enough devices all intended to turn James from his resolution, and scare him from his headlong course.

In fair Linlithgow Palace, by its peaceful lake, there was long shown a turret-chamber called "Queen Margaret's Bower," in which she is said to have spent, in tears of bitter mortification, the day of her husband's departure to invade her brother Henry VIII.'s kingdom; and where she awaited, through a long and terrible night, the news of how James lay, stiff and stark, the centre of a knightly ring, on the fatal battle-field by the Till. Lamentable as the tidings were, Margaret was not overwhelmed or even deeply

* Bohn's edition of Agnes Strickland for 1888, with the latest additions—"Pinkerton," "Lindesay of Pitscottie," "William Dunbar."

† The spelling is for the most part modernised to render the words intelligible to Southern readers.
† *Basses* dances were slow and stately measures in the style of minuets.

depressed by them. At the same time, there is not the slightest evidence that she then, if ever, shared in the doubt with regard to the lifeless body of her husband, which caused some of his subjects to cling fondly to the belief that he was not slain with so many of his faithful nobles, but would one day return. It is not difficult to imagine such a woman as Margaret rising up hastily from her passing dismay at Scotland's desolation, and her baby prince's ruin, wiping away her few fleeting tears for the death, in his manly prime, of the husband whom she had never greatly loved, who had not loved her much, and taking refuge in elation at finding herself mistress of the situation, with the Regency of Scotland within her grasp.

She retreated at once with her son to the strong northern town of Perth, wrote to her victorious brother, begging him to spare her "little king, very small and tender, being then only one year and five months old." She presided over "the mourning coronation," 1513, when the crown was held by strong hands, amid sighs and sobs, above the soft brows, too feeble to bear its weight.

The Lords in Council confirmed James IV.'s will, by which he left Margaret Regent of the country during James V.'s minority. She was then in her twenty-fourth year. A description of her by Pinkerton, when she was supposed to have "merited and possessed the admiration of all ranks," is life-like and in keeping with much which we know of her. "Her youthful beauty and graces rather proclaimed the bride than the widow. Her circular countenance displaying gaiety, her vivacious eyes, her person rather rustic than delicate, were accompanied with a corresponding vigour of health." Her "vigour of health," like what the historian says further of "the talents which threw her faults into the shade," existed mainly in the writer's imagination, for Margaret was frequently seriously ailing, and though she acted, as might have been expected, with dauntless audacity, there is little other indication of her showing any capacity to rule. She had spirit enough at this time to refuse the asylum which her brother Henry speciously offered to her and her little king, making the refusal on the plausible ground that she was surrounded by guards and spies. But she added, "An I were such a woman that I might go with my bairn on my arm, I trow I should not be long from you."

Yet one of her first acts was to conceal and appropriate, for her own use, the sum of money found in her late husband's treasury, and one of her next, four months after she had given birth to a posthumous son, named Alexander, and created Duke of Ross, was to marry the grandson of the great Earl of Angus (Bell-the-Cat). No doubt the path which Margaret would have to tread was rough and full of pitfalls. She was a young, defenceless woman among Scotchmen, whom, with certain exceptions, she persisted in regarding to the end of her days as her natural enemies, while to marry the Scotchman of foremost rank of his time was to take the bull by the horns. Still, young Angus was one of those haughty Douglasses whose over-weening pretensions threatened the throne. He was a mere lad of nineteen, though he was already a widower and trothplighted for the second time to a girl he loved, Lady Janet Stewart, of the house of Traquhair, and he was simple and weak, totally unfitted for the post to which he was elevated. His principal recommendations were openly said to be his lofty stature and handsome face.

On the announcement of Margaret's marriage, the Lords in Council deposed her from the Regency, and invited the little king's kinsman, the Duke of Albany, to come over from France and assume the guidance of affairs. Then began the tug of war between Margaret, to retain possession of her children,

and the well-bred man of the world, Albany, to foil her in her purpose. It was a case of diamond cut diamond, for the pair met each other with the most disarming courtesy, while neither was inclined to yield a jot. However, Margaret succumbed so far as to weep and beseech grace from Albany for her husband's grandfather, Lord Drummond, and his uncle Gavin Douglas, who had both been cast into prison, the first for striking a blow at Lord Lion King-at-Arms, when he was delivering a message from the Council to the Queen; and the second because Margaret had appointed him, without proper authority, to the Archbishopric of St. Andrew's. As for Albany, he granted the prayer with courtly grace.

Four peers were sent from the Parliament House to Edinburgh Castle, where Margaret and her children were established, that she might select three out of the four to whom she would confide her sons. The peers proceeded with great state, amidst a concourse of people, to accomplish their delicate mission. When they reached their destination, they discovered that a fine spectacle had been provided for them and the public, since Margaret had a decided eye for dramatic effect.

"The gates were thrown open, and the people beheld with sympathy and admiration the young and beautiful Queen standing at the entrance, with the infant king by her side, his hand locked in hers; behind was the nurse with the other royal babe in her arms; around appeared Angus and a few attendants."

Margaret then challenged her visitors, "Stand and declare the cause of your coming."

The peers, answering that they were sent by the Parliament to demand their King and his brother, were struck with awe and confusion when the Queen's command resounded through the hum of voices; "Drop the portcullis," the massy grate of iron being immediately let down.

Behind the barrier, Margaret, in a short dignified harangue, told her assailants that the castle was part of her enfeoffment of which the King, her late husband, had made her sole governess. She would give up the command to no mortal, but she respected the Parliament and the nation, so she requested six days to consider their mandate, for her charge was of infinite consequence and her counsellors were now, alas! few. Having spoken her mind, she retired, and the baffled peers withdrew, doubtless comparing notes on a woman's wit and *dourness*.

Margaret maintained the same defiant attitude after her young husband had deserted her in her strait, and retreated to the Douglas fastnesses, when Albany followed her and her children to Stirling, to which town she had fled.

The Regent required her to give up the fortress in which, as being the strongest castle on its rock in Scotland, the princes were to be lodged, for their greater safety, with the Forth winding its links at their feet, the green Ochils helping to fence them in, and the blue Grampians forming a solid rampart in the background. Again Margaret met the foe at the gate, and saved her pride by putting the huge keys of the keep into the little king's hand, and bidding him resign them to Albany, who received them kneeling, and treated both mother and child with the utmost forbearance and kindness.

But the Queen was not to be balked in her intention of keeping the power in her own hand, if an unscrupulous woman's determination to carry her point would win the day. She engaged in a scheme to carry off her sons to her brother's Court, and conducted it with a singular mixture of courage and craft, in spite of the very halting support afforded her by Lord Angus, and of her own delicate state of health. She went with her ladies to the Palace of Linlithgow, in preparation for

the birth of her sixth child, and professed to practise the utmost seclusion.

Under the plea of illness she summoned "My Lord of *Anguish*," as she and her country people generally persisted in calling the lukewarm young peer. Under cover of night she stole out with him, attended only by a handful of servants, met by appointment an escort of horse under Lord Home, and succeeded in gaining the Douglas's strong square castle of Tantallon on the Firth of Forth, not very far from Berwick and the English border.

This was but half of the bold plot. It included further unhesitating details: Home was to "fire a town" in order to attract Albany's attention from Stirling, when Home, who as Lord Chamberlain could command access to the little princes, was to carry them off in the confusion, and take them to their mother at Blackadder Castle, a step nearer to England. The unprincipled enterprise failed in consequence of Albany's declining to be decoyed away from his charge. In fear of the vengeance of the Regent, and of the whole Scotch nation, wife and husband fled in different directions, Margaret withdrawing in such haste to the sanctuary of Coldstream Nunnery, that she left her jewels and plate behind—spoil politely sent after her by her lordly enemy.

The Queen was in dire distress. She could not venture to enter England without her brother's permission, and under the circumstances of her defeat it was doubtful whether Henry and his minister Wolsey would come to her aid. Henry did at last send her an invitation to Morpeth Castle, but she became so ill on the road that she was taken "in a fainting state," to the rude border Tower of Harbottle. Its master, Lord Dacre, one of the Wardens of the Marches, admitted his sovereign's sister in her extremity, but flatly refused to allow "any Scot, man or woman, to follow her." There, not very far from the tragic field of Flodden, in connection with which Margaret must surely have had some mournful memories, her daughter "Lady Margaret Douglas" was born, while the Queen lay in peril of her life. It was not till after several weeks that she was able to quit her uncomfortable quarters and resume her journey to Morpeth. In the meanwhile the Scotch Lords of the Council besought Margaret to return to Scotland, even promising her the guardianship of her children, provided she would pledge herself not to remove them from the kingdom.

But such limited privileges did not suit her imperious ideas. She doggedly declined to come to terms with her son's subjects. She professed to see in the position which James V. and the Duke of Ross held with regard to their kinsman Albany a remarkable resemblance to the situation of her maternal uncles Edward V. and the Duke of York when they were in the keeping of her grand-uncle Richard, Duke of Gloster. Unfortunately for Margaret's recovering a more rational and charitable frame of mind, as she still lay ill in Morpeth Castle, the poor little Duke of Ross was attacked with some children's ailment, and died at Stirling, when his mother, in her wretchedness, did not refrain from saying in plain terms that he had been poisoned by Albany. She was seized with typhus fever, and while she lay at death's door was the unseemly moment which "my Lord of *Anguish*" took to make terms with Albany, and forsake the Queen's cause.

At last Margaret was able to travel to London, under very different circumstances from those under which she had journeyed north, some thirteen years before, a much-thought-of thoughtless bride, not yet in her teens. She was now in her twenty-sixth year, a woman who had been buffeted by fortune, who had suffered many trials, who had also

made, to a great extent, her own by no means enviable reputation.

The Queen was received with apparent sympathy and cordiality by Henry and his Queen, Catherine of Arragon, and saw again her beautiful sister Mary, still in the flower of her youth, from whom Margaret had been parted when the younger princess was a little child. In the interval she also had married, been widowed, and had married for the second time.

Margaret has been accused of deliberate treachery in furnishing the King and Wolsey with information in reference to the state of Scotch affairs, and in pledging herself to support the English interest in Scotland. Her payment is believed to have been the powerful support and the grants of money she received from Henry VIII. But, though it may well have been that she stood more in awe of her redoubtable brother than of her other relations, she does not seem to have taken much pains to keep on good terms with him; and as to her devotion to English interests, it was not found incompatible with her subsequent wish to marry Albany, who held a French peerage and great possessions in France, and was French in all his proclivities.

Margaret returned to Scotland the following year, and encountered at Berwick the recreant Angus, of whom she was, not without reason, heartily tired, and from whom she sought a divorce. The evil facility with which royal and noble marriages were dissolved in that generation recommended itself to Margaret. She tried to show, on tenable grounds, that Angus had been not merely, troth-plighted but married to Lady Janet Stewart, his early love. When the Queen was at a loss for any other plea, she had the audacity to bring forward the extraordinary argument that there had been no satisfactory evidence of the death of her first husband James IV. at Flodden, and that he had been seen alive three years after the battle. Her efforts to free herself from her second husband were violently opposed by Henry VIII., who sent a Roman Catholic priest, high in the favour of the Court in England, down to Scotland to remonstrate with the insubordinate wife, in vain.

Margaret was fain to welcome the return of Albany, who had been absent in France, to defend her from the claims of Angus. Perhaps the most detested of these was that she had settled upon him at the time of their marriage some of the dower lands, which she had no mind that he should continue to enjoy. It was with regard to this matter that the lamentable grammar and orthography which Margaret displayed in her letters reached their climax. She declared that there should be "no peace till I is done justice."

The Queen had never been personally hostile to Albany, the handsome, gracious Regent. Her foolish vanity had been persuaded that had it not been for her hasty marriage to Angus, he, Albany, would have been a suitor for her hand, in spite of the fact that one of the richest heiresses in France was already his wife. Margaret owed to him the respite afforded to her by his sending "my Lord of Anguish" to France to act as Scotch ambassador there. When he returned from France he went to the English Court, where it was Henry VIII.'s cue to receive him cordially. There Angus and Margaret's little daughter was reared, as standing in near relation to the English throne, her mother having given her up, apparently without the smallest difficulty.

In 1522, when Margaret was thirty-three years of age, she was attacked with smallpox, and lost what beauty remained to her. Her features and skin were thenceforth blurred and roughened. In addition she had the growth which is called "a pearl" on one eye.

Still her incorrigible levity kept her from being satisfied with the sincere affection of her son, a boy of fourteen, and caused her to project another alliance for herself, should she succeed in divorcing Angus. She hankered still after an ambitious marriage with the mature Albany, whose French wife had just died. When he did not avail himself of his freedom, she reverted to her old discreditable preference for very young men. She fixed on a gay, swaggering lad named Harry Stewart, a younger son of Lord Avondale, and the captain of her son's guards, for her future husband. In every way—in age, rank, and character—he was an utterly unsuitable husband for the Queen, even more unsuitable than Angus had been, and her choice aroused a tempest of opposition.

Henry VIII., of all men, was most indignant, and threatened to send back Angus to capture his wife. Strange to say, Margaret was not altogether unwilling to take a reunion with Angus into consideration, when so far talked over by the specious tongue of the prelate sent down to remonstrate with her. He enlarged cunningly on the improvement in Angus's manners effected by his stay in France, and on the sensation which his magnificent stature and fine looks created in the English Court. Margaret wavered. When Angus arrived in Edinburgh, though she professed to be under the necessity of taking refuge in the castle, she consented to see her second husband, and to talk with him in a familiar, friendly way over their separation. But probably she did not find the improvement in his manners which had been promised, or still more possibly the whole proceeding was a deceitful farce, for the impression prevailed that she was by this time privately married to Harry Stewart.

The Queen was doing her utmost to alienate her son. However, she shared with the boy the glory of his first Parliament, while she so impressed him by her "haught" words, that the poor, perplexed young King would "gloom and glover" at his lieges.

Hostile as he was, with a kind of hereditary antagonism, to the whole Douglas race, James V. made common cause with Angus, when the King summoned his mother to surrender the Castle of Edinburgh, where she and Harry Stewart, at last openly acknowledged as her husband, were residing. Here Margaret availed herself of another chance for scenic effect by flinging herself at her son's feet, in order to implore pardon for her third husband and his brother, who were nevertheless kept in durance for a season.

Eventually King James showed himself merciful and generous. He gave his mother the barony of Methven in Perthshire, in order that she might bestow it on her landless husband, and created him Lord Methven—a title which fared no better on English lips than that of Angus. Henry VIII., who refused to acknowledge his third Scotch brother-in-law, and treated him with great disdain, set the example of styling him contemptuously "Lord Muffin."*

Margaret's residence was thenceforth Methven Castle, but she still retained apartments in Stirling Castle and Holyrood, which she sometimes occupied. She continued to appear occasionally in public, in great state, with her son, as when they went together on a grand Highland hunt, given in their honour by the Earl of Athole, and when there was a royal shooting match at St. Andrew's, described with much relish by Lindsay of Pitscottie. Lord William Howard had come on an embassy from England, accompanied by a bishop and other gentlemen, whom Pitscottie

is careful to say were able men and "waled" (picked) men for all kinds of games, shooting, running, "louping" (leaping), etc.; but even they "tint" (lost). The King's mother favoured the Englishmen, and wagered on their side against her son in a trial of archery between six of these English gentlemen and six Scotch archers. The wager on either side was a hundred crowns and a tun of wine. The place of contest was the wind-swept sea-braes of St. Andrew's, part of them known to this day as "The Scores," the bow-butts having been erected there, where soon, in grim contrast, was to blaze the funeral pile of noble Patrick Hamilton, the first martyr of the Scotch Reformation. The Scotch archers—the surnames of three of them are still familiar sounds in the neighbourhood of the old University town—"shot very near and warred (defeated) the Englishmen," as their historian puts it with innocent triumph, "which made the King very merry that his men should have the victory." He spent his winnings on a grand banquet, in which both victors and vanquished shared.

Margaret lived nearly twenty years after her declared marriage with Harry Stewart, Lord Methven, and bore him a son and a daughter, who are understood to have died in childhood. She tired of her last husband—who appears to have been a better husband than she deserved—as she had tired of his predecessors, her first quarrel with him having arisen from his transfer of the estate or barony of Doune, which she had got for him from the King, to his penniless brother. She was as greedy and untrustworthy as ever. She actually proposed, in one of her quarrels with Lord Methven, to repair to England and there be re-married to Lord Angus. "Though I be forgotten in England, never shall I forget England," she wrote effusively, while she was almost as great a thorn in the side of England as in that of Scotland.

Margaret was still living when Magdalene of Lorraine came, a dying bride, to Scotland, but by that time the Queen-mother had fairly worn out the patience of her long-suffering son. She was struck with palsy at Methven Castle, during a temporary reconciliation with Lord Methven, and died in November, 1541, when she was fifty-two years of age, before King James, who had been summoned from Falkland Palace, could arrive in time to see her alive. Her chief concern during her last hours was for her conduct to Lord Angus, to whom she begged her son, through the priests in attendance on her death-bed, to be gracious. She requested her goods to be given to her daughter "Lady Margaret Douglas," as she "had never done anything for her." (In fact, beyond an expression of lively indignation that a daughter of hers should be sent to the Tower, as Lady Margaret had been sent, for receiving the suit of Lord Thomas Howard, the Queen had largely ignored this child's existence.) In spite of her avarice Margaret seems to have died comparatively poor.

Thus Queen Margaret ended, with little honour, a life which had begun so fairly. She had spent it in a persistent determination to gratify her own inclinations, however mean and low, in utter disregard of the claims of others. She was rapacious, passionate, faithless, and one of those brawling women of whom the wise man gave it as his verdict that it were better to live on the housetop than to dwell in her company. The grand funeral at Perth which Margaret's son decreed to her did not include much lamentation for the princess of high estate, with magnificent opportunities for good, who had squandered all on the basest forms of selfishness.

SARAH TYTLER.

* The Scotch pronunciation of Methven is "Meffen."

he composed his great oratorios, symphonies, Schicksalslied, and those songs of which he wrote so many, to the words of Heine, Schiller, and other poets, rendering them so well that even to those who did not understand the language, the title alone gave a perfect picture of their thought and feeling. His ideal "Lullaby," and "The Curse of a Girl," joining horror to fun, had always to be repeated in the concerts. He was full of goodness for all his friends, especially for Schumann, Joachim, and A. Rubinstein. His playing is so rich and full that, as Schumann wrote of him, it is an orchestra in itself. Full of wit and fun, yet without sarcasm or bitterness, he never gave offence. His method of teaching was the same as Madame Schumann's, and during her absence at St. Maurice he undertook my daughter's tuition.

The life of an artist, enchanting as it is, is nevertheless surrounded by many dangers and unforeseen difficulties, and its success is purchased at a heavy price. Madame Schumann's lot is very sad, though she found an ideal in her husband, whom she admired as a man, and whose musical greatness she felt intensely. Her father, Wieck, made her career, and to him, after God, she owed everything. He it was who educated her and superintended her musical instruction, for at the age of seven she was parted from her mother, who separated from her father, and afterwards married Bargiel, whose son is a composer and professor of music in the Hochschule of Berlin. Wieck cleverly developed the physical and musical powers of his child, as a most careful mother might have done. In her ninth year Clara gave her first concert in Leipsic, and this made her name famous. A few years later she met Schumann; she fell in love with him, worshipping his genius, whose inspiration raised her musical spirit. She showed Natalie the

criticism which Schumann wrote on her in admiration of her talents; "but the pleasantest one" (she added, with a smile) "was that in which I read the words, 'Clara played beautifully yesterday, but looked still more beautiful.'" Wieck, a man of great penetration, did not like the idea of his daughter marrying an artist, perhaps thinking, from his own experience, that the marriage would not be a happy one. He set his face against it; nevertheless, her patience gained the day, and at the age of twenty-two she became the wife of Schumann.

Her happiness in living with Schumann was too great to last long. She ceased to give concerts; all her time was taken up by home duties and the care of her children, seven in number, whom she was obliged to bring up herself; later on the severe illness of her husband, which lasted many years, completely engrossed her. Schumann, even when in health, lived in and with his music, and took no interest in household matters. There is a story told of him, that on one occasion meeting his own children out walking, he was astonished at their demonstrations of affection, and looking at them through his eye-glass exclaimed, "What lovely children, and how well brought up! Whose are they?" When later on his brain became affected, he could never be left alone; often he would rush from the house pursued by fearful visions, and at last, when one of these attacks was upon him, he threw himself into the river. He was rescued, indeed, but only to be placed in an asylum, where, after a few years of suffering, this great genius ended his life.

Madame Schumann, though broken down by sorrow, was obliged to work for her own livelihood and that of her children.

England and Germany, indeed, surrounded this great artist with homage in her widowhood, but it was only after she

had struggled on through many years of work that the Schumann Fund was set on foot, and a sufficient income thus secured to raise a true artistic genius above all pecuniary difficulties.

Madame Schumann's family sorrows did not end with the death of her much-loved husband. The eldest son, having terminated his studies, began to show symptoms of his father's disease. During our stay with Madame Schumann many little souvenirs were returned to her, which had been sent to this poor young man, in the hope of his being able to recognise them. Besides this, she lost a married daughter after a long illness; we saw her with her mother at Baden. It was heartrending to see Madame Schumann trying to drown her grief in work. On the day of her concert in London, she got the news of her daughter's death. A few days later she gave a concert in Berlin, and there was no trace in her playing of the sorrow that had just fallen upon her, though a few moments before the concert she told us, with tears in her eyes, how unhappy she felt. But her love and enthusiasm for her art kept her up, took her out of herself, and soothed her grief. A few years ago her youngest son, who was remarkably like his father, also died, of disease of the lungs. During his illness she used to go to concerts, trembling with fear lest on her return she should find him dead.

Hervilla at Lichtenthal has passed into other hands; nevertheless, Madame Schumann goes every summer with her daughters to Switzerland and Baden, to rest and take the waters.

A few years ago a monument was placed on Schumann's tomb at Bonn; a concert was given, at which Brahms played some of Schumann's compositions, as a testimony of his esteem and admiration for his friend.

(To be continued.)

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

IV.—MARY TUDOR* (QUEEN-DOWAGER OF FRANCE AND WIFE OF CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK).



MARY TUDOR, youngest daughter of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, was born at Richmond in 1498, nine years after the birth of her sister Margaret, to whom she bore little resemblance. Mary was not more than three years of age when she lost

her mother, and when her sister was married to James IV. and set out for Scotland. Naturally enough the little princess clung to her governess, Lady Guildford, who had been Margaret's governess also, and had accompanied her to Scotland, but was not permitted to remain there.

Mary was so lovely a child that the probability of her growing up the most beautiful princess in Europe was taken into account in the disposal of her hand, as such considerations rarely are in State alliances. Mary's budding beauty was an additional item in her value as a princess.

As with her mother and sister, she was very soon an object of treaty. In this case the future bride was not more than nine years of age, when, chaperoned by her sister-in-law Katharine, the young widow of Prince Arthur, Mary received Katharine's royal kinswoman, Joanna, Queen of Castile, who when in England supported the proposals of marriage of her son, Charles of Austria, afterwards the Emperor Charles V., to the young English princess. With the sweetness and docility derived from her mother, which were afterwards marked features in Mary's character, she played her juvenile part to the admiration of all. It is half-comical, half-pathetic, to read how she danced her basse dances, played at tables (chess or

draughts), and did her best to entertain the lady who was at Windsor in the rôle of the small maiden's future mother-in-law.

With the same child-like earnestness and good faith, Mary bore herself with such simple dignity at her betrothal, and at the accompanying tournaments and banquets, that her wonderful "modesty and gravity," quite as much as her rare beauty, enchanted all beholders. The *fanfaillies* went so far that the child Mary received the ring of espousal, wearing it "on the first joint of the ring finger," and took the title of Princess of Castile. But when she was left fatherless by the death of Henry VII., in 1509, the marriage went no farther, ostensibly because Henry VIII. appropriated and refused to relinquish the superb cluster of diamonds that the Emperor Maximilian, the grandfather of the bridegroom, had given in pledge for Mary's dowry, which had been paid into his hands.

There was a suspension and again a renewal of the overtures of alliance, where Austria was

* Agnes Strickland—Bohn's edition for 1888, with many additional particulars. Mary Robinson's "Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre."

concerned, while Henry, on State occasions, ostentatiously wore in his hat the diamonds which were the bone of contention.

In the meantime, the Princess Mary was rapidly passing from childhood to youth, an orphan in a Court which was not a school of manners or morals. Probably her best friend was her sister-in-law, the Queen, Katharine of Arragon, the widow of Prince Arthur, who, in the year of Henry VII.'s death, became the wife of Arthur's brother, Henry. Katharine was a good and honourable woman, but she was considerably older than Mary, and as Queen had sufficient cares and anxieties of her own to occupy her attention. One of the most admired figures at the Court, after that of the handsome, high-spirited young King, was Henry's chosen comrade from boyhood, Charles Brandon, whom the King created Duke of Suffolk. Brandon was not of royal or even of noble birth. He was the son of Henry VII.'s standard-bearer at the battle of Bosworth, who had saved the King's life at the expense of his own. In gratitude for the service, Henry VII. made the dead man's son a ward of the Crown, and Henry VIII.'s favour did the rest. Brandon was older than Henry, and therefore a good deal older than Mary. He was frank and brave and handsome, which included the advantage so much thought of in those days, of being taller by the head and shoulders than his fellows. This was the very attraction which in "my Lord of Anguish" had been so irresistible to Mary's sister. It remained to be seen whether my Lord of Suffolk was another Lord of Anguish. He had certainly found favour in women's eyes already, and had availed himself more than once of the strange and disgraceful licence, in breach of contract, and of the most solemn vows, which was so common at the time. Some will have it that this was because of a mistaken conception of these reformed doctrines, rapidly gaining ground, which denied that marriage was one of the Church's sacraments, so that men's minds were shaken for a time as to the sanctity of the marriage tie; but the pretext of dissolving marriage contracts on any or on no grounds began earlier than the Reformation, and was as prevalent in countries which were, and have continued, Roman Catholic, as in those pervaded by Protestant teaching.

Charles Brandon is said to have been twice married, and to have twice repudiated his wives in his first youth, while Mary was still a child; he was also troth-plighted once at least. But that neither his friend, King Henry, nor anybody else, recognised there was any obstacle to his forming a third marriage is clear from the fact that his name was coupled with that of the Duchess of Savoy, the aunt of the Prince of Castile, who came on her own account to England to advance her nephew's suit. It is believed not to have been the fault either of Henry or of Brandon that there was no truth in this rumour; while the mere circumstance that the favoured courtier raised his eyes so high was a sign that a faint heart would not spoil his fortunes. It could hardly be expected that Mary, an inexperienced girl of fifteen, should have a higher standard than that held by the older and wiser people around her, neither do we find among her lovable qualities keen discrimination in the choice of friends. It may be that the worst fault of that "Moder Guildford," who was sent back both from Scotland and France, to which she conducted two royal brides, was over-indulgence to her charges, or else a dangerous amount of patriotism at a foreign Court. But "Jane Popincourt," another of Mary's best beloved ladies, has been accused of graver offences. It is extremely likely that this Jane acted as *confidante* in the idle and foolish love-passages which passed between the fair, simple, fifteen-

years-old princess and the *beau chevalier* Suffolk, who was certainly ten years his young mistress's senior.

While the marriage of Mary and the Prince of Castile was still pending, and Suffolk and Mary were secretly exchanging tokens, Louis XII. of France lost a good wife, whom he had loved, in Anne of Brittany. Though he was sixty years of age and infirm for his years, he sought, in the supposed exigencies of the State, the beautiful English girl-princess for his third wife. The story goes that the busy-body, Jane Popincourt, had her finger in this pie also. In spite of what she knew of Suffolk's audacious pretensions and Mary's inclination to respond to them, Jane's good offices with Mary were secured for the French King by the Duc de Longueville, then a prisoner in England.

Easily led and submissive as Mary was by nature, she made a stand against the unequal marriage, and that to no less a person than her brother, who, if he was generous in those days, was also notoriously despotic. His reply to her terrified remonstrances was the coaxing assurance that if she submitted quietly to be the pledge of peace between England and France, she should please herself in her choice of a spouse the next time she bestowed her hand—a compromise from which we can only hope that Mary at the time recoiled.

Mary was wedded to the elderly French king by proxy, the Duc de Longueville acting as his sovereign's representative, in August, 1514, at the Grey Friars' Church, Greenwich, where so many gay doings took place in that reign. In great good-humour with the poor little bride of sixteen, King Henry, with Queen Katharine, accompanied her to Dover, where they had to stay a month before the stormy weather abated sufficiently for the crossing, dangerous even then, to be accomplished. From the castle on the white cliffs Mary, petted and flattered, had still plenty of time to look down with a sinking heart on the rough waves which were so soon to roll between her and all she had held dear. Henry saw his sister and her imposing train of ladies and gentlemen embark for France. In the train were Anne Boleyn, or Bullen, and almost certainly Jane Seymour. The nobleman who had the honour and responsibility of escorting Mary to her king was the same Surrey, at this date Duke of Norfolk, who had accompanied Margaret as the bride of James IV. to Scotland. What is more difficult to understand is that Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, was also in the train; it need not be said with the knowledge of the king, Henry, who had taken upon him to encourage Brandon's daring aspirations to the hand of an Austrian princess, might never have dreamt that his favourite's presumption could reach the height of seeking a mate in his sovereign's sister, or the king might disdain and treat with contempt such sentimental coquetting between princess and subject as had been practised at his Court. But it is hardly to be questioned that Brandon's presence in her suite must have inflicted Mary a sorrowful pang on Mary's tender, childish heart which might have been spared her, all the more because she had resigned herself to her fate, and decreed that the duke was to be nothing to her. The circumstance reads like a gratuitous piece of cruelty, a refinement of injury.

However, Louis—a patriarch for those days—welcomed his young wife when she arrived in France, in that stormy October, with a fatherly kindness to which the gentle fatherless and motherless girl responded without fail.

It would appear as if jewels—the glittering playthings of grown-up children—were to play a great part in Mary Tudor's history. Her marriage with Charles of Castile was

broken off, on the surface, by the non-restoration of a cluster of diamonds; her wooing by Louis of France was conducted chiefly by means of the diamonds, rubies, and pearls of a fairy tale. He lavished them upon her, he said himself, not all at once, but with deliberate pauses between, that the wise donor might earn many and repeated thanks.

The first shock dealt to Mary, in the middle of this truly Oriental courtship, was the announcement of the honourable dismissal—which meant that they should be forthwith sent back to England—of the greater number of the ladies, among them the two most cherished by her, "Moder Guildford" and Jane Popincourt. Mary had been so apprehensive of this disaster, that she had written the prettiest of letters to Louis, to ward it off, even before she quitted England. Later, in the middle of the sparkling shower supposed to dazzle her youthful eyes, she overcame her timidity to beseech the gallant, grey-bearded gentleman to reconsider the resolution which was so hard to her. "My Moder Guildford was also discharged," she also wrote piteously to Wolsey, "by whom, as you know, the king and you willed me in any wise to be counselled."

But Louis was inexorable, and who shall say he was wrong in the light of the qualities which "Moder Guildford" had been so unfortunate as to instil into Queen Margaret, and of Jane Popincourt's tricks? But one part of the argument for his conduct sounds comical in his mouth. "My wife and I," he said to the English Ambassador, "be in as good and perfect love as any two creatures can be; we are both of an age to rule ourselves, not to have servants that should look to rule her or me. If my wife hath need of counsel or to be ruled, I am able to do it."

It is a little difficult to identify in this gay, politic old Louis the sullen, reckless Duke of Orleans whom his terrible uncle Louis XI. so detested and thwarted, as represented to us by the master-hand of Sir Walter Scott, in the pages of "Quentin Durward." Louis had been in the interval husband of the lame Princess Joan, and then, since it was he who set the bad fashion of annulling marriages on small grounds, of his first love Anne of Brittany, the great heiress and the widow of his cousin Charles VIII., so that she was twice Queen of France in right of her two husbands. Oddly enough, she also was a lame woman, but she was able and influential, while Joan was weak and powerless, though she was a king's daughter. Above all he loved Anne and hated Joan, according to the old preference for the petulant Rachel before the patient Leah.

An inopportune fit of the gout, during which Mary waited dutifully on her king, delayed for a little her coronation. Louis's old courtiers grumbled that his young Queen had impaired his health, by inducing him to change his habits late in life. He had been accustomed to dine at eight in the morning, and to go to bed at six in the evening. To please her, he took to dining at noon and sitting up till midnight.

Mary was crowned at St. Denis with the crown of Jane of Navarre, so heavy a weight for the slender girlish neck to bear, that her husband's cousin, son-in-law and heir, Francis of Valois, stood behind her, and held it over her head—as her nephew the baby-king of Scotland had his crown held at his coronation.

On Mary's entrance into Paris, she sat alone in a chaise, or chair, drawn by two white horses. Her pale golden hair was crowned by a circlet of large pearls. Her neck and bosom sparkled with diamonds. She was surrounded by the Royal Scotch Archer Guard, commanded by the Duke of Albany, the future Regent of Scotland.

Francis of Valois, and other representatives of the princely houses of France, Bourbons, Vendômes, Guises, etc., etc., rode before her. Verses have been preserved of one of the songs sung on the occasion which may be contrasted with Dunbar's poem of "The Thistle and the Rose," of which Queen Margaret was the heroine. The homage to Mary ran thus:—

"The fence of gold, the purple towers
The eagles and the lily-flowers,
Rejoice in Dame Maria,
Réveillez-vous,
Joy to Lady Maria."

At Mary's coronation, at her entrance into Paris, and on the three days' tilting, in which he bore his part, while Mary stood the whole time in order to see and be seen, Brandon was present a witness to her honours, which she bore meekly enough, seeking not so much to be admired as to please King Louis. So far as we can judge, she was trying her utmost to be one with him and with France. Among other gracious acts, she at once exerted herself to do a service to her new countrymen by interceding with her brother, King Henry, for the French prisoners in England.

