

ELIZABETH TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.
PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH TUDOR, the greatest of England's queens—in some respects the greatest of her sovereigns—was born at Greenwich Palace on the 7th of September, 1533. As the 7th of September happened to fall on a Sunday in 1533, the child's friends could claim for her the bountiful endowments which the homely old adage awards to a Sunday's child—

"The bairn that is born
on the Sabbath day,
Is bonnie, and lucky,
and wise, and gay."

It was farther remarked when her long reign was ended, and her title to the distinction which she proudly claimed for herself, that of "the Virgin Queen," was established for all time, that she was born on the eve of the Virgin's nativity, and died on the eve of her annunciation. Great store was set at one time on a third coincidence in connection with Elizabeth's birth. In the same year, on the same day, and at the same hour, a son was born to Sir John Dudley, who was named Robert, and became the Earl of Leicester. According to the astrological superstitions of the generation—which Elizabeth shared in a large measure—this similarity of natures produced a secret and invincible sympathy between the children, not only in infancy, but in after years, and interwove alike their natures and their destinies. If there is such a thing as "a prophecy fulfilling itself," the same may be said of a piece of superstition in a credulous age.

The sex of the child was a bitter disappointment to both father and mother; but Anne Boleyn was still in high favour with Henry VIII., so that he gave his little daughter a magnificent christening in the church of the Greyfriars, Greenwich. Miss Strickland gives a glowing description of the church hung with arras, and strewn with *rushes, the silver* font, with its canopy of crimson velvet fringed with gold, etc.

Among the company were the Most Worshipful the Lord Mayor and his Council in their robes, who at the summons of Henry were rowed down the river to be present at the ceremony. A less imposing and more grotesque company consisted of gentlemen "in aprons, with towels round their necks," whose duty it was to guard the font. The aprons and towels marked off the gentlemen for their office, as rosettes on their coats distinguish the stewards at balls.

The child wore, in addition to a christening robe heavy and stiff with gold embroidery—recently exhibited among the relics of the Tudors—a royal mantle of purple velvet and miniver, with a train so long that it was borne up by a lady and two gentlemen. The one godmother was the baby's cousin, Frances Brandon, still only Marchioness of

Dorset; the other, who carried the child, was her great grandmother, the Duchess of Norfolk; the godfather was Archbishop Cranmer. The Bishop of London, assisted by other bishops and abbots, baptised the princess.

The Howards, Anne Boleyn's kindred generally, mustered strong on the occasion, while Henry's relations were less liberally represented. It is on record that Elizabeth's sister, Mary, had been commanded to come to Greenwich, when the girl had mortally offended her father by refusing to call the infant anything save "sister," because the title of "princess," invalidated Mary's mother's claims to be the King's lawful wife, and robbed Mary herself of her birthright. But there is no mention of Mary's name among the christening company; she was at least spared that indignity.

The child of four days, with the gifts in gold cups and bowls which her sponsors had presented to her, borne before her, was escorted back to the palace by a crowd of torch-bearers, amidst "flourishes of trumpets."

After all the most singular and significant attribute of the company at Elizabeth's baptism, was the tragic fate of so many persons who figured prominently in the ceremony. One, the godfather, Cranmer, was burned at the stake; four—the Marquis of Dorset, the Earl of Essex, the Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Rocheford, were beheaded: of the ladies, the Marchioness of Dorset had to mourn a husband and a daughter (Lady Jane Grey) who both perished on the scaffold; and the beautiful Lady Mary Howard, then plighted to the young Duke of Richmond, not only lost her husband in the morning of his days, she was forced to give such evidence at the trial of her brother, the Earl of Surrey, as helped to bring about his condemnation.

It has been already told in these papers how Princess Mary's "Lady Mistress," Lady "Margaret Bryan," a good and kind woman, was transferred from Mary's service to that of Elizabeth, in order to preside over her household; and how both princesses—the elder put beneath the younger until Anne Boleyn's downfall and death—dwelt together at Hertford Castle, Havering Bower, etc.

If there is any truth in an earlier episode, in which King Henry, Queen Anne, and their little daughter formed a melancholy group, which impressed itself on the popular imagination, the brief association must have been caused by the Queen's having sent for the child and tried to use her as an innocent charm and sweet instrument to disarm the King's wrath, and turn aside Anne's impending disgrace.

If the scene, said to have been desecrated by interested watchers outside the palace, did occur, it must have been the last time that father, mother, and baby girl were together. Henry was observed standing moodily by a window; Anne Boleyn, leading the three years' old Elizabeth by the hand, was seen to approach him in a supplicating manner; but the King dismissed her with an irritable gesture, and continued to gaze out of the window. This was in May, 1536; and a few hours afterwards a startling commentary was made on the incident by the distant report of the Tower guns, which announced that a prisoner of rank had been admitted, from a barge on the Thames, by the Traitor's Gate.

One or two curious and characteristic anecdotes of Elizabeth's early youth have been preserved. The first is the singular state of

destitution into which her wardrobe had been allowed to fall after her mother's death. The Lady Mistress wrote to the Minister Cromwell, and made an urgent appeal to him to let her have the commonest necessities for the King's little daughter. It was not merely "mufflers," or mob caps and kerchiefs, that the child stood in want of: she had neither gowns nor petticoats, "nor no manner of linen"—a considerable contrast this to the royal mantle of velvet and miniver worn at her christening. But broad contrasts were the fashion of the day in that reign.

So soon as Elizabeth could put two ideas together, she was taught by Lady Margaret to be "circumspect." As a result, self-restraint alternating with violent impulses, was, for the most part, a great feature of her character. There were other results not quite so desirable. To bring up a child to be always on her guard is hardly likely to develop a candid, ingenuous disposition. The early training given with the best intentions had something to do with the fact that "the Lady Elizabeth" was even in her girlhood an adept at concealing her real feelings, and a feigning any sentiments advisable for the occasion.

Without her sister Mary's blunt honesty, Elizabeth had inherited the same passionate, stubborn temper, so that in spite of her circumspection, she was by no means easily managed either as a child or a girl. While she was still only "getting her teeth," her guardian had to protest against her charge's dining publicly at what was called "the board of estate," where the child saw "divers meats, fruits, and wine," which were not fit for her tender years; while it is clear that her small Grace had already a will of her own, which rendered it difficult for her governess to contradict her, especially in company. She was a beautiful child, the rosy cheeks and red-golden hair of the young Tudors being, in her case, united to fine aquiline features which were still softened by the roundness of childhood. It goes without saying that she was full of subdued life, spirit, and wit from the first. Her earliest state appearance was at the age of four years, when, through the goodwill of gentle Queen Jane Seymour, not only the girl Mary, but the child Elizabeth, held a prominent place at Edward's baptism. When Elizabeth was not with her sister, she was with her baby brother, and a remarkable attachment sprang up between them.

As a pretty illustration of their regard, the Princess of six presented the Prince of two on his birthday with a cambric shirt which she had made for him with her own hands.

The extraordinary energy and love of study which Elizabeth exhibited throughout her life were shared by her four years' younger brother. We are told that nothing could exceed the zeal and delight with which the wonderful pair of youthful scholars were accustomed to get up by dawn of day, in order to repair, of their own free will, to their religious exercises and lessons in languages and science. But it was not only her tutors whom Elizabeth fascinated: no one could come near her without being struck by her "charming manners." She received a messenger from her father with as much composure, and "as great gravity as she had been forty years old." The elder sister, whom the birth of the younger had dispossessed of her rights, tried magnanimously to say a word for her to their alienated father. Three stepmothers in succession, women as unlike as one can well imagine, all combined to make much of the lovely, lively—

little girl, with the curious amount of tact for her years, who, notwithstanding that tact, was as wilful as she was lively. Dull Anne of Cleves craved the bright child's company. Unhappy Catherine Howard called her "cousin," and assigned her the seat of honour next herself at court banquets. Motherly Catherine Parr never lost pride in the juvenile student's attainments.

Yet, by the time she was ten, Elizabeth gave her father sufficient offence, by some act of insubordination, for him to punish her by banishing her from court for a year; and it was only on the intercession of her stepmother, Catherine Parr, that the culprit was restored to favour. During her banishment, Elizabeth translated "*Le Miroir de l'ami Pêcheur*" from French into English, and in the end of 1544 presented the production to Catherine, to whom it was dedicated. Elizabeth also wrote to Queen Catherine a letter, still preserved, in which the writer begs the queen to speak, or rather to write, to King Henry on her behalf. Surely the letter is couched in the very "tallest" language which a girl of eleven ever employed. It begins: "Inimical fortune, envious of all good, and ever revolving human affairs, has deprived me for a whole year of your most illustrious presence." The fact that the letter was written in Italian may have something to do with its grandiloquence. It was understood that Elizabeth could already correspond and converse with facility in French, Italian, Spanish, and Flemish. It is certain that she was very soon a good classical scholar, and well versed in history. She was also a very fair musician. In after years "Queen Elizabeth and her virginals" are synonymous, like "Queen Elizabeth, an aquiline nose, a farthingale, and a bushel of pearls."

During her father's lifetime, she figured from her birth in schemes of marriages with august bridegrooms. After her mother's ruin the proposed bridegrooms were necessarily less august. It is needless to say that these projects fell to pieces from the beginning.

When King Henry's infirmities were at their climax, Elizabeth was at Hatfield, Hertfordshire, with her brother, sharing the instruction given him. Presently the two were separated, and she was sent to the manor house at Enfield, and he to the castle at Hertford. The parting was a great grief to the boy especially, and the brother and sister took refuge in a learned and affectionate correspondence. They were again together at Enfield, where Edward was brought that he might be with his sister when the news of his father's death was broken to him. Elizabeth was then between thirteen and fourteen years of age, and Edward was about ten. Their grief was violent enough to touch the spectators, yet, with the odd formality and pedantry of the day, in the epistle in which the boy subsequently replies to a letter of condolence which his sister wrote to him after they were again parted, he pauses to remark on her calmness of mind, and to commend "the elegance of her sentences."

By King Henry's will, Elizabeth was, like Mary, entitled to an annuity of three thousand and a marriage portion of ten thousand pounds. A far more dangerous bait to the ambitious and unscrupulous noblemen around her was supplied by the fact that she was named third in the succession to the throne: the two names before hers being those of a sickly boy and a delicate, fast-dying woman.

Speedy as was the wooing of the widowed queen by her former lover, the bold and blustering Thomas Seymour, it was confidently alleged that, four days before he was accepted by the mature Catherine, he made proposals of marriage to the girl Elizabeth. The audacity of such a proceeding can only be realised by the consideration, that though Seymour was the uncle of a king and the brother of a queen,

and though his elder brother was about to take to himself the dukedom of Somerset and the protectorate of the realm, and to bestow on the aspirant to a royal bride the high office of Lord Admiral and the title of Lord Seymour or Lord Sudeley, not a Seymour of them all was anything better than the offspring of an obscure country knight. But the subject must be approached with caution, since the gentleman's instantaneous suit to Elizabeth rests chiefly on the manner in which he sounded the young king with regard to his views on Seymour's marriage, and on the garbled, conflicting testimony given later by Elizabeth, and her waiting gentlewoman, Mrs. Kate (or, as Elizabeth's accusers spelt it, "Kat") Ashley.