Mary's reign as Queen Consort of France was of the briefest duration. It began in the month of October, and it ended with the death of King Louis on the last day of the same year, 1514. Three days before he had written a letter full of his affection for his queen. She was now, while still only in her seventeenth year, *une Reine Blanche*—a royal French widow in her white weeds. There is an avenue running off the Champs Elysées which is still pointed out as having been set apart for the airings of royal widows. But that was when their white were exchanged for black weeds. There were no airings during the first month of widowhood, which Mary elected to spend in the little palace of the Hôtel de Cluny, adjoining the Convent de Cluny, where she could have the consolations of religion close at hand, and where she was under the capable guardianship of Louise of Savoy,* mother of Francis of Valois, who by the death of Louis had become Francis I.

We may take it for granted that Mary's soft, affectionate nature found some tears to shed for the kind old king who had been more like a father than a husband to her. But, indeed, the young girl was full of perturbation where her own fate was concerned. She might not mind so much as a more ambitious worldly woman would have cared, that she had suddenly fallen from her height of earthly grandeur; it might in some respects be a deliverance to her; nevertheless, she had many troubles pressing upon her. She was frightened by the extravagant admiration expressed for her by the newly-made king. She was indignant at the bare idea of being handed back to her first suitor, Charles of Castile, who, in the persons of his envoys, had shown no eagerness for the fulfilment of her promise. Her maidenly pride was piqued, or else she revolted at the notion of being again, after so short a space of time, a mere pawn used as a pledge between two governments.

Mary begged her brother, King Henry, to fetch her back, and he increased the disturbance in her mind by despatching the Duke of Suffolk, of all men, to escort her home to England. Certainly, before the Duke started, his master required from him a promise not to abuse his trust, but this was a common form gone through with every emissary. As it has never been alleged that Henry had any intention of bringing about a union between his sister and

his courtier, his choice looks as if he possessed no knowledge of any former attachment between the young Queen-dowager and her escort, or had no faith in it. It is difficult to imagine that he voluntarily exposed the pair to the risk of incurring his displeasure. There is much more plausibility in the impression which survives in French minds that the shrewd, imperious Louise of Savoy laid a snare for the English Princess and the Duke of Suffolk, with the intention of removing her out of King Francis's way, that he might not be too much tempted to follow a course which had precedents, but would be highly offensive to the French nation. His subjects would hardly forgive him if he set aside his young Queen Claude, their old King's daughter, whose simple virtues they respected, for her equally youthful step-mother, till recently a stranger and foreigner amidst them.

When Mary's white widowhood ended, a month after Louis's death, and she was at liberty to wear black, go abroad, and receive visitors, she was waited upon by certain friars, who brought her, it is not said from whence, the tale that Suffolk had been privately instructed by King Henry to land her not in England but in Flanders, where she was to be joined by Charles of Castile.

Cut to the quick, Mary summoned Suffolk to her presence, and appealed to him. The account of the interview is drawn from his defence of his conduct to Henry, but there is no reason to doubt his word, granted that he was afterwards shown to be vainglorious and every inch a courtier. To believe him we have only to take all the circumstances into consideration—Mary's extreme youth and guilelessness, her rank, which gave her the initiative in addressing the Duke, what seemed to her the extremity of the situation, together with her girlish partiality for the man to whom she was speaking, and his earlier attempts at making love to her.

She must be short with him, and show him her pleasure and mind, she said, in desperate agitation.

She reminded him how good a lady she had been to him, and added that, in fine, if he would be ordered by her, she would verily have none but he.

An ever she came to England she never would have him; an he married her not then, she would never have him, nor come to England.

Suffolk, according to his own tale, answered her soothingly and discreetly. She said that but to prove him withal, he told her.

An she went to England, the princess insisted in her distress, then would she be sent to Flanders, and she would be torn in pieces sooner than come there.

"And with that," continued Suffolk, "she wept as never saw I a woman so weep."

He tried to comfort her. He said, in allusion to the report that he was to carry her to Flanders, there was never such thing, by his faith, and bade her write and get King Henry's consent, without which he dared do nothing, because of his promise.

Her angry reply was that of a poor girl standing at bay. She would have the time to her own desire, else she would think he had come to "tice" (beguile) her. He should never have such a proffer again. . . .

"And so," the narrator, in the character of a humble penitent, ends his narrative abruptly, "she and I were married."

Another version of the romantic story is that Louise of Savoy having plotted to bring about the meeting, surprised the couple while Mary was still weeping bitterly, professed to reproach them with the indecorousness of the scene, and to advise that they should at once resort to the adjoining chapel, where they were at her instigation wedded or troth-plighted, the ceremony taking place appropriately enough

on St. Valentine's Eve, the 12th of February, 1515.

Of all hasty royal marriages poor young Mary's was the hastiest, for her old King had died so recently as on the last night of the previous December. It is doubtful whether Charles Brandon was worth the immense trust she put in him; but at least she found no fault with him, then or ever. She freely offered her brother Henry all the jewels (those jewels which were fated to figure prominently in her history) and all the plate given her by the late King of France, to earn his forgiveness for having taken her fortune into her own hands, and to protect Suffolk from the King's vengeance. She made herself the sole person to blame for the love match, and used all her tender eloquence to those who were in authority, that they should not be "miscontented with my Lord Suffolk."

We have again to remind ourselves of the rough old times in which Mary lived, that we may make allowance for the unshrinking eagerness with which she reminded Henry of his promise, that if she submitted to marry in order to please him in her first espousals, she should be allowed to please herself in her second; and for the perfect frankness with which she styled the jewels and plate—the bribe she offered, her "winnings in France," as if she had speculated with her youth, beauty, and sweetness for the price which Louis was willing to pay for them.

As a further security for Brandon, Mary ventured to appeal to Francis I., and to confide in him. He was virtually her sovereign so long as she remained in France, and if he chose to intercede for the delinquents, his pleading was not likely to be in vain. She told Francis of the love passages between her and Suffolk before she came to France or ever saw the King's face, repeating to him "the pass or by-words" by which the lovers had secured for themselves a few minutes' private conversation in the middle of the publicity of a Court.

Francis behaved with the magnanimity which has been attributed to him more than once in other circumstances. He became the friend of the young couple, and exerted himself to propitiate Henry. Those must have been happy honeymoon weeks which Mary spent at the French Court, with Suffolk received as her husband, while she was waiting for Henry's consent to return to England. In her happiness the bride of seventeen did not forget to show kind concern and care for her former household, the members of which had of necessity lost their posts when she ceased to be Queen Consort of France. Among these retainers out of place were young Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, who were taken into the service of Queen Claude.

After all, Mary's exile did not last six months. She sailed in the sober autumn to make the acquaintance of her elderly husband; she returned in the sweet spring-time wedded to the lover of her choice. By May she was in England again. Henry met her and his former comrade with a bluff amnesty, and with such a princely endowment for Suffolk in the forfeited estates of the unfortunate De la Poles, the former Dukes of Suffolk, that the broad lands might well have been held by Henry as an ample equivalent for the costly baubles which Mary transferred to him, to the value of two hundred thousand pounds. These were her modest "winnings" in France. On one of them, a special ruby, Francis I. had set great store, but he could not, in spite of his good offices, recover it, either from Mary or Henry.

Mary was publicly remarried to Suffolk at Greenwich, where her marriage with Louis XII. had been celebrated half a year before. At one of the gay tournaments which celebrated the event, Suffolk bore on his banner, in allu-

* Louise of Savoy had been herself left a widow at eighteen, by the death of a husband greatly her senior, but she had lived long enough with him to be much attached to him, and she was the mother of a son and daughter to whose interests she was devoted.

sion to his humble origin, the pithy motto which has survived to the present day—

"Cloth of gold, do not despise,

Though thou hast wedded cloth of frieze;

Cloth of frieze, be not too bold,

Though thou hast wedded cloth of gold."

It was about this time that poor Queen Margaret paid her solitary visit to England, a disappointed, discontented woman, and had to share in the public rejoicing, sitting under the same canopy with Mary, in her flush of youth and happiness—their emblems, the daisy and the marigold intertwined, their fates so like and yet so unlike.

Mary's first child, a boy, was born in 1516, when his mother was eighteen years of age. He was named for King Henry, who stood sponsor for him, and created him Earl of Lincoln. Her later born children were two daughters, Lady Frances and Lady Eleanor Brandon. Mary showed a decided preference for country life, especially at Westthorpe Hall, Suffolk; but there was another reason besides her inclination for the preference; Suffolk had spent large sums of money both in France and England at the time of his marriage, which Wolsey refused to defray from the treasury. The lowly-born Duke was a man of lavish, extravagant habits, and in spite of his great estates, continued in permanent difficulties. Mary tried to relieve them by spending many of her days in comparative retirement, while he abode at the Court in which he had been reared from boyhood, in which he held high office, made a fine figure in every gala and pageant, and was Henry's fast ally in all the King's changes of mood and creed. But though Mary sought to diminish her expenses, she always maintained—whether from her own sense of the fitness of things, whether from the desire of her ostentatious husband—great state in her privacy, never losing sight of the fact that she was Queen Dowager of France.

Mary was a happy woman, still surrounded by husband and children, when, at the age of twenty-two, she met for the first time the suitor to whom she had been troth-plighted as a child, from whom she had recoiled in the first days of her widowhood, Charles of Castile, by this time the great Emperor Charles V., on a visit to his aunt, Queen Katharine of Arragon. Curious eyes watched the encounter with the woman who had been destined for his wife. It was Lord Herbert of Cherbury's impression that the mighty ruler before whom so much of Europe trembled, was so struck by Mary's "dazzling loveliness" (or was it by the touch of what is best in human nature, in her matronly peace and bounty?) that he was rendered pensive, and declined to dance for the rest of the evening. It is an unpremeditated testimony to Mary's domestic tastes and contentment with her lot, that nobody seems to have dreamt she experienced regret because she was not the sharer of an Imperial crown. Another brilliant interlude in Mary's quiet life and a brief return to the splendours and triumphs of former days, was when she accom-

panied King Henry and Queen Katharine to France to meet her former champion, King Francis, on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. Mary is said to have been the acknowledged beauty alike of the English and French Courts, and we must not grudge her an innocent gratification in the consciousness, when, in the temporary withdrawal of the respective Queens of France and England, she rode through the gorgeous encampment between two such magnificent squires as Henry and Francis.

But such galas were not in the general tenor of Mary's later life. She had withdrawn more and more from the gay world, and given herself up to the care of her children, when she received a severe blow in the death of her only son, a boy of eleven years of age, in 1527. He fell a victim to "the sweating sickness" then devastating the country. Modern inquirers have conjectured with regard to this dreaded epidemic that it may have been neither more nor less than the worst type of influenza. For the remaining six years of her life Mary retired almost entirely from Court, which in all probability had less attractions for her than ever, when the friend of her youth, Katharine of Arragon, had to give place to the Maid of Honour, who had formerly served Mary in the same capacity, Anne Boleyn.

Agnes Strickland, who was herself an East-country woman, familiar with Norfolk and Suffolk traditions, refers to Mary's popularity in Suffolk, to the patronage which she accorded to native goods and manufactures, and to the punctuality with which she graced, year by year, the Bishop of Bury's great fair at Bury St. Edmunds, holding receptions and attending balls in its honour, or in the honour of the Bishop. Like her grandmother, "the venerable Margaret," Mary was a faithful friend to all the monasteries within her husband's jurisdiction. As it happened, she reared in her household her successor, the Duke of Suffolk's last wife, Katharine Willoughby, daughter of Lord Willoughby and his Spanish wife, who came to England as Maid of Honour to Katharine of Arragon.

The elder of Mary's daughters, Lady Frances Brandon, was like her beautiful mother, and her ambitious father early arranged her marriage with Henry Grey, Marquis of Dorset; the young bride and her husband living with the Duchess of Suffolk at Westthorpe Hall. The second daughter of the house was married in her turn, while barely in her teens, to Henry Lord Clifford, eldest son of the Earl of Cumberland, and remained also with her mother. Mary was long in declining health, and took several journeys from Westthorpe Hall to London to seek the counsel of physicians. She had not long returned from one of these fruitless journeys, when the end came, on the 25th of June, 1533, eight years before the death of her sister, Queen Margaret, at Methven. At the time of Mary's death she was, like her mother, Elizabeth of York, only in her thirty-seventh year. The Duke of Suffolk and his sons-in-law, Lord Dorset and Lord Clifford,

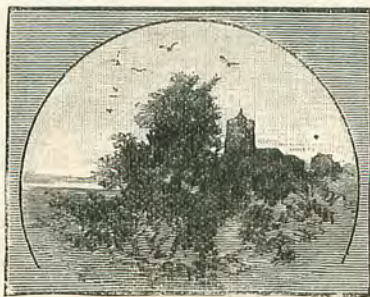
were all three absent in London, in attendance on the coronation of Anne Boleyn, but Lady Dorset and Lady Clifford were with their mother.

A singular incident occurred at Mary's funeral, which points to one of the greatest troubles in her life—the revival of claims made by the Duke of Suffolk's repudiated wives. Mary's daughters—the eldest just sixteen, at the date of her mother's death—acted as her chief mourners, following the coffin on black horses to its place of interment in the Abbey of Bury. In the course of the ceremonial, each daughter advanced and placed in turn on the coffin a pall of cloth of gold, a costly mark of honour to the dead. "To the surprise of everybody, their half-sisters, Lord Suffolk's daughters by a previous marriage, did the same," when the young Ladies Dorset and Clifford, outraged by the act which claimed Mary as the stepmother of the intruders, left the church without waiting for the end of the funeral service. Thus the haunting shadow of shame, bred of the unrighteous facility with which betrothals and marriages were made and unmade, that had harassed poor Mary in the interests of her children throughout her life, followed her to the very grave's mouth, and disturbed her obsequies.

When Bury Abbey was put down, with so many other religious houses, by Henry, the townspeople removed Mary's coffin from the monument under which it rested to the Church of St. Mary's, Bury St. Edmunds. The same coffin was again exhumed on account of alterations in the church in 1734. On the second occasion the coffin was opened, when the embalmed body was not only found in perfect preservation, but the beautiful golden hair which Mary had inherited through her mother from her grandmother, Elizabeth Woodville, fell in glittering profusion about the shoulders. The present writer remembers reading in the catalogue of the treasures of the noble house of Stowe, which were brought to the hammer, the ticketing of one lot as a lock of the hair of this princess thus offered for sale by one of her descendants. It is said other locks, abstracted from the coffin when it was opened in 1734, found their way into the hands of local antiquaries.

Mary Tudor's intellectual attainments, though decidedly superior to those of her sister, do not appear to have been of a very high order. She signed herself on at least one occasion Henry's "suster." In moral character, if thoughtless and impulsive in her early youth, her worst faults are but spots on the sun compared to her sister Margaret's offences. Mary was in her girlhood easily led, and impressionable. In her maturity she was, amidst the distractions of a Court and the temptations of her rank and beauty, a loving wife, an attached mother, a kind mistress, and a liberal bestower of such benefits as she had it in her power to dispense. Whether in youth or in age, hers was a sweet, tender, essentially womanly nature.

SARAH TYTLER.





A WEDDING IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.



A LITTLE QUEEN.

By SYDNEY GREY.

SHE stood beside her cottage gate,
A little queen;
Unused to folk of high estate—
Nay, never with the rich and great
So much as seen.

No ruler she by right of birth,
No princess throned
Among the mighty ones of earth;
But hearts that valued modest worth
Her empire owned.

The children prized her soft caress;
In home's demesne
She held her court; and where distress
Could be assuaged by helpfulness.
A village maid, yet none the less
A little queen.

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

By SARAH TYTLER.

PART V.

CATHERINE OF ARRAGON (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR).*

ALL the romance and glory of Spanish history were at their height when Catherine of Arragon was born. For the princess whose mother was the high-spirited, generous Isabella of Castile, the friend of Columbus, and her father Ferdinand of Arragon, the conqueror of the Moors; for the child who was cradled among the orange groves of Castile and the pomegranates of Granada, a nature as full of the sunshine as of the storms of the South, a fate grand, if chequered with adversity, might have been predicted. But sunshine was not a prominent characteristic either of Catherine's temper or her career, while her entire history had in it more of humiliation than triumph, culminating in the piteousness of undeserved downfall. Happily for herself and all under her influence, she was upright and good, but her greatness belonged to her adversity. Her misfortunes were her chief abiding crown.

Catherine was born at the town of Alcala de Henares, 15th December, 1485, and her marriage with Arthur, Prince of Wales, elder son of Henry VII., was proposed at so early a date, that the intended bridegroom was but a baby of twenty months, and the bride a child of three years. The Spanish ambassador and

his suite were allowed to inspect the baby prince, so that they could certify he was all such a princeling should be; but it is said that Isabella demurred at the ordeal for her daughter, child though she was, and that the English commissioner had to be content with seeing the little Catherine in her mother's arms at the national spectacle of a bullfight. This was a somewhat barbarous entertainment for a small princess, who was to be brought up in all the learning in which her ardent and enthusiastic mother, as brilliant and accomplished on one side as she was domesticated and homely on another, delighted.

From Catherine's fourth year she was styled, in right of her betrothal, "Princess of Wales," and before she was in her teens she corresponded in Latin with her boy-bridegroom, he replying in the same stately language, the manner and matter of the letters being naturally equally stilted.

Catherine did not arrive in England till October, 1501, when she was about sixteen years of age, and the Prince of Wales was approaching his fifteenth year. She travelled attended by an imposing Spanish suite, which included three bishops as well as four young ladies. She had a dolefully bad passage to begin with, and the poor girl suffered severely from sea sickness, to little purpose, as it seemed, since the ship was driven back and the party had to embark a second time, landing finally at Plymouth.

Henry VII. and his young son travelled in

the dull, dark days of November to meet the Spanish Princess, but the weather was so rainy and the roads so nearly impassable, that they made only slow progress. They were anticipated by the Spanish party riding in advance of the main body, and coming to warn the bridegroom and his father that, according to Spanish etiquette, they could only meet the bride at the steps of the altar in the church where the marriage was to be celebrated.

But this was a punctilio which no Englishman, be he king or commoner, could consent to, therefore Henry left his son behind him; and riding forward to the town of Dogmersfield, at which Catherine had arrived, announced that he was there to see and welcome his daughter-in-law.

There was still some demurring, an archbishop, a bishop, and a count barring the King's way, and declaring that the Lady Infanta had retired to her chamber. In the end, common-sense and discretion prevailed, and the Infanta consented to grant the King an audience. Neither could speak to the other unless in Latin, for Henry knew no Spanish; and it does not seem to have occurred to Catherine's guardians and preceptors, as one might have expected in the circumstances, to give her an acquaintance with English. The high contracting parties had to content themselves with exchanging dignified compliments through an interpreter.

In the meantime the Prince arrived, and Henry presented him to his betrothed wife.

* Agnes Strickland, Froude, Du Boys (edited by Charlotte Yonge). By Sarah Tytler, author of "An Oxford Maid," etc.

In order to make things doubly sure, the King caused the betrothal, which had before been performed by proxy, to be gone over again in person, the medium being that Latin tongue, which was "understood" by all the royal personages, as well as by the prelates in attendance.

In deference to the ideas of decorum of the time, the King and the Prince supped in private, returning afterwards to the company of the ladies, when, as usual, music and dancing—those universal heralds of good-fellowship—were started. Catherine danced with the Spanish ladies some of the basses dances, which seem to have been slow, gliding measures. The Prince was unacquainted with them; but not to be outdone, he took out Lady Guildford, who was governess to his two sisters in succession (the "Moder Guildford" to part from whom cost young Princess Mary the first tears she shed in France), and "danced right pleasantly and honourably." The couple probably accomplished one of those voltas or high dances which appear to have been indigenous to the soil of England, and were more remarkable for agility than for grace.

We do not know much of how the Prince and Princess, thus formally introduced and united, looked and felt on this occasion; but we can judge a little from future descriptions. Arthur was a fair lad, puny contrasted with his big young brother Henry, and he had the hectic poison already working in his veins and painting his cheeks. We know that though he was considered a youth of admirable promise, he was not favourably struck by the innocent bride, with whom the great advantage of an alliance between England and Spain had thus prematurely endowed him. It may be that, though he was a scholarly lad, the Latin love-letters which he had been made to address to her in his boyhood, that had served for school-exercises, with their accompanying censures and impositions, still rankled in his immature mind as a grievance against her.

As for Catherine, we hear later that the girl of sixteen had large, regular, rather heavy features, so high a forehead that half of her face was forehead, and, for a wonder, considering her extraction, a fair complexion, and a profusion of auburn hair—prized distinctions which would in themselves constitute her a beauty at the Spanish Court. She was not tall, while her figure, like her features, was inclined to be large and full, no disadvantage on the whole to a girl of sixteen. She was staid, far beyond her years, probably a little prim, pleasing the elderly formal King far more than she pleased his young son by her decorum and dignity.

Catherine, with her suite, made the rest of the progress alone, by a succession of stages, and was welcomed with great demonstrations of respect and regard at every point, till she reached Lambeth Palace.

Henry repaired to his Queen, Elizabeth of York, at Richmond, and the Prince of Wales eventually took up his quarters at Blackfriars. The good Queen came by water to greet her daughter-in-law, whose firm friend she remained.

Catherine's public entrance into London was of course carried through with much splendour and ceremony, and had some peculiar details. She rode on a Spanish mule, having on one side of her Henry Duke of York, a fine boy of eleven years of age, and on the other the Pope's legate. She wore a broad hat like a cardinal's, and the younger ladies in her suite wore the same. The Princess had a coif of carnation colour under the hat, beneath which her auburn hair fell on her shoulders. Her saddle was a small, richly-ornamented armchair, fastened on the mule. Her *dame d'honneur*, riding near her, was in black, after the Spanish fashion, or as the

English chronicler expressed it, "like a religious woman." The four young Spanish ladies rode on mules also. It had been proposed that four English ladies on palfreys should ride, each by the side of one of the Spanish damsels, and should courteously lead her mule. But by a queer and comical *contretemps*, which was no laughing matter to the Master of the Ceremonies, and appeared a little ominous to the superstitious, the fact that different national customs in riding made the English and Spanish equestrians sit on different sides of their horses and mules, had the undesirable effect of the riders seeming to sit back to back, as the result of a quarrel.

On November 14, 1501, Catherine was married to Arthur in old St. Paul's, King Henry, Queen Elizabeth, and the King's mother, the Lady Margaret, witnessing the marriage from their latticed box. The Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by no less than nineteen bishops and abbots, tied the knot.

The bride's magnificent dress of white satin, very long in bodice and sleeves, had certain foreign touches. It had an arrangement of little hoops below the waist, which was the introduction of the farthingale into England.

Another innovation was the coif of white silk on the bride's head, from which fell "a scarf bordered with gold, pearls, and precious stones, five inches and a half broad," which, as the old historian said, "veiled great part of her visage and person." This was no doubt an adaptation of the Spanish mantilla, but it may also have been the inauguration of the wedding veil. Blushing brides of succeeding generations little dream that they owe the

with the people for his witnesses, he endowed her with a third of his estate, a pledge which he did not fulfil.

The Prince and Princess of Wales stayed for one night at the Bishop of London's palace, and proceeded by water next day, escorted by the King, to the home prepared for them—Baynard's Castle on the Thames. Later, there were great rejoicings of tilting and feasting at Westminster, when Arthur had the place of honour on the King's right hand, and Catherine the same place by the Queen.

In the dancing, which was a prominent feature in the scene, Arthur showed that he had mastered the mysteries of the *basse* or *basse dance* by *dancing one with his* beautiful Aunt Cicely, while Catherine came down from the Queen's side to dance twice—still with her Spanish ladies, wearing the Spanish costume, her persistent adherence to which was hardly likely to recommend itself to English spectators. The dancing of the lively voltas, or high dances, was confined on this occasion to the young Prince Henry and his sister Margaret, already entitled "Queen of the Scots." One cannot help thinking that the style of the performance was in keeping with the character and future careers of the rosy-cheeked, riotous pair. They gave unmingled satisfaction in this instance, especially when Henry, finding himself encumbered by his court suit, suddenly threw it off to his jacket, and thus displayed his nimbleness in company with the gay skipping of his buxom sister.

In the last pageant before the return of Catherine's Spanish escort, a detail of the



CATHERINE OF ARRAGON.

picturesque mark of their state, and shelter for their blushes, to the hapless Catherine of Arragon. Whether or not the typical orange-blossoms are derived from the same source, we are not in circumstances to verify.

Certainly poor Arthur has set no fashion in bridal costume to modern bridegrooms, since, according to the taste of the time, his doublet and hose were of white satin, like the gown of his bride. At the great door of the cathedral,

entertainment was the letting loose in the crowded hall at Westminster of a number of white doves and rabbits, a primitive diversion in itself, which was supposed to be a complimentary adoption of a Spanish custom in similar circumstances. When Catherine mourned sympathetically over the parting with the friends of her youth, King Henry's mode of comforting her was a piece of homage to her own and her mother's acknowledged learning,

and a decided improvement on other modes of solacing the grief of royal brides. He first took her into his library, and showed her "many goodly, pleasant books. . . both in English and Latin," before he brought forward a jeweller with a collection of rings and gauds, and bade her choose from them, while he would divide what remained among those Spanish ladies she was allowed to retain in her service, and her newly-appointed English ladies.

Early in spring, the Prince and Princess of Wales set out for Ludlow Castle, in Shropshire, where they were to maintain their Court, and from which Arthur was to govern the adjoining principality of Wales. Catherine rode the whole way from London to Ludlow on a pillion, behind her Master of the Horse, her ladies riding also, the state of the roads not admitting of wheeled carriages. The only respite from the long ride, renewed day after day, was the resting in the litter swung between a couple of horses or mules. Catherine's stay at Ludlow was destined to be short. Arthur died in April, 1502, according to some accounts, from the mere development of his consumptive malady; according to others from a sudden outbreak of the plague. It was just three months from his arrival in Shropshire and six from his marriage. He was buried with sufficient pomp on "the foulest, cold, windy and rainy day," the procession meeting with such obstacles from the rutted mire it had to pass through, that the car with the Prince's body stuck fast in the mud, and at one place yokes of oxen had to be employed to drag it forward.

There had been but little dawning regard between the youthful couple so lately strangers to each other, and still unable to converse unless in ponderous Latin, or by the help of an interpreter, and in addition to the shock of the death—so sudden in the end—of her husband of eighteen, all Catherine's girlish ambition was blighted, and her pride, if not her affections, received a severe blow from the open and marked slight put upon her by the will, in which Arthur, in breach of his marriage contract, bequeathed his entire personal property to his sister Margaret.

Queen Elizabeth, in the middle of her grief for her son, remembered the forlorn girl left behind him. She sent immediately for Catherine, and had her brought to London in a litter composed of black velvet and cloth, for which the Queen gave express directions to her tailor.

The next nine years which Catherine spent in England, while she passed from girlhood to womanhood, were particularly trying. She soon lost the friendly protection of her mother-in-law by the Queen's death, and two years afterwards the young widow sustained a still greater misfortune in the death of her own mother, Isabella of Castile. Isabella had counselled her daughter's return to Spain; and Catherine's continued stay in England is only to be accounted for by the fact that her large dowry had been half paid, and only half paid, and by the characters of the two princes concerned in the transaction. No elements of the prudence and wisdom which were attributed to Henry and Ferdinand were more conspicuous than their rooted inclination to keep, and their equally rooted disinclination to disburse, whatever sums of money came into their hands. However, it is now tolerably well understood that it was to the urgent endeavours of Ferdinand to maintain, at any cost, the Anglo-Spanish alliance that Catherine became a victim, with a train of evils to follow.

While the two kings disputed over the arrears of dowry, including the very plate and jewels which poor Catherine had brought, her income, as the Prince of Wales's widow, was so persistently detained and curtailed that the letters she wrote to her father are full of com-

plaints and remonstrances. She not only urges the non-payment of her ladies' salaries as a serious grievance to a high-spirited honourable mistress, she represents her own wants as having reached a climax. She had been forced to sell "some of her bracelets" to buy a black velvet gown, as mourning for her mother, and it was only the third gown she had got since her arrival in England; she had not wherewithal to supply herself with linen for chemises.

Catherine's worries were increased by the trial of a foreign climate, and of a way of living which did not agree with her constitution. She suffered from the chill shivers and fever flushes of the tertian ague. She pined for the fresh salads and juicy fruits of the South, which were not to be obtained to replace the grosser flesh diet of the North.

As the last touch to her troubles, there was a suspicion that Henry was willing to wed her himself rather than imperil the Spanish alliance. If this extremity was ever seriously thought of, another resource was found. Two years after the death of Arthur, Catherine, in spite of the reluctance which she then expressed, was betrothed to Henry Tudor, a boy of twelve, while she was a young woman of eighteen.

But a year afterwards, though the incident was not known for some time, Henry VII. caused his son to sign a protest against the betrothal. The only conceivable reason for this act on the part of the king is that given by Mr. Froude, whose attitude in defending Henry VIII. is well known. Mr. Froude's explanation is that the betrothal had been pressed for by Ferdinand of Arragon, whose wishes the king was not in a position to set at naught. However, as soon as the boy Henry was thirteen, the earliest age at which he could legally act for himself, he was made to take upon him the responsibility of disowning the betrothal, which might indeed be contrary, eventually, to his conscience and his feelings. There can be little doubt that the act of disowning the engagement, though there was a report current that the lad did not know the contents of the paper he signed, must have left a distinct impression on his mind.

In those years of uncertainty and repression which helped to mould Catherine's character, she could not even have derived much comfort from the short visit of her sister, Joanna of Castile, who, with her husband, Philip the Fair of Austria, had been on their way to take possession of her inheritance on the death of her mother, when the vessel in which they sailed was driven ashore on the coast of England, and the Royal pair came to Windsor. Their coming out of their way and the length of their detention in England were believed to be pieces of state craft on the part of Henry VII. Joanna had already given indication of the jealous frenzies of temper which rapidly developed into insanity. Her attack, in the presence of her husband and several members of her household, on an offending maid-of-honour, whose hair she tore and cheeks she buffeted in the most uncourtly manner, had caused a violent quarrel between the Princess and Philip. The mortifying news was said to have hastened the death of her poor mother, Queen Isabella. The quarrel was patched up, but Joanna was not a woman to trust to, or to resort to for counsel. The main use of the visit was that it afforded opportunity for the proposal of the never-fulfilled alliance between the pretty, bright nine-year-old Mary Tudor, younger daughter of Henry VII., and the Prince of Castile, the son of Joanna and Philip. Joanna's husband died soon after he left England, and, in spite of her blind devotion to his memory, which became a mad mania, concentrating itself upon his ashes which she carried about with her, the insult was inflicted on her misery of a talk

of her marriage with Henry VII., just as there was also a talk of his marriage with a third widowed daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Queen-Dowager of Naples. Hard as Catherine's circumstances were at this time, it is clear enough that they were rendered still harder by a certain rigidity and obstinacy of disposition, which existed along with the possibilities of noble steadfastness. For the greater part of her youth in England, she had failed to acquire the English language, apparently setting herself against the acquisition in a manner not altogether unknown among young queen-consorts,* but not the less repugnant to common-sense and right feeling. The consequence was that she spoke and wrote English badly to the end of her days. She clung to her Spanish mode of dress, which would have been natural and pardonable enough in a private person, but was unwise in a queen as an index of the direction in which her sympathies turned. Her devotion was early marked by asceticism. She was more stately than gracious. She had an unhappy faculty, noteworthy in so young a woman, of differing from, and complaining bitterly of, her advisers, the two Spanish ambassadors in succession. Probably they had recommended to their too honest and decidedly querulous "Dona Catalina" a more diplomatic, if not a more accommodating and ingratiating style of behaviour.

With Henry VII.'s death in 1507 a great change came over Catherine's fortunes. Henry VIII., then a manly lad of eighteen, while Catherine was twenty-four, in place of appearing desirous to avail himself of the protest which he had signed, showed himself eager to confirm and complete the betrothal, to which Catherine no longer professed herself averse. Whether actuated by pity and generosity, as some of his chroniclers think, whether influenced by the tendency of very young men to be enamoured of women older than themselves, he gave every evidence of being sincerely and heartily attached to Catherine, whom, by his own solemn declarations, he never ceased to respect and esteem. In place of being plain, she was then a fine-looking young woman in her own peculiar style, and the harshness afterwards attributed to her manners certainly did not display itself in the first place to the young King.

Several of Henry's council—notably Wareham, Archbishop of Canterbury—opposed the match, in spite of the Pope's dispensation, because of the relationship existing between Henry and Catherine; † but he had his way, as he continued to have it in later life. He and Catherine were married in the Friar's Church, in Greenwich Palace, on the 11th of June, 1509, some six weeks after the death of the late King. The marriage was solemnised precipitately and privately, almost secretly. Not so the entrance of the royal couple into London on St. John's Day, twelve days later. Prominent among the midsummer galas was the pretty sight of maidens in white, bearing white wax palms, lining the way from Cornhill to Old Change. Catherine herself was in bridal white, her fine hair hanging down her back; on her head a jewelled coronet. She was in a litter of white cloth of gold, supported between two white horses. But the ladies in attendance on her, who, at the coronation banquet in Westminster Hall sat under the table, at the Queen's feet, holding her "pocket-handkerchief, table-napkins, fan, and purse," were driven in "whirlcotes," the expressive name given to the first variety of

* Henrietta Maria vexed and mortified Charles I., during the first months of her reign, by perversely declining to make use of English.

† Miss Yonge has pointed out how immaterial the relationship must have appeared to Catherine, since one of her sisters, Mary of Naples, married the widower of her deceased sister Isabella, and reigned in her stead.

coaches. In the middle of the festivities, bringing them to a summary conclusion, the tidings arrived of the death of the King's grandmother, the much-honoured Margaret of Richmond and Derby.