Elizabeth, who, when a little older, was notoriously given to believing every man at her feet, said in substance to her gentlewoman, according to that gentlewoman, that, if Seymour had got his will, it would not have been Queen Catherine he would have married; while Mrs. Kate said to Elizabeth, according to Elizabeth, exactly the same thing, with a strong inference in either case. A still greater presumption against the story is, that Queen Catherine was said to have known of the overtures to her daughter-in-law on the part of the man whom the Queen herself consented to marry in the course of the next four days, and that some of Elizabeth's indignation at the unbecoming haste of her stepmother's fourth marriage was occasioned by the circumstance, that Catherine was marrying the very man whom she had just advised Elizabeth to reject. The story, in its unpleasantness, does not hold well together, especially in relation to a woman like Catherine Parr.

Whatever the truth or falsehood of Seymour's suit to Elizabeth, she distinctly refused to quit the protection of the Queen, to whose care the Lord Protector Somerset and the Council had confided her; and in the refusal offended Princess Mary, who was deeply aggrieved by the impropriety of Queen Catherine's hasty nuptials, and offered her young sister a shelter with her. Elizabeth not only remained with her stepmother, after her marriage, at Chelsea and Seymour Place, she went with the Queen and the Lord Admiral to Sudeley.

In the household at Sudeley Elizabeth, by her own choice, got Roger Ascham, who had hitherto been her writing master, for her tutor in Greek and Latin. She had also for her governess the gentlewoman, Catherine, or Kate Ashley, who was a kinswoman of Anne Boleyn's, for whom Anne's daughter conceived a strong and lasting affection. Mrs. Ashley figures among the learned women of the time; but her wisdom was not in proportion to her learning, though she had enough sense of propriety to cause her to remonstrate with the master of the house on his teasing, insolent behaviour, both in his wife's presence and in her absence, towards a royal ward, who was at the same time but a self-confident, giddy girl of fifteen.

With all Elizabeth's genuine love for her studies under the renowned Ascham, and her controversial interest in the religious exercises which prevailed in the house under the great Reformers who were Queen Catherine's friends and chaplains, the girl was tempted to sigh for something approaching more nearly to the gaiety of youth.

The Admiral resented Kate Ashley's interference, and said, with an oath, that he would not alter his conduct, for he meant no harm, as it is almost certain he did not, in his interpretation of the words; but he lived to suffer for his folly.

The Queen, who had at first encouraged her husband's rough games, grew annoyed at the length to which they had gone. She was vexed at his lack of respect for the Princess. Catherine was also disturbed by Elizabeth's

carelessness of what was due at once to high rank and modest girlhood, and sent her away with Mrs. Ashley to Cheston, where a separate establishment was formed for the Princess. A little later she went with her household to Hatfield and Ashridge.

Two letters of this date from Elizabeth to her stepmother are still in existence. In the first, while there is a great display of submission from her humble daughter to "the Queen's highness," there are some signs of injured feelings and rankling resentment. In the second, the two are again on perfectly cordial terms—how cordial may be guessed from the fact that Catherine approved of and desired a correspondence between her husband and Elizabeth.

On the Queen's death-bed, which was near at hand, she is said to have longed for the presence of the more beloved of her stepdaughters. It may be that some dim idea of recommending to Elizabeth's care Catherine's newly-born child crossed the mother's disordered brain. It was believed that Catherine had a great opinion of Elizabeth's natural gifts, and entertained a strong conviction that she would yet be Queen.

A special messenger sent by the Lord Admiral brought to Elizabeth the melancholy and unexpected tidings of Catherine's death, at the age of thirty-five. No mention is made of the young girl's grief for the loss of one who had been among her truest friends; only that she dismissed with scorn the messenger's statement that his master was a "heavy or sorrowful man;" and on Mrs. Ashley's taking it upon her to suggest that the Princess should write a letter of condolence to the widower, she answered indignantly, "I will not do it, for he needs it not." In all this, and in much that followed, the future Elizabeth stands revealed in her extravagant personal vanity, her boundless craving for admiration, her jealousy of rivalry, and the flashes of levity inherited from her mother, which stood out conspicuously even in coarse, hard times, and fatally marred the nobler qualities of the woman and Queen.

There is no question that although Thomas Seymour, Lord Sudeley, might have been well enough satisfied with the wife of whom he was unworthy while she lived, and although he might have been equally guiltless either of seeking to set her aside, or of practising on her life, she was no sooner in her grave than he sought to make Elizabeth her successor. He began by trying to overawe and cajole the people around her, and to flatter the young Princess herself.

A stir and murmur of gossip were got up indecorously and unfeelingly among the late Queen's ladies and gentlemen and Elizabeth's ladies and gentlemen, with regard to the probability of a marriage between Elizabeth and the Lord Admiral, though the Princess was a girl in her early teens, and the gentleman was eighteen years her senior.

The desire to propitiate the great persons concerned, the fear of making an enemy of the young King's favourite uncle, the impression that Elizabeth was not averse to the match, the attraction of a state intrigue, seem to have turned the heads of all concerned. It was afterwards remarked that, though Elizabeth's household numbered as many as a hundred and twenty persons, not one was of sufficient rank either to attempt to control the young lady, or to exercise his or her judgment with no fear of offending the Princess and the Lord Admiral. Mrs. Kate Ashley, who had behaved herself with some spirit and discretion on a former occasion, now lent herself to support Seymour's secret suit; so did Parry, Elizabeth's "coffier," or treasurer, and the two gossiped together in the most unwarrantable and unbecoming fashion over their mistress's concerns.

(To be continued.)

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By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.
PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—Continued.

KATE ASHLEY and Thomas Parry in particular of Elizabeth's servants talked to her constantly of Seymour, introducing praises of his merits, and suggesting the advisability of the marriage, if the Duke of Somerset and the Council would give their consent. These untrustworthy and imprudent persons assailed the girl in her unguarded moments to ascertain what were her views and intentions. Happily for herself and them, Elizabeth, while she showed little feeling or delicacy in allowing the conversations, had not been taught caution from her infancy in vain; she declined to give any direct answer to their hints. Indeed, she seemed to take a peculiar pleasure, from her very girlhood, in eluding and baffling any attempt to extract her real opinion on matters concerning herself nearly. Sometimes her haughty temper and her self-respect resented the unjustifiable liberty taken with her by her servants, when they sought to intrude into her confidence. She turned on a bedchamber woman named Mountjoy, who was harping on the all-absorbing theme, and told her that she—the Princess—would have Mountjoy turned out of her presence if she did not desist. Elizabeth was so indignant at Seymour's presuming to offer her advice, through a servant, on the exchange of a house and land which formed part of her dowry, that she at first protested her incredulity with regard to his having been guilty of such presumption, and then protested passionately in reference to the advice he had given, "I will not do so, and so tell him."

Nevertheless, Elizabeth's attitude towards this daring adventurer was full of the coquetry which distinguished her manner to her favourite courtiers in future years. She encouraged his advances, if it were only to play with them, received him when he visited her in the sumptuous mourning which he wore for his wife and her stepmother, exchanged letters and messages with him, through Kate Ashley and Parry, and accepted the offer of a loan of his town-house—Seymour Place—when she should go to London to visit the young king. Elizabeth even had private interviews with the Lord Admiral through the same instrumentality, and appears to have been in his company when she and Mrs. Ashley were rowed one evening in a barge on the Thames. For this flagrant piece of indecorum Mrs. Kate was roundly rated by the ambitious wooer's sister-in-law, the Duchess of Somerset (Mary Tudor's "Gossip Nan"), who told the weak or designing governess, with much reason, that she was not fit to have the care of a King's daughter.

The excuses for Elizabeth in conduct which was not only undutiful, undignified, and unwise, but was singularly heartless when it had to do with the memory of poor Catherine Parr, were, that the girl was very young and wrong-headed, in spite of her superior mental powers. She had inherited her mother's tendency to flightiness and her hunger for men's praise; moreover, the Princess was surrounded by the worst of guides and advisers in a circle of foolish, intriguing, unprincipled candidates for place and power, in which Thomas Seymour was the most conspicuous figure.

Detection and punishment followed speedily. The Protector and the Council were warned of the plot for the disposal of Elizabeth's hand in marriage, and were highly incensed by the news. The Duke of Somerset, a more honourable and humane man than could be easily found among his contemporaries, tried at first, even while he was well aware of his brother's disloyalty to himself, to defeat the conspiracy without open scandal and violence. He arranged to send his brother, the Lord Admiral, much against his will, on a mission to Boulogne, at the very time when Elizabeth would be in London for the purpose of visiting Edward. After this mild measure was ineffectual, the Protector saw himself compelled to take an extreme course.

In the meantime Seymour was making a clumsy effort to shelter himself behind the assertion that he "had thoughts of the Lady Jane" for his next partner in life. He had in reality persuaded simple, stupid, Thomas Grey, formerly Marquis of Dorset, and now Duke of Suffolk (in the room of his father-in-law, Charles Brandon), to entrust Seymour and his mother with the other young girl who had been reared in the household of Catherine Parr, and had walked as chief mourner at her funeral. But in all probability it was to retain a hold on his nephew, King Edward, by assuming the guardianship of his destined bride, and not to keep Lady Jane as a second string to his own bow, and a last resource for himself should the alliance with Elizabeth fail, that Seymour coveted and secured the keeping of Lady Jane. His ostentatious manoeuvres, which were constantly contradicted by his idle boasts, were of no avail.

The Lord of Sudeley was thrown into the Tower in the spring of 1549 on a charge of high treason, for having conspired against his brother and the Council, compassed the death of Queen Catherine, and aspired to the hand of the Princess Elizabeth. Mrs. Kate Ashley and her crony, Parry, were arrested simultaneously, and subjected to a severe examination, while Elizabeth was detained prisoner, pending the enquiries at her house of Hatfield.

Sir Robert Tyrwhitt, the husband of Lady Tyrwhitt, not only a bedchamber-woman and an intimate friend, but also a stepdaughter of the late Queen, who had waited on her death-bed, was sent by the Council to take order at Hatfield.

Sir Robert told Elizabeth that Kate Ashley and Parry, as well as the Lord Admiral, were, as a sequel to their examination, committed to the Tower. The information must have been a terrible shock to the Princess, since, in addition to her strong and constant attachment to her erring servants, she must have been sensible that her own fate hung in the balance. She had been guilty of sufficient insubordination and defiance of the Council to draw down upon her severe reprisals.

In spite of Elizabeth's customary self-control she cried bitterly, and was still more overwhelmed when Sir Robert told her farther, that her servants had borne testimony against her in repeating the outrageous liberties which Seymour had taken with the Princess, in Queen Catherine's lifetime, together with her complacent reception of his advances after the Queen's death. Her maidenly modesty was never her strong point; but what she had of the quality to which she laid great claim in after years, along with her pride, received a sharp wound. Parry had been terror-stricken, and she called him "a wretch" for his arant cowardice, and for his treachery in first having

wormed out of Kate Ashley the coarse gossip, and then for being the person to retail it to the Council, thus doing Elizabeth's reputation a cruel, unmanly wrong.

But the girl's heart soon softened to her over-indulgent governess, her slain mother's kinswoman, while her quick wits were not long in recognising that her servants had said nothing which could seriously compromise either her or themselves—had given no hint of the existence of such a marriage contract as the Lord Protector and the Council dreaded to discover had passed between Elizabeth and the Admiral. In the absence of any convincing proof of this—the most common and the most fertile in misery of all the astounding follies of the day—it was Sir Robert's object, either by coaxing or threatening, to induce the Princess to make some direct statement which could be used against the wrong-doers.