The beginning of Henry's reign was a period of unclouded sunshine. "Bluff King Hal" was personally very popular in his younger days; and, as a help to the general harmony, the late King had left an overflowing exchequer. The last of Catherine's dowry was at length paid. She was Queen of England, and her King was one of the most hopeful and handsome of European princes. A relic of his affection which had awakened hers, survives in a gorgeous missal that had belonged to his mother, and was given by Henry to Catherine at this time. In it he wrote a sentence in old French, which, translated into modern English, reads thus:—"If your remembrance is according to my affection, I shall not be forgotten in your daily prayers, for I am yours—Henry R. for ever." Alas, for the "for ever," Henry's love was like summer lightning, swift and brief in its brilliancy. Catherine's was slow but sure. She wrote beneath the portrait of St. Margaret of Scotland, in the missal:—

"Be dayly probe, you shall me fynde

To be to you both loving and kynde."

Catherine's serious, reserved nature certainly opened up and blossomed in her passing prosperity. She did her best to enter into the noisy whirl of splendid gaiety in tiltings, masques, and mayings, in which the young King delighted, with which her graver character and maturer years could hardly sympathise. She feigned to be charmed by the boisterous surprises which he was constantly providing for her, when he appeared in strange disguises, and after he had outshone all competitors in mimic war or sport or the dance, threw aside the unknown armour, or the mask which had hid his face, and revealed the gay and gallant chief of the revels. She endured the merry riot when the faithful Commons, permitted to watch the grand doings, took the liberty of bursting into the royal circle and helping themselves freely to their share of the finery.

The one point in which Queen Catherine ran counter to her husband's wishes, and offended him by her contumaciousness, was by refusing to go into the fields, as English ladies went, hawking and hunting. There might be some show of reason in the objection when, with the strain of doggedness in her nature, she maintained that the ladies of her country were not accustomed to ride on horseback and indulge in such exercises. But for a biographer of Catherine's to urge that the woman, who as child and girl had been accustomed to share in the brutal national entertainment of the bull-fight, refrained from having anything to do with English field-sports, because of the superior womanly kindness and delicacy which rendered their coarseness and cruelty offensive to her, carries a broad contradiction on the face of the argument.

Catherine made an honourable effort to follow her mother's good example in inducing the King to welcome learned men to the Court. She herself particularly favoured Sir Thomas More. Erasmus, too, has borne testimony to her intelligence and courtesy. Though she had been so long in learning English, she expressed a wish that he should increase her acquaintance with Latin. But the name of the daughter of the generous patroness of Christopher Columbus is not once mentioned in connection with the very slight encouragement which Henry gave to the Bristol adventurer, Sebastian Cabot, and his enterprise.

Catherine employed herself and her ladies in busily manufacturing flags and banners for Henry when he went on the French wars. At a later and less happy period of her life, she came out to receive the commissioners sent to

treat with her, with a skein of red silk hanging round her neck, and proceeded to explain how innocently and humbly she and her women had been engaged. But her housewifely attainments did not reach the supreme height of her mother Isabella's, since she is said, in the middle of the cares of Government and the distraction of the struggle with the Moors, to have made, with her own royal hands, a shirt for her Ferdinand.

Doubtless, Catherine was at the summit of her prosperity and happiness when she acted as regent of the kingdom in her husband's absence in France, and had the satisfaction of telling him of the English victory at Flodden. In the letter which gives him the news, by the way, though she inquires what is to be done with the body (or the supposed body) of the King of Scots, the aggressor in the war with his brother-in-law, which she seems to have wished to reserve for funeral honours, beseeching his relationship to the majesty of England, there is not a word of pity for the slain man's widow; yet this was Henry's sister Margaret, who had been Prince Arthur's favourite among all his kindred, who had not so very long ago danced that lively high dance with young Henry, before their late majesties at Westminster in the course of the festivities on Catherine's first marriage.

Other periods of dignified enjoyment and natural triumph on Catherine's part, were those in which she entertained her nephew, the Emperor Charles V., and when with Henry she received his proposals for her little daughter Mary, to whose aunt Mary he had been betrothed without anything coming of it. At the same time she is said to have been aroused to the danger of being "too Spanish," and either did not feel, or did not express, much affection for her nephew on his first arrival in England. According to the Spanish ambassador, as quoted by Du Boys, she hardly answered when Charles spoke to her.

Catherine accompanied Henry to Calais in order to assist in the splendours of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, while she was content to let Mary, Duchess of Suffolk, be the reigning beauty of the magnificent assembly. Catherine was satisfied so long as she and Queen Claude (poor young Queen Claude, slowly dying of consumption) were the two Queens, who exchanged visits of gracious ceremony every day, and even took the Holy Communion together, in token of the amity they sought to establish between England and France. One does not like to think that there was a conscious absence of sincerity in the solemn pledge, and there is no ground for supposing that Queen Claude acted with any reservation, but Catherine, under her apparent indifference to Charles, was devoted to the interests of her nephew, which were not exactly those of France. The beginning of the enmity between her and the great Cardinal Wolsey did not proceed from her indignation at his arrogance, or her displeasure because of the rôle he had played in the death of Buckingham. It was on account of his wrath at finding all his well thought out plans for building up the monarchy, bringing about peace and not war between England and France, thwarted by Catherine's standing on the side of her kinsman, and by the influence she exercised over Henry to induce him to adopt the cause of Spain and Austria, in reality to become the tool of the infinitely more astute Charles. For Henry was still a young man, and his early popularity with his people, which was so great that it is said his death then would have been regarded as a terrible national misfortune, though it had some foundation in what was generous and loveable in him in those days, was due much more to his fine person, his manly addiction to all martial exercises and field sports, and superiority in them, and to his frank, jovial humour, than to any

aptitude for business or sound discretion in European politics. Even a foreigner who chanced to see Henry playing bowls, breaks out into an enthusiastic panegyric on his zeal and prowess in the game, on his stately height, breadth of shoulder, white skin, and golden beard.

In the middle of Catherine's temperate mingling in the amusements of the Court, and even on her own account playing tables (chess or draughts), tric-trac (backgammon), and cards, she heard mass celebrated several times every ordinary day, and many times on church festivals. She had books of devotion read to her for two hours in the middle of the day. She rose in the course of each night and repaired to her oratory, spending a considerable portion of the time praying on her knees, on the cold stones of the pavement. She wore a penitential robe belonging to one of the orders of St. Francis—open to women—of which she was a member, beneath her sumptuous apparel. She revived the devout practices of the King's grandmother Margaret, though Catherine was certainly behind her model in breadth of judgment, genuine studiousness, and enlightened benevolence. Besides, the fashions of the times were changing, and it was now openly said that Catherine's behaviour would have better suited the abbess of a convent than a queen in her court. Her conduct so affected Henry's for the moment, that the light-hearted, headstrong young man not only attempted to confute the tenets of Luther, and obtained from the Pope the title of "Defender of the Faith," of which Catherine was very proud, he grew nearly as great a professor of religion as his wife was. Perhaps no king ever combined so much hunting with the hearing of so many masses, unless it were the unfortunate, blamelessly respectable Louis XVI.

Catherine's tragic fate was foreshadowed betimes by the death of her eldest child, a son, born on the 1st of January, 1511, whose auspicious birth was hailed with much rejoicing, but who died in less than two months, deeply lamented by his mother. Of three more children—two of them boys, only one child survived, a girl, *Princess Mary, born in February, 1516*. The King ardently desired a male heir as the greatest security for the continuance of his race on the throne of England, and for the stability of the kingdom itself. The repeated disappointment of his hopes in the deaths of his infant sons certainly awoke in him a superstitious dread that heaven was punishing him, his house, and his realm, for the illegality, in spite of the papal dispensation, of his marriage with his brother Arthur's widow. Along with the dread, the fickle, evil, tyrannical possibilities in the temper of the man began to show themselves.

A lingering and severe illness which Catherine suffered about 1524, when she was in her fortieth year, aged her to a great extent. It tended to confirm in King Henry's mind the persuasion that the Divine vengeance was pursuing him and his wife. In addition, a sickly, despondent woman, with a tendency to moroseness, was little likely to be an agreeable companion to a pampered autocrat, a self-indulgent, frivolous man, who was six years her junior.

According to Mr. Froude, there had long been differences between them, and so far as the contrast in their characters went, this was nearly inevitable. They were only alike on one point, and unfortunately it was *that of an imperious temper common to both*; while Henry was "hot and impulsive," and Catherine "cold and self-contained." Her Castilian austerity, her "harsh and haughty manners," were alike against her. Yet even her critic admits that if she had renounced her rights, and withdrawn from the contest early in the struggle, she would have carried with her the good wishes

and affectionate remembrances of Henry's subjects. It is remarkable, when one considers her foreign extraction, which was made unnecessarily obtrusive to begin with, that the sympathies of the country went with her to the extent they did. For she was never called "the Spanish woman," as Marie Antoinette was styled "the Austrian woman." A large proportion of the people clung to her cause, as that of their good "Queen Catherine." The obtrusive hootings and jeerings were for "Nan Bullen," her successor—not for Catherine.

The notion of getting a divorce from Catherine on account of the illegality of her second marriage, and of Henry's thus being enabled to contract another, and, as it appeared to him, more suitable match, took by degrees entire possession of the King's mind. At first he was covertly encouraged in the idea by Wolsey, partly because he was not a servant who would contradict his master, partly because he desired to be rid of the hostile influence which overthrew his schemes.

But the difficulties to Henry's attaining a divorce were very great. The Pope had given a dispensation, and to withdraw it was not merely to deal a blow to the Papal infallibility, it was to draw down on the Holy See the indignation and vengeance of the greatest sovereign in Europe, the Emperor Charles V., who owned Austria, Spain, and the Low Countries as his personal possessions, while he had the additional authority of the imperial rank to which he had been elected. Catherine was universally respected, if not universally beloved, in England; and she had the accidental advantage on her side that, if her powerful kindred were set at naught, England, which had been recovering from the ruinous Wars of the Roses, and was beginning to reassert itself as likely to grow into a rich and powerful trading community, would find her commerce, chiefly with the Low Countries, fatally hampered.

For seven long trying years the painful controversy lasted, and included the appeals to the Pope, the arrival of the legates sent to decide the matter, and the summoning of councils of bishops and learned doctors of law and divinity, to overrule the halting indecision of the legates. The contest ended with the great conclusions that the Church of England was a Christian Church apart from the Roman hierarchy and independent of it, and that what the King and the foremost of the English prelates decreed, was ecclesiastical law.

Catherine must have suffered agonies of humiliation and wounded affection—affection in her so tenacious, from her first apprehension of the King's purpose, to its final enforcement.

Much shedding of blood and many a crushing downfall marked the strife. Very different victims—Sir Thomas More, who was an honour to the name of Englishman; good Bishop Fisher, who had been the King's tutor; the peasant girl, Elizabeth Barton, who, as the "Holy Maid of Kent," threatened to be an English Jeanne d'Arc—all perished. Great Wolsey, who had latterly refrained from urging on the divorce, seeing that the King's will was not to contract a great foreign alliance, but to wed with a subject, was degraded from his dignities, and died broken-hearted.

Occasionally it seemed utterly impossible that the divorce could be carried out; occasionally, also, the King appeared to waver and to return to his old allegiance. Shallow, coarse-natured, and despotic as Henry was, there was something in him that never ceased to esteem and respect Catherine. All that was true and gentle in a nature once full of promise suffered from the course he pursued, and the very suffering blinded him to his mixed and baser motives. It was not hypocrisy, it was the composite nature of the

man which caused him to pause in his vehement maintenance of his measure, to seek Catherine's company at times, to go upon more than one Royal progress with her, and, in the friendliness and kindness of his behaviour, raise fresh hopes in her aching heart. Poor Catherine, on her part, sought with unwonted patience to promote this happier turn of affairs, and with painful anxiety laboured to increase her personal popularity by smiling and bowing to the people, "as she had not done before." Though aged far beyond her years, and inclined to embonpoint, she was not without claims to being a handsome woman still. Indeed, her style of good looks was better suited to extreme youth and to middle life than to the days of her prime.

But her autumnal attractions, such as they were, had small chance against the summer charms of the gifted and fascinating rival whom the King had elected to put in Catherine's place. Towards this rival, Anne Boleyn, who was then, and for years, one of the Queen's maids-of-honour, she never deigned to show either jealousy or rancour.

Catherine behaved with the greatest dignity and intrepidity when summoned before the Ecclesiastical Court at which Henry was present. Shakespeare's noble figure of Queen Catherine, so long identified with the grand acting of Sarah Siddons, was not nobler than the real woman at this stage of her adversity. Catherine refused, like herself, to submit "proudly, resolutely, gallantly, not without the scorn she was entitled to feel," admits Mr. Froude. She rose from her chair of state, and answered, protested against the legality of the tribunal, on the ground that her judges held benefices under the King, and appealed to Rome. When her name was called a second time, she rose, followed by her ladies, and passing the legates without a word, went round the Court till she reached the chair in which the King sat, and kneeling before him, pled to him "in her broken English," with infinite spirit and pathos. She appealed to him in the name of all the love which had been between them, and of the love of God. She reminded him that she was "a poor stranger born out of his dominions," without counsellor or friend save him. She called him to witness that she had been his true, obedient, loving wife, and that for a period of twenty years. She was the mother of his children, though it had pleased God to call divers of them out of the world, which was no fault of hers. She urged other powerful arguments, ending with the prayer that in the name of charity, and for the love of God, who was the just Judge of all, he would defer the sentence of the Court till she could hear from her friends in Spain. Rising in tears, she bowed low to the silent, agitated King, and walked out of the Court.

"Madam," said Griffiths, her receiver-general, on whose arm she leant, "you are called back," for the crier made the hall ring again with the summons, "Catherine, Queen of England, come again into Court."

"I hear it well enough," answered the dauntless Catherine, "but on, on, go you on, for this is no Court wherein I can have justice." It is said she added, with proud humility, "I never before disputed the will of my husband, and I shall take the first opportunity to ask pardon for my disobedience."

In June, 1529, after Cranmer had advised the King to take the advice of the universities of Europe and the prelates of England with regard to the legality of his marriage, irrespective of the verdict of the Pope of Rome, Catherine was required to quit Windsor Castle, and to leave behind her daughter, Princess Mary, then a girl of thirteen years of age.

From Amptill, where Catherine resided for some time, she wrote motherly letters to

and about her daughter. Catherine had been Mary's teacher in Latin, but the Queen magnanimously declared she was glad that the Princess should change her mother for a better tutor, and charged the young girl to profit by his instructions. A touching letter was addressed by Catherine to the Minister, Cromwell, on hearing that her daughter (always delicate) was ill. The poor mother begs to see her child again, urging "the little comfort and mirth she would take with me would be half health to her." It is difficult to associate the idea of easy intercourse and merriment with Queen Catherine at the best of times. Although she is said to have relished lively discourse on occasions, we have always seen her a little heavy and solemn in her seriousness, even at the height of her prosperity; and not much cheer could be expected from her in those dreary days of banishment and adversity; but what will not a mother's love attempt and achieve where the welfare of a child is concerned?

The Queen's entreaty was not granted. There was a rumour of her having been offered, at an earlier date, the guardianship of Princess Mary, with an allowance in proportion to the position, on condition that she submitted to the King's will, and united with him in seeking to procure a divorce. It was further said, that having refused to submit, she was denied the boon of her daughter's company. But there was ample reason for the refusal on other grounds, even though King Henry never ceased to profess his perfect confidence in Catherine's many virtues, and his reverence for them. There can be no doubt that Catherine and Mary were the centre of a great political party in England, apart from the supporters of their claims abroad. In the eyes of the stricter Catholic nobility and gentry (the Poles, the Nevilles, the Courtneys, etc., etc.) who remained firm to their creed, Mary would be still the King's heir, let him marry whom he would in Catherine's lifetime; a large part of the Church, professing themselves impressed by the prophecies of Elizabeth Barton, who predicted the King's death if he did not repeat and return to Queen Catherine, held the same views. It was asserted that they had gone so far in their schemes as to plot the King's removal from the throne, on the plea that he had disqualified himself for reigning, and the proclamation of Mary as Sovereign in his stead. In these circumstances the safe custody of Mary became a question of the utmost importance, and to commit her to the keeping of her mother was a political impossibility.

In May, 1533, the sentence declaring Henry's marriage with Catherine null, and giving liberty to the contracting parties to marry elsewhere, was given in the Archbishop's Court held at Dunstable, and was read publicly in the Lady Chapel of Dunstable Priory. Thenceforth Catherine was addressed in all Court communications as Princess Dowager of Wales, in right of her widowhood to Arthur, Prince of Wales. The first time she saw herself thus addressed, she took up a pen and drew it through the offending words with such force that her erasure stands in a bold, black line on the State paper to this day. When bidden to give up her title of Queen, she rejected the proposal with great indignation from the bed on which she was lying, lame and sick: "I would rather be a poor beggar's wife, and sure of heaven," she protested, "than Queen of the world, and stand in doubt thereof by my own consent. I stick not so for vain-glory, but because I know myself to be the King's true wife, an you call me the King's subject; I was his subject while his wife." A good deal more she said with much point and plainness, utterly regardless of the fact that the sentence of contumaciousness had already been pronounced upon

her, and that to be accused of contumacious resistance to the King's will was no light matter in the England of those days.

It would not be fair to refuse to acknowledge that, seeing things as he and his counsellors did, Henry acted towards Catherine in her attitude of defiance to his will with some amount of respectful forbearance; compared to his later treatment of those who opposed him, his conduct was tolerance itself. His character was by no means destitute of magnanimity, till self-indulgence in every form—in a violent temper, among other undesirable defects, association with unprincipled and vicious companions, and health and strength fearfully squandered and ruined, had destroyed the balance of his nature. He could not let Catherine continue his Queen; he could not suffer her to stay where she liked; he was forced to deprive her of the company of her daughter; but whether actuated by a sense of justice, by lingering regard, or by dread of her kindred, he stopped short of persecuting her in any form, or of driving her from England. He allowed her to have her household and friends around her. He interfered very little with her visitors, native or foreign, though there was strong reason to believe that they were hostile to him. If her income of five thousand pounds a year, as Princess Dowager of Wales, was not paid regularly or fully from an exchequer no longer overflowing as when Henry succeeded to his father's hoards, it is quite possible that he was not aware of the remissness, or altogether accountable for it; and that it was the fault of the Minister Cromwell or of his subordinates.

From Ampthill, Catherine was removed to Mote, and then to the bishop's palace of Bugden, in Lincolnshire—localities which were all displeasing to her. She considered them damp and cold, while her wishes pointed to the neighbourhood of London, which on other grounds was not admissible as her place of residence. Her pecuniary affairs were in the uncomfortable condition in which they had been during the earlier years of her stay in England, without any fault of hers. Her ladies' salaries and servants' wages were in arrears, and she and her household were but scantily supplied with what was requisite for them.

To speed the lagging hours the deposed Queen and her ladies worked diligently on the rich embroidery used in altar cloths and ecclesiastical vestments. At the window of a chamber looking into the chapel, Catherine would pray for hours, both by day and night, on the bare stones, from which the cushions had been removed. Some of her servants reported that they found the stones against which her head had rested "wet as though a shower had rained upon them," from the tears which had poured from her eyes.

On Catherine's praying that she might be removed from Bugden, as the air was prejudicial to her health, Fotheringay, which had been settled on her as Princess of Wales, was appointed for her residence. But the ex-Queen regarded the choice as an attempt to entrap her into an appearance of consenting to her deposition, and doggedly declined the change, saying that though his Grace had the power, "yet ne may she, ne will she go, unless drawn with ropes."

Finally Kimbolton Castle was fixed upon

for her dwelling, though she objected to this arrangement also, because there the air blew from the fen countries, and was likely to be chilly and noxious to a foreigner and a native of the South. To Kimbolton Castle, however, she was sent, in despair of contenting her or of finding a more suitable home for her.

There is a pleasant description of Kimbolton, as it was then, given by one of its owners, and quoted by Miss Strickland. It had a "tower and gateway and double ditch." It was "a house buried in wood," with open uplands to the east and west, each knoll of which was crowned by either abbey tower or village spire—a green, bright country, full of deer and birds and fen wildfowl, free to the March winds, asking of its dwellers who would keep in health a good deal of exercise on horse and foot. But, alas! the Spanish-bred Catherine could neither walk nor ride.

She did not live more than two years at Kimbolton. Her health grew worse, till a report of her death reached King Henry from the Spanish ambassador, and startled and shocked him. On inquiry, her physician asserted that he had asked his patient to get more medical advice, and she had answered that she would in no wise have any other physician, but would wholly commit herself to the pleasure of God. It is said that Catherine again petitioned to see her daughter, from whom she had been separated for six years, who was by this time a young woman of nineteen years of age. But there is no evidence that this petition was ever made, though there is still extant a letter which Catherine wrote to Henry, assuring him of her love and forgiveness, which moved him to tears. It caused him to dispatch immediately to Kimbolton her nephew, the Emperor Charles' ambassador. He was to greet kindly from Henry his "dear sister," as he had styled Catherine from the time of their separation, and to act as the representative of her kindred and her countrymen in hearing the dying princess's last wishes, and in giving her the ambassador's council and support. There is every presumption that the same impulse of regret and pity induced Henry to grant leave to one of Catherine's earliest friends to repair to her side. This friend was one of the maids-of-honour who had accompanied the princess in her girlhood from Spain to England. Her Spanish name was Dona Maria de Salazar. She was the daughter of Don Salazar, a captain of Ferdinand of Arragon's guard, and was a relation of Catherine's. She had married Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and settled in England. She had been left a widow at twenty-eight years of age, and so was in one sense mistress of her actions; but, according to her own statement, she had the King's authority for the step she took. This faithful lady accomplished a long journey on horseback, in the depth of winter, and sustained in addition a heavy fall from her horse, before she arrived, on New Year's Day, 1536, at the gate of Kimbolton Castle. There was some demur at admitting her, but she pleaded cold and exhaustion, begged to go to a fire, and declared she had letters on her which would exonerate everybody from the responsibility of giving her entrance. She at last succeeded in reaching the sick woman, the

much honoured Dona Catalina of former days. What a meeting for the friends!

Catherine was happy in seeing and being able to speak in her mother tongue to both Lady Willoughby and the Imperial Ambassador, and in dying calmly in their presence. She was fifty years of age at the time of her death. Catherine's will was full of her natural thoughtfulness and conscientiousness. She chose her place of burial, and named the masses she wished to be said for her soul. She bequeathed the gold collar which she had brought with her from Spain, to her daughter. She referred to gowns of hers, apparently robes of state in the King's possession, and asked that they might be given to the convent in which she wished to be buried, with the exception of the fur on them, which she desired her daughter to have. She earnestly requested that small bounties, in proportion to their rank and length of service, might be bestowed on her ladies and servants, including "ten pounds to the little maidens, every one of them." She carefully recorded her few debts, among them her year's wage to her apothecary, the charge for making a gown which was due, and her laundress's bill.

It has been said that Catherine's wishes with regard to her place of burial ("in a convent of Observant Friars") were neglected; that there is no proof of her legacies and debts having been paid, and that Henry seized her effects by means of an unworthy subterfuge. But the fact is that the King destined for her a noble memorial; that the sole legacy she left, of which anything is known, is shown to have been paid; and that the course which Henry pursued with regard to Catherine's property was the only one legally open to him in the peculiar circumstances.

Catherine was buried with fitting honour in Peterborough Abbey, which was afterwards spared, it was believed for her sake, in the destruction of so many ecclesiastical edifices. Henry is reported to have said that "he would have to her memory one of the goodliest monuments in Christendom."

At Greenwich the King and his Court kept the funeral day of Catherine in mourning, with religious observances, while Anne Boleyn and her partisans were so self-engrossed and ill-advised as to rejoice openly.

Catherine's daughter Mary proposed to have her mother's body removed and placed in the tomb which should hold her own remains, but the intention was unfulfilled. A small brass plate has alone, from the first, marked the spot where Catherine lies. Local superstition has sought to raise other monuments to the pious, upright, hardly-used princess and woman. When Catherine's successor suffered a still more terrible doom, the church officials of Peterborough would have it that the tapers surrounding the hearse which had brought Catherine to her last resting-place a few months before, and still stood over her grave, were lit, and afterwards extinguished, of themselves. The legend of a royal ghost is one of the precious possessions of the present lords of Kimbolton. The vision of a stately lady in flowing white, wearing the regal crown of which she was deprived in life, glides in fancy through the old rooms, descends the turret stair, and kneels in the chapel.



wish to *make reparation*. He doted on poor Amy, and the sight of the children, and Weatherley's apology, and perhaps the flight of years, have softened his heart. I wish it would please God to give us all softer hearts."

"Pray don't add butter or dripping or any kind of grease to the wheels of your arguments, Belle. That sort of thing has no effect on me. Mr. Weatherley chooses to cut me and all my family *because this lad's* mother married my son contrary to his will. I had nothing to do with it. I didn't want his daughter, though I loved her dearly when she belonged to us, and did all I could to prolong her life—impoverished myself to try and save it, for Charlie and the children's sake. And all this time he was harder than iron, and would have let 'em all starve."

"No, grandfather," interrupted Wea-

therley. "He sent money through Aunt Dulcey; he did, indeed. And if mother had not gone to heaven when she did, if only she had lived, they would have been friends again. I think her death prevented it."

"I daresay it did. He fancied we had killed her amongst us, and grew harder than ever. Be that as it may, Master Weatherley, until he asks me, in person, to forget the past, I am not likely to do so; and I repeat that you must choose between us."

Saying this, Mr. Dauncey flung out of the room, leaving Belle and Weatherley in much distress. They discussed the subject, but could come to no decision beyond the natural one, that Charlie was the person to be consulted, and that his wish must be law.

"I love them both," said Weatherley. "I would offend neither. Indeed, I

could not leave grandfather Dauncey without his consent. I must tell the squire so; I think he would understand me."

"Do nothing till we hear from your father," said Belle. "Let us pray to our heavenly Father to order all things for us. He brings wonders to pass in a way we never dream of. If we could trust Him entirely, we need fear no evil, for He can turn even evil to good. It is strange that we cannot believe His promise to help all who trust in Him."

"I do believe it, Aunt Belle. Father and mother believed it, though they always said repentance and faith must go together. They were very, very sorry for having offended the squire, and I am sure they both repented."

"They certainly did," sighed Belle

(To be continued.)

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

By SARAH TYTLER.

VI.—ANNE BOLEYN (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR)*.

IN the room of the grave Spanish lady we have Anne Boleyn, whose singular attraction for her contemporaries seems to have lain rather more in her lively wit than in her piquante but by no means flawless beauty.

Anne, who was long declared to have been the elder, is now believed to have been the younger daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, or Bullen, of Blickling, Norfolk. Her mother, Lady Elizabeth Howard, was a daughter of the Duke of Norfolk's, and figured as a Court beauty amidst the many festivals of the early years of the marriage of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon. There is considerable uncertainty about the date of Anne's birth, some authorities giving it as 1507, but there is far greater probability in the statement which makes it 1501, the year in which Catherine came to England. Lady Elizabeth Boleyn, Anne's mother, died in 1512, when her younger daughter was in all likelihood eleven years of age. Anne, her sister Mary, and their brother spent their childhood and their youth between Blickling, with its grand avenues of oaks and chestnuts, and Hever Castle, in Kent. In both places the Boleyns had for near neighbours the family of Sir Henry Wyatt, who, in company with Sir Thomas Boleyn, was joint-governor of Norwich Castle. The future Queen, Anne Boleyn, and the future poet, Thomas Wyatt, and his sister Mary were early playfellows.

Anne was carefully educated in French as well as in English, and in music and needlework. Her attainments in French, for which she had a French governess, were sufficiently marked for the time to cause her to be chosen, at the age of seventeen (according to the more probable estimate of the date of her birth), as one of the young English ladies who were to accompany sixteen years old Mary Tudor to France, to join King Louis, to whom she had already been married by proxy at Greenwich.

As a necessary step to Anne's promotion (her eager, grateful anticipation of which is preserved in a girlish letter to her father, wherein she apologises for the faults in the composition, and tells him the French spelling is entirely "from her own head"), she had to

go to Court and be presented to Queen Catherine. In connection with this ceremony, the girl remarks enthusiastically that it will render her still more desirous of speaking and writing French if she is permitted to converse with "so sensible and elegant a princess."

One word of description of the eager, young girl, who went with so good a will in the Royal cavalcade to Dover, and waited in the Castle there till the stormy sea would suffer the King of France's bride to cross the Channel, who, a little later, figured in the splendours of Mary's wedding, at Abberville, and triumphal entrance into Paris. For if Anne did appear at Court, and reside in the Castle of Dover, her first meeting with Henry must surely have occurred long before the various periods at which the event is said to have taken place. She was a tall, slender, well-shaped girl, with black hair, dark eyes, and a brunette complexion. She had two curious defects in addition to the fact that one of her upper teeth projected slightly; on the little finger of her left hand there was a double nail, together with an indication of a sixth finger, while on her throat was a small wen or raised mole, called a strawberry, which she commonly covered by a collar band. Her voice was marvellously sweet, both in speaking and singing. Her vivacity and skill in repartee were from the first remarkable.

According to Du Boys, Sir Thomas Boleyn, Anne's father, was in the princess's suite. If so, he may have received permission to take with him his daughter Mary, though she was not in the regular retinue, since she finished her education in France while her sister Anne was there. Among the English girls of rank in Princess Mary's immediate suite, recent investigations have discovered sufficient proof to reckon Jane Seymour, as well as Anne Boleyn, the two being about the same age. Neither returned with Lady Guildford and the ladies sent back to England by King Louis, nor did they go home with Mary Tudor after she was Duchess of Suffolk. They had left her service on the death of the French king, when certainly Anne Boleyn, and it is believed Jane Seymour, were admitted by favour into the household of Queen Claude, the young wife of Francis I. The notion that Anne Boleyn retired for a time from Court service, and entered, by her father's wish, a convent school at Brie, in

order to render her French education more complete, doubtless arises from some confusion in which the sisters Mary and Anne Boleyn were mixed up together. To later students of their histories, Mary, not Anne, must have been the convent pupil.

If the young lives of Anne Boleyn and Jane Seymour, which were destined to cross each other tragically in later years, ran already in parallel lines, there is no evidence of such friendship between them as might have been expected to unite contemporaries and countrywomen in a foreign country. It is certain that Anne's popularity at the French Court far surpassed that of Jane, though the latter is said to have been the more regularly beautiful of the two. Anne's fascinations excited unbounded admiration among the gallant courtiers of Francis I. Even the Court ladies were fain to copy her style of dress, so quick, and without limit was her invention, so exquisite her taste. Next to this art, in the estimation of the gay throng, was the degree to which Anne excelled in singing, and in playing on the lute, harp, and rebec. Further, she was a proficient in dancing; so graceful and light-footed was she, that she not only reconciled the fastidious French to the skipping and bounding of the English *voltas* or *high dances*, she appears to have set the fashion in introducing them at a foreign Court, adapting and varying their figures, so as to lend them the charm of constant novelty. Never was there a gay, brilliant, thoughtless girl better qualified to be the star of a pleasure-loving Court.

The household of Queen Claude was no suitable field for such accomplishments and graces; but then the Queen's household was a gentle, modest contradiction in the middle of unbounded luxury and license. Poor Claude is a sweet and peaceful figure, relieved against a splendid, restless, vicious background. She was younger even than her young English maids-of-honour, or her beautiful English step-mother, who had reigned for so brief a space, been so short a time a "white widow," and then had wedded and sailed away with the lover of her youth. Claude, one of the two daughters of King Louis and Anne of Brittany, was not more than fifteen years of age when her husband Francis succeeded her father on the throne. She was meek and devout, "a quiet, narrow-chested girl . . .

* Agnes Strickland—Froude, Du Boys. A. M. F. Robinson's "Life of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Queen of Navarre."

gentle, pious, and awkward, with neat, pure features, and smooth-braided hair, that had no special charm or grace." "She sat in her chamber reading her missal, submitting to her mother-in-law, and embroidering red silken counterpanes." She left Francis's devoted mother and sister, Louise of Savoy, and Margaret d'Angoulême, Duchess d'Alençon, to help him to rule his kingdom; the one with an imperious, ambitious woman's strong will, the other with a tender-natured, intellectual woman's kindly graciousness, and dreamy far-reaching speculations. To both the girl-wife Claude, neglected by her dashing knight-errant of a husband, was but a child to be protected and petted, and left to the retirement she preferred. Her simple history had a pathetic ending. All along consumption had marked her for its victim, and she died at the age of twenty-five, leaving behind her a family of six little children, to whom her sister-in-law Margaret, the fanciful poet and story-teller, the ardent reformer and the charming woman of society, was a loving mother.

In Claude's lifetime her strenuous, honourable aim was to keep her ladies pious and virtuous amidst the surrounding levity and wickedness. Her patient practice was to lead them in procession to mass, as well as to have them to form her train in public, and to sit with them at their embroidery frames in private. So far from encouraging the idle dalliance and bold coquetry between the ladies and gentlemen of her suite, on which the Duchess Margaret smiled, Claude banished the gentlemen from her circle.

There was little field for a girl like Anne Boleyn in that convent-like household. One cannot help thinking that tranquil, docile Jane Seymour must have been much more to innocent young Claude's mind. But Anne was not fated to continue long in Claude's service. She passed from the Queen's household into the much more congenial establishment of the Duchess d'Alençon, in which the new-comer was better calculated to shine. To Duchess Margaret, with her love of art and beauty, her utter lack of personal jealousy, her passion for high-flown romance, and her impressionable, generous temper, the lovely, accomplished, witty maid-of-honour must have been a delight.

But what is to be said of the blue-eyed, fair-haired Margaret as a guide and example for youth? Her own conduct was free from reproach; she was good; she was even noble, in many respects. She was the foster-mother of the Renaissance—the new dawn of learning in France. She was the friend and protectress of the French Reformers. Not one of them desired more earnestly than she did the purification of the Church from its errors; not one was more sincere than she was in her mystical devotion. Yet withal she was an amiable, sentimental enthusiast, living in high-flown fantastic dreams. She was humane and compassionate; but she was also impractical to her finger-tips. She tried in vain to recall the picturesque unsubstantial visions of the vanishing middle ages. She could not realise what the world was to commonplace people of more worldly natures; worst of all, she had lived in a capital and court notoriously the most corrupt in Europe, till her moral sense was thoroughly blunted; she entirely dissociated religion and morals. Good herself, she was absolutely tolerant, well-nigh quiescent, where evil in others was concerned. She even suffered herself to be entertained and amused by it, of which there is ample proof in the stories she wrote and left behind her.

Under Margaret's care, Anne Boleyn, with her far harder and lower nature, was, to say the least, unsheltered from temptation. In the lively, adventure-loving, defiant company she learnt a freedom of speech and manner

which was no gain to her in after-life; and while still in France, before she was twenty, accusations of folly—not likely to be softened by censorious rivals—marred her fair reputation. There is a description of the beautiful, giddy girl preserved by an old French historian. She is described as wearing blue velvet with gold bells hanging from the points of the short mantle, the vest and surcoat starred with silver and lined with miniver. She has the great hanging sleeves which she had herself introduced at Court to hide the defect in one hand. Her feet are in blue velvet brodequins, with diamond stars. On her head is a cap—half cap, half veil—of gold-coloured gauze, beneath which her dark curls fall.

The brilliant and learned biographer of Margaret states authoritatively that Anne Boleyn attended her mistress to the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and that there she first met Henry VIII., which could hardly have been; nor can we discover elsewhere more than a presumption of her presence, in an entirely subordinate character, on the occasion.

In 1521 or 1522 Anne returned to England, in her twenty-first year, according to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, after an absence of three or four years. She was recalled, either by the threatening of war between England and France, or to further an arrangement of her father's. He had projected an alliance between one of his daughters and the heir of Sir Piers Butler, a kinsman of his own, by which a disputed inheritance might be amicably settled on the couple. Sir Thomas's elder daughter Mary had already entered into the first of the imprudent love-matches which excited the wrath of her family, and was, of course, *hors de combat*; therefore Anne, the younger daughter, was in request. If the suggestion had been carried out, history might have heard nothing more of poor, merry, reckless Anne Boleyn. She might still have redeemed the thoughtlessness of her exposed youth, by settling down into a noble English lady, content to be the fair and gentle châtelaine of her husband's castle. But that scheme, if seriously proposed, came to nothing, and instead Anne was appointed one of the maids-of-honour to Queen Catherine. There was the less chance of her continuing under her father's guardianship, since he had some time before taken as his second wife a lady of comparatively humble extraction, who, at the first glance, was not likely to be an acceptable stepmother to the granddaughter of the Duke of Norfolk and to the rest of her mother's kindred. Eventually Lady Boleyn and her daughter became great allies, and a warm attachment subsisted between them.

A very popular tradition assigns the garden at Hever as the scene of King Henry's first accidental encounter with Anne, when he is said to have been struck by her peculiar style of beauty, and still more pleased by the frank charm of her manner and conversation. She was calculated to adorn and enliven the Court, whose Royal gaieties flagged a little as years went by.

A third inference is that Henry's introduction to Anne occurred at Court, after she was Catherine's maid-of-honour. Be that as it may, without question she was the most admired of the beauties in Henry's palaces, as she had been in those of Francis; and her love of admiration grew on what it fed upon; so did her careless, scornful volatility, under which there was a certain sparkling hardness. It was a nature not incompatible with strong affections, and with possibilities of profound melancholy.

Another opening presented itself, by which Anne might have escaped her doom. In the ante-rooms of Sheen, Windsor, and Greenwich, in which jesting, laughing maids-of-honour congregated, a young nobleman in Wolsey's suite tarried till his heart was lost. The

original loser of the heart was Lord Percy, eldest son of the powerful Earl of Northumberland, and the winner was Mistress Anne Boleyn. She listened to the suit paid to her with gracious favour; for both love and ambition would have been satisfied if she had wedded Lord Percy.

But all the great powers of State interfered—Henry, Wolsey, and the Earl of Northumberland, and dared the young man to carry out his purpose. It is doubtful whether it had gone so far, as one of the evil, ambiguous troth-plights of the day, secretly entered into by the pair. For although Anne was made to confirm the suspicion just before her death, Lord Percy had already denied it on oath. To plead such a contract would have served them little at the time, since a similar contract, which might be made to mean anything or nothing, had already been formed by the Earl of Northumberland, between his son and a daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury's, and this the two fathers insisted on completing. The young peer offered some resistance, but assailed as he was on all sides, gave way and married Lady Mary Talbot, so that Anne lost both her lover and the opportunity of sharing a great earl's coronet.

Deeply mortified and bitterly resentful against her opponents, especially Wolsey, it is said Anne withdrew in some measure from Court, retiring to Hever, even returning to France, and there or at Hever she spent three more years. But in 1527 she was again, by her father's will, in waiting on Catherine of Arragon. Anne was now five-and-twenty years of age—in the meridian of her bright beauty and of the lightning play of her wit. What was called in solemnly mysterious language "the King's secret matter"—his intention of getting a divorce from Queen Catherine—was more and more bruited abroad, while to discerning eyes it was plain that Henry had fixed on Anne Boleyn as the Queen's successor.

Wolsey, striving for Henry's honour and authority, and through the King for his own and the Church's supremacy in England, could not believe in the infatuation which would place a subject in the room of the daughter of kings. But Henry's absolute subjection to the fancy of the hour, and his violent anger against all who attempted to cross his will, were gaining on him, and Anne's ambition was keeping pace with them. For she saw in the King's determination the means of indemnifying herself for her wrongs. She would solace her wounded pride. She would fill her starved and disappointed heart, empty of purer, sweeter aims, with the dreams of power which should replace the old craving for personal homage. She would overwhelm her rivals and enemies; she would promote to eminence and affluence her kindred and friends in the remotest degree. Before these great and terrible temptations, all loyalty and gratitude to her grave, sad mistress, whose majesty alone survived the wreck wrought in her by care and sorrow, paled and died—nay, was supplanted by insolent self-assertion and exultation in her own rising fortunes.

In adopting the King's views with regard to the rank she was to fill, Anne stooped to dissension, to pretend to bow down before the great Cardinal, to seek to win him over by flattery, while she never wavered in her implacable hatred to his person, and war against his claims.

At the same time it is not necessary to think that Anne Boleyn was solely influenced by self-seeking in her inclination to rank herself on the side of the reforming party in the Church, which was beginning to be headed by Cranmer. She had heard the most advanced doctrines of the Reformation freely discussed and eagerly favoured in the salon of Margaret d'Angoulême, while Anne herself was a woman of a quick wit and an independent, fearless

spirit. Du Boys, who is not her friend, states—while making a grossly unfounded assertion against the manner of living of the Reformers—that she brought her reformed doctrines from France with her.

Students of the time and of the man have remarked on the fearful deterioration in Henry's character under the influence of Anne, under the rack of suspense, and under the evil of his association with her friends and kindred. With hardly any exceptions, and among the last her worldly old father could not be reckoned, her natural allies were unprincipled, frivolous, and dissipated. Less attention, and that more indirect, has been bestowed on the deterioration in Anne, which was yet true and sad enough. Her habits of dainty self-indulgence increased; her passion for coquetry waxed stronger; an element of untruthfulness, hitherto absent from her nature, began to show itself. The naïveté in her fine eyes gave place to craft; her mouth, never the best feature in her face, showed symptoms of repellent coarseness.

Still a third loophole and warning offered itself to Anne before her destiny was sealed. When the "sweating sickness," which cost Mary Tudor her only son, came to England, Anne Boleyn was the first person at the Court attacked by the malady. She withdrew to Hever, where she was brought to the point of death. She recovered to meet another fate.

Henry had already created Anne's father Lord Rochefort, and in 1532 he created her Marchioness of Pembroke, with an income suited to the title. In October of the same year, Anne, as Marchioness of Pembroke, went in the train of Henry to Boulogne, where he had a second meeting with King Francis; but to her sore affront, her former acquaintance failed to bring with him the ladies of his family. Not even Anne's old easy-minded mistress would, by countenancing her, acknowledge her title to the position she was already assuming.

At last the lagging course of Henry's divorce from Queen Catherine approached its completion, and the public proclamation at Dunstable in May was anticipated by the private marriage at Whitehall, in January, 1533, of the King and Anne Boleyn. In April the marriage was more publicly solemnised, and in May the legality of the union was confirmed at Lambeth. Anne was then thirty-two years of age, still a beautiful and stately woman, in the portrait which represents her in a gown of tawny velvet, "studded with emeralds," matching in colour her green velvet mantle. She has a double row of pearls round her neck, partly hiding the mole on her throat; her coif is composed of rows of stringed pearls meeting a green velvet hood.

Anne was crowned with great ceremony and magnificence at Westminster, on Whit Sunday, the 1st of June. She went a few days before in a gala-*barge*—one of a fleet of fifty similar barges, "blazing with gold and streaming with banners," on her progress to the Tower. Before her was the Lord Mayor's barge, the stage of a gorgeously grotesque pageant, in which a dragon, with the usual attendant monsters, spirted wildfire into the Thames. At the Tower the King met and welcomed Anne with every mark of love and respect. She made a public entrance into London, like so many of her predecessors; she sat in a litter of white and gold, and she herself wore silver tissue lined with ermine; on her flowing hair she had the matron's coif and a circlet of rubies. A canopy of cloth of gold was borne over her head by four knights. Ladies of the highest rank in the country rode behind her, on palfreys and in chariots. The City outdid itself in pageants and decorations. On that day and the next, which was the day of her coronation, every fountain and conduit ran all day with wine, and the bells of every steeple rang lustily.

She was then the woman whom the King delighted to honour; but it was a significant fact that only the State of Venice and the Kingdom of France, among all the European powers, sent their ambassadors to represent them on the occasion.

Anne's child, a daughter, was born in Greenwich Palace, and christened Elizabeth, in honour of the King's mother. The child's sex was a severe disappointment to the King, who desired, above all things, male heirs; and to Anne, who, as mother of a Prince of Wales, might have hoped to see her prosperity indefinitely prolonged. The succession to the Crown was settled, in the first place, on the baby Elizabeth, to the exclusion of Catherine's grown-up daughter Mary; the title of Princess was taken from her, and she was styled simply "The Lady Mary."

For refusing to ratify the deed of settlement by their oath of allegiance, Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher, old and fast friends of Catherine's, were committed to the Tower, not without a shrewd suspicion that Anne instigated Henry to the tyrannous act. Then was spoken the famous prediction which has descended to posterity. When More's devoted daughter, Margaret Roper, visited him, he inquired how Queen Anne did.

"In faith, father, never better," Margaret answered. "There is nothing else in the Court but dancing and sport."

"Never better!" repeated Sir Thomas. "Alas! Meg, alas! it pitieth me to think into what misery, poor soul, she will shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances that she will spurn our heads off like footballs; but it will not be long ere her head will dance the like dance."

But history retains proofs that poor Anne, in the middle of her desperate, incurable, mocking levity, and that biting wit of hers, which kept telling her of the insecurity of her position, now that she had gained the prize she had coveted, was not without some visions of reigning worthily, like her former mistress, Margaret, now Queen of Navarre, and as became a Queen of England. She might dream of thus atoning for the betrayal of her late mistress Catherine, with whom Anne had been proud to converse when she came a country girl to Court, for the betrayal of that mistress's daughter, and the sins against Anne's conscience, which had paid dearly for a doubtful and precarious boon. It was partly due to her influence that the Bible was translated into English. She interposed to protect those who were exposed to danger in this service. She exerted herself to befriend Latimer; she won the praise of Cranmer. During her brief period of power she sent donations (also like Margaret) from her privy purse, to relieve distress in the country villages. She had schemes for introducing remunerative manufactures into the country. She wished that capable youths should receive college education at her expense. She hoped that their talents and learning might profit the church and the country. She made an effort to be more decorous and sedate in her demeanour, and more domestic in her ways, reviving the example of Queen Claude, even of Queen Catherine, in sitting at work among her ladies. Anne and her women are said to have executed some of the tapestry still extant at Hampton Court—more ambitious and creditable work than the red silk counterpanes which had exercised the needles of the ladies of France. Queen Margaret was likewise skilled in embroidery; but she possessed resources which, unfortunately, Anne, with all her gifts of music and dancing, did not own in nearly the same degree. Margaret kept a couple of secretaries, a man to the right and a man to the left of her, as she worked. To the one she dictated her large correspondence; to the other she recited the

pastorals, songs, and hymns which she improvised on the moment. Margaret was to the manner born; with all her anxieties and troubles, she could be tranquil and disengaged. But how the feverish pulses of Anne's restless heart throbbed! And how the very tenacity with which she clutched power, signified the absence of confidence in its stability, when she cried out—she might have grown deceitful but she was never reserved—with open joy on hearing the news that Catherine's sufferings and sorrows were ended! "Now I am indeed a Queen!" said Anne. She was washing her hands in a costly basin when the tidings were brought to her, and she immediately bestowed the basin on the messenger. With the same audacious, nay, indecent exhibition of delight, she congratulated her parents and friends on the removal of her enemy, whom she was to follow by a dark and blood-stained way in the course of four short months. On the day of Catherine's funeral, instead of the black which the King enjoined for the Court, Queen Anne and her ladies appeared in all the ostentatious gaiety of yellow. It was a mistake to suppose that yellow served as mourning in any Court in Europe, according to an explanation which some historians have attempted to give.

In January, 1536, Anne gave birth to a dead son—a misfortune which dealt another blow to her prospects. It was clear that her influence over Henry was on the wane, and not without some provocation on her side; apart from King Henry's shameful fickleness and recklessness, apparently, Anne could not overcome her inveterate vanity and levity. She had been free of speech to indiscretion always. After she was Queen she continued, except on rare occasions, impulsive and heedless, encouraging idle compliments and foolish pretensions, laying herself open to unwarrantable liberties from her attendants, because she would not take the trouble to keep them at a due distance, or to preserve her royal place, in half-despising the precautions required by her station, while she was yet resolute to retain that station. She had fits of hauteur succeeding her hours of unbridled relaxation*; but the hauteur would not repair the mischief which was done by the relaxation. Her conduct was particularly trying to a man of Henry's exacting, jealous temper, and with a single exception he had known nothing like it in the women of his family. His much-reverenced grandmother, Margaret of Richmond and Derby; his gentle mother, Elizabeth of York; his first wife, Catherine, were all models of high-bred dignity and propriety—absolutely beyond reproach. Mary Tudor had been betrayed into a little pardonable folly in her early girlhood; but her character in after-life had been that of a noble and stainless wife and mother; only his sister Margaret, whom Henry neither respected nor loved, had been as wilful and regardless a woman as he was a man. To increase his irritability, though he was little more than forty, his health was seriously failing. His great bulk was becoming heavy and unwieldy. He was lame from a painful ailment in one of his legs. The premature infirmity and suffering, which in the end maddened him almost to frenzy, were beginning to do their work.

Anne seemed to have a dim foreboding of what was coming upon her. Her health was not good, and her spirits were often depressed. She frequently shunned society, in which her place was no longer by the King's side. There was no more gay shooting at the batts, in which the two competed together. No more sweet singing and playing for one privileged listener, by an accomplished musician, whose

* Chapuys, the Emperor's Ambassador, wrote to his master of Anne's insolence to the old nobility, and of her treating her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, as no dog ought to have been treated.

gifts and skill had formerly entranced the best trained audiences. No more of the two-handed games of cards or dice, in which Anne, always fond of excitement on her own account, had sympathised with Henry's inordinate love of indoor sport, when he could not command out-of-door exercise: thus the pair had been accustomed to play together, winning and losing large sums of money in the process.

Anne had a great liking for dogs, while she abhorred the monkeys which Catherine had patronised. Anne's affection ranged over the whole canine race, from the spaniel which each maid of honour was allowed to keep, to the great boar or wolf-hound (her particular property) which accomplished the feat of killing a cow, down to the little dog called "Little Purboy," to which she was so much attached that, when it was accidentally killed, no one dared to tell her, till the King undertook the task. In those days of despondency and foreboding, she would wander with "Little Purboy's" former comrades in the remotest recesses of Greenwich Park, or she would sit for hours in the quadrangle of the palace, surrounded by the four-footed friends whom she found more faithful than many human satellites, listlessly playing with them or watching their gambols.

At last the blow fell; she was accused of high treason and infidelity to her marriage vows. It is quite impossible at this date to establish the truth or the falsehood of the outrageous and horrible accusations. A singular witness in Anne's favour has been found within the present generation. Chapuys's correspondence with his injured master has been discovered in the State archives in Vienna. Chapuys was Anne's deadly enemy. He hardly ever mentions her name without making use of an opprobrious epithet. He entertained the conviction, held by Catherine of Arragon and Princess Mary, that Anne was trying everything in her power to compass their deaths; yet not only was he evidently incredulous of her guilt, though he was satisfied that the King believed in it, he supplied proofs of the terrible atmosphere of hatred and malice which surrounded her. The principal nobility detested her. The Imperial party were hostile to her because she notoriously and uniformly took the part of France in the political complications of the day. The Roman Catholics abhorred her for the double reason that she favoured the Reformers and that she had taken the place of their rightful queen. The moment Henry's passionate regard for Anne appeared on the wane, and he had hardly spoken to her for months before she was accused, her innumerable enemies assailed her with every infamous charge which could be devised. The evidence laid before the members of the council, and the peers (already aware of the King's verdict) has long ago been destroyed, and the cautiously whispered contemporary opinions on her innocence or her guilt vary as widely as the contending religious and political factions of the period differed. The particular behaviour which brought her affairs to a crisis is thus described. With her natural love of talking and foolish jesting, she had betrayed a lamentable lack of delicacy and of good feeling, even at a time when manners were coarser than they are to-day, by referring lightly, in speaking to one of the members of her household, as to what might happen and whom she might marry if the King died, winding up the flighty tirade by declaring it should not be her hearer, in spite of his professions of regard for her. Anne's second conspicuous offence was, that when present at a tilting-match at Greenwich, she threw down her handkerchief to one of the combatants, who, after wiping his heated brow with it, or kissing it—according to different views of his action—took it upon him to return the handkerchief to the Queen on the point of his lance, when Henry immediately quitted

the tilting-yard in a towering passion. Yet, silly and unbecoming as the proceeding was, it would have been simply looked upon as a piece of poetic license, from Queen or lady, prince or gentleman, in the household of Margaret d'Angoulême, in which Anne spent the most impressionable days of her youth. When one thinks of it, was not what is known of Anne's objectionable bearing, and of the bearing of her courtiers, which reflected hers, but a transplanting to an uncongenial soil, a vulgar, matter-of-fact, misunderstood rendering of the gay and gallant doings in what was called Margaret's "Court of Love"? There high-flown homage and platonic devotion were banded on all sides, and addressed to Margaret herself, without a thought of blame. But the high-born lady of the revels was merely playing at a fanciful game, the dream of a poet. She was far removed from any ordinary interpretation of the situation. She knew how, when, and where to make her courtiers stop by her very faculty of pure idealisation and imaginativeness.

This we do know of Anne in her adversity, that in her native land she was more forlorn than the foreigner Catherine was in her evil day. The accusations brought against Anne were infinitely more crushing and disgraceful. So far from having many friends among her countrymen, some of her kindred were among her accusers. These included her sister-in-law, Lady Rochefort, with whom Anne had always been on bad terms, and her uncle the Duke of Norfolk. He was a distinguished soldier, while he is also described as "a small, spare, dark man, with cruel lips, and a more cruel temper." He is said to have treated Anne with marked rudeness while she was under examination at Greenwich. "Tut, tut!" he cried, in answer to her protestations of innocence. It was he who conducted her to the Tower on the 2nd of May, 1536. Just three years after she had entered the gloomy precincts, in the triumph of her approaching coronation, she returned by the Traitor's Gate a hapless prisoner.

When taken to her former lodging she protested "it is too good for me." Whether with the satire which rose so readily to her lips, whether from a sense of retribution because of the mistress at whose downfall and death Anne had rejoiced when the spring was still young. Probably both feelings, however opposed, were at work in her mind, for she added, "Jesu, have mercy on me!" and burst into tears; and the next instant broke into laughter; and this inclination to bitter laughter continued with her at intervals during the short and doleful time that was left to her.

But Anne did not fail in serious realisation of what was likely to be her end, and in preparing for it. While protesting her innocence, she desired to have the sacrament in her closet, that she might pray for mercy. She cried, "Oh, my mother, thou wilt die for sorrow!" referring to the homely stepmother whom Anne had learned to love better than the worldly father, who had become by a fresh creation Earl of Wiltshire.

Anne had already left directions for the care of her little daughter Elizabeth, nearly three years of age, with her chaplain. If she begged to see her child, there is no record of the petition. But it was remembered that she sorely regretted her conduct to "the Lady Mary," Catherine's daughter, whom Anne had helped to part, not only from her mother, but also from her father.

She wrote to the King* asserting her loyalty, beseeching him to do her justice, and praying God to pardon him if he condemned her. If her fate was sealed, she implored him to consider favourably the case of the innocent gentlemen who were in the same strait with her,

accused of complicity in her guilt, and likewise lying in the Tower.

To the Council of Peers which tried and condemned Anne, her former lover, Lord Percy, who had succeeded his father in the earldom of Northumberland, was summoned. He obeyed the summons, but was seized with sudden illness, and left the hall of the Tower before the trial began. He did not long survive the woman he had loved.

The Queen defended herself wisely and well, as it was acknowledged; but while the rumour without was that she had cleared herself, her condemnation was a foregone conclusion. She heard with composure the terrible sentence, which even Norfolk pronounced with tears—"To be burnt or beheaded, at the King's pleasure." When her stern uncle finished the words, she appealed to Heaven with clasped hands and raised eyes. "Oh, Father! Oh, Creator! Thou, who art the Way, the Life, and the Truth, knowest whether I have deserved this death." She again addressed the Court, declaring that she had ever been a faithful wife to the King, though she did not say that she had shown him that humility which his goodness to her and the honour to which he had raised her merited.

Anne then left the Court quietly and with dignity. The King signed the Queen's death-warrant, and afterwards sent Cranmer to her. Cranmer advised her to submit, and it was believed at the time that she took the advice in the sense that if she submitted, her sentence might be commuted to banishment.

On the 18th of May, Anne, as part of her submission, consented to be taken to the Archbishop's palace of Lambeth, and to go through the form of appointing proctors, who admitted in her name that she had entered into a previous contract of marriage before she was wedded to Henry, on which Cranmer declared her marriage with the King null and void.

On Anne's return to the Tower, the tolling of the bell announced to her that her brother, and the other gentlemen sentenced with him, had passed to execution, and any hope she might have entertained of the remission of her sentence was dashed to the ground. The Queen herself was to be beheaded on the following day, on Tower Green, before St. Peter's Church. On the eve of her death she is said to have written some pathetic verses; but it is more likely that they are due to a compassionate contemporary. The verses begin thus:—

"Oh, death, rock me asleep!
Bring on my quiet rest:
Let pass my very guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast.
Ring out the doleful knell,
Let it sound my death-toll:
For I must die,
There is no remedy—
For now I die."

Anne was the first Queen of England or noble English lady who was sentenced to die on the scaffold. For this reason a French headsman was brought to England to do the deed. Anne had loved France and French fashions, but she could little have anticipated the last with which she had to do.

The Queen spent a long morning in devotion, in the course of which she summoned the Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir William Kingston, to hear her last protestation of innocence before she partook of the sacrament. There was a little unexpected delay in the execution, which did not take place till noon. The delay was the result of an attempt to keep the hour unfixed and unknown to the last, in order to avoid any public demonstration. For however ill the people had taken a subject's promotion, and however free they had made with the name of "Nan Bullen" in the days of her prosperity, her melancholy fate awoke indig-

* The authenticity of the letter is disputed.

nation and pity. Anne sent for the Lieutenant, and said she was very sorry for the delay, because she *had thought* to be dead by that time and past her pain.

She was answered, the pain would be little; it was so subtle.

On which she replied—"I have heard say the executioner is very good, and I have a little neck," putting her hands about it, laughing.

This was the last of poor Anne's repartees, and the utterance of it, at such a moment, caused the listener to protest and wonder—"I have seen men and women also executed, and they have been in great sorrow; but to my knowledge this lady hath much joy and pleasure in her death." But Anne's laughter was not for joy when it was all the answer she gave to the assertion made to her that she would receive justice at the King's hands. She had sometimes spoken wildly and wanderingly to the elder ladies placed around her (selected from the set which had been adverse to her), as if the enormity of her injuries were turning her brain. She had declared there would be no rain till she was out of the Tower. She had threatened that if she died, there would be the greatest punishment for her that had ever fallen on England. The next moment she had talked lightly again, and laughed idly.

According to Lord Bacon, who believed Anne innocent, she sent one more message to the King, which the messenger dared not deliver. It was full of her ready wit, if not of her quick mirth. "Commend me to His Majesty," she said, "and tell him he hathe ever been constant in his career of advancing me. From a private gentlewoman he made me a marchioness and a queen, and now he hath left no higher degree of honour, he gives my innocence the crown of martyrdom."

The Queen is said to have bestowed on the officer on guard, named Gwyn, in token of her

gratitude for his "respectful conduct to her," a small golden *étui*, richly chased, in the form of a pistol, the barrel serving for a whistle and enclosing a set of toothpicks. There is a further tradition that she told him it was the King's first gift to her.

When the hour for the execution arrived, Anne was led out by the Lieutenant of the Tower. She wore a black damask gown, with a deep white cape. In the opinion of an eyewitness, she had never looked so beautiful. She was still not more than thirty-six years of age. She was attended by the maids of honour who, with the elder ladies, had been with her in the Tower.

Among the maids was her early playfellow, Mary Wyatt; for Anne had always remained faithful to the Wyatts, and the Wyatts were faithful to her. Thomas Wyatt, the poet brother, admired her, narrowly escaped perishing with her, and though restored to the favour of Henry, continued to defend Anne's memory to the last of his life.

Around was a circle, in which were the Lord Mayor—with the other civic authorities—Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the Secretary of State, Thomas Cromwell, etc.

Anne asked leave to speak to the authorities, but said little. One report of her speech is lifelike. "Masters, I here humbly submit me to the law, as the law hath judged me; and as for my offences (I here accuse no man), God knoweth them; I remit them to God, beseeching Him to have mercy on my soul, and I beseech Jesu to save my sovereign and master, the King, the most godliest, noblest, and gentlest prince that is, and make him long to reign over you." It should be remembered that exaggerated praise of the King and honour to him in all circumstances, at all hazards, was the rule in that generation. It was a curious, strained example of lip-loyalty. If Anne made any vague reference to her cause, it was to say that she was not

there to accuse her enemies or defend herself, and if any man would meddle with her matter, she required him to judge the best. She thus took leave of the world and her audience. She is said to have spoken with a smile on her lips.

With her own hands she removed her little hat and collar, and put on a linen cap. She took a kind farewell of her ladies, and gave to Mary Wyatt a little book of devotion, which the Queen had carried in her hand.* According to one account, she refused to let her eyes be covered, and as her gaze disturbed the executioner, he signed to an assistant to advance, as if to deal the blow, on one side, while the principal headsman came forward, without his shoes, on the other. The Queen turned her eyes to the side from which she heard approaching footsteps, and at that moment the sword fell.

On that summer day, away in the oak and chestnut shades of Blickling, and in the gardens of Hever Castle, the birds sang as merrily as ever. In the ante-chambers and corridors of the Louvre, brilliant courtiers and gay ladies thronged and chattered and laughed, while she, who had been a bright child under those trees and in those walks; a merry, beautiful girl, the admired of all admirers among the great and noble, perished by a violent, shameful death, and slept in a bloody grave. Where her dust rests is uncertain; most probably she was buried, like so many victims of that and of succeeding reigns, within the Church of St. Peter, on Tower Green. Just possibly, as her Norfolk kinsfolk liked to believe, permission was granted for her body to be removed in silence and secrecy to her native county, and laid with her ancestors in their vault in the old church of Salle.

* The *étui* presented to Gwyn and the little book given to Mary Wyatt were both exhibited in the Tudor Exhibition.



DRESS: IN SEASON AND IN REASON.

By "THE LADY DRESSMAKER."

THE last days of June and the earliest of July are very commonly the busiest days of the whole season in London amongst those who seek it for amusement or for sightseeing. Nevertheless, it is a thing rarely taken into consideration, by either women or girls, how early their new summer things will be required. The lack of forethought on this subject leads to disappointment for themselves, and, what is a still greater evil, to cruelty in driving others into over-work and undue haste in order to complete it. By the first week in May, or even the last weeks of April, there is quite enough novelty to enable us to do our shopping and have our gowns comfortably at home by the middle of May. How often one hears of people saying, "I have just had to fly off and order a gown in a hurry for so-and-so; I never thought about my best summer gown for out-of-door festivities;" and so the poor workpeople are even more hurried than they would have been by the neglect. If you make up your mind *once for all that you* are certain to need two gowns in the spring, it will save you much

trouble and some expense; for things got in a hurry are certain to be what you do not want ultimately. In fact, you generally take what you can get at the time—perhaps even what can be made the quickest—so as to be in time for what you require. Now, these dresses you need in the spring are sure to be, first, a woollen one, tailor-made or otherwise, but certainly of wool, and suitable for ordinary walking out, while sufficiently in the fashion to wear through the year. The other gown must be of a more dressy character, of whatever material happens to be in vogue, be it surah, pongée, or any other kind of thin silk; or cashmere and silk, ladies' cloth and silk, or any other thing that happens to be in wear. With these two gowns you should have quite sufficient change to look well at all times; and your bonnets or hats should be chosen to suit either. It will depend on what else you have in stock what further you need; but there are few people without a good skirt, for which they can purchase a blouse or a jersey, to wear together in the house. For

though I like to help you to look your best out of doors, I do not wish you to expend all you have on that, to the exclusion of a pretty and tidy gown for home use. If our elderly gowns be properly cared for, they may be relied upon to present a nice appearance at home; there is the place, after all, to look for indications of character and refinement.

In the autumn, at the end of October or beginning of November, as soon as we have looked carefully about us, and made up our minds as to the best material and style, we should choose our winter gown, bonnet, or hat. For home use and other wear we shall have our woollen dress, bought in the spring, while our best summer dress will answer for second best in the early days of spring, before we begin to wear our new gowns. The winter dress will need some thought, and should be well up to the new style, as in that case it will, if well worn, do far better service to us, and not look old-fashioned the second winter. A Frenchwoman never wears her out-of-door dress in

The pseudonym of "Mrs. Alexander" covers the identity of one of our best known and most popular of authors, Mrs. Hector, who wrote "The Admiral's Ward" (1882), and "The Executor" (1883), besides others. Under the name of "Theo Gift," Miss Dora Havers writes "Pretty Miss Bellew"; and Mrs. Maggie Argles writes under the name of "The Duchess"; Mrs. Eliza M. J. Booth is "Rita"; "E. Owens Blackburne" is the pen name of Miss Elizabeth Casey, and "Hesba Stretton" serves to conceal Miss Hannah Smith's identity, the author of "Jessica's First Prayer," perhaps the most widely circulated in all lands of any short story ever written. The list of this lady's works is a very long one—upwards of forty volumes, large and small. Miss Henrietta Keddie, under the name of "Sarah Tytler," is the author of "Papers for Thoughtful Girls." Miss Eliza Meteyard is well known as "Silver-pen"; and "Edith May," the author of "Kate's Story," is Miss Anna J. Drinkwater. The famous "Meg Dods" of the cookery book is Mrs. Johnstone; and "Ouida" is Miss Louise de la Ramée. "Violet Fane" is Mrs. Singleton; and Miss M. B. Stuart writes under the name of "Grace Mortimer."

The next class of noms de plume consists of those which have, perhaps, become so unintentionally by the marriage of the authoress. In art, we have an instance of this in Adelaide Claxton, now Mrs. G. G. Turner; Miss Thackeray, now Mrs. Richie; Miss Annie Thomas, now Mrs. Pender Cudlip; Miss Helen Mathers, now Mrs. Henry Reeves; Miss L. T. Meade, Mrs. Alfred Toulmin Smith; May Laffan, Mrs. Noel Hartley; Isa Craig, Mrs. John Knox; Miss Clayton, Mrs. Needham;

Miss Thompson, Lady Butler; Miss Buckley, Mrs. Fisher; Madame Albani, Mrs. Ernest Gye; and others. It sometimes happens that women give up working in their professions, whether in literature, art, or music, on their marriage, but not often, as the foregoing list will prove.

One of the most frequent forms of the nom de plume is "By the Author of So-and-so." This was the style used for many years by Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and Mrs. Archer Clive, the author of "Paul Ferroll" and "Why Paul Ferroll Killed his Wife" (1855-1860), adopted the same idea. Miss Charlotte Yonge was and is generally described as "The Author of 'The Heir of Redclyffe,'" and Miss Charlesworth, as the well-known author of that most popular work, "Ministering Children;" the same seems also the case with Miss Anne Manning, who wrote "Mary Powell" and the "Household of Sir Thomas More." In the instance of Mrs. Charles Barnard, commonly known as "Claribel," the author of many popular songs and a volume of poetry, the personality of the authoress seems completely merged in her nom de plume. The identity of the author of the "Chronicles of the Schönberg Cotta Family," the "Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan," and other books that have taken an immense hold on youthful as well as on elder minds, seems also to be wrapped up in her lifelike and vivid creations. The mental effects of her books are immense; no one could read them without feeling all their powers awakened to strive towards a new and higher life. Mrs. Elizabeth Charles, the writer, is a daughter of the late John Rundle, Esq., for many years

M.P. for Tavistock, and married, in 1851, A. P. Charles, Esq., who died in 1868. Mrs. Charles was born in 1828, at Tavistock, in Devon, and began to write in 1850. She is the author of about thirty books, most of them valuable additions to the history and literature of the Christian Church. The author of "Charles Anchester," a well-known musical tale, was Miss Sheppard; and "Emilia Wyndham" was the work of Mrs. Anne Marsh.