But Elizabeth was not merely innocent of any heinous offence, she was in her element after she had recovered from the first effects of the blow, outwitting Sir Robert, and defending both herself and her servants who had displayed no very high standard of courage and truth. But their mistress was not going to escape blame on her own account by giving them up, knowing as she did that her youth and rank would be taken into consideration, while the subordinates would pay the full penalty of the misdemeanour. The magnanimity in her strong nature, which walked hand in hand with its selfishness, came already to the front. She wrote pressing letters "to my good lord the Lord Protector," not only stoutly asserting her own innocence, but warmly maintaining that of her servants. She turned the tables on the bewildered Sir Robert, who was striving with all his craft to beguile her into an admission of the faithlessness of Mrs. Ashley and Parry to their trust, if into nothing more. The Princess professed to be much in earnest, and very frank and sincere in seeking to call to mind everything that had happened: she would give the gist of all the conversations which had passed between her and her servants on the subject. But, in reality, she took up Sir Robert's time and attention with the repetition of a string of the merest trifles in speech and action in confirmation of her unswerving declaration that Mrs. Kate and the cofferer had not committed any malpractices where their betters were in question.

One of Elizabeth's last biographers (Weissener) exclaims at the courage and astuteness of the girl in her teens which could thus match and circumvent the wiles of the experienced statesman. He had the Protector and the Council at his back: she had only the silly waiting gentlewoman, who was at that moment separated from her and lodged in the Tower, to pay for her part in the transgression.

But Elizabeth's triumph was by no means unalloyed; she had to consent to have both Kate Ashley and Thomas Parry removed from her service; she had to submit to having Lady Tyrwhitt put at the head of the establishment at Hatfield—arrangements which called forth much angry opposition from Elizabeth. Neither as girl nor woman could she easily brook that her will should be thwarted, and that any control to which she was not well inclined should be exercised over her. She said that Mrs. Ashley was her mistress, and she had not so behaved herself that the Council should need to put more mistresses over her, and that it would give a bad opinion of her behaviour to make her have another "governor."

When her protest served her nothing, either with Sir Robert or his wife, Elizabeth "wept all that night and lowered (frowned) all next day."

Poor Lady Tyrwhitt! if she did not possess sufficient experience in sickness to prevent her attaching much weight to the delirious utterances of a dying woman, was yet a devout and decorous gentlewoman, who had felt so little inclination for the trying office imposed upon her, that she had endured a rebuke from the Council for not undertaking it sooner. She and Elizabeth were by no means strangers to each other. They—and for that matter the culprit, Kate Ashley—were old acquaintances, who had been members of the same household in Catherine Parr's days. Elizabeth does not appear to have had any personal objection to Lady Tyrwhitt, with whom she had one taste in common. Sir Robert's wife and Lord Borough's daughter was one of the learned ladies who had gathered round Queen Catherine. In Lady Tyrwhitt's case learning had not altogether taken the place of common-sense and discretion. The love of study was a passion with Elizabeth from youth to age, and she was also quite capable of putting a proper value on prudence and honesty. It is not improbable that she had more respect for Lady Tyrwhitt than for the beloved, foolish Mrs. Kate, of whom her mistress never lost sight, for she was Elizabeth's servant, and that was enough.

The yoke against which the Princess rebelled petulantly did not sit very heavily on her. We soon hear, from Sir Robert's version of his wife's report, of the vehemence with which Elizabeth always defended Mrs. Ashley, and how, after a little interval of reserve, she could not hear the Lord Admiral "discommended" without being ready to make answer for him.

Any partisanship on Elizabeth's part, where the chief offender was concerned, was worse than useless. Seymour was executed on the 20th of March, 1549, according to one account, with letters containing desperate appeals to Mary and Elizabeth hidden in one of his velvet slippers. His death was taken quietly enough by those most interested in it. The deed was by the ordinance of the brother whose forbearance he had outraged, who was soon to follow him on the path to the scaffold. The Lord Admiral was said to be the favourite uncle of his Royal nephew, whom he had flattered and courted. One of Seymour's bold plots was to get the young King on his side, and supersede the Duke of Somerset in the Protectorate. Yet the brief entry in Edward's austere philosophic journal was, that on such a day Lord Seymour of Sudeley was beheaded, without a single word of regret or lamentation. The slain man had undoubtedly made an impression on Elizabeth's lively fancy. Like her father before her, she was very susceptible to personal beauty, and the Lord Admiral was still reckoned the handsomest man in the English Court. He is described as "brilliant, magnificent, and audacious," in the middle of his bragging folly, and "so versed in allurements" as to be suspected of magic. He was not more than thirty-three years of age, having been two years younger than his wife. He was the first man who had worked on the huge amount of vanity which, at this date, overbalanced Elizabeth's keen shrewdness and cool, calm foresight.

Common humanity, the familiarity of use and wont, with any atom of affectionate remembrance for kindly, forbearing, Catherine Parr, who had loved this man to the last, ought to have rendered the announcement of his violent death in the prime of manhood, on a charge which implicated her in his fate, a tremendous disaster to the girl of sixteen. But when the blow was dealt to her, in the presence of those who watched her every word and look, her self-command was perfect. "This day died a man with much wit and very

little judgment," was her sole, half-disdainful observation.

"Impassable, impenetrable!" is Weissener's exclamation at the strange scene, half in horror, as at a prodigy, half in admiration at a marvel.

But Elizabeth's acting in its flawlessness cost her something. Her generally vigorous health gave way under the frightful strain. She was sufficiently ill to excite the compassion of the Duke of Somerset, while some remorse for the cause might mingle with the compassion. (In a letter written by Elizabeth at a crisis of her life, years after the Duke's death and that of the Lord Admiral, she refers to the Lord Protector's having once told her, that if he had consented to grant his brother a personal interview, instead of listening to third persons, the fate of Thomas Seymour might have been averted.) The Duke's influence was at this time paramount with the Council, and enabled him to proclaim an amnesty in relation to Elizabeth. He sent back Kate Ashley and Thomas Parry to wait on the sick and suffering girl, and help to console her, by their attendance and sympathy, for the indignities and trials which she had been compelled to endure.

But Elizabeth's error was not entirely cancelled. In spite of her entreaties, she was not permitted to appear at Court and visit her brother for more than a year. Apart from Elizabeth's delinquency, Edward's tutors allowed him to receive but few visits from his sisters, though he was fond of both, and for a long time treated Mary as if she were his mother. The tutors said that his sisters' visits left the boy depressed and moody.

It is Weissener's opinion that a change now took place in Elizabeth's character, and that her letters have, from this date, the half manly, commanding, impetuous tone which afterwards distinguished them; while the circumspection to which she had been trained from infancy did not again forsake her to the same extent. She could hold herself in check, and give play to her love of justice in the abstract—where none of her own prerogatives were invaded!—to her devotion to the interests of the people, her powerful judgment, penetrating sagacity, and her occasional grand magnanimity. For many a year she sought carefully to undo the consequences of the youthful imprudence—for which her servants were more to blame than she was—which had yet cast a suspicion of evil upon her. She continued to live in retirement with Lady Tyrwhitt, giving herself up to study, chiefly of theology, "the science of religion," which forcibly attracted not only all the more devout, but also all the more enquiring minds of the generation. She displayed a Puritanical plainness of dress, and such an indifference to personal adornment, that for a period of seven years she hardly so much as looked at, far less wore, any of the rich jewels which came to her through a bequest of her father's. It was in reference to this extreme simplicity of attire, and opposition to all forms of self-indulgence, that her brother fell into the habit of calling her, in a quaint conceit, his "sweet sister Temperance."

Elizabeth also exhibited a demure prudery of behaviour which, as it was difficult to distinguish it from maidenly modesty and discretion, recommended her especially to the members of the Reformed churches. Their code on these points was then very strict, and they were fain to look to Elizabeth as next to Edward, their great hope and stay.

In the March of 1551, when Mary was summoned to London to answer to the Council and to her brother for her practice of the Roman Catholic religion, Miss Strickland has pointed out that Elizabeth was also in London. She entered it on horseback in semi-state, with a distinguished following, the day before her sister's arrival; and the day after, as if by

design, she came from St. James's Park (the way being strewn with sand for her and her cavalcade), while her reception at the Court gate was marked by much respectful ceremony. Elizabeth was in her eighteenth year—a tall, fair, handsome girl, such as people loved to look upon.

It is uncertain though it is very likely that the sisters met on the visit which each paid to London. There was nothing of declared enmity between them then; but their relations, always difficult, and to be dealt with warily, were rendered still more complicated and hazardous by the manner in which the woman and the girl became mere puppets in the hands of the Spanish and French ambassadors, Renaud and Noailles. These gentlemen played off the one sister against the other, not for the Princesses' honour and happiness, but for the benefit of the foreign countries whose representatives thus adroitly and unscrupulously employed every weapon on their sovereigns' behalf.

The downfall of the Duke of Somerset did not materially affect Elizabeth's position, unless by making way for the sway of the far more grasping and unprincipled Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. She refused Somerset's petition that she should intercede for him with her brother, on the plea that she had as little means of access to Edward as the imprisoned duke himself had. No doubt the excuse was true in the main, while it also reminded Somerset of the selfish precautions by which he had separated the young King from his sisters. But Elizabeth's action is also an example of the cool neutrality and inactivity which she adopted thenceforth, as her policy in all state affairs, till her time came.

It is said that as Edward lay dying in July, 1553, Northumberland made use of the same ruse to get Elizabeth into his power, which caused Mary to set out on the journey to Greenwich, under the belief that she was obeying the summons of her dying brother. If this was so, the younger sister, warned by her future great minister, Cecil, already her friend, stayed on quietly at Hatfield. If another statement is true, that Northumberland sought to bribe her by the offer of a large sum of money to acquiesce in Edward's settlement of the crown on his cousin Lady Jane, thus disinheriting both his sisters, the plotter was foiled by the girl of nineteen, who gave him, and the commission in whose name he spoke, a warily temporising and eminently judicious reply, to the effect that they must first make their agreement with her elder sister, in whose lifetime she had no claim or title to reign.

There is no hint of grief for the death of her young brother and early playfellow on Elizabeth's part, unless it is to be found in the attack of illness from which she was reported to have suffered at this time. Many people thought it a mere feint to prevent Northumberland's seizing her person; but in fairness it is necessary to recall that, while Elizabeth was the reverse of Mary in having all the advantages included in the possession of a fine physique, and the enjoyment of excellent health, the proud imperturbability with which she had heard the news of the Lord Admiral's execution was followed by a similar fit of sickness. Poor young Edward's untimely death, together with the contents of his will, could not fail to produce in the girl a strife of conflicting feelings—lingering memories of childish fondness and kindred affection warring with indignant resentment at the manner in which he had abandoned her cause, no less than her sister's—an injury which Elizabeth was the last creature in the world to forgive and forget. Elizabeth recovered in time to repair to her mansion of Somerset House the day before Mary's entrance into London as Queen. The Princess, with her

train, went out as far as Wanstead to meet Mary, receive her gracious greeting, and ride, side by side, with her through Aldgate.

In this triumphal progress, when Elizabeth, it is not difficult to conceive, rather flaunted her youthful stateliness and beauty in contrast to Mary's small size and sickly, *passée* looks, even under the passing transformation wrought upon the Queen by a great spirit in the hour of its satisfaction, Michele, the Venetian ambassador, the most impartial of the contemporary witnesses of the spectacle, took notice of the manner in which Elizabeth showed off, among the other items of her charms, her beautiful hands.

In the contention which soon arose between the sisters on religious questions, Elizabeth was at once ready with her diplomacy, her professions of only following the faith which she had been taught, together with her willingness to receive fresh instruction, and her anxiety to express a modified conformity to the Queen's religion. Mary, in her honesty, was ready to accept these concessions for more than they were worth, to take into consideration the age of her sister, and as a mark of satisfaction and trust, to bestow on her the gift of a jewelled rosary.

In all this it is advisable to keep in mind two things—first, the extreme difficulty and even danger of Elizabeth's position in the circumstances; and second, the fact of her youth. Granted that what she said of herself afterwards was true even then, she had "a man's heart in a woman's breast." It is also true that "she had a woman's subtlety," the instinctive radical subtlety of some women—of her cousin Mary Queen of Scots, for example, and not the simplicity of other women—of her sister Mary or her cousin Lady Jane. In conjunction with this duplicity, Elizabeth could lay claim to the reflective power of a man. Elizabeth had no sympathy with Mary's bigotry; on the contrary, she had an abhorrence of it. Mary, with all her conscientiousness and uprightness, had it in her from the first to be a female Robespierre: Elizabeth was an Erasmus in creed, and would never have sacrificed a hecatomb of victims to a system, a conviction. This is not to say that she did not strive, like her father, to bring about a certain uniformity of worship, as at once a mark of homage to herself and a boon to the kingdom; while her bye-laws with regard to nonconformists and recusants were sufficiently severe in fines and imprisonments, stopping short, however, unless in rare instances, of the sacrifice of life. She saw that her own claim to the throne must stand or fall with the Reformed religion, and she never lost sight of her interest. But it is also true that her enlightened, cultured intellect accepted and approved, by preference, of the doctrines in which she had been brought up; save only where they threatened her royal prerogative, her right of private judgment, her strong personal prepossessions. She would no more be subservient to Geneva than she would be to Rome.

But even when Elizabeth was tempted to equivocate and prevaricate in response to one side of her complex nature, there is no real reason to doubt the sincerity either of her Protestantism or her Christianity according to her light. Possibly her religion—such as it was—saved her from many a snare and stumbling-block in her difficult path, though it was not of a nature to deliver her from her weaknesses and blindnesses; and unmistakably it was her refuge and support in days of darkness and terror.

Elizabeth's character has suffered heavily, down to this time, alike from her political friends and her political foes, and almost as much from the one as from the other. By the friends who hailed her as their deliverer, and gloried in the solid benefits and splendid

triumphs of her reign, she was loaded with unqualified panegyrics, her very faults twisted into virtues. She was "good Queen Bess," the people's queen. By the more bitter Roman Catholics, and her foreign enemies generally, she was beset with unmitigated abuse, and stigmatised as a bold hypocrite, a treacherous deceiver, a wanton and cruel tyrant, whose sole merit was to be found in her commanding intellect and the penetration which enabled her to select and bend to her purpose the greatest minds of her country and era. It is hardly needful to explain that the truth lay a long way between these two extremes.

The profound dissembler whenever dissimulation suited the end she had in view; the daller with suitor after suitor; the coquettish and imperious mistress of Leicester and Essex; the pitiless kinswoman of Lady Catherine Grey; the gaoler and slayer, however reluctantly, of the royal cousin who had fled to the Queen of England for protection from her rebel subjects; the adept at deceit who contrived to throw the odium of the death warrant on the secretary Davison; the aged woman who refused to own her years and infirmities, and declined to the last moment to appoint a successor, lest she should live to know herself forsaken, as she had known the dying, broken-hearted Mary deserted for the Princess whom she had fondled as a child, who was still in the hey-day of life and strength and coming triumph—was no saintly spirit—scarcely even a heroic figure in the highest sense of heroism.

The woman whom Burleigh served so faithfully; before whom Sydney and Raleigh were content to bow low; whose praises Spenser and Shakespeare sang with enthusiasm; for whom Drake and Hawkins, Howard and Greville fought; the mistress whose smile irradiated her household "like sunshine"; the Queen who showed a mailed breast and spoke with a patriot's tongue at Tilbury; whose humblest subjects called down blessings on her head—was no mere false pretender.

In the precariousness of her footing after Mary's accession Elizabeth had no lack of suitors. It seemed one of the offices of the manoeuvring foreign ambassadors, as well as of the Council, to suggest, now handsome, frivolous, vicious Edward Courtenay because of his Plantagenet descent; now this prince, now that; Philibbert of Savoy, whose proposals were destined to be repeatedly laid before her; the heir of the King of Sweden; even strangest suggestion of all, and likely to be exceedingly repugnant to Mary, her own destined bridegroom, Philip of Spain, her cousin, the Emperor's son. No doubt the last was a mere subterfuge. Elizabeth would have none of them. Her highest ambition was to be Queen of England; she would not imperil her chance of the succession by marrying a foreign prince; neither was she disposed to share her power with a subject, though her vanity and the strain of lightmindedness, which was at this time kept in abeyance, might tempt her to trifle with a Leicester or an Essex.

All the princely suitors, with the exception of Philibbert of Savoy, fell into the background on the passing of the Act of Parliament, which Mary obtained, asserting the legitimacy of her rights, but failing to establish those of Elizabeth. Mary's conduct immediately afterwards, in giving her cousins, Frances Brandon and Margaret Douglas, Court precedence before her sister, emphasised her omission, and so affronted the Princess, whose claims were thus seriously impaired, that she made a pertinacious request, at last granted, to be allowed, on the plea of her health, to withdraw from Court, and reside at one of her country seats.

When Mary's marriage was announced and Wyatt's rebellion broke out, Elizabeth was at her manor house at Ashridge, in Buckingham-

shire. Mary, doubtful, not without reason, of her sister's loyalty, despatched messengers, under the leadership of Elizabeth's grand-uncle, Lord William Howard, to bring her to Court.

Elizabeth was ill at this crisis, as she had been on similar epochs in her life; and if mental anxiety had before broken her down, there was sufficient cause for the disaster now, for, innocent or guilty of conspiring against Mary, she stood then in deadly peril. Elizabeth's name and Courtenay's had been the rallying cries of the insurrection. She had managed, with her unsurpassable tact, not to commit herself—at least, to suppress every proof of her participation in the rising; but the presumption of her connivance was, and is to this day, so great that her innocence in any real sense is almost inconceivable.

Travelling by slow stages on account of her recent illness to obey her sister's summons, Elizabeth entered London in an open litter on the 23rd of February, 1554. As a sign of her innocence, she was dressed, in spite of the inclemency of the season, in white, like a "Fair Maid of February." But there the resemblance ceased. There was nothing of the pensive, meek grace of the first flower of the year about Elizabeth, whether well or ill, in prosperity or adversity. She had left such attributes to her little cousin, Lady Jane. Elizabeth's countenance "was pale and stern; her mein proud, lofty, and disdainful, by which she endeavoured to conceal her trouble." Such was the testimony of the ambassador Renaud in a letter to his master. A large company of the gentlemen of Elizabeth's household and of the party of her friends, as well as the guard sent by Mary, surrounded the Princess; but they were as nothing to the great crowds gathered on either side of the road to gaze upon her, many of the spectators openly bewailing her destination. That morning the Duke of Suffolk, the husband of Elizabeth's cousin, Frances Brandon, had perished on the scaffold; not a fortnight before his daughter, Lady Jane, and her husband, Lord Guildford Dudley, had been beheaded. People thought that the terrible tragedies of Henry VIII.'s reign were about to be even more fully repeated. Some of the gazers could look back seventeen years, and remember the spectacle of Elizabeth's mother, Anne Boleyn, with her strange, impassioned beauty, like that of a lurid sunset, as she stood ready for the axe on Tower Green. After all, no thought could be more piteous than the simple consideration patent to everybody present, that here was a beautiful, high-spirited girl of twenty—princess or no princess, scornful or submissive, of one or two things there could be no mistake—she was fatherless and motherless; there was none able and willing to defend her, and she was advancing to meet her doom at the hands of her nearest of kin—her own sister. Verily the lion's cubs were preparing to rend each other.

Elizabeth was taken to Whitehall about four o'clock, in the gathering blackness and darkness of the winter afternoon. Her request to see the Queen was peremptorily refused. She was lodged, with a suite of six ladies, two gentlemen, and four servants, in a well-guarded quarter of the Palace, and detained there in miserable uncertainty as to her fate for three weeks.

When the divided parties in the Council at last agreed to send Elizabeth to the Tower, and a deputation waited upon her to acquaint her with their decision, she besought them "with something like a threat"—for she made them remember who she was—to alter it. Finding her petition rejected, half of her suite removed, a guard placed in the ante-room, the hall, and the garden beneath her windows—ominous tokens of what was in store for her—she spent the night in prayer. On the following morning—that of Palm Sunday—when two

Lords of the Council arrived to tell her a barge was in waiting to convey her to the Tower while the tide served, she made a last desperate appeal to the Earl of Sussex, one of the two members of the Council, to take a letter from her to the Queen. His compassionate consent to do Elizabeth's errand brought down upon him Mary's hot displeasure; but it procured a brief delay in the execution of the sentence.

Here is a letter, beginning sententiously, "If any ever did try this old saying, that a King's word was more than another man's oath, I most humbly beseech your Majesty to verify it to me, and to remember your last promise and my last demand—that I be not condemned without answer and due proof, which, it seems, that I am; for without cause proved, I am, by your Council, from you, commanded to go to the Tower, a place more wanted for a false traitor than for a true subject; which, though I know I desire it not, yet in the face of all this realm it appears proved. I pray to God that I may die the shamefullest death that any ever died, if I may mean any such thing." The Princess goes on in the same impetuous, forcible manner to protest that she never "practiced, counselled, nor consented to anything that might be prejudicial to the Queen's person or dangerous to the State." She therefore begs to be suffered to answer "afore" Mary's self, instead of being referred to the Council, and that "afore" Elizabeth went to the Tower. She tells what she has read, and within her own experience known (mentioning the case of the Lord Admiral and his brother) of the loss to an accused person "for want of coming to the presence of their prince," or ruler, for the time, and prays God "that one sister might not be persuaded against another;" and all because of "false report." She ends by signing herself: "Your Highness's most faithful subject, that hath been from the beginning, and will be to my end, Elizabeth." Then follows one more piteous entreaty for "but only one word in answer from yourself."

Something has been already said of the beautiful handwriting of this letter, in which there is not a sign of agitation or tremor. Weissener gives additional details, describes "the elegant and measured flourish" which accompanies the signature, and instances the curious fact, that on a portion of paper uncovered by writing at the end of the letter, to which a forged addition might thus have been added, Elizabeth had taken the precaution of drawing a number of fine strokes (with scarcely a shake in them), and so filling up the blank as to render it impossible to write upon it. Weissener dwells on the singular alertness and prudence which could at such a moment foresee every contingency, and guard against it.

Mary was either too incensed or too doubtful of her own firmness to grant the prayer. She refused with vehemence either to see or write to her sister. Elizabeth was rowed to the Tower so early, that all London was still safely bestowed in the churches decked with palms—emblems of victory and rest; but so late where the tide was concerned, that difficulty and danger had to be met in passing London Bridge, where the barge hung in the tidal wave long enough to startle and alarm the occupants of the bridge houses for the safety of the passengers it carried through. None save her escort was acquainted with the identity of the Princess.