Four of the most excellent of our children's books are by Mrs. J. Mortimer, who is best known as the author of "Line upon Line" and "Precept upon Precept," and not least amongst them "The Peep of Day" and "Reading without Tears." The author of "Our Farm of Four Acres" was Miss Coulton; and the Hon. Emily Eden is best known as that of the "Semi-detached House." Another of these instances is that of the Baroness Tautpfeus, whose name is not so familiar to the ordinary mind as is that of the interesting tales of which she is the author—"The Initials," "Quits" and "At Odds." The German atmosphere in "Quits" is wonderful. The Baroness is of Welsh origin, and was a Miss Montgomery before she married the Baron Tautpfeus, the Chamberlain of the King of Bavaria. The Baroness began to write in 1850, and all her books have seen many editions.

In my next article I propose to deal with the writers who have adopted male noms de plume, which, to my mind, marks a distinct advance in many ways in women's thoughts and feelings.

(To be concluded.)

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES:

VII.—JANE SEYMOUR* (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR).



HENRY VIII. showed a strange incapacity to avail himself of previous experience, and an equally strange indifference

to old associations, by marrying for his third wife a second maid-of-honour, who, like Anne Boleyn, had spent a

portion of her youth in France, where Anne was supposed to have learnt her freedom of speech and manner. But, at least, the King indicated something of the alarm and repulsion with which his late wife's foolish conduct had inspired him, by choosing for the next partner of his throne a woman who, though she had passed through the same hurtful ordeal which had helped to mould Anne, was from the first as quiet and staid as her former companion was sprightly and giddy. Except in the detail of receiving and accepting a royal lover's suit, a worse than doubtful honour, which in those days seemed utterly to dazzle and blind the recipient where higher considerations and finer feelings were concerned, Jane Seymour went through a not very long life with the modest reserve and wise abstention from meddling with questions out of her province,

characteristic of those happiest of private women who have no history. Hers was not the distinction (which compelled precedence) of surpassing excellence in the much-prized accomplishments of singing and dancing, or of a reckless, witty tongue. She had the gift of beauty, certainly; but it was beauty of a tranquil, it might be slightly inanimate, type.* Her other gifts were comprised in her common-sense and prudence—excellent qualities in women and queens—and in that good nature which caused her to weigh more calmly and deal more fairly with conflicting claims than ever Anne Boleyn or Catherine of Aragon had done. If Jane Seymour had not the grandiose dignity of the cruelly-used daughter of kings, she had the ordinary respect-inspiring merit of a woman who had tried, for the most part, throughout her life, to do her best according to her light.

It is no grave disparagement to either Jane Seymour or Anne Boleyn to say that, differing widely as they did in dispositions and standards, they could never, however intimately associated at different periods of their lives, have been friends; indeed, no historian pretends they were. Judging from human nature in the abstract, it is much more likely that both as girls and women they misunderstood and misjudged each other, and were more or less opposed from the first. Therefore no bond of friendship was necessarily outraged by the marriage which rendered Jane Anne's successor; and when one considers that the two had served as equals in the Courts of Mary Tudor, when Queen of France, and of Claude,

who succeeded Mary, it is rather idle to speak of Jane's disloyalty to a mistress who had formerly been her fellow-servant, and had not been her mistress for more than three years at the utmost.

The great stain on Jane's name and memory is her prompt acceptance of Henry's suit—unseemly in time if not in place—and her consent to marry him with indecent haste. How much a royal tyrant's despotic will, as well as the dread of losing his fleeting favour, or how much the urgent recommendation of his council and peers, that Henry should marry immediately, had to do with this error, is no longer within a chronicler's power to decipher.

As part of the wholesome obscurity which surrounded Jane Seymour's early days, little or nothing is remembered of them—even the date of her birth has not been preserved. It is known that she was one of the daughters of Sir John Seymour, of Wolf Hall, Wiltshire, and of Margaret Wentworth, daughter of Sir John Wentworth of Nettlestead, Suffolk. She is understood to have been one of eight children. There is proof sufficient to show that she went along with Anne Boleyn to France, in the suite of Mary Tudor, and, like Anne, passed into the service of Queen Claude.

A portrait of Jane as a maid-of-honour has been discovered in the Louvre, and serves to prove how fair of face the young English-woman was at this date. If no other record survives of her attractions, such as was retained of Anne Boleyn's manifold charms, Jane escaped the poignant shafts of envy and detraction—no evil tongues were busy with her name.

More than ten years afterwards Sir John Seymour made interest to have his daughter

* According to Chapuys (the Imperial ambassador), Jane was short, fair, rather pale, "of no great beauty"; but tastes differ.

* Agnes Strickland. Froude.

appointed one of the maids-of-honour to Queen Anne, doubtless putting more weight on their former connection than it was worth; anyhow he gained his suit.

At the time of Anne's death, Jane Seymour was at her father's house in Wiltshire, where preparations were going on with such haste for her marriage with the King, that they were actually wedded on the 20th of May, 1536, the day after Anne's execution.*

Anne's melancholy fate had produced no softening of Henry's wrath against her, a result which reads as if he had persuaded himself of her guilt. He may also have persuaded Jane Seymour of Anne's worthlessness, so that the two came to regard, with a perverted logic, their immediate marriage as "a tragic necessity," a righteous protest against the dead woman's crimes, and an emphatic assertion that they had a right to behave as if she had never been.

It would appear that when Henry arrived at this frame of mind with regard to any of his queens, he was of opinion that a fresh marriage blotted out the previous one, alike in his own eyes and in those of his subjects, and that therefore the sooner it was accomplished the better for all parties.

In looking back on the dim past, there are two ideas little short of manias of the men of the time, the paramount effect of which strikes and startles us. There was a divinity which hedged a king, so that unless it came to the point of his being deposed and slain, he was rendered absolutely exempt from censure, and from well-nigh all responsibility in public judgment and speech. There was a haunting dread of the King's dying without direct heirs, and so plunging the country into the miseries of civil war, such as happened on the accession of Mary. With Mary set aside, and Elizabeth also dispossessed of her inheritance, the King's successor could only be looked for amidst a company of contending claimants.

There is a grim and grisly legend that Henry waited, either in Richmond Park or in Epping Forest, surrounded by his huntsmen and hounds, under the pretence of being engaged in the chase, for the signal gun from the Tower which should announce that he was free from the last link that bound him to Anne Boleyn. Then the King and his train turned in the direction of Sir John Seymour's seat, where they arrived the same night, on the eve of the royal bridal. But there was no call for so dramatically unnatural a situation. There were decorous messengers in abundance to carry the news, to the person principally concerned, with more certainty and privacy.

The fact that the bridegroom as well as the bride wore white—a custom then dying out for men of Henry's age and size—at the ill-omened marriage, may have been significant of the asserted integrity of the motives of the pair. The same day the newly-married couple dined at Marwell. They proceeded next to Winchester, and arrived at last in London about the season of Whitsuntide, the time of the year which figured so conspicuously and so often in Henry's nuptial rejoicings. On St. Peter's Eve the King took the new Queen to Mercers' Hall, where she stood by one of the windows to witness the annual ceremony of setting the City Watch.

In the first Parliament after the King's third marriage a bill was passed, excluding Henry's two children by his former marriages from the succession to the crown, which was settled on the heirs of King Henry and Queen Jane.

Miss Strickland quotes a singular instance in which the new Queen was favoured by

a compliment intended for her predecessor. Coverdale's English Bible, published at Zürich in 1535, was dedicated to King Henry and Queen Anne, and an attempt was made to cause the dedication to suit the change in the Royal Family by printing the letter "J" over the name Anne.

As on a former occasion, the whole kindred and connections of Jane Seymour profited by her elevation to the throne. They filled the places formerly occupied by the displaced and superseded Boleyns, the whole unblushing system being a strong argument against the marriage of a king with a subject. But as far as Queen Jane's personal influence went, she exerted herself to enlist the King's interest in "the Lady Mary." Even before her marriage, Jane had advocated the cause of Mary, for whom she had displayed a kindly regard.* Mary, in her turn, always viewed her step-mother Queen Jane as her good friend. By Jane's instrumentality, Henry was partially reconciled to his daughter, at this time in her twenty-third year, and Mary came several times on visits to the Court during Jane's reign. The concession was gracious and honourable in the woman, who was herself walking on a slippery path, and that so blamelessly that it could be said of her, "her name was mentioned both by Protestants and Catholics with unreserved respect." The writer whose verdict is least favourable to Jane Seymour, while the Queen reaped golden opinions from other historians, including her contemporaries, remarks, as the worst judgment that could be passed on her behaviour after she was Queen: "She purposely steered her course of royalty so that her manners appeared diametrically opposed to those of Queen Anne, while her actions were utterly passive and dependent on those of the King."

As to the first count, to say Queen Jane had royal manners, totally unlike those of Queen Anne, was a considerable meed of praise to Queen Jane. With regard to the second indictment, how her actions could have been active and independent of those of such a lord and sovereign as King Hal—rapidly waxing brutal in his bluntness—it would be hard to say. Jane Seymour's motto was "Bound to obey and serve"; Anne Boleyn's had been "Me and mine."

In the January following Jane Seymour's marriage, that of 1537, the rare event occurred of the freezing of the Thames; so that she crossed it on horseback, in the company of the King, on their way to Greenwich Palace. In the following summer she was with the King in a progress to Canterbury.

Her coronation, for which she does not seem to have pressed, was deferred on account of the ravages of a pestilence then raging in the country. Therefore, in lieu of the gorgeous accounts of state dress and princely pageant, which none gives better or with greater zest than Miss Strickland, she furnishes us with two personal descriptions of the Queen, taken from a drawing and a picture of Hans Holbein's, in which the writer hardly leaves Queen Jane the claim to a vestige of the beauty for which she was celebrated in her day. "Coarse and apathetic-looking"; "a large face, with small features"; "the expression sinister"; "the mouth very small"; "the lips thin, and closely compressed"; "the eyebrows very faintly marked"; "high cheek-bones, and a thickness at the point of the nose." To crown the condemnation, the comment is added that Holbein "generally gave a faithful representation of his subjects." The more finished portrait is admitted to be less unfavourable; the complexion

is allowed to be fine, and the features regular. Still, even here the expression is reckoned "cold and hard," while the figure is pronounced "stiff," and the elbows "very square." Nay, though no fault is found with the flowing scarlet robe, the representation of a little poodle-curl up on it comes in for its share in the detraction: "A queer little white poodle; and which looks the sourest, the mistress or dog, it would be difficult to describe." Blue-eyed, fair-skinned Jane Seymour, serene and discreet, the aspersions of your beauty and temper will not trouble you now—they were praised enough in their generation.

Jane's child was born at Hampton Palace on October 12, 1537, with great danger to the mother, during which she is said to have begged those around her "To take care of her infant in preference to herself." The child was a boy, and his entrance into the world was hailed with almost mad rejoicing. His christening was conducted with the greatest pomp. The procession went by torchlight from the Queen's chamber to the chapel in Wolsey's palace. We may take it for granted it was by the motherly Queen's wish that the two princesses, Mary and Elizabeth, figured prominently in the ceremony. Mary presented the child at the font to Archbishop Cranmer. Elizabeth, a little girl of four, carried the chrisom while herself borne in the arms of the Queen's brother. The inveterate old courtier, the Earl of Wiltshire, father of Anne Boleyn, was not conspicuous by his absence; he appeared bearing a white wax taper, and having a towel hung round his neck. As the boy had been born on the eve of St. Edward's Day, he was named Edward, and was carried back to his proud mother's apartment to receive her blessing.

But sorrow succeeds joy, as night follows day. The Queen had caught a chill, had eaten some unsuitable food, and was seized with violent illness. After one or two alternations in her condition, she died in the night of the 24th of October, to the great grief of the King and the universal lamentation of the nation. Calculating her age as near that of Mary Tudor, Queen of France, and Anne Boleyn, she must have been thirty-six or thirty-seven years of age when she died.* The Queen's body was embalmed, and lay in state for several days. It was removed from Hampton Court to Windsor, and buried in St. George's Chapel with every honour. The old custom of having a waxen image of the deceased exposed in the funeral-car was in full force. The image which represented Jane Seymour was clothed in her robes of state, wore a crown, beneath which the long hair fell on the shoulders, a gold sceptre was in the right hand, the fingers were covered with rings, and the neck with jewels. The shoes and hose were of gold cloth; the head rested on a pillow of gold cloth and gems. Throughout the funeral-rites "the Lady Mary" acted as chief mourner.

Henry spent the first part of his widowerhood in strict retirement. He and the whole Court remained in deep mourning for three months. It was the solitary instance in which Henry put on mourning for a wife; that which he wore for one day, in recognition of the funeral day of Catherine of Arragon, was ostensibly mourning for a sister-in-law. As a further proof of his tender friendship for Jane, the King desired that "the bones and body of his true and loving wife Jane were to be placed in his tomb." In 1813 Jane Seymour's coffin was discovered and left close to the gigantic skeleton of Henry VIII., which had been previously exposed. The vault which contains both is now sealed up.

SARAH TYTLER.

* Chapuys wrote that Jane was in London, and went the day after Anne's execution to the palace where the marriage contract was signed. He was greatly surprised and a good deal disgusted by the marriage, but acknowledged that it gave general satisfaction.

* Chapuys referred to Jane Seymour's "great affection for Princess Mary." Elsewhere he reported that it was said Queen Jane was proud and haughty, an impression given probably by the difference between her manner and Anne's.

* Chapuys made her only twenty-five at the time of her marriage, which must have been an error.

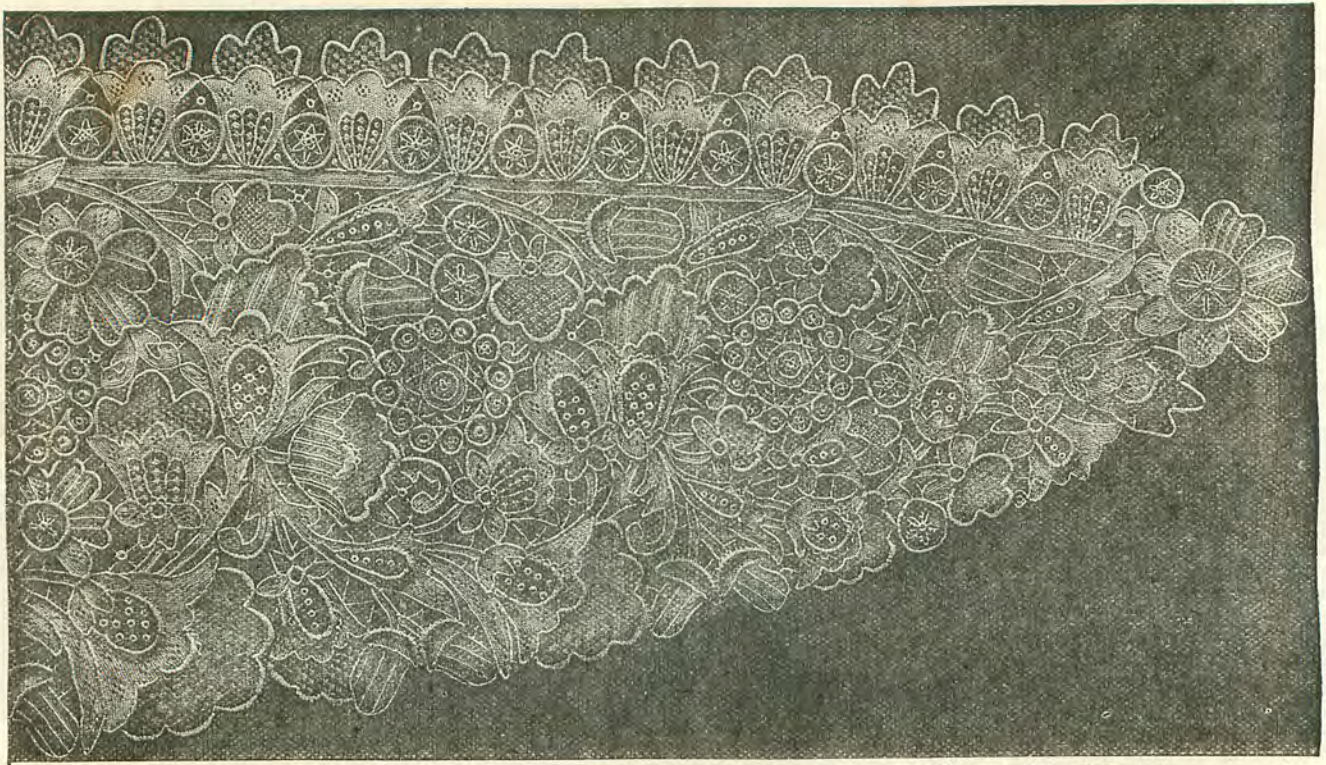


FIG. 5.—PART OF POINT-LACE COLLAR, WORKED AT GOTTESGAB, IN BOHEMIA. (*From Author's Collection.*)

tied up with rich point to announce the birth of an infant, and of warming-pans being muffled up in point and cut work. The French refugees were received with open arms in Holland, and for a time the lace industries flourished: but they seem to have been extinguished by the more brilliant success of the manufactures of the sister country.

The far-famed lace of Tønder, which Denmark produced in the seventeenth century, was much sought after by lace connoisseurs, and was so highly prized that King Christian IV. thought it not beneath him to mention frequently in his letters and journals the fact of the purchase of lace; he sent a piece of Tønder lace to his chamberlain, with an autograph letter, ordering him "to cut out of it four collars of the same size and shape as Prince Ulrik's Spanish lace, to contrive also to get two cuffs out of the same." The Tønder lace industry was due, as in so many other instances, to the enterprise of a private individual, and to his patriotic insight and energy in importing foreign teachers to

stimulate local effort. A merchant named Steenbeck induced twelve lace teachers to immigrate from Dortmund in Westphalia, in 1647, and to settle in Tønder. These teachers are described as very old men, with long white beards, which they gathered into bags when at work, to prevent the hair from being entangled in the bobbins. Under their tuition and the King's steady patronage, the Danish peasants made such progress in lace-making that Tønder lace became celebrated, and a system of "lace postmen" was established to carry the lace throughout Scandinavia.

For nearly two hundred years the Tønder lace industry flourished. In the beginning of this century, when it was at its zenith of prosperity, we are told there were twenty thousand peasants employed in and around Tønder alone. "Even little boys were taught to make lace till strong enough to work in the fields, and there was scarcely a house without a lace-maker, who would sit before her cottage door, working from sunrise till midnight, singing the ballads handed down from the Brabant

teachers." The introduction of cotton thread and the improved condition of agriculture are given as the causes of the decadence of the Tønder lace industry, which must now be counted among dead manufactures. Tønder lace does not seem to have had any special character of its own. Old Flemish, Mechlin, French, and Maltese laces were all copied. Cut-work and drawn thread-work have always been specialties of Danish handicraft. Tønder lace was chiefly valued for the excellence of its workmanship and the durability and beauty of the flax-thread of which it was made. One cannot but regret the extinction of industries which embodied so much of the worth and character of a nation.

In Sweden, lace-making is a very ancient handicraft, though it has rarely, except in the case of Wadstena, risen to the importance of an industry. The ladies and peasants of Sweden make now, as they did three hundred years ago, beautiful lace and cut and drawn thread-work, for personal adornment and the decoration of their houses.

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

By SARAH TYTLER.

VIII.—ANNE OF CLEVES* (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR).

THREE years passed after the death of Jane Seymour, in 1537, before Henry VIII. wedded a fourth wife. According to his enemies, the cause of his delay was the unwillingness on the part of suitable princesses to run the risk of sharing the fate of two of their predecessors. According to his partisan, Henry was in no haste to replace the queen whom he had loved and honoured to the last—who had borne him the fair son on whom the King set such store.

But it is certain that in the interval he looked for a wife in more than one direction.

The princesses whom he would have preferred as royal partners appear to have been a French princess, the widowed Duchess of Longueville, better known as Mary of Guise, mother of Mary Queen of Scots, and another young widow, Christina, daughter of Christian of Denmark and of Elizabeth of Austria, and widow of the Duke of Milan. However, Mary was already promised in marriage to James V. of Scotland, as the successor of his poor, consumptive girl-bride, Magdalen of France, daughter of Francis I.

and the good Queen Claude. As for Christina of Milan, the beautiful girl-widow of sixteen, of whom Henry had two portraits done expressly for him by Holbein, the larger being the very marvel of the painter's art, and the glory of the recent Tudor Exhibition, she was destined to take for her second husband Mary of Guise's brother, the Duke of Lorraine. According to tradition, Christina dismissed Henry's proposal with the saucy speech that she had but one head; if she had two, one should be at his Highness's service. The fact that she sat for the portraits which were to be sent to this formidable suitor is an implied

* Agnes Strickland. Froude. L. Aikin.

contradiction to the story. Besides, the more accurate report of her speech is said to have been no more than "that the ambassadors would lose their labours, for she minded not to fix her heart that way." Even with regard to this modified version, when asked by Wriothseley if she had ever used such words, she solemnly denied them, bade him say so, and declared herself "at the Emperor's commandment."

The whole cluster of royal and political alliances, of which this was to have been one, broke down, not because of the reluctance of the lady, but because of Charles V.'s dissimulation, and his failing to keep his engagements with Henry.

The King's, or rather his minister Cromwell's, choice at last fell on Anne of Cleves. She was the second daughter of John, Duke of Cleves, a leader in the Reformation. A still stronger connection with German Reformers lay in the fact that her beautiful and high-spirited elder sister, Sybilla, was the wife of the great Elector of Saxony. The marriage so eagerly promoted by Cromwell was considered highly politic, as by uniting Henry with the Northern German princes, it would counter-balance the alliance recently entered into by the Emperor and Francis I.

Anne was born in 1515, and had therefore reached what was viewed as the mature age of twenty-four years when she was proposed as a wife for the colossal but infirm Henry, then in his forty-eighth year. Her sister Sybilla was reputed to be a woman of many attractions, both mental and personal; but in the case of Anne, Cromwell was warned by his correspondent, the English Ambassador, Wotton, "I hear no great praise either of her personage or beauty." It was perhaps significant that her father evaded the request to have her picture taken by his own painter, in addition to that painted for the King by Hans Holbein. This artist is believed to have greatly flattered the lady whom it was intended to represent. It may be that stout Hans had a soft spot in his heart for his countrywoman; it may be that he had an eye to his own interests in wishing to see a German Queen on the English throne, or it may be, as was suspected, that Holbein was instructed by the minister, or his agents, to make the best of his subject, for "an agreeable portrait was expected from him." If either of the latter influences was at work, the result showed that honesty would have been the best policy. Such miniatures as that which was furnished for Henry were encased in ivory, carved to look like a white rose, and, by a pretty fashion of the day, were worn over the heart, as a token of love and homage to the original of the miniature.

It would be comical, if it were not pitiful, to recognise the wily devices by which the ambassador limited the list of Anne's attainments, and at the same time exalted her virtues. She could read and write, as well as speak her German or Flemish tongue; she sewed very well. As for music, especially vocal music, which Henry prized greatly—against which he had not been set by the lamentable sequel to poor Anne Boleyn's sweet songs—Wotton admitted that Anne of Cleves knew nothing of it; but he excused her ignorance on the plea that "it was not the manner of her country to learn it"—strange reflection on the musical Germany of modern days! He sought to impress on his master that Anne was of "very lowly and gentle conditions," which so recommended her to her mother that the Duchess was loath to let the princess go. He stated that Anne and her younger sister Amelia had never been "from the elbow of their mother, who had brought them up straitly (strictly)." Again, Anne occupied herself much with her needle. She would no doubt learn the English tongue "so soon as she put her mind to it." "She had no taste for the

heavy-headed revels of her countrymen." So far as we can find, neither Wotton nor Cromwell ventured on any particular personal praise of Anne, unless it were of "her princely proportions," which, for that matter, nearly rivalled those of Henry. Indeed, when first spoken of to the King she was referred to as "plain."

Of this poor Anne, who was thus weighed in the balance, we have tried hard to form a correct judgment. The King's great defender (Mr. Froude) honestly admits that "she was simple, quiet, modest, sensible, and conscientious. In presence lady-like" We in our turn, in striving to hold the scales evenly, are forced to the conclusion that Anne, notwithstanding these excellent qualities, was a dull-witted as well as a hard-favoured young woman, possessed of a stolid sluggishness of temper. She does not appear to have shown the least shrinking from the dubious honour offered to her. She does not seem to have expressed any strong regret at parting from her kindred and country for ever, or any lively interest in the new country for which she was bound. Reading between the lines of her history, it is difficult to see her otherwise than as a woman of entirely negative characteristics. She looks and acts, thrown up against her sixteenth century background, as if she were as deficient in wistful tenderness and generous devotion as she certainly was in keen self-assertion.

By an odd coincidence, there had been an approach to an earlier contract of marriage on Anne's behalf, entered into by her father, with the very Duke of Lorraine whom her rival in Henry's favour, Christina Duchess of Milan, ultimately married.

The death of the Duke of Cleves while his daughter's treaty of marriage with Henry VIII. was still pending, delayed its fulfilment for a time; but the brother, who succeeded the father, gave ample assurance to the suitor that there was no legal obstacle in the former unfulfilled contract.

The marriage contract between Anne and Henry was signed in September, 1539, at Düsseldorf, which the bride left in the beginning of the following month, setting out with a large and splendid train for England, by Antwerp and Calais—the latter, of course, an English possession then.

No faint foreboding of what was to come hindered the great homage with which Anne was received at Calais by the Earl of Southampton, the Lord High Admiral, whose own state and sumptuousness were so magnificent that the very mariners in his ship were clad in Bruges satin. The noise of the guns fired in the Queen's honour well-nigh took away her retinue's breath. The smoke from the cannon rendered the central object of attraction invisible. Yet the very ships—the "Lion" and the "Sweepstake"—waiting to convey Anne across the Channel, had fought her countrymen the Flemings in the Downs but two years before. Lord Southampton was secretly aghast at her lack of all womanly charms, and hit on the device of teaching her to play cards. He had time to spare for the task, since the Queen, who had already been more than two months on her journey, was detained by stress of weather at Calais fifteen days, according to some accounts; twenty, according to others. Even the less critical observers were struck by the number of foreigners in attendance on the silent Queen, and by the absence of tact which had caused her to fill every post about her person—except the few reserved for the King to dispose of—with her own countrymen and countrywomen. However, banners waved, trumpets blared, and offerings of purses of gold abounded. Plain and stupid as Anne was, she gave no active offence by her manner and bearing. Nay, her new subjects seem to have regarded her with some satisfaction, as a solid piece of royal goods that would wear well.

In spite of the King's impatience, Christmas Day passed before the Queen could set sail. She went on board on the 27th of December, and was fortunate in crossing the Channel with her convoy of fifty ships the same day. "The wintry twilight was closing in when she first set foot on English soil, under Deal Castle." She was received by the Warden, and afterwards conducted by the ubiquitous Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and his last Duchess, accompanied by the principal nobility and gentry of Kent, to Dover Castle, to rest there for a couple of nights.

On the following Monday, a stormy winter day, Anne set out for Canterbury. She travelled in her own chariot. "The whirlcotes" which figured first in England at Henry's marriage with Catherine of Arragon, had made considerable progress in the coach-builder's hands in the intervening thirty years. Anne's equipage was of gilt, as becometh the State equipage of a Queen or a Lord Mayor, and was elaborately carved.

Near Canterbury the Queen was met by the Archbishop, three bishops, and a great company of gentlemen, who attended her to her lodgings. On the last day of the year the Duke of Norfolk and another great company conducted her as far as Rochester, where she spent New Year's Day in the Bishop's palace. There Henry came *incognito* with eight gentlemen of his chamber, all dressed alike in marble colour, to make the acquaintance of his Queen, and, in his own words, "to nourish love."

The King sent in advance Sir Anthony Browne, the Master of his Horse, to tell Anne that Henry had brought her a New Year's gift, if she would choose to receive it. According to Sir Anthony's statement, "he was never so dismayed in his life as to see a lady so far unlike what had been represented." But he was wise enough to allow the King to form his own opinion, which he was not long of doing. Henry did not conceal his surprise and disappointment; in the words of an eye-witness, he had never seen his *Highness* so marvelously astonished and abashed as on this occasion.

In the meantime Anne, whose woman's heart, however slowly it beat, must have been smitten with a pang of humiliation, sank with due deference on her knees, from which the King had the grace to raise her. His chroniclers differ greatly as to his subsequent behaviour. Hall says the King gently took her up and kissed her; further, that he remained with her all the afternoon, communing and devising with her, and that he afterwards supped with her.

But if we are to believe Strype and Stowe, the interview lasted but a few minutes. In addition to her other demerits in Henry's eyes, his fastidious ear was unreasonably offended by the sound of her German, and he would not continue to speak with her, even by means of the interpreter ready to play his part in the conversation.

The angry bridegroom had no sooner left the unlucky bride's presence than he assailed her escort the Admiral and his other companions for their opinion of the lady's charms, and swore roundly that he had been deceived, and that "he loved her not."

Now what were the looks of the scorned woman which called forth such a strong sense of repulsion in the man who had certainly heard of her as "plain," while she had not been represented by Holbein's flattering pencil as more than comely? As far as can be drawn from contemporary evidence, and from such likenesses as survive of her, Anne of Cleves was a tall, stout young woman, "her figure large, loose, and corpulent."* Her nose was

* Contrasting her with Henry's other five wives, two of them—Catherine of Arragon and Jane Seymour—were "short;" two more—Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr—were very little women, while Anne Boleyn, in her youth, was remarkable for her slender shape and "little neck."

too large, and her mouth had a certain coarseness in the lines, in spite of her temperate living. Her complexion was brown or swarthy ("thick and dark"). According to the French Ambassador, she was pitted with small-pox. Her eyes and hair were coal-black; the latter she wore in long, flat bands, coming down low on each side of the face—a style of hair-dressing hitherto unknown in England. In connection with her meaningless expanse of forehead—for though the Queen's graces might be moral, they were no more intellectual than they were personal—the bands of hair at the side of the large face had a tendency to increase the effect of its length, and of the heaviness of the lower portion. After the fashion of the day, the Queen substituted, on special occasions, the long tresses of a yellow wig for her own black hair, an exchange which was peculiarly trying to her dark complexion.

A considerable amount of *mauvaise honte* might have been pardonable, even promising under the circumstances; but Anne's clumsy awkwardness partook of the nature of uncouthness. Her armorial bearings, which happened to be a couple of white swans, were singularly inappropriate. Shall we be forgiven for saying that a couple of grey geese would have been more in keeping with their owner, for never was royal goose less swan-like?

Surely on the principle that bonnie feathers make bonnie birds, Anne had brought with her the costliest wardrobe that ever queen-consort displayed in England. But, as might have been expected of the uneducated, unrefined woman, she was destitute of taste in dress, while, like Catherine of Arragon in the matter of the Spanish mantilla, Anne showed an invincible inclination to introduce and perpetuate the stiff Dutch modes of which she was such a poor illustration. She appears to have had a preference for the colour red, since in two of the portraits which we have of her, red is freely used in her dress. In one she holds a red carnation. Anne Boleyn's dainty devices, the exquisitely picturesque touches in her toilet, were as entirely wanting in the toilet of her namesake as were the first Anne's charms of manner and ready wit. Their absence might have been supplied by far more valuable qualities; but all that the self-willed, spoiled suitor saw was the dearth of every outward grace. This Anne must have struck her appalled Henry as a very Gorgon; for had he not been accustomed to the stately dignity and learning (by comparison) of Catherine of Arragon, the beauty and brilliance of Anne Boleyn, the fair comeliness—not without its French polish also—of Jane Seymour? Here was a crushing downfall to the King who had aspired to the hands of the accomplished, high-bred, far-famed beauties of two Courts—Mary of Guise and Christina of Milan—and had to be content with the robust, rustic, practically dumb, German Anne.

Henry is said to have testified his wrath and disgust at the partner provided for him in a manner which savoured of the sulky school-boy, as well as of the incensed voluptuary. The New Year's gift which he had brought for Anne was a costly muff, tippet, and partlet, or boa, of sables. He had intended to deliver the gift with his own hand; but when he found how unattractive was the recipient, he contented himself with despatching the furs, and a cold greeting, by a messenger.

The ladies of the Court were no less shocked than the gentlemen on their presentation to Anne. She might have been the "Loathlie Ladye" of ballad renown. There is an element of the ludicrous in their exaggerated consternation. Lady Browne told Sir Anthony that it was not only the Queen's "unsightliness" which was objected to; it was her "displeasing airs." She had "such fashions," and betrayed "a manner of bringing-up so gross, that the King never would love her."

One is tempted to think of the primitive use of a knife and fork, a constant neglect of soap and water, and such habits at table and in her chamber as would strike even unceremonious ladies of pre-Elizabethan times.

The King complained loudly, with a total want of delicacy and good feeling, to those around him of his chagrin, and the moment he reached his palace of Greenwich, to which he retired, he attacked the alarmed Cromwell, as he had already attacked the Lord High Admiral, Lord Southampton, with furious reproaches for misleading him, and not undeceiving him, even at the last moment. It was in the course of these reproaches that Henry is said to have used the coarse comparison of Anne to "a great Flemish mare," which stuck to her, and has descended to later generations.

"I have been ill-handled; it it were not that she has come so far into England, and for fear of making a ruffle in the world, and driving her brother into the Emperor and French King's hands, now being together, I would never have her. But now it is too far gone, wherefore I am sorry," declared Henry, with a solemn candour that is well-nigh pathetic. And again, "I would not do what I have to do for none earthly thing save my realm," he protested, ruefully.

But far gone as the matter was, he made a desperate effort to postpone the marriage for two days, in order to try if in that time he might not find a way out of the strait. He called a council, and laid before it the old shadowy obstacle of the alleged pre-contract of Anne with the Duke of Lorraine as a fact which might invalidate the marriage. In the meanwhile Anne had calmly advanced as far as Dartford, where she was delayed till the two ambassadors from Cleves in her suite should proceed to Greenwich and produce documents to prove that the Queen's pre-contract had been certainly set aside. In other circumstances the investigation might have been a wise, if dilatory precaution; but it was, on the face of it, a mere subterfuge, as the question to which it referred had been satisfactorily disposed of before the contract between Henry and Anne was signed at Düsseldorf.

It is impossible to say how far Anne was acquainted with the King's dissatisfaction and unwillingness to fulfil his pledge; but even the densest of women must have had some suspicion of his reluctance—in fact, he took care to give her a hint of what was passing which no lack of acquaintance with the English language could prevent her from understanding. After the two ambassadors had behaved like true men, had acknowledged that they had not the necessary documents in their possession, but had readily sworn to their existence, and volunteered to remain in prison in England till the papers were forthcoming, an emissary was sent to Anne herself, to require from her a declaration that she was free. But the hint was not taken. The lady signed the declaration without an instant's hesitation. There was no help for it, the marriage must go on. "The King durst not scandalise Europe and affront the Germans. Subservient as Henry's Council often showed itself, it did not support him now; notably Cromwell, who had made the marriage, and Archbishop Cranmer warned the King that by drawing back at the last moment he would mortally offend the Protestant princes, with whom he was seeking to be in league."

As if to stifle his vehement distaste to his bride, and to render it still harder for him to change his mind at the eleventh hour, the King, when he had come to the decision that the affair must proceed, did not stint the ostentatious splendour of the accompanying ceremonial, or the hollow clamour of the public rejoicings. He summoned all his loving subjects in London, by the public crier, to

come down to Greenwich and "pay their devours to my Lady Anne of Cleves, who would shortly be their Queen." The grandest, the gayest, certainly by far the most picturesque reception which Henry accorded to any of his six wives, was that given, as if with sardonic mockery, of which after all he was incapable, to the homely, stolid Anne.

The scene was Blackheath. It was a winter's day, certainly; the trees on Shooter's Hill and in Greenwich Park were bare, and the sky was bleak, whether in its lowering grey or frosty blue, so that fires had to be lit in the tents provided for the first stoppage of Anne of Cleves and her ladies, to warm them in preparing for the remaining rites. There was no tender green in the woods and the fields; no flush of sweet wild-flowers; no quaintly fantastic masquing, as when the King had gone a-maying in former years to that very Shooter's Hill with Catherine of Arragon. There was no dusky summer seclusion in the bosky glades of the park, as when Anne Boleyn, in the pensiveness of apprehended adversity, wandered alone there with her dogs. But the glories of spring and summer, of young life and love, seemed hardly missed. If ever a living multitude, pranked out in silk and velvet of all the colours of the rainbow, hung with gold chains and glittering with precious stones, furnished unmingled gratification to a still mightier crowd, for whose accommodation all the furze and gorse on the heath had been cut down, it was done on that day. The highwaymen and cut-throats, whose field was the heath, must have left off their occupation for the time being.

At twelve noon "the Lady Anne" came in sight, attended by her English escort and her hundred German knights. As for her fifteen German ladies, they were coolly pronounced by the spectators to be even less fair than her Grace. The cavalcade wound round Shooter's Hill, and approached the tents at the foot, where the Queen was received by the Earl of Rutland, her Chamberlain, and other gentlemen, and by Lady Margaret Douglas, daughter of the Queen of Scots, and her cousin the Marchioness of Dorset, daughter of the Queen-Dowager of France, etc., etc.

After Anne was rested and refreshed in her tent, and had received information of the approach of the King, she mounted on horseback and advanced with her train across the heath to meet him at the cross in the middle of the heath, the site of which is still marked by a group of fir-trees.* Her dress was singularly unsuited for riding in. She wore a gown of cloth-of-gold, without a train, which might have served for a riding-skirt; but the German fashion, which might be more sensible where walking was concerned, required that all gowns should be cut short. As for her head, what with its "caul," its round bonnet set with pearls, and its coronet of black velvet, it had enough to bear. But the most conspicuous feature of her attire appears to have been the "partlet" or flat ruff round the neck, which was a mass of precious stones.

In the meantime the King had set out from his palace-gate, riding in the centre of a party of noble horsemen. Not to be outdone in splendour, his bulky person was clad in a coat of purple velvet, covered with a network of gold. His slashed sleeves were clasped together with buttons of rubies and pearls. His girdle and sword-hilt were rich in emeralds. His "bonnet" blazed with the jewels on which he set such store.

The gorgeous pair met in front of the cross. What the King's feelings were it would be difficult to describe. As for Anne, her slowness of feeling and self-absorption amounted to apathetic indifference. Had it been otherwise,

* Under these trees George Whitfield preached in later days.

she would have protested and remonstrated ere now, and so might have altered her inglorious destiny.

The outward dumb-show was irreproachable. The King took off his bonnet and saluted the lady; she assumed her place at his right hand, and the bride and bridegroom rode on together, "like a wedded couple," followed by their respective households, through the ranks of their huzzaing supporters (including the chief magnates of London town), into the Park, up to the Court gate, where the riders came in full view of the Thames—laden, not silver in hue, on the winter afternoon—but thronged with gala barges.

When Henry and Anne alighted, he again embraced her, bade her welcome "to her own," and led her through the hall. All this display of courtesy did not prevent a few last frantic struggles on the King's part to break off the marriage, although he had admitted that the despised bride's person was "well and seemly (that is, neither crooked nor hump-backed), but nothing else." His Council was again summoned, and he had various interviews with Cromwell before he gave his grudging consent to "go through with it"—the ceremony of the following day.

It was Twelfth-Day, the 6th of January, 1540, and the early hour of eight o'clock in the morning was fixed for the marriage. Henry appeared in the Presence-Chamber before that hour, in a crimson satin coat, and a "gown" of cloth-of-gold, flowered with silver and trimmed with fine fur.

It is almost a relief to find that Anne kept him waiting. It was one of the very few occasions on which she resisted his will. As might have been expected from the woman, the act was not in itself either a very wise or graceful proceeding. It was probably the result of an obstinate standing-out on her prerogative as a bride. When she did join the displeased bridegroom in the gallery to which he had come to seek her, she was in all the glory of cloth-of-gold flowered with pearls. The tresses of one of her yellow wigs flowed over her shoulders. Instead of a velvet coronet, she wore a gold crown set with gems, and, of all things, sprigs of bristling, sombre rosemary! According to Miss Strickland, rosemary, as an herb of grace, could be worn by maidens alike at weddings and funerals. But surely it must have been unimaginative maidens who consented to the melancholy association. To counterbalance the rosemary, Anne wore round her massive-neck and portly waist jewels of surpassing value. In her manner she was entirely cool and composed, as she greeted her grumbling lord with three low curseys.

The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the ceremony, while one of the Flemish gentlemen in Anne's suite gave her away. Round her wedding-ring was inscribed the motto, "God send me well to keep."

Henry behaved for the rest of the day as if he had returned to the devout practices of his youth. In company with his Lutheran bride, he was present at two masses, and vespers before supper, after which were masques and sports. The usual tiltings and festivals followed on succeeding days.

In the month of February, Henry accompanied Anne by water to Westminster—the Mayor and Aldermen with the City Companies gracing the procession, and the Tower guns firing an appropriate salute. How many processions of the kind Henry must have recalled, with what conflicts of lingering doubt and regret envenomed by his bodily and mental misery! For surely bully and despot as bluff King Hall—the gay and gallant prince of other years—had gradually grown, he could not take everything as a matter of course like his consort. In the middle of his grudge against her and her people, whom he accused of deceiving

him, Henry showed faint sparkles still of his former generosity. He not only entertained the foreigners right royally, he permitted a considerable number of them to tarry behind the others, till their mistress should become better acquainted with England and the English.

It has been said that Henry laughed at the Queen, and encouraged his courtiers to do the same. If so, she was as impervious to ridicule as to other forms of injury. But the charge is not proven, nor is its truth likely. The King was in no laughing mood when he announced himself weary of life because of his ill-assorted marriage. Besides, the accusation does not fit in with his character, which was simple and downright in its very savageness. He might be brutal, he could hardly be malicious. On the other hand, there is sufficient testimony to show that he treated Anne with personal kindness. How could he act otherwise to the great, heavy, harmless creature, whose want of knowledge of English left her as defenceless as a child? The absence of all private resentment on Anne's part for her manifold wrongs goes far to maintain the latter view of their relations.

It was Anne's fortune to dwell for sixteen years on alien soil, but not for one little year as Henry's queen. His dislike to her person and manners was no doubt accentuated by the irksomeness of all necessary speech between them being carried on by means of an interpreter. For Anne made no more rapid progress in acquiring English than Catherine of Arragon had done, with far less compelling cause to be a diligent student.

As the very worm will turn, the King complained at last that she waxed wilful and stubborn. The poor woman was in a strait; she could not, with her simple wiles, please a man who declined to be pleased. She sought interviews with Cromwell, who had advocated her cause in vain. Cromwell had need to look to himself. Bloody executions for treasonable correspondence were the order of the day. The violent deaths of two near kinsmen of the royal house—those of the King's cousin, the Marquis of Exeter, and of another descendant of the Plantagenets, Henry Pole—filled men's minds with anxiety and alarm. Yet still stately tourneys and pageants, which their majesties graced by their presence, were held in honour of the marriage not six months old, even after the stale device of a divorce had been suggested, or had occurred to Henry, to free him from a hated bond. He persuaded himself that her Lutheranism distressed his conscience, though Anne had been as complacent with regard to her form of the Christian religion as she had been in most other differences between the couple. He declared that he had done his best to get "the consent of his heart and mind" to the marriage, but could not—he was superstitious about his aversion to Anne. He asserted that their union was a mere form. The old story of Anne's pre-contract with the Duke of Lorraine was raked up again, and it was said that "the papers relating to its dissolution had never been forthcoming." And here, though she must have been quite aware that divorces on the ground of pre-contracts were common enough in Germany, her folly came to Henry's aid. She is reported to have been sufficiently provoked to make the idle boast that "if she had not been compelled to marry him, she might have fulfilled her engagement to another, to whom she had promised her hand."

At this crisis Anne's countrywomen, "The strange maidens," as they were quaintly called, who had been suffered to stay behind with her, were sent back to Cleves, and the Queen was left doubly forlorn among the English ladies—one of them Catherine Howard, her mistress's successor—with whom Henry replaced them at Court. This is not to say that Anne awoke

enmity among her English subjects, any more than she aroused depths of compassion or heights of enthusiasm. The prudence and patience with which, as a rule, she minded her own business, and certainly meddled with nobody, served her in good stead in a negative light.

Warned by Cromwell, she is said to have made a final effort to propitiate Henry by assuming for him the regard which she had not hitherto pretended to feel; but so transparently unreal was the profession, that Henry had enough wit at once to attribute it to its prompter, and was far from being softened either to the prompted or the prompter by the attempt to coax and flatter him.

Cromwell's downfall followed, and his death on Tower Hill. Henry had bestowed on him the Earldom of Essex in the interval which had passed since the King's marriage, but had never forgiven the part which the minister had played in it. Thus Anne lost her first champion, while a mortal enemy had started up in her path. This was the Catholic Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, who began to exercise a prominent influence in the King's council. He was eager to provide Henry with a fifth, and, if possible, a Catholic wife. As it was in the struggle to set aside Catherine of Arragon and promote Anne Boleyn, the contest again became political, and assumed a religious motive; the Protestants standing by Anne, as at that date, a Protestant princess; the Catholics showing themselves ready to be ranged on the side of Catherine Howard, of an old noble Catholic family, herself a Catholic by creed, and the new candidate for the dangerous post of Queen.

Catherine of Arragon's divorce took six years to bring about. Anne's was accomplished in as many days. A convocation of clergy was once more summoned, Parliament requesting it, the King consenting to it, and the assembly unanimously declared the recent marriage null and void, Cranmer announcing the decision to the Houses of Parliament. Anne, as a foreigner, ignorant of the language of the country, was not required to appear before the convocation. It was fortunate where her credit, courage, and sense were concerned, for she would certainly have conducted herself in a very different fashion from that in which Catherine of Arragon had behaved in similar circumstances. No doubt Anne had no child to be affected by the decision of the court. The contract between her and Henry had been of the most arbitrary and worldly description, while its date was of the latest. She was married in January, and the marriage was dissolved in the following July. Nevertheless, she had her own woman's rights and matronly character and position to assert. She had to maintain the credit of her family, and to justify their hopes and expectations for her. She had the King's dignity and honour to shield and preserve. All were so far in her keeping to defend, or to yield without a struggle. Catherine of Arragon would have died sooner than give in. Anne of Cleves acted in every respect differently. She had been sent down to Richmond, and was staying in the palace there when the commissioners, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Southampton, and the King's secretary, Sir Thomas Wriothesley, arrived to announce the verdict of convocation, with the King's determination to carry it out, and to ask her consent to the divorce.

Anne was so thoroughly panic-stricken that she fainted before the gentlemen could deliver their message. After she recovered consciousness, and found that she was not to be carried off to the Tower and beheaded straightway without further ceremony, the collapse was still more complete. She was ready to consent to anything or everything—to the old farce of being styled the King's sister (by adoption in

this case) instead of his wife, to resign her title of Queen, and resume her old designation of the "Lady Anne," on condition that she took precedence of all the ladies at Court, with the exception of Henry's future wife and his daughters. She willingly, and with apparent gratitude, accepted the award of lands to the value of three thousand pounds a year for her support; she wrote whatever Henry wished, in giving up her claims. These letters were not only to him but to her relatives in Germany, to deprecate their indignation and interference on her behalf.

Her complacency was so great that Henry himself could hardly believe it, and rewarded it by sending her at once five hundred gold marks, as the first instalment of her jointure, by lavishing on her palaces and jewels, and by paying her a visit, when she received him with the utmost politeness. On this as on other occasions, when he supped with her after their separation, Anne's place was no longer by the King's side, as it had been when she was Queen. She sat at a separate table, placed at the corner of the table where the King sat, and at a little distance from him.

Nothing moved Anne; she returned Henry his wedding-ring, with an obliging letter in German. She consented cheerfully to the manner in which he reduced and remodelled her household. She might have figured to all time as a perfect Griselda, had she shown the least token of being crushed or broken-hearted by her undesired degradation. On the contrary, she was in excellent spirits, "never so lively before," exhibiting a fresh gown from her superb wardrobe, with a child's unsophisticated inexhaustible satisfaction, on every fresh day. She entered into such amusements as she cared for, and settled down with evident appreciation of the solid comfort to be derived from her own house and household, and the liberty to go her own way, that is, to live a peaceful, uneventful life, busy with her sewing and her attempts at cooking, according to some evidence, at Chelsea Palace, and in the other houses appointed for her. She did not betray the slightest sense either of humiliation or of self-sacrifice in the change in her lot. Pity would have been wasted upon her. She might have returned to her native Germany, from which she had not been absent many months. She might have married again—such a prospect is natural enough to most young women of twenty-five years. With regard to the latter alternative, her single experience of matrimony probably sufficed for her. It is more difficult to dispose of the former question. There might have been some lingering element of womanly pride and sensitiveness even in her phlegmatic disposition, that hindered her from going back to Cleves, which she had quitted with such distinction, a slighted and rejected wife. But the great likelihood is that her prudence was alive to the reservation by which she only held the estates settled on her in England so long as she resided in the country, and she would not risk them by so much as a visit to Germany. It is a shrewd guess that "she preferred a splendid independence in England to poverty at a petty court in Germany."

It must be taken into consideration also that what might have been the chief inducement for Anne to repair to Cleves was withdrawn by the death of her mother, the Duchess, not long after the daughter's separation from Henry. As for her brother, the Duke of Cleves, in spite of his sister's representations, he deeply resented her being set aside as Queen of England, and to the last refused to give in his adherence to the deed. Neither he nor his brother-in-law, the Elector of Saxony, could be expected to show themselves further reconciled to her unqualified submission to

Henry, by the fact of her subsequent profession of the Roman Catholic religion in opposition to her own interest, to her whole training, to their strong convictions, and to what had rapidly become the traditions of her house. The origin of this, perhaps the only independent step which Anne took in the course of her life, has not been discovered. No strain of eccentricity was visible in her nature, such as in the unhappy history of her two brothers ended in madness. Anne's wits were not of the kind allied to madness; nothing shook her inflexible, shallow philosophy, her good-humour, well-nigh grim in its imperturbability. She received further visits from Henry, as if these were the most welcome and seemingly incidents in the world. She was even so lost to common feeling as to return the visits, by going to see the King and his new wife, and spending some days with them at Hampton Court. Henry's immediate marriage to the beautiful and wretched young Catherine Howard had not affected Anne, neither did her successor's miserable, shameful fate affect her, nor Henry's sixth marriage, nor his death, worn out by stormy passions and frightful disease, long before he could have been counted an old man.

The light in which Anne was regarded by the English people, to whom she was the next thing to dead for eighteen years, was a peculiar one. During her brief reign it was openly said that she was laughed at by the courtiers; but after her deposition she had the sense to retire from the unequal contest, for which she was unsupplied with weapons. She lived for the most part in complete seclusion. At the same time there was something so anomalous, alike in her personality and her position, that it was difficult for them altogether to escape jeers and sneers. Even the most benevolent and kindly were tempted to laugh at the fiasco of "the Lady Anne."

On the other hand, though her virtues were largely negative qualities, these are by no means without their value in a striving, selfish world. She was the author of no turmoil, no bloodshed; she interfered with nobody. Her home-life was blameless in its simplicity and restfulness.

She was not quite so thrifty and successful in the management of her household as might have been expected from a Royal German *Hausfrau*, unless indeed her rents were sometimes withheld from her, a misadventure not without precedent. She got, at one period, into some little debt and difficulty, and her servants' wages fell into arrears. She had to apply for help to her brother, the Duke of Cleves, who in his turn appealed to the English Government, when a modest grant of money was made to relieve Anne. In every other respect her life recommended itself to the respectable English public. Beyond cavil, there was a certain peaceful, if plethoric, magnanimity in her abstention from all reprisals, her freedom from such manœuvring and plotting as might have kept the King and the nation by the ears.

Anne's relations with her stepchildren had always been amicable; indeed, there is something touching in the placid, childless woman's fondness for the lively young Princess Elizabeth, who had been still a little girl of only seven years when Anne was married. It is said that, with the determination which was characteristic of Queen Bess's maturer years, the child sought to be presented to her new Queen and mother, in spite of the King's refusal. The reason which he gave is quoted as the solitary instance which even tradition has preserved of any mention he made of the once dearly-loved Anne Boleyn after her death. He spoke gruff, gloomy words to the child, to the effect that this woman was so unlike Elizabeth's own mother that she should not wish to see her.

Notwithstanding this check, an affection sprang up between the dissimilar pair; and one of Anne's petitions to Henry on their separation—a petition which was granted—was that Princess Elizabeth might be allowed to visit her.

Princess Mary, who was the same age as Anne of Cleves, was on such friendly terms with her as to spend several days with her, on at least one occasion. Their common faith must have been a bond of union. Chelsea, Bletchington, the abbey at Dartford—for which Anne had a special liking—were among her dower-houses and ordinary residences.

The ex-Queen was seen occasionally at Edward's Court. Her last public appearance was on Mary's coronation, with Princess Elizabeth.

During the sixteen years which Anne passed in England she learnt to speak and write English; the last not very intelligibly, but, perhaps, not much less clearly than many of the English ladies of the time wrote their mother-tongue. In her letters she signed herself "Anne, the daughter of Cleves." In one instance there seems to have been a confusion between her recently-acquired English and her native German, for the daughter became "daughter."

Anne died in her forty-first year, 1557, after a gradual decline of health and strength. It might have been said of her that nothing in her life became her better than her manner of leaving it. Her serenity and patience came out in fair colours. She bore her sickness with calm resignation, while she was carefully waited upon by her attached servants. Her will showed her methodical cast of mind, her honesty and singleheartedness. Like Catherine of Arragon, Anne expressed anxiety for the discharge of her debts, for the payment of a year's wages, and for sundry legacies to her servants, for their future maintenance. She made minute and special bequests of her jewels; the best to Queen Mary (then also forty-one years of age), coupled with a humble request that she would see the will carried out, and that she would care for Anne's servants; the second best jewel to "the Lady Elizabeth" (then twenty-four years of age), with an earnest entreaty that she would take into her service one of Anne's poor maids named Dorothy Curzon. Rings, set with fair diamonds and rock rubies, minutely specified, etc., etc., to members of her own family, and to her English ladies, the Duchess of Suffolk, the Countess of Arundel, and several pieces of her gold and silver plate to various English gentlemen; to her chaplains a black gown and five pounds each; to her laundress (Elsa Turpin) four pounds, with a request to pray for her. This request was made to the greater number of legatees, whether priests or laymen, men or women. She left the place and manner of her burial to be settled according to Queen Mary's will and pleasure; and ended by an acknowledgment that she died in the Roman Catholic faith.

Anne of Cleves was buried with every token of respect, and no stint of magnificence, by Mary's directions, in Westminster Abbey. Among the crosses and banners borne before and after the body were four white banners, as a sign that she died unmarried. A requiem was sung for her, the Bishop of London said mass, her coffin was "censed," and she was laid in a place of honour near the high altar. Her tomb was never finished, and is only distinguishable by the remains of her monogram, "A.C." The stately hearse, hung with cloth-of-gold, was rifled, and the banners placed near her resting-place were carried away within a fortnight of her funeral.

(To be continued.)

THE BLACKBERRY GATHERER.

By M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

No brilliant beauty—just a simple girl;
 Nothing to dazzle, little to attract;
 A quiet, unassuming way, a gentle voice,
 A tender smile, an ever-ready tact.

No tangled locks like prisoned sunbeams make
 About her face a golden aureole;
 Just neat brown braids part o'er a brow that bears
 The impress of a pure and peaceful soul.

I scarce can tell the colour of her eyes,
 I only feel that they are kind and true.
 So useful and so willing are her hands,
 I have not thought about their shape or hue.

No "daughter of a hundred earls" is she,
 Nor of the gods "divinely fair and tall";
 But just a sweet, leal-hearted English girl,
 Such as you might meet any day—that's all.

TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

IX.—CATHERINE HOWARD* (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR).

THE most disastrous and degrading of Henry VIII.'s marriages was that contracted with Catherine Howard in August, 1540, eight months after his marriage with Anne of Cleves. Henry was an unwieldy, ailing, irritable man (to put it mildly), in his forty-ninth year. Catherine Howard was an orphan girl of not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age, unformed, ignorant, erring, whose childhood and youth had been grossly uncared for. She was, however, of noble lineage, being the daughter of Lord Edmund Howard, and the granddaughter of the Duke of Norfolk, through whom she was full cousin to Anne Boleyn, the father of the one and the mother of the other being brother and sister.

Catherine was probably born in her father's house at Lambeth about 1521 or 1522. Lord Edmund was a brave but poverty-stricken soldier, with a numerous family. When his first wife, the daughter of Sir Richard Culpepper of Hollingbourne, died, he was reduced to consigning the child to the keeping of her mother's kindred, among whom she spent her earliest years. A little afterwards, when he was relieved from his extreme poverty by his appointment as Comptroller of Calais and the French marches, he married again. Settled as he was in France, he consented that his daughter Catherine should be adopted and reared by her step-grandmother, the Duchess of Norfolk.

The old Duchess is accused, with reason, not only of having wholly neglected the child under her charge, but of having kept a disorderly household of illiterate mischief-making corrupt gentlewomen and maids, in whose society the little girl was left both day and night. These evil companions, in their folly and viciousness, began with amusing themselves by promoting one of the secret marriage contracts, which were the curse of the age, between the child Catherine and a grown man as bad as themselves, utterly out of her rank, a player on the virginals in the Duchess's household, and possibly Catherine's music-master, named Henry Maddock, or Maddox. In those days Lambeth was largely made up of houses of the nobility and gentry, with gardens and orchards sloping down to the Thames. The Duchess had one of those houses, such as Catherine's father had possessed, and the poor, misguided, silly child was accustomed to walk with the unmanly, unprincipled scamp Maddox at the back of her grandmother's orchard.

Presently, in consequence of a squabble, and doubtless from some fear of detection

and punishment among these unworthy gentlewomen, the game was broken off. But a little later Catherine, still a mere foolish girl in her early teens, engaged herself afresh, without the knowledge of the Duchess or the family, to a cousin of one of the gentlewomen, a gentleman pensioner in the service of her uncle the Duke of Norfolk. This not too honourable young man, called Francis Derham, was nearer Catherine in rank; he was, in fact, a distant kinsman of hers, as well as a favourite with the old Duchess. But though he aspired to marry the young girl, it was very doubtful, to say the least, whether the alliance would ever be acceptable to her family.

Catherine was kept entirely without pocket-money, or with a very slender supply, while she had an empty-headed love of finery. Derham had a fuller purse, and the ill brought-up girl had so little honourable, maidenly pride and discretion as to borrow money from him and to allow him to supply her with articles of dress of silk and satin, on the vague promise that she would repay him some day. How the circumstance escaped the Duchess's notice is only to be accounted for by the explanation that she was an old woman engrossed with her own affairs, who paid little or no heed to her granddaughter's looks, words, or deeds. It is piteous, in anticipation of the tragic end of the story, to see for what trifles, light as air, Catherine was ready to barter her independence, and make herself indebted to Derham. Miss Strickland describes one of his gifts or loans as an artificial flower in silk, called "a French fennel;" all the Court ladies were wearing it, and Catherine was wild to get it; yet after it was in her possession she was frightened to appear in it in the presence of the Duchess, till the untruthful girl had persuaded an equally untruthful woman, Lady Brereton, to say she had given it to her. Such malpractices can only end in more or less demoralisation.

Matters went so far between Catherine and Derham that before she was sixteen years of age, what was virtually a contract of marriage had been entered into between them privately. He entrusted his money to her when he was leaving London for a time, as he would have entrusted it to his wife, and on one occasion consigned to her keeping her own bond for as much as a hundred pounds, which was due to him from her.

By the connivance of his cousin and the rest of the Duchess's women, he brought fruit and wine, and entertained the whole party at what has a great resemblance to a schoolboy's banquet.

He left the service of the Duke of Norfolk and entered that of the old Duchess as her gentleman usher, in order to have more

frequent opportunities of being in company with the young lady whom he presumed to call his wife. The suspicion of Lady Norfolk was at last aroused; she did no more, at first, than make contemptuous remarks, and treat the pair like a couple of naughty children—from whom one of the two was not far removed. When Derham was missing, the old lady would bid him be sought in "the maid's chamber," where her gentlewomen and servants of a lower rank sat embroidering and spinning.

Once when she found Derham and Catherine Howard engaged in a romping play, she fell upon them and beat them both, finishing by giving one of the elder gentlewomen who was present a box on the ear for permitting such conduct in her company.

When the terms on which the couple stood were discovered there was great indignation, Derham fled "for his life" to Ireland, where, according to some accounts, he was guilty of piracy on the high seas, in order to procure a living. A much called for reformation took place in the Duchess's household, and Catherine Howard was at last carefully looked after. In spite of this she managed, for a time, to correspond with Derham by means of a gentlewoman still in the house at Lambeth, who eventually married and settled in Yorkshire. But when the confederate was gone, and Catherine attained her ardent desire of going to Court, where her dawning beauty was at once recognised and made much of, her pride and ambition were aroused, she was quite prepared to turn against Derham, who seems to have been, after the fashion of a man who was neither high-minded nor scrupulous, honestly attached to her, and she was ready to deny that he had any claims upon her. She had soon the opportunity of giving the denial, for he returned secretly from Ireland, and, strange to say, was harboured again by the old Duchess. He found time and place to remonstrate bitterly with his plighted wife on her attendance at Court, where he had always been opposed to her going, and on the rumour, which had reached him, that she was to marry her cousin—the heir of her maternal uncle, the Kent squire and knight, Culpepper. Young Culpepper was a wild, handsome lad, with an appointment in the household of Anne of Cleves.

To Derham's remonstrance the fickle and alienated girl answered, disdainfully—

"What should you trouble me therewith, for you know I will not have *you*?"

According to tradition, Catherine first met Henry in the middle of his dire discontent with Anne of Cleves, at a banquet given to the King by Bishop Gardiner, who, observing the King's admiration of the young girl's rosy beauty and sprightly mirth, conceived the

* Agnes Strickland. Froude. L. Aitkin.

idea of bringing about another royal marriage by the aid of Catherine's uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, one of the most powerful of those old nobility whom Henry in the course of his reign had systematically slighted. But if a marriage with Catherine should re-establish the shaken supremacy of the Roman Catholic faith in England, it might also reinstall the great families in their privileges. If this combination of bishop and duke existed, no remembrance of another woman of Howard blood, far more highly gifted than Catherine, granted that Anne Boleyn had been in their eyes a heretic, deterred the schemers from their aim.

Catherine Howard was at this time about eighteen years of age—six years younger than Anne of Cleves and Princess Mary—very small in size, brown-haired and blue-eyed, with a tiptilted nose and coral lips. Her mental abilities and her culture were of the most primitive kind; Anne of Cleves was a miracle of learning by comparison. If Catherine Howard could read her mother-tongue correctly, there is a strong suspicion that she could not write it; and that the extent to which secretaries figured in her troubles was caused by her being unable to pen a letter on her own account. Her very beauty was childish, with a dash of vulgarity in it; but, such as it was, it pleased the discontented autocrat whose life was a burden to himself and his neighbours.

The moment the heartless and worldly old Duchess of Norfolk awoke to the prospect opening before her young kinswoman, the woman used every effort to bring it about, loading the girl with fine clothes and jewels, instructing her how to behave, and flattering and caressing her. It is even said that the Duchess had the audacity to recommend Catherine Howard to the King as in all respects a fit wife for him.

The first step to the miserable promotion was, as before, the appointment of Catherine to be one of the maids-of-honour to the Queen, shortly before Anne's repudiation. On the eve of the girl's exaltation a great and ominous blow was dealt to her. She received a letter from the very gentlewoman in Yorkshire through whom Catherine Howard had kept up a secret correspondence with Derham two years before. This wily, treacherous ally having heard that the King was likely to marry the girl, now wrote to her, with impudent cunning, reminding her of what the writer, Mrs. Bulmer, had done for her, and boldly claiming a summons to London, and a place near the future Queen's person, ending the letter with the significant words—"for I know the Queen of Britain will not forget her secretary."

Silly and deluded by vanity as Catherine was, she could not have read the insolent application without a dim, horrified guess of the pitfall that was opening before her unwary feet. Even yet, if she could but have been true and confessed her contract to Derham, she might have escaped the bitter penalty that was awaiting her. What present shame was equal to the disgrace of the future life of falsehood which would have to be lived by the victim, while she knew herself in the power of the tools who had become her masters? It was even possible, though by no means desirable for her real welfare, that Henry, in his extravagant passion for Catherine, which was partly founded on what he believed to be her great modesty and discretion, might have found means to break the contract with Derham, as the King had brought himself to dissolve other and more sacred ties, thus freeing her from the bond which had grown detestable to her, and giving her the rank and power she coveted. But the low moral atmosphere, and the course of dissimulation with which Catherine had been familiar from childhood, was fatal to all truth and rectitude.

She began her earthly ruin by the coward's fallacious resource—she attempted to bribe to silence Mrs. Bulmer and another gentlewoman who had been formerly in the household of the old Duchess. She gave them, presently, posts in the Royal household, thus providing herself with daily scourges to be held over her shrinking flesh.

The exact date of Henry's marriage with Catherine Howard is not known, so privately was it carried out. It took place immediately after the King's divorce from Anne of Cleves, in August, 1540. On the 8th of the month he presented Catherine to his Court as his Queen; on the 15th she was publicly prayed for as Queen throughout England. Though there were no grand tournaments or festivals, no talk of a public entrance into London, or other coronation ceremonies—of which even Henry, with all his love of show and increasing callousness must have been heartily sick—only a little country progress through Berkshire and Buckinghamshire, his relations with Catherine were very different from those he had maintained with her predecessor Anne. He was quite pleased with his new plaything, and fond of her, for the hour. She served to console him for the emptiness of his exchequer, which chimed in with his humour in forbidding the public display once so dear to him. The last available contents of his treasury had been squandered, first on the profuse expenditure which attended on Anne's reception, and next on the lavish jointure and gifts reckoned necessary to get rid of her.

To what extent the wretched girl, over whose doomed head hung the sword of Damocles, was able to blind herself to the danger and misery of her situation, none can tell. Very soon after the marriage rumours derogatory to her were whispered. The toils were fast closing in round her, when she saw herself forced to take into her household, not only the foolish, reckless old Duchess of Norfolk, her grandmother, but to receive into her service Mrs. Bulmer and Mrs. Tylny—the other gentlewoman referred to. That was not all: she had to provide a place for the rascally musician Maddox, who had insulted her hapless childhood. At last she was driven to appoint Derham her private secretary. This final act of madness is said by some authorities to have originated with the unprincipled old Duchess, who was at the bottom of so much wrong-doing and sorrow. From the time of Catherine's marriage to King Henry she seems to have cancelled all her grandmother's neglect and harshness, and to have clung to her for support and encouragement. In doing so Catherine was so short-sighted as to allow a breach to be made between her and her still all-powerful uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, who was on bad terms with his stepmother the Duchess. If he had been united with Bishop Gardiner in procuring his niece Catherine's promotion, he was in the end as alienated from her, as resolute not to imperil his own safety by becoming her champion, as he had been in the case of his other niece, Anne Boleyn. Derham's means of procuring his appointment was, it is easy to suppose, like those of Mrs. Bulmer and Mrs. Tylny—the mingled threats and importunities of persons mean and base enough to use for their own profit the power given them by the possession of a dangerous secret in connection with a person suddenly raised to high rank.