At the Traitors' Gate, which was opened to admit prisoners arriving by the Thames, Anne Boleyn's daughter was sufficiently overcome to draw back for a moment—still more from the

cruel memories of the past than from the frowning walls above her. She refused to land in a resistance which was practically useless. She said pettishly, first, that it was the name of the gate which she could not endure, and next, that she did not wish to wet her shoes. Not only was the river water lapping the stones beneath her, the grey clouds overhead, obscuring the sky on the wild March morning, were dissolving in rain. A member of her escort offered her his cloak, but "she dashed it, from her with a good dash," and set her foot on a step, saying, "Here lands as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs. Before Thee, O God, I speak it, having no other friend but Thee above." One of the company in the barge was guilty of the disrespect and want of feeling of replying to the forlorn protest with the cool taunt, spoken only half aside, "If it were so, it were the better for her."

Again Elizabeth stopped short. These grim towers, with their bloody annals, were too much even for the high spirit of one who was yet throughout her life a consistent hater of bloodshed. She sat down on a wet stone by the water's edge.

It is Weissener's impression that, valiant as the Princess was, and great as were her powers of self-command, she was not so wholly dauntless as Mary showed herself, and that Elizabeth was subject in seasons of difficulty to fits of hesitation and apprehension, which were perplexing and discomfiting to her followers. But this may be only to say, by anticipation, what the biographer himself remarks the next moment, that Elizabeth's judgment far exceeded that of Mary. The younger sister was qualified to foresee objections and consequences which were not apparent to the elder, and so could not, for a second, quell and disarm her.

The Lieutenant of the Tower, Brydges, entreated the Princess to take shelter, and said the place where she sat was unwholesome; to which Elizabeth answered, with quite as much temper as despair, "Better sit here than in a worse place, for God knoweth, not I, whither you will bring me."

But when her gentleman-usher burst into tears, the girl of twenty was impatient of his weakness, pulled herself together, and chid him roundly for taking away her courage instead of doing his best to maintain it. She seemed to recognise the vain, and therefore undignified, nature of the altercation, and resolutely passed within the gloomy portal. When the rattle of the bolts and bars around her ceased, she stood firm, with her book in her hand, in the centre of her handful of attendants, and prayed to God to give her His grace to build not on the sand, but on the rock.

Elizabeth was always ready with her public prayers—rhetorical, figurative, and, as a rule, highly denunciatory—calling down freely curses instead of blessings on her enemies. We may be permitted to question the Christian spirit of these petitions, and even the perfect candour and singlemindedness of the petitioner; but it is not necessary to doubt her sincerity within certain bounds, and in the light in which she viewed all that happened to herself. Totally unlike her sister Mary in this, as in so many respects, Elizabeth was even in girlhood radically untruthful, capable of profound and prolonged dissimulation; but it was, to begin with, at least, the untruthfulness of casuistry, and a double nature which deceived itself, rather than that of a girl or woman who set herself knowingly and deliberately to tell lies. Elizabeth's specious metaphysical intellect and far-reaching ambition blinded her to simple honesty and integrity, so that she could call on

the righteous God to help her in double dealing without any conscious sense of hypocrisy. It is a somewhat awful thought, but it is desirable to bear it in mind in considering the mightiness and meanness of the great Queen's character; its two sides, the one splendid in courage, wisdom, and justice; the other sordid in selfishness, lightmindedness, and a furious temper, and, above all, in endless treacherous craft.

For the first month of her imprisonment, Elizabeth "never set foot outside her room," was compelled to hear Mass, and was systematically persecuted by the Governor Gage. Two of her ladies—Mrs. Sandys and Isabella Lady Harrington—a young bride, were, in the case of the first, removed from attendance on the Princess, and in that of the second, imprisoned along with her husband (who had been committed to the Tower for a previous offence), because of their Protestant faith, and their unconditional refusal to conform to Roman Catholic rites. Elizabeth had little ground to look for redress or mercy; and if what she said long afterwards to the French envoy, Castelnaud, was a correct representation of her feelings, "she gave herself up for lost," and she meant to make only one request, that she might be slain by the sword, as had become the custom in France, and not by the axe, and that a swordsman might be sent for from France to dispatch her (as a headsman was sent for to behead her mother).

In the course of this month Elizabeth was examined before the Council, headed by her bitter enemy, the Lord Chancellor, Stephen Gardiner. She defended herself with great presence of mind and animation, not only on the general accusations of her complicity with Wyatt, and of her being in alliance with the French, but on such details as her removal from one of her houses (Ashridge) to another (Donnington), as was believed with the purpose of her reaching a spot where her communications with the rebels might be easier.

So great was the fascination of her youth, beauty, and wit, together with the peculiar blending of a frank address and a majestic carriage, which she was said to have inherited from her father, King Henry, that after she had borne unflinching the humiliation of being confronted with one of her servants as to the true meaning of her "remove from Ashridge to Donnington," not only did the servant (Sir James Crofts) fall on his knees to confirm her assertion of innocence of evil intention, the Catholic Earl of Arundel, understood to be keenly opposed to her, knelt in his turn, stated his conviction that her Grace was speaking the truth, and expressed his regret for having troubled her about such small matters.

In the meantime the great Emperor was clamouring for her death, as the daughter of Anne Boleyn and the dangerous rival of his cousin Mary; and the utmost which Elizabeth's friends could do on her behalf was the clumsy device of hiding a girl in the hollow of a wall and setting her to speak unseen, praising Elizabeth and abusing the Mass. Crowds of Londoners came in a great ferment to listen to "the talking stone." But the Council had only to send a few masons to pull down a portion of the wall in order to reveal the fraud.

Mary shrank from imbruing her hands in her sister's blood, and cooled and softened a little as the weeks went on. She began to let fall in conversation the words, "my sister," which had not crossed her lips for some time, and permitted Elizabeth's picture to be replaced on the palace wall, from which it had been removed.

(To be continued.)



If this were so, how easy it would be to show it to him, and to beg him, for the sake of old times, to do something for Ted.

She had been guided in her conclusion by the great similarity there was in the handwritings. It did not strike her that she had not a *proof* of the identity of the names. The old letter was signed "R. Eustace;" Ted's, "Reginald Eustace." She rather leapt to the conclusion that

the R. must stand for "Reginald;" it did not occur to her that it might as likely stand for Richard or Robert; that the likeness of the writing might be a mere coincidence; that the Eustace who had known her father long ago might be a brother or cousin of the one with whose name she was familiar. She was guided by feeling rather than by reason in the matter.

She determined to keep her discovery

a secret from the others, and she made several plans in her own mind as to how she should carry out her scheme of seeing Mr. Eustace, and finding out from him whether he had really known her father or not. And if he did, surely he would help Ted for his sake.

The thought made her gayer and lighter-hearted than she had felt for some time.

(To be continued.)

ELIZABETH TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.
PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—Continued.



At the Tower, in the lengthening spring days, Elizabeth was allowed more of the liberty for which she had pleaded, on the ground that her health was suffering from the closeness of her confinement. She was granted a gradual relaxation of the severity with which she had been treated. She could take exercise in the Queen's rooms, on condition that she did not show herself at any of the closed windows, and was attended through the rooms by the Lieutenant of the Tower, the Lord Chamberlain, and three of the Queen's ladies; an imposing cavalcade, the assembling and marshalling of which made the indoor walk a very formal and ceremonious proceeding. Afterwards she was suffered to walk in a little garden, surrounded by a high palisading, with the proviso, that nobody was to appear at any of the windows of the Tower which looked into the garden while the Lady Elizabeth was taking her exercise.

Notwithstanding all these precautions, Elizabeth found company in the garden, where some of the warders' children—innocent little birds for such a cage—were accustomed to play. One wonders if they played at beheadings, as other children will play at funerals, and if Elizabeth saw in their games a rehearsal of her own doom, or a revival of the execution of her mother—that mother of whom she never spoke, though she seldom failed to show kindness to any Boleyn or Howard who crossed her path.

Elizabeth, like her sister, was fond of children; indeed, she was fond, in a way, of any helpless dependent on her bounty. She made friends with two of the Tower children. Tradition tells something of these small playmates. One of them was a little girl of three, named "Susannah;" she had heard, from the talk of the grown-up people round her, that

the Princess was locked up, and offered her some small keys which had come into the child's possession, telling the lady, in sweet babble, that she might open the gates, and need not stay there any longer.

Another story—and this is authenticated—refers to a boy of four. He brought the prisoner flowers, and received sweetmeats and toys from her in return. So jealously was Elizabeth guarded, that even this simple intercourse was noticed, and put a stop to. It was thought that the boy might be made a means of communication between Elizabeth and the other prisoners. Among the most dreaded occupants of these dismal lodgings were two handsome unscrupulous young noblemen, Edward Courtenay, Earl of Devon, deeply embroiled in Wyatt's rebellion, and Lord Robert Dudley, whose father, the Duke of Northumberland, and his brother, Lord Guildford Dudley, had lately been slain, along with a more innocent victim, for the attempt to seat Lady Jane Grey on the throne. One of Northumberland's hare-brained, unprincipled projects was said to have included both Elizabeth and Mary, as well as Lady Jane, in its aim. He would, if he had got his will, have wedded all his three sons to women of royal blood, so that one at least could hardly fail to secure the crown of King Consort. Ambrose he would have wedded to Mary, Robert to Elizabeth, and Guildford—the only part of the programme which was fulfilled—to their cousin, Lady Jane. It is a striking commentary on the lack of reverence with which the marriage tie was then viewed, that Northumberland was in no way deterred from his triple scheme by what would in another generation have been a serious obstacle, that of his three sons, two—Lord Ambrose and Lord Robert—were already married.

The near neighbourhood of Courtenay, with his strain of royal blood, his familiarity with the Tower and its officers, and his feather-headed ambition, was a source of grave anxiety to the authorities.

There is not an atom of proof that either Courtenay or Dudley so much as attempted to communicate with Elizabeth: whether in the spirit of the romantic chivalrous notions which were becoming a feature of the period, whether in a temper of more sordid calculation, such an attempt would have been as much as the bold man's head was worth. But on the mere apprehension of an adventure of this kind, it is on record that the little man who had taken it upon him to present the flowers, and his father the warder, were subjected to a sharp cross-questioning and a severe reprimand, and were sternly forbidden to be guilty of any approach to royalty in future. These hard lines did not hinder the little fellow, as the story goes, from looking through a hole in the enclosure of the garden and naïvely informing Elizabeth,

"Mistress, I can bring you no more flowers now!"

On a morning in May, after Elizabeth had been in the Tower for two months, while Mary was eating her heart out at Westminster and Richmond on account of the non-arrival of her bridegroom, Philip of Spain, Sir Henry Bedingfield—a Norfolk gentleman of honourable antecedents and sober years, who was well known for his strict Roman Catholic principles—arrived with Mary's commission, and a hundred soldiers of her guard, to take Elizabeth from the Tower, and at the same time to detain her in safe keeping. Without direct evidence of her guilt, it was found impossible for any English Court to try and convict Elizabeth of high treason; at the same time she was not to be left at large.