Catherine's compliance with the demands of her persecutors, whether suggested by the old Duchess or due solely to the girl's own terror of discovery, had no doubt also an element of childish cunning in its nature. She would strive to confine the knowledge of her pre-contract to Derham, as far as possible, within the circle originally cognisant of it. She was likely enough to receive letters,

which, if they had passed into the hands of any other secretary, would at once have betrayed her secret.

Another professed friend, but deadly enemy, who dogged Catherine's tottering footsteps, was her kinsman, the playmate of her childhood, young Thomas Culpepper, now a gentleman of the King's Privy Council. He was a worthless, desperate man, who trusted to his cousin, the Queen, to shield him from the just consequences of his vices and crimes. Whether he, too, was acquainted with the unannulled pre-contract with Derham, which rendered Catherine's marriage with Henry illegal, or whether he merely pled that he was her cousin, and that his father's house had sheltered her infancy, and she was frightened to send away any of the friends whom she might soon need sorely, he certainly appealed to her in season and out of season, got money from her, and sought interviews with her in circumstances which were altogether out of keeping with her position as matron and Queen.

Catherine is not accused of having interfered in public affairs, unless she had something to do with the downfall and execution of Thomas Cromwell, occurring, as the last event did, in the early days of her favour with Henry. Some of her contemporaries were inclined to give her a share in it, but in her fear of discovery her sole aim seemed to be to please the King, and in this she fully succeeded. Henry's intellectual requirements in a companion had come to be of the smallest. Catherine's young, fresh beauty, together with her absolute submission to him, and her professions of regard for him, sufficed him. He showed his affection for her in every way, and openly expressed his preference for her over her four predecessors. Under all this honour, Catherine, in the quaintly expressive language of scripture, "walked softly," and refrained from giving unnecessary offence by any attempt at regal state on her own account. At the same time we have glimpses of the original woman in such an implication as that of Chappuys, the Emperor's ambassador, when he wrote of her in her adversity, as being "as careful about her dress, as imperious and wilful, as at the time she was with the King."

A Catholic rising in Yorkshire had just been quelled, and had been followed, among other ghastly reprisals, by the execution of the old Marchioness of Salisbury, the last of the Plantagenets, and the mother of Cardinal Pole, who was believed to be the moving spirit in every trouble of the time. The poor old woman, whose chief fault was corresponding with her plotting son, had been under sentence of attainder in company with her daughter-in-law, Lady Exeter, and had lain in the Tower for many months. She was in her dotage, and when brought to the block refused to lay her head on it—"So should traitors do; I am none," she said; and, according to her son, the Cardinal added, "Blessed are those who suffer persecution for righteousness sake." She turned her head every way, telling the executioner that he might get it if he could, so that he had to seize her by the grey hair and hold her down by force while she was slain.

On the back of this brutal episode Henry departed for York in the autumn of 1541, with the double purpose of aweing and appeasing his Northern subjects. He carried Catherine with him, and she was treated with special distinction during the journey, in the course of which she made the false and fatal move, already mentioned, of appointing Derham her secretary.

In the King's absence the government was largely in the hands of Archbishop Cranmer. It was when thus reinstated in his former supremacy, while in all likelihood he regarded it, and his very life, together with the final

establishment of the Reformed religion in England as endangered by the young Roman Catholic Queen and her growing ascendancy over Henry, that Cranmer was formally informed by one of the many persons acquainted with the fact of the previous contract of marriage which had passed between Catherine and Derham. The informant was a gentleman named Lascelles, who was Derham's cousin, the brother of one of the gentlewomen of the old Duchess of Norfolk. He was a zealous Reformer, as he proved by his life and death.

There was little room for doubt in the circumstantial tale, but the Archbishop did not act on his own responsibility, or with undue precipitation. He laid the matter before his colleagues in the government, and it was not till they empowered him that he prepared to communicate the information to the unfortunate King, in this instance more sinned against than sinning.

There was nothing to warn Catherine that the hour of retribution was at hand. The Court had just returned to Windsor, and then gone to Hampton Court, where the festival of All Saints was to be kept. The King was so entirely happy in his domestic relations that, on receiving the sacrament along with Catherine on the 30th, he thanked God aloud that after so many strange accidents that had befallen his marriages—as by a marvellous moral twist in his reasoning and a monstrous example of self-delusion he described what had been his domestic relations—a wife so entirely conformable to his inclinations had been given him. Farther, he desired the Bishop of Lincoln to prepare a prayer and thanksgiving to Almighty God for his having provided the King with “so loving, dutiful, and virtuous a queen.”

The paper was to have been publicly read on All Saints' Day. In order to prevent this most inopportune prelude to his communication, Cranmer seized the opportunity of Henry's attending early mass alone on All Saints' Day, to present him with the paper containing the accusation lodged against Catherine, and to beseech him to consider it in privacy.

The King was wholly taken aback, and began by being utterly incredulous, but granted that the affair must be sifted, for the Queen's own sake. He summoned various members of his council, and before them Lascelles and then Derham were examined and cross-examined. The former never wavered in his story; the latter at once admitted the pre-contract with Catherine, which in the eyes of the law constituted them man and wife, and rendered her subsequent marriage with Henry bigamy.

When the King could no longer refuse credence to the statement, he broke down and burst into tears. The floods of salt tears shed by Catherine of Arragon in her lonely vigils, the merciless prosecution of Anne Boleyn, the humiliation of Anne of Cleves were all avenged.

On the miserable girl-queen's learning that her perjury was laid bare, she called incessantly for the King, and made the most frantic efforts to reach him, in order to beg for his pardon and protection. She was bidden to remain in her rooms, but she was incapable of self-restraint. She made her escape twice, at one time getting as far as the door of the chapel where the King was hearing mass, and when she was taken back by force, her cries of anguish and despair rang through the chapel.

Henry left Hampton the next day without consenting to see the Queen. Instead, he sent Cranmer to her, as the King had sent the Archbishop to Anne Boleyn, to get her own version of the charge against her.

This was no easy task, for Catherine was

not only nearly beside herself with distress and alarm, falling into what appears to have been fit after fit of violent hysterics, in addition she had so long departed from the path of truth that she was positively incapable of returning to it. If she had even in her last extremity been candid, she might have been believed when she solemnly asserted that she had been faithful to her marriage vows to the King; but in the teeth of the overwhelming testimony of her pre-contract to Derham, she persisted in denying it stubbornly, and in prevaricating about the merest trifles, till all lingering faith in her word was destroyed.

Cranmer certainly went to Catherine with the King's promise that her life would be spared if she confessed all, and she raised her trembling hands in token of gratitude for his clemency. But she did not confess, so that we may be spared the question if the King was perfectly sincere in his pledge or if it was a mere *ruse* to calm the culprit and induce her to speak out, which her continued duplicity baffled. According to Chappuys, the King really wished to save Catherine from death, and sent some members of his council with a deputation from the Houses of Parliament, to propose to her to come to the Parliament Chamber and defend herself, as her cousin, Anne Boleyn, had done; but this proposal she declined, saying that she submitted herself to the King's mercy. Clearly she relied more on his pity than on her own eloquence, or on the justice of her cause.

The Commission of Inquiry sat at Hampton Court for a week. The Queen was placed under arrest, her keys taken from her, and her maids-of-honour dismissed. She was finally removed to Sion House, without indignity, and placed there in a kind of modified captivity, attended by four gentlewomen and two servants, and furnished with a wardrobe becoming her station. It was during her stay at Sion House that Chappuys told his master, as if from the mouth of an eye-witness, that she was “very cheerful, more plump, and pretty than ever,” and further referred to her careful dress and imperious ways. Catherine was a practised dissembler; but it is also evident that though she professed herself in a general way deserving of death, just as she would have acknowledged herself a miserable sinner and declared that she expected the fulfilment of her sentence, she did not believe it would be put in force, but relied on Henry's former infatuation and on his relenting.

The house of the old Duchess of Norfolk was searched for evidence, and when it was shown that she and her servants had already destroyed the contents of Derham's trunks, which were in her keeping, the whole household with its mistress were put under arrest. The Duchess immediately feigned illness and retired to bed, a simple device which did not serve her, as she was lodged in the Tower, with the fate of the Marchioness of Salisbury before her eyes.

Derham and Culpepper were arraigned for high treason, questioned under torture, and sentenced to death. They were taken to Tyburn. Culpepper, as the better born man, was beheaded, Derham was hanged, and the heads of the two were placed over London Bridge.

Catherine remained two months at Sion House, till early in the following year, when Parliament met, and she was attainted, along with her grandmother and various ladies and gentlemen of the Howard family, among them Lady Rochefort, the sister-in-law and bitter enemy of Anne Boleyn. The assent to the Bill was taken by commission in order to spare Henry's feelings. The Duke of Suffolk and Lord Southampton declared in the House of Lords that Catherine had admitted her guilt to them, and had implored the royal mercy and charity for her kindred and

servants. The Commons were summoned, the King's assent to the Bill was read, and with the significant phrase, “*Le Roi le veut*,” the sentence of death was passed.

Catherine was brought on the 10th of February, 1542, from Sion House to the Tower in a barge, attended by several ladies and gentlemen. Another barge containing the Lord Privy Seal and several members of the Council preceded hers, while the rear was brought up by a third barge, in which were the Duke of Suffolk and part of his retinue.

The lords disembarked first. Then came Catherine, wearing a black velvet gown. There is no record of the manner in which she received her sentence of death, or of her conduct during the gloomy journey, except for a hint that there was some difficulty and resistance on her part at starting.

It has been conjectured, from the distance by water, that she could not have arrived at her destination till the darkness of a winter evening had set in. If so, she would be saved the cruel shock of seeing the heads of Derham and her cousin, Thomas Culpepper, exposed on the bridge which she must have passed under. Let us trust it was humanely contrived that she might miss the sight in the darkness. She was received with the respect accorded to her rank.

The following day was Saturday, and on Sunday she was told to prepare to die on Monday morning, along with Lady Rochefort, who, as Catherine's confidential friend and lady-in-waiting, was believed to be her accomplice. Weak, ignorant, and erring as the poor forlorn girl was, she seems to have made up her mind, in the interval, to her fate, and to have summoned all her courage to meet it, while still solemnly protesting to her confessor, the Bishop of Lincoln, her innocence of having broken her marriage vows to the King. She asked that the headsman's block might be brought into her room that she might rehearse what she had to do, and the singular request was granted.

So early as seven on the February morning the King's council, including Lord Surrey, Catherine's cousin, assembled on the Tower Green, to which the melancholy little procession wended its way. Catherine died quickly and bravely, at last, saying very little beyond the general confession that her sins deserved the punishment they were about to receive, and that she committed her soul to God. So much was this the stereotyped speech on such an occasion, and so universally was it attributed to the sufferers, that one may have a reasonable doubt of its authenticity. Catherine Howard was only in her twentieth year, and had not been married more than eighteen months.

Lady Rochefort was much older, and is said by Chappuys to have been in a frenzy on the scaffold. Her state of mind could hardly have been allayed by the reflection that she was about to perish on the same scaffold as that on which Anne Boleyn—brought to the block chiefly by Lady Rochefort, her sister-in-law's evidence—had been beheaded. According to tradition Lady Rochefort declared, almost with her last breath, that she had been guilty of no other crime save her false accusation of Anne Boleyn and Anne's brother, Lord Rochefort, and she supposed it was for that wickedness she had to endure a shameful and violent death.

Catherine's lifeless body was hidden by a cloth, and removed by her ladies, to be buried at once in the Church of St. Peter's, most probably near the grave of her cousin queen.

The old Duchess of Norfolk, so much to blame in the lamentable story, was in the end allowed to live. The penalty she paid for her offences was the confiscation of such wealth as she had possessed.

SARAH TYTLER.

AWAY TO THE SEA

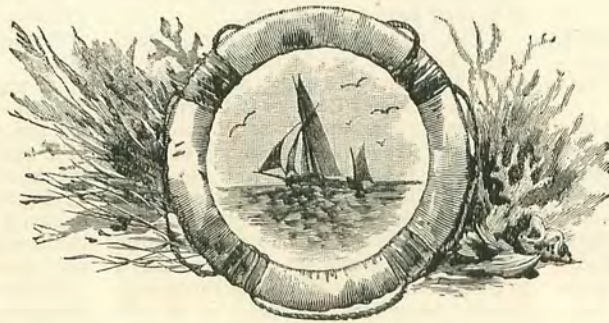
By HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

AWAY to the sea,
Where it waits for thee,
Thy calm tide floweth, O mighty river,
Sweeping along,
To thine own soft song,
Where rushes whisper, and alders shiver.

Away and away,
Till the fresh salt spray
Of leaping waves with thy waters mingle;
Where, clear and cool,
Shines the briny pool,
By golden sand and by silver shingle.

Away to the sea!
I would go with thee;
Not staying or hasting, thou shining river;
Till on the strand
Of a far-off land
Thou shouldst me at last on thy waves deliver!

Away and away
To the land of day,
Where the sun sets not, and the meads are vernal;
To join the song
Of the happy throng
Who rest for aye on the shore eternal!



TUDOR QUEENS AND PRINCESSES.

By SARAH TYTLER.

X.—CATHERINE PARR* (BY MARRIAGE A TUDOR).

HENRY VIII.'s ill-fortune, as he viewed it, in marriage, did not prevent him from seeking and getting a sixth wife. But instead of rushing again into wedlock with rash and unbecoming haste, more than a year elapsed between Catherine Howard's death and the King's marriage with Catherine Parr. His ultimate choice was, beyond measure, wiser and more honourable than that he had recently made. The single objection to it was that the lady, already twice a widow, had only lost her second husband three months before she became Queen.

Catherine Parr was of honourable though not noble birth. Her ancestors on both sides of the house—the Parris, of Kendal, and the Greens, of Green Norton—were highly connected and wealthy squires and knights. In the case of the Parris, they could trace a royal strain in their blood. Catherine's father, Sir Thomas Parr, of Kendal, died when she was only four years of age, leaving two little daughters and a son to the care of his young widow, Dame Maude Parr, a very marvel of discretion and worldly wisdom. She had been married at thirteen, and was but twenty-two when her husband died. Like Louise of Savoy, at even an earlier age, Dame Maude renounced every thought of a second marriage, and devoted herself to the rearing of her children. Like Louise, also, she signalled herself by planning betimes their advantageous settlements, and by stoutly resisting any attempt to get the better of her in her schemes.

Catherine, the elder daughter, is believed to have been born in Kendal Castle, Westmoreland, about the year 1513. She was certainly brought up in the North of England, along with her brother and sister, and a young kinswoman in the neighbourhood, named Elizabeth Bellingham, daughter of Sir Robert Bellingham, of Burnside, to whom the child Catherine was greatly attached. Miss Strickland quotes a tradition of Catherine's youth. It is to the effect that an astrologer having cast her nativity, foretold for her imperial majesty. The little girl was therefore wont to excuse herself from attending to domestic work by gravely or saucily asserting that her hands were ordained to touch crowns and sceptres, not spindles and needles. But probably any disinclination which little Catherine Parr showed for needlework was caused by her love of books, to which she was early introduced during the really extensive course of study which her mother decreed and secured for all her children. Catherine was not only taught the ordinary branches of an English education, she was well versed, for her years, in Latin, and had a little acquaintance with Greek. She was familiar with more than one modern language (doubtless French and Italian).

The first proposal of marriage which Dame Maude entertained for her small daughter was from the great North-country nobleman, Lord Dacre, on behalf of his grandson; but the project fell through on account of differences of opinion on money matters. Shortly afterwards Lady Parr accomplished a marriage between Catherine and a mature suitor, a distant relative, Lord Borough of Gains-

borough, a widower with a grown-up family. He was, as may be supposed, a man of substance, possessing other fine seats besides that in Lincolnshire, to which he took young Catherine.

Death ended the marriage before long, and Catherine was left a beautiful and rich widow, while still no more than fifteen years of age. Her mother was already dead, and Lady Borough is supposed to have resided for a time with one of her stepdaughters, that is, the widow of one of her stepsons. This lady, herself remotely related to Catherine, had already been twice married. Her first husband was Sir Walter Strickland, of Sizergh, also akin to Catherine, whose castle his widow, though re-married and re-widowed, occupied during the minority of her eldest son. By one of the odd contradictions of the time, she is reported to have been fourteen years older than her husband's stepmother, whom she called dully "My good mother."

During Catherine's stay at Sizergh, she atoned, if family tradition can be depended upon, for her early dislike to needlework by employing her nimble fingers on a counterpane and toilet-cover, in a device of wreaths of flowers on a foundation of white satin, which is still shown as a magnificent example of ancient art and industry.

A room in Sizergh, called "The Queen's room," panelled in carved black oak, and hung with tapestry, continues to be associated with Catherine, though she certainly never slept in it as Queen.

From her portraits in later years, Catherine stands before us a little woman, with delicate, rather *petite* features; very clear and sparkling

* Agnes Strickland. Froude. L. Aikin. Strype.

hazel eyes; fair hair, and a blooming complexion. Her forehead was one of those expansive foreheads so conspicuous in the faces of Henry VIII.'s queens and of their contemporaries; one comes to the conclusion that, though in the case of Catherine Parr there was warrant enough for this sign of intellect, the effect was, as a rule, produced rather by the style of head-gear and mode of dressing the hair, than by a marvellous blossoming of intellect in the women of the generation.

In expression, Catherine Parr has been described as "full of intelligence and arch simplicity." Her taste in dress, after she was Queen, was as superior to that of Anne of Cleves and Catherine Howard as was her wit. She dressed magnificently, in accordance with her rank, but always with grace and simplicity in her hoods and kirtles, pearls and rubies.

Catherine Parr's second marriage, entered into apparently before she was twenty, was again with a far-away kinsman, an elderly widower, and the father of a family, whose third wife she became. The bridegroom was John, Lord Latimer, of the great house of Neville. Catherine resided with him at his house of Snape Hall in Yorkshire, where she superintended with care and kindness the education of her two stepchildren.

Lord Latimer was a staunch Catholic. Catherine may have sympathised with him to begin with, but she was destined ere long to show that her whole heart and soul were with the more liberal and intellectual Reformers. If she viewed with favour her husband's prominence on the opposite side, as a leader in what was called "the Pilgrimage of Grace," it was one of the errors of those days of darkness which she ultimately deplored. This Pilgrimage was a great gathering of the poorer Catholics of the North, supported by many powerful noblemen and gentlemen. They sent delegates, of whom Lord Latimer was one, to the King, to beg for the restoration of the Pope's authority and of the monasteries—a petition which Henry indignantly declined to grant. The peaceful pilgrimage ended in the Northern insurrection. Lord Latimer narrowly escaped being implicated in it. As he did escape, it is very likely he went with his wife to York, to pay homage to the King and Queen on their visit there, and then, if at no other time, Catherine Parr and Catherine Howard may have met in the characters of loyal subject and sovereign lady.

Lord Latimer did not long survive these troubles; he died about 1542 or 1543. Miss Strickland seems to argue that Catherine Parr was a Catholic till then; but as immediately after her husband's death she is found in constant association with the most prominent Reformers in London, it is almost certain that her Protestantism was of earlier date, though she might not have been able to profess it openly while Lord Latimer lived, and that there was no unity of religious opinion, latterly, at least, between the two. The sole presumption against this is contained in the family records of Catherine's near relations, through her mother, the Throckmortons. These papers state that when Sir George Throckmorton, the husband of Catherine's aunt, was imprisoned, with his lands and life threatened by the covetousness and enmity of Cromwell, Catherine Lady Latimer interposed, and by her forcible representations to the King prevented the injustice, and procured the liberation of Throckmorton. But it is surely possible that Catherine, in the interests of her uncle, may have opposed the Protestant minister, though she was herself a Protestant, and that the said minister may not have felt himself warranted in granting a favour to the wife of the Catholic leader Lord Latimer, whatever her personal leanings were supposed to be.

It is certain that Coverdale, Latimer, etc., frequented Catherine's house and preached in her State room within not very many weeks of Lord Latimer's death. It was ostensibly to attend these meetings as the member of a distinguished Protestant family, that a new actor, who was to play a prominent part in the later scenes of Catherine's eventful life, appeared in the foreground. He was the King's brother-in-law, the brother of Jane Seymour, Sir Thomas Seymour, afterwards Lord Seymour of Sudely, and Lord High Admiral. He could not have been young, but he was not much older than Catherine, and was still in the flower of his manhood. He was unmarried, handsome, gay, and gallant, a magnificent fop in that age of velvet, satin, gold embroidery, and precious stones without number. He had a singular attraction for women, not for frivolous women alone, but for those also who were far his superiors in intellect and character. By the best of the Reformers he was viewed, in spite of his family and their tenets, with lively detestation.

Under whatever motive or pretext Seymour went first to the chosen haunt of the grave and learned Reformers, he began almost at once to pay court to the fair, learned widow, as well endowed with this world's goods as she was with beauty and sense. Catherine, who had made marriages of such exceptional worldly wisdom before, that her heart might have been supposed to be the most prudent of hearts, now forgot to be sage, and listened, as it would appear, to the voice of nature. She chose, like more foolish women, to lend a willing ear to the wooer who, though greatly her inferior in other respects, was a far more attractive and suitable match, in point of physique and years, than either of her former husbands had been. He was also, as one of the Reforming Seymours, in harmony with her on what was to her of so much moment as her religious creed, and she might trust that the power of a pure faith, together with her influence and example, would remedy what was inconsistent in the gentleman's practice. If she had already experienced discord in marriage on this ground, she would be still more inclined to cling to a man who could at least promise agreement with her on a cardinal question, which was at this date not only convulsing the country, but rending asunder many a private family within its bounds.

An insuperable impediment, not dreamt of to begin with, suddenly interposed to prevent the crowning culmination of Sir Thomas Seymour's bold aspirations, and the late shy dawning of Catherine Lady Latimer's love. *Le Roi le veut* was as incontestable a saying as ever, though uttered in different circumstances. Catherine was fated to be the dutiful patient wife of elderly widowers, the thoughtful, affectionate stepmother of a succession of stepchildren. It entered the head of King Henry, or of some of his councillors, that here at last was the proper wife for him. He was in his fifty-third and Catherine Parr in her thirty-first year. She would be his sixth wife, he would be her third husband. The priority in years and in the number of spouses was fitly on the gentleman's side. She had already been a good house-mistress and mother to two noble households and families. She would be a worthy queen-consort at the head of a Court, and an excellent guardian for two of Henry's motherless children, the cherished Prince of Wales, a small boy between five and six, and "the Lady Elizabeth," an irrepressible little girl of ten years. As for "the Lady Mary," she was somewhat beyond tutelage, while her welfare was not very near her father's heart. He had been known to say that she was the worst enemy he had. She was a very resolute, strong-

minded young woman of twenty-eight years of age, just two years younger than her last stepmother.

Poor Catherine Parr's solitary love-dream was rudely broken in upon. Ambitious as she was, without question, she is said to have shown some reluctance to accept the crown-matrimonial, till her suitor, Sir Thomas Seymour, quickly withdrew from a dangerous competition with his sovereign and brother-in-law. Then, moved a little by pique and mortification, perhaps, as well as by a desire for the power which she was so well qualified to administer, she consented to be a queen. The same necessity was present with her as that which had compelled gentle Jane Seymour to wed Henry the very day after her mistress and former companion had laid down her head on the block.

From the quiet shades of Chelsea, Anne of Cleves looked on with immovable philosophy at this fresh partner of her former lord.

There was no time lost in preliminaries. It was but three months from the date of Lord Latimer's death when, in July, 1543, license was granted for the marriage, without the proclamation of banns, of Henry VIII. and Catherine Lady Latimer. The wedding was not conducted secretly, like two of Henry's previous marriages. The Bishop of Winchester performed the ceremony at Hampton Court, and among the company present were the King's two daughters; his niece, Lady Margaret Douglas; Catherine's only sister; Mrs. Herbert, one of the learned ladies of the time; and many more of the bride's friends.

The Protestants at large, and their mouth-piece in particular, the University of Cambridge, rejoiced much over the auspicious event, the only one of Henry's six marriages which could be said both to begin and end happily. Catherine, a scholar in her own person, answered with much graciousness the University's congratulations.

Very soon the Queen's influence was exercised—not always successfully—in the protection of the propounders of the new learning. A little later she named Coverdale her almoner, and it was well known that she supported by all the means in her power his translation of the Bible. This was decidedly a more honourable use of her position than the promotion, however natural, of her relations and connections to posts in the Royal Household.

The Queen also showed a praiseworthy desire to promote the interests as well as to win the affection of the King's children. In the last aim she succeeded—especially where Princess Elizabeth was concerned; and, to the credit both of Catherine and Mary, who were so near in age and so divided in faith, they were on good terms. Many womanly proofs of the fact are in existence to this day in the record of kindly gifts from the Queen to her stepdaughter, and of answering tokens, like the cushion which the Princess worked with her own hand, from Mary to Catherine. In their unlikeness the two had points of sympathy. They both belonged to the group of royal and noble ladies exceptionally educated for their generation, who took genuine pleasure in serious studies and intellectual pursuits. With regard to her younger stepchildren, Catherine seems to have enjoyed presiding over their education and occupying herself with them. When Elizabeth got into serious disgrace with the King for some childish offence, and was forbidden his presence, it was through Catherine's intercession that she was restored to favour. A recent observer has remarked on the close resemblance between Catherine's handwriting and that of Edward VI. "*Belle écriture*," the little boy called his step-mother's penmanship, expressing his admiration for it in writing to thank her for a letter

to him, and he must have made her characters his model.

The manuals of devotion which Mary and Elizabeth compiled from Latin, French, and English sources are supposed to have been made at the Queen's suggestion, and she enlisted Mary's patronage and assistance on behalf of Udall's paraphrases on the Gospels. Catherine also stimulated and encouraged the princesses and their cousins, the Ladies Grey, in their taste for classic authors.

The Queen, like the King's grandmother, the venerable Margaret, was herself an author; she too "collected out of holy books" meditations and prayers in recommendation of suffering afflictions, setting at naught vain prosperity, and longing for everlasting felicity. The collection was printed in 1545, two years after Catherine's marriage. A more original work was her "Lamentations of a Sinner, Bewailing the Ignorance of her Blind Life" (while an adherent to the Roman Catholic Church), "set forth and put at the instant desire of the right gracious ladie, Catherine, Duchess of Suffolk, and the earnest request of the Right Honourable Lord William Parr, Marquis of North-Hampton" (Catherine's brother). This book, which contained too direct an attack on the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church to be consistent with the attempts at a compromise between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism with which Henry ended his reign, was not published in his lifetime in spite of its laudation of him as a Protestant king. It was "imprinted at London, in Flete Strete, at the sign of the Sunne, over against the Conduyte, by Edward Whitchurche, the 5th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1547," ten months after Henry's death. It was reprinted "at the long shopp adjoining S. Wildred's Church, in the Poultrie, by John Aldis, in 1563," thirteen years after Catherine's death, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The year after his marriage to Catherine, 1544, Henry induced his Parliament once more to set aside his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, from the succession to the crown, by appointing that any children borne by Queen Catherine should succeed Edward, supposing the Prince of Wales died a minor. But his last marriage, like the two which preceded it, was childless. If Catherine did not protest against this new act of succession it shows the extent to which ambition and political bias may blind an otherwise good woman to the plainest obligations of justice.

On Henry's last visit to France, to conduct the siege of Boulogne in 1544, Catherine was appointed Queen Regent, and ruled the kingdom, with the help of his ministers, in his absence. One of the visitations of the plague occurred while the King was abroad, when she carefully removed not only the precious prince, but the two slighted princesses, from Hampton Court to Oaking, and dwelt with them there. Catherine's letters to Henry are extravagant in their expressions of humility and devotion, as such letters were in those days, but in other respects are full of tact and good sense. In signing herself "Kateryn, the Queen," she always adds the initial letters of her maiden name "K. P." Had this any reference to the circumstance that she was the third Catherine who had signed herself the Queen in Henry's day? On Henry's return, the same year, what is called "Holbein's famous picture of the royal family" was painted. It is usually, but not indisputably, attributed to Holbein. Agnes Strickland has an odd impression that Catherine Parr was excluded from this picture, and that the portrait of the lady seated by Henry's side, dressed in cloth-of-gold, was not a likeness of the reigning Queen, but was a representation of Jane Seymour, taken from the wax effigy carried at her

funeral, and was in consequence more like a stiff, dim doll than a living woman. Miss Strickland deduces no authority for her belief, which seems to have been founded, partly on the resemblance between the portrait to other portraits of Jane Seymour, and to the likeness of the little boy, her son, introduced into the picture; partly, too, on an argument drawn from the millinery of the period, because the painted lady figures in a pointed hood, such as Jane Seymour had worn, which had been superseded by the low, round French hood introduced at Court by Catherine Howard, and ordinarily worn by Catherine Parr, as it is worn in this very picture by the two princesses. But though a plausible theory for the strange resuscitation of Jane Seymour in this picture may be constructed from Henry's special honour for the mother of his son, no satisfactory reason can be given for the slight put upon Catherine Parr, who was then in high favour with the King, by the suppression of her existence. Reference has been already made to the curious resemblance produced in Henry's wives, and in other contemporary ladies, by the peculiar fashions of the time. As to the difficulty in the matter of costume, the change in hoods was so recent that little can be drawn from it. Catherine Parr must have been accustomed to wear, a year or two previously, the pointed hood of Jane Seymour, and may have resumed it on this occasion, either from a caprice of taste, or, more probably, to distinguish her head-dress from those of her stepdaughters.

There is a preponderance of gorgeous red and gold throughout the picture. Henry's "gown" is of scarlet and gold, girded round the huge waist with a white satin sash, puffed at the breast with white satin, and surmounted by a collar of pearls, with ruby medallions. The Queen's gown is of cloth-of-gold; the little prince, leaning against his father, has a crimson velvet cap, and a dark red gown; the princesses, entering from different sides, are dressed alike in red brocade, with red trains. Besides the family, two figures can be seen through opposite doorways—both belong to the privileged class of fools or jesters. The one, a grotesque looking woman, is believed to be "Jane the fool;" the other, a man, is "Will Somers, the King's jester." He carries a monkey, or "jackanapes," on his shoulder.

Catherine's reign as Queen-consort lasted three years, and her position at Henry's Court is not without a resemblance to that of Madame Maintenon, after her private marriage to Louis XIV. at the Court of France in a later generation. Catherine Parr was a legalised Madame Maintenon. She was much younger, much more attractive personally, and she was acknowledged Queen, though she was never crowned—indeed, there was not so much as a proposal to that effect. She compelled the respect even of her enemies, and the breath of slander never touched her. Yet, somehow, it was never quite forgotten that she had been a simple gentlewoman. She was at the head of the King's household to manage it for him, to interest and amuse him, to nurse him in chronic illness, to help to rear his children. She was, for the most part, the Queen only in name. She had been found fit to act as Queen-regent in his absence. She was rendered illustrious by her talents and acquirements. She was by far the most honourable and blameless of the four private subjects whom Henry raised to share his throne; still she somehow stood apart from the regal state to which she was elevated. It was better remembered of her than of those three predecessors, certainly far better than of Anne Boleyn in her arrogance and passion, that she had not been born in the purple, or grown up in daily familiarity with the dignity to which she had attained.

Undisturbed in her integrity and dutifulness by the presence at Court of Sir Thomas Seymour, who was developing more and more into a reckless, restless lover of pleasure and amusement, and a notorious gambler, Catherine pursued the even tenor of her way.

In what was Henry's continually empty exchequer towards the close of his life, it was a great advantage to all concerned that Catherine held, independently of her allowance as Queen, the liberal jointures settled upon her by her previous husbands, Lord Borough and Lord Latimer.

Henry's needs were so great that after changing the value of the currency and applying without response to Parliament, he was reduced to appropriate the revenues of the hospitals and colleges, placed at his disposal by the same Parliament, and it was only Queen Catherine's urgent representations which kept Cambridge from being impoverished. To Catherine's many engagements was added latterly that of sedulously nursing her formidable husband. He was immensely overgrown, dropsical, and in perpetual pain from an ulcerous leg. He was still but in his fifty-fifth year, while age, diseased and helpless, had descended on him. He was utterly incapable of taking any part in the splendid pageants over which he had loved to preside. The out-of-door sports and games in which he had delighted were far removed from him. His life-long rival and brother, King Francis I., who had long been dying by inches of a terrible malady, could yet lead the hunt, the fastest and fiercest rider in the company on the last day of his life, but Henry had to sit in his armchair and be raised by machinery from one story of his palace to another. His temper, always choleric, had grown chronically uncertain with gusts of fury. It was to this poor man, once so full of life and strength and manly beauty, so splendid in his princely power and popularity, that Catherine had to minister.

She is said to have done it faithfully and tenderly, no doubt instructed by former experience in dealing with ailing, elderly men. According to the chroniclers of the period, she would remain hours on her knees fomenting and dressing the sores which he would allow no one else to touch, or he would rest his lame leg in her lap. When she could divert his mind in no other fashion she would beguile the time by dwelling on the one subject of which he never wearied, the promise and prospects of his idolised son.

A kind of mania with Henry, at the unhappy close of his life, was the mingled anger and vexation with which he viewed the religious distractions in his kingdom to which he had given the first impetus. It was as if he would have said to the waves of party strife, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no further." He ignored the fact that no great and vital change, whether in the individual or the nation, can take place without struggles and convulsions, relapses and fresh fights to regain lost ground.

It was in the humour of stamping out the causes of discord that Henry lent himself to support the more zealous of the old Catholics—notably Bishop Gardiner—in restoring the landmarks in what came to be considered the fundamental principles of their religion. The result was the persecutions and burnings, in one of which Anne Ascue perished.