Sir Henry Bedingfield, like Lady Tyrwhit of earlier days, had no great mind for the perilous undertaking. But his part was to obey his Queen's orders. There had been some uncertainty as to where Elizabeth should be established—at Pontefract or Woodstock. Mary was incapable of feeling the public's pulse as Elizabeth afterwards felt it. The elder sister was singularly obtuse on such points, but she was not totally insensible to the effect which such ghastly associations as those of Pontefract* would be likely to have on the people in connection with the disposal of their idol. Thus Woodstock was finally selected as the scene of the Princess's banishment, while almost contemporaneously with her departure, Courtenay was transferred from the Tower to Fotheringay, whose halls were not yet darkened by a royal tragedy.

Elizabeth did not know her destination, and either was, or professed to be, much alarmed by the appearance of Sir Henry and his men-at-arms. She demanded first, whether Lady Jane's scaffold had been removed; and second, what sort of man Sir Henry Bedingfield was—if he were a man who would commit a secret murder?

On the 19th of May Elizabeth quitted the Tower, and went in a barge, under the escort of Sir Henry Bedingfield, as far as Richmond. On their way the first sound of cheer from the world without greeted her. Three cannon shots were gallantly fired from the office of the Hanseatic League by the Protestants met there, in honour of the Princess's deliverance, with which they had become acquainted. It is likely that she guessed the import of the salute, and took heart from it. The boom of the cannon reached the ears of Mary in the palace of Westminster, and filled her with resentment, while the barge thus hailed passed on without stopping.

At Richmond, where Elizabeth rested for the night, the most of her servants were with-

* Where Richard II. was imprisoned, and in all probability assassinated.

drawn from her. She took leave of them with great mournfulness, "for this night I think I must die," she said, a conclusion for which there was no reasonable warrant, unless that a French messenger, imprudently sent to get tidings of her by the Ambassador Noailles, under the pretence of making her a present of apples, was seized, searched, and sent adrift. On setting out next day, in the Queen's litter, for Windsor, Elizabeth saw some of her dismissed attendants watching her progress from a little distance, and sent a gentleman to them to say from her, "like a sheep to the slaughter, for so am I."

But it was in anything rather than a lamb-like spirit, or the temper of a victim anticipating speedy death, that Elizabeth proceeded to pursue her journey, and comfort herself during her banishment. It was as if she set herself deliberately to vex and annoy her unfortunate guardian, in a manner that would have better become a country wench than a mighty princess. On the arrival of the party at Windsor, she declined to accept the room assigned to her, and dragged Sir Henry all over the Castle in search of another more to her mind. It is difficult to see why, when she was reassured as to her personal safety, the expedition in the opening summer, along pleasant country roads, through quiet country towns, the population of which streamed forth not merely to gaze upon her, but to do her cordial homage, should not have been a welcome change from her residence in the Tower. Elizabeth loved the face of the country, as she also loved the faces of the people on whom she was wont to bestow her most gracious smiles, receiving praises and blessings in return. King Henry's bluntness was in Elizabeth a winning affability, while her mother's careless suavity and undue familiarity with her attendants had taken the form, when the daughter was in the humour, of a gay, yet dignified, good nature.

She is thus described by a contemporary: "She was of personage tall, of hair and complexion fair, and therewith well-favoured; but high-nosed, of limbs and features neat, and which added to the lustre of these exterior graces, of stately and majestic 'comportment,' participating of this more of her father than of her mother, who was of an inferior 'allay,' plausible, or, as the French hath it, more *débonnaire* and affable—virtues which might well suit with majesty, and which, descending to the daughter, did render her of a more sweeter temper, and endeared her more to the love and liking of her people."

There was one respect in which Elizabeth was more like her sister than her mother—both King Henry's daughters had loud, harsh men's voices.

Elizabeth was treated with all possible respect by Sir Henry Bedingfield; while his coadjutor, Lord Williams of Thame, at whose house she stayed for a night, went the length of inviting a large party of ladies and gentlemen to meet the Princess, and she walked with the rest of the party in the gardens and park, in no sense like a prisoner.

As she journeyed, the countrywomen came with cakes and nosegays, flinging them into the litter, till she had to beg of their good-will not to smother her with their kindness. At Aston, the ringers took it upon them to ring the church bells (for which the ringers were arrested and imprisoned; but of that Elizabeth was ignorant at the time). At Islip, a pageant had been hastily got up, with women singing in parts. It was more like one of those triumphant Royal progresses, in which Elizabeth took delight in after years, than the passing along of a prisoner, though the object of all the attention refused to be reconciled to the situation. Woodstock was reached before soldiers' halberds and high castle walls appeared behind the shouting crowd.

Elizabeth was not lodged in the Castle, but

in a long, low building connected with it, called the Gate House. There she was to occupy a suite of rooms, hung with arras for the occasion. Both she and Sir Henry had reason to complain of the condition of the dwelling assigned to her, for the walls were dilapidated, the roof leaky, and the number and locality of the doors rendered the guarding of them a difficult matter. Another cause of insecurity was that, reduced as the number of Elizabeth's retinue was, accommodation could not be found for the whole of them in the house; some of the servants had to lodge in the town of Woodstock, at an inn named The Bull, where the old, untrustworthy retainer, Thomas Parry, dismissed for a second time by the Council, had taken up his quarters. With or without Thomas Parry, the servants were very liable to be tampered with at the inn.

There was no diminution of the closeness of the watch kept over Elizabeth, though she was removed to some distance from London, and placed in hands Mary could trust. Sir Henry's orders, which he was too faithful to disobey or evade, were stringent. Sixty soldiers guarded the building by day; forty by night. Elizabeth had the use of four rooms for herself, her ladies, and servants. Into these rooms none could enter save Elizabeth, her attendants, and certain of the Queen's servants; but out of her rooms the Princess could not go, unless she was accompanied either by Sir Henry Bedingfield or Lord Chandos, who unlocked and locked the doors for her, retaining the keys, and escorted her while she was out of doors. She could receive neither messenger nor message, unless in the presence of Sir Henry. Her very linen, in going to and coming from the laundress, had to pass through the hands of the Queen's servants, who searched it before it was delivered. She could walk either morning or afternoon in the garden, but always with the escort-referred to.

Nothing could have been more irksome and galling to a young woman of Elizabeth's temper than the restraints imposed upon her. We are ready to pity her; but we also pity Sir Henry Bedingfield, on whom she did not hesitate to vent her wrath and *ennui*. After her arrival she shut herself up in her rooms, and only appeared to take leave of Lord Williams of Thame, and the ninety cavaliers who had ridden with her on the last stage of her journey, and had lain, as best they might, at the lodge in the park for the first night of her stay.

Elizabeth was left, by the command of the Queen and Council, with neither books, nor pens and ink. It is easy to understand why pens and ink were prohibited, but the interdiction of books seems to have been accidental. Naturally, she petitioned for books, and, hard as they were to come by in those days, Sir Henry was presently instructed to provide the Princess with "any good and pleasant book," with the single reservation that it was not to be written upon, when she declined for a time to avail herself of the concession. Her favourite lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Sandys, who had been removed from attendance on the Princess in the Tower, was again dismissed for her Reformed doctrines. Elizabeth's defiance to this order was to ask Sir Henry Bedingfield to furnish her with an English Bible—a request which savoured of rank heresy to a zealous Roman Catholic, the officer of a fanatical Roman Catholic Queen. He offered her a Latin book instead, with a compliment on her learning; but she scouted both book and compliment. Eventually an English Bible was supplied to her. The Psalms of David in Latin, and a copy of Cicero, were brought to her by the steward's son; but as he also brought three letters for Elizabeth, the whole were sent back. In like manner, Lord Williams' son-in-law desired to make a gift of fresh-water fish and game for

the Princess's table; but stout Sir Henry could not permit such a piece of courtesy, even from the near relative of his fellow official, when the gentleman was guilty of staying a long time about the place, talking to Elizabeth's servants. Certainly the charge of an unruly Princess is no light obligation.

In those perfunctory walks which Elizabeth took in the long summer days with her keeper, sometimes she preserved a morose silence, sometimes she pressed and "flouted" him the whole time, with arguments against her incarceration, and urgent pleas for him to interpose on her behalf, where the Queen and the Council were concerned—a line of conduct which he really did pursue as far as he dared, but which, to have conducted in the summary fashion which she proposed, might have been fatal to both of them. When one thinks of all the resources of a woman's wit, and of Elizabeth's in particular, and of the positively malicious ingenuity which she displayed in circumventing Sir Henry's ponderous efforts to keep the peace, while he did his duty, there is a dry humour (which might have been perceived by the prisoner) in the situation.

The solemn daily walks in which the formal, harassed gentleman had to bear his part; the very varying moods of the brilliant young lady who was his distinguished companion; the sore provocation he received, under which, honourable gentleman as he was, and sister of his mistress the Queen as she was, he could not always resist complaining of her arrogant bearing to his employées; the exasperation with which he styled her "the grand lady," and metaphorically shook himself free of her—all the details lend themselves to satire.

But though the scenes may have their spice of amusement for us impartial spectators contemplating them at a distance of upwards of three hundred years, the passages-at-arms were no joke, or else a very grim joke at the time, to Sir Henry Bedingfield and Elizabeth.

The manner in which the Princess tried the feelings and nerves of her guardian to the greatest extent was in connection with an attack of illness which was brought upon her either by mental vexation, her limited amount of exercise, or the insalubrity of the Gate House. She had swellings in the hands—and we have heard what store she set on her hands—arms and face, together with other uncomfortable symptoms. She availed herself of the circumstance to crave the attendance of one of the Court physicians, whom she would, without doubt, have tried to use for her own purposes. The Queen and the Council, suspicious of her double object, either could not or would not grant her request for some time, but offered to let her have the services of a learned doctor from Oxford. She haughtily rejected the proposal, saying, "She did not care to speak to strangers about her health," and remained for an interval without medical attendance; both she and everybody else being well aware, that if she sickened further, or came to die without a physician's help, while in Sir Henry Bedingfield's care, it would be the greatest misfortune which could befall Sir Henry.

When Elizabeth at last gained her ostensible end in having Court physicians sent down to prescribe for her, she is said not to have been disappointed in securing their good offices for more than her health. She did not fail to declare herself satisfied with the gentlemen's professional efforts. She announced herself relieved by the doctors' resort to the great panacea for physical evils in the sixteenth century—bleeding in the hand and in the foot. So Sir Henry Bedingfield was delivered from a haunting apprehension.

Mary had at last consented to receive a letter from her sister, though the Queen would only reply through Bedingfield. In this reply she refused to pardon her sister. Sir Henry

could not venture to show the Princess more than an abstract of the letter, which, as he was no scholar, he had prepared with some labour for her inspection. He offered to give it to her when she spoke to him after he had been hearing Mass in her rooms, a celebration at which she *did not decline* to be present. With her usual caprice she refused to look at the paper till she had dined. After dinner he read it to her, kneeling as he read. She reiterated her imperious demands that he should appeal to the Council for her, both then and in the next walk the couple took; and when he still objected, she cried out that she was worse treated than the worst prisoners in the Tower and in Newgate, since the first could speak to the Lieutenant of the Tower and he wrote to the Council for them; and the second were allowed to have friends to plead their cause.

Sir Henry was struck by the truth of the statement, while he was ready to be thankful for the rain which made Elizabeth break off with the words: "It waxeth wet, and therefore I will depart to my lodgings," and delivered him from farther importunity. He did his best; he took it upon him to forward a copy of the conversation to the Lords in Council, who in their turn were sufficiently touched to grant her permission to write to them.

Sir Henry believed he was bringing her gratifying news when he laid the permission before Elizabeth. But she, in the spirit of contradiction which seems to have taken possession of her at this time, received the tidings in a manner calculated to baffle and mortify their bearer. She did nothing in the way of availing herself of the permission which he had procured for her with much risk of misconception and censure. She took a kind of revenge upon him by hugging her privations, and adopting no means to relieve them, and by addressing to him such taunts as, "that she knew the Lord Chamberlain would laugh in his beard when he found how far Sir Henry carried his scruples."

Then on Sunday, August 26th, 1554, she sent for Sir Henry Bedingfield, for another gentleman in the Queen's service, and for the Queen's principal woman-servant. They were at a loss to know what she could want with them, and knelt down to receive her orders. Whereupon she made a loud protestation that she had done nothing to endanger the Queen and the State, as God was judge, and immediately afterwards received the Host. She had already confessed to a priest. In whatever manner Elizabeth might explain away, in her tortuous

mind, her declaration of having done nothing to imperil the Queen and the State, together with this plain act of conformity to the Roman Catholic form of belief, it is sufficient to give an example of how little real sympathy she had with the creed which she was thus ostentatiously professing. She was at that time secretly sending money from her privy purse in aid of the prisoners ready to suffer for the Reformed doctrines, lying in sore straits no farther away from her than Oxford. Besides Bishops Latimer and Ridley, Archbishop Cranmer, her father's trusted adviser, her own godfather, her brother Edward's chief guardian, was lying in desperate need in the common Bocardo prison. It was not mere humanity which actuated Elizabeth's charity, in which she was not stinted, since want of money was not one of her hardships; in fact, she was called upon to pay not only her own expenses and those of her household, but the debts incurred by Sir Henry Bedingfield during her compulsory stay at Woodstock. The fact was that martyrs for the truth were the teachers whose faith she really held. But the long-believed and fondly-cherished story of her constancy to her creed under persecution is now "completely disproven." The tale was credulously promulgated by Strype, Holinshed, and Foxe, all fain to invest their Protestant Queen with every virtue under the sun. The love of her partisans and subjects carried them away.

So far from making any approach to treading the steep and thorny path of martyrdom which Anne Askew's unswerving feet had traversed, Elizabeth committed more than one deed of apparent apostasy to disarm the Queen's resentment, in which she was more or less successful.

But we are told by Miss Strickland that Mary had her doubts of so complete a submission. She requested that Elizabeth might be questioned as to her views on transubstantiation; when the Princess, a mistress of every style of equivocation, got rid of her embarrassment by repeating the rhyming lines which committed her to nothing—

"Christ was the Word that spake it;
He took the bread and brake it;
And what His Word did make it,
That I believe and take it!"

How little dependence Sir Henry Bedingfield put upon Elizabeth's sincerity and the permanency of the change in her opinions may be guessed by his waiting three weeks before he

reported her act to the Council. The Princess had, however, ingratiated herself in a measure with the Queen, who was incapable of false pretences, so that Mary followed the example of the Council in giving her consent to Elizabeth's appeal to them.

Once more Sir Henry was staggered in his honest gratification at the announcement. Elizabeth received it coldly and indifferently; she did not so much as ask for writing materials till a whole week had passed. In the end, during a walk on a Sunday afternoon, she condescended to request that she might be furnished with the necessary materials, and Sir Henry solemnly entrusted to one of the Queen's women, on the Princess's behalf, an ink-bottle, five pens (of which she took care to return only four) two sheets of good paper, and one of inferior quality, to enclose the other. This was done on condition that Elizabeth should write the letter under the eye of one of the Queen's women. The Princess consented, but put off the letter till another day on the plea of headache. Presently she bathed her temples, changed her mind, and as a climax to her perversity, suddenly declared that she could not demean herself to write with her own hand to the Council, therefore she sent for Sir Henry Bedingfield, and imperiously commanded him to perform the office of her secretary.

In vain he sought to escape from the commission imposed upon him. He had not Elizabeth's adroitness at evasion, and the troubled gentleman could only urge the school-boy's plea of his bad handwriting, which did not avail him. She constrained her keeper to "write at her dictation, while she kept the rough copy of the letter turned towards her." After he had finished by writing the date, she added a few lines in her own hand, and would not tell him what she had written. She made him seal, close, and address the letter, and entrusted it to him to place in the hands of the Lord Chamberlain. No teasing, mocking schoolgirl could have behaved with more exasperating arrogance and impertinence than did the Royal maiden who was woman grown in her twenty-second year.

On another occasion, when she stormed at Sir Henry as her gaoler, and he defended himself by telling her that he was but one of the Queen's officers, doing his duty to his sovereign, as he would, in the same circumstances, have done it to Elizabeth, she cried disdainfully, "God bless the Queen, and from such officers, good Lord deliver me!"

(To be continued.)

IN INDIA WITH MEDICAL MISSIONARIES.

By THE HON. EMILY KINNAIRD.

FOUR miles through a jungle in a buggy, and we reached the *waterside*. With a quick horse, belonging not to a missionary but to a merchant, we were before our time, and dismounted on to a rough wooden form, and were soon surrounded by small brown children with shiny skins set off by loose white clothes hanging round in Indian fashion. It was the work of a few minutes to get out a sketch-book and immortalise these picturesque beings; but fear seized the little urchins, and they began to run away. Anxious to know more about them, we said "Ischule hai?"—(Is there a school here?) which produced a crooked nod of the head meaning "Yes," and excited the further question, "Mem Sahib hai?"—(Is the lady here?) "Na," and we knew that it was not a missionary school. In a few minutes, up the stream, punted by

three brown figures, could be seen a long, low "dug-out," the simple boat of the rice fields. As its name denotes, it is simply the trunk of a tree, twenty-four to thirty feet long, dug out and made into a boat. We recognised this as the missionary's conveyance, and found ourselves fitted tightly into it, sitting on a mat, with a low matting hood fitting closely on our heads so as frequently to come in contact with our hats—not altogether an enviable position for a long journey. But, fortunately for us, ours was a short one, and we soon found ourselves landed at a small village where the school prize-giving was to take place. We were conducted speedily to the school-house, where we found Miss H— seated among books, registers, and prizes, coloured jackets and print pinafores. But where was the school furniture? Where were the

requisite cubic feet of space required by the School Board? Where the desks and other things we are accustomed to see in the schools? These requisites in England form no part of an Indian school. The school-house consists of a small, square, mud room, with thatched roof, an open front, with a few rough steps leading up to it, bearing a strong resemblance to a barn. The floor supplies the place of form and desk; a slate and a few books are the only requisites of a country school.

On this day the children of five schools were assembled in expectation and excitement, some Hindu and some Christian. The Christian children knelt in prayer; the Hindus stood while the work of the day was committed to God in prayer by a native "padre." Then the best children in each school walked up the step to receive their

Alcoholic beverages must be avoided, with the exception of a little of the lighter wines.

Great care must be taken to reside in a healthy locality—not anywhere near a marsh, but on ground as high as possible.

Travel away to the Indian Highlands if possible. No one who does not do so can have any idea of the richness and beauty of the country, nor even of its healthfulness.

As to medicines.—If you live according to wise rules, never eat or drink of anything that is too heating or stimulating; get good sleep

at night; take the morning tub regularly, and a reasonable amount of exercise combined with recreation; remembering also that work itself is of value from a health point of view; and if you keep up the strength by means of easily-digested food, you will have very little need to resort to the medicine chest. Indeed, I advise you so to live that you shall be independent of medicine unless in case of accident.

In my next health lecture I shall—if agreeable to His Serenity the Editor—give a brief account of the symptoms of some of the com-

plaints most common to European residents in tropical countries.

I believe this will make a very nice and useful paper, and I will not forget to say a word or two about how to retain a good complexion even in India. For you must know that I think it is quite possible for a young lady to return home to Britain, after a good long spell in the tropics, looking as bright and bonnie as a new shilling, instead of as yellow as an Australian sovereign or a withered dock leaf.

ELIZABETH TUDOR.

By SARAH TYTLER.

A TUDOR BY BIRTH, AND QUEEN IN HER OWN RIGHT.
PRINCESS ELIZABETH.—Continued.

IT is a relief to find that Elizabeth did not spend the whole of the seven months which she passed at Woodstock in "systematically harassing" her unlucky guardian and victim. She practised, when she was in the humour, the art of embroidery. She was "a needle-woman, royal and renowned." There is still preserved in the Bodleian Library her black-letter copy of the Epistles of St. Paul, with the cover worked by her own hand, in delicate devices in gold, during her stay at Woodstock. On a blank leaf is written one of the allegorical conceits in which she took pleasure:—

"August.—I walked many times in the pleasant fields of the Holy Scriptures, where I pluck up the goodly herbs of sentences by pruning, eat them by reading, chew them by musing, and lay them up at length in the high seat of memorie by gathering them together; that so, having tasted their sweetness, I may the less perceive the bitterness of this miserable life."

Elizabeth was said also to have illustrated her theory of government by what she noticed with regard to the great trees in the park, that they overshadowed and injured the underwood by depriving it of light and air. In a similar manner the nobles obstructed the growth of the people, and in her judgment the prerogatives and privileges of the higher class ought to be diminished in order to permit the rise of their social inferiors. This was the policy which had already recommended itself to Henry VIII, and in thus advocating it there spoke the future Queen of the people, the vindicator of their rights and protector of their persons, as she said of herself, "the most English woman in her kingdom."

Elizabeth's old house of bondage, together with the Castle of Woodstock, of which it was an appendage, has long ago perished; but while it remained two relics of her survived, according to eye-witnesses. On a pane of glass in a lattice window she had written with a diamond the sarcastic commentary—

"Much suspected, of me
Nothing proved can be,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

And she is said to have also written with a piece of charcoal on a shutter a more ambitious and elaborate protest, beginning—

"Oh! Fortune, how thy restless, wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled lot,"

and ending with her customary vigorous denunciation of her enemies:—

"So God send to my foes all they have
brought,
Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

The well-known epistle of the milkmaid is said to have occurred at Woodstock. The

Princess, sick with hope deferred, crushed by the intolerable irksomeness of her captivity, perhaps no longer caring to take refuge in proud sullenness and idle petulance, heard a milkmaid singing in rustic freedom and content as she carried her pails along a path behind the garden wall. Then the daughter of kings exclaimed in her weariness and soreness of heart, that she would she could change places with the peasant's daughter. It was well that the wish was not granted, for the woman who was destined to be a great Queen would have made, unless she had undergone another alteration than that of rank, but a sorry milkmaid!

Outer forces were compassing Elizabeth's deliverance. Mary, in her brief married happiness, was disposed to be more favourable to her sister, especially when Philip exerted himself to plead her cause. The reason of Philip's persistent friendliness to Elizabeth at this date is totally inexplicable to modern historians. It was certainly from no innate humanity or kindness of disposition. It may have been in an ill-natured effort to thwart Renaud, who had strongly advocated Philip's detested marriage. On the other hand, there was an impression that if Philip was to find a bride in England he would have greatly preferred the handsome, high-spirited younger sister, his equal in years, to the faded, sickly, and, alas! too devoted Mary.

It has been thought that in his heartlessness he calculated on his wife's speedy death, and did not wish to prejudice his chances as Elizabeth's suitor when he should be free. Elizabeth, with her rampant personal vanity, took this view of his conduct, and upheld it in after years. But she is by no means an impartial witness, and his long-continued support of the suit of Philibbert of Savoy for the hand of Elizabeth is an argument against the idea that Philip then thought of her as a wife for himself.