It is possible that when Queen Catherine lived in Lincolnshire, in her girlhood, she may have been acquainted with the families of Ascue and Kyme—Anne's relations by birth and marriage—among the country gentry. But as for Anne herself, she was more than half a dozen years younger than Catherine Parr, and so could only have been a child of six when the latter dwelt, as Lady Borough, near Gainsborough. But

whether recommended by old acquaintances, or introduced by the Queen's sister, Lady Herbert, or the Queen's particular friend, Catherine Willoughby, Duchess of Suffolk—both of whom were known to be very favourably affected to the Reformed faith—or merely attracted to Court by the report that the learned and virtuous Queen held with the protestors against the old corruptions and abuses in the Church, Anne came to London and was received at Westminster. Young, beautiful, ardent, the very priests who were her opponents had drawn back from the contest when they watched her reading the Bible in Lincoln Cathedral. Her husband had turned her out of doors because of her adherence to the new learning; but Catherine welcomed her, discussed with her what was called heresy, and, along with Lady Herbert and Lady Suffolk, read the heretical books which were in Anne's possession. Very soon Anne was arrested and thrown into prison. In her imprisonment she was reduced to such poverty that her faithful maid, not daring to compromise the ladies with whom her mistress was acquainted by asking aid from them, went out into the streets and "made moan to the 'prentices, and they by her did send in money." Not only the honest 'prentices' hearts were touched; that of Bishop Bonner, not wont to be soft where heretics were concerned, was moved by her.

It was commonly believed that the arrest and subsequent cruel torture on the rack of Anne Ascue had a double motive. It was intended not only to punish a contumacious pretender to the right of private judgment, but to induce her so to implicate other women of rank—above all, the Queen—as to include them in the accusation of heresy, and procure a warrant for their arrest. The whisper went round that Gardiner "aimed at higher deer" than the Lincolnshire gentlewoman. But Anne was loyal and generous in her lofty courage. "They did put me on the rack because I confessed no ladies and gentlemen to be of my opinion." She wrote in the piteous fragments which survive of her account of the treatment she received, "and thereupon they kept me a long time, and because I lay still and did not cry, my Lord Chancellor (Wriothesley) and Master Rich (the Solicitor-General) took pains to rack me with their own hands till I was nigh dead."*

Neither screwings nor pinchings—which were certainly so severe that the Lieutenant of the Tower had to lift her up in his arms from the rack and lay her swooning on the floor, and that she had to be carried the following day in a chair to the stake before St. Bartholomew's Church—no, nor the blazing fagots amidst which she was chained, could make her give up the names of her friends, or betray their sympathy with her belief. It may be mentioned here that in the group of heretics who suffered along with Anne was a gentleman in the King's retinue named Lascelles. This gentleman is understood to have been the cousin of Francis Derham and brother of one of the old Duchess of Norfolk's gentlewomen, who gave the information to Archbishop Cranmer of the pre-contract between Derham and Catherine Howard.

It is easy to guess what grief it must have been to Catherine Parr to stand passive and witness these enormities in the name of religion; but though she was both good and kind, she was not an Anne Ascue. Her interposition at this crisis would probably have been useless, and her own life and liberty were in danger. If the mere possession of heretical

books was dangerous, and a messenger had to ride post haste to warn the Court ladies of their peril, still more condemnatory evidence existed in the fact that the Queen had written such a book as "The Lamentations of a Sinner, Bewailing the Ignorance of her Blind Life," which, though not printed till the following year, was almost certainly written at this date, 1546, and was no more likely to be an entire secret than the Queen's advocacy of the Reformation had been kept a secret.

The popular version of the risk Catherine ran, and her narrow escape, runs as follows:—Henry, always interested in theology, had not been unwilling to argue with Catherine Parr on the great subject which had attracted him, even as a young man. He had been pleased by her intelligence and acumen, but she had gone too far. She had let him see that she could beat him in controversy, and there were two things which from boyhood he had not been able to bear—the one was, to be contradicted in an assertion; the other, to be defeated in any form. He was said to have especially resented her opposition to Bishop Gardiner, in the royal presence, for his hostility to the translation of the Bible into the vulgar tongue, and its free use. Possibly, the argument was ill-timed, for Henry was confined to his room and in great pain. Anyhow, when Catherine quitted the King and the bishop, leaving them together, Henry relieved his ill-humour by saying, ironically, "A good hearing it is, when women become such clerks; and much to my comfort to come in my age to be taught by my wife!"

If Henry said nothing more than this, and had no ulterior meaning in the words provoked by weariness and suffering, the speech, though not complimentary, might pass. But Foxe, the enthusiastic and picturesque old chronicler of the martyrs, declares that Gardiner caught at Henry's words, and proceeded to insinuate accusations of the Queen as deeply tinged with heresy, and so naturally failing in duty and respect to her sovereign; farther, that the King let the bishop speak unrebuked, and was so worked upon by his words, and by Henry's own morose and jealous temper, as to consent that a commission should sit and articles be drawn up. These articles included charges of treasonable heresy against Catherine, her sister, and their particular friends, which placed their lives in danger.

The story goes on to say that the Queen was totally unaware of the plot against her, and might not have learned it till the storm burst, had not the Chancellor, Wriothesley, Gardiner's ally, accidentally dropped the paper containing the charge, to which the King's signature was given, in the gallery at Whitehall.

The paper was picked up by a friendly attendant, who carried it to Queen Catherine. She was struck with amazement, and overwhelmed with terror (in a manner totally unlike her usual quiet, composed demeanour). Retiring to her room, which was next that of the invalid King, she gave way to such sobs and lamentations that Henry sent to ascertain what was the matter. The answer given, by the authority of the physician, was that the Queen was dangerously ill, and that her illness was caused by mental agitation.

Prompted by repentance, returning affection, or suspicion, Henry had himself carried in his chair into the Queen's room, and showed so much pity for her condition, that Catherine declared herself "revived and rejoiced" by his visit. The next evening the Queen was sufficiently recovered to return the King's visit. She was accompanied by her sister, Lady Herbert, while Lady Jane Grey, a little girl of nine, already holding office in Catherine's household, bore the candles before the two ladies.

Henry was courteous and kind, but

ominously turned the conversation to the old religious topics on which the couple had been accustomed to dispute. Catherine, taught by experience, and always more politic than heroic, fell back on her weakness as a woman, and deferred to his superior judgment as a man, as her husband, and, as by God's appointment the head of the Church in England, so that, next to God, she would learn from him.

"Not so, by St. Mary," the King is represented as saying, with strong sarcasm. "Ye are become a doctor, Kate, to instruct us, and not to be instructed of us, as oftentimes we have seen."

Then Catherine protested that her meaning had been mistaken; that it was preposterous for a woman to instruct her lord; that she had only wished to draw forth his opinion on nice points of doctrine and practice. She had believed that such discussions helped to pass the time in the confinement of his sick room, while she profited by his discourse.

"And is it so, sweetheart?" inquired the appeased King. "Then are we perfect friends," and kissed her, in token of reconciliation.

Finally, when the King was able "to take the air," with the Queen and her ladies, in the garden, Lord Wriothesley appeared with forty of the Guard, prepared to make his arrests. But Henry hailed him furiously, with such abusive epithets as those of "beast, fool," etc., etc., forbidding him the royal presence.

Catherine, with her customary mildness, interceded for him, and said his fault might have proceeded from a mistake.

Henry, in his rage and contrition, exclaimed impetuously, "Ah, poor soul, thou little knowest, on my word, sweetheart, he hath been to thee a very knave."

These details are for the most part supplied by Foxe. But we are bound to remember that, however quaint, vivid, and vigorous the narratives of the old writer are, they cannot be quite relied upon as history. He was too much of a partisan—sincere as his partisan-ship was, and valuable and thrilling as his life-like pictures are—to permit his accounts to be taken as proven facts.

The objection to the tradition urged by Mr. Froude is that it is unavouched for, unalluded to by contemporary authorities as yet discovered; * diluted through Protestant tradition for two generations, till it reached the ears of Foxe. But it is admitted that Gardiner might have brought complaints against the Queen, and that the King, after examining into them, might have eventually rebuked the complainer, and dismissed the complaints.

In Henry's last act of violence Catherine could have had no interest, save that of common humanity and a sympathy with intellectual culture. The victim was the gallant and gifted, but extravagant and profligate, Earl of Surrey. He died partly because he bore Howard blood in his veins, partly because his ambition and recklessness kept pace with the animosity of the Seymours. In vain "he proposed, according to custom, to fight his accuser in his shirt"; in vain he made "a spirited, strong, and eloquent defence." He had quartered the royal arms with his own, as only the heir to the throne was at liberty to do.

He was supposed to aspire to the hand of the Princess Mary, though for that matter, at the age of twenty-seven, Surrey had already a wife and five children, whom he was prepared to repudiate. His "beautiful songs," his "Petrarchan sonnets," the totally different novelties which he introduced into England in the shape of the heroic blank verse of his translation of a book of the *Æneid*, and the

* Strype seems to infer some foundation for the story.

* The conduct of the great officers of State, Wriothesley and Rich, seems so barbarous that some people have believed they could not have been altogether in earnest, that their intention was rather to frighten than to hurt Anne Ascue, therefore they kept the rack in their own hands.

curious training of dogs to "point" after game, were so many unavailing gifts to keep his memory green. When the King should have signed the death warrant, his own end was so near and his hands were so helpless that he could not write his name, so that a stamp with the letters "H. R." had to stand for it. The Duke of Norfolk, Surrey's father, the hard and pitiless uncle of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, would have perished also, but on the night before the morning of his execution Henry himself was numbered with the dead. His health had long been wretched; he had been in a state of fever for many weeks, but the end was sudden. He is said to have received the intimation that his death was to all appearance at hand with the characteristic fiery defiance of the man; when Sir Anthony Denny courageously interrupted the King's impatient groans and cries of pain with the verdict the doctors had given, Henry looked sternly at Denny, and asked what judge had sent him to pass this sentence upon him? He directed Crammer to be sent for, but was speechless before the Archbishop's arrival, and was only able to make a motion with his hand when asked to give a sign of his trust in God and Christ.

There is some support given to the story that Catherine had been or was in disfavour with the King, by the circumstance that there is no mention made of her towards the end of his life, and she does not appear to have been with him in his last moments. But neither were his son and daughters present when the King died, at Westminster, towards the close of January, 1547, in his fifty-sixth year. His body was taken to Windsor, resting by the way at Sion House, where Catherine Howard was imprisoned, and, as it happened, on the day following that of the fifth anniversary of her execution. The King's coffin was deposited in the vault beneath St. George's Chapel with Jane Seymour's coffin. There is nothing to be made of Henry's will, in relation to the terms on which he stood with Catherine Parr, at the time of his death, for though she was greatly disappointed when she found that she was not appointed regent during the young King's minority, there is a presumption that the main portion of the will was written some time before, on the eve of the King's going to France; in every other respect, save that of the guardianship of Edward, the provision for Catherine was liberal and kind. There is a high testimony paid to her virtues, and to the King's respect for them, and a handsome addition made to her jointure of three thousand a year,* with the bequest of such plate, household stuffs, and jewels as she might choose.

Catherine was now a very wealthy widow, in possession of no less than three jointures. Her Royal jointure-house was at Chelsea, on the site where Cheyne Pier was destined to stand. Chelsea was then a pleasant village on the Thames, with Royal and aristocratic proclivities.

One cannot help wondering whether it was the same house which had been given, among others, to "the daughter of Cleves," and whether the imperturbable Anne, who survived Henry ten, and Catherine herself nine years, was at Chelsea in these eventful spring months—whether there were two Queen Consorts of Henry VIII. in the same favoured village at one time; if Anne visited Catherine Parr as she had visited Catherine Howard—for that matter there was now no longer a burly, choleric obstacle between them—and did the renowned discretion of the little Queen Catherine vie with the unspeakable philosophy of the large Princess Anne?

Catherine was not more than thirty-five years of age, a very comely and dainty, as well as splendidly endowed little woman, in her third widowhood, when her former lover, Sir Thomas Seymour, about this time created Lord Seymour of Sudely, and Lord High Admiral, came hurrying to woo her once more.

By Henry's will sixteen executors were named who were to manage the affairs of the kingdom; to these executors was added a council of twelve, as a council of regency, the old nobility being almost entirely excluded. A proposal was carried by the council that the Earl of Hertford—the head of the Seymours and the uncle of the young King—should be at their head, with the title and authority of Lord Protector. The executors then proceeded to fulfil what were declared to be previous arrangements of King Henry's, in conferring honours on various gentlemen, by which Hertford became Duke of Somerset, and Sir Thomas Seymour, Lord Seymour of Sudely; later he was created Lord Admiral.

Still in the prime of life, and as arrogant as his elder brother was amiable, he at once contemplated putting the finishing touch to his fortunes by making a splendid marriage. Quickly as he had reverted to his old love, she was not the first in his vagrant thoughts, if rumour did not lie. He aspired as high as the young Princess Elizabeth, but was forbidden to think of her by his brother and the rest of the council. Then Seymour cunningly sounded his nephew, the young King, whom he was always seeking to please by flattery and gifts, in order to win his affections from his guardian—his elder and much more trustworthy uncle. Probably Seymour had depended on the boy's affection for himself, and on Edward's well-known preference for Elizabeth. He had counted on his youthful adviser's suggesting his favourite sister—the same little child whom Seymour had carried in his arms at Edward's baptism—as a fitting match for the soaring suitor. But the little lad of nine, in his innocence, first mentioned Anne of Cleves as a proper recipient for his uncle's hand; and then, when the idea was not approved of, he made an amendment upon it, saying to the third person whom Seymour had employed to speak for him, "Nay, nay, I wot you what? I would he married my sister Mary, to change her opinions." Whether he would have changed them for the better is more than doubtful, if Bishop Latimer was right in describing the Lord Admiral as "the farthest from the fear of God of any man he ever knew." But Seymour himself was well aware that Mary would have none of him.

It was after these interludes that Lord Seymour sought the unsuspecting Catherine in her retreat at Chelsea; and even yet it was so early in the days of her widowhood—though these were still the times when men who coveted such prizes had to strike hot and fast, or see them snatched from them by more daring and unscrupulous assailants—that a suit which would otherwise have been perfectly admissible was rendered, and indecorous secrecy had to be sought. The wooer came by a private field-path across a footbridge, and was admitted by a side postern to his mistress's presence sometimes as early as eight o'clock in the morning.

What was the attraction in this man which existed for many women? A contemporary praises his high spirit and his courtliness, his stately person, his magnificent voice; but, alas! the laudation is signally qualified, apropos of the voice, for the narrator goes on to admit, after praising the sound, "but somewhat empty of matter." Who does not hear the glib sonorous voice of the handsome, hectoring Lord Admiral, "somewhat empty of matter"?

Yet surely there was something else than

a stately carriage and a magnificent voice, which not only blinded Catherine Parr to the man's radical defects, but so worked on the Royal young girl Elizabeth, that though she was too proud ever to receive his suit, when he was free to urge it—*though she was shrewd enough, indeed, to have a contempt for his blatant folly, still produced in her a kind of "scornful liking" even for his memory.*

Was it not a remnant of open-hearted frankness, a false glamour of generous recklessness, though it was plainly said of him that he loved only himself? There are traces of such a temper, however grievously marred, in his protest with regard to Catherine after she was his wife. Neither is there any evidence worth considering that he did not treat her with respect and affection, or that she was not in possession of such love as he had to give, though what he conceived his interest had stood in the way for a time. Certainly the love of a man like Lord Seymour of Sudely was not worth much, save, it might be, in the dazzled eyes of Catherine Parr, who, poor soul, was reported to have "adored him to the last." For the weak spot in her armour was that, with all her native sagacity and acquired culture—nay, with all her religious aspirations—she had a soft heart in her bosom for this strong, mature gallant, manly enough in his way, but no more her equal than was any other of her former mates.

Some of the letters which passed between the two at this date have been preserved, and are sufficiently curious. Hers have all the coyness of a maiden's first love-letters, and a pretty archness, "the arch simplicity" which has been noted in the expression of her face. They are also full of a pathetic devotion and humility in many a sentence besides that in which she signs herself—

"By her that is yours to serve and obey during her life,

"KATERYN, THE QUEEN, K.P."

His letters, while they profess ardent affection, are oppressively deferential in the manner in which he styles her, in every second sentence, "Your Highness."

The confidante of the wooing was Catherine's only sister, Lady Herbert. It is said that Catherine exchanged rings and a promise of marriage with Seymour within five weeks of Henry's death—a haste which was less called for than in the case of the poor young Queen-Dowager of France and Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. Whether the statement of the early promise of marriage is correct or not, it is certain, from Edward VI.'s diary, that the wedding of the couple took place in the month of May, 1547, though it was not publicly announced till the following month of June. Henry had died the previous January, so that about the same interval elapsed between his death and Catherine's fourth and last marriage, as had passed between Lord Latimer's death and his widow's marriage to the King. The feelings of the public were not very delicate in such matters in those days; but though Henry VIII.'s death could hardly have been regarded as anything save a deliverance to Catherine Parr, there was just enough perception of outraged propriety to cause a reluctance to proclaim the fact of her precipitate marriage to the Lord Admiral.

But if Catherine could hardly be said to have assumed the "hood, and barb, and sweeping pall," which were the widow's weeds of a queen, her weeds for my Lord Latimer, with whom she had dwelt for ten years, were worn for no longer a period.

In broad contradiction to what she had been doing, yet in a frame of mind which is by no means without precedent, Catherine elected this time, of all others, as the season to write a letter in Latin to her stepson, King Edward, in which she not only enjoins him to continue his practice of religious duties and secular studies,

* The value of money was much greater then than now.

and to answer her letter in the learned language in which she had written, but strives to impress on the boy her grateful love for the memory of his father, King Henry. Edward was a guileless lad, and might not be too much struck by the anomaly; and otherwise he was not ill-disposed to the marriage of his stepmother and his uncle.

The Lord Protector Somerset, on the contrary, highly disapproved of his brother's marriage, and showed his disapproval by depriving Catherine of the jewels bequeathed to her by the late King. The Duke did this on the plea that these were Crown jewels, and one can understand his difficulty, since he was all which his brother was not—amiable, if weak, honestly religious, and a lover of his country and his King, whom he shrank from impoverishing in any part of his inheritance, above all when the Duke's brother was to profit by the impoverishment.

The wrangle for these jewels—maintained as fiercely by Lord Seymour as if his wife had possessed no other portion—which outlasted what remained of Catherine's life, must have served to embitter it. It was also fretted by the strife between her and the Duchess of Somerset, in which both brothers were embroiled. The good duke was unhappily mated with a haughty, violent-tempered duchess, who boasted of Plantagenet blood in her veins, as the descendant of Thomas of Woodstock. Time had been when it was this imperious lady's duty to carry Catherine's train on State occasions; but she was not slow in showing that she considered the Queen had forfeited her State, and must give place to the wife of the Lord Protector. Accordingly the Duchess of Somerset refused to perform any service for the wife of her husband's younger brother, insisted on walking into a room before her, and spoke of her slightly as "Latimer's widow."

One would think that Catherine was sufficiently wise to have declined such petty rivalry, and held it lightly. Perhaps her husband's folly overbore her wisdom; perhaps she had paid too dearly for her exaltation to give it up easily; perhaps we all are small in our tenacity with regard to some trifle.

The young King's faithful affection for his stepmother, and his preference for his uncle, the Lord Admiral, not only angered his naturally placable guardian still further, it especially incensed his guardian's wife. It also seemed to awake in the scheming breast of Thomas, Lord Sudely, the perilous fancy that he and the Queen might manage to supersede the Duke and Duchess of Somerset as Regents of the kingdom. As another hold over Edward, Lord Seymour planned to have the care of Lady Jane Grey, who was looked upon in the light of the destined wife of her cousin Edward, after the treaty for the marriage of the boy with Mary Queen of Scots, on which Henry had set his heart, had fallen through hopelessly.

An additional source of disturbance to Catherine, and to more than Catherine, during that sorely-troubled last marriage of hers, was the arrangement by which the Princess Elizabeth, a lively girl of fifteen, had remained under her stepmother's charge, both at Chelsea and at Sudely Castle, Lord Seymour's chief seat, which was situated in one of the midland counties. In those days of greater freedom of manners, with greater laxity of morals, and of tumultuous changes both in political and family relations, the familiar terms on which the members of one household lived were apt to be regarded as dangerous where a man bold, insinuating, and irrepressible like the Lord Admiral, and a high-spirited youthful princess were concerned. Why might not Seymour pretend to the hand of Princess Elizabeth, if his wife should die, or by the method of dissolving

marriages which many men found only too practicable? In that case he would be the brother-in-law as well as the uncle of Edward; nay, should Edward and Mary die, why might not the man whose success had already been so great, rise to the dazzling height of King Consort? In reality there is no proof that Lord Seymour, after he had married Catherine, cherished such an unprincipled project during her life. Whatever his faults—and they were many and grave—he seems to have been proud and fond in his way of his Queen, who had sacrificed and hazarded much to be his wife. He was wont to say, "No one should speak ill of the Queen; or, if he knew it, he would take his fist to the ears of those who did, from the lowest to the highest." It was reported that she was vexed by his violent temper, as well as worried by his sister-in-law's rivalry; but Catherine had been well accustomed to deal with a passionate spirit. The foolish liberties which he took with the girl Princess were no more than what might have been expected from a man with little reverence and much presumption, and a carriage which in its gallantry was swaggering and rollicking. Catherine was quite cognisant of her husband's behaviour to young Elizabeth, whom her stepmother doubtless looked upon as little better than a child compared to Lord Seymour. For Catherine thoughtlessly encouraged him, as when she helped him to hold and tickle the girl, and on another occasion when the wife grasped the Princess's hands till the husband had teasingly cut scores of holes in the Princess's cloth gown. Rough play, but only play, though Catherine saw it had gone far enough when she found the Lord Admiral rudely snatching a kiss from his Royal ward. Catherine's discretion, which had slept, awoke, and she forthwith dispatched her charge to be under the care of a more decorous and prudent host, receiving, in the room of Elizabeth, little Lady Jane Grey, who was as meek and modest as she was learned and high-minded, and was, besides, the destined bride of the King. That the stepmother and stepdaughter continued, though parted, on the most cordial and intimate terms, is clear from a letter which still survives. It was written by Elizabeth after she had left Sudely. She inquired in it, familiarly and affectionately, for information regarding the Queen's health, and wished she were back in Lady Jane's place.

As the last worry of Catherine's life at this time, she had in her keeping at Sudely the erring and insane wife of her only brother, William Parr, Marquis of Northampton.

It is pleasant to turn to the brighter side of the picture to find Catherine, the former friend of Anne Ascue, having the Queen's book, which was a formal protest against the errors of the Roman Catholic religion, printed and circulated without fear of the consequences; to see her presiding over her stately and well-ordered household, in which, like Mary, Queen-Dowager of France, Catherine, the widowed Queen of Henry VIII., still maintained much of the dignity of Royal rank. She continued to have ladies-in-waiting, maids of honour, gentlemen of the chambers, and yeomen of the guard. She had chaplains chosen from the most learned and devout of the Reformers. With their help she instituted Divine worship twice a day in the Castle, religious services which its careless, unruly master declined to attend.

At the close of August, 1548, Catherine's first and only child, a daughter, was born. Its birth had been anticipated with the greatest pride and delight both by Catherine and her husband. The nurseries and the staff of attendants provided for the infant were like those furnished for the heir of a kingdom. Some little disappointment was experienced

when the child proved a girl and not a boy; yet not even the big bouncing Lord Admiral confessed to any chagrin to speak of, as he wrote boastful, exulting letters, enlarging on the beauty of his little daughter.

In the middle of the rejoicing, Catherine was seized with fever, and died on the eighth day after the birth of her child. Nor was this all, from the testimony afterwards given by her close friend and companion for the greater part of her life—a daughter of Catherine's first husband, Lord Borough, and of course one of her earlier group of stepdaughters, whom on her marriage with Henry she had immediately nominated to the post of a lady-in-waiting. This Lady Tyrwhit was induced to state that there was much that was sad and painful in the poor Queen's death. Her mind became distempered and clouded by the nature of her illness, and in her raving, which was not fully recognised as delirium, she entertained the gloomiest fancies, and spoke mysterious words of injuries she had suffered and wrongs she had undergone.

In an apparently lucid interval, while insisting on the nearness of her death, of which none of her attendants saw any sign, she executed a short will. In this will she made no mention of the child on whom she had set such store. She left her whole worldly goods to her husband, unconditionally, adding, as a last token of the tender regard in which she held him, that she "wished them to be a thousand times more in value than they were." But even in this final effort of love and struggle for consciousness, the Queen's illness passed into another stage, common enough in such a malady, when the person best beloved by the sick woman in health became the object of vehement suspicion and violent dislike. Catherine wildly accused her husband of rejoicing at her death and mocking at her anguish, when, even according to the not very sensible or unprejudicial evidence of Lady Tyrwhit, given on her examination before the Council, the doomed man was standing in distress by his dying wife's bed, striving in vain to soothe her.

The scene would have been but a piteous result of illness in ordinary circumstances; it was otherwise where the life of a queen was in question, in troublous times.

In the meantime Catherine was honourably mourned and buried. She was not more than thirty-six years of age—the age so fatal to many of the Tudor princesses and their immediate descendants. Elizabeth Woodville, Mary, Queen-Dowager of France, her daughter, Frances Brandon—in her turn Duchess of Suffolk—Catherine Parr, Arabella Stewart—granddaughter of Margaret Tudor—all died at about thirty-six.* Catherine outlived King Henry a year and seven months. Lady Jane Grey, still only in her eleventh year, was at Sudely when Catherine died, and led the procession of mourners, "with her train borne up by a gentlewoman." Six ladies walked two and two behind the chief mourner. Many ladies and gentlemen, yeomen of the guard, etc., followed the coffin to the chapel of Sudely Castle, where lessons were read and psalms sung, according to the form of the Reformed Church. Coverdale, the Queen's almoner, delivered an oration and read prayers, and each lady and gentleman, according to their rank, gave an alms to the poor.

Never were royal remains more desecrated than were those of poor Catherine Parr. It was a comparatively small matter for Cromwell and his Ironsides to dismantle the chapel and tomb. Idle curiosity and senseless outrage did their worst more than two hundred years after Catherine's death. A party of ladies, who happened to be in the ruined chapel of Sudely Castle in 1782, had their

* Anne Boleyn was beheaded at the same age. †

attention attracted by a block of alabaster. They had the ground opened, when they found the leaden covering of a body. This they got cut apart in two places, and then, frightened at the spectacle of the embalmed body within, had the earth thrown over it again. Fired by their example, the tenant of the land, for the time, also dug up the coffin, which was only two feet under the ground, laying bare the inscription

"K. P."
"Here lyeth Queen Katherine,"
etc., etc.,

and reopened the coffin, again exposing the body. Two years afterwards, a band of roughs in the neighbourhood, in what appears to have been wanton desecration, a third time invaded the grave, and cast the once dainty body—richly dressed, as in life, to the very shoes on the small feet—on a heap of rubbish. The vicar of the parish interposed, with much cause, and the body was reburied. But even then poor Catherine's dust was not suffered to rest in peace. In 1786 the coffin was again taken up, and its contents examined, this time with all care and respect, by leave of the owner of the castle. It was then, it was said, that the two members of the Antiquarian Society, who made the investigation, found a shoot of ivy had forced its way within the lead, and formed a wreath of living green for the uncrowned head of a good and gifted woman.

Even after that date rabbits burrowed in the chapel, scraped holes, and scudded round the grave. But at last castle and chapel have been fitly restored. All that was left of Catherine's mortal remains were installed with due honour in a vault beneath a tomb copied from the original monument, of which a rare woodcut is still in existence. Her effigy, in white marble, lies under a sculptured canopy.

Besides many locks of fair hair attributed to Queen Catherine Parr, in the late Tudor Exhibition, there was shown a ghastly relic which might have been procured on one of the occasions when her grave was despoiled; it was a discoloured tooth, set in silver, and labelled "a tooth of Queen Catherine Parr's."

Six months after Catherine's death, her husband, Lord Seymour of Sudely, was beheaded on Tower Green, partly on the ground of having poisoned his wife, of which nobody can now doubt his innocence. Even his severest critics acknowledge that, as he had nothing to gain and many solid advantages to lose by her loss, it is utterly improbable that he should have committed the crime. Another point which clears him is that Catherine's nearest relations—her brother, William Parr, Lord Northampton, and her brother-in-law, created Earl of Pembroke—continued, after her death, on excellent terms with the Lord Admiral. The truth was, that he had revived

the old scheme of marrying Princess Elizabeth, and was suspected, with more warrant, of having bought over, to support his interests, her governess, Mrs. Ashley, and her cofferer, Parry. And Lord Seymour continued to bluster and intrigue against the most forgiving of brothers, until, on his second committal to the Tower, from which the Duke of Somerset had already saved him once, the very noblemen whom the accused man had trusted gave fatal evidence of his treasonable designs.

On the March morning when Lord Seymour was executed, two letters are said to have been found hidden in his velvet slippers. The writing was scratched with an agate, the addresses were to the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, and the contents besought the sisters' interposition and protection for the writer.

The attainder and execution of Lord Seymour meant the ruin of the infant daughter whose birth had been hailed with so much triumph. For though the confiscation of the great property which she should have inherited was set aside, her estates were not restored, possibly because she did not live long enough to make the necessary claim for them. She had been named "Mary," probably after the elder princess, and she began life with the state of a princess; but on her father's disgrace she seems to have been handed about from kinsman to friend, and treated as a grudging incumbrance rather than a valued trust. There is a letter extant, written by Catherine Willoughby, Duchess of Suffolk, Catherine Parr's greatest friend, which reflects no credit on the duchess's loyalty and liberality; she complains bitterly of the burden imposed on her by the child and her train, and appeals to the little Mary's uncle, the Duke of Somerset, to grant his niece a pension, or at least to pay her servants' wages. The duchess represents the child's uncle on the mother's side, William Parr, Marquis of Northampton, as equally unable and unwilling to bear the little girl's maintenance. These were the people who sunned themselves in Catherine's favour while she was Henry's Queen. Sorrow came to soften the witty duchess's heart, and to teach her more motherly compassion; for, just as her predecessor Mary's boy had died of the sweating sickness, on its first appearance in the country, so, when it visited England for the second time, Catherine Duchess of Suffolk's two sons, lads of promise at Cambridge, were cut off by the epidemic within an hour of each other.

Mary Seymour might have been more welcome to her mother's sister, Anne Countess of Pembroke; but unfortunately Anne died when her niece was only three years of age.

There are no details to be found of Mary

Seymour's death, beyond the fact that a contemporary writer refers to her as dying young; while another chronicler states a little more precisely that she died in her thirteenth year, which is doubtless correct.

Miss Strickland had a different theory, founded on no complete documentary evidence, but simply on a tradition preserved in the family of a Sussex clergyman, supported by a fragment of their genealogy and a few Tudor relics in their possession. The written fragment, saved from other papers which had been burnt, was entitled "A Good Account of my Pedigree, given me by my Grandmother," and was dated 1749. It stated, among other particulars, that a private gentleman named Silas Johnson, the son of a Kent squire, married the daughter of Sir Edward Bushel (supposed to be a gentleman in the household of Queen Anne), who had married in his turn "the only daughter of the Duke of Somerset's brother, Lord Seymour, which daughter the Lord Seymour had by Queen Catherine Parr, whom he married after the death of Harry the Eighth, whose queen she was." The above Sir Edward Bushel's daughter was "a great fortune" to Silas Johnson, and their daughter, Mary Johnson, married the Rev. Francis Drayton, of Little Chart, in Kent, where he and his wife lie buried. The relics of the Tudors preserved in the family of the Sussex clergyman were a fine damask napkin—the pattern and motto corresponding with the arms of Catherine of Arragon, by whom the napkin is supposed to have been brought from Spain—a portrait, on panel, of Henry VIII., and a medallion in bronze of the Royal arms of England and France, cut from the centre of a pewter plate." Agnes Strickland's conjecture is that the Duchess of Suffolk might have brought up the orphan Mary Seymour. When the persecution of the Protestants broke out under Queen Mary, the Duchess, knowing herself a marked woman in the Reformed Church, might have thought it well to marry her charge respectably, though not splendidly, before her protectress fled to the Low Countries, accompanied by her second husband, a gentleman of her household named Bertie. With him her adventures were strange and romantic, culminating in the birth of her son "Peregrine Bertie," in the porch of a church where the distressed lady had taken shelter from a storm.

But though one would like to think that poor Catherine Parr's daughter lived happily and died peacefully in the safe retirement of private life, which her mother had quitted not altogether to her gain, the evidence is too slight and too destitute of corroboration for much dependence to be placed upon it.

SARAH TYTLER.

VARIETIES.

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.—Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two and twenty receipts against melancholy. One was a bright fire; another to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another to keep a box of plums on the mantelpiece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the moment, but have in after-life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects, and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or others.—*Sydney Smith.*

FLATTERY AND PRAISE.—It is for most persons more easy to flatter than to praise.—*Richter.*

"GIVE ME YOUR HAND."

They were climbing up the mountain-side, and coming to a steep place he deemed it proper to assist her, and, turning, said—

"Please give me your hand."

"Oh," she replied, with a blush, "this is so sudden! You must ask papa."

GIVING AS IT SHOULD BE.—We should give as we would receive—cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

THE ARTIST IN ERROR.

Pay attention to the remarks made by country people on the habits of animals. A countryman was being shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of the pigs.

"To be sure," said he, "they be uncommon like pigs, but there is one fault; nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together, but that one on 'um had a foot in the trough."

WHAT IS VANITY?—Vanity is the passion of a little mind and a cold heart.

KIND WORDS.—The double reward of kind words is the happiness they cause in others and the happiness they cause in ourselves.