Whatever its origin, Philip's maintenance of Elizabeth's claims caused her to be invited to Hampton Court for the festivals at Christmas, 1554. She was escorted to and fro by Sir Henry Bedingfield.

A very comical anecdote is preserved in the Harleian MSS. of the earlier part of her progress. "As she came to Ricot, the wind was so high that her servants had much ado to keep her clothes about her, and her hood was blown twice or thrice from her head, whereupon she desired to retire herself to a gentleman's house to dress up her head. Sir Henry would not permit this, and she was fain to alight under a hedge and trim herself as she best could." If Elizabeth had to perform her toilet "under a hedge," Sir Henry was not without his reason. Either he distrusted her motives, or he had ground for condemning the politics of the house to which she wished to repair. Unquestionably she was allowed so

much of her state as a princess that sixty of her suite were suffered to rejoin her before she arrived at Court. *Apropos* of her suite, one member to whom Dr. Dee refers a little later is "Tomasine the Dwarf." The classification sounds like a pendant to that of "Jane the Fool," who figured in Mary's household.

Elizabeth's reception was still dubious enough. She was not allowed to forget that, though a guest, she continued a prisoner. She was kept under guard, and she had repeated interviews with Gardiner and other members of the Council, who urged her to confess her wrong-doing, as a justification of their treatment of her, and as a step to receiving the Queen's pardon. Elizabeth was not to be betrayed into criminating herself. Poor Wyatt's speech on the scaffold had failed to inculpate her, and she preserved an undaunted, defiant front to her assailants. She took her stand on having suffered wrong from having been unjustly kept in durance, and utterly repudiated the notion that she had done anything to deserve imprisonment. After the lapse of a week, she was conducted one night across the garden to Mary's "lodging," as has been already described. There the two sisters had the famous interview at which Philip is rumoured to have assisted behind the arras. If so, it was the first time he saw Elizabeth. A bench of judges and bishops, nay, a headsman and his axe, would not have sufficed to shake her on her high ground of injured innocence which she chose to take up. Naturally, a gloomy, unconvinced sister, simply seeking to do right in her pain and perplexity, failed to wring anything from the unconvicted offender. Elizabeth had the victory; and though Mary would not own herself satisfied, her sister was at least partially restored to her place as Princess. She shared in the royal festivities, she sat at the Queen's table, and in the royal gallery at the joustings held in honour of Philip and Mary's marriage. She heard matins in the Queen's closet. Either out of policy or bravado, she renounced the extreme simplicity of dress, for which she had been hitherto distinguished, and appeared in the dainty magnificence of white satin and pearls. It was understood that Philibbert of Savoy, who was expected on a visit to his friend, Don Philip, had been invited with the intention of promoting the union with Elizabeth to which she was wholly disinclined; but the wooer was delayed by stress of weather and sickness, and came too late for the festivities.

It is known that Elizabeth returned to Woodstock, while it could hardly have been of her free will; but the dates of her return and of her final departure are both uncertain. Her first stay was of seven months' duration; her second could not have lasted above three months. She was in a

different position latterly, when her grand-uncle, Lord William Howard, visited her, and was granted much more freedom of action; and just as there had been inevitable reports of plots for her assassination in the beginning of her captivity, there were rumours towards the close that she was practising magical arts against Queen Mary, with the assistance of no less a person than the Welsh scholar, Dr. John Dee, who was then residing at Oxford, and figuring as an astrologer. There can be no doubt that Elizabeth, in spite of her strong sense, had a great hankering after the romantic mysteries of astrology. When she was the young Queen, she had frequent confidential consultations, on the most private matters, with the fantastic dreamer and dupe of his own learning. She not only summoned him to her palaces, she visited him on more than one occasion at his house at Mortlake, an honour of which he has left minute accounts in his private diary. She was not singular in her inclination. One has only to read Dr. John Dee's Diary to marvel at some of the names simply and familiarly given as those of his clients. The owners of the names came not only to examine the rare collection of mathematical instruments he had brought from the Low Countries, but to have their horoscopes drawn out, and the favourable days selected for the gentlemen to start on important enterprises. Among these clients were the Secretary Walsingham, the future Chancellor—Sir Christopher Hatton, Raleigh's half-brother—"Sir Humphrey Gilbert," and "young Mr. Hawkins, who was then at sea with Drake."

It is a pleasure to find, in relation to Elizabeth's nobler qualities, that when she did quit Woodstock, she and Sir Henry Bedingfield parted in amity after their protracted warfare. Not only did Elizabeth bear no malice against her "gaoler," whom she had tormented with great skill and success; she recognised his trustworthiness, and showed her recognition, in the days of her power, by promoting and employing him, zealous Catholic as he was.

Elizabeth was at last permitted to go to her own house of Hatfield, and stay there, with some royal surroundings, as she had dwelt formerly. But she was not left solely to her own devices; she had to accept the presence of Sir Thomas Pope, as a kind of comptroller of her household—an office to which he was appointed by Mary, in order to prevent further political intrigues on her sister's part. In other respects, Sir Thomas discharged the duties of a courteous and well-qualified chamberlain, with whom Elizabeth was on the best of terms. She accommodated herself to his company, and he, in his turn, made it acceptable to her by ministering to her love of splendour and romance, by getting up—sometimes at his own cost—such masks and pageants as she delighted in. Now it was a mask in her hall—to contribute to which twelve minstrels were "antickly disguised," and forty-six gentlemen and ladies presented themselves "apparelled in crimson satin, garnished with borders of hanging pearls." Now it was an open-air pageant, that Elizabeth might "hunt the hart," as if in an enchanted forest. Her retinue consisted of twelve noble ladies in white satin, and twenty yeomen in green, all on horseback. She was met by "fifty archers in scarlet boots and yellow caps, armed with gilded bows." One of the archers presented her "with a silver-headed arrow, winged with

peacocks' feathers." "At the close of the sport, her Grace was gratified with the privilege of cutting the buck's throat," a compliment of which she was not unlikely to avail herself, Agnes Strickland remarks drily. Yet Elizabeth was not bloodthirsty.

Elizabeth was not always indulging herself in such sports. In Mary's misery, on the departure of Philip, in 1555, her sister was with her at Greenwich, and sedulously recommended herself to the bereaved and desolate woman by emulating her fasts, confessions, and attendance at mass. Elizabeth also resumed her studies under Roger Ascham, reading with him Greek (the orations of Æschines and Demosthenes), both at Greenwich and when she returned to her own house of Hatfield. Her gifted tutor, who had known many of the accomplished women of the day, notably Elizabeth's young cousin, Lady Jane Grey, entertained an immense admiration for the Princess, not merely for her wonderful mental powers and attainments, but also for the gentle and amiable tone which it was her pleasure to adopt to him. His high-flown compliments were better warranted and more sincere than many of a similar character which were addressed to Elizabeth. Ascham was not the only old friend whom Elizabeth recalled. With her tenacious will and retentive affections, whether they were well or ill-bestowed, she summoned back others who were not desirable associates, among them Mrs. Kate Ashley and Thomas Parry, an unwise proceeding, with regard to which Mary had still enough interest in what was passing around her to testify her displeasure.

In spite of the small amount of cordiality that existed between the sisters, they continued to exchange visits at Hatfield and Greenwich. Of the principal visit which Mary paid to Elizabeth, Miss Strickland has furnished us with some details. Elizabeth had the State apartments hung with new and magnificent tapestry in the Queen's honour, while a play was acted by the choir boys of St. Paul's for her delectation. The hostess herself played on the virginals, in order to accompany the singing of a specially sweet-throated chorister.

Elizabeth was still beset at times, not only by Mary, but through Mary, by Philip, with overtures of marriage from her persevering wooer, Philibert of Savoy. Yet the gentleman was credited with so little sincerity in his pursuit, that he was said to have been seen "making love" from his window in the palace to another princess. This interloper was Philip and Mary's beautiful twice-widowed cousin, Christina of Lorraine, who was also on a visit at the English Court.

Elizabeth's house of Hatfield was not more than twelve miles from London, to which she now went occasionally, attended by a goodly company of lords, ladies, and gentlemen, and hailed with vehement expressions of regard by the citizens.

In the winter of 1558, Mary was evidently dying. In obedience to her sense of justice, and at the request of her absent husband, whom she had vainly proposed as her successor, she was ready to appoint Elizabeth her heir. But, as might have been expected, she sought first to obtain from her sister an assurance on the subject which was nearest to Mary's heart—the continuance of the Roman Catholic religion, as it had been re-established in England by her means. Very different and entirely conflicting testimony is given with respect to Elizabeth's reception of the Queen's require-

ment. According to one of the Princess's friends, she replied with great dignity and intrepidity. She expressed her regret for Mary's illness, but declined to owe her any obligation for the succession to the Crown, as it was hers—Elizabeth's—by right. She announced that she would hold herself as much at liberty to choose her councillors as Mary had been to choose hers. She promised not to change the religion of the country, inasmuch as it could be proved by the Word of God. She undertook to pay Mary's debts, since they were a primary claim on her successor.

There is this to be said for the authenticity of the account, that the sentences have the ring of Elizabeth's speeches.

According to Elizabeth's enemies, her behaviour was very different. The chief witnesses are the De Ferias. Count de Feria was at this time Philip's ambassador. The Countess de Feria, whom he married not long afterwards, was Mistress Jane Dormer, one of Mary's ladies. She alleged that Mary sent her with the Crown jewels to Elizabeth, asking from her a pledge for the preservation of the Roman Catholic religion. Then Elizabeth, calling down upon herself a peculiarly awful punishment (that the earth might open and swallow her up), if she were not a true Roman Catholic, bound herself to comply with the Queen's wishes.

The truth probably lies between these two versions of the story. Elizabeth had so long trimmed her sails to suit the policy of the moment, that it is hardly likely that before Mary's death was *un fait accompli*, she should burst out into a declaration of independence. Neither was she by any means the person to be swayed by a dying woman's last prayers. She knew that, provided Mary died as she was expected to do, the course was clear for her successor. She had only to wait for a sign of how the wind of public opinion in the masses blew, to steer her bark on that middle course between extreme Roman Catholicism on the one hand, and extreme Protestantism on the other, which was so dear to her philosophic, temporising mind.

One thing was plain. A crowd of courtiers was flocking along the twelve miles of road to Hatfield to hail the coming Queen, while Mary lay dying among her few remaining friends at St. James's Palace. Although the sisters had been on fairly good terms for years, there is not the slightest hint that Elizabeth made any movement to see the Queen and bid her farewell. The Princess is said with her usual astuteness to have employed Sir Nicholas Throckmorton to bring her certain news of Mary's death, by asking from one of the Queen's ladies, who was friendly to Elizabeth, a particular token of the event, in the shape of a black enamelled ring, one of Philip's gifts, which poor Mary had been in the habit of wearing day and night. But before Throckmorton could do his errand, a deputation from the Council reached Hatfield. They came to announce the Queen's death, and offer Elizabeth their homage. She appeared greatly overcome. She fell upon her knees, and with the tendency which she so often showed to wrest Scripture to suit her circumstances, cried, "This is the Lord's doing! It is marvellous in our eyes."

On that November day Elizabeth had attained the age of twenty-five years and two months.

